Heroes Never Die; It's Hero Time

by CreateGunner1209

Summary

One would think that in a world where everyday people possess impossible abilities; nothing would really be a surprise. For Izuku Midoriya, who upon the age of four was diagnosed as quirkless and thus was denied of his dream of become a hero that can save everyone with a smile. But fate gives him a chance; allowing him access not to one but a universe of powers and abilities. Together with his friends, family, and allies at his side he will rise up to protect all that they care for.
Izuku Midoriya’s Time

Chapter Summary

Izuku Midoriya's fate changes for the better.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone I know it's been a while since I have updated anything. My life has gone over some major changes lately and I have had some time to reflect on my past writings. After which I was inspired to writ this one and I hope to keep up with it as best as I can. I hope to update at least once a week but there is no confirmed update schedule. I really hope you enjoy this latest work of mine.

Important Author's Note and end of chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“People are not born equal. That’s the hard truth I learned at age four. But that was my first and last setback.”

“It all began in Keiki City in China with the news that a bioluminescent baby was born. After that the “exceptional” individuals began popping up all over the world.”

“The cause was unclear. There are many theories from rats carrying a mutating virus, to human evolution, even vampire bees… or it could have simply been an accident that was beyond our control or knowledge.”

“Time passed and the “exceptional” became the norm. Fantasy became reality! At present 80% of the world’s population consists of superhumans with special abilities. The world fell into chaos. And a new profession that everyone once only dreamed about entered the spotlight! Along with the exceptional abilities came an explosion in crime rate. While nations struggled to overhaul their legal systems, brave individuals took up the mantle of heroes straight out of comic books. Protecting the people from evildoers! With public support, some quickly acquired the right to serve as heroes in an official capacity.”

“Fantasy became reality.”

“My name is Izuku Midoriya and this is the story of how I became one of the world’s great hero… and arguably the greatest hero of other worlds as well.”

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Izuku Midoriya happily writes about the newest hero that debuted that same morning into his notebook, titled “Hero Analysis for the Future #13”. This is a little, or big, hobby of his: to analyze quirks, fighting techniques, and even the personalities of any and all heroes that he is able to find. Hopefully, a lot of this information can help support his dream and if not it’s a great way to keep
his mind active.

While he’s engaging himself, his homeroom teacher swats a stack of papers across his desk and proclaims how it’s time for the third-year class to start taking their future careers seriously. He, however, assumes that most of his students wish to become heroes. The students cheer in response proving his assumption correct.

One of his classmates, an old childhood friend named Katsuki Bakugou, scoffs at their classmates’ cheers. He proceeds to spout on about his own superiority by declaring how he’ll enter U.A. High, the birthplace of heroes, and surpass even All Might, the Number One Hero.

Meanwhile, Izuku tries to be as invisible as possible, but that proves difficult, especially as the teacher carelessly mentions that he too wants to attend U.A. This, of course, results in the entire class laughing and mocking him. Not exactly the best way to start the day.

As Izuku tries to explain his reasoning, Bakugou slams his hand down setting off an explosion that knocks the cinnamon bun off his desk. “COME ON, DEKU!!!” The maniac towers over the cowering Izuku. “You’re totally Quirkless. And you think you can rub shoulders with me?!”

Izuku futilely scoots away. “Wa-wait, no, Kacchan. I wasn’t trying to compete with you! Not at all! It’s just… been my dream. Since I was little, and well… there’s no harm in trying…”

“TRY?! Try what?! The Entrance Exam?!” Sparks and smoke from Bakugou’s palms threaten to end Izuku’s very existence. “What can you even do?!”

It’s always like this ever since Izuku was classified as Quirkless. This only justified what Bakugou had already known. That he’s better than everybody else, especially Izuku. Bakugou had always had a giant ego thinking that he’s the most important and best person to have ever walked this goddamn planet. Because he was lucky, lucky to be born with a powerful quirk, a gift that he didn’t earn and arguably didn’t deserve. But that’s reality. Sometimes those undeserving are given what others could only dream of having. However, there is always a chance that something will change one’s destiny.

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In a galaxy far, far—actually in a galaxy very, very close… so close in fact that it’s the same galaxy, two spaceships are locked in an epic chase.

A large menacing ship with lava red sacs around the temples and a forward gun that makes up the frontal half of the main haul is firing lasers upon a small blue ship with green markings. The tiny spacecraft swiftly dances around the shower of lasers. However, despite its speed the large cruiser is able to keep up and land a few solid hits. That said the tiny ship is not without its own means of attack. The speedy spacecraft simultaneously aims two lasers at the large haul carving into its side resulting in a few explosions.

From inside the battleship’s bridge many black and red humanoid drones monitor and operate the ship’s functions and guns.

“Haul damage 20%,” a drone turns to its master from its post at a monitor. “but the system is still operational.”

The commander of the battleship leans forward in his throne his red eyes following the flight of their target.

The commander of the ship is a real freak of nature especially since his head resembles that of an
The commander smashes his fist against the armrest. “I have come too far to be denied. The Omnitrix shall be mine, and there is not a being in the galaxy that dare stand in my way!”

The battleship continues its onslaught; however, the little ship is clearly having trouble keeping its lead. A single shot hits the rear engine causing the end of the blue ship to explode.

The commander watches from his throne. “Prepare the cannon! We will salvage the Omnitrix from the remains.”

As the enemy’s large frontal cannon charges, a green sphere from atop the tiny ship fires a green energy beam right at the bridge of the cruiser. The impact sets off a chain reaction of explosions that decimates the tower of the battleship with the commander inside. The octopus-faced being is sent flying back screaming in pain as flames and shrapnel tear his body apart.

Meanwhile, the cannon finishes charging and fires a large beam at the blue ship. 80% of the ship is blown away leaving the main haul somewhat intact. Just before the haul is ripped apart by the vacuum of space a silver pod is launched out of the haul. The pod flies through space until reaching the atmosphere of the blue and green planet below. The spherical pod crashes into the ocean, a large cloud of steam rises from the water as the pod floats back up to the surface. As the spherical pod bobs about the water the ocean currents begin to push the pod towards where it’s meant to be.

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The school day finally ends. Izuku scrolls through his phone reading up on the incident from that morning. He reaches for his hero notebook only for it to be swiped away.

Bakugou holds the notebook up. “We ain’t done here, Deku.”

Bakugou’s cronies laugh and jeer upon seeing the title of the notebook.

“C-come on. Give it back!!” Izuku begs.

Bakugou sneers and claps his hands together destroying the journal with a burning explosion. Izuku yelps in surprise as Bakugou unceremoniously throws it out the window.

“The best heroes out there, well they showed signs of greatness even as students. I’m a perfectionist. I’ll be the first and only hero from this crappy public middle school! The first to win the honor of becoming a student at U.A. High.” Bakugou sneers and grabs Izuku’s shoulder. Smoke rises from his grip. “In other words, don’t you dare get into U.A.” A vindictive gleam from Bakugou’s eyes dares Izuku to challenge him.

Izuku is shaking, sweat dripping from his face, he can’t even look Bakugou in the eye in fear of what his tormentor would do. Even so he tries to say something; he opens his mouth, but words fail to form giving Bakugou and his cronies an opportunity to belittle him.

From seemingly nowhere a firm hand grabs Bakugou’s arm and flings it away while also pushing the blonde backwards.

Bakugou screeches, “WHAT THE FUCK!?!?”
A cool mocking voice sneers back at the bomber. “Sheesh, you really think you can be a hero when you act like that?” The newcomer combs back his greasy black hair. “Not to mention that foul mouth of yours.”

The mere presence of this person is enough to snap Izuku out of his daze. “Henzu?”

Bakugou growls as he eyes the intruder, behind him his cronies back off in fear of the new arrival. “Uuichi, what are you doing here.”

Henzu Uuichi smirks in response, as if looking for trouble is fun for him “What? Just because I’m in a different class doesn’t mean I can’t visit my best friend.” With that Henzu slings an arm over Izuku’s shoulders.

Henzu Uuichi is a tall and fit young man with shoulder-length black hair, pale skin, and dark brown eyes with black-discolored marks around them, almost as if he hasn’t slept for a period of time. His attire screams degenerate with his shirt untucked and unbuttoned, even the sleeves are ripped off, and his pants are ripped, he also wears a padlock necklace with the number 11 on it.

Bakugou’s growl deepens as his hands begin to spark and smoke. “Back off, Uuichi.”

“Now Blasty, that’s no way to greet a friend.” Henzu lets go of Izuku and pushes him back away from the hothead. As he does this, his other hand reaches for his back pocket.

“Shut up, you BASTARD!” Bakugou blasts the taller teen.

Izuku and the cronies are blinded by the flash they cover their eyes from the smoke and dust.

Bakugou smirks in satisfaction but it quickly turns into shock. Henzu stands there completely unscaved, well his clothes are slightly burnt but his uniform is so messed up already that it makes no difference, his entire body appears to have changed from skin and flesh to iron.

Bakugou tsks and balls his fists, his glare is so intense you would think that he’s trying to blow Henzu up with his mind.

Izuku begins mumbling to himself. “That was Henzu’s quirk: Osmosis. It can absorb nearly any type of solid matter that he comes into contact with and it allows him to transform his entire body into the substance. He can also absorb energy, mainly electricity, and discharge it. But admittedly he does become more erratic and unpredictable when he does absorb energy. It's both a power and versatile quirk wi-”

“SHUT UP, DEKU!!”

“AH, sorry!”

“Sheesh,” Henzu jabs a finger into his ear in an attempt to recover his hearing. “do you ever stop shouting?”

Sparks fly out of Bakugou’s palms. “SHUT THE FUCK UP!!”

Henzu glares at the blonde “Go home, Blasty.”

“Huh?!?”

“I said hit the road.” He slides a large steel wrench out from his back pocket. “Or are we going to have a problem?”
The sparks from Bakugou’s hands die down as he eventually balls them into fists.

Izuku watches from the sidelines. ‘Henzu’s amazing! He’s probably the only one at this school that can rival Kacchan. The only reason Bakugou doesn’t go after him is because Henzu has no desire to be a hero. In fact… he’s a thug!! Seriously, the first time we met he actually threatened me for my money! He can also pick locks! Locks!’

“Hey, Izuku.”

‘I’m pretty sure he’s stolen a car before… maybe… 40% sure.’

“Izuku.”

‘Also, there was that time he walked in with a blood stain on his shirt. He said it was fine since it wasn’t his.’

“Hey.”

‘And there was that other time-’

Thump! Thump! Thump!

“Quite spacing out!” Henzu shouts as he bangs his knuckles against Izuku’s skull. While Izuku was spacing out he had placed the wrench back into his pocket and his skin had returned to normal.

“Oh, sorry Hechan!”

“Dude, don’t call me that.”

“Oh, right sorry. Hey where’s Kacchan?!”

The black-haired teen jabs a thumb at the door. “They left already.”

“Oh, okay…” Izuku’s eyes fall back to the floor as an awkward silence falls over them.

Henzu takes a breath before looking Izuku in the eye. “So, you going to tell me what that was about?”

And like that Izuku is reduced to the cowering Deku from before. “O-oh, um, nothing! It’s just Kacchan being Kacchan.”

“Izuku?”

“Y-yeah?”

“Why do you call him that?”

“W-what?!”

“Blasty, why do you call him Kacchan?”

“Well… um, he’s-”

“Not your friend.” Izuku’s eyes snap up to look at Henzu. “Come on Izuku why do you defend him? Do you think he’s going to pay your respect back? Do you think that you owe him something?”
Izuku can’t come up with an answer.

“I mean, I get it. It would be useless to report him to the teachers or the principal.” Henzu’s face scrunches up in anger. “This society will bend over backwards to please those that they view as perfect… as hero worthy. And they’ll trample anyone who doesn’t fit that mold.”

Izuku’s heart drops as he lets those words sink in and he does have to agree. Even if he went to a teacher for help, he’ll most likely be ignored or called a liar. And it would all be so Bakugou could be a hero.

“I know it sounds harsh but face it dude.” He points directly at Izuku’s chest. “You don’t have a quirk,” Using his other hand he touches a nearby outlet on the wall. “you can’t do what Blasty and I can do.” He pulls his hand away from the outlet and electricity sparks out from his fingertips. “You have to face reality, alright?”

“Yeah… but I can… try.” A tear falls with Izuku’s spirit.

Silence occurs between the two. Neither, knowing what to do or say.

“Sheesh, I can’t take this!”

That’s enough to distract Izuku from his depression. “Huh?!?”

“Come on, let's get the hell out of here. I got a friend who can hook us up with some sweet car parts, that may or may not have been stolen. Though I have to admit the guy’s a rat and I mean literally he’s actually a rat, but with porcupine quills.”

Izuku thinks about it but decides against it. He’s just not feeling up to hanging out right now.

“Thanks, Henzu. But I should head home.”

“You sure?”

Izuku simply nods his head in response his eyes don’t meet the taller teen’s gaze.

“Alright, I’ll see you later dude. And try not to let Blasty walk all over ya, kay?”

“Okay…”

And with that Henzu takes off to who knows where leaving Izuku to his thoughts. As Izuku heads home and retrieves his notebook from a fish pond, his thoughts recount his latest encounter with his former friend and his current friend the entire time. Admittedly they have some very good points. Why bother trying? He’s quirkless. How can he ever hope to become a hero let alone pass the U.A. Entrance Exam? How can someone so powerless so useless hope to become a hero?

He remembers an old video that he loved to watch as a kid. Where All Might saves a hundred lives and all with a gigantic and inspiring smile on his face. And he remembers that despite how hopeless, despite being quirkless, no matter how many people doubt him, he must continue to smile.

With a determined look he straightens up and tries to mimic All Might’s laugh. ‘I have to keep my chin up and keep moving forward!!’

Unknown to the turmoil’d youth, a green sludge begins to ooze its way out from the sewers and reform itself into a monstrous shape.
The sludge gurgles as eyes form from the top of the abomination. “A medium sized skin suit to hide in…”

And just like that Izuku found himself surrounded by the nasty substance. The sludge swirled around his body clawing towards his face.

The villain’s mouth forms above Izuku’s head. “Don’t worry. I’m just hijacking your body. It’ll only hurt for a few seconds. Then It’ll all be over.”

Izuku’s notebook falls to the ground as he claws at the villain’s fluid body but it’s no use. ‘I can’t breathe! My body... getting weak... I’m dying! I’m gonna die?!’ His struggling weakens. ‘Someone help! I’m dying!’ Tears stream out from the poor boy’s eyes as sludge and despair consume him. His vision turns to black.

Suddenly a manhole cover is launched away and from it appears a man that is the epiphany of heroism, All Might!

“I AM HERE… TEXAS SMASH!!”

The Sludge Villain never stood a chance as his entire body is blown away by the sheer power of All Might’s punch. The hero moves so quickly he is able to siphon the villain into a soda bottle he happened to be carrying.

“ANOTHER JOB WELL DONE. HM?” All Might looks over and notices Izuku unconscious on the ground.

“OOPS, I HOPE I DIDN’T HURT HIM.” Bending down the muscular hero checks the kid’s pulse. ‘HE’S BREATHING. THAT’S GOOD AND I DON’T SEE ANY INJURIES.’ Doing a quick scan of the area All Might notices a notebook. ‘WHAT’S THIS?’ All Might grabs the burnt journal and opens it up. ‘AH, SO HIS NAME IS IZUKU MIDORIYA.’ He continues to scroll through the pages and reads a couple of entries. ‘WOW, THESE ARE WRITTEN IN GREAT DETAIL. MY THESE ARE VERY IMPRESSIVE. HE MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF ANALYSIS TYPE QUIRK.’ After checking out a few more pages All Might suddenly slams the book closed. ‘WAIT!! I CAN’T GO THROUGH HIS STUFF, ESPECIALLY IF I WAS THE ONE WHO KNOCKED HIM OUT. H MMM, HA, I KNOW. I’LL GIVE HIM AN AUTOGRAPH! YES!!’ All Might skips to the first clean page he finds and signs it. ’BUT SERIOUSLY I SHOULD MAKE SURE THAT HE’S OKAY.’ The giant bends down and begins to lightly slap Izuku’s face.

“HEY! … HEY!! … HEY!! OH, THANK GOODNESS.”

Izuku’s eyes fly open and in front of him stands the greatest hero known to man, the Number One Hero, the Symbol of Peace, ALL MIGHT!!! He’s absolutely amazing, he’s larger than life with an immortal smile and amazing hair. He’s even drawn differently. And it gets better, All Might even signed Izuku’s hero notebook already.

“Wowww!! Thank you so much!! It’ll be my family heirloom!!”

‘I SHOULD HAVE FIGURED THAT HE WAS A FANBOY.’ All Might waves him off. “NOW I MUST BRING THIS FELLOW TO THE STATION! SEE YOU ON THE FLIPSIDE!”

“Um! Wait… I…”

“A PRO BATTLES NOT ONLY ENEMIES BUT ALSO TIME.”

“Wait!! I need to ask you something!”
“SORRY, NO TIME. TRY SENDING A MESSAGE THROUGH MY SITE.” And with that the Number One Hero launches himself into the air. “THANKS FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT!!!”

While in midair All Might can’t help but notice some extra weight. “HM?” The hero takes a look. “HEY, NOW!!” Clinging to his leg is the green fanboy. “Hey, LET GO! I LOVE MY FANS BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!”

Izuku struggles to speak in with the wind. “If I… let go now… I’ll die!”

“OH, THAT'S A GOOD POINT.”

“I… need to ask you… something… All Might-GAH!”

“OKAY, OKAY, JUST COVER YOUR EYES AND MOUTH.” Izuku shuts his eyes and uses All Might’s leg as a shield to block the wind.

As All Might grabs the kid’s back, he can’t help but feel his throat scratching at him. “Ahem… NN…” A trickle of blood forms from the side of his mouth. ‘DAMN!!’

After a few minutes of falling with style, the two of them land on top of an apartment building where the greenette keels over wheezing in fear while All Might instructs him on knocking on the door until someone lets him down. And with that All Might prepares to jump once again.

“Wait! Um…”

“NO!! I WILL NOT WAIT.”

Mustering what little courage he has Izuku asks the fated question. “Can someone without a quirk… become a hero like you?!”

All Might pauses, considering the young man’s question. “WITHOUT A QUIRK…” Suddenly a sharp pain courses through All Might as steam begins to pour out of his body. ‘OH NO… DAMN IT ALL…’

“I’m a kid without any powers. That’s why… maybe that’s why… I think that saving people is just about the coolest thing someone can do.” His speech and fondness for heroes gets to him and finally he smiles cheerfully at his hero with great admiration. “The way you save people with that fearless smile! I want to be a great hero, just like y-WHAAAAAT?!”

Slouched in front of the surprised teen is a skinny blonde-haired skeleton. After freaking out for a minute the crippled All Might explains his condition. He explains that he was injured 5 years ago and now he can only do hero work for about 3 hours a day. Even now this information is strictly classified and not known to the public if that were to occur chaos and villainy would surely ensue. So Izuku promises not to go blabbing about it. At the end, All Might brings the conversation back to Izuku’s question.

“A Symbol of Peace who saves people with a smile must never be daunted by evil. The reason I smile is to stave off the overwhelming pressure I feel.”

This revelation is a major shock to Izuku; the hope in his heart begins to fade.

“A hero should always be ready to risk his life. As for your question…”

Izuku’s heart cracks as despair begins to take root. His mind reels back to the years of torment he’s
faced by the hands of Bakugou, the laughter and mocking of his classmates, the indifference of strangers and his teachers, the lack of support from his mother, and how his father is no longer present in his life. One can only assume why he left.

“…No, I don’t think you can become a hero without a quirk.”

And just like that Izuku’s dream is crushed. “…Ah…”

All Might tries to give the boy some comfort with little effect. He says something about how noble it is to help others and that if he wants to do good then he should just join the police, but nothing really registers with Izuku’s broken spirit.

Except for the last thing that the Number One Hero says to him. “It’s not wrong to dream. But you need to be realistic.”

And with that the injured hero leaves the boy to his inner sorrow and pain.

All Might rubs his head sighing in grief. ‘That could have gone better. Maybe I should have been a bit easier on the kid, afterall I know where he’s coming from.’ All Might reaches for the bottle in his pocket. “Now to get you to the station… huh?” Swiveling back and forth All Might becomes very aware that he lost the sludge villain. ‘Damnit!’

The bottled villain moans in pain as his vision returns “Where am I? What happened?” The Sludge Villain realizes that he’s still under the same bridge. He recalls attacking the green-haired kid and then getting beaten by All Might. “Oh, yeah he showed up.” He shakes with rage from within his plastic prison. “Damn you, All Might!”

“Well, what do we have here?” asks a sarcastic male voice.

The villain peers up and sees a kid with greasy black-hair.

“Hey, kid! Let me out will ya!”

The kid’s grin mischievously. “Sure, I’ll help you out. You villain.”

“Thanks kid I really-wait what did you say?”

“Please you’re a pile of sludge and your stuck inside a bottle. Obviously, a hero must have done this to ya. Am I right?”

“So, what if they did. Listen if you don’t release me then I’ll-”

“You’ll what?” The kid grabs onto a nearby light post, electricity sparks out of the pole and flows towards the teen’s body. “Kill me?” The kid raises his other hand and from it electricity discharges striking the ground and metal nearby. The teen’s grin widens with malice. “You can go ahead and try.”

The villain doesn’t respond now that he understands the full scope of his situation. Electricity is one of the few things that can actually hurt him.

“To be honest if you are a villain than I’m more inclined to help ya.”

“Huh? Really?” This honestly take the Sludge Villain by surprise.
“Yeah, you bet. But there’s something you gotta do for me.”

“Sure, anything you want.”

“Hehe, There’s someone I want you to get rid of for me.”

Izuku is in a daze as he stumbles home. He’s too stunned to notice what direction he’s walking in. He’s so out of it that he barely blinks an eye when he falls over the ledge of the local beach. He lands roughly on the sand below, luckily without getting to many bruises. Sitting up Izuku hazily peers at all the garbage towering over him. Sighing he pushes himself up and slowly trudges his way through the mounds of trash.

‘Even… the best of the best said it…’ His tears refuse to stop flowing. ‘Don’t cry! You knew already, right?! This is reality… It’s because I knew… that I tried so damned hard.’

Izuku eventually makes it through the junk and arrives at the ocean. Looking out towards the sunset his mind begins to wander. ‘Everyone was right.’ He turns his head towards a nearby trash pile. ‘I’m like this beach, nothing but useless junk and a waste of space.’ He rubs his nose in an attempt to stop the tears. ‘If… if only… I had a quirk.’ He starts walking towards the nearest trash heap which also happens to be the one closest to the ocean. ‘If I had a quirk than maybe I wouldn’t be so useless…’ He peers down at the lowest part of the junk pile which sits within the shallow water. His fist balls up as he stares down at the scraps of metal. ‘Maybe people would care about my dreams if I had a quirk.’ He scowls and his fists tighten. ‘Maybe Dad would still be around if I had a quirk!’ Izuku screams at the top of his lungs. “WHY CAN’T I HAVE A QUIRK!!?” He kicks the trash as hard as he could, putting all of his anger into it.

Unfortunately, it did not have the desired effect. “AAAHHHHH!!!” Izuku grabs his, possibly broken, foot and falls backward. He screams in pain as he rolls across the beach in agony.

“That… was not… the best idea!” Izuku leans forward. “What the heck did I kick?”

He wobbles and brushes away the surrounding trash revealing a spherical metal orb underneath. “What is this?”

The strange sphere shifts slightly and steam spews out from the metal gears and shafts. Izuku flinches in response. The orb opens and a bright green light emanates from within.

Izuku cautiously peers inside and is very surprised by what he finds. Izuku is rightfully confused for sitting inside the sphere is a strange wristwatch like object.

The watch is rather large in size, it’s primarily black and grey in color with white trims. A black faceplate is centered in the middle which has a green hourglass shape within it. The green hourglass is what’s illuminating the eerie green light.

Izuku grabs a metal pipe in his right hand and uses it to poke the watch. ‘Could it be radioactive?’ He brings the tip of the pipe back towards him and probes the tip that touched the strange device. ‘It’s not hot so it must be safe. Right?’

The green light seems to illuminate brighter as if tempting Izuku. Curiously, the green haired boy uses his left hand to grab the watch. The moment Izuku’s hand enters the sphere the watch seemingly springs to life and wraps itself around his left wrist.

“Ahhh!!” Izuku flails his arm about trying to fling the device away. He bangs the pipe against it.
“There isn’t even a scratch!” The glossy surface of the watch gleams as if to tease its new host. Izuku throws the pipe away and tries to wrangle the watch off of himself. “Come on. There’s got to be some kind of button or switch to get this thing off.”

The teen presses down on two points on the black faceplate causing a dial to spring up out of the watch. Izuku gazes down at the dial and that’s when he notices that the hourglass symbol from before has changed to that of a diamond; inside the green diamond is a strange black silhouette that appears to have four arms. Izuku cautiously grips the dial accidentally turning it causing a new silhouette to appear. The new figure has its head floating above its body with horns curving up from its shoulders. He turns the dial once more and this time it becomes a tall silhouette that has tendrils on its head and a tail.

He’s not sure what it is, maybe it was fate or simple curiosity, maybe even stupidity, but the unsuspecting teen places a single finger on top of the dial and pushes down. The dial clicks in place and a blinding flash of green light envelops Izuku’s entire body.

Izuku goes blind, all he sees is the flash of bright green light and although it lasted less than a second, a strange convulsion surges throughout his entire being down all the way to every single one of his cells. He can feel his arms and legs stretching as if being pulled, his skull is shifting like someone is remolding it, and an electrical feeling circulates through his insides.

In less than a second, the odd sensations stop.

Izuku grabs his head as a headache begins to form. “What just happened?” Izuku asks himself noticing the staticky sound of his voice. “Huh, what’s wrong with my voice?!” He checks his wrist, looking for the watch, but finds a slim black hand with gold colored plugs at the end of his fingertips. “Aaahh, my hand!” He looks down at the rest of his body and takes note of his black skin and tall stature. “Aaahh, where are my clothes!?!?” He tries to cover himself up, but the weirdness of the whole situation gets to him. “What the heck is going on?!?” Izuku is so freaked out that he begins running in circles crashing and bumping into abandoned appliances and trash as he goes. He eventually arrives somewhere in the center of the unofficial garbage dump. There he tries to figure out his bearings and glances over at a trashed car. “Aaahh!!” The frightened teen screams at the face looking back at him. After a moment of screams he grabs his face and realizes that he’s looking at his own reflection. “What happened to me?”

He takes a good hard look at himself. Somehow, he has transformed into a single green-eyed being with black skin. He notices the change in height as well as the two tendrils on his head and that he has a tail now. He takes note of the gold plug like appendages on his tendrils, tail, and fingers.

“What the heck am I?! What did that thing do to me?!”

Izuku tries to clear his mind by shaking his head, the tendrils whoosh behind him. “Okay, okay… calm down Izuku just analyze the situation. I-I went to the beach, kicked trash, and then found that wat-THE WATCH!!!” The transfigured Izuku pats himself until he finds the faceplate of the watch embedded in his chest. He grabs the device and starts yanking it as hard as he can. “Get… off!!” Izuku is thrashing about so much that he trips over his own tail and crashes into a nearby trash heap. “Ouch, well that didn’t work.” He rubs his head as he sits up. “Oh, how am I going to explain this to everyone?” Izuku kicks his legs in the air and falls back. “Forget that! How am I going to explain this to Mom?!!” Taking a breath, he calms himself down. “I guess it could be worse… Hmm?”

Looking over Izuku notices that one of his tendrils is waving its plug as if it’s attracted to something in particular. Curiously Izuku follows the seemingly conscious tendril which leads him towards the hood of the trashed car from before. The black tendril shakes above the hood, curious
to see where this goes Izuku pops the hood of the car allowing the tendril to latch itself to the car’s battery. Almost immediately electricity surges through the golden-plug up the tendril and into Izuku’s body. The teen can feel the electricity charging up within him. The current is stopped when the battery completely runs out of juice.

Izuku can feel the electricity coursing through him, raising his hand sparks fly out from his fingertips. “H-how... how is this possible?” Izuku begins to mumble up a storm. He throws around theories from having been mutated by a radioactive watch, to some sort of weird nightmare, and so on. Eventually one consideration sticks in his mind. "Do... I have a quirk?" A grin spreads across his face. “Did that watch give me a quirk?! An honest to goodness quirk?!" The sparks in his hands increase.

Izuku’s grin widens as he extends his hands and a stream of electricity shoots out frying a junked refrigerator. “I... I can’t believe it. This body, this power. I wonder what else it can do.”

The antennas on his head curve upward as if reacting to something. Izuku hears static but a clear message comes through that almost sounds like it’s coming from a radio. “Requesting backup. A villain is attacking the shopping district at Tatooin Station.”

Izuku holds the side of his head as if adjusting an earpiece. “Wait, what’s happening? I must be picking up a radio signal.”

The radio signal continues. “Requesting backup for all available heroes. You are needed at the Tatooin Station shopping district. A villain has captured a child. The villain’s body is made of fluid that prevents on the scene heroes from detaining him and the victim’s quirk is setting off explosions causing a great amount of damage and fires.”

‘A fluid body... a person that can make explosions... No, it can’t be.’

“The hostage has been identified as Katsuki Bakugou.”

“Kacchan!!” Izuku begins running towards the street. “Tatooin Station is close if I book it maybe I can-Woah!!” Izuku accidentally leaps into the air. “Wow, I can really jump.” Izuku lands on the concrete street and immediately begins running. He can’t help but take note of his agility. “Huh, I’m fast too. At this rate I can make it there in less than a minute or two.”

If Izuku had continued to listen to the radio broadcast, he possibly could have picked up the latest transmission. “This is Thirteen I’m on my way.”

Somewhere else in Musutafu the skeletal All Might had back tracked towards the bridge, but he didn’t find anything, so he made his way towards the station to report a missing villain. However, before he can get there, he spots smoke rising in the near distance along with the resonating sounds of explosions and sirens.

He starts to make a dash towards it. ‘Please, don’t let it be what I think it is.’

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

Henzu Uuichi laughs from his perch atop a nearby building. Below him the heroes are struggling against the Sludge Villain and Bakugou’s explosions are definitely not helping. “Ha! This is so great! Look at all these morons tripping over themselves!”

Behind the black-haired teen is a humanoid rat with black quills on his head. “Yeah, a real show.” He sounds rather uninterested and would rather get somewhere that’s far away from the heroes. The rat pulls up the collar of his orange jacket. “So, hey, I helped you track the brat down. Now
“you got to hold up your end of the deal.” He jabs an accusing finger at Henzu.

Without looking, Henzu casually slips the rat man a large roll of cash. “Come on, you know I’m good for it, Argit.”

Argit smiles and begins his descent down the fire escape. “It’s always a pleasure doing business with you.” The rat leaves while Henzu continues to watch.

Henzu’s malicious smile widens as Bakugou’s explosion causes so much damage that a barrier of fire and smoke prevents the heroes and witnesses from even seeing the futile struggle below. ‘Goodbye, Blasty. This world will be better off without ya.’ The twisted teen breaks into another fit of haunting laughter.

While Henzu takes time to appreciate Bakugou’s flailing about, Argit makes his way down to the alley below. Luckily for him there are no people there to see him, they are all too busy watching the situation. Argit tucks the cash into his jacket when something tall and fast rushes past him. “Huh?” The rodent looks over and sees a tall black figure staring wide eyed at the Sludge Villain.

The rodent mutters to himself, cupping his chin. “What’s a Contuctoid doing here?”

All Might finally arrives on the scene. Unfortunately, he can’t see a thing amongst all the smoke and flames blocking his view. Around him heroes are trying to keep the civilians calm while they also deal with the fires. He overhears a few civilians talking about a sludge-based villain and how it captured a child, one civilian even points out that All Might himself was chasing after the villain earlier.

All Might’s gaze falls downward as he grabs his injury. ‘Pathetic…’ His hand tightens around his wound. ‘Pathetic! How can I call myself a hero… especially after what I told that boy.’ All Might can hear the sounds of explosions dying off. ‘I’m sorry… hopefully a hero with the right quirk will arrive soon.’ All Might gazes up towards the flames and for a split second amongst the smoke and fire he notices a strange symbol moving beyond the inferno an illuminating green hourglass within a black circle.

Neither Bakugou nor the villain notice as a tall black-skinned being peers out of the ally and stares at the scene in front of him. ‘It really is Kacchan and that same villain from before…’ Covering his mouth, tears begin to form in his single green eye. ‘It’s the same one… so that means… it’s my fault! I distracted All Might and prevented him from doing his job.’ His mind flashes back to All Might’s injury. ‘And All Might’s weak… he can’t… do anything. It’s my fault.’ Bakugou’s explosions stop. ‘This guy can’t be caught. We have to wait for someone with the right quirk to show up!’ Bakugou has his eyes shut as he tries to pull himself away from his attacker. ‘Hang in there, Kacchan… I’m so sorry!’ Bakugou’s struggling decreases dramatically. ‘A hero’s bound to come…’ Bakugou is clearly losing his breath. ‘I’m so sorry! Someone will come to save you soon…’ In a moment of pure desperation Bakugou’s eyes shoot open begging for mercy… begging for a hero to save his life.

And in that moment, Izuku’s mind went blank as pure instinct took over. He charges head first towards Bakugou. ‘What am I doing?! Why am I running?!’

The living pile of sludge notices the stranger charging at him.
He gurgles out a roar. “Get away from me!” The villain takes a swipe to fend off the intruder.

Despite the oncoming attack Izuku keeps charging. “Eep!”

‘What do I do?! What do I Do?! At a time like this…’ Izuku’s mind flashes to page 25 of his hero notebook and gets an idea. Izuku’s tendrils wrap around a garbage can and flings towards the villain’s face. “Hiyah!!”

Garbage flies out from the can and jabs the attacker’s eyes. The villain screams in pain as Izuku’s grabs Bakugou and with one swift motion he pulls the blonde free from the sludge’s grasp. “Kacchan!”

Bakugou coughs, breathing heavily, as he’s pulled free. “Who… the fuck.. are you?” He asks between gasps.

As Izuku pulls Bakugou away from his capturer he tries to explain himself. “Kacchan it’s-Oof!” Izuku’s whipped so hard that he tumbles down, Bakugou falls with him.

The villain sends out several tentacles towards the two. “You’re in my way!”

Acting fast, Izuku grabs Bakugou and tosses him towards a nearby ally way that’s clear of people and fire. “Quick get away from here!” A large tentacle knocks the morphed Izuku into a burning food stand. “Aaahhh!!”

Bakugou rolls on the ground a few feet and when he looks up, he sees his black-skinned rescuer getting knocked around by sludge attacks. The blonde hesitates for a moment but shakes it off, despite nearly dying, he moves as fast as he can away from the scene.

From further down the alley the hero Thirteen appears. The hero notices the wobbling Bakugou and grabs his shoulders to help steady him. “Hey, it’s okay now I got you.”

Bakugou’s eyes snap up in temporary fear but he visibly relaxes when he recognizes the hero. “Yeah, well who's got that other guy?”

“What other guy?”

Bakugou gestures behind him and Thirteen takes a look. Their eyes widen as the rescue hero witnesses an alien-like being doing its best to avoid being whipped, honestly, it’s not doing a very good job of dodging. ‘A Contactoid?! What are they doing here?! Why would it take such a risk??’

Before the rescue hero can get their answers, they’re hailed over their radio. “Thirteen are you engaged with the enemy?”

Thirteen tries to come up with a reply. “Um, ah, please keep the area clear. The villain is resisting.” Thirteen leads the injured blonde away from the battle. ‘I’ll have to deal with the Contactoid afterwards.’

The Sludge Villain roars as he continues his onslaught against the wannabe hero. “Stop getting in my way!!”

Izuku’s body has really taken a beating. He’s covered in dirt and grime and although it’s hard to tell he’s pretty sure that he’s covered in bruises.
Izuku uses his slim yet strong arms to block the attacks, it’s not much but it’s something especially considering how battered he is. ‘Why did my legs move on their own?! Why did I jump in to help?! I Dunno!!’ Izuku endures the quick and powerful blows. ‘No... I know why. It’s because he looked like…’ He can’t help but remember the look in his childhood friend’s eyes. ‘he needed saving!’

The villain’s sludge begins to swirl around making a spiral like motion above the villain’s head. The slime screeches as he sends out a powerful attack of spinning sludge. “Die, HERO!!”

Izuku’s tendrils and tail stretch out and latch themselves onto a nearby powerbox. Electricity immediately begins to course through him. “I won’t let you hurt anyone else!” Izuku balls his hands together allowing the electricity to charge up. “It’s time... to be a hero!!” He aims his hands out towards his attacker and a thundering beam of lightning rushes forward.

The villain’s attack is blown away as the lightening thunders straight for him! “AAAAHHH!!” The villain screams in pain as watts of electricity begins to surge through him.

All around him metal and other electronics are getting similar treatment. The blast is too much, the villain’s body rips apart sending bits and pieces of sludge flying all across the burning street.

Izuku cuts off the flow of electricity as slime and embers fall around him. “I did it... I really did it!” Izuku wobbles backwards towards the alley he originally entered from. ‘I did it and with a quirk no less!’

Just as the unlicensed-hero stumbles back into the alley the dial on his chest begins to beep and flash red, but it goes unnoticed by the teen even as a red flash of light envelopes his entire body.

Izuku falls onto his knees just as he turns back to normal. He gazes at the red illuminated watch on his battered yet human wrist. Finally, exhaustion from the day’s events catches up to the teen; he’s so exhausted that he falls face forward onto the pavement. And with that he begins to fade out of consciousness the last thing he sees other than the red glowing watch is a pair of yellow shoes approaching him. “I can be a hero…”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading please comment and/or leave helpful criticism. I do want to make my writing better, however, this is still just for fun. Anyway I have some things to say:

*To clarify Izuku will not be getting One For All. I don’t like it when someone gives Izuku an already OP Quirk, great control over said quirk, and One For All that to me is too much and thus someone else will be getting One For All.
*The Ben Ten Aliens within the Omnitrix will come in sets of 9 rather then 10 as a homage to Deku (cannon) as the 9th-holder of One For All.
*Henzu Uuichi is essentially Kevin Levin from the main Ben Ten Series: appearance, personality, and powers. I gave him a different name as to not affect his new backstory.
*As for my descriptions of all future Ben Ten Aliens I will be keeping the descriptions very vague. That is because most of the aliens have different versions of themselves so I will be keeping the descriptions vague as to allow you, the reader, to envision which version of the aliens that you prefer.
I will also be somewhat expanding weakness for Ben Ten Aliens, as to not make them OP.
Accept This New Reality

Chapter Summary

Izuku's world becomes a whole lot bigger.

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone thanks for logging in for my latest chapter I really appreciate it and I hope you enjoy it.

Before we begin I just want state that although I am a fan of the Ben Ten series I have not watched the newest rebooted version of Ben Ten. So, none of the new aliens or new characters (if there are any) from that series will appear. Sorry for those of you that are disappointed by that fact. truthfully I tried to give it a chance but it's just not for me. Anyway, let's move on to Chapter 2.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

An hour has passed since the Sludge Villain attack, the sun has begun to set, yet heroes are still occupying the scene as to help clean up and ease the people’s nerves.

Their presence however does not help Henzu Uuichi’s mood. ‘Well, this sucks.’

The black-haired teen is leaned up against a wall from across the street watching as the heroes such as Mount Lady and Death Arms are interviewed and the police take statements. ‘Man, why did that hero have to ruin my fun, sheesh.’ Henzu is, of course, referring to the guy with the one green eye and tendrils on his head. ‘Well no use sticking around.’ He kicks himself off the wall, from the corner of his eye he spots the bandaged Bakugou receiving compliments from pro heroes that witnessed his quirk ‘s power in action. ‘Looks like you get to stick around for a little longer, Blasty.’ Henzu absorbs the iron from his wrench and proceeds to punch the cement wall breaking a small crater into it, he stuffs his hands into his pockets and strolls off. “One day, you will get what’s coming to ya.”

Eventually, the heroes are done praising Bakugou, and the police have already gotten a statement from him, leaving him to his thoughts. Throughout the entire time he gave the police and the heroes very little information about what happened at most he said that he was caught by the pile of crap and then a hero saved him. Bakugou did however say that it was Thirteen who saved him and who fought the villain, like Thirteen asked him to. Honestly, Bakugou could care less about which hero took the credit, but what does have him interested is what the weirdo called him. That tall black-skinned freak called him “Kacchan”. ‘The only one who calls me that is Deku. That couldn’t have been Deku? Ha, yeah right. The guy probably had some kind of telepathic aspect to his quirk or something. Maybe the bastard already knew who I was and decided to try and get chummy. Yeah, that’s probably it.’ Bakugou trods off towards home, laughing at the idea of Izuku ever having a quirk.

As he leaves, he unknowingly passes by the Number One Hero in all of Japan.
‘Pathetic…this is all my fault.’ The skeletal All Might stands alone, his dark thoughts are all that give him company as he watches pro heroes, active heroes, heroes that are capable, doing their duty. ‘Apparently, Thirteen was able to make it inside and handle the situation, but…’ He grabs his injury as if it personally offends him. ‘I wasn’t able to do anything! I was useless… All I was good for was watching from the sidelines and hope that someone else would save the day.’ All Might shakes his head in denial. ‘No, stop that! This was bound to happen eventually that’s why… I need to continue my search for a worthy successor. One that can take my place and become a new Symbol of Peace.’

“Ugh…” Everything aches as Izuku opens his eyes to a bright blinding light. With his head spinning he can eventually make out a white clean ceiling. “Huh?! Where am I?!” Sitting up, his head swinging from side to side, he realizes that he’s in a hospital. “How’d I get here? What happened?” His memory of transforming and saving Bakugou return to him. “Oh yeah, I jumped in and saved Kacchan… THAT WAS SO SCARY!!! Maybe it was a dream?!?” That’s when he notices that the watch is still attached to his wrist. It green-light blinks as if to say hello. “It was real! What was I thinking?! That was so stupid! I bet I’m going to be arrested for vigilantism! Maybe they think I’m a villain! Oh my God, how am I going to explain myself?!!”

“Wow, you’re sure a lively one.”

Izuku shakily turns to the door his eyes full of dread. However, the gleam in his eyes turns to that of surprise and despite the looming fear he can’t help but smile. His eyes sparkle as his terrified and nervous expression turns to one of excitement and joy. “You’re the Space Hero Thirteen!” Indeed, the Rescue hero themself is standing at the entrance of the hospital room. “I’m a huge fan! You’re so amazing! A top-notch rescue hero with the ability to create blackholes that can be used to clear any debris it’s-”

Thirteen cuts him off. “Haha, yes, yes, thank you. That’s very nice of you to say. I am more concerned about you.” Thirteen takes a seat in the chair closest the bed. “How are you feeling.”

“Oh, I, um, feel pretty good all things considered. Just a little banged up here and there.”

“That’s good,” Their voice becomes deadly serious. “now I have some questions for you.” The greenette’s mouth snaps shut as Thirteen stares him in the eyes and leans forward. “What are you doing here on Earth?”

“Huh?”

“Come on don’t play dumb. Where did you get Level 20 technology?” Thirteen’s voice rises with annoyance.

“Um.”

“How did you avoid registration? Why did you interfere today? Where are you from?! Who sent you?! Who gave you that device?!”

“I-uh, sorry but I don’t understand…”

Thirteen sighs, leaning back on their seat. “Alright, let’s start from the top.” Thirteen opens the folder that they were carrying under their arm. “According to these files your name’s Izuku Midoriya, age 14, attends Aldera Junior High, and you’re registered as Quirkless.” Thirteen eyes Izuku suspiciously before continuing. “I ran a test of your DNA while you were unconscious, and it
came up as purely human.” They close the folder. “So, tell me, how were you able to become a Conductoid and then revert back to human?”

Izuku blinks. “I still don’t understand…what you’re saying.”

The space suited hero sighs heavily. “How were you able to transform into the black-skinned being that can absorb and release electricity?”

“Oh, um, I’m not completely sure myself.”

“Well just explain the best you can.”

“Um, well, I was at Dagobah Beach and I found a strange metal sphere…” Izuku hesitates, if he continues there’s a good chance that the hero will think he’s either crazy or a liar, maybe both. Thirteen, meanwhile, encouragingly gestures for him to continue. Izuku continues deciding to stick with the truth, maybe his story won’t seem as crazy as he thinks. “And I found this strange watch.” Izuku raises his left arm to indicate the item in question. “It just leapt onto my wrist and when I tried to remove it… it turned me into that . . . thing.”

Thirteen cups their helmet as if holding their chin. “Interesting. So, why did you engage with the slime villain?”

“Oh, um, well my legs…they just sort-of…moved on their own. I saw Kacchan’s face and I just thought that… he needed saving.”

Thirteen takes a moment to think before standing up. “I think I understand now.”

That makes one of them, Izuku still isn’t sure about everything that’s happened. What did Thirteen mean by their questions? They were so bizarre; they almost suggested that he committed a horrible offense.

Izuku is pulled out of his musing by Thirteen. “I think I owe you some answers.” Thirteen points at the newly revealed watch. “While you were unconscious, I ran some tests on that...watch. That thing on your wrist appears to be Level 20 - or extremely advanced technology that has the capability to overwrite and reprogram the wearer’s DNA to that of other beings.”

“Transform DNA?”

“Yes, it’s a device like none other on this planet or any other planet for that matter. This device can break up your human DNA and relater it to that of other living lifeforms.”

“What are you saying?”

“Midoriya, do you believe in aliens?”

Izuku stares dumbfounded at the pro hero. “Excuse me?”

Thirteen rather than play this gentle decides to drop the truth. “Aliens exist.” Izuku’s stupefied expression somehow increases. “You know extra-terrestrials, intelligent life, aliens?! Well they are very real…in fact it’s my job to watch over and monitor aliens that come to Earth, even make sure that they follow intergalactic laws and such. For you see I am a… Plumber.”

Izuku gives the hero a quizzical look. “A...plumber?”

“Yes that kind of plumber. The Plumbers are an interstellar disciplinary force that uphold justice
across the known galaxies. Basically, heroes but in space.”

“Oh…” Izuku’s eyes comedically widen in realization. “W-wait! You’re being completely serious here?!”

Thirteen deadpans. “Yes.”

“But that doesn’t make sense! Aliens don’t exist! I mean of course there is a possibility, but wouldn’t we have some kind of evidence by now. Not to mention this puts science and even our own history into question. There’s also the chance that the world’s governments are aware of this…”

Thirteen can only stare as the teen begins to ramble on into a storm of muttering that lasts for a good length of time. Izuku eventually realizes what he’s doing and silences himself, but only after a few minutes have already passed by.

When he’s done, Thirteen decides to continue. “Anyway, as I was saying… As a Plumber it’s my job to make sure that any and all aliens on Earth behave themselves…usually that isn’t an issue. That also includes tracking any and all alien technology, products, and goods. So, I’ve definitely seen a thing or two.” Thirteen rubs the back of their head. “Admittedly, I’ve never encountered or even heard of anything like this.” They gesture towards the watch. “A device that can transform people into aliens.”

The two sit in silence. Thirteen lets Izuku’s mind process everything, while Izuku honestly has no idea what to think of all of this.

Izuku fidgets from his uncomfortable seat. “So...what now?” His green eyes meet Thirteen’s.

“Well, this piece of Level 20 tech, um…” The look on Izuku’s face tells them that he’s confused. “This piece of technology is so advanced that it would take millions of years for regular humans to make it. For comparison the Earth has only Level 3, arguably Level 4, technology.” Thirteen reaches into his back pocket.

“Ah.” Izuku nods his head in understanding.

Thirteen pulls out a small light gray disc that’s shaped like a circular hourglass with a bright red dot in the middle.

Izuku watches in fascination as Thirteen touches the red dot. The dot lights up and projects a hologram of a screen where Thirteen proceeds to type in a few things. “What’s that?”

“My Plumber’s badge. I have no knowledge on things like this so I would like to file a report and see if other officers know of anything like this.”

“Ah.”

“Yup, hopefully we can get this thing off of you.”

Izuku’s inside fill with nervousness. “Do...do you really have to take it?” He subconsciously grabs the watch. “It’s just that this thing, this watch, gave me the opportunity...to do something.” Thirteen only watches as Izuku continues. “It gave me the chance to be useful, to help someone else...to be a hero. So, can’t I just...keep it?” A few tears escape Izuku’s eyes as he begs for this.

Thirteen’s heart goes out to the boy, but they have a job and a responsibility to uphold. “I’m sorry but no. It goes against protocol for humans to possess Level 20 tech. Heck, I don’t even know what
this thing is fully capable of. I can’t just let you keep it.” Thirteen looks away from Izuku’s dejected appearance. “I’m sorry, but that’s just how it’s going to be.” Thirteen scratches the side of their face/helmet. “However, according to the test results. The watch has fused with your own genetic structure.”

“What, what does that mean?”

“It means that it’s bound not just to your wrist but your DNA.” Izuku’s head snaps up in worry. “Although I said that you can’t keep it, it’s not like I can keep you here as well and trying to lock it in portable case will look too suspicious.”

A flicker of hope lights up within the teen’s heart. “Does that mean?”

“Yeah, you can hold onto it for now.” It’s unclear but Izuku is pretty sure that Thirteen is smiling from under their helmet. “It should be fine, as long as you don’t draw attention to it or yourself.”

Tears of joy slide down the boy’s cheeks as his hold tightens around the watch. “Thank you.”

“Don’t get too excited, I’m still not sure about what it can do. Also try to avoid using it. The last thing we need is for some lunatic to go after it.”

“Yeah,” Izuku chuckles lightly. “I wouldn’t want that.”

“Definitely. Now, I’m sure you have more questions, but it’s gotten pretty late. Let’s get you home, alright? We can discuss more later.”

“Yeah, wait, how am I going to explain everything to my Mom?”

Thirteen smiles and gives the teen a thumbs up. “Don’t worry I got it covered.”

“Izuku, honey! Are you alright?!” Izuku is enveloped in a bone crushing, yet very loving, embrace.

“I, uh, I’m fine Mom.” He returns the hug. “I was really well cared for.”

Inko Midoriya examines, making sure there’s nothing other than the few bandages dispersed across his body. “Oh, thank goodness. You must be starving I kept dinner warm for you.”

Izuku smiles brightly. “Thanks, Mom.” There’s a hint of regret in his aura. ‘She really doesn’t suspect a thing.’ As Thirteen had explained, they really did have this covered.

(Flashback)

After Thirteen had questioned Izuku, the hero not only generously paid for Izuku’s medical bill but drove the teen from the hospital and back to his apartment complex. Before Izuku can head towards the elevator Thirteen stopped him. “Just to make sure, what’s the cover story?”

“Um, after school I was hanging around the shopping district when the villain attacked, and I was knocked unconscious. Then you rescued me, took me to the hospital to be checked over, and even paid for my medical bill.”

“Correct, which works well since I already had my agency call your mother ahead of time when I apprehended you.”
“Yeah.”

“As for the watch just say that you bought it okay.”

“Kay.”

Thirteen holds a card out to Izuku. “Here, take this. It’s my contact information, I’ll be in touch. I gotta make sure you’re not abusing this thing and I’ll give you any information that comes in about it. Oh, and keep all this alien and space talk down to the bare minimum alright, last thing we need is a global panic.”

#####(End Flashback)#######

After dinner and bidding his mother a goodnight, Izuku heads straight to his room. He dumps his uniform into the laundry and changes into some fresh clothes.

‘I don’t really like lying to Mom but what can I do?’ Izuku falls back onto his All Might themed bed. ‘Today has been one giant roller coaster of emotions.’ He raises up his fist gazing up at the alien transforming watch, a hopeful glint shines in his eyes.

‘I know I’m not allowed to use this thing, but...maybe, just maybe, I can use it to become a hero. A hero that saves everyone with a smile. Wait, Thirteen said that the Plumbers, that’s such a horrible name, are like space heroes. Maybe I can join them and if I do, I can use the watch.’ Izuku sits up raising his fists in determination. ‘Next chance I get I’ll talk to Thirteen about it. But in the meantime...’ He stands up, walks over to his desk and grabs a notebook, it’s similar to his hero analysis one except this one has clearly never been used. Once he grabs a pen, he heads for the kitchen. “Hey Mom.”

Inko is busy washing dishes. “Yes?”

“I’m going to walk around the block for a little bit, I need some air. Is that okay?”

Inko would really like to say no, but she has no real reason to. “Um, well, as long as you’re nearby then I guess it’s okay.”

“Thanks Mom, and don’t worry I won’t be gone for more than 10-20 minutes or so.”

“Take care sweetie.”

Izuku hugs his mother, slips on his shoes, and heads for the alleyway behind his building. The alleyway is dark with only a few street lights illuminating it. Izuku, innocently, places his new notebook on top of a shiny American muscle car that’s magenta in color. The car belongs to an elderly neighbor of his.

‘I know Thirteen said not to use it,’ He grips the watch almost affectionately. ‘but if I want to convince Thirteen in letting me keep it then I have to learn as much about this watch as possible.’ Izuku writes a new title onto the cover of the notebook, “Hero Transformations #1”.

Izuku grips the watch making sure the coast is clear he activates the watch. The dial shoots up the diamond-symbol forming in the middle reveals the same tendril silhouette from before. Izuku rotates the dial and takes count of all the different silhouettes; he counts a total of nine forms before returning to the first form he transformed into. With little hesitation, and a lot of excitement, Izuku slams the dial down. A flash of green light envelopes the greenette and the teen can feel his body changing all the way down to the microscopic level.

“Aw, yeah!” The Conductoid cheers grinning happily at his form. The morphed Izuku turns to the muscle car as a mirror uses it to examine his new body. “You know now that I’m aware this is an alien body, I don’t feel so embarrassed that I’m not wearing clothes...Oh, who am I kidding it’s still
weird.” Izuku tries to cover himself, but he knows that there’s no point anymore. “Well anyway.”

Izuku takes a few moments to draw out the general shape and look of this transformation. When he’s satisfied with his drawing, he puts down the pen. “Now for this form’s powers.”

The two tendrils on his head stretch up and attach themselves onto the street lamp that hangs above his head. The tendrils absorb the electricity causing the lamp to flicker. Izuku removes the tendrils and aims a finger out towards a garbage can, a small beam of electricity flies out and knocks the can away. “So cool.”

Izuku, as the Conductoid, takes time to write down what he does know about this alien into his new journal: agility, can hear radio waves, feeds on electricity, has tendrils on the back of his head, staticky voice, etc.

“Oh, I should probably give this form a name, like what some pro heroes with Transformation type quirks do.” He presses his pencil against his lips. “What did Thirteen call this thing by the way? I think they said Conductoid, that must be this guy’s species or something.” Izuku jots the species name down before taking a moment to look over what he has written. The words “feed” and “back” stick out to him. “Feed...back... Oh, I like that. Feedback. It fits and it sort of plays off this guy’s staticky voice!” He picks up the notebook and writes in big bold letters, “Feedback”.

Feedback is so excited that his tail and tendrils reach towards the nearest electrical items they can find: lamp, electrical lines, etc. Having charged up on electricity, Feedback begins firing small blasts from individual fingers at various items namely garbage. He gets a little too carried away thou, the teen swings his hand to the side and accidentally releases a ray of lightning that’s ten times more powerful than what he’s been releasing. The sound of metal being fried and the smell of burning rubber and leather fills the alien’s nostrils, assuming he has those.

Feedback gasps as his green-eye widens in shock. The once shining American muscle car that Izuku was using as a table is now charred with melting tires and burned leather seats, somehow the alarm is still able to work and is blaring. The Conductoid is shaking as he looks upon the result of his carelessness. By some fortunate coincidence his notebook had been flung off the car allowing it to evade being fried to a crisp. “NO! Not Mr. Baumann’s car!”

Now for some context; Mr. Baumann is an elderly gentleman that moved to Japan from America many years ago. He’s Izuku’s neighbor and he apparently runs some kind of foreign grocery store somewhere in the warehouse district. Unfortunately, Mr. Baumann doesn’t exactly enjoy Izuku’s company... in fact he doesn’t like Izuku period, but unlike Bakugou his reasons are a bit more justified. For you see Izuku has accidentally caused Mr. Baumann great misfortune, usually involving the man’s car, which was the only thing the shop owner brought with him from America.

For example, when Izuku was five he spotted Mr. Baumann waxing his car. Like a playful child Izuku tried to inspect the car using a magnifying glass and he just so happened to notice that the gentleman had missed a spot on the hood of his car. Unfortunately, the sun had direct access to the magnifying glass and because Izuku had the magnifying glass over the waxed hood for too long the car actually caught on fire. Izuku ran away as Mr. Baumann shouted and cursed at him. There were several other similar instances like this as the years went by.

Not wanting to be scolded or seen in his altered form, Izuku quickly retreats down the alley hoping to avoid his angry neighbor.

Feedback rounds the corner and a few seconds later Mr. Baumann himself makes his way down the alley having heard his car alarm from his apartment.
Ignacius Baumann is a short potbellied man with a little black mustache over his lip. He’s always wearing his magenta apron and bowtie over a light pink-striped yellow dress shirt with brown pants.

Mr. Baumann rushes over to his crisped car. Steam practically explodes from his head. “Oohh, this has got Izuku written all over it!” The grouchy neighbor grumbles various ways to make the teen take responsibility for this. He becomes silent as the bumper of his car unceremoniously collapses to the ground.

The following morning.

“I’M LATE!!!” Izuku scrambles out of his home and down the street with a piece of toast dangling from his mouth as he tries to adjust his school blazer. ‘I can’t believe I slept in!’

Izuku was kept up late last night. After running off it took about four more minutes for the watch to begin beeping and flashing red reverting Feedback back into Izuku. Izuku also noted that he was Feedback for about ten minutes, he also took note that the watch was red instead of green for another ten minutes after.

But that isn’t what kept the teen up. After Izuku returned home and showered, Mr. Boumann stopped by and, despite little to no proof, gave Izuku an earful for nearly an hour. Followed by another five or so minutes of Izuku apologizing and explaining that he accidentally kicked a loose electrical wire at the car. Considering he set the car on fire with a magnifying glass once, Mr. Boumann believed him.

Izuku continues his exhausting sprint having just finished his toast. ‘There’s no way I’ll make it in time!’ Izuku stops dead in his tracks, skidding across the ground. He jumps into a nearby alleyway and begins fiddling with the watch. ‘I know. Maybe Feedback can get me to school on time.’ He believes that he found Feedback’s silhouette but before he presses down the dial he hesitates. ‘But Thirteen said try not using this thing too much, but they didn’t say that I couldn’t use it at all. And this is an emergency, I mean Thirteen is a teacher at U.A. , so they should understand the importance of making it to class on time.’

With that reasoning to comfort him, Izuku slams the dial down. Green energy surrounds him and Izuku feels his body changing. Except it’s different this time. He feels himself becoming skinnier rather than bigger or taller, his feet reshape, and his fingers join together, a stretching feeling originates near his tailbone.

“What da? This isn’t Feedback.”

Indeed, it seems that the watch turned the teen into the wrong alien. His current form resembles a semi-armored Velociraptor. It has black orbs on its feet and wears a black conoid helmet. The raptor like alien has a blue face, green eyes, and black lips. The alien’s skin is blue with black stripes along its long tail. Its arms are thin with three sharp black talon-like fingers. It wears the Omnitrix symbol on its chest. “Interesting I wonder what it is, hmmm.” The morphed Izuku tries to move forward and in a blink of an eye Izuku finds himself across the street. “Woah!” A black visor now covers his face to protect it from wind and debris. “This guy is fast.”

From under the visor the reptilian alien smiles gleefully. Like a speeding bullet Izuku takes off leaving only a blue streak behind him. “Man, this guy has such amazing speed. Just look at how he accelerates. Oh, that’s a good name, accel-no XLR8. Yeah, that’s it.”
To avoid drawing attention to other people and the authorities, XLR8 uses various backways and unpopulated streets, that he learned from Henzu and his own endeavors in order to avoid Bakugou. XLR8 makes it to school in a mere three minutes. In fact, he makes it there so quickly he has about twenty minutes to spare. So, to make use of that time Izuku scribbles down a drawing, characteristics, and the speed of the new alien into his new notebook. Notably XLR8’s speed doesn’t just involve his speed but his basic motor functions as well, in this case he finishes his notes in less than five seconds.

Izuku spends a few seconds thinking about what to do until the timer runs out. In one second, he types and sends Henzu a text asking how he’s doing. XLR8 taps his foot rapidly waiting for a reply which comes a few minutes later; Henzu is ditching school today. Usually Izuku would have a small panic attack but this is pretty normal for his best friend.

‘Ah, man I really wanted to show the watch off to Henzu…’ XLR8’s mind reals back to the last thing he showed Henzu. It was a limited edition All Might figurine and for some reason he “lent” it to the delinquent only for Henzu to go behind his back and return with a huge wad of cash with him, although he did split some of the cash with him. ‘You know what maybe I shouldn’t mention it. I’ll have a real hard time explaining myself.’

After replying back, a few students pass XLR8. When Izuku notices them, he flinches expecting to be ridiculed but his classmates simply walk right by him without so much as a glance.

“Huh?” Izuku looks at his sharp claws. ‘They must think I’m someone with a mutation quirk.’

“You were so cool!”

“Yeah man just like a hero!”

“Your quirk’s so powerful!”

XLR8 spins around and sees an annoyed Bakugou surrounded by some of their classmates. They seem to be praising him for surviving the Sludge Villain attack yesterday.

XLR8 cautiously watches on as the group walks closer. He thinks about hiding but figures that he won’t be recognized.

Bakugou stomps forward doing his best to ignore the annoying fucks. ‘Stupid extras.’ Bakugou thinks back to yesterday’s events, specifically to the strange person that saved him from the slime. ‘Tch, that bastard. How dare he think of me as some helpless, useless punk! I could have killed that guy if I wanted to!!’ His grip around his backpack strap tightens in frustration as if he doesn’t believe that himself.

As the group of noisy kids pass by the blue-scaled alien, Bakugou’s eyes divert down towards the symbol on the lizard’s chest. Bakugou, recognizing it as the same symbol that the other hero had, so he stops and turns towards what he thinks is a person with a Mutation type quirk. “Hey, Lizard Tail.” The students surrounding Bakugou shut up and freeze in place, afraid of interrupting their item of worship.

XLR8 freezes up in fear, which is the only thing preventing him from running away. “Y-yes?”

Bakugou points at the watch’s faceplate. “What’s with that fucking badge? And do you know a strange one-eyed tentacle bastard with black skin? If so” He raises his palm as if to threaten the reptile with an explosion. “Then tell me about him.”

Izuku is shaking in fear, but with a shake of his head he registers the questions. “Badge? Tentacle
Freak?” He looks down where the dial shines on his chest. “Oh, um, it-“ The dial begins to beep and flash red. “Um, sorry, but I have somewhere to be.” XLR8 gives a friendly yet nervous smile before taking off as fast as he possibly can, which is of course extremely fast.

Bakugou blinks and then glares angrily towards where Lizard Tail ran off to. “What the fuck?!”

Meanwhile, XLR8 makes it to the other side of the school grounds before he reverts back into his human form. “Phew, that was close.” Izuku wipes the sweat off his head. “I have got to be more careful.” Gripping his backpack, he noticed that his backpack transformed and reverted back with him, the greenette heads to class. ‘Kacchan recognized the watch.’ He pulls his sleeve up to hide the said object. ‘I better be careful. I don’t need another reason for Kacchan to come after me.’

The school day goes uneventfully especially since Bakugou seems content to keep his anger to himself today. Izuku ignores everything, his mind is only focused on Thirteen, the Plumbers, and what other aliens he has access to. He even tries to theorize if certain events in human history were caused by extraterrestrial influences: building of the pyramids, U.F.O. sightings, Area 51, even Atlantis.

As the end of the school day approaches, Izuku can’t help but write a few of his thoughts into his journal allowing the classroom to empty out. He also took time to text Thirteen about the next time they can talk.

As Izuku packs up he gets a text from Thirteen asking him if he would like to stop by their agency; they figure that Izuku has many follow up questions to ask.

Izuku grabs his “Hero Transformations” notebook and heads for the exit as he eagerly replies with yes and promises to meet the hero in a hour.

“Hey, Deku!”

Izuku turns stark white and shakily turns towards his old childhood friend. “Y-yes, Ka-Kacchan?”

Bakugou eyes Izuku’s wrist. “What’s with the stupid looking watch?”

The greenette slowly averts his eyes towards his wrist where the watch, with its green hourglass symbol, is in full display; he had forgotten about covering it up with his sleeve.

Bakugou growls. “That’s the third time I’ve seen that thing.” He raises his palm in a threatening manner, tiny explosions pop from it. “What is it and why do you have it?”

“Oh, I, uh, bought it. Yeah! I got it yesterday at a little gift shop.”

Bakugou scowls. “You better not be lying to me you little shit.”

“I’m not! I swear!”

“Good.” Bakugou turns away so he can fetch his backpack from his desk. Seeing that he’s free to go Izuku waddles towards the exit clutching his new notebook for comfort as he goes.

Bakugou glances back and spots the none burnt notebook and notices the word “Hero” on it. “Hold it nerd!”

Izuku freezes in place, a tear leaks from his eye.

Bakugou jabs an accusing finger at the notebook. “What’s. With. That?”
Izuku follows the angry blonde’s finger but his brain is too nerve racked to reply. And in that brief moment Izuku’s instincts went into fight or flight mode.

Izuku seemingly flies down the hallway, leaving behind a trail of terrified tears.

“GET BACK HERE SHITTY DEKU!!”

Izuku can hear the sounds of small explosions coming after him. ‘What do I do?! What do I do?! Oh, da, of course! He won’t recognize me if I go alien… I need a better way to refer to transforming.’ Rounding a corner, the teen activates the dial and disappears behind a flash of green light.

Izuku can feel his head widening, his eyes bulging, but for some reason his entire body shrinking at the exact same time. All this occurs just as Bakugou catches up with him.

“DEKU!!!” Bakugou turns the corner with smoke emanates from his hands, but his target is nowhere in sight. “DAMMIT!!! Where’s that bastard?!” The completely pissed off Bakugou charges down the hall in order to hunt down his prey.

The sound of detonations eventually gets further away. “Phew, he’s gone. For now, at least.” A tiny bipedal amphibian steps out from behind a garbage can.

The little guy has grey skin, a wide head with large green eyes and rectangular pupils. The face dial of Izuku’s watch is lodged onto its back.

Izuku takes a moment to examine his new form. “This form worked out better than expected. After all, if I turned into Feedback or XLR8 then I really would have gotten Kacchan’s attention.” The tiny Izuku shivers at the thought. “Even with Kacchan gone I have another problem…I’M SO TINY!!! And Kacchan is still after me!” The frog-like alien takes a deep breath. “Maybe this new form will work to my advantage. It’ll be harder for Kacchan to find me if I’m only five inches tall. But he’ll recognize the watch if he sees it. Plus, I could accidently get stepped on. So, how do I get out of here?” The little guy looks around and spots an air vent near the ceiling.

After further scanning he notices that the janitor left his mop and bucket cart in the hall; the amphibian smirks. A few seconds later one would be a bit shocked to see a gray frog riding the janitor cart towards the wall. The cart slams into the wall, the change in momentum launches the mop forward allowing the frog to grab on and be flung towards the vent. Izuku crashes into the vent cover and tries to grab it but he slides down, he adjusts his fingers and he stops moving.

That’s when Izuku realizes that this form can stick to walls. “Huh, I probably could have climbed up if I had known.”

Izuku takes a moment or two to unscrew the vent with his finger before crawling inside. Once inside he takes a moment to take a little pride in himself. “I guess being little has its advantages. Now how do I navigate this place.” Izuku taps his chin in thought, he then squats down and begins drawing out an overview of the school with his finger onto the dusty floor of the vent. “Well I’m near the science room so I’m on the east side of the building and if I remember correctly the air conditioning units are over here on the roof. Based off that I can determine how the vents are laid out in comparison to the school facilities and thus I can find the best route to get outside.” Izuku points at his exit, and jogs towards it. “Strange, I don’t mean to toot my own horn, but I’m pretty smart on my own. However, it seems that this specific alien species has an increased intellect.” As Izuku makes a few turns here and there and even a high jump at one point he can eventually spot sunlight in the distance. The entire time he’s trying to come up with a good name for this alien. “IQ? No. Tiny Genius! No...How about Ace Student? That’s even worse!” Izuku glances at his grey hand. “Grey Anatomy? Grey...Matter? Ah, that’s it! I shall call this new form Grey Matter!!”
Grey Matter pries the exit vent open as he declares his name to the world.

Grey Matter smiles proudly as he takes a breath of fresh air and enjoys the heat of the sun. Not to mention bask in the fact that he managed to avoid Bakugou. Grey Matter peers down and sees the barrier surrounding the school a mere five feet away. Walking back a few feet (human feet) Grey Matter takes a running stance and with a determined look in his eye he sprints towards freedom. The grey alien leaps off the vent flying through the air and lands safely onto the barrier. From there he sticks himself to the side of the outer wall and safely climbs down. Just in time for the watch to flash red transforming the alien back to human.

Izuku glows with pure joy that he got away scot free. Happily holding his backpack and notebook Izuku heads off for Thirteen's agency with high hopes.

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“Hi, Thirteen!!” Izuku is so excited that his yell actually shakes a few items in Thirteen’s office.

Thirteen adjusts their helmet’s earpiece just encase Izuku’s voice becomes too loud again. “Oh, hello Midoriya. Good to see you.” Thirteen places a few papers onto their desk.

Izuku replies from his seat. “Nice to see you too.”

“Listen, I filed the report about... the watch but I have yet to receive any information back and there hasn’t been any requests or reports made for its location or return.” Izuku sits up with a hopeful look. “That said I’m still not completely comfortable with you having it.” Izuku slouches in his chair in dejection. “I understand.”

“Not to mention… You already used it three separate times!” Thirteen grabs their computer monitor and spins it around showing several images of Izuku in his various alien forms.

The photos seem to be taken by various security cameras: one photo is Izuku in the alleyway as Feedback, another is a photo taken while he was zipping around as XLR8 so you only see the streak of blue, and the last photo is of Grey Matter climbing down the school wall.

“How’d you get those?!”

“Like I mentioned yesterday, my job as a Plumber is to monitor any and all alien activity on Earth. That includes teenagers that don’t follow directions and use alien devices as toys!”

Izuku bows his head. “I’m sorry.”

Thirteen sighs. “Luckily for you. I am able to erase footage like this in order for aliens and those associated with them to remain discreet. But that doesn’t mean it’s a sound system. Even if people assume that it’s just someone with a mutation there is still the risk of aliens being exposed.”

Thirteen glares at the ashamed teen. “What you did was incredibly irresponsible. Do you understand that?”

Izuku is trembling, he feels so ashamed that he can’t look the pro hero in the eye. “Y-yes and...I’m sorry...I’m sorry that I disappointed you.”

Thirteen’s eyes soften. “I’m not disappointed. Heck, I’m not even mad at you.” They lean back into their chair. “I’m a bit frustrated by all of this and with myself. After all I really should have expressed the severity of this situation better to you. And I’m just worried about what the watch can do and what unforeseen consequences it may have.”
“So, I shouldn’t be allowed to use it.” Izuku grips the watch as if it’ll be ripped away from him. “It’ll just be a strange watch that can’t tell time…it’ll just be something…useless.” A tear drips from his freckled cheek.

“That’s how it should be.”

“Oh…okay.” The tears begin flowing, Izuku tries his best to hide them by slouching forward allowing his hair to cover his face.

Thirteen watches on in thoughtful reflection. ‘This boy. He means well but he lacks restraint. Then again that might be expected when one grows up without a quirk. Seeing everyone do amazing feats like it’s normal but never be able to have what makes yourself unique. This watch really is a dream come true for him…’

“Can you answer something for me, Midoriya?”

Izuku sniffs rubbing his eyes as he picks his head up.

Thirteen looks the young man in the eye as they ask him a question. “Why do you want to be a hero?”

Izuku thinks about his answer before answering. “I’m… a quirkless kid without any powers. But ever since I could remember all I’ve ever wanted to do was be a hero, a hero that saves everyone with a smile. A smile that inspires and gives them hope. And honestly I nearly gave up on that dream…” Izuku holds the watch up in appreciation. “But then I found this watch and it’s able to give me powers. Powers that I could only dream about, powers that I would hopelessly wish for. Yet here it is sitting on my wrist. So, maybe it’s a sign…a sign that I can be a hero.” Izuku’s eyes burn with a silent passion that’s determined to prove his self-worth.

And Thirteen can sense it. “Alright.”

“Huh?”

“I think, no, I believe that you can be a hero.” Izuku stares wide eyed at the rescue hero. “Really?”

“Yup, and I’ll help you make that dream into a reality.”

“Really?!?” Izuku shoots up out of the chair with a mix of disbelief and excitement.

“Yes, but there will be some caveats.”

“Anything is fine with me!”

Thirteen holds up a finger. “1. Don’t go using the watch for personal gain. 2. Don’t tell anyone about the watch, aliens, or the Plumbers.”

Izuku comedically bows rapidly. “Okay, I promise!”

“Wait, there’s a third condition. The last condition is that you must assist me in Plumber work.”

Izuku gives the hero a surprised look. “Excuse me?”

“You heard right. You see the Plumbers on Earth are extremely understaffed and bringing in pro heroes could complicate things. Also, while employed under the Plumber name you will be allowed to keep and use the watch as you see fit. So, this is also in your favor as well.”
Tears of joy begin to form. “So, this really means…”

“Yes, you can be a hero.” Thirteen stands and raises their hand towards the boy. “I will help you achieve that goal.”

“Thank you…that means a lot to me…” Izuku clenches at his heart as he tries to prevent himself from crying.

Thirteen pats his shoulder and lets him get his emotions out. ‘I wonder if I should tell Midoriya about him… No, it’s not my place to tell. Perhaps someday, he will find out for himself. In the meantime, I’ll watch over him. Who knows what the future has in store?’

Chapter End Notes

Yay! You made it to the end I know it was nothing too exciting, but I hope you liked Chapter 2. I promise that Chapter 3 will make up for it. How is Thirteen as a character? How did you guys enjoy the new aliens? Did you guys like the Mr. Boumann scene? Please leave a comment or helpful criticism. Thanks again, I should have the next chapter up by next week. It's already turning out amazingly. A few notes:

*So, I gave the Omnitrix a set time limit. It always kind of annoyed me how in the main series they never clarified how long Ben stays in alien form or how long it actually takes for the watch to recharge. I’m hoping that this will make Izuku something to work against in his pursuit to become a hero.

*Yes, I made Thirteen a Plumber. Originally, I was going to have a different character or OC take Izuku on as a student but then remembered that Thirteen is the literal space hero. So it was perfect.

*Also, I am referring to Thirteen as a "they", "their", "them", etc. Namely because in several My Hero Academia forums (Wiki, manga, etc.) Thirteen is referred to as either male or female and I wasn't sure which was true and decided to keep it neutral.

*More information about the Plumbers, aliens, and transformations will be explains further in Chapter 3.
Early the following Friday morning, a tall muscular mutant with red skin and four arms is hauling around junked appliances and trash.

“I’m sorry, but why am I doing this again?” The red hulk turns towards the street where Thirteen is watching him.

Thirteen walks over towards the red alien. “You need to get a handle on your...powers. This place is secluded, free of the public eye, and well hidden. The perfect place for you to train and practice. Not to mention you can do some real good for the public by removing all of this waste and trash.”

“If that’s the case.” The red alien easily chucks the broken appliances onto the side of the road. “Then Four Arms is perfect for the job!” Four Arms flexes to emphasize his point.

Thirteen raises an eyebrow at the morphed Izuku. “Four Arms?”

Four Arms sheepishly smiles while two of his hand rub fingers and another hand rubs the back of his neck. “Yeah, I’ve, uh, been given these aliens names.”

“Oh, I guess that’s alright. I don’t really have a problem with it.”

They will latter regret that statement.

“Where is all this trash going anyway?”

“The metal is going to U.A. where the Support Course can make great use of it. The rest is going either to the recycling plant or the dump.”

“It’s always good to recycle.”

“Also, I wanted to show you this.” Thirteen hands the red alien a binder.

Four Arms flips through the binder, reading the title. “The All-American Dream Plan?”

“A new colleague of mine wrote it up for me. It’s a detailed training regiment to help you prepare for the U.A. Entrance Exam in ten months. I did however edit a few things here and there to
accommodate for alien transformation training."

The four-eyed alien grips the binder a little tighter. “Do you really think I can do it?”

Thirteen places a hand on the “kid’s” shoulder. “Of course.”

“Thanks, I do have one question though. What’s this physical and stamina training?”

“Oh, that. Well, because of the transformation time limit you need to be able to hold your own without it.” Thirteen takes the binder and flips to a different page. “This will help build your strength, speed, and stamina so you can last long enough to transform after the ten-minute recharge time is up.”

Fittingly the watch begins to flash red. “Speaking of ten minutes.”

Izuku squeezes his arm and pats himself, a single tear forms from his eye. “Goodbye, muscles.”

“Don’t worry hopefully with this you’ll have your own.” Thirteen hands Izuku back the binder before taking a look at their phone. “But for now, you should get to school. For this morning, I just wanted to explain how we’ll be going about your training.”

“Right so I should come back right after school.”

“Correct.”

“Alright, I’ll see you then. And thanks for everything.”

“You’re welcome.”

Izuku slings his backpack over his shoulder and runs off for school with a grateful smile on his face. ‘I’m going to have to work hard.’ Izuku glances down at his wrist. ‘It may have been luck that I found this, but…when you think about it, I haven’t earned it. That’s why I’ll make it my goal to clean the entire beach, I’m going to train and work hard, and I’ll prove that I’ve earned this gift. And I won’t let anything stop me from becoming a hero!’

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Izuku pushed through the school day, the only thing on his mind was his preparation work for the U.A. Entrance Exam. After reading through the entire “All-American Dream Plan”, why does that sound like something All Might would write up, he figures that he should try and fit in as much physical training as he can in his off hours: home, school, etc.

Izuku writes all of his ideas down into his regular school notebook, not wanting to risk attract Bakugou’s attention again with either his hero nor alien notebooks. To be honest, the hot tempered and foulmouthed blonde has actually been behaving himself today… well, he’s still cursing and shouting at people, but he has yet to blow anybody up. So, that’s a good sign. Right?

At the end of the school day, an arm flings itself onto Izuku’s shoulders.

Henzu Uuichi nonchalantly smiles as Izuku freezes up thinking he was Bakugou. “Hey buddy, sorry for flaking out on you yesterday, but I needed to blow off some steam.”

“Y-yeah, I understand.” Izuku shy looks away. “But...what got you so upset?”

“Nothing really there’s just this guy that’s been bugging a friend of mine and he won’t cut it out. I tried to get him to go away, but it didn’t work out the way I wanted it to.”
“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that.”

‘Dude, you’re so naive.’ Henzu smiles anyway. “Thanks man.” The black-haired teen spots Izuku’s watch. Henzu’s eyes widen in surprise and annoyance, recognizing the green symbol as the same one that black-skinned tentacled hero was wearing when he rescued Bakugou. “Cool, watch. Where’d you get it?”

Izuku pulls the watch out of sight. “I-it was…a gift! Yeah, a very special gift.” Henzu doesn’t look convinced. “Um, it came from...um, a...very kind and...friendly store owner...that I know...” Izuku is sweating profusely as Henzu considers his answer.

“Is that so?” Henzu shrugs. “I have no reason to doubt ya. So, you wanna get a bite to eat.”

“Um, sure but really quick I have somewhere to be later.”

“Well, what is it you have planned?”

“I have, um…training.” Izuku flinches expecting a bad response.

Henzu frowns. “Training? For what-oh, don’t tell me.”

“I, although I like your resolve, and this is going to sound harsh, but I gotta ask. Why are you doing this to yourself?”

Izuku is shaking, his breathing is hitched, but he does his best to come up with a reply. “You...don’t know that. I can…still give it a try, can’t I?”

Henzu tsks. “Whatever, I still think you’re wasting your time. Hell, I still don’t know what you see in heroes.”

Izuku immediately becomes defensive. “But they’re so cool thei-”

“Save me the propaganda, man.” Henzu waves Izuku off before stomping away.

“W-where are you going? Aren’t we going to get something to eat?”

Henzu’s hand grazes a nearby light switch, absorbing the electricity. “Na, I lost my appetite. Instead, I’m going to go blow off some steam.” A small amount of electricity discharges from his hand as the dark-marks under his eyes spread further down his face. Henzu smiles maliciously. ‘Or maybe I’ll go beat up some whelp for some sweet cash.’

Izuku watches as his disgruntled friend marches away. “There he goes…” Izuku takes his time leaving the school. ‘What he said hurts, but I know that he means well… Besides, I’ve got the watch now.’ A small smile begins to form. ‘I can compete and stand tall with everyone else. That’s why I’m training to get stronger, to get better, to become a hero!’ Smiling brightly and with a glint in his eye Izuku looks towards a bright future. “I will become a hero that saves everyone with a
And so, began Izuku’s hellish training under Thirteen’s supervision and coaching. The rescue hero’s experience as a teacher really pulled through in keeping the teen motivated. Every week they would focus the training on one alien transformation for example one-week Izuku practiced using Feedback’s powers and abilities by absorbing electricity from abandoned electronics and then blasting designated target (trash) across the dump site. The next week, XLR8 was running around the trash while also avoiding being sucked up by surprise attacks from Thirteen. The following week, Thirteen provided many different types of puzzles, questions, and equations to test Grey Matter’s knowledge; they also had the little Galvin run across the junk piles as if in an obstacle course. The fourth week, Four Arms was hauling tons of trash across the beach with various techniques. However, what was the most grueling thing for Izuku was when he wasn’t in alien form. Whenever the watch timed out, Thirteen would have him train his body for an hour before he was allowed to continue practicing. While as a human, Thirteen would have him haul trash through various methods as to help develop all of his muscles rather than a select few, even bringing out exercise equipment every now and then.

Then of course there was Izuku’s own personal training regimen. He began the habit of doing small exercises while in class by bringing in smaller weights, he would jog early in the mornings, and he even got his mother to cook healthier foods for him. He also stopped using the watch outside of training just in case he ran into Bakugou or Henzu in one of his altered forms.

Throughout his training he did manage to make time to hang out with his best friend, Henzu. Even if most of the time it results in Izuku having a heart attack or getting into trouble. Much to his mother’s dismay. She really doesn’t approve of Izuku’s friendship with the delinquent, but she allows it cause he’s her son’s only friend.

As for school, Izuku managed to keep up and excel in his classes. Partially because Thirteen would actually allow Izuku to use Grey Matter to do some of his homework as to test the alien’s intellect; heck, it’s actually gotten to the point that Thirteen brought in some advanced workbooks from U.A. Another plus side is that Bakugou seemingly decided to outright ignore his childhood friend, but every now and then he tried to put Izuku’s in what he thinks is his place.

And this is what Izuku’s life was like for the next month. Throughout the month he also learned a few things about the Plumbers and aliens. So, yes aliens to live on Earth but they keep their presence on the down low and keep to themselves most of the time. Most of them can easily blend into modern day society since they can pass themselves off as having mutation type quirks. However, there is not that large of a population of aliens on Earth for serval reason: no real reason to come to Earth, the earthlings have yet to achieve efficient space travel, but mainly because of the heroes and quirks. With such powerful heroes that are trained to take on powerful villains it’s a bit of a risk to have one discover their identity for fear that the public will see them as a threat. Plus, even conquering cultures of alien don’t interact with Earth seeing it as too much of a challenge and a waste of resources. That leaves a small population of quiet and peaceful aliens that choose to make Earth their home. Because of this these aliens don’t cause any trouble hence why the Plumbers in Japan are understaffed: there isn’t a lot of reason to prioritize resources for a division that gets no trouble from the aliens they’re supposed to be monitoring. And as things are now that’s not really going to change any time soon.

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Somewhere above Earth’s orbit a damaged spacecruiser is currently undergoing repairs. Within the medical bay there is a large cylindrical recovery tank that’s filled with tentacle-like wires all of which are attached to a green-skinned octopus-like alien in a comatose like state. Nearly half of its
body is burned away with much of the body missing such as an entire leg and arm, and even part of its upper body.

A red and black humanoid-drone approaches the tank while observing a monitor. “Vitals are stable. Waking in 3, 2, 1. Greetings master.”

The commander awakens from within the tank a respirator attached to his mouth is assisting his breathing. Taking a heavy and painful breath the alien speaks between gasps. “How…long…have… I been…like this?”

The monitor drone replies. “730 hours.”

“I’ve… been unconscious…for a month… Report! Where is… the Omnitrix?”

“The Omnitrix is not in our possession.”

The alien commander is so angry that he would destroy the monitor drone if he could. “What?! The battle… nearly cost me my life! And you say… the Omnitrix is not in my possession!”

“Sensors indicated that a probe was jettisoned from the ship before it was destroyed, and it landed on the planet below.” The monitor drone generates a projection of Earth. “While you were under, master, we have been monitoring the Omnitrix. We’ve been able to pinpoint when and where the Omnitrix has been activated.”

“Use?!. As in someone… has already claimed it?!”

“Yes.”

“Have you… tracked it down?”

“Yes, the wearer of the Omnitrix seems to be located on Earth in a country called… Japan.”

For a split second, the commander looks surprised and then intrigued. “Earth… I know of it. It’s the Firebreather’s home world. And if I’m not mistaken many beings on that planet… are equipped with unique powers and abilities.” The commander considers his options. “This complicates everything… if the population of this planet become wise to my intentions… there is no thought that they will rise up to challenge me… I need to think about this… strategically.”

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It’s Friday, and Izuku had agreed to meet Thirteen near the warehouse district.

As Izuku nears the warehouse that Thirteen directed him to, he excitedly ran up to his trainer, who is already waiting for him there. “HI, THIRTEEN!!!”

Thirteen futilely tries to cover their ears. “You have got to stop doing that.”

“Sorry. So, why are we here?”

“We are here because you need a change of pace.”

“Excuse me?”

Thirteen gives Izuku a stern look. “You’ve been over exerting yourself.” Izuku rightfully looks ashamed, probably for being caught. “The All-American Dream Plan was designed to efficiently get you in shape while making sure that you could handle it. However, you haven’t been following
it instead you’ve been pushing yourself far too much.”

Izuku looks away in embarrassment. “How could you tell?”

“When you’re a teacher you pick up on things like this.” Thirteen chuckles to themselves. “So, I figured why not change things up for today. For today we will be doing some Plumber business.”

“How, like a mission?” Izuku smiles excitedly.

“No, no, nothing like that. This is more of a… inspection.”

“Inspection?” Izuku looks at the large warehouse. “Does it have anything to do with this building?”

Thirteen smiles and waves Izuku towards the doors. “Follow me and find out. Oh, and try not to get over excited, alright? It may start a panic.” Thirteen opens the large metal doors, stepping inside.

Izuku hesitates before following, he has no idea what he’s in for. Is he entering a secret alien base, an alien hive? Just what kind of horrible monstrosities wait for our young hero within this gigantic warehouse?

A grocery store apparently. Yup, just a very large and normal grocery store. Well mostly normal as long as you can ignore the nonhuman shoppers, bizarre foods and products, and the strange smells. Aliens, not humans with mutation, but real alien from across the cosmos are going about their business. Each one of them is different they’re slimy, creepy, fast, and strong they’re every shape and size! Each one more bizarre than the last. Some however are wearing regular human clothing, since most if not all of them can pass as mutated humans. For example, there is a pink rabbit-like alien with what looks like metal encases his yellow eyes who’s buying a bag of tentacles. There’s a fat alien with pale-pink and dull purple skin with a large round nose, four eye balls, and a blue tongue the yellow Hawaiian shirt is nice thou. There’s also an alien that has an egg like exoskeleton with the top half made of glass, two thin robot arms on the side, and a metal mouth mimicking sharp teeth in the front within the egg are two eye balls held up by a green like slime. Obviously, some have an easier time blending in than others.

And they are all shopping for delicacies, products, and supplies that are literally out of this world. Hell, some of the food products still look alive.

“This is amazing!” Izuku furiously scribbles away into his “Hero Transformation #1” Notebook making new sections for aliens not in the watch, alien items, and other information.

Thirteen tries to quiet down the excitable teen. “Midoriya, stop. You’re scaring everybody.”

Indeed, the strange aliens are ironically weirded out by the kid’s muttering and frantic writing. Some even leave the store, worried about their status as aliens being exposed.

Thirteen eventually has to drag Izuku by the collar because he’s too absorbed in his hobby.

The space hero drags Izuku towards a food counter near the center of the giant store. Behind the counter is an elderly gentleman who’s busy restocking cans. “How are you doing today, Mr. Baumann?”

Izuku stops writing as a sense of dread runs down his spine.

Mr. Baumann sets down the last of the cans before turning around with a friendly smile. “I’m
doing well thanks for asking, Thirteen… wait, Izuku?!”

The teen and old man stared at each other for a few seconds, unsure about what to do. “What are you doing here/What are you doing here?!” They both ask at the same time.

Thirteen raises an eyebrow. “You two know each other?”

Izuku is the one to reply. “Yeah. We’re neighbors.”

Mr. Baumann gives the teen a suspicious look. “Yes. And last time I checked you’re no alien.” Izuku opens his mouth to ask a question but the shopkeeper beats him to it. “And no! Before you ask, I am not an alien.”

Thirteen claps their hand together. “Well this makes things easier, I wanted Midoriya to get acquainted and familiar with this place.”

Mr. Baumann slams his fists onto the counter. “No, no, no! Get out. Get out! Get out!!” He jabs a finger in Izuku’s face making the teen flinch. “I will not have this walking disaster in my shop!”

Izuku raises his hands in surrender while smiling sheepishly. “So, you’re still mad about your car?”

Mr. Baumann leers into Izuku’s quivering face. “I’m furious.”

Thirteen cups their chin. “Car? Wait, was that the one you fried as Feedback?”

Mr. Baumann raises an eyebrow. “Feedback?”

“Oh, yeah there’s another reason why we came to you today.” Thirteen leans in raising their hand to cover their mouth, which is unnecessary since they already wear a dark helmet at all times. “We need to inspect a few things…outback.”

The old man becomes silent, he walks away from the counter towards the south end of the store. Silently, Thirteen gestures for them and Izuku to follow. Mr. Baumann gets to the back of the store there he takes them to the back room. From there Mr. Baumann heads to the freezer, leaving the other two outside, there he reveals a hidden keypad behind some hanging meat, and he types in a code. In the backroom with Izuku and Thirteen a hidden door opens up from the wall revealing a secret panic room. Mr. Baumann locks the freezer room as Thirteen leads Izuku inside, once inside Mr. Baumann locks the room shut.

After making sure that no one is spy on them Mr. Baumann speaks. “Alright, let’s make this quick. The sooner you’re out of here the better.” He glares at Izuku when he said that last part.

“Oh, come on Mr. Baumann that’s not fair.”

Mr. Baumann simply grumbles to himself in response, trying not to curse in front of a pro hero and a plumber.

Thirteen steps in before the situation escalates. “Let’s move on shall we.” The Plumber gestures for the teen to hold up his left wrist. “Please, take a look at this.”

Mr. Baumann leans into to examine Izuku’s watch. “What is it supposed to be?”

Thirteen can’t help but admit that they feel a little disappointed by that answer. “We were hoping you could tell us.”
Izuku finally snaps, not completely understanding why they’re here. “I’m sorry, but what can Mr. Baumann tell us about it? I mean I once had to show him how to record stuff on the TV.”

Mr. Baumann was about to scold the boy but Thirteen cut him off.

“Mr. Baumann owns one of if not the best intergalactic grocery stores in all of Japan. Meaning any and all alien lifeforms come here to shop. Making Mr. Baumann one of the best informants out there since he has direct access to gossip, rumors, and other information.”

Mr. Baumann adjust his glasses, examining the watch. “Tell me, what do you know about it?”

“It’s a device that transformers the wearer’s DNA to that of several different alien species, albeit for ten minutes at a time.”

Mr. Baumann takes a minute to think. “Hmmm, sorry but I’ve never heard of anything like this before.” A thought crosses the storeowner’s mind that makes him frown. “Does your mother know about this young man?”

Izuku’s legs begin to tremble. “Um, well, no not exactly.” At least Izuku has the sense to look ashamed.

Mr. Baumann shakes his head in disapproval. “I guess it’s not my place to say anything.” Another thought enters his mind and his deposition turns to anger. “Wait a minute! You were wearing that thing when I lectured you a month ago.”

Izuku blanches. “Y-yes.”

“So, you lied about the faulty wiring accident?”

Izuku gives Mr. Baumann a sheepish smile.

Mr. Baumann facepalms. “I can’t believe I bought that story. You’re going to pay back the damage you did to my car!”

“B- but Mr. Baumann!”

“No, buts! You’re going to take responsibility for what you did.”

Thirteen sees an opportunity here. “Actually, this will be mutually beneficial for everyone.”

Not taking his eyes off Izuku, Mr. Baumann inquires clarification. “How so?”

“Midoriya, will work here at your store every Saturday to pay off the damages.”

Izuku’s eyes would have popped out of his head if they weren’t attached to his skull. “What?! But what about training?”

“You’ve been pushing yourself too hard. Working here will allow you to take it relatively easy while also getting familiar with the alien community in Japan.”

Izuku considers the proposal such as the fact that he can meet new aliens and learn a whole lot from them. “I guess that works for me.”

Thirteen and Izuku look to Mr. Baumann. “I suppose it works for me as well.”

Thirteen nods their head in approval. “Good,” They turn towards the greenette. “also, I think we
can work in some more alien practice while you’re here.”

Izuku immediately perks up. “Really? How?”

Thirteen grabs the watch, activating the dial. “Go ahead and try this alien out, it’s a real team player.”

Izuku gives his mentor a very curious look.

The monitor drone sprints towards his greatly wounded commander. “Master, the sensors have detected the Omnitrix.”

The alien commander remains silent for a moment.

“Send an infiltration drone…to retrieve the Omnitrix!” The commander has a coughing fit, after calming down he continues. “Kill the wielder…of the Omnitrix…if that is…required.”

“Clean up on aisle 9!”

“That’ll be 39,126.77 yen.”

“Can anyone tell me where we keep the flubbergusts?”

“Ah, figure it out for yourself buddy.”

“Excuse me customers there is a 20% discount off all blue milk.”

The number of aliens inside Mr. Baumann’s store has greatly increased, however, most of the alien population is actually one person.

Running around the store are child sized aliens, all of which are wearing a miniature version of Mr. Baumann’s dark pink store apron.

The aliens have white skin, a black and white face, and black shoulders. The little employees’ hands are large with 4 digits and stubby feet. They each have three fin-like growths on their heads, and gem-like orbs on their arms and waists.

While the little aliens around about, Mr. Baumann is busy hand drying a glass cup with a contempt smile on his face, enjoying the lack of stress and work. “This is working out better than I thought.”

Thirteen who is sitting at the booth nods. “Agreed.”

One of the short aliens sits next to the Plumber. “Yeah, I’ll say.” The slacking alien takes a sip from his soda.

Mr. Baumann’s eyebrows scrunch. “Shouldn’t you be working?”

“I’m taking my break.”

Thirteen and Mr. Baumann glace over to a second clone that’s seated next to the first. This clone however is writing away in his notebook. “I’m just doing some observations. Don’t mind me.”
Mr. Baumann and Thirteen stare blankly.

Mr. Baumann shrugs. “I guess it doesn’t matter.”

Thirteen gains the two aliens’ attention. “So, how’s the new alien.”

The clones smile brightly. “He’s awesome.”

The second clone nods in agreement. “Ditto”

The first clone looks over to his counterpart. “Oh, that’s a good name!”

The other clone scratches his head. “I’m not so sure.”

“Then let’s put it to a vote. All those in favor of the name Ditto say aye.” In less than a second a small army of clones multiply out from the first alien, and all together they state their votes. “Aye!!”

The first clone jumps for joy. “And democracy has won the day!”

“This election was rigged!!”

Mr. Baumann rubs his head trying to prevent a migraine. “Quiet down all of you! And get back to work!”

Nearly the entire army of Dittos salute in response. “Yes, sir!!” They then disperse across the store to help in various tasks, minus the first Ditto who took his seat back.

“You know Izuku at this rate you’ll pay up your debt in another month or less.”

“Sweet.” Ditto looks up towards Mr. Baumann with a hopeful glint in his eyes. “So, all is forgiven?”

Mr. Baumann scrunches up his face in thought before giving a calm smiling. “All is forgiven.”

“Woohoo!!”

A knocking can be heard from behind the large entrance doors.

A Ditto manning a checkout booth is the first to hear it. The knocking continues.

The little clone decides to see what’s making the continuous noise. “Alright. Alright! I’m coming. I’m com-GAH!!” A decent sized explosion sends the Ditto flying.

Mr. Baumann, Thirteen, and the rest of the Dittos stand at attention hearing the blast and the clone’s scream of surprise.

Back near the entrance the down Ditto rubs his head as some of his fellow comrades help him up.

One of the customers an alien that kinda looks like they’re flesh is made of marshmallows yells out in fear. “What the heck is that?!”

A 40-foot-tall red and orange robot bursts through the entrance. The tall attack drone has humanoid like features, large metal claws, large red insect-like eyes, and three insectoid legs.

The alien customers begin to scream and panic as they make their way to the exits all the while
Mr. Baumann, Thirteen, and other Dittos get them all to safety.

The assault drone steps forward locking onto the surprised and cowering Dittos, specifically onto the symbols on their heads. The robot’s eyes glow red as a laser beam fire out.

Acting fast the Dittos merge into one clone to avoid the beam. The remaining Ditto scrambles away in fear screaming all the way.

The robot gives chase shooting lasers at the fleeing alien. As the robot rampages the other extraterrestrials are stampeding away, one of the Dittos is heavily bothered by their terrified expressions. The same Ditto glares up at the rampaging intruder.

Meanwhile, the Ditto being chased dives behind some shelves, the robot takes aim ready to blast its target. A tin can clanks off its head.

“Hey buddy!” The robot turns its metallic head. “If you mess with one of me, then you mess with all of me!” The Ditto holds his hands up wide as other Dittos stand with him.

The robot actually takes a step back as if wary of the increasingly large army.

“What’s the matter?”

“Are we too much to handle?”

One of the clones folds his arms together looking very smug. “If you wanted a fight then you should have brought some friends with ya!”

The robot’s eyes blink before taking a moment to scan the entire store picking up on all other Dittos in the area. Now fully understanding the situation the bot’s metallic shoulders begin to shift and two orange and red disks fly out. The disks begin to expand until they become U.F/O shaped drones with thin insectoid arms.

The hover drones aim target lights at the bewildered Dittos.

The Dittos are too stunned to move. One of the clones deadpans a look at the clone that decided to be smug. “You just had to say something?”

The once-smug clone smiles in embarrassment.

The hover drones open fire on the Dittos who scream in fear, a few even have tears in their eyes, as they runaway.

The assault robot joins in on the onslaught blasting lasers from its eyes. The Dittos manage to avoid the blasts, but the same cannot be said about the store shelves. As the Dittos spread out so do the attackers, the latter trying to eliminate as many clones as they can.

One of the lasers detonates a little too close to one Ditto. The Ditto is blown away skidding across the ground. The morphed Izuku can feel the heat from the blast burning his arm and his harsh fall doesn’t help matters.

Three other Dittos scream out at once, despite only one of them being hit. “Ouch!! That hurt!!”

The downed Ditto looks up at the other three. “Wait, you felt that?”

“I did!”
“I felt it, too!”

Another Ditto points at his clones. “Wait, how did you guys feel that? You weren’t even hit!”

A looming shadow falls over the small group of clones. Hovering above them is one of the hover drones, aiming its blasters at the distracted aliens. As the Dittos stare up in horror as the blaster makes a buzzing sound as it prepares to fire.

The wind picks up, dust, debris, and store products begin to flow towards a single point. The hover drone gets pulled by some invisible force as food and broken shelves fly around it. Also being gravitated away, the Dittos multiply to form an alien chain that attaches itself onto a metal pole, the chain them reemerge with themselves until only one Ditto is attached to the pole.

The hover drone is eventually sucked into Thirteen’s Blackhole. Thirteen covers their finger, stopping the attack. “Midoriya you’re a Splixon!”

“No, I’m an alien!”

“Yes, an alien that has shared senses!”

Another Ditto seemingly pops his head out from a pile of cans. “What does that mean?!”

“It means-” A hover drone latches onto Thirteen trying to push them away, Thirteen in turn tries to pry the enemy away. “if one clone feels pain then all clones feel it.”

“Oh, is that all?”

“No!” Thirteen manages to push the drone over their head letting it fly a distance away. Thirteen activates their quirk, sucking up the hover drone. “If one of your clones die…”

A mechanical clank resounds over them drawing Thirteen’s and Ditto’s attention. The assault robot towers over them flexing its metallic claws that shift and change to form into dual arm cannons. The cannons begin to charge up as the metal monstrosity takes aim.

More Dittos pop out from their hiding places as the main Ditto gulps. “Then.”

“We.”

“All.”

“DIE!!!”

The robot open fires sending the heroes diving for cover. Thirteen slides away towards the store’s center food stall, they then jump over the counter to use it for cover. A blast launches a Ditto towards the stand. The Ditto rolls on the ground before slamming into the side of the food stall. The dizzy Ditto lands upside down against the booth.

The Ditto shakes his head, regaining his senses. “What do we do?!”

Thirteen’s eyes furrow as they stand up watching as the assault robot gets distracted by other Dittos running around. “We stand and fight.”

Another Ditto pops out from one of the cupboards. “What?! But what about the other heroes?! Someone must have noticed by now and called the police!”
“No, they wouldn’t.”

The Ditto that slammed against the booth joins Thirteen behind it. “How come?”

“There’s a holographic cloaking device around the entire perimeter that prevents bystanders, and heroes, from noticing this place.”

“Well…isn’t that convenient?”

“It sure is.” Replies the Ditto in the cupboard.

“I was being sarcastic!”

Thirteen jumps back over the counter. “Come on, we need to stop these things.”

“But how?!”

“I’m a short alien, with no speed nor strength! I can’t even shoot lasers! How am I supposed to help?! I mean if just one of me dies then rest of me will die!” Izuku is truly inhabiting the Dittos because each one of them in the vicinity begin to mutter and ramble on in a panic about what they/he can and cannot do.

Thirteen places a calming hand on the nearest Ditto. “Izuku.” The reassuring voice, a clearly practiced and well-tuned voice that came after years of rescuing panicked victims, instantly calms Izuku right down. So much so that even the other Dittos that aren’t even present quiet down as well.

Kneeling down, Thirteen looks the aliened Izuku right in the eye, their gaze silently saying that everything is going to work out. “We all have one life. Life isn’t a video game where you get restarts and extra lives. This is reality. And in reality, everybody only gets one chance, one life, there are never due overs. Once, you’re gone, you’re gone.”

Ditto frowns, feeling very scared and even smaller than he already is.

“Life is fragile but that is what makes life so precious. Because everyone only gets one life we need heroes that are willing to put their lives on the line. To ensure that the innocent can live their lives out in peace.”

Izuku meets Thirteen’s eyes, their words really resonating within him.

“Do you think you can risk your life for others?”

With a determined glow in his eyes, Ditto stands straighter and gives the pro hero a nod.

Thirteen nods back. “Then it’s time to be a hero.”

Thirteen and Ditto march towards the rampaging assault robot, more Dittos join in formation behind the two.

The remaining Dittos around the store join in, but rather than join the procession, they all morph back into each other bringing the number of Dittos down to 7.

Noticing the lack of targets the robot turns to face off against the approaching heroes.

Standing tall Ditto raises a fist and proclaims. “Bring it on you giant tin can!”
Only for the watch to flash red reverting all the Dittos back into a single bewildered Izuku.

Thirteen stares wide eyed at this new predicament. “Time for another lesson…you can’t save others if you can’t save yourself.”

Such wisdom.

Outside the warehouse store, Mr. Baumann is running as fast as he can, which isn’t really that fast, to his American 1967 muscle car. That car is his most prized possession, he’d be crazy to leave it behind and risk having it get destroyed by the manic robot or worse Izuku. He fumbles with his keys trying to unlock the door. Once unlocked he steps inside and sighs a breath of relief.

The bane of Mr. Baumann’s existence bursts out of the emergency exit door screaming in terror at the top of his lungs. Izuku is in such hysteria that he slams into the side of Mr. Baumann’s car denting the hood. Adrenaline allows Izuku to ignore the pain as he thrusts himself away.

As he runs the greenette shouts back an apology. “I’m sorry, Mr. Baumann!”

Mr. Baumann steps out of his car shaking his fist. “Izuku! Get back here and clean up this mess!”

The side of the store is blasted away as the assault robot smashes through it. Hanging onto its shoulder is Thirteen. The space hero does their best to wrestle the robot away from the fleeing Izuku. It works a bit, throwing the tall robot off balance. The robot side steps nearly stepping on the American muscle car. Mr. Baumann crouches down begging for the menace to not damage his car as the robot’s insectoid legs dance around the vehicle nearly smashing it to bits.

The robot grabs Thirteen, prying them off of itself. Thirteen is able to pry themselves from its grip, falling down to the cement below, and narrowly landing on Mr. Baumann’s car.

Mr. Baumann watches as the robot begins to march in the direction that Izuku took off from.

Holding their head, Thirteen aims their finger directly at the robot. The gravitational pull slows the monstrosity down. In response, the robot turns its head, it’s eyes light up before launching a beam at the hero. Thirteen ducks, ending their attack, with the laser whizzing past their head. The beam continues its path. Unfortunately, that path leads right towards Mr. Baumann’s car. The laser passes right through the side of the car as if it was made of paper leaving a gaping circular hole right through the center.

Mr. Baumann falls to his knees as Thirteen continues the battle. “NO! Not again!”

Meanwhile, Izuku continues running with tears leaking from his eyes and a terrified expression on his face. He doesn’t have a destination in mind, in truth he just keeps running. He eventually recognizes a few streets and corner stores that he usually passes by whenever he goes to Dagobah Municipal Beach from school. He figures that hiding amongst the large heaps of trash will be perfect for laying low at least until Thirteen can reach him.

It doesn’t take long for Izuku to reach the involuntary junkyard; it’s enough time for the watch to finish recharging. Izuku bends over breathing heavily trying to regain his breath.

Slowing down his racing heart is not Izuku’s main concern rather the regret he feels is. After all he left Thirteen behind to face the metal menace alone. Sure, the customers and Mr. Baumann were able to escape, but that doesn’t lessen the pit in his stomach. How could he leave his mentor, his teacher, the first person to believe in him, behind like that? Thirteen’s last piece of advice enters
his mind, that one cannot save others if they can’t save themselves. This advice circles in his mind, until it clicks. There is no shame in retreating, after all, if he stayed, he would have just been deadweight, slowing the professional hero down, and putting himself in danger. But now that he’s safe, Thirteen can focus on the fight without worrying about him. Also, that robot was really scary, so it works out that he was able to escape.

Izuku smiles softly in relief. “At least I’m safe here.”

The sound of a helicopter resonates overhead getting increasingly louder. Curiously, Izuku looks up, he spots the source of the noise, and his eyes expand with dread.

The assault robot crashes down onto a junk pile, smashing it into the sand and generating a cloud of dust that swirls around the metal beast. The robot towers over Izuku its beady red-eyes glowing with the intent to harm.

The instinct to run is there but Izuku’s legs refuse to move. His mind replays recent events: the rampage at the store, targeting him, and Thirteen’s lesson on heroism. Right now, with nobody to worry about, with no witnesses, it is the perfect time to be a hero.

“It’s hero time!” Izuku slams down on his watch.

The boy can feel his body changing within the green energy. His feels his jaw lengthen and his teeth sharpening. He can feel his skin turn dry and flaky. He can even feel gaps in his neck forming. Eventually the odd sensations end.

Now standing on the beach is a tall fishman with a mouth full of protruding sharp teeth, webbed hands and feet, greenish-grey skin, and a lure like that of an angler fish sits upon its forehead.

“Woah, now this is cool.”

The robot shifts, from its shoulders two more hover drones emerge.

The fishman growls. “What’s the matter? Can’t take me on alone?”

The assault bot slams its claw down but Izuku is too quick on his feet, ironic since he’s a fish out of water. The alien fish uses the bot’s arm as a springboard at the same time that the robot pulls its arm free from the sand. The force of the jump propels Izuku towards one of the hover drones. Izuku lands safely onto the sand just as the remains of the bitten drone combust and crash into a junk pile.

“Man I’m…going to have to…clean that up…later, guh.”

Izuku is having trouble breathing, he’s actually gasping for air. So much so that he almost feels like he’s choking, like he’s completely running out of oxygen. That’s when he holds his neck and realizes something that should have been pretty obvious to him from the start. He has gills!!

The robot and the remaining drone charge, firing lasers at the fishman. Izuku barely avoids the onslaught as he rushes towards the ocean. With a mighty leap, Izuku dives into the refreshing and breathable water. The fish alien takes deep breaths, looking down Izuku notices that his legs have merged together to become a mermaid-like tail.

Up on the beach the assault robot aims its arm cannons down towards the waves firing a barrage of lasers into the water. Acting fast, Izuku swiftly and somewhat gracefully evades them all.

Meanwhile, the hover drone flies over the water trying to pinpoint him. Izuku leaps out of the water
and with one chomp Izuku grabs the drone and pulls down into the water. Where it leaks oil, sparking from its gash marks before shutting down. Making sure to finish the job, Izuku lodges his sharp claws into it and using his increased strength to tear the drone in half.

“I think it’s time to go after the whopper.”

Izuku pops his head out of the water before diving back down just in time to avoid getting his head vaporized. The assault robot continues its barrage of attacks using its sensors to lock-on to Izuku’s alien watch. Unfortunately for the tin can, Izuku is too quick for it especially in the water. Izuku lunges out of the water grabbing onto the robot’s right cannon, he takes a bite ripping off the robot’s arm.

“Lose something, tin can?”

The robot uses it last claw to swipe at the fishman, it hits its mark launching Izuku into the sand, and acting fast the robot pins him down.

“Apparently not.”

The robot leans in its eyes glowing, aiming a laser for the fishman’s head.

Not letting fear take over, Izuku grabs a metal pole and lodges it into the robot’s arm. With the grip loosened Izuku wiggles free just as the laser blasts the sand. The detonation was too close and powerful that the robot’s face is damaged by its own attack. The robot sparks as it straightens up, not giving it a chance to recover, Izuku tears through two of the bot’s legs. The robot tips over falling onto a pile of scrap metal. A large piece of metal pierces through the robot’s right shoulder making its right cannon useless. The robot shakily turns its head, sparks flying out from its eyes and neck, trying to find its target. Izuku jumps up his piercing claws at the ready, and stabs through the chest of the downed robot. The sound of gears shifting stops as the glow of the robot’s eyes dim.

Izuku frees his scaly hand from the robot, taking a few deep breaths, before remembering that he needs water. Turning around Izuku dives into the shallow shore so that at least his gills are in the water.

Izuku smiles in contempt. “Ah, much better.”

With his back turned he fails to notice the red-eyes blinking back to life. The robot’s head shakes violently as it aims one final attack. It never gets the chance however as it and the entire scrapheap it was laying on gets sucked up into the nothingness that is Thirteen’s Blackhole.

“Midoriya, are you alright?”

Finally taking notice, Izuku reels around. “I’m real good. Ha, Thirteen you should have seen me I was ripping through these guys like they were nothing!”

Thirteen approaches the water. “Understandable, Pisciss Volanns are known for their powerful jaws that can rip through anything.”

Izuku cups his chin, or where his chin would be, but fish don’t have chins. “Jaws…rip. Jawsrip? No. Ripjaws? Yeah.” Ripjaws smiles happy with his name, he takes a mental note to write that name down in his notebook.

After some time, Izuku turns back to normal. Together, Thirteen and him, look out to the open ocean simply enjoying the fresh ocean breeze and the gorgeous view.
Thirteen places a hand on the boy’s shoulder. “Good job today, Midoriya.”

Izuku is a little nervous to ask. “Really?”

“Oh, yeah. For being untrained in combat, or hero work in general, you did amazing work today.”

And it’s true, he not only fought off three killer robots all on his own, but he also helped guide aliens away from danger back at the store when he was Ditto. Also, because he went to the beach, he was able to avoid involving other people and heroes into the mix.

“Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it. Though it is a bit concerning.”

“What is?”

“That robot was targeting you.”

“Do you think it was after the watch?”

“Maybe, can’t be too certain. Who knows, maybe it just didn’t like your hair.”

“Why wouldn’t it like my hair?! And why does that even matter?!”

Thirteen gives Izuku a deadpanned expression. “What I mean is that I have no clue why it came after you.”

“Oh…”

Thirteen waves it off. “Don’t worry about it. Just take the day off tomorrow, alright? And in the meantime, I have to file a report. I’ll also look into what that bot was after.” Thirteen doesn’t look very happy, probably because this will take too much paperwork that’s going to keep them up for several hours tonight.

Izuku nods. “Sounds good. Also, Thirteen…”

“Hm?”

“Thanks for saving me today.”

Thirteen pats Izuku’s head, fluffing up his already messy green hair. “It was no problem, no problem at all.”

The alien commander examines the footage that was broadcasted by the assault robots and its drones. The commander glares at the sight of the Omnitrix upon the Splixons. The image of one of Earth’s heroes interfering really frustrates him as well. And the sight of the drones being torn apart by the Pisciss Volann infuriates him to no end. The Omnitrix should be his and not in the hands of a lower life form. His entire plan, his ambitions are falling apart because of some child! Yes, the most upsetting piece of information received was that of a human child wearing the Omnitrix. The most powerful weapon in the galaxy is controlled by a being whose species haven't been able to achieve space travel. Talk about pathetic! Yet, here it is, a small boy with green hair and a freckled face is all that stands between the commander and his quest for galactic conquest. Unfortunately for the boy, this being has experience with removing obstacles that hinder his ambitions.
So how was Ch.3, did you like it? How funny were the Dittos? Was Ripjaws badass or what? Just for reference those two aliens are some of my favorites from the Ben 10 series. Let me know what ben 10 aliens are your favorites. Also did you catch the Lilo & Stitch, Jimmy Neutron, Star Wars, and other ben 10 easter eggs? Please be sure to leave a review with your thoughts, questions, comments, etc. I'm hoping to have Ch.4 up by next week but it already looks like it's going to be a longer chapter than expected so it may take a little bit longer so please be patient for it to upload. That said I do think the wait will be worth it. Especially since I will be introducing a fan favorite character from My Hero Academia.

*I want to apologize if you thought Four Arms didn't get enough screen time. I will make up for it. I promise that he will get his time to shine.
*Just to clarify I want to introduce 1-2 new alien transformation for Izuku before he gets to U.A.
*As of now Izuku only has access to 9 aliens in the Omnitrix, however, that number will not remain that way for long but that won't happen until he gets to U.A.
*Side note, when Thirteen said they asked a "coworker" to make the exercise plan they actually asked All Might to write up them. Thirteen just didn't tell All Might who it was for.
*It wasn't much but I will be exploring the alien community in Japan a little more in later chapters. As the story progresses the alien community in Japan will be explored more and more. This was just it for now.
*Just to clarify Japan has a relatively small population of aliens living there because of high risk of being exposed if they aren't careful.
Mutant Mayhem

Chapter Summary

Izuku and his best friend, Henzu Uuichi, decide to hangout for the day. While doing so they make a new friend and a new enemy.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys thanks for waiting but Ch.4 is here. I hope you like it.

A week has passed since the robot attack, but no mention of the robots ever made it onto the news. As it turns out, Thirteen wasn’t lying about the giant hologram around the warehouse. Nobody noticed a thing, plus as a bonus the robot actually turned invisible to escape Thirteen before using its legs as helicopter blades to go after Izuku. So, no one witnessed it flying over the buildings.

Training picked right back up with Izuku’s strength training combined with some practice as Ditto. According to Thirteen, his physical capabilities should transfer over to his alien forms and vice versa. So, with an army of Dittos, Izuku took to clearing the trashed beach. Unfortunately, he was ten times more exhausted by the end of each workout when compared to before. It also doesn’t help that Ditto is half his own size.

Saturday eventually rolled around, early that morning Izuku set off for Mr. Baumann’s store only for the old man to kick him out. According to Mr. Baumann, he literally can’t afford to have Izuku anywhere near his store claiming that he’s the reason for ruining his store and scaring his customers. Of course, that isn’t completely true but in Mr. Baumann’s eyes it might as well be.

So, with nothing else to do Izuku decides to text Henzu Uuichi, figuring it’s been awhile since they’ve hung out, while treading off away from the warehouse district. Henzu gets back to him rather quickly, complaining about how early it is, but suggests that they should head over to the Kiyashi Ward Shopping Mall. There’s a new arcade there that he’s been wanting to scout out.

Smiling happily Izuku heads for the train station.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

Somewhere in Kiyashi Ward a man dressed in a brown business suit slams his fist onto the door of a rundown and shabby apartment building. The windows are cracked and boarded up, the sides of the outer wall are falling apart, and the cement walkway is cracked.

“Yo, Animo! I know you’re in there! Open up!”

Getting no reply, the man pulls out a key, unlocks the door, and steps inside.

The apartment is cluttered with filthy tanks and cages strewn about with various animals from fish,
lizards, birds, and rodents. The TV appears to be left on in the corner of the large room.

The man holds his nose. “Smells like a zoo in here.”

He walks through the apartment, stepping over the smaller cages, looking for the only human resident. Entering the farthest end of the living room, the man curiously watches a large frog hop about its terrarium, oblivious to the figure approaching him from behind.

The man turns around and yelps in surprise.

“How did you get in?” Demands a scratchy voiced old man.

The withered old man has greenish skin, long white hair that clearly hasn't been washed in weeks, and crooked teeth. The man’s clothes are dark and ragged they too have not been washed or mended to seen as his shirt is torn up in places.

The man composes himself, fixing his tie. “The key, I am still your landlord, remember? Maybe not because your rent is 6 months past due.”

Animo stares at the man as if he’s crazy before shrugging him off. “All my funds go into my research.” He says it in a way that sounds like that should have been obvious. “Now get out! You’re disturbing me.” Animo turns away and fiddles with something on his desk.

The landlord gazes at the state of the apartment noting the smells, grime, and animals. “Looks like you were disturbed long before I got here, pal. Listen doc. You and your furry friends are out on the street unless you pony up the green.”

Animo smirks. “Pony up?” He turns opening the terrarium and reaches in for the large frog. “Interesting choice of phrases.” He places the frog on the floor before reaching for something from his desk. “You must be an animal lover. Then you’re gonna love this.”

Animo equips himself with a very strange device that looks like it was put together with various pieces of kitchen utensils, pieces of household appliances, and other small electronic devices. The helmet part of the device is literally a bowl strainer with two long antennas attached to it. Strapped to his chest is a circular disk with red lights and various dials.

Staring at the device the landlord bends over holding his gut in a fit of laughing.

Ignoring the laughter Animo continues. “This is my transmodulator. Tell me, do you know what my quirk does?”

The landlord wipes away his tears standing back up. “Why would I care?”

“You should. My quirk allows me to alter the DNA of animals as long as I understand the physiology of the species. Admittedly, my quirk is not all that powerful the most I can do is give these creatures longer lifespans and make them a bit bigger, maybe even change their pigmentation. However, this device will change all that. It will accelerate the mutation process at a genetic level. Observe.” Pressing a few buttons and rotating a dial the circular chest piece and the ends of the antennas spark red.

The red sparks form into thin beams that fire out and begin to surge into the bullfrog.

The frog starts to grow larger and larger as its warts begin to expand on its back, horns burst from its head, and its muscles convulse.
The landlord falls back screaming in horror as a giant mutant frog with bull-like horns and four red-eyes stares down at his cowering form.

Smiling like the maniac he is, Animo explains the other function of his invention. “Oh, I should also mention that this device gives me complete control over my creatures.” Animo begins to laugh hysterically to himself as the extra-large amphibian leans towards the horrified landlord.

Like the monster it is, it gulps up the landlord before he can even blink. Panicking, the landlord desperately tries to free himself. From outside the frog one can see the desperate attempts for freedom of flailing about in its enlarged throat.

“Hahaha, I’m sorry I can’t hear you. Sounds like you got a frog in your throat. Hahaha! Or is that the other way around?” Animo nearly falls over in laughter as the thrashing begins to diminish.

Animo eventually stops laughing, sighing he rubs his eyes. “My work is truly brilliant, but how am I, Dr. Aloysius J. Animo, supposed to show the world my genius?”

Leaning against his abomination Dr. Animo wonders what to do next. He doesn’t have a lot of options considering he’s seen as a mockery by the science community. He has no connections, no allies, and no money. All because no one can see the potential in his quirk or in his mind. He can evolve animals, give them power that quirked individuals would be envious of. They would upstage heroes and bring a new order into this world. Yet they deny him of his rightful glory.

That’s when out of corner of his eyes he notices the TV flash to a commercial advertising the Kiyashi Ward Shopping Mall.

Dr. Animo grins a plan hatching within his mind. “Ah, just what the doctor ordered.”

The Kiyashi Ward Shopping Mall is huge with stores that sell nearly everything you can think of. The mall is so large that other companies rent out their own parts of the buildings. For example, one part of the mall is used to house a radio tower.

Izuku, however, is outside the mall wandering around through the expansive parking lot. ‘Where is he?’ He turns here and there searching for Henzu.

Henzu texted him saying that he’s near the eastside of the parking lot, but this place is overcrowded with people and cars.

A heavy hand made of red steel grips the lost teen’s shoulder from behind making Izuku freeze up.

“Give me your cash if you know what’s good for ya.”

Izuku visibly relaxes. “Does it even matter? I mean, you’re probably going to make me pay for everything today anyway.” He turns smiling at his best friend.

Henzu grins, shrugging his shoulders. “Fair point.” He releases his quirk turning his skin from a red metallic color back into flesh. “Good to see ya, buddy. It’s been a while since we did something like this.”

“Yeah.” Izuku can’t help but feel bothered by the fact that Henzu was red, because when that occurs it’s because of when he absorbs something, he also gains the pigment of said object. “Did you break into something.” Henzu doesn’t even flinch at Izuku’s bluntness, at this point both of
them are used to this sort of interaction.

Instead of looking embarrassed Henzu looks almost proud. “I may or may not have broken into a car or two, besides it’s not like you got any proof.”

Izuku internally deadpans. ‘He’s too much sometimes!’

With hearty laughs the two head for the mall passing by a red car with a busted window.

Izuku has a great time at the mall. They window shopped on their way to the arcade with a few stores catching their attention. The greenette was practically drooling at the sight of the hero merchandise store his eyes mesmerized by all the posters, figurines, and other collectables. So much so that Henzu had to drag him away. Even though Henzu was annoyed by the sight of the store he did find Izuku’s reaction a bit amusing.

They eventually get to their destination, a brand new and expansive arcade with all the latest gaming technologies and games of all genres: shooting, dancing, racing, and even pinball. Henzu dominates most of the competitive games such as the racing game, Street Fighters, and air hockey. That said, Izuku does prove himself at the co-op shooting games, ski ball, and most solo player games. At one-point Henzu got into an argument with a group of delinquent high schoolers, Izuku tried to break them up before a fight broke out, but Henzu got an idea. A few minutes later, Henzu is walking away a little bit richer after defeating the punks at Street Fighters. Although, Izuku is pretty sure he cheated by absorbing some electricity to shock his opponents in order to throw them off. Deciding that it was enough the duo decide to head down to the cafeteria for some lunch.

Izuku folds his arms feeling very disappointed while also trying to avoid bumping into other shoppers. “Why did you have to do that?”

“What?”

“You know…”

Realizing what he meant, Henzu rolls his eyes. “Come on Izuku, they were asking for it. Someone had to put them in their place.”

Izuku mutters under his breath. “You didn’t even win fairly.”

Henzu suddenly stops becoming serious, he turns so he can face his friend face-to-face. “You’ve got to stop thinking like that.”

Stopping, Izuku’s eyes widen. “Like what?”

“That playing by the rules is going to lead you to success. News flash the concept of fair-and-square is total bullshit! Those rules are only in place to stop those that are superior from outshining their inferiors.” Henzu folds his arms, his eyes soften slightly, but he holds his serious expression. “This is something that you oughta know by now.”

Izuku’s head droops. “That doesn’t make it right though.”

“What’s right and what’s wrong are totally subjective.”

Izuku is not entirely sure what his friend is talking about.

Realizing this Henzu continues. “Okay for example stealing is wrong, right?”
“Of course.”

“Okay, but what if someone stole so they could provide for their family? Is it wrong then?”

That’s a tricky question. “Um, well, if they had the time, I’m sure they could find another way…”

Henzu shakes his head in disapproval. “Time isn’t the problem. It’s society, it’s the rules that govern it, that can lead people to break the rules, to not play fairly.” Izuku is still not sold on this idea. “Ultimately life ain’t fair, so why should you play fair? If you have the skills to survive and provide for yourself, even if it breaks the law, then you should be able to do it.”

Henzu notices a girl strolling towards them, Izuku hasn’t noticed her. She has shoulder-length chestnut-hair with two longer clumps curving towards her round face. She is completely oblivious to the two of them within the bustling crowd.

She passes them by without so much as a glance.

As she walks away Henzu turns back to Izuku. “So, if I need cash for some new game system then I should be completely justified to take it, because I have the ability to do so without anyone noticing.” Henzu holds up a little pink wallet that clearly isn’t his.

Instantly Izuku understands the situation; he pickpocketed the poor girl. “Henzu!! Stop! You can’t do that!”

“Relax she didn’t even notice.” Henzu smirks feeling very cocky as he waves the wallet around. ‘Besides it’s not like you’d rat me out.’

“Hey!! That’s mine!” A feminine voice with a crossed tone yells back at them.

Henzu twists around as Izuku silently begins to panic. Behind them stands the same girl that Henzu just pickpocketed.

She is a short girl of slender yet feminine build. She is fair-skinned with a perpetual blush on her cheeks. Her eyes are large and round, their irises a warm brown. She’s wearing a dark pink t-shirt and black gym shorts that extend to her knees, and white shoes.

She holds her hand out trying her best to look firm. “Give it back.” She demands with as much conviction as she can muster.

Henzu gives Izuku a look, smirking mischievously, seeing an opportunity to have a teaching moment for his friend.

Henzu gives the girl a nasty grin. “Aw, you want it? Then you’re going to have to take it back.” Henzu touches the ground, absorbing the tile thus changing his skin to the hardened substance.

The round-faced girl tries her best to stay composed, but it’s clear that she’s not so sure about this anymore. But that’s all the money she has, she literally can’t afford for this thug to take it from her.

Henzu is able to pick up on her hesitation. After years of taunting and picking fights you pick up on people’s mannerisms, especially when it comes to confrontations. Clearly this girl would like to run, but she won’t for whatever reason. It’s an opportunity to show Izuku that if she’s capable of taking the wallet back then she earned it, but if she has to use her quirk thus break the law to do so the better. Even if she doesn’t Henzu will still get his point across by using his quirk. That if you want something, you need to have the will to break the rules to get it.
Izuku, not quite sure what’s going on, doesn’t want a fight to break out. Last thing he needs is for the authorities to arrest them for thievery and illegal quirk usage.

With one swift motion Izuku swipes the wallet from the taller teen’s hand.

He falls onto his knees bowing for forgiveness, holding up the wallet like an offering. “I’m so sorry! Please forgive my friend, he didn’t mean it!”

The girl’s eyes pop out for a minute staring at the begging greenette. “N-no, I’m pretty sure he did.”

Even Henzu has to agree. “Yeah, I did.”

She scowls at him while he smirks in response.

“I’m really really sorry! Please, I’m begging you don’t report us!” A fountain of tears gushes out from the greenette’s eyes so much so that it begins to soak through their shoes. Other customers notice and begin to move away.

The girl steps back avoiding the growing puddle. “Ahh, okay, okay.” She takes back her wallet.

Izuku sniffs, regaining himself. “Thank you!!”

Henzu rubs his ear. “You’re too loud.”

The girl firmly grips her wallet. “That said I don’t appreciate being robbed.”

Henzu opens his mouth readying a smartass remark but Izuku jumps back up onto his feet “Here I’ll make it up to you! We were just heading to the cafeteria I can pay for your lunch; you can get whatever you want, it’ll be my treat!”

Henzu isn’t so sure it’ll be that easy. ‘Nice try Izuku, but there is no way she’ll accept.’

Her reaction is not what he’s expecting. Her eyes are glazed over, glowing with excitement, as drool drips from her gaping mouth as if imagining all the tasty treats she can have.

‘You gotta be kidding.’

As the girl happily accepts the offer, the three teens don’t notice a smelly man with a large box walking past them. Dr. Animo gazes up at the pet shop a floor above them. He smiles putting his crooked teeth on display.

The round-faced girl holds her cheek, tongue sticking out, enjoying the delicious jumbo sundae that she ordered. “Hm, it’s so good.”

Henzu is sitting across from her with a plate of cheese fries. He’s taken slightly aback by the result of his thievery. ‘I wasn’t expecting this.’

Izuku is sitting between the two, tears streaming down his eyes, all he has is a cup of water. ‘My poor wallet, it’s empty.’ Deciding not to feel down, Izuku attempts to distract himself. “So, can we assume that all is forgiven.”

The cute girl nods her head, dipping her spoon in for another scoop. “Oh, heck yeah!” After taking a bite, she puts down the spoon. “Oh, I guess I should introduce myself my name is Ochaco
“Hi, I’m Izu-Midoriya and this is Henzu Uuichi.” Izuku becomes very nervous now that he realizes that he’s actually having a conversation with a girl!

“It’s nice to meet you Midoriya.” Her smile turns mischievous as she shifts her attention to the black-haired thug. “And it’s nice to know the name of the person who robbed me. Now I can properly file a report to the police.”

Henzu growls. “Huh, where was that confidence earlier?”

That immediately shuts her up, she pouts making her cheeks puff out in annoyance.

Izuku immediately jumps in trying to mediate the situation. “So, Uraraka what brings you here today?”

The distraction works. “Oh, I’m just browsing for today, you know trying to get the lay of the land.” She becomes embarrassed, rubbing her head. “I actually don’t have enough money to buy anything too big.”

Henzu sits up straight, deadpanning. ‘Then why did you stand up to me?!”

“Lay of the land? Did you just move here?”

“No, not yet. Well, maybe, it depends on if I pass the U.A. Entrance Exam.”

The freckled face boy immediately lights up. “You’re going to take the exam too?!”

“Yeah! Wait, so you’re taking it too? This is so great! I’ll know somebody maybe we can help each other out.”

“Y-yeah.”

Henzu throws his head back in exasperation. “Ah, not another one.”

Ochaco looks to Izuku for clarification.

“He doesn’t like heroes all too much.”

“What?!” Ochaco can’t help but stare. “How could you not like heroes?”

“What is there to like in the first place?”

Ochaco looks ready to argue but from the corner of her eye she can see Izuku gesturing and shaking his head. Understanding that he’s saying not to drag out an argument, she shuts her mouth and sits back.

Izuku gives her a grateful smile.

“I don’t get something.”

“What’s that?”

“How are you two friends?” She points at them. “I mean you’re so nice while he’s so mean. You like heroes and he doesn’t. You follow the rules and he’s a delinquent.”
Henzu grins and gives her a thumbs up, taking the insult as a compliment. “I can answer that question.” Said delinquents leans onto his friend. “This guy, despite his hero obsession, is one of the most honest and loyal people I know. No matter what bad shit I pull or drag him into I know he’ll have my back, and I have his. Right buddy?”

“R-right.”

Truth be told, Izuku is not sold with his own answer. Of course, he’ll always have Henzu’s back but as for the honesty part… He’s going to have to disagree with that statement. After all he still hasn’t told Henzu about his watch, or at least that he has a “quirk”. Sure, he promised Thirteen that he’d keep it a secret, but he did consider telling his best friend about it. Maybe he should say something now? If he gets into U.A. then he’s going to find out anyway, plus Thirteen and him have already come up with a cover story.

“H-hey Henzu there’s something I need to tell you.”

“What is it?”

Before Izuku can tell him, a loud rumble and an eruption of screams resonate throughout the shopping mall. A cloud of dust and smoke emerge from the opposite end of the mall from the cafeteria. Some patrons, mostly those with small children, make their way to the exits as fast as they can while most of the bystanders stand and watch.

“What was that?!”

“Is it a villain?”

“I wonder which hero is going to show up.”

Ochaco is freaking out. “Oh my god! What are we going to do?!!”

Henzu replies, he’s really annoyed by how dumb some people can be. “Leave obviously.”

Henzu grabs Izuku by the shoulder and begins leading him away. Ochaco fearfully follows them, unsure about what to do.

While being led away, Izuku can’t help but wonder what’s happening. Force of habit is nagging at him to get his Hero Analysis notebook out, but there’s no way Henzu is going to let him stay and watch.

Ochaco glances back at the smoke, fear and surprise spread across her face at what she sees. Without a second to waste she throws herself at the two boys. “Get down!!” She shoves them to the ground with her just as something big and screeching whooshes past their heads.

Henzu, flipping himself over, snarls. “What was that…for?” The teen’s voice softens, staring wide eyed at the monster flying above them.

Izuku, rubbing his head, looks up and begins shaking in fear. Flying above the open roof of the mall is a monster of a bird. It looks like a giant 6 foot-tall cockatiel with grey sharp-feathers, a jagged beak, and piercing red eyes. The mutant bird gives a terrifying and rattling cry before swooping down on the shocked crowd. People finally realize the situation and begin to panic, throwing the entire mall into chaos. The bird tries to snatch up a few customers only to grab their bags or miss them completely amongst the chaos, although it does manage to knock some poor people over.
Izuku is shaking watching the chaos ensue. “What is that thing?!"

Henzu picks himself up. “Whatever it is, I’m not staying to find out!” Henzu gestures to a nearby emergency exit; it’s gone unnoticed by the fleeing patrons mainly because it’s in a narrow hallway between two food stalls.

The three rush over with Henzu flinging the door open only to stop dead in his tracks with Izuku and Ochaco slamming into his back.

Izuku’s nerves are really getting to him. “Why’d you stop?!” Looking up he gets his answer.

A giant monster frog with horns is staring down at them with four red eyes.

The four individuals hold their gaze, unable to look away.

“Nevermind.”

And with that, the three kids scramble back through the emergency exit just as the frog lashes its disgusting green tongue at them. Luckily, Henzu is able to slam the door shut before it can reach them.

Catching their breath, they check up on the situation within the rest of the mall. It’s a complete disaster although there are clearly less people around there are still a few that are unable to escape the onslaught for the entire mall appears to have been taken over by giant mutated animals. There are not only more mutated frogs and birds, but giant hamsters with spider-like eyes, mutated goldfish that have grown legs that look like a combination of fins and reptile feet, and saber-tooth like cats with spikes protruding from their backs.

Ochacko is nearly in tears. “What the heck is happening right now?! There are monsters everywhere!”

Henzu is not able to come up with a reply, even he finds the scene disturbing.

Izuku’s heart beats faster, his breath stiffens, as he watches innocent people being attacked. Their screams and cries of fear fills his ears, they’re begging for help, for someone to save them, for a hero.

“We have to help them.”

It takes the other two a minute to realize what he just said.

Henzu spins around so fast that Izuku thinks that his head would have flung off. “Are you crazy?!”

Ochacko speaks up as well, although she looks a bit hesitant as if she wants to agree with Izuku instead. “The heroes should be here soon. There’s no need to put ourselves in danger.”

“No, they won’t be. If they were then they’d be here already.”

“What do you mean?”

“That frog was guarding the exit. Not just to keep us in, but to keep anyone from getting in.”

Ochaco puts two and two together. “As in keep in the heroes out?”

Izuku nods, his eyes turning serious with worry. “Yeah.”
Henzu throws his head back, really annoyed by the news. “Phft, typical, heroes are all talk and no bite.”

There’s something else bothering Ochaco. “Wait, if that thing and others like it are on guard and other monsters are attacking. Then that means this attack was planned.”

“Yeah, there must be a villain running around turning pets into monsters and is able to organize them. Probably with some kind of mind control.” The greenette begins to ramble on into a storm of muttering.

The muttering weirds out the chestnut-haired girl. “He’s really good at figuring these kinds of things out, isn’t he?”

Henzu deadpans. “You have no idea.”

Izuku looks out again, he spots a TV across from them. The TV is on the news channel and is broadcasting the attack on the mall. From what he can tell several heroes have arrived on the scene, but as he thought frogs are guarding the entrance, mutant birds are blocking the sky, and even monster fish are patrolling the sewers. Help is clearly not coming anytime soon.

“We’re wasting time. We need to save these people!”

Henzu smacks Izuku over the head before hoisting him up by the collar. “Don’t be stupid! How are you supposed to help them? You’re quirkless, after all!”

Ochaco’s eyes widen in surprise, she had honestly thought that there weren’t any quirkless people left in Japan, at least those that are around her age. Yet he wants to be a hero, that’s crazy, but also kind of inspiring and noble.

Izuku’s eyes shift downwards. “Even if I’m quirkless, even if I’m crippled, even if there is no hope… I can’t just stand by and do nothing. I have to do something. It’s a hero’s job to save everybody!” He locks eyes with his friend, daring him to try and stop him, his soul burning for action and to carry out his words.

Henzu glares back feeling very frustrated right now.

Izuku’s words ring throughout Ochaco’s head. ‘Save everybody…’

Henzu looks away, his hair blocking the view of his eyes. “That’s very admirable, it is, but you… Are. Quirkless!!” Henzu shoves Izuku against the wall. “What do you expect to do?! Go out there and run around like a tasty treat for all those things?!”

“No, I’m going to run out there and save them!” Abandoning his reservations about his “quirk” Izuku activates his watch.

Henzu raises an eyebrow and Ochaco stares in awe at the alien green glow emanating from the strange device. Izuku rotates the dial, finding the correct transformation, and slams the dial down.

In a flash of light Izuku disappears and is replaced by a blue raptor like creature.

“XLR8 stats a matter of factually, he then notices a mutant
hamster approaching a fallen girl. “Look, I’ll explain later, but for now.” A visor covers XLR8’s face before he zooms away, leaving the other two in a very stunned and confused state.

Henzu continues to stare as the morphed Izuku zips around grabbing victims before they can be harmed and getting them to safety outside. Henzu notices the TV broadcasting the news from it he can actually see a blue blur moving in and out of the mall leaving behind surprised and dazed people.

His shock however turns into frustration. How could Izuku do this?! How could he lie to him?! Has he been lying the entire time?! Was he just playing everyone?! He’d be impressed if he wasn’t one of the people being conned.

Ochacko is amazed at what she’s seeing. Her new friend just shapeshifted into a dinosaur that can run at lighting fast speed. It’s incredible he’s doing exactly what he said he would! He’s saving everybody, but she thought that Uuichi said that he was quirkless.

Meanwhile, XLR8 is dashing across the mall snatching up people left and right before taking them outside and away from danger. He considered grabbing a hero or two and taking them into the mall, but they are too busy preventing any mutants form harming the people he just saved or the crowd of spectators that has formed around the entire mall.

As he reenters the mall a well-timed tongue lash from a giant frog trips the speedster sending him crashing into a few tables in the cafeteria.

Luckily his helmet is strong enough to prevent a concussion, but his body aches in pain. “Ouch.”

The frog croaks just before it lunges itself forward its mouth wide open to scoop up and chomp down on the blue reptile.

XLR8 flinches his arms raised to protect himself, but nothing happens other than the sound of croaking moving away from him. Opening his eyes, he stares as the giant frog floats skyward into the air while it struggles to regain its balance.

That’s when XLR8 notices Ochaco standing there with her hands raised forward. She couldn’t stand by and do nothing. Izuku is out here and giving it his all, she can’t standby and watch as he gets eaten by a monster.

With confidence she presses her hands together. “Release!”

The mutant begins to plummet crash landing onto a small kiosk.

XLR8 dashes over to Ochaco. “Uraraka that was amazing?! Was that your quirk? Is it gravity based? Is it an emitter or a mutation? Can you use it on me?!”

Ochaco can’t possible answer the barrage of questions, especially since XLR8 is throwing them out a mile a minute. “I, uh, um, it’s my quirk. It’s called Zero Gravity. I can make anything that I touch weightless.” She furiously rubs the back of head feeling very bashful.

“Wow, so cool!”

The frog begins to stir. It corrects its orientation and lashes out its tongue. Acting fast XLR8 grabs Ochaco and runs away allowing the tongue to smash into a table. The frog continues its attack with XLR8 just barely managing to avoid the tongue lashes. XLR8 makes a mad dash for the nearby escalator, it should take them up to the second floor and away from the amphibian.
Before they can make it, one of the mutated cats pounces out from above, blocking their path. Unable to stop XLR8 slides past the feral cat slamming into the wall, he uses his body to cushion the blow for Ochaco.

The frog joins the saber cat, the two beasts growling as they prepare to maul the downed teens. The monster feline goes first, pouncing with its sharp black claws out and ready to slash them to ribbons.

XLR8 instinctively moves to cover Ochaco, while she herself cowers in fear.

“Get away from them!!” The sound of clanging metal bashes into the large cat’s head redirecting it and sending it crashing through the store window.

A metalized Henzu, having absorbed the matter from a metal pipe, couldn’t let those two idiots get into trouble without him. He’s the ultimate troublemaker! It’s an insult if he stays back and misses the opportunity to break those stupid quirk regulation laws. Plus, the prospect of fighting giant monsters is way too awesome to pass up.

Henzu turns to the other two who are staring at him in complete surprise. “Don’t gawk at me! We have some heads to bash.” He back hands the frog’s tongue away before it can hit him. “Also, Izuku, we’re going to have a long talk after all this.”

Ochaco and Izuku look to each other, they nod in agreement before getting up. XLR8 begins spinning around the frog distracting it, it works as the frog tries to lash out at him but misses every time. Ochaco presses her hands onto Henzu’s back pushing him up into the air. When he rises above the frog, she releases her Zero Gravity effect and he plummets downward. He piledrives into the frog’s skull smashing it into the ground and knocking it unconscious.

Henzu raises his fists into the air. “I gotta admit, that was pretty cool!” He proclaims, grinning like an idiot all the while.

Ochaco gives a big thumbs up. “Yeah, it was!”

XLR8 smiles as well but a distant scream startles him. “We’re not done. There may still be some people left!”

Ochacko frowns. “You’re right, we need to do something.”

“We scour the mall and save whomever we can. Are you with me?”

“Yeah!”

Henzu jokingly postures himself to look like he’s thinking. “Hmmm, fine.”

XLR8 smiles in appreciation. “Then let’s be heroes!”

The three unlicensed heroes make their way through the mall. Luckily most of the mutants have migrated outside the mall to help prevent pro heroes from entering. That said there are still quite a bit of them within the mall itself. With their speed, strength, and support they are able to fend off or at least distract the mutants allowing XLR8 to speed any victims away. Fortunately, there are not many people left behind.

Each of them gets a moment to shine throughout the next few minutes. Within a clothes store, XLR8 took a frog for a spin by using its own tongue to tie it up by running around it. In a video game store, Henzu punches a mutant hamster so hard in the face that he shattered its giant teeth; he
also may have taken a game or two with him as he left. In a furniture store, Ochaco uses her quirk to move a large couch that she uses to pin down a mutated goldfish with piranha-like teeth.

Later, inside a bookstore, Ochaco levitates a fallen shelf that landed on an unconscious woman, XLR8 picks the woman up and speeds away. Ochaco immediately barfs up what looks like rainbow glitter, the side effect of her quirk has finally caught up with her.

Henzu fends off another mutant hamster. “You alright!?”

Ochaco coughs. “Y-yeah…I just…need a minute.”

XLR8 returns, tackling the hamster and knocking it away. “I checked the rest of the mall. We can make a run for it now.”

Henzu reverts his skin back to normal. “Was that a pun?”

“Yeah, I thought it would be funny.”

Between breaths, Ochaco chirps in. “It needs work.”

“Noted. Anyway, we’ll do this one at a time. I’ll get you guys outside, and we can leave the rest to the heroes.”

Ochaco nods, if she tries to talk there’s a good chance that her breakfast will join her lunch on the floor. Meanwhile, Henzu walks over to a broken cash register, grinning like a Cheshire cat, he immediately snatches up any loose bucks.

XLR8 bends down to pick up the round-faced girl who’s covering her mouth. “Good job, hero.” He picks her up bridal style.

Ochaco looks away blushing. “Yeah, you too…hero.”

XLR8 grins but his delightfulness is cut short by the sound of beeping and a flash of red light.

Izuku immediately falls over, with Ochaco landing on top of him, as he returns to normal. Izuku has a hard time breathing with Ochaco sitting on his chest. Ochaco is too dumbfounded to move.

Henzu finally notices, Izuku struggling underneath the confused girl. “What the hell happened?!”

Ochaco finally scrambles away as Izuku sits up. “It’s my wat-Quirk!! It’s my quirk. I can transform but only for ten minutes.”

“Cool, so just transform back.”

“I can’t it takes another ten minutes for my…quirk to recharge.”

“We really need to have a talk.”

Before Izuku can respond, more rumbling and animalistic cries shake the mall.

Ochaco chokes out in confusion. “What was that?”

They sneakily peer out the store window seeing even more mutant pet animals patrolling the mall: large dinosaur-like turtles, horrifying lizards, and nightmarish rabbits.

“There’s even more of them.” Ochaco whispers harshly as the three of them sneak back towards
the end of the store to avoid detection. “What’s even causing this?”

A fixated look crosses Izuku’s eyes. “The villain.”

Henzu immediately recognizes that stupid look. “No way! You can’t be serious.”

Ochaco is rightly puzzled. “What is it?”

“He wants to go after the villain.”

“What?!”

Izuku has the decency to look embarrassed. “The heroes are still stuck outside, and there are even more mutants, if they get out, they can cause a disaster.” Not to mention haunt people’s dreams for years to come. “We have to at least slow down the villain’s plan until a pro hero can get here.”

Henzu can’t help but be frustrated. “GAH! Do you have a death wish or something?”

Ochaco doesn’t agree with that statement, but even she has to agree with him. “He’s kind of right, Midoriya… You don’t even know where the villain is.”

That’s true, for all he knows this may be a horrible accident caused by radiation or a secret government experiment that’s gotten loose somehow. Izuku’s mind fills with every possible detail, explanation, and question. What do they want? What are they after? What is their quirk? Where are they? Izuku’s mind spins these questions around his head. Until it all clicks together.

“The cell tower.”

Ochaco tilts her head. “What?”

“The cell tower. That’s what the villain is after.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Nothing is being taken, not even the money.”

Henzu’s eyes dart to the cash register that he stole from. It’s true, the mutant hamster didn’t even glance at the money.

“And even their assault. They weren’t trying to keep people in they were trying to chase them out.”

Izuku’s reasoning begins to make sense in Ochaco’s mind.

“And look where the monsters are coming from.”

Ochaco glances over the shelves noticing that the monsters are all headed away from the same direction. “From the same direction as the cell tower.”

“Yup.”

Henzu folds his arms. “But why would the bastard want the cell tower for?”

“Control.” He clearly lost Henzu and Ochaco. “If they can control these things, what’s to say they can’t control other animals, or make even more of them.”
Ochaco considers the possibility. As she thinks about it, Izuku’s logic makes more and more sense. What if this is only the first wave, the calm before the storm? What would happen if more monsters appear or even if everyday pets go wild? The damage could be too great.

The brunette nods, her hair bouncing slightly. “Okay, let’s go get that villain.”

Izuku is a bit surprised, he really thought that they’d be unwilling. “Really?! You sure? You don’t have to do this if you don’t want to.”

Ochaco shakes her head. “It doesn’t matter if I want to or not. I have to do this; I can’t stand the thought of people getting hurt by these things. I’m with you, Midoriya.”

Izuku gives her a grateful smile, one she is happy to return.

Izuku glances at Henzu, he doesn’t have to ask but he does. “What about you?”

Henzu looks away feeling very annoyed and upset.

“You with me or not?” Izuku hesitates before continuing. “Or was all that talk about having my back a lie?”

Anger flashes in Henzu’s eyes and Izuku immediately regrets saying anything.

Henzu ultimately gives in. “I’ve got your back.” He gives the shorter teen a small smirk. “You know I’m kinda proud. That was a really dirty trick you just pulled.”

“I learned from the best.” Izuku turns gazing out at the ever-increasing threat as his companions join his side. “Let’s do this guys.” His eyes fixate onto the distant cell tower and their goal. “It’s hero time!”

Chapter End Notes

I know, boo boo! A cliff hanger, boo! But it had to be done. I decided to split Ch.4 into 2 parts because it ended up being 50 pages long! I’m also hoping it will allow me time to work on Ch.6 since this is the case. That said please expect Ch.5 to be up sooner rather than later, I’ll probably post it either on Monday or Tuesday. Please leave a review, I absolutely adore hearing from you guys.

*That’s right I have officially incorporated Ochaco Uraraka into the narrative so get used to seeing her around, obviously.
*I loved writing for Dr. Animo mainly because his character is so cartoonish and over the top. Do you guys like the inclusion of this character?
*Also get ready for a new alien next chapter. Any guesses which one it is?
Mutant Mayhem Part II

Chapter Summary

Izuku, Henzu, and Ochaco confront Dr. Animo and his mutants.

Chapter Notes

Happy Holidays everyone please enjoy yourselves this Holiday Season. Now, enjoy Mutant Mayhem Part II.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The weakened All Might is strolling through the now repaired and calm Tatooin Station shopping district. He stopped by to do some grocery shopping and to reflect on his failure from a month ago.

Pathetic. This place may be up and running with happy faces and a peaceful atmosphere, yet he wasn’t the one to help make it that way. No, he had to uselessly watch while someone else, a real hero, stepped in to clean up his mess. Dammit!! He already had the Slime Villain captured, but he allowed himself to be distracted. No, he will not blame the boy, actually, he feels even worse because of what he said to that kid with the mop of messy green hair and freckles. He’ll never forget the boy’s face when he told him to give up on his dream. Pathetic!! He needs to fix this, maybe he should track the boy down. Izuku Midoriya was his name. It would be pretty easy; he could just ask Tsukauchi to look him up for him. But what would he say? What could he do? Would the boy even want to talk to him? He knows that he himself wouldn’t want to.

A small crowd has formed around a TV store, they appear to be watching the news. All Might is so lost in his thoughts to notice.

“We’re live outside the Kiyashi Ward Shopping Mall, where animal-like monsters have gone on a rampage.”

All Might stops and spins around, he tries his best to look over the shoulders of those in front. He can see the local news anchor standing in a parking lot, behind her he can see a few pro heroes wrangling what appears to be a large hamster.

“According to our sources, the pro heroes cannot enter the premise thanks to monsters blockading the entire mall, even the sewers are blocked off by fish monsters.”

A pit forms in All Might’s stomach.

“However, one hero may have gotten in and has saved a number of victims.”

A clip plays, it was taken by a hand held phone so the picture is not that good, but it’s enough. The cameraman is outside the mall watching the heroes fighting a mutant frog. A blue blur passes by them all, the camera spins around, showing a confused and startled woman with disheveled hair
and clothes standing there as a gust of wind rushes by. The blue blur returns several more times and each time a new person is rescued.

All Might watches in amazement; he can’t think of any hero with that kind of speed or wears blue. Sure, there are speedster heroes out there like Ingenium, but this doesn’t appear to be his work. Maybe they’re a new hero or someone who’s not as well known. Yet there they are running head first into danger, putting their lives on the line, in order to save others. A real hero unlike him. Shit!! He’s supposed to be a teacher soon and he has to find and mentor a new successor. But, how can he? Sure, there’s Sir Nighteye’s recommendation but what if he crushes his dreams, too? What if he’s not good enough to teach, to mentor, to inspire others?

All Might shakes his head. ‘No, stop it!! Don’t think like that. Just keep smiling.’

The young broadcaster continues her coverage while running. “We have a new development! More monsters have emerged from within the mall and are now driving back the heroes. We have been ordered to evacuate to a safe distance.”

Monster turtles, lizards, and rabbits charge out of the main entrance where pro heroes intercept them.

All Might glares at the offending beasts. That’s it!! No more standing by! He is determined to fix his failure and he can start now.

The Number One hero pulls out his cellphone, making a quick call. “Tsukauchi, I need you pick me up from the Tatooin Station shopping district.” He takes off hoping to meet Tsukauchi halfway.

Meanwhile, Thirteen watches the same broadcast from his desk computer at their agency. They immediately recognizes the blue blur as Izuku’s XLR8 form.

Thirteen rubs their head, trying to stop a migraine from forming. “This kid is going to drive me insane.”

Somewhere within Earth’s orbit, the damaged alien cruiser is still monitoring the Omnitrix’s activity. The commander is alerted about the Omnitrix activating again, thanks to their sensors pinpointing where it was activated. The monitor drone pulls up the same news broadcast that All Might was watching. An idea forms in the commander’s head as he watches the mutant animals engage Earth’s heroes.

The commander has a hard time speaking from within his medical tank. “This is…an opportunity.”

The cell tower is located in the middle of a large open ceiling room, surrounded by other service units such as air conditioners, fans, vents, electrical boxes, etc.

A scientist with shaggy white hair and pale-green skin can be found at the base of the cell tower. Dr. Animo has installed makeshift computers and wires all across the tower. Mutant cockatiels are perched among the tower and other mutant animals patrol around it. He continues to jury rig the wiring trying to gain control over the cell tower.

“Soon I will show the world the genius of Dr. Aloysius J. Animo!” He plugs in a few wires into
the circular device on his chest. “With this cell tower I will be able to broadcast my mutation ray throughout a large area and with my transmodulator I will gain control over all those wonderful mutants! And then, and only then, will everyone see my genius!” Dr. Animo laughs maniacally, dreaming of his scientific victory.

Behind a nearby air conditioning unit, Izuku, Henzu, and Ochaco sweat drop. ‘Wow, he villain monologued and everything.’ They are really surprised that the villain was so idiotic to spill out all that information.

The three of them had snuck their way over to the cell tower using the stores, benches, and anything else to hide themselves from the mutants. Ochaco even floated them across from the second to the third floor to avoid a prowling mutant cat. They arrived at the cell tower in time to hear Dr. Animo’s evil plan. Coincidentally, the time it took for them to get there gave Izuku’s watch enough time to recharge.

Henzu can’t take his eyes off the madman. “This idiot is the one attacking the mall?”

Ochaco and Izuku look downward with embarrassed grins, unsure on how to respond.

Ochaco looks to Izuku for answers. “What do we do now, Midoriya?”

“Well thanks to his *cough* speech we now know his full plan and quirk. So, the best course of action is to get that device.” Izuku points at Dr. Animo’s odd helmet and the device on his chest.

“But he’s being guarded by mutants, how do we get close?”

Izuku takes a second to think and consider the options. “I’ll draw them away with one of my transformations. That’s when you guys will double team him, get the device, and smash it.”

Ochaco looks like she wants to say something but doesn’t.

Henzu however notices. “Take Uraraka with you.”

Both Izuku and Ochaco don’t see the question coming. “What?”

“Two of you will make better bait, plus if something goes wrong both of you can cover for each other, besides I don’t think the quack is actually that dangerous on his own.”

As if to prove his point, Dr. Animo zaps himself while hotwiring.

Izuku nods. “Okay.” He turns to the brunette. “You ready?”

“Yeah.”

“Then let’s go.”

The three split up with Izuku and Ochaco going left while Henzu heads right.

Once in position behind an exposed air vent, Izuku gives Ochaco a pointed look as he activates the watch allowing the faceplate to shoot up. “Once I transform, they’ll know that we’re here. Are you sure you want to do this?”

Ochaco’s eyes tell him that she’s more than ready.

“Alright, it’s hero time!” Izuku slams the faceplate down, hoping for Four Arms, and sending out a flash of green light as a result.
The mutants’ and Dr. Animo’s attention are instantly drawn to the flash of bright light.

They spot, standing behind the air vent, a large bipedal turtle with holes in the front of its shell with large flipper-like arms, and stumpy legs.

The turtle looks at his hands. “Uh, oh.”

Ochaco’s eyes widen. “Uh, oh?! Why uh, oh?!”

“I’ve never used this guy before.” The morphed Izuku states simply, shrugging his shoulders.

Ochaco blanches as she screams in shock. “WHAT!?!?”

Dr. Animo’s voice calls out to them. “Hey, who are you?!”

Izuku turns his head, finally realizing that all eyes are on him. He rotates his head making sure that there’s nobody else they could be looking at other than Ochaco, who they haven’t noticed yet from her crouched position. “Oh, me? I’m, um, um, you know what I’m not really that sure. Can I get back to you on that?”

Dr. Animo snarls. “Are you mocking me? You dare mock the genius that is Dr. Animo?!”

“What? Oh, um, yeah totally. I am totally mocking you. Yeah, you are such a…bad man.”

Ochaco gives him a look from behind her hiding spot, silently asking if he’s serious.

Izuku shrugs as if to say that he’s trying.

“How dare you!!”

Somehow his horrible attempt at mocking the villain works. Before he knows it, something fast tackles him to the ground. A big mutant cat has him pinned its claws digging into his chest, there is no pain thanks to the shell even if it does have holes in it. The cat growls and takes a swipe at his head. Instinctively Izuku retracts his head into the shell.

“Woah, now. Let’s not lose are heads alright.”

Dr. Animo slams a fist against the side of the cell tower. “What are you waiting for? Kill him already!”

Izuku’s arm reach up, trying to swat the mutant away. “No, get away!” With his arms flailing about they begin to straighten before beginning to rotating much like a fan. The spinning rapidly increases until a large current of air begins to levitate the cat off of his chest. The surprised mutant is shocked but before it can process what’s happening the wind picks up sending the cat flying.

Dr. Animo looks completely outraged. “What?!!”

Izuku stops spinning, popping his head out to look. “Huh, so that’s what he can do.”

Ochaco stares in awe before shaking her head and helping the large turtle onto his feet. “What now?!”

Looking over to the psycho, Dr. Animo growls while his mutants group around him snarling. He jabs a finger at the offenders. “Get them!!” The mutants charge.

Ochaco and Izuku scream. “Run!!”
They both take off with Ochaco taking the lead seeing as Izuku is having a hard time running with his stubby legs. One of the mutant hamsters jumps onto Izuku’s back making him fall down face first. Izuku tucks his head in, his arms and legs begin to rotate again, and his entire body begins to hover off the ground. As they are lifted up the hamster loses its balance and falls off while unintentionally pushing the hovering Izuku forward.

“I can fly. Sweet. Hey Uraraka?”

Ochaco looks back while running. “Yeah, woah!”

Using his shell, Izuku pushes her onto his back. “Hang on.”

Izuku propels the two of them away as the mutants give chase. The morphed Izuku heads towards the main stretch of the mall.

Ochaco can’t help but smile at the sensation of flying. “This amazing, Midoriya!”

“Terraspin.”

“Excuse me?”

“Sorry, Terraspin is the new name for this form. What do you think?”

“I like it-AAAAH!!” Something big and feathery knocks Ochaco off Terraspin’s back.

A mutant cockatiel, that was patrolling the sky, spotted the two teens running away and had swooped down to intercept them. The cockatiel gives an earsplitting cry as it grabs Ochaco before taking off down the mall’s main open hall.

“Uraraka!”

Terraspin chases after them swiveling between pillars and indoor trees.

Ochaco wouldn’t be lying if she said she wasn’t scared out of her mind. Is this how it ends for her? No, it’s not! She has to become a hero for her parents! She won’t let some overgrown chicken get in the way of her dream.

Twisting her body, Ochaco presses her hands onto the bird’s leg hoping that the zero gravity will throw it off. It does, when the bird tries to make a turn to avoid Terraspin, it flaps its wings down but the force is so strong that it propels the bird towards the side where it crashes into the side of the second-floor wall. The impact is enough to drop Ochaco. Seeing the new development, Terraspin speeds up as Ochaco begins to fall.

Terraspin stops rotating, grabs Ochaco, and lands on his back sliding across the tile floor until coming to a stop. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I think so.”

“Roar!!!” A loud roar startled them as the hoard of mutants that’s been following them finally catches up.

“I got this!” Terraspin's arms straighten and his legs merge to form fan-like blades. The appendages begin to rotate and a current of wind hits the mutants at full force. But it’s not enough to deter them, they force themselves forward, pushing against the wind.

Ochaco frantically looks around looking for a solution. One comes to her. “Hold them off for as
Back at the cell tower, Henzu is hiding behind an electrical box. He watched as a flash of green light and Izuku’s horrible attempt at insults somehow manage to distract Dr. Animo. Dr. Animo then idiotically sends all of the mutants after Izuku and Ochaco, admittedly Henzu assumes that Izuku transformed back into his blue raptor form.

Henzu walks forward and leans against the electrical box, crossing his arms, and trying to look cool. “What’s up doc?”

Henzu’s question startles Dr. Animo who flails his arms about in surprise. “What?! Another one!?”

“All right doc.” Henzu grips his trusty wrench absorbing its matter and turning his skin into iron. “You ready to take your medicine?”

Dr. Animo growls but he soon transitions into a fit of maniacal laughter.

The teen is thoroughly confused. “What’s so funny?”

Dr. Animo wipes a tear from his eye. “You are. You see I’m not that kind of doctor. For you see I am a scientist! One that specializes in mutations and animal biology. Would you care to see my greatest experiment yet?” Dr. Animo excitedly rubs his hands together.

Henzu becomes very alarmed as the ground begins to shake and a loud growl can be heard as something big approaches.

“Meet my greatest creation!” Dr. Animo violently laughs as a monstrous being towers over the teen who struggles to keep his composure. And like the idiotic and campy villain he is he just has to add another villain trope into the mix. “And your doom.”

Back in the main hall of the mall, Ochaco is running around and pressing her hands onto anything that isn’t bolted down while Terraspin continues his whirlwind as the mutants inch their way closer and closer.

“Midoriya use these!”

Terraspin pops his head out of his shell, taking a look at all the tables, carts, stands, and trash cans floating in the air. “Oh, I get it.”

Terraspin flies back behind the floating items, the mutants take advantage and run forward. With Ochaco safely behind him, Terraspin renews his whirlwind launching the large objects at the terrifying creatures. With the objects moving quickly, Ochaco returns their weight making them the perfect blunt weapons. None of the mutants are able to avoid the attack with each of them getting smacked around, immobilized, or knocked away.

When there appears to be no risk of being attacked anymore, Terraspin stops the vortex and lands beside Ochaco. “Great plan. Although it was a little more destructive than I would’ve liked.” Terraspin sweat drops at the sight of the wreckage: garbage is lying everywhere, the floor is
partially torn up, the indoor trees are missing leaves, and of course mutant animals are lying about
the place.

Ochaco gives an awkward smile. “Oops. Well at least it worked.”

“It sure did. Now let’s head back hopefully Henzu was able to stop Dr. Animo.”

Without being told, Ochaco hops onto Terraspin’s back who immediately flies them back towards
the cell tower. Terraspin goes through the mall not flying higher than the third floor since there are
still some mutant birds patrolling the sky, although they seem to be engaged with flying based
heroes and police helicopters.

Now that the threat has passed, the teens make it back quickly, but they are in for a surprise.

Dr. Animo stands victorious, laughing with pride, the antennas on his head glowing red with flying
red sparks. But that is not what has the teens so scared but the monster standing beside him.

A three headed dog that looks like it was summoned from hell itself, a Cerberus. The hellhound is
about 20 feet tall, its fur is a mix of grey, black, and red with glowing red eyes and menacing
fangs.

And it’s using a metalized and banged up Henzu as a literal chew toy. Even with his skin made of
iron, Henzu can still feel the pain of the sharp giant fangs trying to pierce through his hide. The
head chewing on him tosses him up and the middle head snatches him by the foot. Henzu is in too
much pain to put up much of a struggle. He tried his best at fighting off the monster, but it was far
too strong for him. All he can do now is will himself to keep his quirk activated or risk being eaten
alive.

Dr. Animo continues to laugh while Ochaco and Terraspin are too stunned to even move. “Yes,
soon my ingenious plan will come to fruition! I will have full control over every single animal in
all of Kiyashi Ward. Just a few more minutes and I will have achieved greatness, hahaha!!”

Terraspin and Ochaco have the same reaction. ‘He gave everything away again.’

But what can they do? To be honest they’ve been really, and I mean, really lucky today. Seriously,
nothing they’ve done should have worked as well as they did. And now, they’re up against a giant
three-headed monster that managed to take out their best fighter. They have to do something, even
the insane doctor himself said that his plan is nearly complete.

They don’t get another minute to think up a plan before something big crashes right between the
opposing sides. Dust and a large gust force everyone to cover their faces and to brace themselves.
Dr. Animo, however, is frozen in time with a proud and ambitious expression on his face.

Something tall and made of metal moves within the dust cloud, its red insect-like eyes scan the
area before locking onto the symbol on Terraspin’s chest.

Terraspin instantly recognizes the newcomer. It’s another attack robot, its identical to the one that
attacked him less than a day ago. And like the last one, this one instantly draws its attention
towards him.

The robot lifts its insect-like leg, but it stops when a shout reverberates from below it.

“How dare you!?”

Dr. Animo is definitely not appreciating the interruption. “I will not let some government issued
toy interfere with my genius!! Destroy that abomination of science!!” The three headed dog
unceremoniously drops Henzu who bangs against an air conditioner unit. The Cerberus growls
before lunging at the robot, taking a bite out of its arm and ripping it off.

The robot’s eyes flash red as if to display how pissed off it is. In response a total of four hover
drones are ejected from the slots within its shoulders. The hover drones take aim and open fire
upon the Cerberus. The dog’s three heads bark and bite back in response, managing to bite down
on one of the drones that got a little too close.

With all the threats distracted Terraspin sees the perfect opportunity to get both Henzu and Dr.
Animo. “Quick, while they’re fighting. Let’s grab Henzu, the device, and scram.”

Ochaco rotates her head between the battle and Terraspin. “You sure?”

“Yeah, I mean, it’s not like it can get any worse.”

As if the universe itself was listening another attack robot smashes into the ground behind the two
teens.

The two shakily look up at the menacing figure. “Oh, never mind it just got worse… I’LL HOLD
IT OFF!!!”

Terraspin generates a powerful vortex and slightly pushes the robot back.

“Uraraka! Get Henzu!”

“On it!”

The chestnut-haired girl sprints towards the downed Henzu who after his fall reverted his skin
back into flesh. Not concerned with being seen Ochaco leaps and bounds over rubble and vents
before pressing a hand onto Henzu’s back making him float. She pulls him by the arm like a
balloon and away from the fight. Looking back, she sees that Terraspin is grappling with one of the
robots while the other robot is blasting lasers at the Cerberus’ faces, one of its heads managed to
take down one of the other hover drones. She stumbles as the ground shakes from the battle raging
behind her, but she manages to get Henzu and herself to a narrow hallway that looks like it leads to
several maintenance and tech rooms.

She leans Henzu against the wall and out of sight before exposing him to Earth’s gravity. She
finally takes a real look at him. He’s banged up, covered in scratches, and, ewe, is that saliva?

Henzu breathes heavily, looking up at Ochaco. “Where’s… Izuku?”

“Um, he’s there.”

Henzu struggles to move his head but when he does, he isn’t happy with what he sees. Even as a
transformed bipedal turtle, Henzu can recognize Izuku no matter how he looks, he just gives off a
certain air or aura that screams foolish dedication to heroes. But what’s really got him upset is that
not only was Izuku hiding a transformation quirk from him, but that he has more than one
transformation! What else is he hiding from him?! How long has he been hiding the truth?! How
many times has he lied to his face?!

Ochaco decided to check up on the situation. It’s not good. Shrapnel and pieces of the hover drones
are scattered across the battlefield; however, three other hover drones have joined the fight. They
probably arrived with the second attack robot; from the corner of her eye she notices that one of the
dog heads is chewing on a fourth drone. The first attack robot is wrestling with the mutant
hellhound as one of the heads tries to bite it, the robot blasts lasers from its eyes in response. Dr. Animo is crazily shouting orders at his mutant dog, he is very aware that he has lost all control over the situation. Finally, two drones are circling the second robot as it holds Terraspin down by the back of his shell. Luckily, Terraspin managed to take cover in his shell as the metal enemy fires lasers at his armored hide. But the heat of the lasers are slowly working through his tough exterior.

With Izuku in need of help, Ochaco doesn’t hesitate to run right into the fray. Her lack of hesitation should have been a clear mistake to her especially as a shower of lasers dance across her path. Jumping to the side Ochaco looks up to see the two other hover drones levitating over her head, their blasters aimed right at her.

Ochaco can’t look away as a threatening buzz of the blasters charging can be heard. ‘This is it? I’m going to die. I couldn’t save Midoriya or Uuichi…I won’t be able to give my parents the life they deserve.’

Ochaco closes her eyes, accepting her fate, but she would rather not like to see the end coming.

A rumbling can be heard in the distance, at first it is soft, a mere whisper, but it grows increasingly louder. So much so that all parties slowly freeze in place, their caution taking hold as they try to identify the source. And in less than a second a powerful gust of wind zooms seemingly out of nowhere smashing into two hover drones, knocks back the attack drone, and grabs Terraspin.

Ochaco covers her eyes from the wind and dust but looking up she can’t help but stare in awe of the figure posing above her.

“I AM HERE!”

Everybody, even the mutant hound, shouts at the top of their lungs in astonishment. “All Might!!!!”

Henzu is the only to remain silent, frowning.

“Yes, it is I, All Might!” The Number One hero, in his full glory and costume, stands tall with his immortal smile as he holds Terraspin up in the air.

After seeing the news feed, All Might had Tsukauchi drop him off nearby. As they were approaching the mall, they spotted two large objects falling seemingly from the sky and into the far end of the mall as well as destroying the cell tower. Assuming that’s where the villain is, All Might charged right past the mutant animals that were blocking off the area, and straight to where the cell tower is located.

All Might looks like the Greek hero Atlas as he holds a tucked up Terraspin up over his head like a glorified trophy. All Might smiles down at the amazed girl. “Fear not young lady. I shall save you from these monsters and machines.”

Terraspin’s eyes popout from his shell ‘Wait, monsters? He doesn’t think that I’m a mutant, too, does he?’

Before he can say something, All Might throws him like he’s a giant frisbee right at the enemies. Izuku can feel his shell spinning through the air before slamming through a robot, completely destroying it. All Might must have watched those old Marvel movies because like Captain America’s shield Terraspin ricochets off the wall before slamming into the Cerberus pushing it back, and then the alien turtle crashes into the last robot smashing it to bits.
Terraspin finally pops out of his shell, his head spinning, and his ears are ringing. “Ah, I think I’m going to barf, bleh.”

A shadow falls over him. The Cerberus’s heads growl in unison at the offending turtle.

Terraspin flails his arms about in an attempt to pick himself up. “Aaahh!!”

“DETROIT!” All Might’s voice gains their attention. “SMASH!” The Symbol of Peace’s fist collides with the side of the beast’s face, the powerful blow dominoes to all three heads, and the force of the impact launches the Cerberus right at the cell tower.

The mutant dog wails as it crashes into the metal exterior, breaking wires, cables, and the base of the tower. Red sparks immediately fly out and fry the hound making it howl in pain before passing out. The red sparks however travel upward to the top of the tower where they violently discharge and dissipate.

Dr. Animo watches in horror as his plan goes up in smoke. “No. No! NO!!” Dr. Animo scowls at the Number One Hero. “How could you?! Do you have any idea what you’ve done?!”

“OF COURSE, I DO.” All Might seemingly teleports in front of the villain. Before Dr. Animo could even process what happened, All Might grabs him by the collar and lifts him up to eye level. “I SAVED THE DAY.” All Might grabs the device on the doctor’s head and rips it off.

The transmodulator bounces off the ground, an antenna breaks off from the helmet, and red sparks violently fly out before the device falls silent and the red glow from the antennas die out.

“NO!!” As Dr. Animo falls into despair red sparks begin to emanate from the mutant dog and from what they can see in the sky so do the mutant birds flying the perimeter. They can’t see it but all the mutants across the mall are having the same reaction. They all watch as the Cerberus begins to shrink and split apart become three small puppies.

It appears that the mutations must cause some major regeneration to occur since the three puppies immediately wake up and begin playing around like nothing ever happened, their fur aren’t even messed up.

Ochaco holds her face, infatuation written all over her features. “Awe, so cute!” She runs over and scoops up the little darlings who happily wag their tiny tails and lick her face with affection making Ochaco giggle.

Everyone watches in slight confusion.

Dr. Animo struggles waving his fists about. “Curse you, All Might!” He attempts to punch All Might, but he clearly has never thrown a proper punch in his life. “You’ll regret this!”

All Might literally laughs in the face of evil, or in this case Dr. Animo, before cuffing him and dropping him to the ground. “STAY PUT I WOULDN’T LIKE TO HURT AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN SUCH AS YOURSELF.”

“How you calling old?! You’re only-”

All Might chops Dr. Animo behind the head knocking him out cold. “HAHA, THAT’S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU.”

All Might finally notices something; that large turtle never transformed back… Oh, no.
Terraspin is backup on his feet rubbing his head in pain. Terraspin flinches slightly as All Might approaches him, sweat dripping rapidly down his face. “Oh, uh, uh, uh, hi…” Terraspin cowers in fear. “Please don’t hurt me!!”

Despite his giant grin a hint of shame can be expressed on All Might’s face. “MY APOLOGIES PLEASE I BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS.”

“For what?”

“FOR TREATING YOU AS A VILLAIN. WITH ALL THE DIFFERENT MONSTERS RUNNING AROUND I JUST ASSUMED YOU WERE ONE OF THEM.”

Well technically All Might was correct, but that assumption still hurts. “It’s okay. I…get it. There’s no need to apologize. Besides” Terraspin knocks his flipper against his shell. “I’m pretty durable.”

“THANK YOU. HOWEVER, I DEEPLY REGRET MY ACTIONS. SO PLEASE LET ME MAKE UP FOR IT SOMEHOW.”

“Oh, uh, there’s no need for that.”

“YOU TRULY HAVE A HEROIC SPIRIT. BUT PLEASE IF THERE IS ANYTHING, I COULD DO FOR YOU JUST SAY THE WORD.”

All Might’s eyes shift down examining the bipedal turtle before landing on the green hourglass-symbol upon the creature’s chest. Something seems familiar about the symbol. Where has he seen it before? Perhaps at the store? On a sign? Maybe a commercial? “PARDON ME, BUT THAT SYMBOL ON YOUR CHEST. WHAT IS IT EXACTLY?”

Terraspin begins to panic on the inside. “I-it’s a, um, a-”

A voice calls out to them. “Ha, there you all are!”

A hero in a spacesuit getup is jogging over to them waving.

Ochaco instantly lights up in excitement. “Oh my gosh it’s Thirteen!”

“AH, THIRTEEN. GOOD TO SEE YOU.”

Thirteen finally makes it to the group, they’re slightly out of breath. “Same, but we do have a problem.”

Terraspin tilts his head slightly. “What’s that?”

Thirteen deadpans. “You broke the law.” For a split-second Thirteen’s eyes emit a terrifying and threatening leer at the transformed Izuku. “Both of you,” He gestures to Ochaco, who finally released the furballs. “took partook in illegal quirk use.”

Terraspin’s stomach drops. ‘How could I forget my promise?! Please forgive me!!’

Ochaco blanches. ‘This really is the end for me. There’s no way U.A. will accept me now.’

“THERE’S NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THAT.”

The teens whitened faces regain their color. “Huh?”
“I’LL COVER FOR YOU, I’LL TAKE RESPONSIBILITY. PLUS, I HAVE A TRUSTED FRIEND IN THE POLICE FORCE THAT CAN HELP COVER THIS UP. DON’T WORRY HE CAN KEEP A SECRET, HEH.”

Thirteen considers the suggestion, they are still pretty upset thou. “Hmm, alright. That works for me. I would hate to ruin future opportunities for them.”

Terraspin clasps his flippers together as if praying and tears of joy stream down his face. ‘Thank you All Might. And thank you for forgiving me, Thirteen.’

Thirteen places a hand onto Terraspin’s back as they start to lead him away. “I’ll lead them out to safety.” The rescue hero waves back at All Might. “You distract the other pro heroes and the media. No doubt they’re swarming the place as we speak.”

“RIGHT, I’M ON IT. FAREWELL YOU TWO, BUT BEFORE WE DEPART CAN I AT LEAST GET THE NAMES OF TODAY’S REAL HEROES?”

With amazement still glues to her face the chestnut-haired girl answers first. “I’m Ochaco Uraraka.”

“And I’m…” For some reason Izuku’s mind flashes back to his conversation he had with All Might from a month ago and the despair he felt afterwards. He also remembers that he told All Might that he was quirkless! How is he supposed to explain his sudden quirk?! Shit he’s been waiting for too long. How should he respond? His mouth seems to come up with a response for him. “Deku… I’m Deku.”

Ochaco and Thirteen are rightfully confused but they choose not to say anything; one out of respect for Izuku’s wishes, while the other assumes that Izuku is trying to keep his “quirk” and himself undercover.

Thirteen’s eyes tell Terraspin that they expect an explanation later.

All Might raises an eyebrow finding the name a bit odd, but he doesn’t comment on it. “THANK YOU FOR INDULGING ME.” All Might notices that Dr. Animo is stirring from his position on the ground. The hero throws the villain over his shoulder. “NOW IF YOU EXCUSE ME I HAVE SOMEWHERE TO BE!”

And with that All Might disappears in a gust of wind.

The three left behind have that same reaction. ‘There he goes.’

Thirteen claps their hands together. “Anyway, let’s get you two out of here.”

Terraspin remembers something very important. “Wait, our friend is here, too! He got really banged up during the fight!”

Thirteen silently fumes in exasperation. “Where are they?”

Ochaco waves them over to the hallway where she hide Henzu in. “He’s over here, follow me.”

They are in for a surprise when they arrive.

Ochaco holds her head in alarm. “Where’d he go?!”

Indeed, Henzu is no longer present near the emergency exit. Quickly scanning the area, they
confirm that he is no longer in the mall.

“I can call him.” Terraspin pulls out his cell phone.

Ochaco’s eyes widen in wonder. ‘Where was he keeping that?’

Terraspin fumbles with the phone before accidently dropping it. He leans forward to grab it, but his fins just can’t seem to grip the tiny object. “Curse these giant flippers!”

After what seems like forever, the watch finally times out and in a flash of red Izuku turns back to normal. Izuku grabs his face to confirm it, sighing in relief, he bends down, and finally snags his phone off the ground.

Thirteen’s eyes widen, trying to act like they’re amazed. “Ah, you must have a transformation type quirk.”

While dialing Henzu, Izuku gives his mentor an odd look. Thirteen returns the silent inquiry with an expression that says: act like we don’t know each other.

Izuku catches on. “Oh, uh, right. I-I mean, yes.”

Izuku lifts the phone up to his ear, but the call goes straight to voicemail. “He’s not answering.” But when he thinks about it. It makes sense that he would bail, after all he’s been arrested a few times already. Plus, Izuku has seen him take some real beatings before, he’ll bounce back quickly. “He should be fine though.”

Thirteen doesn’t look too sure. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I can check up on him in person if need be.”

“Okay, anyway I need your names and some basic info.”

Ochaco and Izuku visibly tense up.

“Don’t worry. It’s just so we can properly cover this up.”

Izuku continues the act. “Oh, um, I’m Izuku Midoriya.”

Izuku looks to his accomplice. “Ochaco Uraraka.”

“A pleasure to meet you both. Now let’s get you both home before your parents worry. But before that I’d like to take you both to the hospital, don’t worry I’ll cover all the expenses.”

The teen bow in gratitude. “Thank you for everything.”

And with that said the three sneak their way through the emergency exit and towards Thirteen’s car. A detective by the name of Naomasa Tsukauchi intercepts them and he explains that All Might has already filled him in on the situation. He does admit that he doesn't fully approve of it, but he ultimately sees no issue with it considering the circumstances. He also takes the time to thank the teens for putting their lives on the line. The two adults then lead the teens to Thirteen’s car acting like they were victims that got caught in the attack as to not draw suspicion. Tsukauchi waves them off as they drive away.

The hospital is relatively close by, even so traffic seems to have built up thanks to the attack. “Hey, Midoriya.”
With the adrenaline out of his system, Izuku reverts back into his old shy self now realizing that a real girl is seeking conversation with him. He shifts in his seat so he can face Ochaco. “Y-yeah?”

Ochaco gives him a kind smile one that’s full of respect. “Thank you.”

“For what?”

Ochaco runs a hand through her hair, her finger plays with one of her bangs. “You were really inspiring. You encouraged me to be a hero today. I don’t think I could have done what I did without you there with me.”

“Oh, well, I, um, thanks for supporting me as well.” Izuku looks away trying to hide his furiously blushing face. It finally hits him that not only is he talking to a girl but that he’s been interacting with her, working with her, even physically coming into contact with her all throughout the day. It’s too much to take in. But it all happened so fast, he wasn’t even thinking when she climbed onto his back, or when he decided to pick her up and get her to safety.

Ochaco’s voice brings him out of it. “Can I get your number?”

“Huh?!”

“Well, you said you wanted to get into U.A. earlier. You know before…this all happened. And I think it would be great if we continued to support each other.”

He did mention that, earlier didn’t he? The greenette doesn’t take long to think about it. Having another friend would be nice, especially one that won’t drag you into trouble might be a nice change in pace. Wait, didn’t he do that to her? “Yeah. I’d like that.”

With a smile, Ochaco holds her hand out for his phone. Izuku obliges her, handing it over. She immediately types in her contact info.

Ochaco hands it back. “By the way can I call you Deku?”

“Wha?”

“Oh, well, it’s what you told All Might to call you. Is it a nickname?”

Izuku’s nerves shoot up. “N-no, not exactly. I-it’s actually an insult.”

“What? That’s so weird. I mean, Deku sounds like it gives off a ‘you can do it’ vibe. So, I kinda like it.”

A blushing and a highly strung Izuku stiffens. “You can call me Deku!”

Thirteen chuckles from the driver's seat.

The teens freeze up, they totally forgot that the hero was even there.

“Oh, don’t mind me you two. Just pretend that I’m not here.” Thirteen laughs, amused by their antics, and by the blushes that now adorn their faces. Moments like these are what makes being a teacher worthwhile: the opportunity to embarrass teenagers.

Within a dark and garbage ridden alley, a dark-haired teen limps by with an angry scowl. Henzu has definitely looked better, but he can’t really complain. When All Might arrived, he took that as a
sign to hightail it out of there. He has no desire to be arrested, usually he’d feel pretty bad about leaving Izuku behind to fend for himself, but that anger and betrayal he feels about being lied to stops him from even thinking about it.

What really set him off is when All Might so casually proclaimed that he’ll take responsibility for their actions. Or as how Henzu sees it, All Might wants all the glory for himself. The Number One hero himself is going for an easy win that he didn’t earn, and he’s going to lie about it to the masses, for more fame and glory. Fuck that!

Luckily, sneaking out of the mall wasn’t too difficult. The exit he used was near the back of the mall and most of the crowds had gathered near the front of the mall as to get a better view. Henzu limped away until exhaustion hit him, leaning against the wall of the alleyway, he collapses to the ground.

Henzu snarls, absolutely pissed with this whole fucking situation. ‘Damn, these heroes. And damn, you Deku...’

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

An armored police transport is making its way towards Tartarus prison. From within the holding cell Dr. Animo sits alone, cuffed, and soundly beaten.

“Curse those meddling kids! Curse that teenage mutant turtle! Curse you All Might!! Nobody, nobody understands the true genius, the epiphany of brilliance, that is Dr. Animo!”

A calm yet shadowy voice whispers. “I beg to differ.”

Dr. Animo frantically looks about the cabin. “What? Who’s there?”

A wisp of black smoke swirls over Dr. Animo’s head.

The pale green man stares up in both awe and fear as the shadowy voice whispers its answer. “Someone that can appreciate your...genius.”

And without a sound the swirling mass expands, engulfing the mad doctor.

Chapter End Notes

Yay, it's done! Man this took me nearly 2 weeks to finish, Ch.4 and Ch.5 were over 50 pages combined! (I wrote them as one chapter originally and then split it in half). It's also why the ending might seem a bit...rushed at times, I just really needed to finish this. Anyway please leave a review and again have a Happy Holidays!

*So I want to apologize and point out a mistake. After I had finished writing this chapter did I realize that I went over Izuku's ten minute time limit. I had him in his Terraspin form for way too long, oops. I will do better with that next time, promise. That said I hope you still enjoyed the screen time Terraspin had.

*I also apologize for not showing off more Omnitrix aliens, that said I hope Ch.6 will make up for it.

*During fights, I want Izuku to be spitting out one-liners and quips as he fights, but I rather have him develop that habit as the story goes. So, for now his attempts at
taunting will be mediocre at best.

*I have exciting plans for most of these characters that appeared during this chapter: Ochaco, Henzu, Dr. Animo, All Might, etc. Some of these plans will begin to play out within the next couple of chapters, but others may take a little longer until you see them play out.

*Also, we are getting really close to all the U.A. stuff so please be patient with me. After these next few chapters I will begin the U.A. Entrance Exam, and then the story really kicks off.

*Finally, I will post Ch.6 by next week. This way I can try to get ahead in some of my writing.
Rebel Without a Cause

Chapter Summary

Izuku works somethings out with his best friend, Henzu Uuichi, but not everything can be resolved peacefully.

Chapter Notes

Happy New Year!!! To commemorate the start of 2020 I made this chapter a longer one than usual. Warning thou, I tried to make this chapter a bit more emotionally driven, but I still got a lot of alien action in. So, please enjoy.

Important notice in Author's Note at the end of the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s early in the morning, the sun having just barely risen less than an hour ago giving the sky a beautiful hue of colors and producing a tranquil atmosphere. But a loud clang of metal disrupts this atmosphere as a stream of highly pressurized water blasts apart a trash heap. Scraps of metal and garbage are thrown across a beach splashing into puddles of water while a red, mollusk-like humanoid with green eyes blasts water out from their palms.

“I gotta admit Water Hazard is pretty nifty.” Water Hazard blasts a rusted car, the blast sends bits of trash and broken car pieces into the air. Seeing an opportunity Water Hazard quickly fires out another stream of water, propelling the debris away. “Ha, this is actually kinda fun.”

“It’s NOT supposed to be fun!!”

The transformed Izuku stumbles in place. Watching or more like glaring at him is a steaming Thirteen. The pro hero is rightly pissed about Izuku’s stupid stunt at the mall a few days ago. That said on one hand, the mentor side of Thirteen couldn’t be prouder, but the professional and more responsible side of the hero overrides most of that feeling and replaces it with righteous fury and disappointment.

As a result, Thirteen has been working Izuku’s butt off this entire week during training sessions. So much so that Izuku has passed out on his bed whenever he gets home afterward. His mom actually had to shake him awake in order to feed him dinner and get him to bathe.

However, through all of this, Izuku doesn’t peep a word of complaint. He does have to face the consequences of his actions, if only those consequences didn’t spread to school as well. The attack on the mall or better known as the “Mutant Siege” is the only thing anyone seems to be able to talk about. The media is blowing it up with praises of All Might for his victory against Dr. Animo and his evil army of monsters.

Speaking of the quack, the police are under fire for losing the villain that managed to organize a terrorist attack while holding off the heroes. The police transport vehicle arrived at its destination,
but they were in for a shock when they had no prisoner and no trace of where he went. Of course, the media swarmed upon them like flies on a corpse demanding to know how and why the police could let this happen.

And of course, Izuku’s classmates just have to give their opinions on both matters. Most aren’t really concerned with Dr. Animo’s disappearance. Instead they can’t help but find the monsters cool and obviously All Might is always the highlight of any conversation.

All the chatter around the two just hammer on Izuku’s conscious, afterall he did get a good scolding from Thirteen afterwards because of the villain. But what really has him bothered is Henzu. While he was getting checked over at the hospital, Henzu finally texted him back saying that he was fine but would rather be left alone for a while. Figuring that he would get a chance to talk to him at school, Izuku shrugged it off as nothing to worry about. It’s been five days and Izuku’s nerves of guilt and worry can’t seem to leave him be. Apparently Henzu skipped school on Monday and Tuesday and then on Wednesday he outright avoided Izuku. That move alone made Izuku feel absolutely shitty. In fact, he spent all of Wednesday chasing after his friend, but to no avail. Henzu actually ended up ditching class halfway through the day just to get out of interacting with his liar of a best friend.

“Don’t just stand there. Keep it up!”

Water Hazard snaps out of his musing, but since he’s not paying attention, with his hands down he accidently releases a blast of water downward causing water, sand, and a bit of trash so shoot back up at his face. “Ah, sand in my eyes!”

Izuku furiously rubs his eyes until he remembers that he’s a living water gun before firing water at his face. The blast is a bit too strong and it actually knocks him backward.

Thirteen watches blankly shaking their head as Water Hazard splashes himself in the face. Sighing the hero pinches the center of their helmet where their nose would be. “Alright, let’s take a quick break.”

With a heavy sigh, Water Hazard unceremoniously falls back onto his rear accepting the order. He could keep going, but he’s just not really feeling up to it. This predicament with Henzu is really weighing on him, the guilt just won’t go away. Afterall he lied to his face, Henzu probably thinks that he’s been lying to him since they met 4 years back. There’s got to be some way to make it up to him or at least to explain himself.

Water Hazard falls back on the beach grabbing his forehead. ‘Maybe I should tell him the full truth: the watch, the Plumbers, the aliens? NO!!! Bad idea, I promised Thirteen that I wouldn’t tell a soul. Heck, I haven’t even told my mom. Well I mean I did sorta mention my new “quirk” to her, but that’s it I swear!’ By that he means he told her about developing a quirk late in life.

Thirteen can’t help but find the alien flailing in the sand a bit odd. Sensing that something else is bothering their young protégé. “Hey, are you feeling up to this today?”

Water Hazard springs up, sitting up straight. “Wha?! Of course, I am!”

Thirteen isn’t convinced. “No. You’re not.”

It almost seems like the watch agrees with Thirteen because it coincidentally times out then and there. Rather than argue Izuku blinks before slouching down in silent defeat seeing no point in
Thirteen takes a knee trying to be at eye level with the youth. “You want to tell me what’s bothering you?”

Izuku glances away, as if in deep thought, though he probably doesn’t know what to say.

“Midoriya.”

Izuku doesn’t turn to look.

Understanding that Izuku’s not going to participate in the conversation, positions themselves as to appear a bit more relaxed but still holding their attention on the boy. “I understand if you don’t want to say anything to me, but it’s not good for you to keep your feelings pent up.” Izuku’s head turns slightly. “Whatever’s bothering you, you need to confront it, say what’s on your mind, do what you have to, do what feels right. Okay?”

Izuku nods, accepting the advice. “Okay.”

Thirteen nods. “Good.” Thirteen pushes themselves off the ground. “let’s call it early today. Why don’t you get ready for school in the meantime?”

Izuku doesn’t respond, allowing the soft breeze of the ocean to calm him but yet one can tell that he’s uncomfortable, not because of the soft wet sand he’s sitting on but from something internal.

Assuming that they won’t get an answer Thirteen turns to leave.

“Thirteen.” Thirteen turns and is greeted by a pair of emerald eyes staring back at them. “Thank you. For everything.”

Thirteen smiles, and even if it’s behind their helmet, Izuku can sense that they’re smiling. “You’re welcome. Just keep at it, the Entrance Exam will be here before you know it.”

Izuku raises his left fist and gives his mentor a curt nod. “Right.”

And with that Thirteen turns to make their commute to U.A. ‘This boy has a lot of growing to do. Not just with his skills but mentally and emotionally as well…I can only imagine what he’ll become.’ Thirteen looks up at the awakening sky with a faraway look in their eyes as they reminisce about the past. There are still some stars lingering above, not yet having been outshone by the sun. ‘He’s just like you, senpai.’

As Thirteen heads off for work, Izuku takes a minute to think about his options. ‘I need to confront whatever’s bothering me…’ Maybe he should tell Henzu? Afterall Henzu’s been nothing but honest with him even when telling him to give up his dream, he does it not out of spite or prejudice, but because he cares. And it’s an insult that he’s not as honest in return. He has to make this right. He will make this right!

‘Today. After school, I’m going to tell him all about the watch. Sorry, Thirteen I know I shouldn’t, but I have to.’

Izuku is back on his feet, watching the sunrise make a full appearance in the horizon. ‘I’ll make this right. I promise Henzu.’

Izuku takes off for home so he can take a quick shower and get some food in his system. ‘Um, maybe I shouldn’t mention Thirteen and the Plumbers…I mean it’s not lying if I don’t say
Izuku is practically shaking with anticipation watching the hands on the clock tease his freedom from the classroom. It’s been a painstakingly slow day, so much so that Izuku’s nerves and mumbling has disrupted the class several times throughout the day. Usually resulting in him getting embarrassed, mocked, and/or laughed at by his classmates. Thankfully the one advantage of the slowly paced day was that it gave the nervous wreck of a teen time to think of the best way to tell Henzu about the watch.

Izuku was hugging his backpack ready to just spring out of his desk and make a run for it. If he’s not on top of this, he’ll miss his opportunity. He already knows that Henzu will try to be the first one out of his class, so he’s got to be there immediately.

Finally, after hours of anticipation the bell rings and Izuku doesn’t waste a second. He practically jumps out of his seat, nearly toppling his chair, and sprints the hell out of there. His classmates blink in confusion but don’t pay it any mind, assuming the quirkless weirdo is just being his normal odd self.

Bakugou glares at the door having just watched Izuku book the hell out of there. He tsks figuring it’s not worth his time to chase the nerd down. But a small nagging part of him can’t help but feel the urge to find the useless prick and get some info from him. Don’t think that he hasn’t noticed the subtle changes in Deku: he’s been more confident, not breaking down into a ball of nerves as often, he even looks to be in better health these days. There’s got to be a reason for that right? No way the nerd is doing some kind of training for U.A. That thought alone nearly makes Bakugou laugh out loud. ‘Besides even if he trains his body, there’s no way U.A. will accept a useless fuck like him. Ha.’

Izuku arrives at Henzu’s classroom, Class 3-E, just after the students started to leave for the day. There amongst the crowd Izuku can see his friend’s black-hair as he attempts to leave in the opposite direction. Not caring about the others in his way Izuku pushes and budges his way through, throwing out a few apologies here and there.

“Henzu!”

“Henzu!”

‘Dammit.’ It looks like he’ll have to go there. “Henchan!”

Henzu instantly spins around, looking very annoyed. “I told you not to call me that!” The scope of what he did hits him. “Fuck.”

Izuku can’t help but chuckle, calling him “Henchan” never fails to get a reaction. “Henzu. I have some explaining to do.”

Henzu rubs his neck, trying to act annoyed while not making eye contact. “Yeah. Let’s talk somewhere else though.” Henzu eyes dart to his classmates who are sidestepping around them. “Too many ears here.”

Henzu turns and leads Izuku away to a staircase that leads up to the roof.
Once there, the two teens stand opposite of each other with a fair distance between them.

They remain like that for several minutes, while Izuku is literally twiddling his thumbs unsure on how to start. “I, um, I guess I should start with that I’m sorry.”

Henizu doesn’t respond and Izuku can’t gauge his reaction thanks to his black-hair covering his eyes.

Unsure how to continue, and his nerves starting to rise up within him, Izuku figures that he’s got to power through this. “I’m sorry I kept this from you. I’m sorry that lied to you.” He takes a breath, making sure he says all the right things. “And I know that I hurt you by hiding the truth I should have told you right away.”

“Yeah, you should have.”

The response throws Izuku off but he shakily continues. “R-right. And well I want to make amends and do what I should have done from the start.” He’s going to go through with this. Izuku fearfully raises his left hand, displaying the alien watch. “You see this…watch?”

“Hard not to.” Henizu glares at the watch as if it personally offended him. “Let me guess you lied about where you got it.”

“Y-yeah. Sorry. But, um, it’s the reason…” Izuku stops, his breathing is shaky, and his body is trembling in worry.

Henizu is clearly losing patience. “The reason?”

Izuku takes a deep breath, now is the time for the truth. “The reason why I have a…quirk.”

Henizu blinks in confusion.

“Truth is…I have always been quirkless.”

“Phft, no you’re not.” Henzu laughs but it quickly dies down to that of a growl. “Dammit, Izuku. I thought you were done with the lies.”

“I am! Just-just let me finish. Alright?”

Henizu tsks. “Fine.”

“About a month ago, after school, I went to Dagobah Beach where I found this sphere, this pod, and inside was this watch.” He taps the watch making sure Henzu is following along. “When I reached in to grab it…it latched itself onto me.” He rotates the watch to show that there’s no clear way to remove it. “And I can’t seem to find a way to take it off.”

‘Not that I want to.’ Izuku thinks briefly. “Anyway, this watch. After I found it, I discovered what it can do. While fiddling with it I activated it and it gave me a quirk…” Izuku makes air quotes when he says quirk. “or quirks if you will.”

Izuku pauses to allow the teen a moment to process the information.

“Wait, are you saying that that watch is the reason why you can transform?” Henzu asks in disbelief.

“Yeah, I know just bear with me.”
Henzu’s eyes narrow, but he nods giving Izuku permission to continue.

Izuku has to choose his next words carefully. After a moment to think he figures that he’s blown his friend’s mind enough and he won’t mention anything space or alien related. “Anyway, I have no idea where it came from or who made it. All I know is what it can do.” He silently begs Henzu for forgiveness, since he once again is omitting some info.

“And that is?”

“It can transform me into nine different forms such as the ones you saw last weekend.”

Henzu’s mind is going at hundred miles per hour as all these new revelations circle through his head. A few memories standout in his mind. “Wait, a month ago? Was that the same day-”

“As the Sludge Villain attack? Yeah.”

“By chance, that hero with the black skin and tentacles was that was you?” Henzu makes hand gestures as to mimic having tendrils on his head and rear.

Izuku, although still nervous, stands a bit straighter feeling somewhat proud. “Yup, and just for the record that form is called Feedback.” he smiles, proud of the name.

“That’s a stupid name.”

Izuku falls over feeling dejected.

Henzu eyes the watch, but now that he understands the full implications of the item, he needs to see it in action. “Show me.”

“Huh?”

“Show me what you can do.”

“Oh, um, not here.”

Feeling a little more confident now, Izuku takes Henzu to his favorite (and only) training site, Dagobah Beach. Once there Izuku doesn’t waste a second, he’s too afraid that if he does, he’ll break into a wobbling nervous wreck, and he transforms into an alien. After a few moments of Izuku demonstrating his form both Henzu and him are laughing their asses off.

“FOUR!!! … Arms, hehe.” Four Arms swings a large heavy pipe right into a microwave like a golfer, sending it flying high into the sky before it curves and crashes down into the ocean.

Henzu is clapping his hands together laughing with joy as he nearly falls from his seat atop of a refrigerator. “Oh, oh, oh, man!”

Izuku cannot describe how happy he is with how Henzu is taking this. Feeling so overjoyed he swings the pipe right into a junk pile blasting the garbage away like a burst of confetti.

“Woah-ho, now that is cool!”

“I know right?” Four Arms drops the pipe. “Check this out.” He falls to the ground, catching himself. With a cocky grin the alien starts doing pushups after every push he removes one appendage until he’s using one hand. “Look, one hand.”

Henzu is in such a good mood that he doesn’t bother calling Izuku out on the lame joke instead he
laughs along.

For the next ten minutes or so the two friends take time to make up for lost time. At one point, Henzu absorbs some nearby iron and he lets Four Arms to chuck pieces of scrap metal at him, Henzu in return punches the projectiles breaking them into smaller pieces. Later Henzu, still encased in iron, allows Four Arms to use him like a bat to smash at various appliances: washing machines, fridges, and even a few cars. The two teens are laughing like idiots the entire time as they enjoy their stupidly violent fun. Eventually though Izuku returns to normal and while he finds a comfy spot in the sand, Henzu goes off and comes back with sodas from a nearby convenience store.

The rugged teen returns after a few short minutes. Henzu lazily falls back onto the sand next to Izuku, handing his friend a soda can. “I gotta admit, but that watch was a pretty great find.”

Izuku takes the soda. “Thanks. And I couldn’t agree more.”

The two take a moment to enjoy their fizzy soft drinks as they watch the beautiful horizon. Izuku hasn’t been this happy in a while now, finally he can share this amazing secret with someone, and not just anyone but with his best friend. Maybe he can talk Thirteen about letting Henzu in on the Plumbers and alien stuff, too. That’d be fantastic just imagine them teaming up to fight aliens, robots, and mad scientists! Oh, wait they already did that.

Henzu is also having some fond thoughts: just imagine what they can do with this…wait why think about it? He grins mischievously finishing his soda.

“Hey, Izuku.”

Izuku takes a gulp of his drink. “Yeah?”

“Have you registered the watch-er your…quirk yet?”

Izuku can’t help but feel a little embarrassed that he forgot to do that exact thing. “Oh, um, no not yet.” He was going to wait until he had a good handle on each of his abilities.

“Is that so?” Henzu’s smile turns wicked as he crushes his empty soda can. “Let’s take advantage of that and have some fun.”

“Wha-What?!” Izuku’s eyes practically pop out of their sockets.

“Oh, come on.” Henzu stands up tossing the can to the side. “Let’s go make some trou-…fun, let’s go have some fun. I mean it’s not like you’ll get caught.”

“Wha-What a-are you saying?”

“Let’s ditch this literal dump and continue our reunion! It’ll be great, it’ll be you, me…and possibly the cops.” He throws in the last part as an afterthought.

“What?!”

Not acknowledging the greenette, Henzu continues. “Come on, Izuku! You already bailed on me once before.” For a moment, Henzu’s eyes glaze over with spite. He gestures at his wrist, Izuku understands that he’s indicating to the watch. Izuku’s shoulders slump as guilt once again overcomes him. “Just go along with this. Just, think of it as you making it up to me.”

Izuku is thrown for a loop. On one hand he still feels guilty and thus he has to do more to make up
for his mistake. On the other, this can turn out really badly for him in the end. But he owes him, he’s done so much for him, he has an obligation to make amends.

Henzu’s smirk widens. “So, what do you say?”

“I… I guess it wouldn’t hurt.”

Henzu ecstatically claps his hands together in victory. “My man!”

That doesn’t make Izuku feel better in anyway. ‘Something tells me that I’m going to regret this…’

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“Henzu, why are we here?”

The two teens currently find themselves within the confines of a local grocery store hidden by the freezer section. There’s nothing too spectacular about the store, it’s perfectly normal with no signs of trouble. The only things out of place are them amongst the small crowd of shoppers bustling across the various aisles.

Henzu is leaning against the wall with his arms crossed. “Relax man, don’t worry about it.” He pushes himself off the wall and slings an arm over Izuku’s shoulders. “Just do as I tell ya and it will all workout.”

Somehow that only makes Izuku feel worse. The blood is gone from his face, and tears threaten to leak out. Something’s not right here, Izuku’s been dragged into Henzu’s…schemes before and none of them ended well. Sure, nothing too terrible took place, but it was always murder on his spirit.

Henzu releases the nerved racked Izuku, clapping his hands together. “Alright, first order of business. Go ahead and transform!”

Sighing in submission Izuku activates the watch and transforms. Luckily their location is secluded enough that no one notices the flash of green light.

The morphed Izuku lightly knocks his red shell. “I call this guy Water Hazard.”

Henzu’s smile widens. “Cool, so I assume he works with water.”

Water Hazard nods. “You guessed it; in this form I can fire out high pressurized water from my palms.”

Henzu’s eyes flash with opportunity. “Really? Alright, go ahead and spray the floor.” He gestures towards the freezer aisle.

Water Hazard tilts to the side; why the hell would he do that? “Spray the floor?”

“Yeah, give it a good wash.” Henzu slaps Water Hazard’s back, shoving him forward.

Izuku takes note of how the slap didn’t hurt him, thanks to his exoskeleton.

Anyway, Water Hazard shrugs. “Um, okay, not sure what the purpose is, but okay.”

He walks forward, before squatting down, and placing both hands onto the floor. Water Hazard looks back up at Henzu, silently asking if this is okay. To which Henzu silently replies with a confident yes.
Taking a deep breath, Water Hazard releases a stream of water against the floor. The pressure is low enough not to make too much noise but high enough that a large puddle of water starts to flow through the aisle.

When a good layer of water has spread across the tile, Izuku cuts off the flow of water. “Now what?”

Henzu laughs to himself. “Now we wait.”

‘Wait? Wait for what exactly?’

Izuku would soon get his answer. A group of shoppers obliviously march through the soaked aisle and the result is immediate. The shoppers begin to slip, fall, and crash into the hard-wet floor. Their carts are flung forward causing them to crash into shelves and/or each other spilling their contents of food products across the aisle. It’s a huge mess and the screams and yelps of the victimized shoppers just add to the total chaos especially as employees of the store run over to check the situation only to end up slipping across the tile themselves.

All the while Henzu is laughing his ass off. He’s brought to tears and his gut is hurting from how hard he’s laughing. “Ha, this is great! Hilarious! Hahahahaha! Look at them all! Hahahaha!”

Meanwhile, Water Hazard’s reaction couldn’t be more different to his companion’s. ‘This is awful! Those poor people, I have to help th-’ Just as he’s about to move a strong hand pushes down on his shoulder.

Turning around, Water Hazard stares up at a smirking Henzu; who somehow was able to recover quickly from his laughing hysteria.

“Just relax, man.”

“But Henzu-”

“Seriously dude, it’s alright. It’s not like we’re committing a crime.”

“But-”

“Come on, just let this one go. Afterall,” Despite his smile Henzu’s expression turns shady. “you owe me, Izuku.”

Water Hazard freezes. He’s right, he caused Henzu a lot of grief. So maybe just this once, he’ll let it go. That of course is easier said than done.

The poor victims of their prank finally manage to compose themselves and begin to recover. Seeing that the fun is over Henzu takes off for the exit with a large grin on his face. Water Hazard shyly yet hastily chases after him, not wanting to be left behind.

Henzu leads Water Hazard out and away from the store.

Henzu’s smile never fades as the duo enter the main downtown area of Mustafu. They pass by various people as they go about their day. “That was hilarious!”

Water Hazard catches up to the delinquent. “No, it wasn’t! That was awful, I can’t believe I caused that. Those poor people I bet they hate me. They must be covered in bruises, someone really could have gotten hurt, and we could have been caught! I really hope no one finds out about this-”
Not wanting to let Izuku’s muttering storm to strengthen Henzu cuts him off. “Dude chill out. No harm was done, trust me.”

“Are you sure?”

“Hell yeah.”

“Oh…that’s good.” He’s not convinced.

The two weave in and out of waves of people.

“Don’t let this get you down. We’re just having some fun after all. Besides, technically, we’re not doing anything illegal since you’re technically not using a real quirk.”

“I…guess that makes sense.” Still doesn’t feel right though.

“It makes complete sense. Now let’s head out.” Henzu turns and starts to cross the street.

Water Hazard stops to watch him. “Head out? To where?”

Henzu makes it across and spins around, smiling. “Anywhere that we can have some fun,” He turns around and continues walking with a smirk. “and stir up some trouble.”

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And stir up trouble they did. As it turns out the prank at the store was just the beginning.

After Izuku transformed back into human, Henzu lead him to Tatooin Station. The place was packed with people commuting home and while others waited for their trains, they enjoyed themselves at one of the many food stalls and vendors.

For most it was a rather quiet afternoon but that couldn’t be said for others. Since a gang of Dittos were running around causing trouble by committing pranks on poor unsuspecting commuters. Henzu assigned each Ditto with a different prank ranging from tying shoe laces to elaborate schemes.

For example, Henzu pressured a duo of Dittos to drop banana peels across various areas. One Ditto lazily tossed the peels around while the other Ditto ate so many bananas that his stomach expanded.

Another pair of Dittos each stood at opposite ends of a hallway with a rope between them. They pulled the rope at the same time, tripping over a wave of oncoming people. The Dittos ran off before anyone could spot them. One Ditto found the whole thing very amusing, but the other clone was quick to reprimand him.

Other Dittos ran about tipping over trash cans, placed gum on top of water fountains, a group of clones poured paint atop a group of people, and one copy even made a stink bomb and threw it into the middle of a crowd… admittedly some of the Dittos started to enjoy themselves a little too much; prompting Izuku to take a mental note to ask Thirteen if Ditto’s clones can have slightly altered personalities. All the while the original Ditto cowered in shame next to Henzu, who was absolutely enjoying the show. Izuku was just happy that because of the huge crowds of people no one was really able to notice the little aliens running around… hopefully.

Afterwards at a nearby road crowded with more commuters a huge whirlwind swept through the street stopping people in their tracks as they braced themselves. Unfortunately, many of their loose
belongings such as cash, papers, hats, trash, and anything else that wasn’t tied down were blown off their person.

If any of them had looked up, they would have been surprised to see a flying turtle shell hovering above them. A terrified Terraspin quickly disappears over the buildings allowing everyone a reprieve. Many of them are disheveled as they try to gather their things and clean themselves up. At the same time, Henzu casually strolls up and snatches up anything of value he finds on the ground: money, cards, he even found an expensive watch.

Later at a local beach many beach goers are screaming in fear as they flee towards their cars. A depressed, and slightly insulted, Ripjaws watches them from the water. Henzu had him swim around and bare his fangs at a few swimmers. Speaking of that devil, Henzu was busy scavenging through everything that was left behind by the beach goers.

After that last incident Henzu really started to push the limits of how far he could push Izuku into doing what he wants.

He took Izuku to a junkyard and had him fight off some thugs as Four Arms. He was nice enough to allow the morphed Izuku to disguise himself, albeit with a big blanket that he used as a cloak. The fight was less of a fight and more of Four Arms throwing the thugs around, one of them managed to hit him with a bat but it split in half when it collided with the brute’s tough red hide. The whole time Four Arms is profusely apologizing for his actions. Henzu of course was digging through the guys’ hideout for “merch” and “goods”.

They then went across town to a storage facility for a video game company. There the black-haired delinquent got Grey Matter to hack the security system and allow them access. The whole time Izuku let his worries and fears heard, but Henzu expertly persuaded him to see this through and he promised that he wouldn’t take anything; he just wanted to checkout the newest games coming in. The tiny alien somehow bought the act, mainly because his worries clouded his judgment, but he remained outside while Henzu browsed the large crates and boxes. As they left, Grey Matter hopped a ride on the taller teen’s shoulder; from up on his perch he could have sworn that he saw Henzu tuck something away into his pocket something that said Sumo Slammers or something on it.

Finally, the “partners” in crime made their way to an arcade. There Feedback used his tendrils to hotwire the rows and rows of arcade machines and games causing them to spark to life and shoot out a torrent of coins, so much so that the aisles were flooded with the stuff. Henzu was nearly swimming in quarters as he used a trash can to scoop up the loot.

Izuku is exhausted both physically and emotionally; this is all too much for him. Sure, he wants to patch things up with his best friend, but is this really the best way to go about it? This entire day is like nothing he’s ever experienced; he’s never felt so terrible or ashamed of himself until now. And with every task and scheme the seemingly endless pit in his stomach worsens.

And the current setting is not helping. The subway tunnel is cold and damp the only light sources are the dim lamps creaking above their heads. Izuku’s pretty sure that a rat ran across his foot at one point and he doesn’t want to even think about what that gooey substance he stepped in was.

Henzu’s voice pierces through Izuku’s daze. “Alright we’re here.”

Izuku nearly trips as he comes to a halt. Shakily looking up he finds himself in what appears to be an abandoned subway station with several tunnel entrances and a pair of train tracks running
parallel to each other. The place clearly hasn’t received too many visitors over the years, yet the train track still look to be in good condition so trains must still be running through here.

“Come on.” Henzu rushes over towards a fusion box and trailing point where a track intersects between the parallel rails.

Henzu places his hands on the fusion box, absorbing the electricity that sparks off his bare arms. When he has enough, he grabs the large trailing point lever charging it up until the train order lights turn on and the lever shifts. At the same time the tracks clank in place diverging the tracks into a single point.

Izuku looks between the tunnels unsure about what’s going on. “What are you doing?”

Henzu smirks. “A cargo train that’s supposed to be carrying a shitload of gold is supposed to be coming down this track.”

Izuku’s stomach drops. “And?”

“And so, when it crashes into the oncoming subway train…Boom! Instant payday! You’ll transform into that XLR8 guy, grab the gold, and get us the hell outta here.”

“What?!” Clear panic rings through Izuku’s voice. “No! No way. I’m not going through with this.” Henzu can’t be serious. Taking quarters from an arcade is one thing, but a train heist is something else entirely… Wait. Did he say subway train? No.

“Henzu… the subway train… is it…” The question dies in his mouth. It can’t be true, it can’t.

“Don’t you worry about that just worry about your part.”

Izuku’s breathing becomes heavy and despite the cold of the tunnel he’s starting to break into a cold sweat. “Part?”

Henzu, sensing Izuku’s hesitation, decides to divert his attention. “After this we’ll be square.” Izuku is so shaken he struggles to come up with a response, but his eyes turn towards the taller teen. “Look at it this way when this is over all will be forgiven between the two of us, he’ll be set for life, and no one will ever find out about this.”

But they’ll know… he’ll know… How can he live with himself after this? Henzu has always been… rough, but he’d never intentionally hurt anyone.

That’s a lie, he’s obviously not against hurting others. He steals, he hurts, and he doesn’t care about the consequences of his actions.

Izuku’s legs are shaking, his cold sweat has become worse, and the tunnel seems so dark and cold now. The shadows crawl up towards him ready to devour him into despair and agony. He tries to speak but a terrified choke squeaks out instead. He has to say something, do something. He can’t let this happen!

A single word manages to escape his lips, it’s more or less a whisper but nonetheless it is audible. “No.”

Henzu’s smile disappears and the spark of mischief in his eyes are gone and replaced by that of malice.

He can’t bear to look at Henzu’s face. “I… I can’t do this… it’s wrong so wrong. People can get
hurt, can be killed. And… if I want to call myself a… hero one day then I have to stop this.” He takes a shaky breath lifting his head up to face this challenge with a smile just like All Might. “I have to be a hero.” He gives a shaky smile as to show his determination and hoping that Henzu will see reason.

Henzu’s fists ball up, his temper rising to dangerous levels. He’s absolutely pissed off by this second backstabbing! How dare this wimp, this wannabe standup to him? Who in the hell does he think he is? He’s no hero.

The thug snarls. “Shut the fuck up.”

Izuku freezes in place, his pupils dilating out of dread.

“Who the fuck do you think you are, huh? All Might?!” Henzu grinds his teeth trying to hold himself back. If he screws up there’s no way, he’ll have another opportunity like this. “You listen to me you bastard,” He jabs a finger into Izuku’s shoulder. “you owe me.”

Izuku’s fists ball up. ‘No, I don’t. I’ve done more than enough, you’re just… taking advantage of me… And I won’t stand for that.’ He leers up at the taller teen. “I don’t owe you any-”

“YES, YOU DO!!” Henzu roars out in fury.

Izuku stumbles backward not expecting that response.

“You owe me you piece of shit! And I’m not just talking about these favors.”

Izuku’s breath hitches in surprise.

“You owe me for defending you from that living pile of trash, Blasty. You owe me for hanging out with you.” Henzu’s rage is so toxic that he’s shaking even though his muscles are tense. “You owe me,” Through his black strands of hair he locks eyes with Izuku. “for making me trust you! And calling you a FRIEND!!” Henzu grabs his head, throwing it back as if in defeat. “In this world… everything is give and take. No one really cares for others. Even those stupid heroes are in it for their own gain whether it’s for fame, money, or attention! The only thing you can trust is that people will use each other to get what they want! So, you can’t trust anyone! Yet… you were able to make me trust you!” Within his rage and despair he begins to laugh hysterically as if this is all a cruel joke.

He fell for it again, he can’t believe it. He promised himself that he’d never be betrayed by someone that he trusted again. “Ha…ha…hahahaha!! Ha, it’s hilarious! A quirkless useless wimp with no hope for the future was able to gain my trust, and make me open up to someone…” His expression turns dark once again. “But then you go behind my back and betray my trust. And that… is unacceptable.”

It hurts, the insults hurt but they don’t compare to the pain and regret he has for his friend, his best friend. After all, it really was a challenge for them to even consider themselves as friends.

######(Flashback)######

It was the end of the school day for the students of Aldera Junior High. A ten-year-old Izuku Midoriya was strolling down an empty hallway heading towards the principal’s office to drop off some papers that his homeroom teacher asked him to deliver for her.

“Hey, broccoli head!”
“Huh?” Izuku turns his head to see a taller boy with long black hair jogging towards him with a friendly smile and wave to boot.

The taller boy catches up to Izuku. “Phew, I caught up to you, ha.”

Izuku nervously yet curiously pipes up a question. “C-can I help you with something?”

The taller boy’s expression brightens. “Yeah.” He pats Izuku’s shoulder. “Give me your money.”

“What?!” It’s a shake down?!

The delinquent lightly grabs Izuku’s shoulder. “Yeah, I’m short on cash and I really need some right away.” The delinquent places his other hand against the wall. “Just think of it as giving to charity.” He activates his quirk, absorbing the matter of the wall and thus transforming his skin into the same thing. His grip tightens around the greenette’s shoulder and despite his friendly smile the atmosphere around him is that of danger. “So, do ya think you can help a friend out?”

Izuku’s legs nearly give out from under him. “Some charity!”

And just like that Izuku’s wallet was drained completely dry and the delinquent got away scot free.

Izuku is bent over on the floor his wallet laying below him, a few tears leak from his eyes. “My poor wallet… I hope this never happens again…” He has a feeling that that promise won’t hold true.

Sighing he grabs his wallet along with the papers and continues on towards the principal's office.

‘Who was that guy? And his quirk I wonder what it is? It looked like he absorbed the wall or something. Can he only absorb what he touches? And if so what kind of substances can he absorb? I bet with a quirk like his he can become a very versatile hero.’ An idea strikes him. ‘I know! I’ll ask him, tomorrow… But maybe I’ll just leave my allowance at home tomorrow.’

The following day, Izuku manages to locate the delinquent’s classroom. He asked some of the older students about a guy with absorbing powers and, luckily, they knew who he was talking about, but that doesn’t explain why some of them look scared when he asked about the boy.

Izuku arrives at the classroom, he’s in luck the only soul present is actually the person he’s been looking for.

The person in question is sitting at his desk polishing what looks like to be a wrench. He spots Izuku at the door. “Whadda you want?”

“Oh-um, I, uh.”

The delinquent springs from his chair and casually yet confidently sways towards the smaller student. “What? Want me to shake you down again? Because I will.”

Izuku gives a nervous laugh. “No, no. I huh just wanted to ask you something.”

The delinquent frowns and his eyes furrow. “Oh, yeah? What?”

Izuku begins to sweat and shake with nervousness. “I, um, I’m I-Izuku M-Midroiya and, well, you see, I uh-”

“Spit it out!”
Izuku yelps, shutting his eyes. When there’s no strike he opens his eyes and holds up his notebook, it’s titled “Hero Analysis For The Future #10”. “I uh wanted to ask you about your quirk.” Izuku gives him a cheery smile that would lighten up even the darkest cave.

That was not what the black-haired boy was expecting. “Wha?”

“Well, I wanted to learn more about your quirk. So, can you absorb anything or is it more of a specialist type quirk? Would you classify it was an Emitter, Transformation, or Mutation? How-”

“Shut up!!”

Izuku’s mouth clamps shut as his body goes stiff.

The delinquent is angry, the last thing he needs is for some stupid punk to try and get one over on him. “That’s my business and my business alone. The only ones that can know that kind of stuff are those I trust, but guess what? That means nobody. So, do yourself a favor and buzz off.” The boy slings his bag over his shoulder and pushes past Izuku, knocking into his shoulder. The hit shoves Izuku into the door frame. “Don’t bother me again or you’ll regret it.” He marches off leaving a shaken Izuku behind in his thoughts.

‘What the heck was that?! Did I offend him somehow?’ He takes a breath, calming himself back down. ‘You know… he almost seemed sad. I wonder if something happened to him. Maybe I should apologize.’ He tucks his notebook closer to his chest and decides to head home for the day. ‘He did say that those he trusts can know him so maybe that’s what I’ll do. Yeah, I’ll get to know him and then he can tell me all about his quirk!’ With a shit-eating grin on his face Izuku takes off for home so he can come up with the best way to approach the prickly boy.

What followed the next few days was a series of failed attempts to even approach the black-haired boy. Everyday whether during, before, or after school Izuku was doing whatever he could to approach the delinquent. The greenette tried intercepting him at his classroom in the morning but when the delinquent spotted him, he turned right around and left. Izuku stayed there at least until the bell rang, he later returned but found out that the guy had actually ditched class all day.

The next day Izuku tried to locate his target within the cafeteria. The truant was sitting alone at his own table in the corner, Izuku was radiating with glee at the opportunity, but one mean look from the black-haired boy sent Izuku backing away. His sense of self-preservation was actually able to influence him for once.

More and more attempts were made in similar fashions. Occasionally they were a bit more creative for example Izuku straight out tried to ambush the delinquent by hiding in a tree near the school gate. The guy in question easily spotted Izuku and simply kicked the tree causing the smaller boy to lose his grip and crash to the ground. Fortunately, it was a rather short fall thanks to the bushes.

After a bit, the delinquent actually found the attempts somewhat entertaining, but in an annoying type of way.

Finally, on the thirteenth attempt did Izuku’s luck change.

“What’d the hell did you just say to me you bastard?!” Bakugou’s voice rings out from the school yard.

Izuku rounds the corner so he can see what the commotion is all about. A ten-year-old Bakugou and a few of his cronies are standing off with the same delinquent Izuku’s been after. The guy looks confident and really smug, he probably said something to piss Bakugou off. Although that’s
not really that difficult to do.

The guy smirks with spite. “I asked, if you farted would an explosion come out of your ass?”

Izuku can practically feel Bakugou’s fuming anger from his position and it nearly makes him pass out from shock.

“You bastard! You’re dead!!” The angry blonde charges his palms bared and ready to strike a powerful blow.

As if on instinct Izuku’s feet take off from the ground. “No don’t!”

The delinquent's grip tightens around his wrench ready to absorb the material.

Bakugou’s hand lunges forward. “Now DIE!!”

Just before an explosion can be let loose a green blur jumps between the two punks. Bakugou’s blast shrouds the figure in smoke and heat.

The delinquent can’t help but stare in confusion and shock at the kid with burnt green-hair lying on the ground writhing in pain. ‘No way? Why would he do that? Is he stupid or something?’

Bakugou’s scowl hardens when he recognizes the interloper. “Dammit, Deku! What the hell are you doing?! You wanna die or something?!”

Izuku gives the hot-tempered blonde a fearful grin. “Ah, uh, no Kacchan I just sort of moved on my own. Without thinking I, uh-”

“Shut the fuck up, Deku!!”

Izuku screams in response.

Bakugou swings his right arm back for another attack, but the delinquent quickly realizes what’s about to happen.

The angry boy gives his lesser a nasty glare. “Just move it…or die!!”

Another explosion fires out from his palm. But this time when the explosion was detonated someone else had taken the brunt of the attack except this time not a scratch or a burn mark could be found on the back-haired boy’s literal iron hide.

Bakugou is of course outraged as if what he’s witnessing is blasphemy. “What the hell?! That should have burned you to a crisp!! No one can stand up to my quirk!!”

The defiant thug smirks with spiteful intent. “Oh, yeah? Then this must be extremely embarrassing for you? Huh, Blasty?”

“Don’t fucking call me that, you son of a bitch!!”

“I’ll call you whatever the hell I want. Got it, Blasty?” The delinquent’s smirk becomes larger. “Of course, you could always try and make me stop,” He bangs his iron fists together and the sound of heavy metal clanging together echoes out. “but you’ll have to make me.”

Bakugou’s only response is to snarl. Izuku stares up at the iron-hided boy with something akin to admiration.
“Just keep in mind, I’m sure a teacher or two heard your foulmouth and, in all honesty, I could care
less about getting into trouble. So tell me,” The delinquent's smile becomes wicked. “which one of
us has more to lose here?”

Bakugou’s hands are furiously popping out mini explosions, he so desperately wants to kill this
smug faced fucker, but even he has to admit that this guy has a point. If this becomes a drawn out
fight the teachers will have no choice but to write him up, and the last thing he needs is a stain on
his perfect record.

“Whatever!” Bakugou spins around, stomping away. “If I ever see your stupid face again, I’m
going to blast it into a million pieces!” He shouts back as his cronies nervously trail behind him.

The delinquent's skin turns back to normal as he chuckles to himself. “I doubt that.”

With that out of the way that only leaves one more nuisance to deal with.

“So,” The guy looks down on the greenette who has yet to pick himself off the ground. “care to tell
me why you jumped in like that? What do you have some kind of death wish that involves a “blaze
of glory” type thing or what?”

“Huh?!” Izuku flails his hands in denial. “N-no! Nothing like that. I…just thought that, well, you
may have, um, needed some help.”

The guy raises in eyebrow in confusion. This guy is so weird to him. Who in their right mind would
take an explosion head on and defend someone he barely knows? He must be after something…
maybe. “You’re an odd one, aren’t you?”

Izuku responds with a sheepish laugh. “Yeah, I guess you can say that.”

“So, did you do that just so you can find out about my quirk? For your own interest?”

Izuku stops laughing, staring up at the taller boy with silent confusion and wariness. “N-no. I mean
sure that would be a plus but that’s honestly not why I did it. So, no I didn’t do it for my own
interest.”

That actually surprises the delinquent. “Come on there’s got to be something you want from me?”

Izuku blinks, he tilts his head down thinking over his response. “Well I guess there is one thing…”

The guy tenses up ready to hear what this kid, this enigma, is after.

“How about…your name?”

For a split second the only noise is that of the wind rolling across the lawn as the black-haired boy
deadpans. “HAHAHA!!!”

The sudden burst of laughter makes Izuku cower in surprise.

“Hahaha! Really?!” The delinquent asks between laughs. “You’ve been chasing me all week and
you don’t even know my name.” He wipes a tear from his eye. Man, what a surprise this turned out
to be. This kid is really entertaining.

Izuku sweat drops. “Yeah, well it’s not like you gave it to me.”

The guy choke back his laughter. “True.” He stops to think, smiling softly to himself. Maybe this
one time someone won’t betray him. But there’s only one real way to find out. “Alright, then let’s
start from the beginning.” He reaches his hand down towards the smaller youth. “The name’s Henzu Uuichi.”

Izuku smiles warmly. “Nice to meet you, Uuichi. I’m Izuku Midoriya.” He grabs Henzu’s hand.

“I th-think we’ll be good friends.”

…

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves…”

########(End Flashback)#######

Izuku cries out, shouting in desperation, he has to make this right! “I am your friend! And as your friend I would never betray you! Did I lie to you? Yes, that was wrong of me, and I’m so sorry!!”

Henzu roars back at him with fury that can outmatch Bakugou’s. “SHUT UP!!! You’re not my friend! You’re just a useless, quirkless… DEKU!!”

Something inside Izuku snaps. Henzu…how could he? He knows. He knows what that name means. How could he? Izuku feels like part of his heart had shattered, every memory of Henzu replays in his mind like a film, but rather than the usual bright colors and fondness those memories usually bring to him this time they are seen with regret and melancholy.

“Even with that garbage on your wrist you'll never be anything more. Now get out of my way, Deku!!”

There it is again. He called him…Deku… ‘No. I’m not a Deku… I’m not… I’m not!’ All of Izuku’s regret and sorrow has festered to that of anger. “NO!!! I’m not a Deku! I’m Izuku! I’m a… Hero!!”

Henzu rage subsides thanks to being surprise by Izuku’s outburst, but before his rage can spring back Izuku continues his tirade.

“I am a hero, dammit! I’ve fought killer robots! I saved people’s lives! I even saved Kacchan!” The sheer anger and resolve in his eyes are enough to make Henzu take a step back. “And if I want to continue to call myself a hero, then I can’t let you do this, Henzu!”

Henzu is more than a little shocked. This can’t be right? Izuku has never stood up to him before. He’s too much of a coward. He’s weak and quirkless. He’s supposed to be his friend, someone he can trust, but here he is defying him. But if he’s being honest with himself maybe they were never truly friends, hell he had a feeling that it would never last anyway. Remember in this world, it’s every man for themselves and sometimes you have to step over others to get what you want… “Are you really going to get in my way?”

With a determined glare Izuku activates the watch, disappearing in a flash of green light, and having his human form replaced.

More precisely, he’s replaced by a tall alien with its head floating between arch-like horns on its shoulders. It’s black with yellow markings along its crab-like claws, feet, and chest. Izuku has transformed into the alien he calls Lodestar. An alien he first transformed into during his off time a few weeks back. He had wanted to see what other aliens he had, and this one is currently his ninth.

Lodestar looks back at Henzu who is starting to come to his senses after staring at this odd form. He glares, standing tall and with a purpose he gives his answer. “Yes.”
Henzu grinds his teeth together in frustration, it’s official now, they are no longer friends. Deku is no longer his friend. He slams his hand against the track lever, absorbing the steel into his body. “Fine then, just remember,” Using his strength, added with the strength of steel skin, he snaps the lever in half before throwing the broken half away. “you asked for this!”

He charges readying his fists, trying to make the first strike.

Lodestar aims his arm out and an invisible force waves out from his hand. Suddenly the steeled Henzu finds himself flying backwards away from the extraterrestrial. He falls backward and is pushed across the ground until Lodestar cuts off his power.

“It’s not too late to stop this, Henzu.”

Henzu doesn’t respond instead he gets right back up and charges ahead at full speed.

Lodestar pushes him back once again but this time the pulse is so strong that Henzu is flung against the wall. That’s when he realizes this transformation’s true power.

Smirking he gets back on his feet, grabbing the wall, and absorbing the stone instead. “I get it now. That form messes around with magnetism, doesn’t it?”

Lodestar doesn’t like that he was able to figure it out so quickly, but he nods seeing no point in hiding the truth at this point.

Henzu chuckles, he’s thrilled with his discovery. Now he knows he can win. “You’re going down Deku!” He charges and this time Lodestar can’t stop him. Even with this distance between them not even Izuku can come up with a plan to win.

‘What do I do!?!’ Lodestar is internally panicking. He hasn’t had a lot of practice with this transformation all he can do at most is repel and attract metal… ‘Wait, that just maybe enough.’

Acting fast Lodestar sticks both hands forward allowing a field of magnetism to grow and intensify. The tunnel rattles and even shakes, dust falls and spurts out from the air as nails, screws, metal shards, loose piping, and metallic trash comes flying towards the tall being. ‘Time it just right and now!’ With expert timing Lodestar is able to adjust the pull of the magnetism just before a swarm of metal can lodge themselves into him making the items crowd around him like a large veil of metal.

Seeing that Henzu is close now Lodestar proceeds to step two of his plan: reversing the pull of the magnetic field. Acting fast Lodestar holds himself tight, holding back the energy before releasing a powerful pulse that launches all the metal surrounding him backwards and right into his attacker’s path.

Seeing the wave of scrap and metal flying at him Henzu stops and braces himself. The metallic items crash into him: tin cans harmlessly bounce off, some nails are able to embed themselves into his skin, but they don’t go far, the most damage comes from the bigger pieces of scrap metal and pipes which are able to knock him back.

Henzu growls. “Throwing garbage?! That’s you’re plan?” He flexes his muscles breaking off the nails, thus removing any hindrances. “Is that really all you got?! I thought you were able to fight off monsters and robots? Or was that all just dumb luck?”

Lodestar gives Henzu an offended look. “It wasn’t dumb luck.”

“Oh, yeah?”
“Yes, and I can prove it.” Lodestar points towards the broken track lever.

Henzu warily yet curiously glances over and what he sees makes him gasp out loud. The lever and the tracks have been switched back to their original positions. But how?!

Lodestar must be able to tell what he’s thinking just from his expression. “The final magnetic pulse had enough strength behind it to push the lever to reset the track. Good luck trying to reset it.”

It’s true since Henzu broke the top half of the lever the only part of the lever is what’s encased in the ground, thus inaccessible to him. His plan has failed, there will be no payday today.

Henzu roars out in anger as he charges forward, and this time Lodestar has no time to react. “You bastard!!” His fist slams into Lodestar’s gut making the alien wheeze and bend over in pain.

Henzu flings his knee up striking his former friend in the gut again before raising his elbow and slams it down on his back; Lodestar hits the ground hard. Lodestar groans in pain as he rolls over but before he can pick himself up Henzu pushes him down with his foot, the heavy stone easily pins him down.

Henzu glares down at the altered form of his former best friend. His eyes screaming at Izuku that his betrayal hurt him more than he could ever know. He’s breathing heavily but he refuses to let up his quirk. “You cost me a fortune. You owe me for that.”

Lodestar is able to choke out an answer. “I don’t…owe you… shit.”

That actually makes the delinquent laugh a little. “Ha, tough guy. Look at you, huh?” He jabs a finger at the dial on Lodestar’s chest. “But that tough guy act is a facade, these transformations are nothing but costumes, masks, for you to hide yourself behind. Isn’t that right Deku?”

‘No, that’s not true. This is me…right?’

“The only reason you can do what you can do now, why you can call yourself a hero is because of this thing! All because of dumb luck and by chance you found it at a dump of all places. Ha, fitting since you’re a piece of trash anyway. Now that’s the real you! The real you is useless. The real you is quirkless. The real you isn’t a hero. And this will prove it…” Henzu gives Lodestar a malicious frown as his hand opens up and over the watch’s faceplate.

Lodestar’s eyes widen with worry. “Wait, what are you-”

Henzu cut off, not by a shout or scream, but by a whisper. “You don’t deserve this gift.”

Henzu grabs the dial, activating his quirk. As he tries to absorb the energy, to absorb the watch, and take it for himself green-energy sparks wildly out of control from the alien device.

Lodestar screams out in pain. It hurts, it hurts so bad! But why?! Why does it hurt so much?! It’s as if his heart is being pried right out of him. “Stop it! Stop it!” His cries of pain go unanswered as Henzu continues to tug at the device.

“Come on, give it up.” He groans trying his hardest to pry the device away. “Since you made me lose out on being set for life, I’m going to take this as compensation.” Henzu’s starting to feel it, whatever energy this watch is omitting is finally starting to be absorbed by his quirk, and that makes him smile. “I bet I could get a real pretty penny for it.” He grins crazily, feeling excited as the prospects of what this could mean for him are. “Or maybe I’ll just use it for myself and go on a crime spree. With access to so many powers and my quirk no one would be able to stop me! Not even All Might!!”
Even though he’s in pain, and the green energy has only begun to become more erratic as it discharges from the device, Lodestar is able to speak. “T-that’s…n-not… going to happen, Henzu!!” He can’t let it end like this, he can’t let this villain take the watch for himself, just imagine the harm he’ll do with it. ‘I refuse, I refuse to let this watch fall into the wrong hands. It’s my responsibility as a hero to keep it out of the wrong hands!’

And just like that the sparking dies down and the device becomes silent.

Henzu smirks. “Ha, what was that you were-”

BANG!!! A blast of green energy bursts out from the watch engulfing both combatants. The two boys are flung backwards, and both had returned to their original states. Henzu is now leaning against the opposite wall and a normal Izuku is lying between the two parallel train tracks.

The boys groan in pain, they are bruised, battered, and dirty. They struggle to pick themselves back up, that blast really took it out of them.

Izuku is able to lift himself up before bowing over in pain, clenching his wrist, and struggling to breathe. He felt like he was being choked to death suddenly. It must be a side effect from trying to extract the watch.

Henzu meanwhile is able to get on his feet, he’s breathing heavily, and something definitely feels broken. But that doesn't matter, what matters is finishing what he started.

He barely takes a step before a cargo train speeds right past him its whistle howling through the tunnel. Henzu blinks in confusion he also notices that the subway train is running along the opposite track. An important detail sticks out to him, Izuku is trapped between the two trains. The black-haired teen smiles finding this amusing, of course Deku’s luck would put him in a situation like this. He places his hand against the wall, ready for his quirk to take effect.

A moment passes and there is no change, wind whips at his face as the trains continue to zip by. Izuku meanwhile is stumbling about trying to pick himself back up, but failing.

Henzu stares at his hand in confusion, he counts all five fingers, he’s touching the wall. What could be the problem? He thinks for a moment trying to come up with a possibility. Then it hits him like a truck. He. Is. Now. Quirkless. “NOOOOO!!”

Henzu slams his hand against the wall trying to get his quirk to work. To see if it’s still there. “No! No! No!! No!! NO!!!” He slams his hand against the cold stone wall. His hand stings and it’s bleeding there’s even a red print of his hand on the wall’s surface now. ‘This can’t be happening. It can’t. Now I’m just like-’ He spins around locking eyes with Izuku through the gaps of the train. Izuku is breathing heavily and staring back at him. ‘I’m just like Deku now.’ That thought alone almost wants to make him fall over and cry, but he won’t he has to get out of here. Now, now Deku is the strong one. Henzu turns around and sees an old sewer drain.

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Izuku is exhausted he can’t stand much more of this and the watch has timed out for some reason; it’s blinking red and making that annoying buzzing sound as it recharges. He can somewhat see Henzu through the gaps of the train but it’s hard with dust and wind whipping past him. But it doesn’t matter. He will defend himself; he will fight for what he knows is right.

Both of the trains disappear through their respective tunnels leaving Izuku alone in the dark and cold silence. Izuku cautiously scans the tunnel before realizing that Henzu is gone. He left, ran off.
to save himself, and leaving an exhausted Izuku behind. Henzu has officially turned his back on him and left him behind. And with that, their friendship has officially ended.

It hurts, it hurts more than the cuts and bruises coating his body. Not even the tears that stream down his face provide any relief. Izuku drops to his knees, the tears pour out as he cries out in anguish and grief. “I’m sorry, Henzu! I’m so sorry for ruining our friendship!!”

The only response are the echoes of his own wails of heartbreak from losing the only friend he had.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

‘Damnit.’

‘Damnit!’

‘Damnit!!’

Henzu’s limping and holding his side, he knew something was broken. He hates this, especially how the tunnel reeks plus it’s filthy, but that’s a given. A few rats scurry about running away from the much larger being.

‘I hate you Deku. I fucking hate you!’ Henzu grips the wall trying to prevent himself from falling over. “Next time I see you Deku you’re so dead!!” His fingers scrape the wall in anger, but he doesn’t expect the sound of shredding metal to accompany the action.

Staring up at his hand Henzu’s eyes widen in shock and amazement. His hand has claws, large sharp claws with webbing, and coated in dry grey scales. Bringing his hand to his face Henzu stares at it trying to comprehend what has happened to him, the rest of him looks normal but his hand is… his hand is… Then he realizes the truth, this glorious truth, and it makes him laugh. He laughs hard with maddening joy. He didn’t notice it before, but he feels the change, he can feel something where his quirk used to be. He throws his head back letting this new found power to invade his entire being: he can feel scales spread over parts of his body, a fin or two stretch out from his elbows, and the sharp jagged teeth only help to make his smile that much more menacing. And why shouldn’t he smile, just imagine what kind of trouble he can get into with this new found gift.

Chapter End Notes

So, yeah, that happened. Please leave a review about your feelings and thoughts of the events of Ch.6. How were the alien scenes? Did you see this betrayal coming? Did the emotional scene’s work? Please let me know so I can properly adjust and improve my writing accordingly.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Updates will have longer waiting periods so I may only update every 2 weeks. This is because I had up tp Ch.5 done ahead of time but because of life I’ve caught up to it already. So, updates will be slower. That said I will try my best to get them pout on a weekly schedule. Sorry, please understand that I’m only doing this so I can make sure that I have a good and well written story to publish. Thank you.
*Quick reminder that Henzu Uuichi, is essentially Kevin Levin from Ben 10, so that should clarify somethings.

Water Hazard and Lodestar are Izuku's 8th and 9th official alien transformations. However! That doesn't mean he won't be getting more aliens in his arsenal. We will have new ones but it will be a bit of a wait (hopefully not that long).

I have also planned out when Izuku will be receiving new aliens and how.

Also, some of you may have noticed that I described Lodestar's powers a bit differently than what he does in the show. That's because I want Izuku to work/train his alien powers rather than be a master in them as soon as he transform into them for the first time. So as time passes on in this story, he will become more proficient with his powers and abilities.

Look forward to chapter 7, admittedly it will also be more emotionally and character driven but it will still have a good portion of action in it. I will also be using a lesser known Ben 10 character in Ch.7. Any guesses on who? I will also bringing in guest star, Ochaco Uraraka, back for Ch.7. So look forward to next time. If things workout I can have Ch.7 up by next week.
Lost One's Rojo

Chapter Summary

Izuku deals with the aftermath of losing a friend through his new friendships. However, later when he's accompanying Ochaco Uraraka an unknown villain interrupts their day and causes some trouble.

Chapter Notes

Hey, I'm sorry for being late things have not been working for me as of late. My job had me work seven days in a row and I was really running on fumes near the end, but I tried my best to get this chapter done as soon as I could. This chapter is 54 pages long!!! Holy shit, I think I was a bit too ambitious with this one. I just really wanted a lot of different things to happen, that said I still think I did a good job all things considered. I did have to take a few things out that I will either explore or explain in the next chapter. Either way enjoy Ch.7 it was a bit of a wait after all and you all deserve a reward for your patience.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Things are not going well.

Thirteen is tapping their foot watching as Lodestar struggles to levitate a swarm of swirling metal trash over his head. “Come on, concentrate.”

The sad part is he really is.

“I am.” Lodestar replies impatiently, his arms are shaking slightly from the tension of the magnetic waves he’s producing.

For the last week Thirteen and Izuku have been training on Izuku’s Biosovortian form. Their goal is to get Lodestar to compress his magnetism as to focus in on singular objects rather than generating an entire magnetic field that affects everything in the vicinity.

“You need to focus.”

The swarm of trash shakes violently as the magnetic wave begins to falter. “I’m trying!!”

The magnetic pulse begins to break apart, some of trash manages to get loose and gets flung away. In the end though Lodestar can’t hold it any longer and the hoard of trash comes crashing down onto the beach below.

Lodestar glares at the trash like it personally offended him and in a roar of frustration he releases a magnetic burst that blasts away several trash piles surrounding him.

Luckily, Thirteen happened to be standing by a pile of tires; thus, they were able to use them as a
blockade. The pro hero steps out from their hiding spot shaking their head in disapproval.

The alien device blinks red as it does Izuku falls back onto the sand with a humph.

Thirteen strides over as Izuku falls back staring up at the few seagulls flying above, their squawks kind of sound as if they’re mocking him. And they might as well be because Izuku’s progress hasn’t exactly been that remarkable all week, unless you count failing every exercise this week remarkable. All because of the heavy weight on his heart.

Thirteen’s head comes into his view blocking out the seagulls.

“How are you feeling?”

Izuku gives his mentor a look at asks if they’re being serious. “Frustrated.”

“That’s obvious, I meant what’s bothering you?”

Izuku turns his head, he can feel sand grinding against his green locks. “Nothing… I’m just kind of… out of it.”

Thirteen sighs crossing their arms, they’re looking for a real answer. “Be honest with me, Midoriya. I am a teacher after all I can tell that something’s weighing on your mind.”

Izuku’s cheek presses on the sand, he can’t bother to look Thirteen in the eye. “It’s… nothing, really.”

‘He’s lying, anyone can see that. But why? Something must have happened.’

Rather than call him out, Thirteen steps over Izuku’s prone form and sits down next to him. They gaze out of the ocean silently, not speaking a word, just watching as the waves roll across the shore the setting sun gives the view a magnificent hue of color. God this beach would be beautiful if it wasn’t so trashed, but it is getting better thanks to Izuku’s efforts. At least now there are parts of the beach where they can sit on the sand without having to worry about shards of glass and nails.

Izuku lays there waiting for Thirteen to speak. After a moment the teen props himself up, following Thirteen’s line of sight he too watches the ocean.

The two sit in silence gazing out towards the warming light and soft ocean breeze. Izuku inhales the calming smell of the sea letting it ease his frustration away.

Thirteen takes a soft soothing breath releasing all of their tension. “It’s okay to be frustrated, just don’t let it fester.” They wait for Izuku to react before continuing. “You don’t have to tell me what’s wrong, but everyone needs someone to confide in.” Hopefully, this advice will get through to the boy. “Sometimes it’s good to get everything off your chest, to let it all out, and just by talking to someone you can ease your troubles.” Thirteen looks over and finds Izuku watching them with a thoughtful expression. “Do you get what I’m saying?”

The soft wind makes his hair sway as he thinks for his answer. He gets what Thirteen’s saying but honestly, he’s not so sure he can follow through with it. Either way he quietly nods his head.

Thirteen appreciates the answer thou. “Take the weekend off alright? Take it easy and figure out your feelings. It’s never good to let them build up.”

And like that, they are back to enjoying the serene atmosphere.
Inko leans over her plate as to get closer to her son who’s busy fumbling his food around his plate. “How was your day, sweety?”

“Good, Mom.” Izuku states rather bluntly without looking up from his distraction.

“What’d you do today?”

“Train.” There it is again, the uninterested and somewhat annoyed tone, and he’s back to stirring his food around his plate.

Inko’s gaze falls to her own dish feeling rather dejected. “Izuku.” She speaks gently not wanting to upset her dear child. “Is everything alright?”

“Yeah.”

“You are sure? I’m here if you want to talk.”

“I know, Mom.”

With that the two Midoriya’s fall into a sullen silence with only the clink of their plates and utensils making any sort of noise. Inko really looks like she wants to say something, but she hesitates and allows the stillness of the room to overtake them.

An excited smile stretches across her face as a great idea pops into her head. With an excited smile she stretches her hand out, she activates her quirk, and a few moments later two letters float towards her from the living room. She grabs the letters from midair. “These came in today.” She holds out the letter that hasn’t been opened out towards Izuku. “It’s a letter from your father.”

That gets his attention, although he doesn’t show it, his eyes shift towards the letter observing the crinkled edges and somewhat faded scribble of their address.

“He actually sent two but this one is for you. I’ve already read mine, oh, that man he’s such a charmer.” Inko holds the side of her face reminiscing about the good old days when they were both young.

For some reason the disappointment in Izuku’s heart grows as he hesitantly grabs the letter. ‘At least she has fond memories of him.’

“It’s such a shame his job sent him away for so long, it’s been a decade now.”

‘Yeah, a shame and convenient that his “job” pulls him away just after the doctor identified me as quirkless.’

“But I guess that’s to be expected when you work for the Self-Defense Force.”

‘Of course, he has to “work” for his family rather than be here with them.’
“I’ve already written my response; I even mentioned how hard you’re training now a days. He’ll be so proud.”

‘Would he?’

“Oh, I know you, should tell him about your quirk finally awakening!”

Izuku’s breath hitches and his grip nearly tears through the letter.

“That’ll really surprise him, it sure did for me. To think you were just a late bloomer. I’m so happy for you Izuku!”

Even though he appreciates the sentiment, he can’t deal with this right now. Izuku springs out of his chair, startling his mom. “Thanks for dinner, Mom.”

“Oh, uh, sure honey.”

Without looking at her face to gauge her reaction he unceremoniously grabs his plate before trudging off for the kitchen.

Inko is internally panicking. Did she upset him somehow? “Is everything okay?”

“Yeah…” Izuku dumps out his leftovers and heads for the sink. “I’m just tired.”

“Oh, well, alright.” Inko grabs her plate and follows. “Why don’t you just leave the dishes there, I’ll take care of it.”

Izuku nods and walks off for his room. “Alright.”

Inko watches in quite remorse as Izuku walks away from her, his head hung low, and the letter being harshly crumbled into his fist. Clenching towards her heart she turns to stare longingly at an old photo hanging on the wall. It’s one of her husband who’s holding up a baby Izuku in his arms. She holds up the photo staring longingly for her significant other, Hisashi Midoriya.

She takes a moment to examine his handsome features, she can’t help but notice how much her boy has grown to look so much like his father. The resemblance is uncanny the main differences obviously being age, Hisashi’s hair being black, their eyes with Hisashi’s being brown, and the fact that Izuku’s face is much rounder, but that’s as far as the differences go. They both have similar freckles speckled on their cheeks, unruly hair that can’t be tamed no matter how much Inko tried to comb it back, and that special glint in their eyes that just radiates cheerfulness and goodwill.

Inko strokes a finger across her husband’s smiling face, hoping that he’d return. “Oh, how I wish you were here. You would know what to do.”

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Izuku falls back leaning against his bedroom door, the room is dark since he doesn’t bother to turn on the lights. His mind mixing between anger, regret, and depression and all of those feelings are now focused in on the wrinkled letter.

Izuku lumbers over to his closet, pausing slightly he slowly swings open the door. There’s nothing out of the ordinary in there, except for Izuku’s collectable All Might hoodies. However, tucked in the corner behind a strategic pile of laundry is a little shoe box. Getting onto his knees Izuku digs it out from its tomb. The box is old and covered in dust but despite that it actually has some weight to it as the contents shift inside.
He holds the letter his finger playing with the folds but there’s no real attempt to open it. “Proud of me, huh?” He gently takes off the lid revealing a stockpile of old unopened letters each one written out to the same person and address. “I have to wonder if that’s even true.”

He has no intention of ever opening or answering those accursed letters; they’re just sad attempts for that man to say he has some sort of connection with him. But they don’t. It’s even gotten to the point that Izuku doesn’t even register the few photos that there are of the man. But why should he? He took off a little after reality tried to crush his hopes and dreams. He’s just using work as an excuse to not admit that his own son is a quirkless weakling.

He drops the letter, adding it to the ever-growing number of unread questions, stories, and possible connections with his father.

With the deed done, Izuku places the box back into its hiding place and hoping that his mother never finds it.

Izuku scoffs at himself. ‘God, I never learn.’ After all, lying and keeping secrets from those he cares about is what got him into this state of mind to begin with. Just look at the secrets and lies he told. He lied and betrayed his only friend, he lied about his “quirk” awakening late to his own mother, he even has the gull to keep the truth of it all away from her even now. ‘Maybe the universe just hates me or something.’

Things after all have been pretty shitty all week and not just from his lack of progress during training but at school too. His grades haven’t been too hot this week, but that’s the least of his concerns. What’s really weighing on him is Henzu’s absence. He never showed up for class the entire week; Izuku even contacted Henzu’s foster home but they didn’t seem too concerned since Henzu rarely spends any time there. He tried calling him too but Henzu’s phone is no longer in service, so no dice. In full honesty, he’s not going to put in a police report for several reasons: 1. He already betrayed Henzu once so he can’t bear to rat him out to the police. 2. Henzu has some experience with avoiding police, that should have been a red flag, but he was the only one that was nice to him. And 3. It may draw unwanted attention to himself and more importantly the alien watch. So, he has even more secrets and lies to keep.

‘God, I have a problem.’ I guess this is how things are going to be from now on. He grips the watch remembering the choking feeling of Henzu trying to pry it from his chest. ‘I’ll just have to deal with these issues myself.’

*Ping*

Izuku’s eyes snap up at attention his eyes quickly scanning the room. But there’s no other soul in sight. “What was that?”

*Ping*

That ping is familiar to him. “Oh… it’s my phone.”

Yup, it was a text that snapped him out of his daze. There are two texts on his phone: the first text was a simple greeting with Ochaco stating that it’s in fact her contacting him. The second text was her explaining how she wants to explore more of Musutafu, but she’d like someone local to guide her and the only person she knows is him.

Izuku is not sure how to respond. Should he say he’s too busy? He’s not available? No. Those are just more excuses and lies, he can’t be doing this for every single thing. Besides, it might be good to get out of the house for a while. Especially because his mom is going to be even more attentive
to him after his episode.

After weighing the pros and cons Izuku decides to accept the invitation.

Ochaco is quick to respond with a resounding Great and smiley face emoji.

They agree to meet up tomorrow at the train station.

That makes Izuku sweat a little, his mind flashing back to previous events.

Once all of that is set, Izuku flops onto his bed staring up at the blank ceiling. Maybe he should grab a new All Might poster while he’s out he has a great space for it.

Trying to distract himself Izuku pulls up his phone to read up on some of the latest hero activities.

‘Huh, looks like Kamui Woods is chasing after a thief that raided a hero commission transport vehicle. I wonder what was inside.’

 Damn that was close."

A shifty silhouette props open a window of an abandoned warehouse that contains nothing but large crates, some heavy machinery, and a number of pests scurrying about the dust and grime.

They swing their leg over the ledge and into the warehouse from atop a pile of crates and from there they jump down to the ground.

This person approaches a single table, the only item that isn’t covered in a layer of dust, and conveniently has the only light source hovering above it as the only working lamp swings above it.

They are a woman, one in their early twenties, she has dark maroon hair and pale skin. Her lips have been applied with black lipstick that matches her brown jeans and gothic black jacket with its spikes and skull insignias on each shoulder. Her piercing and the spikes of her jacket sheen in the light. On her side is a large brown duffle bag which is clearly holding something large and bulky.

"Ha, oh, Rojo you’ve done it again.” Rojo praises herself, as she drops the heavy bag onto the table letting it clang against the hard metal surface.

She really did a good job: she not only was able to rob a heavily armored transport vehicle from “the” hero commission, but she managed to escape scot free. Well mostly her favorite blaster got scraped by that human tree guy; damn, it was a costume job, too.

“This thing better have been worth it.” Rojo opens the bag before lifting up the contents.

She glides her hand across the slightly bent surface of the heavily damaged hover drone. The drone is heavily damaged, its head is bound to its body by wires, an insectoid arm dangles from its side, and the outer shell is heavily dented.

Apparently, it’s part of one of the rumored robots that attacked some mall along with some giant monsters or whatever. The sight of the item makes Rojo’s heart pump, this will hopefully give her the edge she needs. For you see, it’s all part of her quirk.

Her quick, Attachment, allows her to attach technology to her body. It does have its limits for example just because she attaches a phone to her arm doesn’t mean she can use it at will, she would still need to physically type into the phone to make a call. She’s also limited, she can only attach
tech to the surface of her body and even then, she has to be sparse with it or it’ll hinder her maneuverability.

That’s kind of why she’s upset about losing her blaster. She had it embedded into the top of her arm and a special activation switch on her hand that acted as a trigger. This way she wouldn’t have to be holding the gun, and she keeps her hands free. But Kamui Woods latched onto the blaster, thus forcing her to release it so she could escape.

That’s why this score better be worth it. Apparently, this robot was able to hold its own against the mutant monsters and sure it may have gotten obliterated by All Might but so what? It’s not like she plans on taking him on any time soon. Either way, if she can figure this thing out, she might just change her luck. But first she has to make sure it can actually power on.

She lugs over a car battery and after some tinkering, she’s able to successfully attach the robot to the battery.

“Come on. Come on.” She tries and tries but the robot just won’t activate. “Dammit!” Rojo yells out in anger slamming her fist onto the table, denting it slightly. By some miracle the orange-red eyes blink to life as electricity surges through its components. “Yes! Haha!”

The drone makes strange sounds as it tries to move and access its missing limbs.

Rojo grabs and pokes at it. “Now what is it you can do?”

Rojo watches curiously as the drone shakes and shifts, and then suddenly, without warning, wires and cables burst out from its body and latch onto Rojo’s arms and torso.

“Woah, what the hell!!?” Rojo tries to step away but the drone refuses to release her. “Fuck, let go of me!” She struggles to free herself as the cables tighten around her. Acting on instinct, she activates her quirk, Attachment. The effect is immediate, suddenly the entire drone seemingly jumps up and latches onto her like a metal parasite.

Rojo panics screaming and flailing her arms about to get the thing off of her, but all attempts fail. The husk of the drone seems to meld onto her body, she can feel as electricity and a powerful headache strikes her making her scream out in both pain and shock. The cold strange metal claws at her skin as it imbeds itself. Finally, after a few grueling minutes the pain is over.

Rojo is freaked out, breathing frantically, holding herself up against a crate trying to regain herself. She grabs her head, trying and failing to stop a migraine. “Glad that’s ov-AH!” Her hand! What the hell is wrong with her hand!? It’s not her normal pale tone but dark red with long metallic fingers that look like they can tear through a car. After some internal panicking she rushes over where she knows there’s a mirror. She finds it behind a junked forklift, she throws off the blanket that’s covering it and what she sees nearly sends her jumping back in fright.

It’s her she’s looking at, she can tell right away, but she’s drastically different from before. Her entire body has been transmuted to a shade of red, she has not two but four red cybernetic eyes, and strange red orbs protruding from her shoulders. Running along her arms are sharp gleaming blades. She’s buffer too, she can feel how much her muscle mass has increased so much so that her jacket and pants have torn around her arms and legs, even her feet have expanded to the point that they ripped through her boots.

“What the hell!!?” She grabs at her face trying to comprehend what had happened to her.

Then it hits her, and it makes her smile. This had turned out better than expected, she’s been
upgraded. For once her quirk was actually useful and whatever this robot was it has power strange unexplainable power. And she loves it.

“This is so great!” She eyes the forklift, smiling she slashes at the vehicle creating a huge gash into its side while also pushing back. “This is so goddamn great! I wonder what else I can do.” In response the red orbs on her shoulders move upward, propped up by metal limbs, the orbs glow red before beams of light shootout burning away at part of the ceiling. Rojo grins with mad amusement as she traces the scorched marks left behind. “With this power, I can get my biggest score yet!” She glides her long claws long body as the orbs retract themselves. “Look out Japan because Rojo’s going to have some fun.”

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Izuku is so not ready for this. Currently he’s in downtown Musutafu waiting by a water fountain surrounded by crowds of people. He’s fidgeting in place pulling at his collar, his hands are clammy with nervousness. If it weren’t for the fact that he’s in public right now he would be having a full-blown meltdown. The reason being is a girl. It didn’t hit Izuku until this morning that he had agreed to meet up with a girl; he agreed to take Ochaco out by himself, with nobody else, in public.

Man, he’s so nervous, so much so that he begins to spout out his concerns under his breath. “Holy shit this is happening. Should I have combed my hair? Did I over dress? I mean it’s just a black polo and khakis, but still. Oh, no! What if I’m underdressed!? What do I do!? What do I say!? I don’t even know where to take her. What would we even talk about? Maybe about heroes… the weather … life changing questions!? And-“

“Hi, Deku.”

“Ahah!” Izuku nearly falls backward in surprise.

Ochaco Uraraka looks a bit worried, Izuku’s response kind of startled her. “Are you okay!?”

Izuku tries to save some of his already little dignity by standing up straighter and fixing the hem of his shirt. “Y-yeah, I-I’m all good.”

He takes a moment to examine her. She’s wearing a lavender shirt with a teal skirt and black leggings. Along with pink converse and a matching drawstring bag on her back.

“That’s good.” Ochaco leans forwards smiling up at him, pumping her fists.

“She’s so close!”

“Thanks again for accepting my invitation.”

“O-oh, it was no problem.”

“Yeah, well, it would have really been boring by myself so thanks anyway.” Ochaco claps her hands together, smiling with anticipation. “Now what do you say for getting this show on the road?”

“Oh, uh, yeah sure. Let’s do that.”

Ochaco’s smile brightens in appreciation. She twirls around and heads for the nearest shop that had caught her interest.
Izuku tails behind her before matching pace with her.

She gives him a cheery grin to which he returns in a similar fashion, albeit sheepishly. ‘Maybe this won’t be so bad afterall.’

“Master!” One of the humanoid drones in red and black armor reports to his ship’s commander. Who is still regaining his health from their battle. “We are receiving a combined signal from the planet.”

The commander takes a minute to breathe through his breathing apparatus. “Explain…”

“One of the drones has somehow merged with one of Earth’s lifeforms.” The drone types away into a table like device, pulling up more information. “We are receiving one combined signal and that signal is on the move.”

“Hmmm. An interesting…development. Perhaps one head…is better than two.”

“Look out!”

“What is that?!?”

“Ahhhhh!!”

The sounds of lasers being fired out in tandem can be heard emanating from within the jewelry store. It’s a small store located in a less populated part of town, which means not a whole lot of heroes patrol this area thanks to the lack of news coverage. And that is unfortunate for some of the local shops such as this one.

People flea in fear from the jewelry store as laser fly at them, thankfully none connect.

Rojo is grinning, she’s very happy with how easy this job is. All she had to do was give a mean glare to make them runaway, albeit the lasers shooting out from her shoulder-blasters did help.

She aims one of the lasers, protruding from her shoulder, down at the glass display. She fires out a laser melting away the top part of the display case. Her smile widens as she reaches in and grabs the jewels inside. She opens her palm admiring the very expensive gems, wondering how much they’ll fetch for. Her thoughts are interrupted when a high pitch sonic wail pierces through her head. Rojo groans in pain holding her head before falling to her knees.

The high pitch sonic wail ceases but is replaced by baleful voice. “Listen to me… whoever you are…”

She wobbles as she tries keeps to pick herself up while still holding her aching head. “Where… are you? Who are you?” She’s able to fight through the receding pain so she can stand back up. “How’d you get in my head?!” She frantically observes her surroundings looking for the culprit. Looks.

“No questions!” The voice screams out in irritation. “You are here to serve me.”

That makes Rojo scowl. “Guess again. I work for me and only me!”

The high pitch sonic wail returns but this time is far worse. The wailing is louder and a shock of
pain courses through her entire body causing her to keel over, screaming out in pain. Mercifully the shocking stops rather quickly, but the threat is clear.

“You now possess power you could have never imagined.” The voice continues to echo through her ears. “Fulfill my demand and I will give you even more power, more technology for you to equip… However, if you fail me then I will turn you to dust!”

The proposal is tempting. This voice, whoever it is, must be the creator or owner of that robot she stole. And look at what one broken drone did to her, what would happen if she got a hold of more tech just like it. She could be unstoppable… “So, what do you want?”

She can almost hear the voice smirk despite not seeing their face. “Only one thing. A piece of valuable technology missing from my possession. And luckily you are already programmed to find it.” In that moment, a visual display like that of a video game appears in her vision. It already appears to be tracking the item in question. “Now go and get me my Omnitrix.”

“Awe, what a cute little playground.”

Ochaco gushes at the public playground just a few yards from their perch on a park bench. The recreational area is decently sized with trees, large playground sets, a volleyball court, gazebos, and even a pond for ducks and fish.

Izuku figured that he should show Ochaco some of Musutafu’s main attractions. And what else than the local park?

Izuku visibly relaxes in his seat. “Yeah, it’s pretty nice here. It’s a great place to hang out outside, get some exercise, and think.”

Ochaco nods in agreement, watching as a mother duck leads her young towards the water. “No doubt, this will be perfect when I eventually have to move here. Or I should say “if” I have to move here. Hehehe.”

Izuku grimaces with tension, although the U.A. Entrance Exam is still a way off they still have a lot of work to do. Far more work before they can even consider passing the exam. “Oh, yeah. You plan on taking the U.A. Entrance Exam, too right?”

“Sure do!” Ochaco sheepishly rubs the back of her head, trying not to look overconfident. “But I have to admit that I’m still pretty nervous about it.”

“Yeah, same.” An idea pops into his head. “Oh, hey, Uraraka.”

It makes him flinch when she says Deku, but she doesn’t seem to notice. That’s good because he really doesn’t want to start feeling depressed anytime soon. “I had some questions about your quirk. Would you mind answering some of them?” He holds up his “Hero Analysis for the Future #13” notebook for Ochaco to see. Making her wonder where he was keeping that thing anyway.

Ochaco is slightly put off, but she sees no harm in it. “Um, sure. Why not?”

With the go ahead, Izuku begins his interview. “So, your quick, Zero Gravity, allows you to make anything you touch weightless, correct?”
“Yes, but there's more to it than that.” The gravity manipulator holds out her open palm, displaying the tips of her fingers. They somewhat remind the greenette of paw pads on a cat. “It’s my fingers, all five have to make contact with whatever it is I want to float. Admittedly, there’s also a limit before I get nauseous.” She looks a little embarrassed admitting that. “It’s really nothing that special.”

Izuku can’t help but feel somewhat offended, not for what she said. But for what she implied; that her quirk isn’t good enough, that she isn’t good enough. “Are you kidding!?”

“Wha-!?"

“You have an amazing quirk! With a quirk like that you’d be a key player in rescue operations especially in disaster zones. You could float rubble away from civilians, heck you can even float large heavy objects at villains to use them as weapons.”

Ochaco blinks not really sure how to take all this praise. “Yeah, I guess you’re right.” She twiddles her thumbs not sure how to feel. “But it’s nowhere as versatile as your quirk. What does it do exactly?”

Now it’s Izuku’s turn to blink, yeah, he totally overlooked that part. “Oh, yeah I guess I never fully explained it, did I?” He already knows this will leave a bad taste in his mouth, but he can’t tell her the truth. So, for now, he’ll use the cover story both Thirteen and him worked out. “My quirk is called… One Man Army. It allows me to reconstruct my DNA so I can transform into about nine different…forms. Oh, and each one has its own abilities, weaknesses, and I think they somewhat alter my personality a little bit.” Izuku chuckles thinking about Ditto’s sass, Four Arm’s confidence, and XLR8’s excitable demeanor.

Ochaco stares, that’s mind blowing. How could one person be so lucky to be born with a quirk like that? “Wow, now that’s amazing. Almost seems unfair…” She can’t help but sulk about her own usefulness.

Izuku can seemingly sense the doubt she has in herself, afterall he has a lot of experience with that. “I, uh, wouldn’t say that after all I have a time limit of when I can use… my quirk and that includes a recharge time. Oh, I also have to use this special device,” He taps a finger against the bulky watch. “to help me activate my quirk; it also acts as a timer. Letting me know when I can transform and even helping me select which form to take.”

Ochaco eyes the watch and Izuku has a hard time gauging her thoughts. ‘Please buy that explanation.’

Ochaco shrugs, figuring that it makes sense: nearly all quirks have some kind of drawback after all. Well except for maybe All Might’s quirk; whatever it is. “Huh, well, it’s still a pretty awesome quirk though, right?”

“Yeah…” It is amazing, this watch has an impossible ability, but yet it’s sitting on his powerless wrist. “but sometimes I think this power is more trouble than it’s worth…” Afterall it did cost him a friendship.

Ochaco notices the change in Izuku’s demeanor. His shoulders are sagged, and his eyes have a far-off look. “Hey, Deku.”

Izuku tenses but he slumps over trying to look calm.

“Are you okay?”
“Huh, I’m um I’m fine.”

That’s all the brunette needs to hear. “No, you’re not.” She states with all seriousness.

He looks away trying to avoid eye contact.

Ochaco leans forward trying to keep his attention. “I can tell when people are trying to keep their problems to themselves.” My parents often try to do the same thing, especially when the bills start to build up. “and I can tell that it’s weighing you down.”

Ochaco silently assesses him, he’s clearly trying to think of what to say, and she doesn’t want to interrupt his thought process. Honestly, she might be pushing him too far. They don’t really know each other that well, heck, this is only their second time interacting with each other. So, he really doesn’t owe her answers, but she can’t just let this sit. He’s clearly hurting, and if she can help then she will.

Izuku’s astonished she saw right through him. Then again, he was never very good at hiding his emotions. But what can he say? Tell her that he’s one of the soul keepers of some ground shattering secrets: aliens, the Plumbers, and this powerful watch. How is he supposed to explain his feelings while also withdrawing information?

He remembers how Thirteen also tried to help him by getting him to converse. He remembers their advice; that sometimes talking to someone can help ease one’s pain. So, maybe he can talk about something, talk about what’s really plaguing his mind. “There have been some… things bothering me recently.” He admits, his eyes hesitate to meet Ochaco’s.

The round-faced girl shifts from her spot, situating herself, allowing Izuku to know that he has her full undivided attention.

Izuku prepares himself, taking a breath, trying to ease his worries. “Do you remember Henzu Uuichi?”

Ochaco nods. “Yeah, your… friend from the mall.”

“Yeah, well, we sort of got into a fight and now…” Izuku can feel tears begin to form, so he looks away slightly as to not let Ochaco notice. “we’re no longer on speaking terms.” Izuku presses a hand over his heart remembering the ripping away sensation when Henzu pried on the watch. The pain almost seems unbearable now thanks to the betrayal and shame he feels.

Ochaco notices the change in Izuku’s emotional state. “I’m so sorry. Are you alright?”

“I’m fine physically, but… emotionally I’m not.” He takes a shaky breath; God why is this so hard? A bit of tears starts to drip from his eyes, he runs his hands together trying to keep himself together. “He was about to do something that we’d… both regret and I had to stop him.” He begins to sniffle; he runs his arm across his face in a poor attempt to wipe away his tears. “I know I did the right thing, but…it hurts. Why does it hurt so much?” The dam broke, tears streaming down his face he hides his head in his arms trying not to let Ochaco see him. Why does it hurt so much? I did what a hero should, but…I lost a friend…the only friend I’ve ever known or had. “And the worst part…” He’s shaking while festering in a pit of melancholy and regret. “the worst part is that…I caused all of it.” He’s having a hard time speaking between his tears and sniffs. “I lied to him and…so that propelled him to do it. If I had been honest…from the start… then we’d…still be friends. And none of this would have happened!” Izuku wails out throwing his head down in defeat, giving up on trying to hold back his emotions allowing the tears to flow unhindered.
Ochaco isn’t sure what she could say to make him feel better. So, she doesn’t say a thing. She shifts over, placing a gentle hand on the boy’s back letting him know that he’s not alone in this.

Izuku remains in a heaping mess as he lets his tears run their course. After a few minutes he finally calms down enough to wipe his face clean.

Izuku is able to compose himself and get his breathing under control. “Thanks, Uraraka. *Sniff* Sorry, for dumping all of that on you.”

“It’s okay.” Ochaco keeps her hand on his shoulder allowing him to lean on her slightly. “Just tell me, do you feel better now?”

Izuku thinks about and honestly, he does feel a lot lighter and somewhat refreshed now. “Yeah, I do. It felt really good to get that off my chest.”

That makes Ochaco smile both for Izuku’s emotional health and the fact that she was able to help him in a small way.

Izuku can’t help but smile, too. He really does feel a whole lot better. ‘I guess Thirteen was right after all, sometimes it is good to just talk to someone, even if it doesn’t solve the issue, it does help to calm my emotions.’

*Grrrr*

‘What was that?!’ Izuku flails his head about looking for the source of the growl.

*Grrrr*

Ochaco covers her mouth trying to stop herself from outright laughing in his face. “Pft.”

Izuku hears that, he spins towards her his eyes wide and nervous. His expression is what sets Ochaco off into a fit of laughter.

As Ochaco tries and fails to hold back her laughter, Izuku stares at her as if she’s gone mad only for another growl to resonate…from his stomach. ‘Oh, it was me…’ The realization make Izuku want to crawl into a hole for a little away, at least until the embarrassment wares off. “I think that’s a sign for us to have lunch.”

Ochaco manages to take a breath, clearing her eyes of tears. “Sounds good, any place in mind?”

Feeling like he regained some dignity, Izuku stands up. “There’s a great restaurant I know of not too far from here.”

“Sounds good,” Ochaco follows his example. “lead the way.”

And with that the two teens make their way out of the park and towards the downtown area.

Rojo is frustrated to say the least, she’s still trying to understand all the strange symbols showing up on her visual display the only comprehensible icon on her display is that of a lock-on symbol that has her tracing it with her eyes. The target symbol is moving across the screen, but she can’t see or even tell how close the Omnitrix is. So, to help locate it, she climbed onto the tallest building she could find in the area. “Now where is it?” She scans the area until finally the target symbol moves towards the open street and locks onto a black watch with a green hourglass symbol
on it. “There you are.”

Meanwhile, Izuku and Ochaco stroll through the street passing by quiet stores, services, and a small number of pedestrians.

Ochaco leans in close, staring in awe at the green glowing watch wrapped around Izuku’s wrist. “Woah, so what’s that one do?”

Izuku can’t help but chuckle. He’s currently walking Ochaco through his arsenal of transformations, by displaying their silhouettes on the watch’s dial. “I call this one Ripjaws. Basically, I become a tall fishman with razor sharp teeth and claws.”

“Haha I bet it’s hilarious to see.”

Izuku winces in embarrassment. “Eh, I wouldn’t hold my breath.” He grins awkwardly hoping his joke was somewhat funny.

It works in a way, because Ochaco spittakes in response. “Pft, was that a joke?!” She tries and fails to hold back her laughter making Izuku slouch in humiliation.

“It was that bad, huh?”

“No, no.” Ochaco waves off his concern. “It was good, just need to work on your delivery.”

Izuku is able to smile appreciating the advice but feeling self-conscious for even having to be given advice at all. “I’ll try.”

A moment of silence falls over them as they continue their trek. “Uh, h-hey, Uraraka?”

Ochaco stops, blinking in curiosity. “Yes, Deku.”

“I…I never asked, but,” Oh, God is he nervous. “How are you doing?!?”

“Um, I’m doing fine?” Why is he asking this now? Is he trying to start a conversation? Or what?

Sensing her confusion Izuku clarifies. “What I mean is, how are you doing after…the mall trip?”

“Mall trip?” She takes a moment to think about what he means and when she makes sense of it, a feeling of dread fills her stomach. “Oh, yeah…that trip.” She’s clearly become uncomfortable, Izuku notices but he’s unsure what to do about it. He’s too afraid of accidentally upsetting her. He attempts to reach out to her, but his handshakes so badly with nervousness that it’s slow to get there. His hand never reaches her shoulder to comfort her though. “The day in the mall…when I really think about it…it was the SCARIEST thing I’ve ever done in my life!!”

The blood drains from Izuku’s face.

Ochaco cradles her stomach as if she’s going to hurl as the images of mutant animals and a deranged doctor flow through her head. “It was terrifying, we could have been killed!” Tears start to leak out from her eyes. “We shouldn’t have gone after the villain! We should have never even fought those monsters!” She grabs at her eyes trying to stop the inevitable stream of tears to break through. “I can’t bear the thought if one of us had died…and what that would mean…for those we care about…” And like that the dam breaks and tears pour out as Ochaco chokes on her regret.

Izuku is beyond stunned, but mostly he feels guilty. Guilty because it was him that dragged her
into it, it was him that nearly got her killed, it was him that nearly cost her everything. “I-I’m...I’m sorry...”

Ochaco gives a harsh sniff wiping her nose with her arm. “W-why are you sorry?”

“It was all my fault. I led you and Henzu into that fight. I was the one that risked our lives. And I am so sorry for putting you through that.” That’s right, he’s the one at fault. And he truly regrets involving them in his theatrics, but in all honesty, he doesn’t regret what they accomplished. “In full confidence thou, I’m obliged to say that I don’t regret what we did.”

Ochaco’s eyes widen in shock. How could he be so insensitive?

Realizing how badly he worded that, Izuku continues. “What I mean is, that I regret forcing you to action, but I don’t regret nor am I ashamed that we were able to save lives that day.” He states this like the fact it is, full of confidence and conviction. “We saved a lot of good...innocent people that day.” His eyes lock onto to the brunette’s. “We were heroes.” He gives her the most comforting smile he can offer.

Ochaco inhales sharply, even though she still feels like she’s going to breakdown from the experience, she can’t help the sense of pride and gratification she feels as well when she really thinks about it. A tiny soft smile just barely begins to form on her face.

A woman’s voice interrupts in a sarcastic tone of voice. “Awe, ain’t this cute?”

Both teens look forward and instantly alarm bells are ringing in Izuku’s head. Something’s not right about this woman. Her... features are off but they’re familiar. And then it hits him. ‘The alien drone... Is she one of them?’

Ochaco, also senses something off, she can’t help but find something familiar about this person. “Who are you?”

“Me? I was a nobody, but now,” Rojo smirks flexing her metallic claws. “I can be whatever I want, and I want to be powerful.”

Well there goes the possibility that she’s friendly.

Izuku and Ochaco take a step back ready to run if need be. Izuku leans forward and positions his hand over the watch. ‘I guess she’s not an alien robot then, she must have merged with one somehow... maybe it’s her quirk.’

Rojo notices Izuku’s hand hovering over the watch, reminding her of her mission. “But I can only do that if you hand over the Omnitrix.”

That throws Izuku off. “The what?”

Ochaco looks over towards the greenette. “What’s she talking about?”

“Don’t play dumb!” Rojo snaps annoyed with their reactions. The red plates on her shoulders move upward and begin to buzz as a laser begins to charge. “Now are you going to hand it over or will I have to take it from your melted corpse?” She sticks her hand out ready for these kids to willingly handover what she’s looking for.

Ochaco turns to him, worry written across her face, looking for an answer.

‘This is bad.’ Izuku grimaces. What’s he supposed to do? What is she even talking about? What
Rojo is losing patience, she needs the Omnitrix in exchange for more technology. “Okay, kid. Time’s up give me the Omnitrix” She stomps forward standing next to a light pole, she swings her arm slashing through the steel with her razor spines on her arms. “or I’ll slice off your arm to get it.” The light pole tips over, crashing onto the street with a loud clang.

‘Arm? What is she…’ Izuku slowly peers down at his wrist as realization dawns on him. She’s referring to the alien watch!

No, he can’t allow her to take it. If someone like her would to have control over this device, it could be catastrophic. Who knows what mayhem she’ll cause or how many people she’ll harm?

One thing is clear though. He’ll do what he can to stop her from getting it.

Izuku grips the…Omnitrix ready to defend it. “If you want it,” He grips the Omnitrix, disappearing in a flash of greenlight. “you’re going to have to pry it from my cold dead hands.” Four Arms flexes raising his fists as to exaggerate his point. ‘Nailed it.’ He thinks smugly, happy that he was able to get a quip in.

Ochaco gasps silently at Izuku. Is he crazy!? They should run and call the police, maybe find a hero to handle this.

Rojo is taken aback by this development. That damn voice should have told her about this kid’s quirk. “Woah, hey what the hell just happened?”

Four Arms grins. “Simple, I buffed up.”

“Tsk, funny guy. Well I’m more than willing to accommodate.” Rojo raises her claws positioning herself like that of a beast ready to pounce. ‘Let’s dance big boy.’

And with that Rojo leaps into action. She’s fast, in less than a second, she’s cleared over half the distance between them, her arms stretched to the sides as to ready slashing attacks.

Four Arms, noticing the outstretched claws, readies to defend himself. By some odd coincidence, his experiences with Bakugou as well as analysis heroes and their battles over the many years have given Izuku a good, albeit inexperienced battle sense. But as of now they are paying off seeing as his prediction was correct.

As she approaches Rojo draws back her left arm before lunging it forward towards the red alien. Using his bulky forelimb, Four Arms easily parries the attack. Rojo swipes with her other claw but it’s effortlessly blocked.

Now that both her attack and defense are down, Four Arms uses his two lower arms to grab onto Rojo’s arms.

“Damn!” Rojo snarls trying but failing to pull away thanks to Four Arms’ grip. “Let go of me!”

“Sure thing.” Four Arms swings his body pulling the robotic villain along with him. “There you go!” He throws her around both him and Ochaco towards the upper floor of a nearby building.

Rojo bounces off the brick wall before landing with a loud crash onto the hard street below.

She doesn’t move, thinking they’re fine Four Arms takes a moment to check on Ochaco.
Her face is written in worry and nervousness, her eyes glued to the still form of the villain.

“Uraraka,” She flinches, drawing her attention towards the hulking mass of muscle. “Go ahead and-”

“You bastard!” Ochaco gasps as Izuku scowls when they realize that Rojo is fine.

As she stands up Four Arms takes note of the fact that there’s not a single scratch on her. She doesn’t even look fazed by being thrown at a building.

“You think you’re hot-stuff? You think that thanks to your quirk than that makes you some kind of hero, don’t ya?” Although she’s fine physically it’s clear to anyone that she’s more than pissed. “Hate to break it to you but with my new power,” Her fingers begin to shift becoming thinner and notably sharper. “not only will I be taking the Omnitrix, but I’ll make sure to hurt you so bad that you won’t even be able to hold a fucking pencil!” Her newly formed claws sheen in the light of the day, they are twice as long as they were before, they are more akin to blades. “Prepare yourself for a world of pain!” She runs forward swinging her blades wildly with no real technique or plan other than to tear through the kid’s hide.

Fearing for not only his life but Ochaco’s, Four Arms grabs the brunette before jumping backwards just barely avoiding Rojo’s attack. She doesn’t let up though as she chases after her prey who has little to no time to defend himself as he continues to dodge attack after attack. Four Arms, using one arm to secure Ochaco, does his best to parry, dodge, and defend from the onslaught. Luckily, this alien’s hide is tougher than one would think so not many of the slashes actually pierce through the skin, thankfully. However, human flesh is a different story. One wrong move and he risks Ochaco’s life and if he doesn’t finish this or get them away in time he’ll revert back to human and it’ll for sure be over for them both.

Ochaco is terrified, this villain really has her on edge. All she wanted was a peaceful afternoon, one that doesn’t involve monsters, robots, or villains. ‘But Why? Why is this happening? What the heck is she after? And why? Why aren’t I doing anything?’ Four Arms dodges another slash, acting fast he grabs Rojo’s wrist, and then he flings her into a light pole. The light pole bends as the villain is slammed into it. ‘Deku is so amazing. He’s scared, I know that, but he’s still able to stand and fight. And here I am terrified out of my mind, unable to help.’ Rojo quickly springs back up and continues her assault but this time Four Arms is able to counter with his own punches. While using his body to shield Ochaco. ‘I’m a hinderance. He’s only trying to defend me.’ Rojo manages to get a clean strike to Izuku’s chest making him wince as he stumbles backwards. ‘I’m slowing him down!’

Rojo lands a solid punch to Four Arms’ gut making him keel over, wheezing from the blow. “Not so tough now are ya?”

While bent over Four Arms latches on to Rojo’s leg lifting her up. He then swings her downward slamming her into the ground again and again until he launches her away. The robotic woman skids across the ground the sound of metal scraping across the concrete accompanies her.

With a small moment of reprieve Four Arms finally puts Ochaco down. She wobbles on her feet, her nerves now allowing her to keep her balance. “Uraraka, go and call for help.”

Ochaco looks somewhat relieved but still very much worried. “Ar-are y-you sure?”

Four Arms nods his head. “Yes.”

While those two have a quick strategy meeting Rojo leaps back onto her feet. Seeing that his
opponent is back on their feet Four Arms readies himself to continue. Meanwhile, Ochaco remains rooted to her spot her eyes glued to Rojo’s metallic red form.

“What’s going on here?! ” A male voice shouts out from afar.

Four Arms and Ochaco spin around spotting what appears to be a hero running towards them. They must have received a call about a couple of mutant quirk users duking it out.

The pro hero appears to be Mr. Brave at least that’s what Ochaco and Rojo are able to make out from Four Arms’ muttering from when he recognizes the lesser-known pro hero.

Rojo also spots the pro hero making a beeline for them. ‘Shit! I got to think fast here.’ This is bad, she’s already wasting too much time with this overgrown child and now a hero is here to arrest her. If this fight drags on any longer no doubt more heroes will show up to help take her down. She may now be stronger but even she knows that the numbers in battle can defeat the strongest of foes. She has to think of a way to keep the hero at bay while also getting this brat alone… She glances over taking note of the girl that the red brute’s been hauling around. Rojo smirks gleefully as a devious idea forms in her head.

Mr. Brave is nearly upon them and with no time to waste Rojo sprints forward and grabs onto her target. She binds her arm around the surprised and terrified Ochaco before jumping onto the outer wall of a five-story building. She digs her free claw and her clawed feet into the WALL allowing her to hold to the side.

Four Arms realizes his blunder of letting his guard down, fearing for Ochaco’s life. “Uraraka!”

“Deku!” Ochaco screams out squirming in Rojo’s tight hold. She is unable to get her hands free and thus unable to reach anything that she can use her quirk on and allow her to break free.

Rojo crawls up the wall as Ochaco squirms and begins to tear up. As she hops onto the roof, she calls back down at Four Arms. “If you want your girl back, you’ll have to give up the Omnitrix you brat!” And with that she takes off via leaping from roof to roof.

“Hey, get back here villain!” Having just witnessed a kidnapping Mr. Brave takes off after Rojo, but due to lack of acrobatics he must follow from the streets below.

Four Arms calls out to the pro hero. “Hey, wait!” But it’s too late the pro hero is already out of earshot. ‘This is really bad.’ Four Arms takes off running, chasing after the pro hero and the villain. ‘This is all my fault! How could I have let her get taken like that?! Oh, I hope Uraraka is okay!’ He’s now in a full-on sprint passing by driving cars and unsuspecting bystanders, from above he can spot Rojo roof jumping with a struggling Ochaco in her arms, and not too far away is the hero Mr. Brave who looks to be calling in backup. ‘What do I do?! What do I do?!’

Rojo turns her head to analyze the situation, she grins spotting both the hero and big red muscle head following below. She continues on her way but with much more urgency.

Noticing the change in speed Four Arms attempts to speed up as well but he’s so busy trying to keep an eye on the kidnapper that he fails to pay attention to where he’s going. More precisely, he fails to see oncoming traffic.

*CLANG!!!* 

A truck slams right into the bulky alien. Four Arms yelps as he bounces off the grill and onto the street. Pedestrians gasp and some even wince as they witness the large mutant getting plowed by the heavy vehicle.
“Ow.” Four Arms groans as he pushes himself off the ground, holding his head with one hand, and holding his side with another. After taking a moment to pat himself down he’s happy to report that nothing appears to be broken the worst thing he has is probably a very large bruise and road burn, thank God he was Four Arms and not Ditto he definitely would have ended up like a bug on a windshield.

People surround him asking if he’s alright but he’s a bit preoccupied he’s scanning the roofs looking for Rojo. ‘Shit!’ He can’t see her, nor does he spot the pro hero anywhere. ‘No. No! No!! This can’t be happening!’ He’s panicking as he stumbles here and there trying but failing to gently move those around him as they can only stare at him in confusion or concern. “Where are they?! Where are they?!”

“They went that way.” A cool calm voice responses from within the crowd.

“What?” Four Arms spins around and for a second, he thinks he’s staring at another alien, but he quickly brushes off that idea.

A tall and rather muscular young man with pale gray hair, that’s swept forwards, and that covers most of his face and his eye. He has six arms that are all attached to each other by a web of skin, his two upper arms have hands at the end but the rest end in what appear to be ears, eyes, and even a nose. He’s also wearing a blue mask that happens to cover the lower half of his face. Izuku is instinctively curious of what’s under the mask.

The young man steps forward as he approaches Four Arms takes note that the young man is about a foot shorter than him. “You were chasing after that villain, right? The one carrying the girl?”

Four Arms’ heart begins to race as he remembers his mission .“Yes, she took my friend! Do you know which way they went?”

“Yes, I saw them heading in that direction.” The multi-armed man points west. “I can even hear them from here, just go down a few blocks and you should be able to hear sirens. When you do follow them.”

Those are some specific directions, must be thanks to his quirk. “Okay, thanks so much!” Four Arms bows his large body making it a rather hilarious sight. “I really appreciate it!”

“No thanks are necessary.” The young man waves it off as Four Arms stands backup. “Now you better hurry, sounds like things are only escalating over there.”

“Right.” Four Arms breaks into a run, as he does, he waves back at the helpful soul. “thanks again.”

The masked youth gives the red hulk a thumbs up in response.

‘What a nice guy.’ Izuku thinks to himself.

As he rounds the corner the watch or more precisely the Omnitrix flashes red regressing Izuku to his original form. And it couldn’t have happened at a worse time, even though he’s been training his athletic ability is nowhere near Four Arms’ meaning it takes him longer than anticipated to get into earshot of the sirens the tall muscular man had told him about. After nearly three minutes Izuku can finally hear the sound of police sirens in the distance, he follows the sirens until it’s clear where they are originating from.

After taking a shortcut through an alleyway Izuku finds himself lost amongst a rather large crowd of people. “What da?” Due to his stature he is unable to make out what is happening.
So, he follows along the edge of the crowd making his way around until he gets a clear enough view of the situation. A number of police and pro heroes such as Mr. Brave, Air Jet, Death Arms, Backdraft, Slugger, Kamui Woods, and Mount Lady are present and they seem to be surrounding a store that seems to specialize in selling various appliances: fridges, washing machines, dishwashers, etc.

“What’s happening? Where’s Uraraka?”

A very familiar and welcoming voice calls out to Izuku. “Midoriya!”

Instantly recognizing that voice Izuku spins around and spots someone approaching him from behind. “Thirteen!” Indeed, Thirteen has arrived behind is their car left a distance away from the crowd as to not get in anyone’s way or to draw attention. “What’s going on?!”

Thirteen frowns. “It’s not good a villain has taken a hostage.”

“I know that already!” Izuku stats rather bluntly.

…

Thirteen gives him a questioning look. “Excuse me?”

Rather than let his blunder throw him off Izuku focuses in on the main issue. “The villain took Uraraka while we were together!”

Thirteen recognizes the name as the girl that Izuku fought Dr. Animo with. “Alright, explain everything.”

“Alright,” Izuku takes a single deep breath before explaining all that’s transpired. “We, Uraraka and I, had met up earlier today and while we were heading for lunch when the villain.”

Thirteen nods. “Right and then they kidnapped Uraraka.”

Izuku tenses up realizing that Thirteen doesn’t in fact understand the full situation. “No, the villain they…they wanted something…from me.” Izuku grips the watch in a tight hold as if even finishing the sentence will magically teleport the device away.

Thirteen instantly picks up what Izuku’s trying to say. “They wanted the watch.” They say it like it’s a fact and not a question.

Izuku nods. “They wanted the Omnitrix. It’s what she called the watch.” He finishes after Thirteen gives Izuku a puzzled look.

“The Omnitrix, huh?”

“Yeah,” Izuku nods, his hands fumbling together. He’s trying his best from his letting his nerves take over and he goes into a panic. “she demanded that I hand it over and when I didn’t, she took Uraraka.” He takes a quick shaky breath in the meantime Thirteen keeps their full attention on the fearful greenette. “And that’s not all. The villain it looked like she’s fused with one of those attack drones we’ve been encountering.” Thirteen’s eyes visibly widen. “It must be thanks to her quirk or something, but she’s fast, strong, and dangerous. Oh, she also doesn’t know what the Omnitrix does, but for some reason she’s after it.” He throws in the last bit of info rather half-hazardly.

Thirteen allows all the information to process in their mind. “Okay, that explains quite a few things: I had gotten a ping on my surveillance system about alien technology being activated and I
tracked it here.” Well that explains why they’re here in the first place. “However, the fact that the technology has fused with the villain is not at all comforting.” Izuku begins to shake, but he wills himself to keep it together. “Whoever this person is they know about the wat-Omnitrix, a major power boost with unknown capabilities, and a hostage. We’ll have to search for answers later, especially about why they’re after the Omnitrix in the first place if they’re not even sure about what it does.”

Now comes Izuku’s panic attack, he’s sweating as dark thoughts swirl in his head. “This is terrible. It’s all my fault. I must have done something, someone must have found out about it and hired her to get it or something.” Maybe it was Henzu Uuichi. “And now Uraraka could be hurt or worse. And the villain might get away. And if they get what they want, who knows what they’ll do. And.”

A firm yet comforting hand grips Izuku’s shoulder. It’s a firm grip that is well practiced in calming panicking and hyperventilating victims in disaster zones. Izuku calms down, allowing Thirteen’s presence to comfort him. “Relax, alright?”

Although he was much calmer now, he still can’t help the feeling of dread and regret rise up in his throat. “How am I supposed to relax? When it’s thanks to me that my…friend is being held against her will. Those robots they’ve been targeting me and while I’m around everyone I care about is at risk. How can I just standby and do nothing while those I care about are caught in the crossfire?!”

Amongst the storm of Izuku’s tirade Thirteen’s firm voice cuts are through the barrage of panic. “Then don’t.” Izuku instantly quiets down, unsure what the pro hero means. “You’ve never, not once, since I’ve known you have you been willing to just wait for someone else to save the day.”

That is somewhat true Izuku thinks.

“It’s why you’re so quick to use the Omnitrix because for the first time in your life you have the power to do something, to save others, and that’s incredible. So, why stop now?” Thirteen grabs both Izuku’s shoulders and gives him a quick shake, anticipating an answer.

Izuku is still lost. “What are you getting at?”

Thirteen sighs, he needs to be forward with this one. “I’m going to be honest with you. What I’m about to say could get me reprimanded, but I think it’s necessary. The villain has the appliance store sealed really good and we, the heroes, don’t have a clear idea about what’s going on in there.” Izuku’s breath hitches. “The villain is refusing to respond to police negotiations and none of the heroes can make a move without risking Uraraka’s wellbeing.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“I’m telling you all this, because I…” They pause to correct themselves. “we need you to sneak in there and stop the villain.”

“What!?!?”

Thirteen isn’t at all surprised by the teen’s reaction. “I know but hear me out.” Thirteen points at the store. “That villain has fused with technology. Alien technology. Meaning this situation falls under Plumber jurisdiction, but…” Thirteen leaves the sentence hanging hoping their message finally clicks with Izuku.

It does. “We can’t risk being found out.” Izuku finishes, his voice is serious but obviously full of fear.
“Exactly, and if pro heroes get involved not only will they have the villain, but they’ll have access to level 10 alien technology.” Thirteen shivers not wanting to think about what could potentially happen if that’s the case. “And that could be catastrophic. And since there’s no chance that I can get in there, let alone by myself, I need you to go in there and stop this villain. I need you to disable the alien technology within them. And I…we need you to save your friend.”

Saying that this is a lot of responsibility is an understatement. How can he possibly do this by himself? This different than anything he’s tackled to this point so far: monsters and robots are one thing. They can’t strategize, adapt, or process emotions…but a villain, a human, with the ability to make decisions and a hostage is a whole other ballpark.

Noticing Izuku’s discomfort Thirteen decides that he should be responsible and not try to force his protegé into this. “If you don’t feel comfortable with this than I understand.”

Izuku can tell what they’re trying to do, they’re trying to give him an out a chance to step away. But that would mean risking the risk of alien technology being released into the world, the villain getting away, and abandoning Ochaco. How could he possibly do that? Can he really just walk away? … No, he can’t.

Despite his nervous disposition he delivers a steely glare. “I’ll do it.”

Thirteen is a bit surprised, but they really shouldn’t be. They definitely can’t stop the sense of pride rising in their chest.

Izuku gives the pro hero a shaky and somehow a confident grin. “And I think I have a plan.”

If Thirteen wasn’t wearing a helmet Izuku would have seen one of the biggest grins of his life.

“Then let’s hear it.”

A few miles away All Might, in his civilian clothes, holds up a very dizzy and possibly concussed purse thief. “FEAR NOT CITIZEN THIS THIEF WILL NOT TROUBLE YOU ANYMORE.”

A small crowd of admiring faces have gathers aweing in All Might’s glory. A single woman bows repeatedly as All Might returns her purse to her.

“HAVE A WONDERFUL DAY, NOW WATCH AS I MAKE MY EXIT!”

*Whoosh!*

And just like that All Might disappears in a blink of an eye the only evidence of him ever being there is the and tied up unconscious thief and a gust of wind.

The small crowd barley starts to disperse many of them are still hyped up about encountering and witnessing the Symbol of Peace in action.

“Woah, look at him go!”

“How? He took off so quick.”

“He’s so cool!”

“You’re amazing All Might!”

An extremely thin All Might overhears and blushes from the praise, glad that he could help. He
steps out from his hiding spot, the backside of a nearby dumpster within a nearby ally. He takes a moment to regain his breath after all he’s nearly at his limit for the day already. He’s just about to walk away as the chatter behind him continues.

“I wonder where he went?”

“Probably to that hostage situation across town.”

That makes the pro hero freeze up. ‘A hostage situation?’

The two pedestrians continue not noticing the skeletal man eavesdropping on their conversation. “Yeah, the heroes got the whole place taped off and they can’t seem to get inside. Apparently, the villain has a strong quirk and the hostage is just some middle school girl.”

“That’s too bad. I hope it all turns out okay for her.”

“Yeah, me too.”

All Might’s mind can’t help but remember the Slime Villain attack, but more precisely he remembers how useless he was. He couldn’t be the hero that day for a lot of people: not for the crowd, the hostage, and definitely not for that boy, Izuku Midoriya.

No matter how much he’d like to he’ll never forget what he did to that poor boy. A Quirkless boy so full of hope and he outright crushed it with little to no remorse. ‘I could have done more…I should have done more, but I didn’t I just turned his back on the kid.’

He feels uncomfortable when he considers how much that must happen to the boy, how often people turn their backs on each other because of their status, appearances, and/or abilities. ‘Maybe…he was the one.’

It’s not the first time he’s considered this; perhaps that boy could be his successor, but… ‘Would he even want to see me? Would he even listen? Would he even accept after everything I said?’

A dreadful feeling tells him that no the boy would not accept him. Sure, he could go and track him down, but would that really fix things? Probably not, and they may never know. Maybe in an alternate reality it all worked out from them. But in this reality, he has to find the right successor one that understands what it means to be a hero and can become a symbol.

But for now, he’s the holder of One For All and the Symbol of Peace so for now he’ll focus on his duties as such starting with the hostage situation.

As fast as he can muster, while in his weakened state, All Might takes off calling Tsukauchi to find out where the villain is held up. Hopefully he can make it there in time.

@ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @ @

*Sniff*

‘Someone please hurry.’

CLANK!!!

The sound of metal being smashed echoes throughout the building making Ochaco recoil in fright.

Rojo pulls her fist away in frustration from the smashed washing machine. “Dammit, he’s taking too long.” Rojo snarls kicking a different washing machine. She kicks it so hard that it’s flung
away, bouncing off other appliances before landing hard onto the tile floor.

Ochaco flinches from her seat on the cold floor. Her wrists are bound to a pipe as to not let her slip away. The villain also took her phone and her bag throwing them towards the opposite corner away from her.

Ever since Rojo brought her here, after nearly making her lose her lunch from hopping from rooftop to rooftop, they’ve been cooped up in this appliance store for nearly fifteen minutes and already she can hear the sound of police and heroes surrounding them. It gave her hope knowing that they’re here, but it’s been fleeting ever since they tried to hail the villain to negotiate, but she answered back with a round of lasers from her shoulder blasters.

Now here she is, scared witless as a killer robotic psycho paces back and forth through the store as if expecting something to happen.

“Aarrgh!!” Rojo screams out slashing down at a refrigerator knocking it to the ground in a fit of rage. She spins around marching straight towards a terrified Ochaco. “Where is he!?!?” She screams directly into the girl’s face, Ochaco can smell the older woman’s breath, and she grimaces as specs of spit fly at her face.

“W-who’s he?”

Rojo spits out her reply. “You’re boyfriend!”

‘Oh, Deku…’ Wait. “He’s not my boyfriend!” She (comically) yelps out in embarrassment and shock.

Rojo clicks her tongue. “Whatever, either way he’ll be showing himself sooner or later.”

Ochaco tenses up, knowing the risk of accidental provoking the villain. “W-why do you say that?”

Rojo smirks, she can practically taste victory. “Simple, he knows what I’m after.” She pinches Ochaco’s face with two metallic fingers, squeezing her cheeks. Ochaco has to fight the urge to pull away as to not risk getting her face sliced off. “And if he doesn’t want anything to happen to your cute round face” Rojo clutches her hand. “Then he’ll have to deliver the Omnitrix to me on a silver platter.”

Rojo mercifully releases the girl’s face.

Ochaco rubs her cheeks. “T-the Omnitrix?”

“Yeah, that thing on his wrist.”

She can’t be serious. “His watch?” Why would she be after that thing? It’s only function, as far as she knows, is to help Izuku control his quirk. She doesn’t know why but she has one final question that needs to be answered. “Why?”

The question makes Rojo pause before drawing her full attention onto the prisoner. “Why? Why do people do anything?”

Ochaco’s not sure if she should answer so she remains quiet.

“People will do anything for power and money! Those are the only things that drive people to do
anything in this life!” Rojo states this with such righteous confidence that Ochaco actually starts to consider what she's spouting out. “Just look at me I’m fucking jacked!” Rojo gestures to herself admiring her red and mechanical physique. “I finally have the firepower to do what I want and after this I will be even more powerful.” The blasters on Rojo’s shoulder extend and blast an unexpecting dishwasher burning a hole right through it. “And with this power, this strength, I can take and do whatever I want! I’ll be rich and known as one of the greatest bandits in the whole world! After this I bet, I’ll even be able to take on All Might himself!”

A shiver runs down Ochaco’s spine. ‘She’s insane.’

Rojo seems to notice Ochaco’s reaction. “You’re right to be scared, because no hero will come to save you.”

“Th-that’s n-not true.”

“Isn’t it?” Rojo asks rather coldly. “Those heroes out there are not here to save you. But to make themselves look good so they can become famous, get a fatter paycheck, and with that comes power. That’s also why they won’t risk coming in here. Because if they fail then that’s bad press, with bad press comes a loss in popularity, which equals a real loss of money.”

Ochaco hates how much sense the villain is making.

With a giant grin, Rojo glances towards the large store windows watching the number of heroes, police, and innocents outside waiting for something to happen. “Don’t you see? The only way you’re getting out of here is if your…friend delivers the Omnitrix or…” Rojo makes a slicing motion to her neck. “in a body bag.”

Ochaco breaks down into a fit of tears, turning her head away as to not give the villain the satisfaction of seeing that she got to her.

Rojo chuckles to herself satisfied with the girl’s reaction, she then marches off to survey the situation outside.

Ochaco is really having a tough time keeping it together as she slumps down in defeat, her hands bound over her head thanks to the binds. She just really wants to be home right now with her parents wearing her favorite pajamas. She’d rather be anywhere but here.

‘It’s not true. She’s wrong! Someone will come. The heroes will come.’

“Don’t let her get to you.” A squeaky voice chirps out from above her head.

With tears clouding her eyes, Ochaco peers up not knowing what to expect, she certainly didn’t expect to see a grey frog with bulging green eyes staring down at her. The little frog like thing is hanging off the side of the pipe that she’s bound to. She blinks away the tears and that’s when she notices the familiar green hourglass symbol on the medallion like disc on the frog’s back.

“Deku?”

Grey Matter nods gesturing for Ochaco to keep her voice low. “Yeah, it’s me.”

Ochaco stiffs up and in a fit of panic she quickly scans for Rojo, but the villain isn’t in her direct line of sight. “What are you doing here?” She whispers harshly at the grey bipedal frog.

Grey matter slides down the pipe until he’s resting on Ochaco’s arm. He grabs the bindings, sticking the rope into his mouth, before biting down hard. As he chews away, he tries to reply. “I, grrrr, came to, grrrr, get you, grrrr, obviously.”
And with that Ochaco’s arms are free. The brunette rubs her wrists gently trying to regain blood circulation within her hands. Rojo is nowhere in sight, thankfully, but she can return any moment and how the hell are they supposed to get out of here? Make a run for it? No, they’ll get caught before they can even make it to the door. Hide? She’ll easily find them. Fight? No chance.

Even though she’s no longer tied up, the cage of defeat still looms around her. She holds Grey matter in her hands, the little alien looking up at her with his big eyes that are full of concern and worry. “You should just leave.”

The question comes totally out of nowhere for Grey Matter. What could she possibly mean? Just what did the villain do to her? “Uraraka, I can’t just leave you here. We need to get out of here.”

Ochaco gives her little friend a soft but deeply saddened smile. “Thank you, Deku. But you shouldn’t have come.”

Grey Matter has no idea how to react to this, should he say something? What should he do?

Ochaco choke back a sob. “Why risk everything for me? I’m no hero.” That really hurts to admit. “I can’t do what you can do. I’m not powerful, I’m not skilled, I’m just a stupid girl with an unachieviable dream. So, please Deku…just leave me…”

‘Uraraka…I’m so sorry, this must be so terrifying for you. And it’s thanks to me that you’re even here.’ He has to make this right, but first he has to get her out of here. He will get her to safety, and he’ll beg for forgiveness, he’ll do whatever it takes to make it up to her. “Uraraka I-”

“What’s this?! A red hand seemingly out of nowhere snatches onto the tiny alien. Ochaco yelps back in fright as Rojo holds up the frog-like alien examining it and noticing the dial on its back.

Grey Matter flails about struggling to break free from Rojo’s grip. “Ah, Ah!”

“Deku! Are you okay?!”

Grey Matter tries to push and pull himself free of Rojo’s claw. “Yeah, she just has really cold hands!” That’s probably not the most pressing matter at the moment.

Grey Matter’s body seems to squeak like a rubber duck as Rojo gives his body a few squeezes. “I knew you’d show up. Ready to give up the Omnitrix?”

If he wasn’t an amphibian he would be breaking into a cold sweat right about now. “I, uh, not really. I’m rather attached to it in case you haven’t noticed.”

Rojo actually finds the quip amusing. “I’ll be taking it anyway.” Her silver claws gleam as she turns Grey Matter over and tries to tinker with the strange alien device trying to find some way to get it off.

Grey Matter can feel the cold sharp claws scratching and digging into the Omnitrix faceplate and his flesh. He starts pounding on Rojo’s hand, but it hardly phases her, it doesn’t even tickle, instead it provokes her to tighten her grip to the point that he’s actually struggling to breath. In between breaths he’s somehow able to call out to a frozen Ochaco. “Uraraka…run.”

The order goes unanswered as Ochaco continues to cower watching helplessly as her friend is being tormented by the mad woman. ‘Deku…even when your backs against the wall you’re still looking out for others…I’m not like you…I’m not a hero.’ She hates how something deep in her
mind seems to agree, and it hurts because it’s true. How can someone like her, someone with such a weak will possibly be a hero? She’s nothing like Deku! He never seems to hesitate to help others, but she always does she can’t even save herself. She can’t even will herself to move. ‘How could I even consider the possibility of getting into U.A. and becoming a hero? How can I ever take care of my parents?’

Her parents, they work themselves to the bone just so they can keep a roof over their heads, cloth themselves, and get food on the table. And to thank them she really wanted to make a lot of money as a hero to give them the life they deserve. It’s ironic really with how right the villain was; heroes only act for their own self-interests… No, that’s not true. Just look at Deku…what could he possibly be getting out of this: not fame, fortune, or power he’s here for the sole purpose to save her so she can live her life feeling safe and with a happy smile on her face. Happy smiles…that’s what really drew her into the appeal of pro heroes they just seem to make everyone feel safer and happier with their presence alone. She had always dreamed of that the most, bringing smiles to people’s faces, allowing them to live their lives free of fear and harm. That’s the future she strives for one where not only her parents, but everybody can live their lives free of worry and strife. They can live their lives with smiles on their faces.

Something clicks inside her heart as she gazes up at the pathetic struggle above her. Grey Matter is doing his best to break free while trying to choke back the squeals of pain from having what feels like his own heart being tampered with.

‘If I want to achieve my dreams…then I have to make a stand. I have to fight back. I have to save my friend!’ Seemingly without thinking, as if by instinct, her legs seem to move on their own. “Leave him alone!!”

She lunges at the villain, acting fast she presses a firm hand onto Rojo’s shoulder making her weightless and without any hesitation she throws the much bigger woman backwards and right into the ground.

The attack didn’t so much as hurt but it certainly came as a surprise and it does manage to knock the wind out of her allowing her to lose her grip and thus lose her quarry.

Without a second to lose Ochaco grabs Grey Matter and makes a beeline straight for the exit at the front of the store.

From within a much warmer and friendlier grip Grey Matter calls out to his savior. “Uraraka, that was amazing!”

She doesn’t voice a reply, she’s too focused on getting them out of there, but her eyes sheen down at her friend soundlessly appreciating the comment a great deal.

Rojo screams out in outrage. “You bitch!!”

The morphed Izuku spins around in Ochaco’s hand, his eyes widening in fear, as Rojo leaps up to her feet and the shoulder blasters extend upwards.

“Look out!!” He barely shouts that out before a pair of laser beams are fired out right towards them.

Either by luck or skill Ochaco falls to the ground allowing the lasers to zip past her head, although the smell of singed hair does reach their noses. The lasers continue forward blasting apart a poor unexpecting drying machine. The blast is loud enough that everyone such as the news, heroes, and police are able to hear it.
“Get back here you brats!!” Rojo roars out as she sends out a rapid-fire of lasers. “That watch is the key to my successes!!”

Ochaco frantically ducks behind a row of refrigerators. The large machines provide enough cover to keep her out of sight which is good because Rojo fails to notice Ochaco scrambling towards the opposite end of the aisle and away from Rojo’s aim.

Grey Matter peeks over the side observing the situation. He takes a moment to examine Rojo’s body taking note of how much that alien drone actually melded with her human flesh… Perhaps to the point that he could rewire her! He could shut her down or make her go haywire! As Grey matter he’ll definitely have the knowhow to complete such a task, but first he has to get close to her to do that. “Uraraka try to get me close to her.”

“What?!” Ochaco harshly whispers, she accidentally squeezes the tiny Izuku making him wheeze.

“I think I can disable the technology encasing her body, but I need access to her inner wiring and components.” He pauses to consider their options; he needs to stop her and retrieve the alien technology. Maybe with Ochaco’s Zero-Gravity she could float him up and he could sneak up on her from above. “Throw me while she’s not looking.”

Ochaco considers the order, understanding what he’s trying to do, but she quickly realizes the possible risks such as Deku being spotted as she throws him. “No, that won’t work…but this will.” Without warning she takes off in a sprint back towards the entrance of the store, not bothering with stealth, her hands tucked in front of her as to keep Grey Matter out of Rojo’s sight.

Rojo takes the bait, she snarls in frustration not liking the idea of losing out on her payday, and gives chase leaping over and throwing machines that are in her way. “Stop running!”

The Izuku within Grey Matter rears his head as he has a panic attack. “What are you doing?!”

Ochaco speaks with the most conviction she can muster. “Giving you an opening.”

She activates her quick on her friend, who instantly feels the effect of being weightless, while still running from a fast approaching Rojo she tosses him up and over her head.

Thankfully, Grey Matter is smart enough to remain quiet despite how much he wants to scream out in fear. It feels really weird to be floating in midair and watching as your friend fleas for her life as a mad woman chases after her. Speaking of which, Ochaco glances back at the nearing Rojo when the sprinting villain is nearly underneath Grey Matter the brunette gives a shaky smirk as she presses her fingertips together, releasing her quirk.

Grey Matter falls from above and lands, somehow quietly, on Rojo’s shoulder thankfully with how much she’s running around and crashing through things he goes unnoticed by her. Which is good because he’s struggling to crawl his way towards the back of her head thanks to all the thrashing around. But he has to do this, he promised Thirteen, plus it wasn’t exactly easy to get in here those vents were extremely dusty.

At this point, Rojo is practically at Ochaco’s heels so much so that she takes a few swipes at the poor girl. Despite the real threat of being slashed into pieces Ochaco is surprisingly calm, she only a few aisles away from the exit. Sensing an oncoming attack, she ducks her head forward avoiding a swipe to her head, she then banks left into an aisle of more kitchen appliances: microwaves, refrigerators, etc.
Rojo follows but with a less than gentle manner, with a swing of her arm she bashes her arm against the stacks of appliances knocking them away, a few stray microwaves clash against Ochaco’s legs tripping her up. The brunette tries her best but ultimately, she lands on the tile floor with a loud thud.

Ochaco groans propping herself up she’s just about to get up when a shadow looms over her. Rojo is huffing down at her with malice. “You’re beaten. Now hand over the Omnitrix.”

Ochaco glares up at her, but her expression breaks for a second not because of the villain but because of the little grey alien climbing on her shoulder blade; the adrenaline must be keeping her from noticing or maybe the robot skin is preventing her from sensing the additional weight.

“No, I don’t think I will.” With a cheeky smile Ochaco reveals her empty hands. If it weren't for her altered eyes they would be widening in surprise. “Where is he?!”

From behind Rojo’s neck Grey Matter can make out what appears to be the main circuit board of what was once the drone.

Ochaco takes a second to examine what’s around her and from the corner of her eye the perfect weapon stands out. She then peers up at the villain, deciding to humor her question. “He’s closer than you might think.”

“What?”

Meanwhile, Grey Matter has somehow gotten through the steel skin to the circuiting underneath, and with as much strength he can manage with such a tiny body he tugs on the wires breaking a few of them free.

“Ahhhhh!!” Rojo screams out in pain as a high-pitched static screeches through her head and electricity sparks out from the back of her neck, the sparks nearly fry the little alien who’s holding on tight as to not get thrown off by Rojo’s floundering. Rojo desperately tries to grab at Grey Matter but the little alien is a bit too slippery for her to even touch.

With the villain distracted Ochaco reaches for the one kitchen appliance that’s stood out to her. “What are you doing to me?!” Rojo roars out in desperation trying to get rid of the grey pest. She can feel it, she’s losing control over own body, it’s weakening. The strength, the surge of electricity, the power is all starting to fade away as the little pest continues to rip away at her inner wiring.

“Hey!”

Rojo spins around to face the girl what she sees really takes her by surprise. Ochaco’s wielding large silver refrigerator holding it the cord making it look like a giant-sized balloon, the large size makes her look even smaller than she really is. But somehow that only enhances how intimidating she is right now with such a determined look in her eyes.

“Have a taste of this!” Even though she’s scared, even though she’s exhausted, even though she feels like she may puke at any given second she will not back down from this. She swings the fridge as if it was a giant flail right at Rojo.

The refrigerator slams right into Rojo, who stands there like an idiot thinking that her armor would protect her, it does not. Because in that same moment Grey Matter was able to complete his part of
the mission, thus bringing her defense down to that of a normal human being. As the large machine slams into Rojo, Ochaco not only let’s go of the cord but releases her quirk enhancing the impact of the attack. The impact comes in so fast and hard that the hit shatters the robotic exoskeleton making it crumble away like a potato chip being smashed. Add in the fact that now about 300 pounds of moving force not only has the strength to break things but to launch them too. Both Rojo and the fridge are sent flying towards the store entrance, both crash right through taking the crowd of reports, heroes, and bystanders by surprise.

Rojo passes out as she skids across the street completely stripped of her power and enhancements, reverting her back to her normal self, as a broken refrigerator lies not too far away.

Everyone's attention is so focused on the downed villain that most people don’t notice the grey amphibian roll across the ground at the same time the villain was launched through the store.

The entire crowd is silent as they all gaze up towards the store entrance, and there waiting to greet them is a battered and exhausted Ochaco Uraraka she’s out of breath and slightly queasy, either way she remains composed and standing. She wipes away sweat from the side of her face with her arm and breathing heavily while glaring down at the once mechanical criminal with disdain. What she says is a mere whisper, but because of the silence it is clearly audible. “I…can be a hero. And I will keep everyone safe!” Ochaco declares out to the world with a tired yet victorious smile.

And with that the crowd goes insane with thunderous applause and cheers, which totally take Ochaco by surprise making her pink-cheeks become even darker in color. The noise seems to snap the pro heroes and police out of their daze as they charge in to apprehend the villain, some of them enter the store to make sure no one else was inside, and a few pro heroes immediately descend upon Ochaco as well as any reporters that were starving for an interview.

Mt. Lady makes it to Ochaco first. “You were absolutely amazing!”

Ochaco squawks, making a comically confused expression with her mouth agape. “Wha?”

The reaction makes Mt. Lady squeal with delight. “Eee, you’re so goddamn adorable! You just gotta join my agency when you go pro.”

Before Ochaco could reply even more words are thrown right in her face by other pro heroes and reporters.

“That was spectacular!”

“Miss how are you feeling right now?!”

“How did you manage to defeat the villain?!”

“What exactly is your quirk?!”

“Do you plan on becoming a hero?! If so, join my agency!”

Grey Matter watches on at first, but it becomes increasingly difficult as reporters move-in nearly crushing him in the process. Luckily for the little guy a friendly hand snatches him up, bringing him to eye level.

Thirteen, holding Grey Matter in his open palms, watches as the Galvin tries to calm his racing heart. “You okay?”

Grey Matter nods waving off the adrenaline. “Yeah, just give me a minute.” As his heart rate calm
Grey Matter takes a moment to look over to where Ochaco is.

She’s smiling, and blushing profusely, as heroes and reports praise her for not only rescuing herself, but for managing to bring down a dangerous villain all on her own. Even though the praise is extremely flattering it’s clear that Ochaco is really suffering from embarrassment. Thirteen takes note of how uncomfortable she is amongst the swarm of new fans. “Come one let’s go rescue her…again.”

“You got it.”

Thirteen places Grey Matter onto their shoulder before proceeding to squeeze their way through the sea of people in order to save Ochaco from the barrage of praise, inquiries, and agency offers.

Unbeknownst to the two of them they pass by a strange man with blonde hair and sunken eyes. He’s dangerously skinny, his clothes hanging off of him, and he’s having trouble breathing not surprising considering he ran all the way here and was able to catch the tail end of the ordeal. Thanks to his lankiness and height he watches as the police lead the round-faced girl way for her statement and a checkup. ‘My search just might be over…’

Meanwhile, someone else comes to their own realization.

“Worthless!!” The alien commander with an octopus like head roars out in anger. Oh, how he urges to destroy or kill something, but alas he can only voice his frustration thanks to being stuck in a healing pod. He continues to spout out words of anger until they begin to wheeze and cough.

One of the humanoid drones is busy monitoring their commander’s vitals through a holographic screen. “Master please you are still recovering!”

The commander’s wheezing stops, thanks to the breathing apparatus attached to his mouth and gills, and he composes himself “Silence…” The commander of alien cruiser peers upward at a large holographic monitor which is projecting what appears to be the day’s events from Rojo’s point of view.

The commander watches as the monitor replays the same scene over and over, the scene of a human girl somehow managing to takedown his agent with a single attack. “This…endeavor has proven…to be fruitless.”

“Master should we send more drones?”

The commander takes a moment to think. How does he continue from here? How can he possibly retrieve the Omnitrix now? The inhabitants of this world are proving to be a greater nuisance than originally foreseen. The so called “pro heroes” are crawling all over this place called Japan, one of them was even able to take out his attack drones with a single strike. And now this, an adolescent child was able to defeat his minion. This cannot stand! However, it is clear that drones will not get him what he so desperately desires. “No…”

All of the drones within the command center stop what they are doing to check on the status of their leader. “Master?”

“We…will decrease the deployment of drones…for now we will standby and observe. We will take time…to learn about this backwater planet and its inhabitants…until an opportunity…presents itself.”
Yes, this is the right strategy. He needs time not only to heal but to work around those pesky “heroes”, he cannot just simply use force to take the Omnitrix, he needs to be more…resourceful. So, for now, he will learn what he can and perhaps if the hero presence on this world is so great than so too must be the criminal underworld. Perhaps a solution lies there.

Chapter End Notes

And that was Ch.7, wow that was a lot, huh? Please let me know your thoughts of the chapter. Please leave a review, tell me what you liked, ask questions, even throw in some helpful criticism I would really love to hear from you guys and get your thoughts.

*I am hoping to have Ch.8 up within the next two weeks or less but it is unclear when that will occur. Work has gotten a bit chaotic recently so my schedule has been frustrating.
*Ch.8 will another character driven chapter, but it should be relatively shorter especially when compared to this chapter.
*I will have a few scenes in Ch.8 that were originally meant for this chapter, but I excluded them because this chapter was already way too long.
*Finally, Ch.8 will be the last of what I'm calling the "Pre-U.A.". That's right after Ch.8 we will begin the U.A. Entrance Exam so be ready for the story to really begin to take off.
Chapter Summary

While out enjoying himself Izuku reflects on how Thirteen and him got Ochaco Uraraka to join their little group.

Chapter Notes

Woah, I finished Ch.8 on time! I knew I would finish it, but honestly this chapter ended up being longer than I originally thought. I really need to work on that, this way I could try and post sooner. Anyway please enjoy.

*Some part(s) were meant to be in Ch.7 but I cut them out and put them here instead because Ch.7 was already way too long. So if some parts seem out of place then I apologize in advanced.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Thank you for the help sweetie.”

Izuku smiles warmly at the kind old woman he offered to carry groceries to her home. “You’re very welcome, ma’am.”

With a friendly wave, Izuku went off on his merry way. For a good portion of the day, he’s just gone about strolling through Musutafu. He has no particular plan other than helping those he can. And why shouldn’t he? Now that he’s completely cleaned up Dagobah Beach, he has officially completed his training with Thirteen. And he couldn’t feel anymore pride for himself than now, also the newly developed muscles didn’t hurt either. Seriously, the “All American Dream Plan” really worked better than he ever expected it to. Of course, there is still more to learn, especially about his aliens and powers but he can focus on that stuff at U.A. assuming he’ll make it in.

For now, he’ll just help those he can. He’s already done so much such as using Feedback to help a little girl get her cat down from a tree, give a nice elderly gentleman direction, and he even picked up some trash around the park as Ditto.

It feels nice to do those good deeds, and the beautiful weather really helps his mood. The sun is out but it’s not too hot or humid, a nice breeze gently moves his hair, and the birds’ songs only help to raise his spirits.

*Ping*

That was his phone, he pulls it out seeing one new message from Ochaco Uraraka. They’ve stayed in contact, especially after what took place nearly eight months ago, and especially what happened afterwards…

##########(Flashback)##########
“Uraraka!! I’m so sorry!!” Streams of tears are just gushing out from Izuku’s eyes, so much so that Ochaco has to shield herself from the splashes.

“Whatever for?!!”

The dam closes up very briefly, enough so Izuku can reply. “If it weren’t for me, you’d have never been kidnapped!” The dam opens back up and the tears resume to act like geysers, so much so that tears begin to pool at their feet.

Ochaco so desperately try to calm the poor greenette down before he draws any more attention to themselves. Luckily, the Tatooine Train Station is void of crowds especially at this hour, it’s nearly dusk and the orange tint to the sky only confirms this.

It took a while for the police to get their statements from Ochaco about the villain and the events that led up to her kidnapping. They seemed to be rather lax and sensitive to her especially since she was only defending herself and with the villain, identified as Rojo, now in custody they saw this as a case closed. So, they didn’t push too hard with their questions. That said Thirteen did remain nearby to make sure nothing led to talks about the Omnitrix, aliens, or the alien tech. Ochaco herself kept things to a minimum, such as not mentioning that Izuku had broken into the store to help her, she was afraid of what they would do to him since it’s illegal to use your quirks without a license and that he snuck past the police.

When all was said and done, even after some more pros approached Ochaco with offers, the police escorted her to the train station on her insistence since Izuku sent her a quick text to meet there. Thirteen generously gave Izuku a ride to the train station so he could meet up with his friend. Now here they are at said train station, Izuku crying his heart out with apologies and Ochaco can do nothing but smile sheepishly for his sincerity, all the while Thirteen keeps to themselves watching from afar as to not disturb them.

“Deku, really, it’s fine. I don’t blame you for anything.”

Izuku sniffis, his tears calming to a drip. “R-really?”

Ochaco can’t help but chuckle at his somewhat cute and funny expression “Yes, it was the villain, Rojo, that ruined our day out, not you.”

Izuku fidgets with the hem of his shirt. “S-so, all is forgiven?”

Ochaco gives him a warm soft smile to help reassure him. “Of course.”

“Ah, thank goodness.”

Ochaco nods in confirmation. “Hm.” It’s true, she doesn’t see this as Izuku’s fault in anyway.

…

But Rojo really wanted to get her hands on his watch thing, the Omnifix-no the Omnitrix, but why? It should only work with Izuku’s quirk, One Man Army, right? Perhaps she wanted to use it for something else? Maybe Deku knows why, maybe she should ask? Yeah, there shouldn’t be any harm in asking. “Hey Deku.”

Izuku tilts his head to the side a naive smile on his face. “Hmp?”

“What is the Omnitrix?”
His reaction is not what she’s expecting, Izuku is shocked so much so that he nearly stumbles over in surprise. “The Omnitrix?” His eyes dart towards Thirteen, but they are too far away to have heard the question. Thirteen notices Izuku’s distress and begins to make their way over to assist their student. But for now, Izuku is on his own. “The Omnitrix is my watch, just like I said earlier.”

“I know that,” Ochaco eyes the black and green device with much curiosity. “but what I mean is, why was Rojo after it?”

What should he say? Should he tell her how the Omnitrix is Level 20 alien technology that can give its user access to alien quirks? “I don’t know.” He hates how easily he was able to lie like that, especially after what happened last time he lied to a friend.

Ochaco tilts her head slightly with a raised eyebrow. “Really Rojo made it sound like she would be more powerful after she got it.” Ochaco notices that Thirteen has approached them, but they seem to respect that Ochaco is the one speaking and doesn’t want to interrupt. “Maybe…she thought it could do something for her.”

Thirteen decides to chime in. “Or maybe she was trying to retrieve it for someone else.” After all the past drones were all after the Omnitrix as well. Perhaps whomever is controlling them went with a different approach.

“But that still doesn’t answer my question. Why would anyone be after his watch? Does it do something else?” Izuku and Thirteen share a nervous look, well at least Izuku does. Ochaco finally realizes how incredibly rude and nosy she’s being right now. “I mean you don’t have to tell me, but I mean my life was at risk because of it, but still!”

Izuku’s eyes cast downward in shame. She’s right after all her life was in danger because of him, because of the device on his arm. He needs to make it right, but what about Thirteen will they be alright with him filling her in? “Uraraka…you see, well, my watch is special, but I, um-”

“Why don’t we discuss this at a later time?” Thirteen calmly interjects before Izuku could continue any further.

Both teens give the adult odd looks. “Wha?”

Ochaco looks uncomfortable, but she speaks up anyway. “Um, I’m sorry Thirteen, and I don’t mean to be rude, but I was talking to Deku.”

“I’m sorry, too, Miss Uraraka buy I’m afraid this matter does concern me. Also, I want to apologize for deceiving you,” Thirteen gestures to the quivering greenette beside them. “but Midoriya and I have known each other for some time now.”

“What?!” Ochaco stares at the equally surprised Deku, although he’s surprised because Thirteen was the one to spill the truth. “Why would you keep the fact that you know a pro hero a secret?”

Before Izuku could reply Thirteen continues their explanation. “Miss Uraraka please understand that the…Omnitrix is a highly sensitive matter.”

The brunette gaps in shock as the worst comes to mind. “Oh, my gosh! It’s a government secret isn’t it! Oh no! Now you have to silence me, hide my body, and erase my files to the point that I never existed!!”

“What? We don’t do that! We don’t just make our problems “disappear” or “send” them away… most of the time.” Thirteen coughs the last part into their hand, hopefully the girl didn’t hear that
part.

Izuku however did catch it. ’What do they mean by that?!’

“What I mean is we need special permission to share that information with you,” Thirteen’s eyes shift towards Izuku before back at the brunette. “after that we’ll be happy to share what we know with you.”

’Wow, this must be really serious.’ Ochaco thinks. “Really, it’s not too much trouble is it?”

“It’s not,” Thirteen really sounds both professional and sympathetic which is good since both teens seem like they are both nervous about something or other. “but please keep in mind that this… secret could change your perspective on things. Just keep that in mind, alright?”

Ochaco easily picks up the warning tone of Thirteen’s voice. “Alright.”

Thirteen instantly brightens, clapping their hands together as a means to signal the end of the conversation. “Great, well, I think you two have earned yourselves a nice long rest. Wouldn’t you say?”

Izuku’s eyes widen as he finally takes note of how late it is, they can almost see the stars begin to emerge as the sun slowly disappears in the horizon. “Oh, yeah.”

Ochaco checks her phone, noticing the time and the texts from her parents. “Right, I should get going. I wouldn’t want to worry my parents any more than I have already.”

Izuku nods. “Same.”

Thirteen pats Izuku’s shoulder. “How about I see you home Midoriya?”

“Uh, sure.” The greenette turns to Ochaco. “I’ll let you know if we can tell you anything, and…” he bows, his back straight, and his eyes shut. “I’m sorry for keeping secrets!”

Ochaco blushes from the display. “It’s fine, everyone has their secrets, and if you can’t tell me than I understand. Even if I really want to know.” She rubs her head flashing him a sheepish smile.

“Thanks, I’m…I’m grateful.”

In that moment the speakers across the station turn on. “Attention all commuters the last train to Endori will be departing shortly.”

“Oh, that’s me. Text me later, alright?” Ochaco grips her backpack and takes off for the train, she can’t afford to miss it. “Take care!”

Izuku calls back to her. “Right, see ya.”

Thirteen and Izuku watch as Ochaco enters the station and makes a beeline for her train.

Without looking away Izuku decides now is the time to bring something up to the Plumber. “Are we really going to ask permission to tell Uraraka about…everything?”

“That depends,” Thirteen turns and looks directly into Izuku’s green shimmering eyes and with all seriousness they ask, “do you really want to tell her?”

“What?! But I thought you said we needed permission to do that.”
“Midoriya, understand, that I have all the authority to let those that I see as necessary to know about my work. And you are part of it, also with the number of Plumbers on Earth being so low we need as much help as we can get. That said we can’t go around telling everyone we think can keep a secret. If Uraraka accepts our terms then I see no reason to not bring her into the fold, plus she’s already proven herself well against those alien robots.”

“So, it’s up to me?”

Thirteen nods. “I trust you.”

He has to think about this. This is what he wanted, isn't it? He doesn’t have to keep lying to her. Unsure, Izuku watches as Ochaco boards the train, she hops on making it seem like she just barely made it, but the train’s doors haven’t even shut closed yet. She turns and with a cheery smile she waves back at them. “Yeah, I think we should.”

“Okay, I’ll prepare what’s needed to help convince her.”

‘I wonder what that entails.’ Finally, there’s only one more thing weighing on his mind. “Hey, Thirteen.”

“Yes?”

“Something else has been bothering me. How did Rojo get her hands on the robot in the first place.”

Rather than wait to think about how and why, Thirteen already has an answer to that question. “I already looked into it; she stole the robot from a transport vehicle being driven by the Hero Association.”

Izuku internally gasps. “Do they know?” He means, do they know about aliens and the Plumbers?

“The organization as a whole…no.” Izuku visibly relaxes. “But the leaders do,” Izuku’s eyes widen in astonishment. “and they sometimes go behind my back to take alien contraband, specifically alien technology.”

“Is that bad?”

“Yes, they wish to unlock new technology, but like I said that could lead to catastrophe. I’ll have to give them a call and make sure that it doesn’t happen again.” The train’s whistle decides to interject itself to allow all those that hear it to know that the train will be leaving now. “You don’t have to worry about that thou, I made sure to collect all that was left of the evidence this time.”

The train doors shut closed, Izuku and Thirteen watch on as Ochaco sits down near the large window with her back towards the duo. Even from their position they can see her ease into her seat letting exhaustion take her over.

Thirteen is glad, it seems that his young protege really took his advice about finding someone to confide in. Someone he can trust and help ease his troubles. “She’s a good one.”

“Huh?”

“I mean as a friend, she’s a good friend, she seems like a good person you can confide in, right?”

“Yeah.” Izuku watches as the train begins to ease itself forward onto the tracks. He watches as his friend’s train car begins to move as well. He thinks about what Thirteen said and he has to agree.
Ochaco really has become someone he can see as a friend…a real friend at that. For now, he can only wonder about what will happen next and how well she will handle the truth about the Omnitrix…and him.

Just as Ochaco’s train car leaves his direct line of sight Izuku spots only a single other person sitting in the same car on the opposite side of the car from her. Sitting with their back towards the window there is a skinny blonde-haired man with an overly sized white shirt. ‘Was that… No, it must have been my imagination. I’ve had a long day after all. Yeah, that’s it. After all why would All Might be heading to Endori, in Mei Prefecture, when his agency is in Tokyo? Oh well, it wasn’t him anyway. Now time to get home before Mom cries herself to dehydration.’

########(End Flashback)#######

Izuku unlocks his phone and he is greeted by a selfie from Ochaco Uraraka with the caption

[Woah, my training regimen is tough! But I think it’ll be well worth it!]

Izuku smiles at the photo, it was taken recently, he can tell from how much light is in the photo. It’s of her in exercise clothes, her face is dirty and slightly scraped up, and she’s sweating that much he can tell, but despite that she’s smiling and giving him a big thumbs up from within the photo. Judging from the background she appears to be in a forest near her home, which makes sense all things considered. According to earlier conversations she was able to find a trainer that was willing to help her to develop her quirk and her physical capabilities as well. He tried to ask who her trainer was but all she said was that it was a personal connection of her dad’s construction company. Either way it’s good that she’s working hard to achieve her dreams.

He sends her a quick response.

[Keep up the hard work!]

[Let’s try to meet up before the U.A. Entrance Exam next month?]

[Sounds good to me]

[Great, how about we go to this new mochi place that opened up?]

[Yes yes yes]

[I must have MOCHI :D]

[I mean sure. Why not?]

Izuku laughs at Ochaco’s silliness. [K, I’ll send you the address later]

[Cool see you then]

[Talk to you later, space cadet]

[Same to you fellow space cadet]

Izuku chuckles warmly at the stupid nickname she dubbed them with. Well it’s certainly better than yelling out Plumber or space hero. After all, neither of them has earned those titles quite yet, but one day they just might.

The thought makes Izuku grin like there’s no tomorrow, they did make a promise to each other all those months ago, and he has no intention of ever breaking that promise…
“Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea. I mean what if she freaks out or has a mental break down? She might think I’m some kind of freak! What if she regrets this decision? This can go badly in so many different ways! I bet she freaks out at the first sight of them!”

“She might freak out, but from your muttering more likely.” Thirteen deadpans in slight annoyance, they’re never going to get used to Izuku’s muttering habit.

“Huh?! Oh, right sorry. I’m just so nervous.” Izuku gazes up at the large warehouse standing behind them. ‘Uraraka isn’t the only person’s reaction that I’m worried about.’ Izuku shudders with nervousness.

Thirteen lazily texts away on their phone oblivious to Izuku’s worries. “It’s no big deal. Just relax.” Thirteen pockets their phone, eyeing the slightly shaking teen. “You trust her, right?”

“Of course.” Izuku answers with little to no hesitation.

“Then you have nothing to worry about.”

Izuku smiles softly before turning away to keep an eye out for Ochaco.

While he’s distracted Thirteen gently taps a hidden device in his pocket. ‘Besides I could use this to erase her memories encase this doesn’t go as planned.’ It’s such a convenient device, they don’t actually get to use it that often these days, which is a shame since it was such a great gift from some friends from out of town. “You ready?”

“Honestly…no.”

“Oh, well that’s too bad.” Thirteen states rather carelessly.

“Why?!”

Rather than answer Thirteen holds up three fingers, Izuku watches on in confusion as Thirteen begins to silently count down to one. And when they get to zero the pro hero simply points a finger towards the front of the warehouse yard.

“Deku! Thirteen!” Uraraka waves over taking off into a jog towards them.

Izuku freezes up. “Uuraraka!”

Thirteen’s not ashamed to admit that they feel rather smug right now. “Right on time.” Thirteen smiles at the brunette as she approaches them. “Thanks for agreeing to meet us here, I know it’s rather inconvenient for you to make the trip all the way out here.”

“No, no, it’s fine, I completely understand. Besides now I get to checkout your secret government facility!” Ochaco’s smiles with joy, waving her fists up and down with little stars glimmering in her eyes as the anticipation within her heart begins to swell up. “I bet it’s nearby, it must have a super cool secret entrance, laser guns, retinal scans, and secret agent gadgets! Oh, I just can’t wait!”

Thirteen sweat drops from Ochaco’s apparent overexcitement. ‘She’s had too much time to think about this.’

Izuku mimics his mentor’s expression as he presses his index fingers together. ‘Now I feel like she’s going to be disappointed.’
Thirteen sighs, reclaiming the teens’ attention. “Alright, I think it’s best if we just rip off this Band-Aid.” Thirteen takes a deep calming breath preparing themselves for the possibly disastrous outcome that may unfold. “Miss Uraraka once again I have to be utterly clear with you, but what we are about to share with you cannot only affect you personally but the entire world as we know it. So, please understand that you can never share what you learn here with anyone. Do we have your word?”

Ochaco’s gaze falls as she ponders the question. ‘In all honestly, I’ve already been entrusted with one Earth shattering secret this week alone, and that one was a lot to take in. So, how mind blowing could this next one be?’ Ochaco inhales summing all the courage and fortitude she can muster. “Yes.”

“Good, Midoriya why don’t you explain what you can to her.”

For a split second, Izuku looks like he’s going to pass out, but he composes himself just as fast. Albeit with a shaky smile that fails to be comforting or convincing. “Right, so…I’m an alien!!”

Ochaco stares at the greenette as if he spontaneously grew a second head.

Thirteen facepalms themselves, never have they been more embarrassed for someone other than themselves in their entire life. “Maybe this was a bad idea.”

Izuku can’t help but feel somewhat betrayed. “See I told you!”

Thirteen sighs in defeat stepping forward to take the lead. “You know what I’ll just take the lead. Miss Uraraka,” That snaps Ochaco out of her daze. “The first thing you should know is that Midoriya here is actually Quirkless.” With pride Thirteen affectionately pats Izuku on the shoulder feeling proud that they can say that a Quirkless boy can be a hero. Izuku can hear the blatant pride in Thirteen’s voice and it makes his chest swell up too. The moment doesn’t last long thou namely because of the bewildered expression Ochaco is giving them. “I know, I know. Hard to believe right, but not when you consider the possibility that the watch, or rather the Omnitrix, has the ability to give Midoriya various powers.”

‘Okay that’s a lot more to take in than I was expecting.’ Ochaco looks over at Izuku who’s too busy sweating and clamming up in place, he’s clearly uncomfortable with where the situation has gone. ‘Could Thirteen be serious, is Deku really Quirkless?’ She unsure, but she decides to see where this goes for now. “Let’s just say if I did believe you, then I would have to say that it’s all pretty incredible.” Izuku straightens up slightly perhaps she will accept the truth in a positive light. “Especially, considering that you’re Quirkless that just makes it…” Izuku curls in on himself as if expecting to be hit hard by an insensitive remark. “even more amazing!!”

Well he certainly wasn’t expecting that.

Ochaco brightens up letting her good nature and elation bubble up. “Seriously, that’d be super cool a Quirkless hero who with a brief change of fate has the opportunity to live out their dream. That kind of stuff only happens in movies and comic books and seeing it in real life would be amazing!!” Her expression falls. “But we don’t live in a comic book, so I don’t fully understand how a little device could give someone multiple quirks.”

Thirteen sticks a finger into the air. “And that segways us into the next and most important part.” Thirteen’s demeanor becomes serious they carry an air of professionalism that a pro hero in a disaster situation would conduct themselves during planning phases. “Do you believe in
extraterrestrial life?”

Izuku’s not sure if he should cry or laugh right now. ‘Come on Thirteen, I thought you’d take a more subtle approach than that.’

“Absolutely!!” Ochaco seems to be radiating a cheery light, her eyes look like a child who was just given a whole bowl of candy on Halloween.

Izuku gasps. “Seriously?!”

“I do!” Ochaco practically cheers with enthusiasm. “After all there are like a gazillion stars in our galaxy alone the odds of there being no other life out in the universe is impossible. Who knows what’s out there! Just imagine what they must be like! I can only imagine what they’re like, I bet they’re slimy, creepy, fast, and strong! They’re every shape and size!” Ochaco, disturbingly, begins to chat away to herself in a storm of muttering, much like what Izuku does whenever he talks about heroes and quirks.

That fact is not lost on said teen as he stares wide eyed at an excitedly muttering Ochaco. He finally understands why everyone else is so put off when he himself does this. ‘So, that’s what it feels like.’

Ochaco becomes stock still as her face drains of all color, she finally realized how much of her geeky side she just displayed. “Sorry, I’m kind of a…space nerd.”

‘No way.’

Ochaco grabs her face, turning away to hide her embarrassment. She frantically shakes her hand at him as if to wave him away. “Oh, gosh this is so embarrassing!” Ochaco gasps, remembering something from before. “Wait!” She points two finger guns at Izuku. “So, your quirk “One Man Army” is actually a cover for the Omnitrix!” She steps closer as if being closer would help her to sniff out any lies. “And if that’s the case then are you trying to say that the Omnitrix is actually an alien device that can alter your DNA to that of other sentient beings?!”

Thirteen blinks a few times processing what just transpired. “Wow, you got that on the first try.”

Ochaco coughs trying to save grace. “But even if all of that was true, no matter how much I wish it was, I don’t think I actually believe anything your saying.”

“And that’s why we’re here.” Thirteen waves a hand at the giant warehouse as if it was a magical place of majesty.

Ochaco, however, is not impressed by the crumby looking building with barbed wire fencing, broken windows, and rusted doorway.

It’s here where Izuku finally decides to air his grievance. “About that…” Izuku strolls over to Thirteen waving a finger at them. He tries to keep his composure while negative thoughts flow through his head. “Is it possible we could do this anywhere else but here?” He jabs a thumb at the warehouse, acting like there’s something inside that he’s dreading.

“Midoriya we talked about this, this is the safest and most appropriate place to conduct this.”

Ochaco says nothing she just watches on as Izuku and Thirteen have their little discussion. ‘What is Deku so worried about?’

Thirteen grabs the door bar before turning to face the pined-cheeked girl. “This is it Miss Uraraka,
this is your last chance to back out.”

Ochaco gives the pro hero the best confident look she can muster. “I’m not backing out, I want to know, and help out in any way that I can.”

Thirteen nods, they turn back to the door, and with some hesitation Thirteen slowly begins to push the large metal doors open.

The anticipation is torture on her. ‘Just what is inside that has Deku so scared? Could it be a hive of brain eating aliens, is it a spaceport that’s housing U.F.O.s, or maybe it’s the entrance way to an underground city full of aliens!!’

“Welcome to Mr. Baumann’s Store for the Far Traveled and Newly Localized!”

The look on Ochaco’s face, with a stupid grin and wide eyes, would be comical if it wasn’t for the dazed and far off look in her eye. It’s unclear if she’s reacting this way thanks to her exaggerated expectations, or the number of other worldly beings, goods, and atmosphere of the facility. Probably the latter.

Thirteen leads the way gesturing Ochaco inside, it takes a soft nudge from Izuku to get her moving. She remains stiff even as she slowly marches along, like she’s literally walking on eggshells. The brunette stiffly rotates her head here and there observing what she can while trying to process the overwhelming flow of new information.

Everything and everyone here are clearly an alien, sure most can obviously be passed off as humans with mutant type quirks, but amongst the unearthly food, products, and other beings it’s clear what they truly are.

A group of aliens that look like crabs with big yellow eyes and large red pincers are gorging themselves on pieces of scrap metal.

A purple bipedal sloth with a skull like face and insect antennas is browsing a selection of oddly colored fruits.

Nearby, a green slug-like alien with a tubular mouth disgustingly spits out what looks like a spitball that’s made of boogers and vomit.

Ochaco looks like she’s going to throw up at the mere sight of the revolting thing, she can even smell it from their distance.

During the entire walk, Izuku has been gagging Ochaco’s reactions, and from what he can tell none of this is going as planned. There’s no thought that if they continue, she’s going to have a mental break down. There has to be something he can do to fix this. “H-hey, U-Uraraka. A-are you al- alright?”

She doesn’t reply right away, she doesn’t even turn to face him, but she does react by freezing in place. “Deku…”

Izuku flinches, here comes the explosion of emotions and outrage. Meanwhile, Thirteen finally notices that the two teens have stopped moving.

“I’m…FANTASTIC!!!” Her eyes light up like Christmas lights, full of wonder and passion.

Izuku certainly wasn’t expecting that as a reaction.
“This is so amazing! I’ve only ever dreamed of this kind of stuff. I mean look at that alien!” She points towards a young alien that looks like a literal seamonkey on legs and wearing overalls. “Or that one!” She excitedly points to another alien; this one looks like a purple squid wearing a glass tube as a helmet to breathe a noxious gas. Ochaco spins around admiring everything in sight from the grotesque to the fascinating. “This place is my greatest fantasy come true! Well, it would be if there was a mountain of mochi.”

“Sorry but we don’t sell human food here.” A highly annoyed voice responds.

Izuku begins to sweat profusely, he can never mistake that voice with all its irritation and anger. “Mr. Baumann!”

Mr. Baumann, the elderly and grouchy store owner, marches towards the odd trio with as much dominance as possible. Izuku winces as Mr. Baumann leers down at him. “Izuku Midoriya, what are you doing in my store?”

Izuku blanches. Oh man this is the last thing he wanted today. Mr. Baumann’s scolding always puts him off. “Oh, I uh, well-”

“Nice to see you Mr. Baumann.” Leave it to Thirteen to come to the rescue.

Mr. Baumann’s expression softens, not by much, but it’s enough to draw attention away from Izuku allowing the boy to catch his breath. “Same to you, now would you care to explain why you brought this menace into my store!” Mr. Baumann points a finger at Izuku; however, he’s so close and aggressive about it that he actually jams his finger into Izuku’s cheek.

Thirteen, even with their helmet, gives the store owner a friendly smile. “Ah, yes, we are conducting some possible recruitment today, and your store is the best place to get our points across.”

“Recruitment?” Mr. Baumann raises an eyebrow, crossing his arms. “Am I to assume it’s the human girl that’s busy disturbing my customers?”

“Huh?” Both Izuku and Thirteen look over to Ochaco to realize what he meant.

She’s gone!

Izuku, on the verge of panicking, swivels around frantically trying to spot her. Thirteen also looks around, but with much more composure.

They spot her alright, she’s enthusiastically running about the store interacting with everything and everyone she encounters. She shakes hands or tentacles with an alien that looks like a cross between a swamp monster and a blue octopus. She rudely taps on the metal exoskeleton of a robotic-like alien with blue skin and yellow eyes who happened to be going through an alien sock aisle. She even tries to take a bite out of something that looks like an orange with purple spots, only to have the piece of fruit to try and take a literal bite out of her. Her antics seem to be putting some of the other shoppers on edge, seeing a strange human girl running around isn’t exactly something one sees around here all that often.

Thirteen gives the elderly gentleman a slight bow. “My apologizes Mr. Baumann she doesn’t mean any harm.”

Mr. Baumann crosses his arms, sticking his nose upward. “Funny that’s what most people say about this one,” He gestures to Izuku who finally looks away from watching Ochaco run about the store. “but I know the truth.”
Izuku’s shoulders slump, feeling dejected. “Harsh…”

Thirteen pats Izuku on the shoulder trying to show sympathy. “Don’t worry, we'll be out of your hair before you know it.”

Mr. Baumann takes a moment to ponder. “Alright, but the moment this one does anything that will harm my business I’m kicking you all out!”

“Fair enough.”

Satisfied, especially after letting Izuku know whose boss, Mr. Baumann stomps away deciding that he needs to finish restocking his pyramid of canned vegetables.

“He really hates me.” Izuku grumbles, glad that the tension has been cut.

“Yup!” Izuku can’t help but think that Thirteen agreed to that statement way too quickly. “Now let’s go get Uraraka before she accidentally offends someone.”

The duo walk off to resume their search, they eventually find her amongst an aisle of cleaning products. She appears to be talking to a rather odd duo: a short alien and an even shorter robot.

The alien is a stereotypical "little green man from outer space" including thin antennae. He has large bug-like ruby eyes and green skin. He’s wearing a red tunic-like garment with three black stripes and a triangular pink collar and sleeves, as well as black boots, leggings, and gloves. He also has an ovular light-gray pack on his back.

The grey robot is just as weird looking: it’s two feet tall with a large head, thin arms, triangular legs, large circular eyes that illuminate in a teal-color, and a cross-hatched mouth.

Ochaco happily looks down at the short alien, she’s thoroughly enthralled by their conversation. This little guy is really interesting. “So, what exactly are your plans for planet Earth?”

The little green alien eyes Ochaco warily, but despite his reserves, he indulges her curiosity anyway; either out of custody or arrogance. “My plans for conquest are beyond your puny comprehension filthy human Urth girl!”

“There’s going to be tacos!” The tiny robot interjects sounding like it just gave the most obvious answer.

“Yes! Oh, such tacos will I give!” The alien pauses realizing his blunder. “Wait, no. There will be no tacos!” He glares at his robot servant who gleefully and naively smiles back at his master.

It takes a moment for it to process that his request was denied. And thus, the little robot begins to randomly scream out as if in pain, cry out in despair as it brainlessly begins to flail about on the floor acting like a child who just lost their favorite toy. After a few awkward minutes the robot randomly pops back up onto its feet acting like nothing ever happened. “Okay!” He states with so much cheer that it’s infectious, the little robot then begins to run in a circle, judging by the stupid grin on its face it is clearly having the best time of its life. “Weeeeee!!!!”

“Silence!” At its master’s command the robot does silence itself, but it doesn’t stop running in a circle, its arms waving frantically at its sides. “As for your question,” The alien eyes Ochaco who has been patiently waiting for him to continue. “although it is beneath me to even speak to you as seen that you are part of an inferior species, I will humor you. My ingenious plan will result in your entire worthless and ugly species becoming slaves to me and my people! You will serve us chocolates, clean our toilets, and bow to your supreme warlord, me!!” He takes a deep breath
before entering into a fit of deranged and maniacal laughter. “Mwahahaha!!!”

“Hm, I see.” Ochaco nods seemingly like she completely understands where the little creep is coming from.

Izuku and Thirteen, meanwhile, watch as the little alien eventually begins to choke on his own ego, thus ruining his own moment.

Izuku blinks, he’s unsure how to react to the little invader’s declaration. “Should we be concerned?”

Thirteen casually waves off his concern. “Na, he’s been plotting world domination since 2001.”

“Wow, he’s been trying to take over the world for centuries, huh?!”

“Yeah, I should arrest him, but I think he’s entertaining. In that weird and disturbed kind of way.”

Ochaco leaves behind the odd duo who are now busy gathering as much cleaning supplies as they can, in preparation for their purge against germs. “I agree, he is rather silly. I think it’s great!”

“Nice to see that you’re enjoying yourself.”

Ochaco nods with a joyful smile on her face. “Hmp.”

Izuku approaches her worried that she may be hurt. “That’s good, but you should be more careful. You don’t know what anybody is capable of.”

Thirteen full heartedly agrees. “He’s right, although most aliens in Japan are well meaning people, there are some unsavory characters mixed in.” From the corner of their eye, Thirteen thinks they see something with grey fur try and pocket a pack of food into their orange jacket. “Speaking of unsavory characters.” Thirteen turns leering at the thief. “You better be behaving yourself, Argit.”

A large rat with long spiky black hair freezes in place having been caught red handed trying to steal food. His eyes dart over to Thirteen, after realizing who called him out, he tries to be coy.

“Thirteen, long time no see buddy! You look good, been working out?”

“Save the act for the suckers you swindle credits off of. I don’t need to hear it.”

The two teens eye the alien rodent warily, but it’s Izuku who decides to speak up. “Thirteen, who’s this?”

“This is one of the biggest rats in all of Musutafu, both in the literal and metaphorical sense of the word.” Izuku is unsure what they mean. “He’s a con artist.” Thirteen explains.

Argit interrupts, feeling somewhat offended. “I prefer the term entrepreneur.”

Thirteen gives the rodent a nasty glare.

Argit appropriately takes a few steps back, airing on the side of caution. “Hey come on, now. I mean a rat’s gotta make a living, you know?”

The Plumber’s glare intensifies tenfold.

Ochaco decides to risk her well-being by speaking up. “I don’t mean to step on your toes, Thirteen, but shouldn’t you arrest him.”
Argit gulps but he keeps his composure despite the situation. “He…” He pauses. “she…um, they wouldn’t dare, not without good cause, plus I am following Intergalactic law, because my…” He pauses to think. “business dealings in no way compromise the wellbeing of my fellow space travelers…”

Thirteen’s glare somehow becomes even more terrifying.

Argit sighs in defeat. “I’m also a part time snitch and informant for the Red Spot.” He gestures towards Thirteen.

Thirteen sticks a finger out towards the rat, threatening to use their quirk.

Argit flinches, he’s sweating now, the situation is getting increasingly worse for him. He has to correct himself. “I mean the Plumbers.” Mercifully Argit’s cell phone rings alerting him of a new message. Argit sneaks a peak to quickly read the text.

[Meet me at the construction site we need to talk about meeting your partner]

Seeing an out, Argit is quick to take it. “I hate to run but I promised a friend that I’d meet up with him today so… See ya!!” And with that Argit scurries away for the exit like the rat he is leaving behind a trail of disturbed dust.

Izuku sweat drops watching the rat make his escape from the store. “He’s quick to make an escape, isn’t he?”

Thirteen deadpans, at times like these they could really go for some Advil. “You have no idea.”

While Izuku and Thirteen have their little discussion Ochaco can’t help but look around again. Although this time she decides that it’s better to stay in place. ‘This is amazing, I’m so grateful that I could be here, that I can know the truth. Gosh, there’s so much I need to know, there are just so many different kinds of aliens here. I had no idea that not only is there life in the universe but they’re already among us. I have so many questions that I need to ask.’ Ochaco excitedly turns to the other two humans. “Hey guys-”

Before she can get a word out something small, fast, and blue streaks past her legs zooming by in a blur. “Woah, what is that?!”

The blue blur zips by again behind Izuku nearly tripping him over. “Ahhh!”

The blur continuous zipping around them leaving behind trails of blue streaks past her legs zooming by in a blur. “Woah, what is that?!”

The blue blur zips by again behind Izuku nearly tripping him over. “Ahhh!”

The blur continuous zipping around them leaving behind trails of blue streaks. Thirteen tries to reach for the teens before anything bad occurs. “Look out!!”

Ochaco braces herself as the speedy attacker continues to zip past them. She can feel it rush by wiping her hair and nearly making her lose her balance a few times. “What’s going on?!!”

As if reacting to her question the blur crashes into her chest.

“Ompf!!” Ochaco gasps falling backwards landing onto the tile floor with a thud. “Ow.” That really hurt and something is weighing on her stomach.

“That looked like it hurt.” That voice sounds like it’s coming from a little girl, that said it does sound more amused than concerned with her pain.

Ochaco groans lift her head up to glare up at the little girl using her as a chair. “Yeah, it did…” In all honesty Ochaco was expecting a little human girl, which she shouldn’t considering their
location, but instead sitting on her is a little reptilian alien that looks very similar to Izuku’s XLR8 form.

Izuku blinks as the little alien hops off Ochaco with a mischievous smirk. She’s a Kineceleran, no wonder that explains the little blue streak zooming around them, it was just a little girl playing around.

“You need to work on your reflexes, dummy.” The little Kineceleran places her hands at her sides trying to look impressive while looking down on the much taller human girl.

The Kineceleran child’s head has a similar helmet like feature as XLR8, she of course has blue skin, white eyes, and a black striped tail. She’s wearing a white and pink jacket that stretches past her tiny knees.

Ochaco frowns leering at the little creature as she stands back up. “And you need to work on your manners.”

The Kineceleran, for some reason, takes offense to that. “Oh, yeah? Well, your face is too round!”

Ochaco’s cheeks puff out in annoyance, a part of her wants to be immature and throw insults back, but she’s better than that. Yes, mature…at least that’s what she tells herself. “Hm, well you may think so but that’s just part of my charm, see!” Without any provocation Ochaco poses like the cute anime girl she is with her fingers pressed against her blushing cheeks. “They help accentuate my cuteness!” She completes the look with a cute girlish giggle.

Izuku turns away hiding his extremely red face while clutching at his heart. ‘She’s too cute!’

While Izuku has an episode, the Kineceleran girl however sees this action as if a gauntlet has been thrown down. And she is more than ready to accept the challenge. “I’m cute too, watch!” The child takes a shy stance with a hand over her mouth and the other behind her back, she fidgets in place acting shy and insecure, aided by her big innocent eyes she just radiates innocence.

Izuku claps his hands together as if praying. ‘Adorable!’

At least someone is enjoying this showdown because the two involved certainly aren’t. The two are glaring daggers at each other while also trying to pull off the cutest pose with the most charm.

After nearly a minute of holding the same pose Ochaco breaks down gasping for air as she bends over pressing down on her knees in defeat. “Oh, I admit defeat.”

“Ha, I win!” The Kineceleran proclaims happily, proud of her victory.

“Yeah, I guess you do…”

The two remain like that one hunched over and the other with their chest puffed out. After a moment Ochaco begins to chuckle lightly finding the situation rather humorous, before long she begins to outright laugh at herself. Just look at her she just had a cute off against a five-year-old and lost, now that’s hilarious.

Said five-year-old seems to realize it too, after blinking at the strange laughing human, she too begins to laugh along with her. Hahaha. “I guess you’re not so bad either.”

“Haha. Thanks, and neither are you.”

Ochaco reaches over petting the little girl on the head, it surprises her how smooth and cool the
“ML-E!!” A woman’s voice calls out from the other side of a nearby aisle.

Ochaco looks around for the source of the voice. “ML-E?”

“Yeah, that’s my name.” The Kineceleran, ML-E (pronounced as Emily), explains.

“My, that’s an adorable name.”

“ML-E, there you are.” What appears to be ML-E’s mother rounds the corner and spotting her daughter.

ML-E’s mother, obviously a Kineceleran as well, is wearing a green head scarf over her head along with a matching mini-green jacket, a long dark green dress, and white gloves.

ML-E waves her arms up, glad to see her parental figure. “Mommy!”

“And where have you been young lady?”

“I was playing!” ML-E states as if it was obvious.

The Kineceleran sighs, she then realizes that they have company one of note is the Plumber on duty. “Oh, my, Thirteen! I’m so sorry if my daughter caused you any trouble.” She bows with much remorse, hoping that her daughter hadn’t done anything to disturb the hardworking hero.

Thirteen chuckles, alleviating her worries. “No ma’am, a hyperactive child is nothing new for me.”

Now that hurts, Izuku can practically feel a giant arrow stab him in the head over that remark.

The alien mother must have picked up on Izuku’s discomfort and she finally notices the two other humans invading the store. “Oh, who are these two?”

“Right this is Izuku Midoriya, he’s a new recruit, and she’s…” Thirteen gestures toward Ochaco who doesn’t pick up right away that she’s supposed to introduce herself.

“Oh, uh, hi, I’m Ochaco Uraraka.”

“A pleasure.” The mother smiles and bows in greeting before grabbing her daughter’s hand. “Thank you for finding my daughter, she just loves to runoff on her own.”

Everyone can’t help but have the same response. ‘That seems like an understatement.’

The mother is oblivious to their inner thoughts. “Thanks again, perhaps we’ll see you around some time. If so don’t hesitate to say hello.”

Ochaco gives her a grateful smile nodding her head in agreement.

Satisfied with her response, she leads her young one away for the register.

While being led away ML-E waves back at the smiling brunette. “Bye, Ochan!”

Ochaco’s heart flutters for a second, her smile grows as she waves the adorable child off.

Thirteen chuckles at her reaction. “Seems like someone made a new friend.”
Ochaco nods seeing no reason to argue or get embarrassed by her newest achievement, becoming friends with an alien.

Hopefully with no more interruptions, Thirteen can finally ask what’s really on their mind. “Uraraka, tell me. What do you think of all of this, so far?”

“What do I think…” What does she think of all this? What does she think of the bizarre yet colorful aliens? “Today has been such an experience for me. In just a few minutes I’ve seen things that most people would never believe, heck they’d probably have an episode, and yet here I am.” No words can really describe how she’s feeling so there’s only one thing she can really say. “It’s all just so amazing.”

“I’m really glad to hear you say that.”

“Same.” Izuku smiles, her reaction is really better than what he thought would happen.

“That said,” Thirteen cuts in on the moment becoming rather somber in tone. “I hope you can understand the gravity of the situation.”

Ochaco cups her chin with a questioning look on her face. “What do you mean?”

“What do they mean?” Oh, right, it’s so obvious. People, or rather humans. Human beings are instinctually wary of the unknown and what’s more unknown than outer space and alien life? And the fear that can rise from that could prove to be…tragic. “I do understand, and…” Her mind flashes to the child she just befriended, ML-E. “I would hate to bother any of these people.” That’s the truth, if she slips up ML-E and her family may get hurt, imprisoned, and experimented on the government. People, or villains, may come after them for possible knowledge and alien technology. She can’t let that happen to them. It’s just like what she promised All Might, if she’s not careful those she cares about could be targeted and put into harm's way. “If I want to be a hero then I need to respect all living beings no matter where they come from.” That’s right this is just one more secret she has to keep from the public’s knowledge. Now time to address the third secret she is willing to bear. “And that’s the same for you, Deku. I promise to never reveal the truth about the Omnitrix.”

“Really?” Although he always expected her to keep that part quiet, he is none the less appreciative of the gesture.

“Yes, I trust you and it doesn’t matter that you’re Quirkless because with that thing you are definitely a hero.”

The cinnamon bun can’t help but let tears prick his eyes. That’s so kind of her to say, no one, not even his own family, have been able to look him in the eyes and say those words. “T-thank you, U-Uraraka” He sniffs but he doesn’t even bother to try and stop the tears. ‘Thank you, thank you.’

“Oh, come on now. There’s no need to cry.”

Thirteen smiles softly to themselves as Ochaco tries to cheer up the sniveling boy. ‘It seems Midoriya was right about this one.’ They wait until Izuku finally calms down enough that the tears stop and he’s able to wipe his face clean. “Now onto the third reason you’re here today.”

Ochaco draws her attention back to the pro hero. “In case you haven’t guessed it for yourself already, I am part of a covert law-enforcement organization that monitors, regulates, and manages the alien population on Earth.”
“Woah, that’s so cool.” Ochaco awes in amazement, she turns to Izuku who nearly laughs at her expression of amazement. “Are you part of this organization too, Deku?”

Izuku smiles humbly not afraid to admit the facts. “Not officially, but I’m working hard to make it in.” He sheepishly rubs the back of his head. “But there’s a lot I need to learn first.”

Thirteen nods in agreement. “You sure do,” Thirteen agrees before eyeing the other possible trainee. “the both of you.”

Now that throws Ochaco for a loop. “The both of us?”

“Yes. Uraraka, if you don’t mind, I would like to formally request for you to join our team.” Thirteen holds a hand out to her as to literally reach out for her to accept the request.

“Join?!”

“Yes, it’d be great to have someone like you at our side, and I believe you have what it takes to become one of us.”

“A space hero…” That would be amazing, it almost seems too good to be true. Gosh, when did she become so lucky? First, she’s entrusted with the future of Japan but now…she might just be entrusted with the fate of the whole world. That should scare her, it should terrify her, but it doesn’t. Instead she can feel the resolve swelling up within her. No, this is no burden it is an honor. How could she look at herself in the mirror and call herself a hero when she turned her back on those that need her? But…what if she’s not cut out for this. Perhaps she’s taking on too much. What if…everyone is wrong about her? “I…this is so much all at once. I, I don’t know what to say. It’s so much responsibility and I’m not sure if I’m the right person for this.”

Izuku…he understands more than he cares to admit. Afterall it was dumb luck that he got the Omnitrix in the first place, who’s to say that he deserves to have it. It was only from the praise and faith from others that he could even begin to think of the Omnitrix as his own. “Uraraka. you are more than capable.” It’s true, she is more than worthy to be here with them. And now it’s his turn to show someone else their true potential. “You said that I’m a hero, well the same is true for you!” Ochaco gasps, not out of shock, but surprise. “You have so much courage, you’re so kind and selfless, and…and…” His confidence he started with is gone, but he has to say this. He has to tell her the truth. “you’re the first real…friend that I’ve had in a long time.” It hurts quite a bit to admit that, but it is of course the obvious truth. Kacchan can’t even view him as a human being and Henzu… “You care about others and these aliens, these people, they need someone like you…like us to help them. To allow them to live their lives with smiles on their faces and without worry!”

Ochaco’s eyes widen, something in her heart resonates from within her. “You’re right!” Of course, he is, that’s why she dreams of being a hero, why she accepted All Might’s legacy, and now this as well. “Thirteen!”

“Oh, yes?!”Thirteen snaps out of their lull, shamefully they went quite while Ochaco and Izuku each had their piece and they figured it wasn't their place to interrupt.

“I accept your offer!”

Izuku’s face lights up as if Christmas came early. “Really?!”

“Yeah, let’s do it Deku!” She shoots her fist into the air. “We’ll get into U.A. and then we’ll become space heroes! And I promise that I’ll never tell a soul about anything I learned here. Not the truth about the Omnitrix, aliens, or your secret organization!” There’s no doubt in her mind that
she made the right choice today. “And I promise to work hard!”

Her enthusiasm is so contagious, She even gets Izuku’s blood pumping for some action. “So, will I!” He shoots his fist into the air, mimicking her movements.

Ochaco grins with anticipation. “And our first step…”

“Will be getting into…”

“U.A.!!” They both cry out in unison.

They exchange smiles, knowing full well that they’ll both will most certainly make it to the top hero school in all of Japan.

Ochaco giggles in delight. “I guess that makes us space cadets now.”

“What?”

“You know, space cadets that’s what we’ll call ourselves.”

Izuku isn’t too sure, but what’s the harm? “Uh, sure.”

“Oh, by the way.” Ochaco tilts her head to the side curious about something. “Does your organization have a name?”

Izuku blanches. ‘Oh, yeah, we sort of looked over that…I was hoping she wouldn’t notice.’

“Ye-yeah…”

“Oh, what is it?”

Seeing their que Thirteen proudly steps in and as if an imaginary banner suddenly appeared behind them, they proudly proclaim their alias. “We’re known as…the Plumbers!!” They are so full of conviction that one can practically touch it.

…

“No, seriously, what is it?” She says this with such a deadpanned expression.

Izuku smiles in embarrassment as Thirteen instantly begins ranting away at the teen girl, feeling rather insulted by her comment. ‘Things just became a whole lot more interesting.’

########(End Flashback)########

Izuku smiles with fondness of the memory, it really was a good day. It’s been great having Ochaco in on the secret, it’s nice to have someone his age to bounce his thoughts on aliens, the Omnitrix, and quirks off of. Plus, it helps that she too is very passionate when it comes to the topic of anything related to aliens and outer space. It’s so nice to see that other people can have a nerdy side too, it makes Izuku feel less like a freak and more like a normal human with normal feelings and tendencies.

Of course, they did have to clear up a few things here and there. For example, he did of course have to explain how he came across the Omnitrix in the first place and why it won’t come off his arm no matter what.

Thirteen was excited to have someone else to train, but it would prove rather difficult since she
lives a fair distance away. As it turns out, by mere luck, she had just acquired a new personal trainer! Apparently, it was some retired pro hero from America. Izuku was instantly on her, begging to know who it was and what was their quirk, but she was quick to deny him stating that said hero would rather stay on the downlow as to live their retirement in peace. Izuku wasn’t convinced but he didn’t want to pry so he let it go.

Speaking of not knowing certain things, those unknown robots that kept coming after him seemingly have stopped coming. It’s been months since the last one showed up. ‘I wonder why. Maybe whoever was sending them just gave up or something.’

*I screech*

‘I may have spoken too soon.’ Man, and just when he thought he was in the clear another robot appears.

The sound of screeching tires intensifies, Izuku turns around and spots a runaway delivery truck tearing its way down the street. As the speeding truck zooms by Izuku spots the driver inside, he’s panicking screaming at the top of his lungs while trying to hit the brakes, but they’re not working.

Analyzing the situation quickly Izuku realizes the issue. The other problem however is that there are no heroes present to stop the truck. There, it’s up to him to stop it. He grips the Omnitrix looking for the right alien. ‘It may not be a robot but it’s no less an emergency.’ And it just got so much worse, further down the street, a group of three people, it looks to be an older sister and her two much younger siblings, are strolling along the sidewalk blissfully unaware of the out of control vehicle. ‘And it just got a whole lot worse!’

Without a second to lose, Izuku’s feet begin to move forward on their own. Sure, there’s no way his own capabilities will get him there in time, there is of course an alternate route. Knowing this himself, Izuku activates his trusty Omnitrix and thus becoming the best suited alien for the job.

The older sister, after getting distracted by her baby sister’s antics, looks up, and although she doesn’t outwardly express her surprise, anyone can see the shock of dread course through after noticing the dangerously fast approaching truck.

While in a panic the driver sticks his head out the window while screaming out at the top of his lungs. “Get out of the way!!”

The sister doesn’t panic, not now, not when her siblings are depending on her to save them, she lashes out her frog like tongue wrapping it around her siblings. The truck is way too close there’s no way she can get them all out of the way in time! Despite the low chance of success, she squats down, but why is she going to jump over the truck?

Guess they’ll never know, because there’s no time to spare! Just before tragedy strikes XLR8 runs into action, and as if in slow-motion, he grabs the frog-like girl just as she’s about to launch herself and her siblings up. In a blink of an eye XLR8 carries the three away from the threat, dropping them off further up the street where the runaway truck can’t get to them.

The older sister blinks, unsure of what just happened.

XLR8 wipes away imaginary sweat from his brow. “Phew, that was a close one, huh?”

*I screech!*

“Oops, still got one more thing to take care of.” He flashes the trio a toothy grin. “Take care of yourselves. Now, I gotta run!” He zips away after the delivery truck silently praising himself not
only for saving their lives but for his great line. ‘Ha ha, Nailed it!’

‘Was that supposed to be funny?’ The frog-like girl tilts her head to the side as she watches the blue lizard man sprint away. A few questions pop into her mind. ‘Just who was that?’ She curiously watches on as a blue blur spins around the delivery truck. After a few seconds the wheel pop right off and the truck drops down, it’s bottom grinding against the pavement as sparks fly out from its sides. The driver still continues to scream like a maniac even as the truck comes to a complete stop.

Eventually reality settles in and the driver passes out, he’s exhausted after this crazy ordeal, his heart clearly can’t take it.

XLR8 chuckles to himself on a job well done. “Another day, saved! Now I’m off to do more good deeds!” And with a step to the side he’s off again to who knows where, with no plan other than to look for trouble and help those in need of it. ‘Now this is what I’ve been working for, and now in less than a month I will be taking the U.A. Entrance Exam.’ He zigs and zags his way from road to road leaving a trail of wind, disturbed papers and leaves, and a few smiling faces from people he helped out from painting a fence in less than three seconds, catching a rogue baseball before it can smash into a windshield, and distributing lost cat posters before finding and delivering the same cat back to her owner’s arms. ‘I will pass the Exam and when I do then I’ll really be on the right path to become a hero.’ The little girl gives him one of the biggest smiles he’s ever seen as she holds her kitty closer to her chest. ‘But for now, I’ll happily settle for this.’ Yeah, the future is definitely looking up.

@@@ ‘Gah, where is he?!’

In an abandoned construction project, a dark figure is throwing a tantrum, smashing his fists into several support beams. The sound of the bending iron echoes throughout the dark and damp basement scaring away a few rats, including the big one in an orange jacket.

Argit nearly falls from his perch atop a barrel. “Chill man! He’ll be here.”

“He better be.” The figure growls in annoyance. “I’m tired of waiting. This guy better be worth it, especially after making me wait for months just so I can talk to him.”

“My apologies for making you wait.” A cool collected voice full of mirth decides to let itself be known. Followed by the tapping of expensive dress shoes against the cold concrete floor. “But nonetheless thank you for your patience.”

A middle-aged man of moderate height and slight build, with eyebrows that appear to be drawn up with notably squinted-looking pink eyes approaches the duo. He has short gray hair parted to his right with side bangs hanging above his eyes, along with a small mustache and goatee on his chin, and one of his front teeth seems to be missing, leaving a gap in his grin. He’s also wearing a pair of dress pants and a matching blazer, along with plain black shoes and a shirt which he leaves partially unbuttoned at the top. He has a thick, golden tube-like necklace along, he’s also sporting a pair of circular glasses on his face.

He pulls out a cigarette from his pocket sticking it into his mouth. “Please understand that I am a very busy man.” He pulls out a lighter igniting the end of his smoke. “I have quite a lot of clients and each one of them needs my attention.”
“Be quiet,” The figure snarls in annoyance. “and don’t act all polite I know the type of things you
deal with.” The figure glares daggers at the much taller man trying to intimidate him. “And the
type of people you deal with, too.”

The man humorously smiles at the figure, his eyes wary yet full of interest. “None the less I did
take time to meet with you, did I not?” He puffs out some smoke as he speaks.

The figure doesn’t find the man’s sarcasm amusing, not whatsoever. “Quite bullshitting me, old
man.”

“Old man, huh? I’m somewhat insulted by that.” And yet has a grin on his face. “Very well, the
truth is I had to do some prior research on ya,” He takes out the smoke grinning like a murderer
going in for the kill. “Henzu Uuichi.”

Henzu turns and glares at Argit, his eyes screaming that he’s tear the rat a new one for ratting him
out. “I told you not to tell him who I am!”

“Wha?! I didn’t, promise!” Argit scurries behind his perch hopping the flimsy wood will protect
him from Henzu’s wrath.

The man chuckles regaining their attention. “No need to blame the rat, although I can’t say I blame
ya.”

Argit gaps at the man, why is he always getting blamed for shit like this?!

The man continues. “After all, I did some personal research of my own.”

Henzu eyes the man warily. “And what did you learn?”

“A lot,” Giran smiles anticipating a reaction. “and a lot of it was interesting. For example, you’re
an orphan, delinquent, and now a runaway with a versatile quirk to boot. You’re really something
aren’t ya?” Henzu’s fist balls up, he really hates it when people pry into his business. “So, shall we
get down to business? Just why did you make me come all the way down to this…” He eyes the
crumbling site. “fine establishment?”

“I want in.” Henzu states simply no ifs, whats, or buts about it.

The man’s smile falters, but he recovers trying to pull off his friendlier facade. “In? I’m afraid I
don’t follow.” Just what is this kid after?

“Don’t play dumb.” Henzu smirks, knowing full well that he’s in control now. “Afterall you’re not
the only one who did their research, Giran.”

Giran’s smile drops, he doesn’t bother disguising it either, letting the delinquent and the rat know
that they are truly beginning to conduct their business.

“Over these past few months I’ve been keeping myself busy learning some new…tricks.” Henzu
rubs his arm, he can feel his muscles and vein bulge underneath his fingertips as a portion of his
new strength flows through. “But I’ve also become more aware of Japan’s crime world, and did
you know a good number of criminals here in Musutafu has been going silent, as if they’ve all just
disappeared?”

Giran tenses up. ‘Just how much does this kid know?’

“I know it was you, you’ve been recruiting criminals from all over.”
Giran clears his throat before speaking. “Even if I was, how would you even know about it?”

Henzu outright scoffs at the question. “I have my ways, namely my newly acquired skills.”

Yeah, that tiny frog guy is way more useful than he originally thought. And what luck he accidentally spotted Giran talking to some lowlife in an abandoned building.

“So now what?”

“I already told you, I want in on whatever it is you’re doing.” He points a finger at Giran as if to make sure he’s listening. “More specifically, I want to meet whomever it is you’re working for.”

“What?”

“You said it yourself, you have a lot of clients. Am I wrong to assume one of them hired you to do some recruitment?”

Giran scowls. ‘Just what is this kid’s deal?’

“If so, with the large number of criminals you’ve already gathered, it’s got to be for some big operation, right?” Henzu seems almost too excited about this.

Meanwhile, Argit watches on while silently becoming more and more nervous. It’s possible things might go south and quick, especially when Henzu is involved.

“And if it is?” Giran’s voice softened, he’s a bit wary now of this punk.

“Well, I think my skills will greatly benefit your employer.”

“Osmosis, that’s your quirk, right? It definitely has its uses, but I can’t guarantee an audience.” That is the truth, most of the guys he found haven’t even met their leader yet. They just happen to fear the true mastermind.

“I wasn’t talking about Osmosis.” Henzu interrupts.

“Hm?” Now that’s a surprise.

Without a word, Henzu’s whole entire right arm changes, morphing into something inhuman. It becomes grey with scales, a narrow fin shoots out from his elbow, and his finger become razor sharp claws. With no provocation Henzu swerves around digging his claws right through another metal support beam slashing it, leaving a massive gap in its side.

‘What the hell was that?! Did he absorb some weird metal or something?’

Henzu continues this time his arm becomes black in color but a red like shell encases his forearm leading up to sharp grey fingers. He takes aim and fires out a powerful stream of water at the wall. After a few seconds he cuts off the water to reveal a crater inside his target.

Giran pulls out another cigarette and sticks it between his teeth, letting this new piece of information to process. “Now that changes things.” he lights the smoke enjoying its flavor. “You got it kid; I’ll get you your audience.”

Henzu’s grin like a kid that was promised a trip to the circus.

“Just answer me one thing. Why?”
Henzu’s smile widens revealing a row of enlarging fangs. “Honestly, it sounds like a lot of fun, ha ha.”

Chapter End Notes

Well that was fun. What are your thoughts? Please let me know. Did any of you get the Invader Zim cameo? If not then you're missing out. Again I would love a review from you guys. Let me know what you enjoyed? What you didn't like? What you wanted more of? Even ask a question or two I will try to answer to the best of my ability without spoiling too much. Finally, Ch.9 will be the U.A. Entrance Exam so get hyped! And once that happens the story really takes off.

*Ch.9 will focus on Ochaco a bit more, and if you wanted some All Might and Ochaco interactions then you will get them!

*ML-E (pronounced as Emily) is the little Kineceleran girl from Ben Ten Omniverse, incase you need to look her up. I hope she's a welcome addiction to the roster of characters. Some of the other aliens in Mr. Baumann's store are from Ben Ten Omniverse as well. I do hope to explore the alien community on Earth more, but for now this will have to do.

*I just want to clarify a few things. 1. Henzu has been training his new abilities ever since he got them, and in the meantime he's been trying to figure out how to use them. 2. Although Argit works with Giran at times, Giran doesn't actually know that Argit is an alien and neither does Henzu; they just assume he's a human with a rat-like quirk. 3. The reason Argit doesn't reveal his identity about being an alien is because he fears Earth's heroes and government capturing him and experimenting on him. (Not to mention, he watched too many alien invasion movies where the humans won when he first arrived on Earth, hence the fear). That said he conducts his business on Earth mainly because he's not welcomed on any other planets...you can assume why.

*Look up and watch Invader Zim incase you haven't, already. I hope to throw in more cameos and easter eggs not just from Invader Zim but from other properties: Star Wars, Ben Ten, and anything else related to aliens. It should be fun and I would happily take suggestions. So, please share them with me.

*I want to apologize to those that wanted to see Izuku use his alien forms more in this chapter. I do apologize, but don't worry you'll get plenty of it next time.
Starting Line

Chapter Summary

Izuku and Ochaco take the U.A. Entrance Exam. Will they fail? Will they succeed? Hopefully their hard work will pay off especially as we get to see how Ochaco's training went under All Might's tutelage.

Chapter Notes

Woah woo! My schedule really worked out for me this week so I was able to finish this chapter a head of schedule. Awesome right? Anyway here's Ch.9 and the U.A. Entrance Exam! Enjoy and be sure to leave a comment at the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hmmmm, that was so good!” Ochaco holds her cheeks, her tongue sticking up to the side, savoring the flavor left in her mouth after a delicious breakfast of mochi. Probably not the best thing to have especially after her crazy workout regimen, but she deserves a cheat day every now and then.

Izuku smiles although it is a rather pained smile. “Yup.” He grips his wallet, peering inside to how desolate its interior really is. ‘My poor wallet. Why did I offer to pay?’ Why does he always seem to run out of money when it comes to his friends?

Currently the pair of teens are making their way towards their future, U.A. However, they made sure to stop first at a new mochi place that’s not too far from the school.

Their morning has been pretty good so far, it’s been quiet and peaceful. Izuku can’t help but feel like it’s only the calm before the storm though, the anticipation for the test is already starting to well up inside him.

*Ping*

That was his phone, wasn’t it? He pulls it out to check, and sure enough he's got a new message from Thirteen that reads the following: [Good luck you two, I’m rooting for you both!!]

“Hey, Uraraka, read this.” Izuku holds his phone out to her as to let her sneak a peek.

Ochaco leans over, her smile seems to become even more tender after reading it. “Awe, that sure was nice of them.”

“Yes was.”

Ochaco straightens herself back up, enjoying their nice stroll towards the hero academy. Even though it’s still winter, the lack of a breeze and with the sun shining down on them, it’s actually a rather warm day.

Even though they’re moving at a good pace, there is a hint of excitement with each step she takes.
“Sheesh, I’m so nervous and yet I can’t wait for the exam to start!”

“I know what you mean. We both worked so hard for this day, I honestly can’t wait to see how our hard work pays off.”

Even now they can see the results of their training, they just seem to be holding themselves up a bit taller like they have something to be proud of. And they do, heck their physical abilities are leaps and bounds above what they used to be. ‘Guess clearing that beach over time really did do its intended purpose, thank you “All-American Dream Plan” and whomever wrote you!’

Ochaco steals a glance at Izuku who is oblivious to her staring. Something’s been on her mind for a while now, but she’s keeps putting it off namely because she doesn’t know where to even begin. After everything he was so willing to show her, to trust her with, she can’t help but feel a little guilty about keeping secrets from him. Especially, a secret so great that even the Number One hero can’t afford to let others know about it. ‘I wonder if it’s okay if I tell him…’

After all All Might put his faith in her so he should trust her to tell those that she herself can trust as well, right?

#############(Flashback)#############

“Phew, finally I’m home.” Well sort of, Ochaco still has to make her way from the train station to her actual home.

Ochaco inhales taking a whiff of the fresh air of her hometown of Endori, even with the sun down, the building lights can’t outshine the stars that are twinkling like fireflies. It’s a decently sized town, it’s nowhere near the size of other cities but it has a big enough population that pro heroes do decide to station themselves here. Surrounding Endori is a sea of forests and of course Lothaal Mountain stands nearby as if watching over the people like a guardian. The singing mountain breeze hauntingly sounds like the howl of wolves that once populated the region centuries ago, but rather than a terrifying screech it plays more like a harmonious yet eerie song that somehow calms the nerves.

She’s got a bit of a walk before she can call it a night, luckily, she called her parents on the train to not let them worry. She stretches raising her arms and pulling them back, getting ready for the trek down the hill and towards home. She pulls her head back, stretching, the lamp light blinds her.

“Gah, my eyes! That wasn’t very smart.” She whines rubbing her eyes.

Maybe it was thanks to her exhaustion but Ochaco failed to notice that she was not in fact the only person at the station.

A large and firm yet thin hand plants itself on to her shoulder from behind, spooking the poor girl.

“Stranger danger!!” Ochaco flips out, she grabs her bag by the straps and swings it around like a bludgeon.

Her backpack slams into a skeletal blonde-man's side. “Gah!!” Oh, god, she hit him so hard that he’s spitting up blood!

“Oh, my gosh!” Ochaco is panicking, sure she was only defending herself from a possible creep, but she didn’t mean to hurt him that badly. “I-I’m so sorry! Please forgive me!”

The man’s is rubbing his side, wincing in pain as blood drips from his mouth. *Cough* “No, no
it’s alright.” *Cough* “My apologies miss.” *Cough* “It was completely my fault; I shouldn’t have approached you from behind.” The blood finally stops as the blond skeleton rubs his head in embarrassment. His sunken eyes pleading for forgiveness. “Anyway, I should probably introduce myself, my name is Yagi Toshinori.”

Ochaco’s not sure what to make of this man. His skinny and sickly figure isn’t helping his cause not to mention he surprised her in a barren place at night. But that said, he seems approachable enough. “Um, pleasure to meet you, I’m Ochaco…Ochaco Uraraka.” Maybe this man just needs help…like directions…to a hospital. “If you don’t mind me asking, is there something you needed from me?”

“Yes, I just…want to talk to you.”

“Talk to me?”

“Yes,” Yagi suddenly becomes shy as if he saw something he wasn’t supposed to. “you see I saw what you did today…against the villain.” He’s referring to how Rojo kidnapped her, but she was able to rescue herself.

Ochaco smiles sheepishly. “Oh, you did?”

“Yes, and I just wanted to say that I was quite impressed by your resolve and capability.”

“I, uh, thank you…”

“That said I have a single question for you and I would greatly appreciate an honest answer.” Yagi replays the recent events from earlier that day, most importantly he remembers what she declared to the world when she brought down the villain single handedly. {“I…can be a hero. And I will keep everyone safe!”} Her words, her actions, spoke to him and drive him to, admittedly, follow her here hoping he could have a word with her and find out for himself whether she is worthy or not. “Why do you want to become a hero?”

Well, she certainly wasn’t expecting that. But it is a good question. ‘Why?’ It doesn’t take long for her to have her answer. “I want to be a hero because…I want to bring smiles to people’s faces. Smiles that let everyone know that they are safe, happy, and living their lives without worry.” The thoughts of those future smiles, including her parents, classmates, and even Deku float through her mind. She smiles finding the images both fond and inspiring. “That’s why I want to become a hero…”

Yagi grins as if he just found the one thing that he’s been searching for decades. “I knew it.”

“Excuse me,” Ochaco tilts her head to the side, unsure what the strange man means. “you knew what?”

“Young Uraraka…” He needs to do this, plus he’s running out of time, he can’t afford putting off finding a successor any longer, and she is most definitely worthy: she’s got a good handle on her quirk, is very capable, brave, and she has a great motive. “I believe you’re worthy…of inheriting my power!”

Ochaco’s expression of dazed confusion is so hilarious that Yagi has to bite his tongue to prevent himself from outright laughing. “…I…don’t…understand.”

“Perhaps I should have led with this. And I should also make it clear, but we’ve actually met once before already.” Inhaling a deep breath, Yagi’s form disappears behind a poof of smoke, only for a towering titan of a man to stand before her in all his power and glory. “I AM HERE!” All Might
flashes her his signature grin, posing like the pro hero he is as to accentuate his point.

“Oh my GOSH!!! You’re ALL MIGHT!!!” The last time they met was at the Kamino Mall, but it was so brief she didn’t get a chance to fangirl a bit.

Huh, she figured that one out fairly quickly. “YES, IT IS I, ALL MI-phew!” And in a puff of smoke, All Might is back to being Yagi Toshinori.

“Ahh!” Ochaco gawks at the sudden change, her mind still trying to process everything.

They take a seat on a nearby bench and Yagi tries his best to explain how and why he ended up in his current condition. Of course, being sure to skip over a few minor (important) details here and there. He tells her about how he’s become weaker, slower, and because of that he’s even begun to fail to save the day; the Sludge Villain incident is the first to come to mind. He tells her that because of his shortcomings he’s been actively trying to resolve as many situations as he can while he still can and that led him to Rojo holding her hostage and him witnessing her conviction.

“There you have it, that’s why I had to sought you out.”

“That’s a lot to take in, but I still don’t quite understand how this involves me. I’m sorry, but I’m still lost here…”

“Right, there’s still another matter I need to discuss with you…” Here goes nothing. “You see…I wasn’t actually…born with my Quirk. I’m not a natural born hero, my power was given to me.”

“WHA-”

Just before she could scream out in shock, All Might claps a hand over her mouth saving his eardrums from excruciating pain. “Please, let me finish.” He removes his hand allowing the girl to breathe. “As I was saying…my Quirk was passed down to me…by someone else…”

“No way?!"

“Yes, way. For you see young Uraraka…” The glint in All Might’s eyes hardens as his resolve shines through. “My Quirk, the Quirk that was transferred to me, is known as…ONE FOR ALL!”

So, that’s his Quirk. The significance of this revelation is not lost on her. She is well aware of how secretive and elusive All Might can be whenever people try and find out what exactly his Quirk is. And yet here he is the man himself, revealing the truth to her. “One. For. All.”

Yagi stands up, his arms outstretched at his sides. “The first person cultivates the power and then passes it to another. The next refines it and passes it on again… In this way, those crying out to be saved and those with brave and true hearts link to form… A crystalline network of power!!”

There’s no right way to respond to this, all she can feel is a great awe and confusion. “Why? Why are you telling me all this?”

Yagi looks her right in the eye, not wanting her to mix his words in anyway. “I’m in need of a successor, a successor that’s willing to take up my mantle and my power.” He holds his hand out to her hoping that she will take his offer. “And I fully believe that you’re worthy of receiving my Quirk!”

‘Me, worthy of...All Might’s Quirk? I don’t know...this has got to be a dream or something, maybe
my mind is playing a trick on me. This can’t be real, there’s no way All Might, the Symbol of Peace, would take me of all people under his wing and make me his successor. I just don’t think I’m the right fit…'

All Might can tell that the girl is having some inner conflict. “Young Uraraka what you did today took not only courage but great resolve. And from your words, I can tell that you meant what you said about wanting to bring smiles to people’s faces. Smiles that let everyone know that they are safe. Because of all this I know, without a shadow of a doubt, that you can become a great hero!”

Tears begin to prick at Ochaco’s eyes, as a smile is on the edge of forming. ‘Is this real…yes, I think it is. All Might really thinks I’m capable…he believes in me.’

“I ask you again young Uraraka, do you accept the responsibility and the honor of receiving my Quirk, making it your own, and becoming the next pillar of peace and justice?!”

‘Become the next pillar of peace and justice?! Can I really do it? Well, if All Might thinks so…but what about my family, what about Deku would they think I’m worthy? My parents work so hard for so little, and Deku has really inspired me to chase after my dreams. Then maybe I should accept, but not for myself but for them so that I can show everyone my thanks, that their faith in me wasn’t a waste. Because someday I will become the Number One Hero that brings a smile to everyone’s face.’ With a grin that could rival All Might’s one day, she gives a resounding response. “Yes!”

########(End Flashback)#######

And so, began her 8 months of training under All Might’s supervision or as she calls it 8 months of torture. Curse All Might and his All-American Dream Plan: the Lady Liberty Version! But she survived and she’s really come a long way, now look at her she’s really developed well-toned muscles making her body the perfect vessel for One For All.

While walking, Ochaco cups her mouth, feeling slightly queasy. ‘I just wish there was some other way to accept his Quirk.’

“We’re here.”

Ochaco snaps out of her pondering and sure enough Izuku is right. Standing before them is the entirety of U.A.

A fifteen-story building with shining windows, grand arches, and protective walls stand proudly as a symbol of bright futures that await those who enter its doors. This remarkable place has produced some of the world’s greatest heroes, and now it’s their turn.

‘This is it!’ Ochaco raises her fist into the air declaring to the world that she is here! “Get ready U.A. because Deku and I are here!!”

“Yeah!” Izuku pumps his fist into the air, mimicking Ochaco’s stance as well. Can you blame him though, Ochaco’s energy is just contagious.

Unfortunately, the moment, along with Izuku’s confidence, is cut way too short by a rather annoyed growl. “What the hell are you so excited about, stupid Deku.”

Izuku recognizes the voice instantly and he quickly reverts back to his normally shy and spineless self. “Kaechan!!” He spins around and sure enough Katsuki Bakugou is there with an angry snarl on his face. “G-good to s-see you! L-let’s a-all do our b-best t-today!!”

Bakugou scoffs, brushing past his terrified classmate. “Just stay out of my fucking way!!”
Izuku nervously nods while also fighting the urge to run away.

Ochaco watches on with uncertainty. Debating whether Izuku was friends with this guy or was being threatened by him.

When Bakugou is eventually out of sight, Izuku finally relaxes sighing in relief. ‘That’s Kacchan...’ Although, ever since the Sludge Villain incident he has been...tamer than usual. He hasn’t even been on Izuku’s case all too much these recent months. Perhaps having to be shown up and rescued by an unknown hero or vigilante was a good humbling experience. ‘Maybe one day, we can finally be friends again... Maybe I shouldn’t get my hopes up.’

Ochaco taps his shoulder. “You know him?”

Izuku’s eyes nearly pop out, for a minute there he had forgotten she was even there. “Y-yeah, that’s Katsuki Bakugou and he’s...a friend, hehe.”

Ochaco gives him a deadpan look, not taking him seriously. After all, doesn’t he remember his last “friend”, Henzu? ‘Deku, you really have bad taste in friends... Excluding me of course.’ Deciding to move on from the subject that is Katsuki Bakugou, she strides forward with purpose and gusto. “All right, shall we?”

“Sure.”

“Come on, there’s no reason to be nervous. Besides with your ali-I mean transformations there’s no way you won’t pass. So, what could go wrong?”

Izuku gives her a grateful smile, he really needed that right now. “You’re right.” He walks forward, taking a step towards his future. This is one small step for Izuku Midoriya, and one embarrassing fall for his self-worth, as he trips over his own feet, plummeting face first onto the hard ground.

“DEKU!!!” Oh, gosh, is he okay?! ‘If only I was standing next to him, I could have saved him!’

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“You can do this. You can do this. You can do this. You can do this. You can-”

Ochaco sweat drops, placing a hand onto Izuku’s shoulder. “Deku, you’re freaking me, and everyone else, out.”

“Oh, my bad, sorry...” Izuku takes a breath before rolling up the sleeves of his light green jacket making sure the Omnitrix is free for him to activate. He can’t afford to get distracted now not when the U.A. Exam Entrance is going to start.

Right now, both him, Ochaco, and a number of other examinees are gathered in front of a giant metal doorway that’s supposed to lead into a fake empty city. According to Present Mic, the pro hero that oversaw the explanation of the exam, they’ll be battling against faux-villain robots that give them a certain number of points when they’re destroyed.

Ochaco’s expression softens in understanding. “It’s okay, we’re lucky to end up in the same testing facility.”

“Yeah, lucky...” A thought crosses Izuku’s mind, he’s been considering it for a little while now and now’s going to be the last chance to say something. “but I think we should go about this on our own.”
Ochaco’s jaw drops as a jolt of shock runs through her heart. ‘Is this what it’s like to be rejected?!’

Worried that he may have upset her Izuku quickly tries to save the situation. “What I mean is! I want to see how far I’ve come, we’ve both worked so hard and I want to use this test as a way to gauge how much I’ve improved.”

The color returns to her face. “Oh, I gotcha, well in that case” She gives her friend a big thumbs up. “Then let’s do it.”

Izuku smiles. “I’m glad you agree.”

“You two!” A loud stern voice interjects itself into their conversation.

Izuku and Ochaco spot a tall navy blue-haired boy with glasses striding towards them, swinging his arms out at his side like a robot.

“Tell me why you are here?” He karate chops the air demanding an answer. “Are you hoping to interfere and prevent the rest of us from passing?”

Izuku internally gasps, is this how everyone sees him?! “Eh, no no, of course not.”

Meanwhile, Ochaco finds the taller teen’s accusations insulting. It’s not right, he shouldn’t just jump to conclusions. “Hey, don’t be mean.”

“You two ought to know better, this exam is for those that strive to earn the great honor of becoming heroes. I will not stand for two degenerates to interfere with anyone’s chances!”

Ochaco’s expression hardens, there’s no way she’s taking this lying down. “Listen, we’re-”

“AND BEGIN!!” Present Mic’s voice rings out in full force, although it’s difficult to say if that was over the intercoms or he shouted that out loud instead.

Izuku blinks, looking towards the radio tower the pro hero is currently stationed in. “Huh?”

“What’s wrong? There are no countdowns in real battles!! Run! Run! Run Listeners! You’re wasting your time here!!

It finally dawns on them, without a moment to waste the entire group of examinees charges forward into the fake city, including Izuku, Ochaco, and the stern blue-haired teen.

Despite the stampede of charging bodies of people Izuku manages to call out to Uraraka. “Good luck, space cadet Uraraka!”

“Back at ya, space cadet Deku!”

And with that the two split up in different directions, doing as they said they would, complete this test on their own.

Izuku grips his Omnitrix, the dial shoots up providing his roster of aliens. ‘All right Omnitrix, let’s do this right.’ Thinking in a professional sense, U.A. is considered to be All Might’s alma mater. That said, it stands to reason that U.A. probably prefers students with similar power/strength type quirks. Meaning in order to ensure a spot he needs to appeal to the judges and who better than Four Arms, who personifies strength. Izuku grins, dialing up the Tetraman DNA.

A green 1-point robot bursts out from between two buildings. Its single red eye dialing in on the greenette. “Target sighted, eliminate!”
Izuku grins with confidence. “Let’s go Four Arms!” He slams the dial down, and a flash of green eerie light engulfs him just as the robot charges.

From within the flash of green a black tendril lashes out, latching itself onto the robot before draining said robot of all its power; successfully shutting it down.

“Feedback?” Feedback gazes down at his slim tall alien form. “Aw man, I really wanted to smash the robots not fry them…” His tendrils drop down in disappointment.

Another robot, this time a 2-pointer, leaps out from above readying to tackle the tall examinee. Feedback takes aim firing a ray of lighting, the blast not only fries the bot but propels it causing it to crash into the side of a building.

Feedbacks grins, he’s honestly, enjoying himself a little bit right now. “Okay, Omnitrix, I admit it. Maybe, Feedback was the right choice.”

Another robot, a 3-pointer, rounds the corner, it hasn’t spotted him yet. Feedback leaps forward his tendrils embedding themselves into the robot’s exterior. The robot sputters as it loses power.

A smiling Feedback turns his head and the sight before him is both terrifying yet thrilling. This street looks like a battlefield with participants and robots fighting it out all over the place. Not wanting to miss out on points, or action, Feedback rushes in his tendrils ready to strike and his hands ready to fire out beams of electricity at a moment’s notice.

Feedback tears it up, draining villain robots of their power, and blasting others into heaps of burnt metal. He keeps at it as much as he can, keeping track of his points.

He blasts apart a three-point villain just as it was charging at him. “45 points. Phew, I better keep going. Not sure what the threshold is for a passing grade here, I better get as much as I can.”

Nearby a blonde-haired teen with a slim build and a rather feminine face is firing out lasers from a large special belt around his waist. After blasting a 2-pointer, the teen cuts off his laser taking a moment to rest. Unbeknownst to him a 3-pointer is readying an attack from behind.

“Look out!” Feedback lashes out his tendril wrapping itself around the teen’s waist before pulling him away from the attack. The teen yelps in surprise as he’s yanked off his feet and a beam of electricity flies past him and into the 3-pointer.

“That was a close one, huh?” Feedback places the teen down who is quick to compose himself as if he was a fabulous prince.

“Ha, thank you for the save, mon ami, but I believe you’ve could have done it with a little more panache.” After flashing the alien a pompous smile, the teen takes off running to find another robot.

“Um, you’re welcome…I guess.” Oh, well, at least he’s up to 48 points now. “Get ready you dumb robots, because Feedback’s going to come out on top!”

*Bleep* ‘Oh, no, was that?’ Feedback looks down and sure enough the Omnitrix is flashing red. Has it really been ten minutes already? “Oh, please not now!”

In a flash of red light, Izuku finds himself Quirkless, helpless, and surrounded by brawling examinees and robots. “This is just my luck…” Grumbling to himself, Izuku slouches forward.
“Eliminate!!”

Izuku’s freezes up, one of the robots has spotted him and had quickly decided to target him. “Ahhhh!!”

The robot is nearly on top of him when several firm grips grab him and pull him back allowing the robot to race by.

“You need to be more aware of your surroundings.” Says a calm male voice.

Izuku blinks up at his savior, his eyes widening when he recognizes him. The person who saved him is the same guy that helped him out when he lost Rojo after she kidnapped Uraraka months ago. It’s hard to forget someone like him, namely because of his odd mutation Quirk that gives him multiple limbs; as of now, each end of his limbs has a different body part growing out of them: eye balls, ears, and hands.

“Hey it’s you!” Izuku proclaims as the multi-limbed rescuer puts him down.

“Um, yeah. Anyway, be careful these robots aren’t going to go easy on us.” The guy takes off noticing a lone 3-pointer not that far away.

‘He’s right. I already have 48 points, that should be enough, so for now I just need to survive the rest of the exam…’ That’s easier said than done, though. ‘I wonder how Uraraka’s doing.’

Suddenly, there’s a loud boom as the ground begins to shake violently.

“What’s going on?!”

“Is it an earthquake?!

“Everybody run!!”

Izuku’s totally lost, frozen in place, amongst the sudden panic and confusion as other examinees run past him. ‘Run?! Run from what?!’

There’s another booming crash as an entire building is knocked out of the way of a giant.

“Uraraka, wherever you are…I hope you’re having better luck than me.”

Meanwhile, taking place a little bit after Izuku and Ochaco first split up.

“Release!” A 1-pointer crashes into the ground after being suspended in midair by Ochaco’s Zero-Gravity. “All right, that brings me to 32.” Ochaco swipes her arm across her head, wiping away sweat and dust. She takes a few deep breathes trying to push back the feeling of nausea that’s starting to plague her.

After splitting up from Deku, she was quick to find a hoard of robots. After which she touched as many as she could to make them float so she could release her quirk in one go rather than one at a time. She has not yet tried to use All Might’s Quirk, to be honest the idea of her limbs popping off like balloons isn’t exactly comforting. Besides she only just received it last night and she certainly doesn’t feel any different than before.

“Meatbag detected! Eliminate!” Another 3-pointer seemingly lunges of a pile of rubble like an energized zombie.
“Meatbag?!” Ochaco readies herself, waiting for the robot to get close so she can use her Quirk. “I’ll show you.”

She wouldn’t get the chance, however, because the tall blue-haired teen leaps out of nowhere. His leg, which she now notices has an engine embedded into it, smashes against the robot’s head breaking it into bits. “That brings me to 45!”

The surprise on Ochaco’s face is very apparent. “45!!”

The teen with glasses seems to notice Ochaco’s state. “You better get into high gear!” He calls out, his engine legs spurt out steam as he speeds forward smashing a two-pointer with a mighty kick. “Or you’ll never succeed!”

Ochaco’s expression hardens, with a shake to her senses she runs off looking for more robots. ‘He’s right. I need to pass because my parents, Deku, and All Might all believe in me and I can’t let them down. I worked too hard for this; I won’t fail!’

IW//IBW##(Flashback)IW//IBW##

Near the top of Lothaal Mountain there is a decently sized crater that’s surrounded by large boulders and filled with coniferous trees making the crater look like a cove but filled with trees and grasses. This tree canopy is dense allowing little to no light to puncture through the the grove’s forest floor.

“It’s…too…heavy!” Ochaco is really struggling. How the hell is she supposed to haul this load of logs when a super buff pro hero is sitting on top of them? Ochaco falls forward releasing the rope she was using to pull the logs. She groans as she flips herself over, her face covered in sweat and dirt. “This would be a lot easier if I used my Quirk.”

All Might bursts out laughing from atop his perch. “HA HA HA! I’M SURE IT WOULD!!” He pulls out his phone snapping a few photos of the downed and dejected girl. “BUT SERIOUSLY, THAT WOULD DEFEAT THE PURPOSE.”

Ochaco sits up, her legs crossed as she gives the Number one hero a suspicious look. “And that would be?”

“WE NEED TO WORK ON YOUR PHYSICAL CAPABILITIES, OR IN OTHER WORDS...YOU NEED TO GET RIPPEED!!” All Might shoots himself off the logs and flexes demonstrating his point.

“What for?” Seriously, what purpose does this serve other than to make sure she’s physically fit. Then again does anybody really need a reason to have abs?

All Might suddenly becomes shy rubbing his neck as he begins to break into a cold sweat. “WELL, YOUR BODY, AND DON’T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, BUT YOUR BODY ISN’T READY…”

“What?!” Oh, god, she had suspected but she never thought it was obvious! She knew she put on a little more weight recently, but that was because of stress eating! And that was because of those horrible robots and mutant monsters!

“WHAT I MEAN IS, YOUR BODY WON’T BE ABLE TO HANDLE THE FULL POWER OF ONE FOR ALL. YOUR LIMBS WOULD MOST LIKELY EXPLODE WHEN YOU TRY TO USE IT.”
“Is that really true?!”

“SURE IS, NOW THAT ISN’T THE ONLY REASON, YOU’RE HERE. BACK BEFORE QUIRKS, HEROES WERE CONSIDERED TO BE THOSE THAT SERVED THEIR COMMUNITIES, BUT IN MORE RECENT DAYS IT’S ALL ABOUT RESOLVING THE MOST CONFLICTS ESPECIALLY AGAINST VILLAINS.” All Might marches over to the thickest tree in the grove he knocks his fist against it as if to test how thick it really is. “I DID SOME RESEARCH ABOUT THIS MOUNTAIN AND I FOUND THAT ALTHOUGH IS QUITE SCENIC NOT A LOT OF PEOPLE ACTUALLY HIKE UP HERE. THAT’S WHY,” Without warning he begins to grapple with the large tree, prying up at its base. “IT WILL BE YOUR JOB TO TURN THIS SPOT INTO A BEAUTIFUL SCENIC VIEW!” Ochaco can hear the roots snapping away as All Might rips the tree right out the ground. Sunlight breaks through the canopy shining down on All Might like a spotlight. “WHEN YOU’VE COMPLETED THIS, THEN AND ONLY THEN WILL YOUR TRAINING BE COMPLETE.” His blue eyes shine in the light as he leans the tree against his shoulder making him look like a mighty titan of the forest.

“That’s great and all, but will this really help build up my strength?”

“I’M GLAD YOU ASKED,” All Might drops the tree and pulls out a folder seemingly out of nowhere. “THAT’S WHY I HAVE THIS!” Ochaco takes the folder and begins to flip through its pages. “THIS IS YOUR “ALL-AMERICAN DREAM PLAN: THE LADY LIBERTY VERSION”!! IN IT I HAVE MARKED DOWN EVERY ASPECT OF YOUR DAILY ROUTINE FROM DIET, EXERCISES, AND SLEEP!”

“Wow, it’s so detailed!” And damn was he thorough, he has sheets of healthy foods, detailed stretches, and even notes on how to have undisturbed rest. “But why “the Lady Liberty Version”?”

“OH, A COWORKER OF MINE ACTUALLY ASKED ME TO MAKE ONE FOR THEM FIRST AS TO HELP THEIR OWN STUDENT. SO, THIS ONE IS A MORE REFINED COPY.”

‘Wow, someone else willingly decided to go through with this crazy schedule too, huh? Well looks like I have no excuse to not do it then.’ Ochaco gives All Might a nervous yet determined smile. “So, when do we start?”

All Might’s grin widens. “RIGHT NOW!”

What followed was probably the most excruciating yet most rewarding experience in all of Ochaco Uraraka’s life.

Every day for the next eight months she was on Lothaal Mountain pushing herself to her limits while All Might was nearly always there lending his support and coaching. Everyday her body ached all over since she not only had to chop down trees with no assistance but then haul the timber down the mountain. If the wood was too rotten or unfit for lumber All Might made sure she did different exercises to remove the debris so she could work on various muscle groups.

As for the rest, she’d carry the timber to a local lumber yard near the base of the mountain. The lumber yard is a rustic little place run by a family of mutant type Quirk users that look like living teddy bears, her dad often goes to them for his company’s lumber and woodcraft needs. Funny enough she brought them up to Thirteen who explained that the family of teddy bears were actually aliens called Ewoks. Go figure.
Anyway, every trip down the mountain Ochaco made, she made the same trip back up but this time with a load of prepared and trimmed pieces of lumber that she’d have to haul up like a sled dog. There were so many times she just wanted to use her quirk and be done with the agony, but All Might often joined her on these treks to make sure she kept true to the workout. Although, most of the time he would be using a rental AT-V so he wouldn’t actually have to make the trek himself.

After several trips up and down the mountain Ochaco would remain there till nearly dusk. Why? Because after stockpiling a good number of lumber both her and All Might got to work on constructing a nice rest stop for hikers. Even though her father never wanted her to take part in his construction projects, she did pick up quite a few things over the years. They started by building a wooden platform this also meant she had to dig through clay and rock to set the boards evenly. Eventually they were able to move on to making a split-rail fence, benches across the trails, and install steps and platforms where they were needed. They even had to build a little bridge across a stream.

Predictably, there were times when it would become way too much…

“Oof…”

Yagi stops the AT-V, taking off his helmet he turns around and sees that Ochaco has collapsed face first onto the ground, the load of wood she was pulling slowly begins to slide back down the slope. “Come on, now. This is no time to give up.”

“I’m…not…giving up.” Ochaco picks her head up, that’s all she can move since her entire body aches of pain from the strain on her muscles. “Don’t assume…that because my body quit…that I did, too!”

Yagi bulks up, his signature grin on in full force as he steps off the AT-V which is way too small for him now. “HAHAHA!” He picks Ochaco up by the scruff of her jacket much like a mother lion would her cub. “YOU HAVE SPIRIT YOUNG URARAKA THAT WILL GET YOU FAR, I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT! FOR NOW, RELAX, THIS OLD MAN WILL GET YOU HOME WHERE YOU CAN REST.”

“Old…just how old are you, All Might?”

He never did answer her question, but that’s not important. What is important is that with All Might’s support, her parents love, and even talking to Deku got her through it, until it all of the hard work and support finally payed off.

In less than 24 hours the U.A. Entrance Exam will take place. Currently, Yagi is strolling his way up the now very familiar mountain just as the sun is about to set. He’s been unavailable since Nezu called him away to help prepare for the exam and thus he’s missed out on Ochaco’s training for the last week or so. So, he’s here to see if she’s okay and how far she’s progressed since he’s been gone. He’s almost there he can see where the canopy finally begins to open up, allowing what little sunlight there is to shine into his eyes.

“VICTORY!!” What greets him is a true sight to behold, Ochaco is standing atop of the split-rail fence overlooking the valley below. The setting sun paints the sky with a beautiful hue of colors, the town on Endori slowly begins to light up as the residents turn their lights on, the mountain wind howls a melodic song.

‘Whoa!! She did it! Damn, she did an incredible job, just look at that view!! Amazing!!’

It really is a beautiful view. The grove is now the perfect hiking destination with a sturdy balcony
that overlooks the mountainside, a stable split-rail fence, masterfully crafted benches, and even a
little wooden awning to provide some shade. Not to mention the wooden steps, platforms, and
benches that are strewn about the trails allowing hikers an easier and more comfortable experience.

“You finished in time! And you exceeded my expectations! It’s…WONDERFUL!!” Yagi pops
into his muscular form, shouting the last part loudly.

The loud booming voice surprises Ochaco from her thin perch, she spins around to see who’s snuck
up on her, but in doing so she slips.

But she has no need to worry, in a blink of an eye All Might grabs her and places her onto the
ground. “GREAT JOB, YOUNG URARAKA.”

Ochaco blinks up, her eyes expanding in surprise and slight embarrassment. Did he hear her
scream out in victory?! “All Might?! I-I uh, finished!”

“YOU SURE DID! IT’S ASTOUNDING!” All Might digs through his coat pocket, pulling out
his cell phone. He scrolls through it looking for a specific image. “HERE TAKE A LOOK AT
THIS!” He holds up the phone’s screen.

Ochaco peers at it, the photo is of her. She’s on the ground, her face covered with dirt, looking
weak and pathetic. “Is that…me?”

“YUP, FROM 8 MONTHS AGO. BACK THEN YOU WERE SO FRAIL AND MEAK,
BARELY ABLE TO HIKE UP AND DOWN THIS MOUNTAIN!”

“Hey!” Ochaco’s cheeks puff out in anger.

All Might continues, choosing to ignore her outburst. “NOW LOOK AT YOURSELF, YOU’VE
REALLY BECOME THE PERFECT VESSEL!”

Ochaco gazes down at her body, raising her arm up flexing it as she observes the newly developed
muscles. Holy shit, what happened to her body? She has muscles, very real muscles! And abs, yes!!
In all seriousness though, her physique is nothing like it used to be. Sure, she was never close to
being overweight or anything and she always did fairly well during school athletic tests, but this is
a whole other level. Her body is that of an Olympic swimmer with her arms well developed, her
stomach is well toned, and her legs are well built.

A faint smile forms, she grips her arm. This is real, she did it, she really did it. She can’t stop the
tears that begin to leak out from the corners of her eyes. “It feels like…I don't really…deserve any
of this.” She tries and fails to wipe away the tears. “I’ve had so much support from you, my family,
and my friends…I just don’t think I earned anything.”

“You’re wrong this is because of your own efforts.” All Might directs her
to the stunning view. The sun is officially gone and was replaced by a sea of stars, Endori’s
buildings illuminate below like Christmas lights giving the valley a celebratory atmosphere.
Ochaco’s eye’s shine like the stars, who knew the view was this amazing, guess that’s why All
Might chose this spot for her training.

All Might plucks a single strand of hair from his head, holding on to it like a prize he can’t afford
to lose. “SOMEONE WISE TOLD ME THIS ONCE: THERE’S A BIG DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN BEING LUCKY AND DESERVING, ONE’S AN ACCIDENT THE OTHER AN
REWARD. NEVER GET THE TWO MIXED UP.” Ochaco stares up at the hero, letting his
words sink in. “TAKE THAT TO HEART YOUNG LADY, BECAUSE THIS GIFT YOU EARNED IT WITH YOUR OWN VALIANT EFFORTS.”

With watery eyes and a determined smile Ochaco is ready to receive One For All and become the next Symbol of Peace!

Despite his grin an air of disgust and shame radiates off of the Number One Hero as he presents the strand of blonde hair. “EAT THIS…”

“Huh?”

“YOU GOT TO INGEST SOME OF MY DNA, THAT'S HOW IT WORKS!”

“What?! No way??”

“YES WAY! NOW EAT IT!”

########(End Flashback)#######

‘At least I was able to get home to rest…and get some much-needed mouthwash.’ Ochaco covers her mouth trying not to throw up. Hey at least this time, it’s not her Quirk that’s making her nauseous. Slapping the sides of her face, she finds new found resolve. ‘Can’t get distracted now! I have All Might’s Quirk; I can do this!’ She takes a deep breath before declaring to the world. “Nothing can stop me now!!”

A building collapses in the distance, an earthshaking crash follows as the building crumbles away, and a gust of wind whips at her hair and clothes. Ochaco shakily turns around and only a few blocks away is a behemoth of a robot. It’s a hulking green mass, easily bigger and heavier than any of the fake buildings. “No way!!” Her jaw drops. ‘Is that the 0-pointer?! What is U.A. thinking? Plus Ultra, I guess…’

Ochaco’s not the only one freaking out. Most of the other examinees are in a panic, realization finally set it that some of them will get hurt or worse during this exam, they stampede past the stunned brunette choosing to save themselves.

The 0-pointer moves forward pushing past the buildings on its side causing chunks of rubble to break off. One piece of rubble is flung so far forward it nearly crushes Ochaco, but she was able to stay calm and move out of the way in time.

“This is crazy! Someone could get hurt!”

“Move it or lose it people!”

“Ahh!” It was faint, but she heard it, it was a scream, a familiar scream.

Quickly scanning for the source, she spots something that makes her heart stop. Izuku is down, his leg pinned down by a pile of debris. And he’s not alone, someone, a tall examinee, with white hair and way too many arms is trying to lift the rubble off of her friend.

But the 0-pointer is right over them, there’s no way they’ll get out of the way in time! But…she can give them time.

With literally no time to spare Ochaco charges straight towards danger ignoring the looks of shock and worry that crosses the faces of other examinees including that rather rude engine-boy in glasses. She has no plan, no strategy, just a motive: save them!
The muscular multi-limbed examinee is finally able to lift up the rubble just enough to allow Izuku to slip out. “Thanks.” He gives the taller teen a grateful nod, who kindly returns the gesture.

Their moment of relief is short lived as a dark looming shadow towers above them. The two are stunned as they gaze up at the metal menace. How could they possibly get away in time?! What could they possibly do?!

Ochaco is so close, she’s so close! Suddenly, a powerful surge of strength and energy courses through her body like someone just opened the floodgates to a hidden inner strength. Her instincts take over, she still has no plan in mind, only to stop the behemoth at all costs.

If she had looked down, she would have seen her legs emitting a pink aura, but instead she jumps high into the air launching herself straight at the monstrosity like a rocket. There’s no time to comprehend what’s going on, or how she did that, only one thing requires her focus. Coming face to face with the faux-villain Ochaco reels back her fist as an elegant pink aura surrounds her entire arm and with a mighty roar, she smashes her fist against the hulking mass’ face.

To those watching the magnificent display of power, it looked like they witnessed a pink shooting star rocketing itself into the giant tank of metal.

The faux-villain is knocked back as if it ran face first into an impenetrable wall with its head caved-in on itself and its hulking body begins to break apart as it begins to descend backwards crashing onto the street.

“I did it…I saved them…” With a soft yet pained smile Ochaco passes out midair, the feeling of nausea, exhaustion, and pain coursing through her limbs being too much for her. Without her Zero-Gravity to assist her she begins to plummet back down to Earth.

Meanwhile, Izuku quickly picks up that something is wrong. She’s not moving! If he doesn’t do something, she’s going to become street pizza! He grips his Omnitrix trying to activate it but all he gets is the infuriating beeping and the illuminating red light as the Omnitrix recharges. ‘I need to help her somehow!’

By some miracle he is able to hold back his panic so he can take in his options. He looks at his rescuer’s bulging muscles and multiple arms, and an idea quickly forms in his head. “Quick throw me!!”

The tall examinee snaps out of his daze, having witnessed Ochaco’s amazing feat. “Pardon?”

“Throw me, now!” Izuku points at Ochaco’s falling form.

Understanding what he’s getting at, the much taller guy grabs Izuku by his arm and leg. He spins him around and swings his arms out throwing Izuku as hard as he can right at their savior.

The wind wipes at his face making him tear up, but he refuses to blink, he’s not going to risk losing sight of her unconscious form.

The guy’s throw was stronger than he thought because he quickly reaches Ochaco’s still form and latching onto her like a lifeline. While in midair Izuku repositions them so his back is towards the ground, perhaps he can soften her landing by using his body instead. He only has a few seconds, from behind her back he wriggles the Omnitrix in his fingers trying to get it to work, but the red light is still present. The ground is so close now, with no other choice Izuku wraps himself around Ochaco as much as he can at the very least, she’ll be okay. God, his heart is pounding, beating so hard that it hurts his ears, pure adrenaline and fear courses through his veins as the wind harshly
wheezes past his ears as they pick up momentum.

With no warning, and before the appropriate recharge time, the Omnitrix’s faceplate turns without any provocation, its dial changing from red to green.

Only a meter away from the asphalt both teens are surrounded by a blinding green light followed by a hollow thunk hitting the ground.

Out of reflex, Terraspin tucks his head-in while keeping his large flippers secured around Ochaco to protect her. Terraspin’s shell bounces off the ground, even flipping them over a few times, before finally they come to a much-needed stop.

Terraspin sighs, allowing himself to relax. “Ugh…I’m definitely going to feel that in the morning.” He looks up taking note that he’s stuck on his back with Ochaco laying atop his stomach.

Thank goodness she’s unconscious the last thing he needs is for her to see his blushing red face. ‘Ah-ah-ah!! S-she’s s-so c-close!! I-I d-didn’t mean to d-do t-this!!’ He lifts up his flippers as to not risk touching something that he shouldn’t.

That’s when he notices the damage to her body; the sleeves around both her legs and her right arm are torn revealing her very red and swollen limbs underneath. Her knuckles are bleeding from the impact and her shoes are nowhere to be seen. Luckily nothing seems to be broken, but the strain on her muscles must be painful.

‘What was that anyway? How did sh-’

Present Mic’s voice booms through the arena. “TIME’S UP!! THE EXAM IS OVER!!”

“Already!!”

The multi-limbed guy approaches having just witnessed some of the most daring acts of heroism and recklessness in his entire life. “You okay?”

“I’m fine, thanks for the assist by the way. That’s four I owe ya.” He’s referring to the Rojo incident, saving him from a robot, freeing him from the rubble, and throwing him to save Ochaco.

“Four?”

“Oh, well you see-”

An elderly woman’s voice makes itself known. “Pardon me dearies, please let me through.”

Terraspin tries to twist his head so he can see who’s approaching. He gasps his eyes gleaming with nerdy excitement. “Oh, my gosh! You’re the Youthful Heroine, Recovery Girl!! Your Quirk allows you to heal others to complete health. You’re really the backbone of this school and why it can get away with such dangerous and admittedly life-threatening exercises. You and your Quirk are truly amazing!”

Recovery Girl chuckles, finding the sight of an excited turtle rather endearing. “My, aren’t you sweet. Now let’s fix this young lady back to the way she was.” She pucksers her lips, before her mouth lungs out planting a kiss on Ochaco’s head. *Smooch*

Terraspin watches on in amazement as Ochaco’s limbs magically begin to recover, she visibly relaxes as her limbs go from red and swollen to her normal coloration.
“Alright, she’s all better now.” Recovery Girl taps her giant syringe of a cane against Terraspin’s shell “Do you need any attention dearie?”

“Um, no I’m good, thanks.” He blinks considering the offer. “Although there is something…”

“What is it?”

“Can…someone flip me over?” A palpable silence befalls everyone who was in earshot. “I’m stuck.” The request is odd but understandable after all turtles always have a tough time flipping themselves upright.

With a sigh, the taller teen steps forward. “I got you.”

“Thanks…that’s five now.”

While Terraspin is pushed back onto his feet the other examinees have finally calmed down. They decided to head back and see what resulted of the robot and its conquerors. Now that things have settled down, they let their opinions flow unfiltered.

“Man, those guys are insane!”

“Did you see what she did?”

“How could I not?”

“But why risk the exam to help each other? It doesn’t make sense?”

“Maybe they got so many points already they didn’t need to get anymore…”

“Still doesn’t make sense, not like they could get any points for taking down that monster.”

Listening in, the teen with engines in his legs can’t help but be bothered by their statements. ‘Don’t they get it; they didn’t do this for the exam. They chose to be selfless… they chose to help each other.’ He’s shaking with frustration. ‘If this wasn’t an exam…then, of course, I would have done the same!’ Something important pops into his head, his breath hitches with the revelation. ‘Hang on, the judges they saw that didn’t they?’ The rather stern young man’s gaze drifts away as Recovery Girl leads the large bipedal turtle, who is carrying the unconscious but healed brunette girl, to the infirmary. ‘Perhaps those two are more disciplined that I initially thought…’

After an hour of being stuck in a hospital bed, Izuku and Ochaco are finally free to head home.

Izuku yawns still feeling the effects of Recovery Girl’s Quirk. ‘Finally, I thought we’d never leave. Who knew Recovery Girl’s Quirk drained the victim’s own stamina? Gosh, I’m tired.’

Funny enough, after he carried Ochaco all the way to the infirmary room that’s when he finally noticed the pain in his leg. And just in time too because he turned back to human. Unfortunately, he nearly gave Recovery Girl a heart attack thanks to the flash of light. Anyway, Izuku finally remembered that his ankle was recently pinned under a pile of rubble, leaving behind a nasty bruise. Not wanting to risk letting him go, Recovery Girl opted to use her Quirk on him, just to make sure he was truly okay. Well, she did, after which she bonked him on the head and demanded to know how he couldn’t have noticed such a thing. To let the lesson sink in, she refused to heal the very bump that she gave him.
After adjusting his backpack, Izuku rubs said bump, thankfully it’s gone down. ‘For someone that specializes in healing, she sure is violent.’ But no need to worry about that, for now he’ll just concentrate on getting home to his bed and his mom’s cooking.

He dusts off the Omnitrix, inspecting it for dust and scratches; it of course doesn’t have any. ‘Why did it recharge so quickly? Did it get an upgrade…? No, it didn’t because I was still Terraspin for ten minutes and it took another ten minutes for it to recharge afterwards. I’ll bring it up to Thirteen next time I see them.’

“You have no sense of self-preservation, do you?”

“Excuse me?!” Izuku snaps out of his lull blinking in surprise. To his right Ochaco is leering at him, her arms tucked in, and her cheeks puffed out in frustration. She didn’t take hearing about how he saved her well, namely him having no plan; only succeeded because the Omnitrix happened to recharge quickly…for some reason. Better bring that up to Thirteen later.

Izuku has the decency to look away in shame, but his mouth has other ideas. “I could say the same about you…”

Ochaco growls. “What was that?”

“Nothing!” Izuku replies trying to sound innocent, despite the obvious nervous sweat dripping down his face.

The pink-cheeked girl sighs deciding to let it go for now. “Well, in any case,” She smiles. “thanks for the save.”

“Any time, besides you saved me from the 0-pointer first. So, thanks for that.”

Ochaco beams in gratitude, but her smile wavers as she rubs her arm although it’s fully healed she can still somewhat feel the strain on her muscles. ‘I know All Might warned me about the risks, but I thought that’s why we trained. So, why did I still end up getting hurt? Was I not ready? Was All Might wrong choosing me?’

“Hey, Uraraka…”

“What’s up, Deku?”

“What was that today? That thing you did to the 0-pointer, was that your Quirk?”

“Oh, yeah…that.” Ochaco’s eyes drift away. ‘Oh, no! What do I tell him?! What can I say?!’ All Might never did expresses a real need for secrecy, but this Quirk just seems a little too important not to keep it a secret. ‘But this is Deku, he has to keep his Quirklessness and the existence of aliens a secret so if there’s anyone that would understand it would be him…” Ochaco looks up at Izuku considering her options.

Not sure what she’s thinking Izuku offers her a soft comforting smile.

‘I’ll tell him what I can for now and ask All Might later about what more I can tell him.’ She exhales readying herself for the possible fallout. “Hey, Deku about that…what if told you that…” She averts her eyes. “IgotanotherQuirkfromsomeoneelse!”

Izuku sticks a finger into his ear as if to clean it. “I’m sorry, what was that?”

She takes a deep breath, trying to lower her blood pressure. “I said… IgotanotherQuirk from
someone else.” She flinches expecting an outburst when there is none she continues. When there’s no verbal response, she opens one eye to look upon the results of her revelation.

What she sees is both horrifying yet hilarious; Izuku is frozen stiff as if someone had pressed pause on him, a stupid smile still plastered to his face.

‘Oh no I can practically see his brain short circuiting. Okay, stay calm, Ochaco. Be ready for when he flips out.’

…

“Oh, that’s cool.” And with that Izuku continues his stroll towards home.

“Wait!!” Ochaco nearly crashes into him as she sprints past him. “That’s it?! I say something mind-blowing and you just smile and wave it off?!”

Izuku leans his head to the side. “Well, considering that there’s all sort of Quirks in the world it’s not exactly impossible.”

“Oh…good point.”

“Also…I can’t really judge. I mean, I wear an alien watch that turns me into different aliens. Heck, learning that aliens exist was probably the most mind-blowing revelation I’ve ever had. So, anything else in comparison is sort of watered down.”

Ochaco chuckles softly. “Ha, yeah I guess so.” She sighs in relief, God this could have been worse, but still she feels rather guilty for still withdrawing some information.

Izuku seems to pick up on her distress. “I’m still willing to hear you out if you want.”

Ochaco looks him dead in the eye, this is it. “Keep in mind, I’m not actually sure how much I can tell you, but I recently…very recently got a second Quirk from someone that could transfer it to me. Don’t ask me who or how! I still need to ask them permission, so don't be mad if they say no.”

Izuku chuckles at Ochaco’s apparent nervousness. Is this what he’s like when he’s scared about something? “Uraraka, relax I understand.”

“Y-you do?”

“Of course, and your secret is safe with me.”

“Thanks, Deku.”

“Your welcome, and thanks for trusting in me…now then can I ask you some questions about your new Quirk?”

“I suppose so, I just can’t tell you its name and who gave it to me.”

“Cool, in that case,” Almost like magic Izuku’s Quirk Analysis notebook appears in his hands. “How does your new Quirk work? Is an Emitter, Mutation, or Transformation type? Why did you get hurt when using it?! What else can you do with it?!”

The onslaught of questions makes her head spin, but she can’t refuse his enthusiastic and nerdy smile. “Oh, I, uh, um, well; not sure. I thought Transformation but it might be an Emitter, it’s too strong for me, and I still have to find out.”
Izuku scribbles away in a frenzy like a maniac that just learned an important weakness about their prey. “Amazing, I wonder how it’ll affect your Zero-Gravity Quirk. Maybe you can combine them.”

“Who knows, I guess we’ll find out with time and experience.”

“And we’ll get plenty of that.” Izuku gestures towards the U.A. building, have they really not left the campus yet?

“Yeah,” Ochaco gazes up at the magnificent school, the very one that will lead them to the road of becoming heroes. “we sure will.”

Meanwhile, in a surveillance room filled with monitors that are all replaying videos of the day’s exams. Each one is displaying a different hero candidate, each one with their own unique Quirks, resolves, and ambitions. Watching the video feed is nearly all of U.A.’s staff members.

A woman leans forward in her seat, watching as a girl with pink-skin melts a robot with her acid. “We have quite an impressive batch of candidates this year.”

A man wearing a cowboy hat nods in agreement. “Quiet some of them are well adapted to combat.” He’s watching the video of Bakugou taking down an entire hoard of 3-pointers.

A cherry mousy voice changes the image of the center screen. “I’m more impressed by this odd duo.”

The main screen displays two sets of videos: one of Feedback and the other of Ochaco both of which are running around and taking down groups of robots.

Yagi Toshinori can’t move his gaze away from the monitor. Pride swells in his chest making him sit up straighter at the sight of his pupil proving her worth as a hero.

The image changes, this time the screen only shows one image and it’s of Terraspin saving Ochaco. Yagi quickly recognizes the bipedal turtle from the mutant monster attack from 8 months ago. ‘Huh, he must have a Transformation type Quirk.’

Yagi watches as the video feed replays once again starting from the beginning when Feedback first appeared on the scene, until...in a flash of red light a plain faced boy with messy green hair appears in the being’s place. ‘Why does that boy seem so familiar?’

Yagi turns to the person to his left. “Pardon, but who is that young man?”

Before anyone could answer, sitting behind All Might is Thirteen who is quick to reply. “Oh, that’s Izuku Midoriya.” There’s a slight hint of pride in their voice, but everyone’s attention is on the screen and thus nobody seems to have noticed.

‘Midoriya! That’s why he’s so familiar, he’s the boy whose dream I unjustly crushed...’ The guilt in his heart comes back, just like every time his mind wanders back to the depressing and shameful memory. He had always wondered what happened to him afterword, guess he got his answer... ‘But I thought he said that he didn’t have a Quirk.’ Yagi watches on, the video changes this time
displaying Izuku saving Ochaco and this time Yagi doesn’t miss how the boy transforms into Terraspin. ‘Does he have…multiple Quirk?’

The video replays again, displaying Feedback running around the fake city electrifying a legion of robots.

‘Just who are you, Izuku Midoriya? And how did you get a Quirk?’

Standing against the opposite wall is a strange reclusive man that looks like he hasn’t gotten a good night’s rest in a while.

He’s a slender pale-skinned man with messy, shoulder-length black hair that partially hangs in front of his face. His facial hair is unkempt, and his black eyes look tired and flat. He sports a ragged black outfit that consists of a long-sleeved shirt and matching pants that are tucked into his boots. He also wears a utility belt and a strange long grey scarf is wrapped around his neck and shoulders.

This man is also observing the phenomena known as Izuku Midoriya and Ochaco Uraraka. ‘Looks like this school year is going to cost me a lot of sleep.’ He sighs in defeat dreading all the future headaches these two problem children are guaranteed to give him.

Sukima

(Play “Bill Conti - Gonna Fly Now”)

A few weeks before Ochaco completed the grove, All Might had a great idea for the next part of her training.

Ochaco, dressed in sweatpants, a pink hoodie, and a beanie takes a jog across the outskirts of Endori.

Later during the busiest time of the day, she jogs through the main street where the local market is. She’s keeping a decent pace, while keeping her breath even, as her neighbors and classmates watch on in curiosity. One of the friendlier fruit vendors tosses her an apple, Ochaco catches it, and flashes him a grateful smile. He’s always so nice giving her family extra fruit, after all they did build his little shop for him.

After jogging all across town Yagi takes her to the local gym. There he coaches Ochaco how to properly throw a punch.

He’s keeping the punching bag in place as Ochaco tries to work on her form. “Come on, put all your weight behind it! Go Beyond, Plus Ultra!!”

Ochaco glares at the offending punching bag taking a mighty swing at it. The hit is so fast and hard that Yagi can actually feel the impact, it’s so strong he begins to cough up blood.

“Oh, my gosh! Are you okay?!!”

Afterwards he has her doing pushups as fast as she can, yelling in her ear, motivating her to do better, especially when it seems her arms are going to give out from under her.

“Come on! You call that a pushup, I’ve seen old men move faster than you!” At least Gran Torino could keep up a fast pace.
He keeps it up, pushing her through sit ups and pull ups. After every moment of struggle, she pushes through refusing to give in.

Finally, when she got to the point of completing the exercises with little signs of failure the duo jog from one side of town to the other before reaching their final obstacle, Lothaal Mountain.

Together the two jog their way up, passing by the Ewoks’ lumber yard, past a few hikers, and up every staircase before finally reaching their destination, the grove that they’ve been clearing out for months.

With their blood pumping and full of euphoria, Ochaco and All Might raise both of their fists into the air celebrating their great achievement as if they just won a grueling battle against an impossible foe, but in reality, it is so they can prepare themselves for a grueling challenge taking place in the near future.

All Might’s grin widens, watching the sun begin to set in the distance. ‘SOON SHE WILL BE READY TO RECEIVE ONE FOR ALL. AND SHE WILL PASS THE U.A. ENTRANCE EXAM!’

“Hey, All Might…”

“What is it Young Uraraka?” All Might turns hoping to gaze upon his pupils elated expression.

“Why are we doing this?”

(Stop the music)

…

Well, that ruined the mood.

All Might begins to sweat as his face turns slightly red from embarrassment. “OH, UH, WELL,” He twiddles his two index fingers together, trying not to make direct eye contact in fear of her reaction. “I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE PART OF A TRAINING MONTAGE.”

“… Seriously?”

“DON’T JUDGE, ME!!”

Chapter End Notes

I loved writing this chapter, I really had so much fun creating it! And I sure hope you found the chapter fun as well. I would love a comment and review from you guys. Please let me know what you liked, what didn't work, what you found funny and enjoyable, and any questions you may have. I will try to answer them to the best of my abilities without spoiling too much.

*Real quick, sorry but I have to apologize again. We will not be going to U.A. next chapter instead I want to dedicate some time to more plot development and setting some last things up for later before moving on. That said after Ch.10 We will officially
and surely enter the doors of U.A. I promise.

*Ochaco's home of Endori is obviously supposed to be a reference to Endor from Star Wars, hence the Ewoks that live in the forest. It's also supposed to represent how far Ochaco lives from U.A. and in a forested area.

*Lothal Mountain is a reference to the planet Lothal from Star Wars Rebels, but it also represents how Ochaco's family is from the area much like how Ezra Bridger's family is from Lothal, and like Ezra she is trained by a great warrior (All Might = Kanan Jarrus) while on Lothal before they move on to greater and better things. The extinct wolves are a reference to the Loth Wolves from the Star Wars Rebels series as well.

*I don't think Ochaco should get as much backlash from using One For All as Izuku did in canon for several reasons: 1. I feel like her training was much more intense compared to what Izuku had to do. 2. Ochaco is used to having a Quirk, especially a Quick that she can't shut off. Thus her mind is already wired to think that One For All shouldn't be completely shut off like a switch. Which is something Izuku figured this out while he was under Gran Torino's tutelage. 3. I don't want Ochaco to have the exact same issues as Izuku when it comes to handling One For All.

* The Sukima was a Rocky style training montage for those that don't know. It also expresses All Might's love for America.

*A Sukima is meant to be a sidestory that is canon to this fanfic but it adds nothing to the overall story and isn't meant to be taken seriously. It's just meant to be for laughs. Also, I've based the Sukima off the way they are handled in the anime series known as "Mairimashita! Iruma-kun!" check it out if you haven't, I think it's a funny anime.

*I hope to have more Sukimas and Omakes in the future: they are meant to be short, fun, and/or sweet so if you have any suggestions than please let me know what you want to see.
Izuku and Ochaco receive their acceptance letters from U.A., All Might explains One For All to his successor, and Thirteen takes the new recruits on a surprise field-trip.

Hey, what's up everybody? How are you all doing? I hope you're ready for Ch.10 because here it is. However, I want to be upfront and say that this chapter feels like a bit of filler but there were some things that needed to be addressed and introduced before Izuku and Ochaco go to U.A. That said, I promise that Ch.11 will take place at U.A. and will be much more fun so please be patient. Either way, I hope you enjoy Ch.10 nonetheless.

‘What if I didn’t pass? No, no, don’t think like that! I’ve worked too hard and waited so long for this, there’s no way I failed. I walked away with 48 points that has to be more than enough. But what if it wasn’t?! Hundreds of people took the exam, and only 40 will make it in! That’s such a tiny margin! There’s no way I made it! No, calm down Izuku, just relax. Just relax. Just RELAX!!’

It’s been about a week since the U.A. Entrance Exam, and Izuku has done nothing but wait and ponder about his results. There’s been no word from Thirteen either other than a quick text saying they are going to be too busy the next coming weeks. Both of these circumstances have not been beneficial for his nerves. After all hundreds of potential candidates try and go for the Hero Course there’s no guarantee that he’ll make it in. And you know what they say, there’s always someone better.

“IZUKU!!” His mother, Inko Midoriya, bursts into his room flailing her hands. “Your letter from U.A.! It’s here!” She holds out the letter. It’s large with the U.A. sigil stamped onto it, and something bulky is hidden inside.

Hesitantly, Izuku takes the letter taking note of how heavy it really is probably thanks to whatever’s inside. Inko decided it would be best to leave him to it alone, so she leaves as silently as she can, but she can’t help but worry. After everything he’s endured thanks to his Quirk awakening so late, she hopes his trials and tribulations would have been worth it.

Izuku sits there on his bed staring at the letter observing the sharp edges and slightly wrinkled corner from where his mom was holding it.

No point in wondering any more. Time to rip off the Band-Aid! “Here goes nothing.” He grips the letter ripping in half, nearly falling back when the letter rips in two and something drops to the floor.

Almost instantly as a strange disc like device plops on to the ground a maniacal yet cheery laugh
invades Izuku’s bedroom. “Ha ha ha ha ha!” At the same time a holographic screen is projected up displaying the U.A. logo.

“What is this?!”

On the projection, a small figure jumps into view waving its hand up in greeting. “Why, hello there! Nice to meet you!”

Izuku blinks unsure about what he’s seeing. On the projection, there is a short man that looks like some kind of combination of a dog, a mouse and a bear. There’s a large scar over the bear-dog thing’s right eye, he has relatively square-shaped ears with pale pink insides slanting outwards from the top of his head, and an elongated muzzle with a small round nose. His fur is white and has large, dog-like paws with pink pads and a thin tail like that of a cat. He is sporting a white dress shirt, a dark red tie around his neck, a black double-breasted waistcoat and that match his dress pants.

The chimera bows introducing himself. “My name is Nezu and I’m…the principle of U.A.!” Nezu’s smile is bright and cheerful proclaiming his position with much pride and gusto.

Izuku’s hand grazes his Quirk Analysis Notebook as if ready to draw it out for reference. ‘I’ve heard of him before.’

The pre-recording doesn’t wait for Izuku to process the outburst of a greeting before Principal Nezu straightens himself. “Now on to your results. You did quite well on your written exam and thus you’ve qualified for General Studies. But that’s not what you want to hear now is it?! I’m sure you would like to know about the Hero Course Exam. But before that I would like to go over this with you!”

From the corner of the projection a video appears displaying a clip of Izuku as Feedback running about the arena. The video changes this time to Izuku transforming into Terraspin. The video stops and then it changes to displaying two parallel photos: one of Feedback and the other of Terraspin.

Nezu eyes the photos curiously. “I must say, you have quite a fascinating…Quirk, Mr. Midoriya.” Nezu peers down seemingly lost in thought with a far-off gaze in his dark eyes. “Reminds me of another Quirk I knew back in the day.” After a deep somber sigh, Nezu turns back to the camera tilting his head to the side much like an animal that’s spotted something of interest.

Izuku mimics the motions but not in interest but in confusion. ‘I wonder what kind of Quirk he’s thinking of?’

Nezu smiles before reaching for something off screen, a moment later he is holding a portfolio. He flips it open tracing the words with his finger/paw. “According to your Quirk Registry your Quirk, One Man Army, allows you access to a variety of Quirks by transforming your entire body into different forms. It is odd, how you waited so long to update it considering you were classified as Quirkless for so long. Almost like you gained a Quirk overnight.” Although Nezu states this as a joke, there is a clear underlining hint that he means more than what he’s letting on.

Izuku pulls on his shirt collar feeling very sweaty all of the sudden. ‘Does he know? No, he probably just saw me use the Omnitrix and figures it’s for my Quirk. I did write into my Quirk Registry that the watch helps me sort through my transformations as well as a timer.’

“But that is none of my concern, for now I’ll just say that I am looking forward to seeing what other tricks you have up your sleeve, Mr. Midoriya.” Nezu raises his left arm and with his right paw he pats his left wrist.
Izuku eyes widen. ‘Look forward… Does he mean?’

“That’s right with a Battle Score of 48 points you’ve more than reached a passing grade!”

“Yes!!” Izuku fist pumps into the air in celebration a giant grin plastered to his face.

“However, Battle Points weren’t the only criteria we searched for.”

‘What is he talking about?’

The photos change into two separate videos: one of Feedback but this time he’s saving the pompous blonde teen, and the other plays the scene of Terraspin rescuing Ochaco starting with the multi-limbed guy tossing Izuku up into the air.

“You’ve proven yourself worthy of the Hero Course through your ability to adapt to your situation, cooperate with others, and your passionate selflessness to save others. For that we have awarded you 45 rescue points! Brining you to a total of 93 points for the entire exam!”

“93 POINTS!?!?” Izuku’s jaw drops in disbelief. ‘No way?! That’s insane according to Kacchan he had gotten 77 points! Does this mean I beat him?!”

“Not only that you’ve skyrocket your way to first place among all other examinees! CONGRATULATIONS!!!” A barrage of confetti shoots out from outside the screen surrounding the pieces of paper fluttering around Nezu like a swarm of colorful bees.

“FIRST PLACE!?!”

“Mr. Midoriya, you’ve more than shown us that you are ready for U.A. and I would like to welcome you to your Hero Academia! Hooray!!”

Izuku is up on his feet with one of the biggest and brightest grins on his face. This is real, very very real! He’s going to U.A.!! Nothing can ruin this moment!

“I look forward to watching your progress,” The next part is rather strange either some weird editing was done or Nezu can move at the speed of light, but either way his face is directly in front of the camera. His dark round eyes peering through the screen as if he can see through the camera and right at Izuku. It doesn’t help that with the light now to his back his face is shadowed over, and his ever-present smile makes it all that more uncomfortable. “I bet it will be…fascinating. Mwah ha ha ha ha!!” The recording freezes as it reaches the end leaving Nezu’s looming figure on screen and his maniacal laughter hanging in the air.

A part of Izuku is outright freaking out, he should definitely be concerned, but that is nothing, but a whisper compared to the emotions flooding his system: pure euphoria and excitement. He’s going to U.A.!! How could he not be happy?! All his life he’s dreamed of going to U.A. and becoming a hero and now he’s just been accepted to begin ascending the stairs that will lead him to his dream.

Before that though there’s something he should do first.

Just outside his bedroom Inko is pacing across the hallway stricken with worry. She prays and prays that her baby’s efforts have paid off.

Izuku’s bedroom door swings open, Inko is quick to react. The anticipation is really getting to her, it doesn’t help he could hear yelling from the other side of the door.

Izuku walks out looking rather calm and somber. He blinks up, glancing at his dear loving
caretaker, who is silently begging to know how he’s holding up.

Without a word, Izuku flashes her a bright and worry-free smile.

The message is clear, Inko’s eyes well up with tears of joy. “MY BABY GOT INTO U.A.!!!” So, begins the infamous Midoriya water works, with geysers of tears pouring out of the dotting mother’s eyes.

Izuku tries and fails to calm her. “Mom! If you keep crying, you’re going to flood the apartment!”

“I’m sorry! I’m…I’m just so proud! Wah!!”

These tears are just his mother’s way of showing her love and support… Albeit her cooking his favorite dinner would work just as well.

Izuku sighs. “Mom…” Even though he can feel his socks becoming damp from the excess amount of tears, Izuku can’t help but smile, embracing his mother in a comforting hug. “Thanks for all of your support.”

Between her sniveling Inko manages to get a word out. “I’ll…I’ll always…support you!”

Her hold tightens around him, enjoying the warmth of her dear baby boy. ‘I promise Izuku no matter what happens I will give you as much support as I can. Just know that I will always love you…and I’m sure your father does too.’

Meanwhile, in Endori the Uraraka family find themselves at their dinner table. Their home is small with two bedrooms, a single kitchen/dining area, and one bathroom. Their dinner table is small and low to the floor, so they have to kneel around the table in order to eat their meals.

Speaking of meals, Ochaco is busy stirring her’s around her bowl with a far off look in her eyes. ‘Why hasn’t he contacted me?’

A week, it’s been a week since All Might’s even said a word to her. The last one was just a quick text saying “good job” after she texted him how many points she earned.

‘Maybe I didn’t do as well as I thought… Maybe he’d want his Quirk back.’ Ochaco sniffs rubbing her eyes with the back of her hand. ‘I’m sorry Deku…looks like I won’t be going to U.A. with you.’

Ochaco’s mother holds up a large dish filled with nori. “Ochaco, would you like more nori?”

“No, thanks. You can have it.”

Ochaco eyes the nori she has left in her bowl with slight disdain. She turns her gazes to the table; there’s hardly any food for their first servings let alone seconds. Now, because she’s failed the U.A. Entrance Exam this will continue to be the norm for her poor parents; starving themselves just to see her with a smiling face and a full belly. They don’t deserve this situation.

Ochaco’s mother’s instincts seem to detect that something is bothering her daughter. “Ochaco…”

Ochaco slowly raises her head trying her best to give her mother her full attention.

Her mother shares a look with her husband, who is quick to understand her intentions, nodding his head in confirmation.
Ochaco’s mother takes a deep breath before speaking. “We just wanted to say how proud we are of you for chasing your dream and no matter the result we couldn’t be prouder.”

Ochaco perks up a bit, not a lot, but it’s definitely a positive reaction. “Really?”

“Of course.”

Her father is the one to continue reaching over and planting a gentle yet firm pat to her hand. “We love you sweetie and no matter what happens as long as we support and love each other then everything is bound to work out.” Both he and his loving wife beam at their daughter letting her know that that is the truth.

They truly believe that as long as their daughter was happy then that’s all they really needed.

Ochaco’s eyes begin to water. Despite their abysmal financial situation, she has to ask herself. ‘How did I get so lucky to have them as parents?’

*Clink*

That was the mailbox. Something must have just arrived.

Ochaco blinks away the forming tears shaking her head. She stands up flashing a grateful smile to her parents. “I better get that.”

Her folks flash her loving smiles as she passes them by.

Even though she takes her time exiting the tiny kitchen she is quick to arrive at their front door which is only around the corner.

There on the floor at the foot of the door is a letter, one with the U.A. insignia stamped on it.

And just like that the color drains from her face as she shakily bends down and picks it up between her fingers.

With her eyes locked onto the letter, she makes her way towards her room passing by the kitchen area. She glances towards her parents as she walks by, they spot the letter, and give her encouraging grins. Her mother nods gesturing for Ochaco to head to her room to open it, beside her is Ochaco’s father giving her a thumbs up.

Knowing her parents have her back, Ochaco enters her room.

It’s small just enough for her bed and a desk to sit next to it facing towards the only window. On her desk sits one of the most expensive items she owns a high-powered telescope perfect for stargazing, she had to save up her money for years in order to purchase it. Over her bed are an assortment of space-themed posters: one is a complete overlook of the solar system, another poster is in the shape of a yield sign with the image of a UFO and the words “UFO Crossing” on it, the last poster is a protesting for Pluto to be classified as a planet again. On the ceiling are carefully laid out glow in the dark stars that map out the constellations. At the head of her bed sitting on top of her pillow is a large stuffed toy; it’s a blue koala well if koalas had four arms and a pair of antennas on their heads.

Ochaco takes a seat on her bed, it creaks as she sits down because it’s never been replaced since they got it, at least her sheets are nice and soft.

‘Here goes nothing.’ She grabs a pair of scissors cutting open the top of the envelope. Inside
there’s a disc-like device and a letter. Curiously, Ochaco picks up the disc eyeing it with interest before placing it on to her bed. She grips the letter scanning it to see if it states whether she passed or not.

Without warning a booming voice bursts out as a strange light source lets their presence known.

“I AM HERE IN THE PROJECTION!!”

Ochaco nearly jumps out of her own skin in surprise. “All Might?! But how?! I thought this was a letter from U.A.?”

The pre-recording continues on. “YOUNG URARAKA, I APOLOGIZE FOR NOT REACHING OUT TO YOU SOONER. UNFORTUNATELY, THERE WAS A LOT MORE PAPERWORK INVOLVED THAN I HAD THOUGHT. ANYWAY, YOU’RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY I AM COMING TO YOU AS A PRERECORDED MESSAGE.”

Ochaco nods, somehow, she hasn’t realized that All Might can’t actually see her.

“THE REASON BEING I’VE RECENTLY ACCEPTED A TEACHING POSITION HERE AT U.A.!!”

“No way?!”

“And as the newest member of the U.A. staff I have many responsibilities such as distributing the results of the exam!!”

Ochaco visibly tenses up, here it comes the moment of truth.

“LET’S BEGIN, STARING WITH THE WRITTEN PORTION OF THE EXAM YOU GOT AN AVERAGE SCORE.” Noticeably, All Might begins to shake slightly with embarrassment. “SORRY, I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE DEDICATED MORE TIME TO YOUR STUDIES, HA HA HA!” Thinking back on it, he did leave very little time dedicated to studying in the “All-American Dream Plan: the Lady Liberty Version”.

Ochaco sweat drops glaring at the projection of All Might with annoyance. ‘Sure, he can laugh something like that off. It’s not his grades that are being the ones affected.’

“NOW ONTO THE PRACTICAL EXAM: YOU SCORED 32 POINTS AGAINST THE ROBOTS. WELL DONE, BUT THE GOOD NEWS DOESN’T END THERE!”

‘What is he talking about?’

“HERE’S A VIDEO FOR YOUR VIEWING PLEASURE”

All Might points to the upper right side of the screen just as a video begins to play.

The video is a recording of her pushing her way through the stampede of other examinees and sprinting straight towards the gigantic 0-point robot. Ochaco watches in amazement as the recording of herself is surrounded by a pink aura. ‘Is that… One For All?’ She gasps in surprise as her recorded self is seemingly propelled off the ground before she slammed her fist into the robot’s head. She’s unable to look away as she watches Izuku fly in grabbing onto her before transforming into his Terraspin saving both himself and her in the process while the 0-pointer crashes as a pile of heap behind them.
“DURING THIS EXAM WE WERE NOT JUST LOOKING FOR COMBAT POINTS!” All Might turns away from the video. “SO, TELL ME! HOW CAN WE POSSIBLY REJECT A POTENTIAL STUDENT AND ONE THAT EXEMPLIFIES THE TRUE NATURE OF BEING A HERO!!”

Ochaco’s eyes widen. ‘Is he saying what I think he’s saying?’

“IN THIS JOB, YOU RISK YOUR LIFE FOR THOSE THAT CANNOT PROTECT THEMSELVES! THAT’S WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A HERO! THAT’S WHY WE HAVE RESCUE POINTS!!” All Might puffs out his chest standing tall with his fists at his sides. “AND YOU, OCHACO URARAKA, HAVE GAINED 60 RESCUE POINTS FOR YOUR EFFORTS!! BRINGING YOUR TOTAL TO A WHOPPING 92!! MORE THAN WHAT’S REQUIRED TO PASS!!” His grin despite its already massive size somehow becomes even more expansive as he beams with pride and joy.

Tears prick at her eyes threatening to spill out.

“YOUNG URARAKA, ALL OF YOUR EFFORTS HAVE NOT FAILED YOU.” He reaches out towards her ready for her to step forward. “SO, LET ME BE THE FIRST TO SAY… WELCOME. WELCOME TO YOUR HERO ACADEMIA!”

Ochaco grips the letter tighter her arms are shaking as a giant smile begins to form. “I…did it.” She’s still processing the information, but before she can her thoughts are interrupted by her door being flung open.

“HOORAY!!”

“THAT'S MY GIRL!!”

Ochaco’s mother and father, respectively, let themselves in with grins on their faces and their arms outstretched over their heads in celebration.

‘Were they eavesdropping?!’

Before she knows it, Ochaco is wrapped up by two separate pairs of arms as her parents practically scream into her ears. “We’re so proud of you!!”

“Mom! Dad!” The brunette struggles to break free, wiggling her body, but it’s no use. Eventually she sighs in defeat, accepting her fate.

From the side of her vision she notices that the projection has changed; All Might has disappeared and has been replaced by a list showcasing the exam rankings. From within the hug cocoon, she notices that Izuku has made 1st place beating her out by exactly 1 point. ‘Way to go Deku, I knew you’d make it!’ Ochaco can’t help but smile; both her and her friend have made it into U.A. Not only that, they just happened to snag the top spots for themselves! There’s no doubt that all of their hard work and determination was truly well worth their time and effort. ‘This is really it isn’t it! It’s official now, I’m chasing after my dreams!’

As she settles in her parent’s arms, with a soft smile, she doesn’t notice her phone lighting up on her desk. There on the screen is a single voicemail from Yagi Toshinori.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

It’s a rather quiet morning atop Lothaal Mountain. The sun is just starting to rise in the distance as
the Earth itself begins to awaken in the sunlight.

Ochaco jogs her way up the familiar path with relative ease, as she arrives at the grove, she spots Yagi Toshinori sitting on a bench enjoying the soft mountain breeze.

Her excitement is too much to bare, as she arrives, she can’t help but scream at the top of her lungs. “How are you, ALL MIGHT!?!?” She’s so loud that her voice echoes across the valley.

Yagi deadpans. “Why not call the news media while you’re at it.”

At least, Ochaco has the sense to feel shame. Bowing her head in apology. “Sorry…”

“Well, anyway…” Yagi raises his hand for a high five. “Congrats on passing the exam.”

Ochaco returns the gesture, her hand clapping against his.

“For full disclosure, you should know that I haven’t told the school about our relationship. So, don’t worry about favoritism of any kind. And I wasn’t a judge so I had no say in how many rescue points you could have received.”

‘That’s actually really nice to hear.’ It only confirms that she earned her spot fair and square. “Thanks, All Might. I appreciate it.”

Now that the formalities are out of the way there’s been something she’s been wanting to bring up since last night. “So, you’re going to be a teacher huh? Makes sense really cause of your time limit and all.”

“Well,” Yagi peers up at the sky just as a song bird soars overhead. “that’s certainly part of it. But mostly I figured I could take the job at U.A. and search for a successor.”

Ochaco’s smile falls as she considers Yagi’s words. ‘That...makes a whole lot of sense. He was going to choose from amongst the students... He was going to choose someone with an amazing Quirk and raw talent...’ She stares at her hands, the hands that can not only call upon Zero-Gravity but One For All as well. “During the exam...I tried and failed to use One For All... there was so much backlash after just a single punch. I...I can’t wield it properly...even after all the work we did.”

“Don’t let that get you down. That’s just how it is nobody expected you to fully control it on the first try.”

She can’t help but notice the way he phrased his sentence. “Wait... You knew this would happen?!” Ochaco yells out feeling scandalous and slightly betrayed.

Yagi grips his neck trying to find the right words to justify his lack of instructions. “Well, there wasn’t enough time. But, hey, everything worked out in the end!” Yagi bends down grabbing hold of a small but thick branch off the rocky ground. “For now, it’s all or nothing. But once you figured out how to regulate your power output you should have no issues.”

Ochaco isn’t sure what he means exactly; he needs a better way to explain this.

“Right now, your body is capable of containing One For All, but it still needs to become more tempered, more balanced, as to allow you better control of the power you now wield.” He flexes his skinny arm holding up the branch. “When that happens.” With a pop All Might bulks up while snapping the branch in two with his mighty grip. “IT WILL BE A SNAP FOR YOU TO CONTROL!”
Ochaco gazes up in awe of the Symbol of Peace before once again contemplating her own worthiness. This power is borrowed, but one day she may just make it her own.

‘UNDERSTAND THIS YOUNG URARAKA, LIKE PASSING AN OLYMPIC FLAME, I HAVE ONLY GIVEN YOU A SMALL PORTION OF ONE FOR ALL BUT AS TIME MOVES FORWARD AND YOU GAIN EXPERIENCE THAT TINY FLAME WILL BECOME A GIANT INFERNO THAT YOU CAN MANIPULATE TO YOUR WILL!’ All Might looks out to the horizon as the sun fully reveals itself. ‘SOON MY TIME WILL COME AS MY FLAME SLOWLY DIES OUT… BUT I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT A NEW SHINING FIRE WILL OUTSHINE EVEN ME…’

“Hey, All Might?”

“What is it?”

Ochaco fidgets around, twiddling her hands together as she looks away with a slight blush of nervousness.

All Might coughs into his fist. ‘CUTE!’

“There’s something I’ve been meaning to ask you concerning One For All.”

“Okay?”

“I was wondering if I could tell a good friend of mine about it.”

All Might tilts to the side, waiting for her to explain further.

“You see my friend has really stuck their neck out for me. They’ve inspired and shown me so much and, admittedly, it feels sort of wrong to keep all of this a secret from them.”

“HMMMM. THIS PERSON SOUNDS IMPORTANT TO YOU…” All Might considers the prospect, he after all has people he trusts with this secret, but he’s known them for decades now. He can’t afford to be too liberal with not only his Quirk but his situation as a whole. “WELL I SHOULD START WITH TELLING YOU SOMETHING I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU MONTHS AGO, ABOUT ONE FOR ALL.”

Ochaco stiffens with all of her attention on her mentor.

“ONE FOR ALL IS A HEAVILY GUARDED SECRET AND IT MUST REMAIN AS SUCH.” Even with his happy go lucky grin, Ochaco can’t ignore the underlying serious tone of the pro hero’s voice. “IF PEOPLE WERE TO FIND OUT THAT EITHER YOU OR I WERE GIVEN SUCH A POWER RATHER THAN BEING BORN WITH IT; IT WILL PUT THE WORLD ON ITS HEAD AND POSSIBLE CHAOS WOULD ENSUE AS INDIVIDUALS ALL VIE FOR THIS EVER-GROWING POWER.”

A wave of dread washes over her like a flood of arctic water making her freeze in place. What has she done? She may have unknowingly plastered a target not on herself, but Izuku. He already has so much he’s striving to protect and now this… “I really screwed up.” She grips her face as shame and regret flow through her veins. “Although I didn’t tell them about One For All I did tell them that I gained a second Quirk from someone else, don’t worry I didn’t say who. And they promised not to say a word to anyone else.”
All Might understands her worries far more than what she thinks or what he’s even willing to tell. “THAT’S OFFLY RISKY, BUT I’LL TRUST YOUR JUDGEMENT FOR NOW.” All Might lightly rubs her head, messing up her hair.

The gesture is enough to get his young successor to smile.

“HOWEVER, YOU MUST BE MORE CAREFUL IN THE FUTURE. UNDERSTAND?”

“Hm.” And a firm nod seals the promise.

“GOOD, NOW ALL THAT IS SAID I WOULD LIKE TO MEET THIS FRIEND OF YOURS FIRST BEFORE I CAN SAFELY SAY THAT IT’S ALRIGHT TO SHARE THE FULL EXTENT OF THISlegacy ONTO THEM.”

‘I think he’ll understand just fine.’ Ochaco chuckles at her own inner joke. “Perfect, you can meet him at U.A. he’s going to be a new student too.”

“REALLY? THEN PRAYTELL WHAT IS HIS NAME?”

“Izuku Midoriya!”

A jolt of surprise pierces All Might’s heart. “…OH, YES, HE’S THE ONE THAT CAN TRANSFORM CORRECT?”

Ochaco nods, assuming that All Might must have witnessed Izuku’s display of abilities during the U.A. Entrance Exam. “Yup, you actually met him before, but Deku can be rather shy at times.”

“RIGHT…” Of course, he’s already realized this for himself, it’s hard to forget a large bipedal turtle especially one he mistook for a mutant monster. “YES, I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED HIM. SO, YOU’VE KNOWN HIM FOR A WHILE NOW?”

Ochaco chuckles sheepishly. “Well, actually I met him the same exact day as you. I guess you really bond with people when you’re forced to fight alongside them.”

‘YOU HAVE NO IDEA.’ All Might coughs trying not to be conspicuous about his true feelings. “WELL, HE SOUNDS LIKE A FINE YOUNG MAN. I CAN’T WAIT TO OFFICIALLY MEET HIM.”

“Trust me, he would love nothing more!” She’s seen his notes and far too many of them are about the Number One Hero.

Ochaco’s phone begins to buzz from her pocket. She flips it open finding a call coming in from Thirteen. She points at her phone for All Might to see. “Sorry, I have to take this.” She turns away, saying hello.

While Ochaco’s caller chats away, All Might’s thoughts begin to wonder. ‘IZUKU MIDORIYA, SEEMS LIKE YOUR REACH IS FAR GREATER THAN I HAD FIRST IMAGINED… JUST HOW DID YOU GAIN SUCH A QUIRK? WAS IT FROM HIM? … NO, HE IS NO LONGER A THREAT… BUT…STILL.’ All Might eyes Ochaco admiring her cheerful and naive smile. ‘I MUST BE ON GUARD; IF I’M NOT THERE COULD BE DIRE CONSEQUENCES FOR NOT ONLY MYSELF, BUT URARAKA AS WELL…’
The call ends as Ochaco hangs up. “Sorry, All Might, but I actually have to meet up with Deku sooner rather than later. Something important just came up last minute.”

“VERY WELL ALLOW ME TO ACCOMPANY YOU. I ACTUALLY NEED TO HEAD INTO U.A. FOR SOME MORE PAPERWORK.”

The young girl smiles brightly accepting the offer.

And with that the duo start making their way down the mountain. ‘I MUST LOOK INTO THE ENIGMA THAT IS IZUKU MIDORIYA. I JUST HOPE THAT MY CONCERNS ARE UNFOUNDED.’

Ochaco jogs up to the meeting spot that Thirteen had set up for them. Already waiting there is Izuku, tapping his foot waiting for the others to arrive. She waves while calling out to him. “Yo, Deku!”

Izuku snaps to attention, waving back at Ochaco. “Hi, Uraraka. Congrats on making it into U.A.”

Her grin widens, finally reaching her destination. “Thanks, and to you as well.” She punches his shoulder. “And way to go on snagging the first-place spot!”

Izuku rubs his arm, her punches are surprisingly strong. “Ha, yeah, that was a bit of a surprise.”

“So, do you know why Thirteen called us here?”

“No idea.” Izuku peers up at the hillside ahead of them.

Currently they are in the part of Musutafu that’s south of U.A. itself. Heck they can somewhat see the outline of the school from here. But the vast hill and thick woods are blocking their view. Behind them is a row of buildings, but rather than have them meet up at a restaurant or the little rundown tea shop nearby, Thirteen told them to meet at this specific location: in front of the hiking trail leading up towards U.A.

Ochaco eyes said trail wondering where it could possibly lead. “Do you think they meant to send us to U.A. instead?”

“Hmmm, maybe?”

“Ah, there you two are!” Speak of the devil.

Both teens beam with glee. “Thirteen!!”

Thirteen casually strolls up, they are clearly in no rush. “Good to see you future heroes in the making.” They give a friendly wink. “Congrats on passing the exam by the way. I never doubted either of you for a second!”

Ochaco fans her face, she’s unable to stop blushing from the comment. “Thanks.”

Izuku is equally embarrassed. “It was nothing.”

Thirteen chuckles in response. “Don’t let Principal Nezu hear you say that; he’ll take that as a challenge.”
Even though it was a joke, Izuku freezes up in fear his mind flashes back to how intimidating Nezu was during the recording.

Ochaco seems to notice Izuku’s reaction, curiously she taps a finger against his stiff form, trying to see if he’s alright.

“Well, anyway, to commemorate the both of passing the exam I have a little surprise for the both of you!”

Ochaco gasps, completely forgetting about Izuku’s condition. “Oh, what is it?!!” She absolutely loves surprises, especially if they’re free!

“You’ll see.” Thirteen’s voice sounds rather excited, like a kid who’s more than willing to share a juicy secret.

Thirteen walks over to the start of the trail waving for them to follow, to which they do with no hesitation.

The trail is easy to walk, the slope isn’t at all steep, but after a few short minutes the buildings are completely gone from their view of vision thanks to the thick woods.

Izuku and Ochaco are walking behind Thirteen wondering the same things over and over in their heads. ‘Where are they taking us? What’s the surprise?’

“We’re here!”

The teens instantly perk up peering around the Plumber’s back so that they can finally lay their eyes upon their surprise.

…

Izuku and Ochaco can practically hear a trombone playing “Wa wa waaaaaa” to accompany their reactions of shock and disgust. “It’s an outhouse!?!?”

It sure is, the hiking path doesn’t lead to some grand secret hideaway or some amazing alien ship, but an outhouse. The outhouse is a piece of crap, pun intended, with it creaking panels, leaning frame, and the flies buzz about near the tin roof. The only reason it hasn’t collapsed is probably because of its rather large frame making it wider than most outhouses.

Thirteen swings open the decaying wooden door. “Well come on.”

Thirteen can’t really expect them to follow, can they? But then again Thirteen must have a reason for bringing them here, and they’ve already came all this way, they might as well continue.

They enter finding it just as disgusting and unkempt as they thought it would be. There’s more room inside than they initially thought, which is odd, because only a single high tank toilet inside with a chain flush dangling in the air.

Izuku grimaces at the sight of the moldy toilet bowl. “Thirteen…why are we in here?”

Thirteen giggles like a child, they’re really enjoying the teen’s reactions. “You’ll see.”

Thirteen grabs the cord’s handle before tugging down to flush the toilet. But instead of a flush the floor itself shifts temporarily throwing the teens off balance.

Izuku internally panics, just what is Thirteen up to?! “Thirteen…”
“Patience, Midoriya.”

Before long the floor begins to sink down, causing the worry in the teens’ hearts to grow, especially as the wall begins to rise around them. The walls quickly change from wooden planks to sheen metallic walls, as they continue downward, they pass marker lights that provide momentary moments of bright light.

Izuku grabs Thirteen’s shoulder, he needs to know what the hell is happening. “What’s going on!?!?”

Thirteen turns to face Izuku, who is unable to read their expression thanks to Thirteen’s pitch-black space helmet. Without a word, Thirteen’s eyes narrow as if laughing at a personal joke before turning away ignoring Izuku’s question.

The floor continues to sink downward like that of an elevator. So, they must be moving downward, but to where?!

The anticipation is killing them, to the point that neither of them can contain themselves. “Thirteen!! Why are we here?!?”

“This is why.”

On que the elevator comes to a complete stop in front of a pair of sliding doors.

Thirteen turns to face the duo, rubbing their hands in anticipation. “Are you two ready for your surprise?”

“YES!!!” The howl of their shouts nearly blow away Thirteen’s helmet.

“He he, right, sorry. Anyway welcome,” With no warning the doors slide open as blinding neon green lights flood their vision. “welcome to Japan’s Plumber Base!”

Ochaco and Izuku’s jaws drop as they stare in awe of the Plumber Base. What greets them is a large room illuminated by green neon lights giving the place a quiet glow to it. Everything in here looks somewhat alien by design, with several rows of metallic desks welded to the floor, large curving pillars supporting the ceiling, as well as strange yet blinking monitors mounted across the walls as if scanning everything in their path. Above them on the ceiling corners are large metallic frames, they are big and bulky, but it’s unclear whether they are there for support, aesthetics, or perhaps they aid in security.

Izuku watches as Ochaco slides her hand across the smooth surface of a desk. It’s cool to the touch, as she slides her palm across the surface, the main frame lights up and a hologram of what appears to be Japan is projected into midair. “So, cool.”

Thirteen is so glad they like it. “You two haven’t seen anything yet. Come on.”

And so, begins their tour of Japan’s Plumber Base. From what Thirteen refers to the main lobby area they lead the group toward the back of the large open lobby where there are three octagon shaped tunnels. They take the middle one, the tunnel is long and rather large so much so that if Izuku wanted to he’d have enough room as Terraspin to fly right throw it without any hindrances.

At the end of the tunnel, there is a large set of metal doors. When Thirteen opens the doors, they see what appears to be a large cargo area, about 30 ft long, 20 ft wide, and 25 ft tall, filled with giant metal crates and containers along the walls. In the middle of the cargo bay there appears to be a large hydraulic lift with a spaceship sitting on the platform. There’s a catwalk over head that’s
about 15 feet above the floor of the cargo bay. It follows along the walls with a three-foot gap between the railing of the catwalk and the wall thus leaving a large rectangular shaped gap above their heads. There are a set of stairs on either side of the cargo area against the wall toward the back that allow access to the catwalk.

But none of this garners the teens’ attention. Nope, all of their focus is singled in on one specific item of interest.

“SPACESHIP!!!” They both gush with epic proportions of nerdy energy as they practically worship the magnificent alien craft.

The ship’s size is a bit bigger than that of a van and like a van its main haul is rectangular with a small with a triangular cockpit lined with pitch-black windows. On the sides are a pair of wings and at each end there are highly advanced turbo engines. The loading bay is located at the rear of the ship.

“Hey, get away from that! I know it’s cool but come on!” Thirteen tries their best to pry them away from it, but they’re latched onto it tight admiring it’s unearthly metal exterior.

They can’t really blame them, logically, they should have seen this reaction coming.

Ochaco climbs onto the wing so she could gain a different view. “Thirteen can we take a ride in this?! It would be so cool!”

Izuku chirps in as well. “Yeah!”

“No!!” Thirteen grabs them both by the scruffs of their shirts and dragging them away before they can do something stupid. “There will be time for that later! For now, I don’t want either of you anywhere near that thing! It’s a highly advanced piece of technology that neither of you are ready for.”

Ochaco feet drag against the floor as she slides her arms about at her sides nearly smacking Deku in the face in the process. “But you could just fly it for us!” She wails.

“This spacecraft is not a toy! There will be opportunities to fly it at a later time.” Besides the camouflage projector is broken so they couldn’t take it out even if they wanted to or else risk being discovered.

Thirteen eventually releases the teens allowing them to walk by themselves, they then follow the Plumber to the back of the large cargo bay, there appears to be a medium sized oval shape door.

When the door opens, they see what appears to be a small hallway. On the left end of the hallway there appears to be a set of stairs to the upper level. The right end of the hallway leads to a small common area with a coffee table surrounded by a few chairs. On the left side of the common area is another door that leads to what seems to be an infirmary. The sick bay is rather large with clean white cabinets lining the walls filled with all sorts of medicine and other medical supplies. There is a space between the upper and lower cabinets to act as a counter to place different types of medical tools on. The sick bay also has three operating tables bolted to the floor with medical lights above each one all spread out in a row and evenly spaced from one another to allow for easy maneuverability.

Thirteen states that they have all sorts of remedies from all over the galaxy to help treat any and all alien beings on Earth.

Behind the common area, there is another hallway lined with what appears to be holding cells with
reinforced walls and force field gates. There only seems to be three holding cells in the hallway. On the left are two medium sized cells while on the right a single large cell. However, as they continue down the hallway, there is another door which leads to a larger but still modest underground prison. The prison cells line the walls like honeycombs spiraling downward across three levels with forcefield gates and cold hard walls. Even though there’s a good number of cells not one of them is occupied.

Thirteen chuckles humbly at the sight. “Admittedly not many criminals decide to make a claim on Earth.” A single tear leaks out from their eye. “I don’t get to use them that often…”

Ochaco would like to laugh but she’s more considered by Thirteen reaction. ‘Isn’t that a good thing, though?’

The group goes back to the common area to take the stairs that lead up to the second level.

When they arrive at the second level, they find themselves in the middle of a hallway. This hallway is much narrower than the previous ones and has grey walls and orange lines running in parallel lines across the floor.

Thirteen decides to lead them toward the front of the hallway which leads to the dining area that seats above the cargo bay. In the middle of the room is a large wooden family table with wooden chairs seated around it. The table rests on a large octagonal shaped beige rug and with the soft illuminating lights it gives off a nice homely atmosphere. To their immediate right, there is a circular area that appears to be a cozy lounge area with chairs and couches, and a kitchen to boot.

Encasing the entire room, there appear to be small windows that go around the perimeter of the walls, but all there is to see is pure darkness.

Thirteen then lead back the hallway they just came.

At the end of the hallway is the generator/engine room where a giant generator is emitting an immense amount of power with orbs of light mounted near the mouth of the machine as sparks of plasma occasionally spark out near the large antennas at the top of the giant generator.

Thirteen proudly taps against the side of the generator. “We have to remain off the grid; hence we have our own energy system."

Ochaco and Izuku smile at the sight of the generator’s immense amounts of energy being discharged. “Huh, that’s handy.”

Izuku studies the alien generator as if trying to piece together how it was built and how it runs. “This is really amazing.”

“Just you wait, I’ve saved the best for last.” Thirteen leads them back toward the dining hall and towards the door on the far end of the dining hall.

Izuku and Ochaco happily follow as they pass through the hallway, this one is a bit longer than the last one and on a slight incline as they make their way up, they come along another set of doors, but Thirteen ends up marching right past them as if they didn’t exist. Perhaps they didn’t notice them.

Izuku and Ochaco stop to stare at the door. It’s different, the doors look like they belong in a bunker with thick metal doors that lock into on another, no windows, and even a large circular hitch lodge into its center.
Without looking, Ochaco reaches for the door so she can try and open it. “Hey Thirteen, what’s-”

“NO!!” With record speed Thirteen slams their back against the door, their arms outstretched to block their entrance. “You two aren’t allowed in here.”

Izuku nearly jumps out of skin in surprise. “How come?!”

Thirteen, although tense, tries to relax. Pushing themselves off the door’s frame. “Sorry, but this leads to the armory and contraband.”

Both of the teens’ eyes light up.

Ochaco smiles raising her fists in joy. “Armory?!” There’s got to be laser guns, and cool blasters in there just waiting to be tested out. Oh, Ochaco can already imagine herself as a badass sci-fi hero wielding a giant laser cannon as a weapon.

“Contraband?!” Izuku smiles in glee wondering about the different kinds of alien gear and tech that must be hidden behind those doors. Perhaps there’s hoverboards, spaceships, or even cool alien armor that grant the wielder powerful abilities. “Can we-”

“No.” Thirteen doesn’t even give him a chance, getting straight to the point with a deadpanned tone.

“But-”

“I said no.” Thirteen grabs each of their shoulders before pushing the teens forward and away from the forbidden door. “Sorry, but for safety only I can access this area. Now let’s get moving.”

After nearly tripping a few times from being pushed from behind they quickly arrive at another oval shaped door. But unlike the others this door proudly displays a large glowing red dot.

Thirteen pulls out their Plumber’s badge; a white metal badge with an exact replica of the glowing red dot on the door. They hold it up to the door’s red light, both devices flash in recognition, and the door slides away.

Thirteen stands to the side allowing their guests to have a better view. “Now, this is where the magic happens, this is the heart of our operation, this is our top of the line Surveillance and Monitoring System!”

Izuku scans the large white room noticing how it’s laid out much like a cockpit of a spaceship like the ones you see in movies. There are about four workstations each with their own monitors. The entire front of the curving wall is a pitch-black screen that stretches across the entire length of the space. This screen is what’s primarily used for observing the monitored aliens of Earth. At the base of the monitor is an oval-shaped console with a circular port at the top of it, the port looks to be big enough to fit a soccer ball inside.

‘Thirteen must manage this all on their own. I mean, this place is just void of people right now.’ Izuku fidgets trying to think of the best way to word his question. “Just how can you do all this while maintaining your duties as a teacher and a pro hero?”

“Oh, well, I have a pretty good assistant.”

Before Thirteen could explain further a rather small but cheery voice makes itself known. ^Thirteen is that you? Did you bring guests?^
It is immediately accompanied by a similar sounding voice, but this one sounds much drier and more somber. ^You should have warned me I would have cleaned up. This place is such a pigsty…^

^Well I think it’s homey.^

^You would…^

‘Just where are those voices coming from?’ Izuku scans the Surveillance Room but there’s nobody else in here other than the three of them.

Ochaco gasps cupping her face as a giant grin forms on her face. “Oh my God it’s a robot!”

Izuku spins around to where she’s pointing and there sure is a robot sitting right on top the nearest workstation. With its short stature and white coating that matches the desk it’s no wonder they overlooked it when they first entered. And it’s certainly not what he expected an alien robot to look like.

The robot is more like a small white orb with four stubby legs, and a black band running vertically around its spherical body. Between the electronic black band are 2 pairs of tiny white circles, which are meant to be the robot’s eyes.

The ball shaped robot leers up at Ochaco. ^I prefer sentient mechanical being…^ Its voice drips with dry sarcasm. The robot holds one of its tiny legs at itself, its voice changing to a cheerful tone. ^But you can just call me One-^

^One…^

Izuku smiles warily of One-One, apparently the little guy has two voices: a Glad-One and a Sad-One. He wonders why that is, perhaps it was a programming error.

One-One blinks up at the brunette. ^And who are you?^

Ochaco smiles kindly. “I’m-”

^Are you a spy?^ Glad-One asks with a hint of suspicion.

“What?”

Glad-One repeats the question. ^Are you a spy?^

“Um, no.”

^Then you’ve come to bring me the sweet release of death…^

Even if it’s a bit morbid Ochaco gives a nervous chuckle in response breaking the tension. “Also no.” Ochaco looks to Thirteen hoping for some sort of explanation.

Thirteen laughs at One-One’s antics. “Sorry about him One-One can be a bit odd at times.”

Ochaco nods in understanding before picking up One-One’s small frame. “Well, nice to meet you One-One. I’m Ochaco Uraraka and this is Deku.”

She turns One-One so he can see the green-haired boy for himself.

Izuku feels a bit uncomfortable about how Ochaco introduced him. It’s one thing for her to call him
Deku but it’s another thing when it comes to someone/thing else.

He never gets to voice his complaint.

^A pleasure to meet you Miss. Uraraka and Mr. Deku. I’ve heard so much about you both, I’m glad we’re finally able to meet. I hope we can be good friends!^

^Or mortal enemies…either way is fine with me…^

Izuku raises an eyebrow looking to Thirteen with a very confused and slightly concerned look. “Um…”

Thirteen shrugs. “Yeah, he has a literal split personality.”

“What do you mean by literal?”

To demonstrate One-One splits into two halves. Each half falls out of Ochaco’s grip before landing on the ground with a soft thud. Each half is a half-circle shape with the black electronic band running along the bottom, each has only one white eye, and their stubby legs also divided giving each pair 4 tiny limbs.

^Tada!^

^Uh, I feel so exposed.^

Ochaco awes as Glad-One scampers around her feet while Sad-One simply stands by. “Awe it’s twice the robot for the price of one!”

Thirteen walks towards the main monitor. “That’s not all he can do. One-One why don’t you show our guests?” They stop near a strange console at the base of the monitors, embedded into the console is a circular indent big enough for One-One to fit himself in to.

^You got it! Yay!^

^But I really don’t want to.^

One-One puts himself back together before using his round boy to roll himself over to the strange console. With catlike mobility the little round bot jumps up and embeds himself into the round slot.

White light begins to surround the bot as a powerful surge of energy flows into his tiny but highly advanced system. The entire base seems to react as the lights become brighter, sounds of the generator roar through the halls, and the Surveillance room hauntedly comes to life as various monitors and screen flash on, a hologram of the planet Earth is projected into the middle of the room, and the large area of seemingly black space is flooded with hundreds of video surveillance of Japan’s resident aliens.

Ochaco awes at the screens, just look at all those aliens! “Woah!”

Without prying his eyes away from the hundreds of videos Izuku questions Thirteen. “What is this?”

“This is how we monitor any and all alien activity in Japan.”

Izuku’s eyes wonder the entire space taking in how each monitor seems to have its own task: one monitor is scrolling through a list of what appears to be wanted alien criminals of the galaxy, another looks like is meant for communication since it’s receiving messages from other Plumbers
on Earth, and another monitor seems to be scanning through the Plumber base’s status and conditions.

“This is amazing!”

Ochaco points at one of the small video recordings playing. “Look it’s ML-E!” Sure enough, there on the screen is the little Kineceleran girl they met a while back; she’s holding her mother’s hand as they stroll through a park.

One clip catches Izuku’s attention. “Hey that’s Mr. Baumann’s store.”

One camera must have constant surveillance on Mr. Baumann’s store.”

Thirteen nods, enjoying their positive reactions. “Pretty cool, huh?”

They teens nod in agreement. “Oh yeah.” Although, they can’t help but feel this is sort of a breach in privacy.

Thirteen pats the console that One-One is embedded in. “This system specifically locks in on any and all DNA signatures of all alien beings that are registered into the Plumber database.” This of course includes registered criminals, but they don’t get too many of those around here.

“You’ll find that a lot of our programs and regulations involve identifying one’s DNA. In fact, to prevent anyone from just entering this base their DNA has to be recognized by the system first.”

A worrying thought pops into Ochaco’s head. “Wait! If we were able to enter than that must mean you already have our DNA in the system, right?!”

“That is correct.”

“Okay, so, how did you get our DNA?”

…”

“It doesn’t matter…”

“I KINDA DOES!!!”

Thirteen clears their throat before deciding to move on. “And none of this would be possible without One-One here. Since he’s able to process all incoming surveillance at 10 times the speed.”

Ochaco sends the hero a nasty look but they don’t even take notice. ‘Don’t ignore my question.’

One-One pops out of the console, the entire base calms down as he ejects himself from the circular port. ^Awe, thank you!^

^Don’t patronize me.^

“He’s also the main reason why I can also hold up as a pro hero and a teacher. Basically One-One is a one-man crew; he even keeps maintenance over the entire base.”

Izuku smiles petting the smooth round surface of the bot’s form. “Huh, that’s handy. With him you wouldn’t need any other Plumbers.”

One-One nods his entire body as if to agree, meanwhile Thirteen waves a so-so gesture. “Sort of sure One-One is a great help, but he’s not designed or fit to aid in combat or missions other than
providing information.”

^Hehe, yup I’m more of a lover than a fighter! And I even have a heart to prove it.^

^Even if that heart is actually made up of cold soulless wires and circuits…^

“My point is that now that the both of you are going to be part of the Hero Course my plan is that as you gain experience, I hope to take you all out on more missions.”

Ochaco gasps with worry and a bit of thrill, oddly enough. “Does that mean?”

“Combat…well yes and no. I’m certainly not against you assisting but we have to keep any and all combat on the downlow since illegal Quirk usage still applies. At least until your second years and you get your Provisional Licenses.” Thirteen sticks a finger near Ochaco’s face making her nervous. “That said school will come first. If your grades slip, then forget about your…extracurricular activities. Am I clear?” Thirteen sends them a warning look.

They both reply. “Crystal.”

“Good, other than that you guys now have full range of this entire base. Minus the armory and contraband of course.”

‘This is all so much.’ Izuku grips the Omnitrix, feeling it cool smooth surface under his fingers. ‘They’re giving us access to all of this…and after using up so much of their time to help me. To help train my powers. There’s absolutely no way I would be here without Thirteen’s help and guidance. And now they’re trusting me with an entire alien base! Doesn’t he deserve this? Perhaps, he does, it was his efforts that also got him this far, not just Thirteen’s.’

“Thirteen.” Izuku looks Thirteen right in the eye as he speaks. “Thank you for putting your faith in me. Without your guidance I would have never gotten as far as I have.” Keeping his back straight he bows as low as he can in gratitude and respect. “Thank you.”

Thirteen smiles with appreciation, petting Izuku’s hair ruffling it up a bit. “Believe me Midoriya the honor is all mine. You’ll be an excellent hero someday. That I’m certain of.”

Wow, Thirteen is really that great of a person. Aren’t they?

“Uraraka, I want to thank you as well.”

Ochaco is a bit surprised, mainly because she thought this was a moment between the two of them and not her.

“You were my first real friend in a long time, I can’t thank you enough for that.” Once again, Izuku is bowing in gratitude to someone else who has been just as kind to him over these long months.

A blush rises to her cheeks, this is rather embarrassing for Ochaco having someone else thank them like this. “There’s no need to thank me, if anything I should be thanking you. But that said, it’s been great getting to know you too Deku and I hope that we keep moving forward and getting better together.” She holds her fist out. “Now let’s go become heroes!”

Izuku fists bumps her hand. “Yeah, and Plumbers too!”

Despite her cheery smile, a sweat drop forms on Ochaco’s head. ‘That’s still a stupid name…’

One-One decides now is the time to remind everyone of his presence. ^Hooray we have new
companions to join us in our valiant efforts to upholding the peace on Earth!

Sad-One is quick to interrupt as he speaks with a very rapid and highly professional tone. By-agreeing-to-be-in-association-with-the-Plumbers-you-agree-to-release-this-intergalactic-body-of any-liability. This-may-include-mental, emotional, and physical-harm, injury, and/or death-that-may-occur-while-performing-your-line-of-duty.

It takes a minute for the two teens’ minds to process the onslaught of flying information. When they finally comprehend the message, their anxieties take over as they beg for One-One to explain why he had to say that.

Izuku begs to know what kind of dangers there are, while Ochaco hounds the bot for work compensation for possible future injuries.

Meanwhile, Thirteen watches from the side finding it all entertaining. ‘This is going to be interesting.’

Interesting. Yagi Toshinori continues scrolling through the school issued computer. He’s currently in U.A.’s staff room where each staff member has their own work desk and computer to use. And right now, Yagi is using his to read up on one odd green-haired boy. It appears young Midoriya registered his Quirk shortly after we met. But why is that? Just what could it mean? Is there a chance I pushed him too far and he ended up making a deal with that devil?! No, no, I took care of that threat a long time ago…’

“What are you looking at?”

“EEEEKKKK!!” He nearly has a heart attack, and at his age that’s really dangerous. Yagi clutches at his heart, spinning around in his chair so he can get a good look at his almost murder. “Oh, it’s just you.”

Leaning over him, his eyes trained on the screen, is a man with long black hair and is in desperate need of a good night’s sleep. “So, this one caught your attention, too, huh?”

Yagi turns back to the screen currently their eyes are locked on a clip of Izuku’s performance at the U.A. Entrance Exam. “You could say that…”

Yagi clicks on the next video this one is a recording of the Izuku saving a brown-haired girl with a round face, and vice versa.

The tired slender man sighs as if accepting a fate that’s out of his control. “I have a feeling these two are going to be major pains.”

Dread for the future students makes Yagi stiffen up. “What exactly are you planning?”

The man straightens up before making his way for the exit. He slides open the door, probability to go find a quiet place to sleep. Not before he makes his leave he peers back at Yagi with a single red eye. “I’m planning to push them past their limits.”

In Yokohama, Kamino there is a seedy little bar that’s hidden away in a quiet and unassuming alley. This place was meant to be long abandoned but yet there are two patrons sitting inside the rather well-kept bar.
One man is extremely slim with deathly-pale skin and tangled blue-grey hair. His attire is simple consisting of a black and unkempt long-sleeve shirt, matching pants, and a red pair of sneakers. The most disturbing part of his attire is the severed grey hand latched onto the front of his face blocking his sour scowl from view.

“I don’t like him. He thinks too high and mighty of himself; it’s disgusting.”

The other patron, the bartender, whose body appears to be made up of a dark purple mist save for his glowing yellow eyes. His attire is definitely that of a bartender with only the metal brace around his collar bone standing out of place.

“Please, calm yourself he could prove useful.”

“Pft. The only reason he’s here is thanks to his Quirk. And you know that I hate players that use cheat codes!” The slim pale-skinned man scratches at his neck so vigorously that he may just tear off his own skin. “Just where did Giran find this punk? And why the hell does he have more than one Quirk?!”

“Why indeed.” A calm yet dominating voice resonates throughout the bar silencing the other two patrons.

The two look over to a single TV sitting near the end of the bar. The TV isn’t displaying a station, rather static plays in the background, but someone is using it to communicate through.

“I’m rather curious about this one as well.” With no provocation a single image appears on screen, it’s of Henzu Uuichi. The picture is dark and hard to make out amongst the static, but one can clearly see a teen with messy long dark hair and a paddock lock hanging from his neck. “But as for his Quirk it is unclear as of now whether it is similar to my own, or if it’s a mere coincidence.”

“I still don’t like it. I’d rather just keep him as an NPC that’s better served as cannon fodder.”

“You don’t need to enjoy his company, but with his array of abilities and weak mind you can certainly use him to your advantage. He could prove useful to you in the future.”

“I doubt it. I rather see him die in a dark alley.” There’s a finality to the young man’s voice, before he grabs a nearby cup of water and drinks what’s left inside with a few sips.

The bartender decides to move the conversation on. “Master is the weapon ready?”

“It will be but our doctor’s newest…associate is seeing to some rather unique modifications.”

The blue-grey haired man finishes his drink. “Like what? What could a quack with an animal fetish have to offer.”

“His Quirk. His Quirk allows him to alter the DNA of animals, and with some…modifications to his device we have been able to expand on his capabilities. In other words, we used his skills, knowledge, and Quirk to our advantage in order to help serve our own purposes.”

The pale-skinned man peers through his hand-mask leering at the photo of Henzu. The photo is a bit clear now and this time he can make out the faint outline of a second pair of arms growing out of the punk’s sides. “Fine. If he wants to prove himself then he’ll get his chance,” He holds up the empty glass circling it around in front of him. “but if he fails.” With no warning he grips the glass within his entire hand, the glass is quick to shatter and break apart showering down onto the bar in
a rain of broken glass and sand like particles. “then that will be the end of Henzu Uuichi.”

#Sukima

(Takes place a few months back, after Izuku and Thirteen came up with a cover story to explain the Omnitrix and Izuku’s new “Quirk”.)

Izuku and his mother are in their living room, sitting across from each other. Izuku has just explained that his Quirk “manifested” late because it is an extremely rare case of a new mutation of his Quirk Factor. He also explained that “One Man Army” allows him to transform into…monster-like forms with the aid of the special watch.

“Okay, Mom. I’m going to show you my Quirk, but you have to promise that you won’t freak out.”

Inko gives her son a stern look. “Honey, please, give me a little more credit.” She smiles softly. “Besides I’m just so happy that you gained a Quirk! Anyway, I’m ready when you are.”

Izuku activates the Omnitrix, its faceplate shoots up, and the green-haired boy scrolls through the selection of aliens. ‘I don’t want to scare her so I should probably go for my more friendlier looking forms…maybe Ditto? Yeah, he’ll work he’s small, funny, and not at all threatening. He’s perfect.’ With a few turns Ditto’s DNA is selected. ”Alright, here goes.”

Inko has to shield her eyes from the bright eerie green light as it engulfs her child. She rubs her eyes, recovering from the flash, and finally she opens them to see what kind of Quirk her son really has.

She’s greeted by the sight of scaly fiend with a maw of jagged-razor teeth that’s roaring right in her face. “RAAAAA!!”

“AAAAAHHHH!!” Inko jumps backwards so fast she knocks over the couch, the only reason she stops moving is because she crashes into the wall.

She’s clutching at her little heart, as she hyperventilates at the sight of the freaky fish man.

Tears stream out of her eyes in shock and fear. ‘What happened to my baby?! Where did this thing come from?! Izuku!!’

Meanwhile, Ripjaws is gasping holding his throat as if choking. “Water, I need…water!” He didn’t expect this, although he should have, and because of that the moment he transformed his gasp to breathe came out like that of a roar.

He needs water fast! Gasping for oxygen Ripjaws steps forward toward the kitchen and that’s when he notices how cool and wet his feet feel. Curiously, he blinks down noticing water flooding the apartment floor. Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, he plunges his head forward into the living saving water.

“Ahhhhh.” The Piscciss Volann sighs in relief as he picks his head out of the water. “Sweet relief, but where did all this water come from?”

He turns and what he discovers is shocking, disturbing, and concerning. His mother is crying so hard with shock that the tears are pouring out of her eyes like geysers flooding the entire apartment like a swimming pool.
“Mom!! Stop!! We don’t have flood insurance!!”

“WAAHH!!! MY BABY BOY HAS A QUIRK!!!”

Chapter End Notes

Well that was Ch.10 I really hoped it was still enjoyable even if it feels like it's mostly exposition, descriptions, and filler. I did add a fun little Sukima in the end to make this chapter a bit more light hearted. I would love a review; let me know what you like? Disliked? And feel me to ask me questions about anything you're curious about or need clarification on. Again, I promise that Ch.11 will be much more enjoyable, mainly because we're finally getting to U.A.

*One-One is a character from the Cartoon Network series known as "Infinity Train" check it out it's a great watch. I was actually thinking about introducing this character all the way back in Ch.1 but I wasn't sure how to fit him in properly or justify him being there. But my beta-readers (my brothers) pestered me to include this character and I gave in. Obviously.

*Just to clarify, One-One can split himself into two parts that are independent of each other and the creators of "Infinity Train" refer to each one as "Glad-One" and "Sad-One" because if their personalities.

*Ochaco's stuffed toy is supposed to be Stitch from Disney's "Lilo and Stitch".

*A Sukima is meant to be a sidestory that is canon to this fanfic but it adds nothing to the overall story and isn't meant to be taken seriously. It's just meant to be for laughs. Also, I've based the Sukima off the way they are handled in the anime series known as "Mairimashita! Iruma-kun!" check it out if you haven't, I think it's a funny anime.

*I hope to have more Sukimas and Omakes in the future: they are meant to be short, fun, and/or sweet so if you have any suggestions than please let me know what you want to see.
Know Your Limits

Chapter Summary

Izuku and Ochaco finally arrive at U.A. for their first day as part of the Hero Course. Unfortunately, they don't receive the warm welcome that they were expecting.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for being late with this update. Would you believe that my laptop broke thankfully I save my stuff on Google Docs and a flashdrive, and I was temporarily lent a computer. My laptop won't be back for a little bit so the next chapter may take a while to get here.

Anyway enjoy Ch.11 it's a long one, 54 pages long! But it was surprisingly easy to write despite the set backs.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘This is it, I’m finally going to be part of U.A. and make my way to becoming a hero!’

U.A. somehow looks even more magnificent than from when they were last here. It may be that thanks to the sunny sky is clear, song birds are about, the smell of watered flowers lingers in the air, and the cherry blossoms are dancing in the wind. Or perhaps it’s just because now this magnificent school represents all of their hopes and dreams.

Izuku Midoriya with an excited happy smile on his face leans his head to the side, curious about Ochaco Uraraka’s reaction. He tries his best to ignore how nice she looks in the U.A. school uniform.

She’s not looking at him her eyes locked onto the hero academy, presumably she’s having the same reaction as him, judging by the expression on her face and the glimmer in her eyes.

From out of the corner of her eye she spots Izuku watching her. She flashes him a smile. “Let’s do this! Let’s make our first day a good one!”

Izuku nods. “Yeah!”

Together they make their way inside passing by other U.A. students whether they’re Hero Course, General, or any other.

It doesn’t take them long to find their destination, Classroom 1-A.

Ochaco gaps at the giant sliding door. “That door is massive!!” It makes sense though, this school should be accommodating to all sorts of Quirks and people. “I just hope that those mean guys aren’t part of our class.”

That comment confuses him slightly, “Mean guys?” He’s quick to realize whom she is talking
about, and as a result his face drains of color. ‘Oh, she means Kacchan and the blue-haired guy with glasses.’ Shaking away his fears, Izuku grips his backpack in an attempt to calm his nerves. “Maybe we got lucky and neither of them are here.” Summoning all of his courage Izuku rips open the door not wanting to delay the inevitable.

“Remove your foot from that desk!! Such an action is insulting to those who came to U.A. before us!!”

“Like I care!! Hey, what middle school are you from?”

Izuku is in so much shock and despair he can almost feel his body dissipating into nothingness. ‘The universe must hate me…’

They’re both here. Of course they are! Why wouldn’t they be? Even with his steaming pile of crap personality there shouldn’t have been any doubt that Katsuki Bakugou made it in. Plus there’s only two freshman Hero Course classes so it was a 50/50 chance that he would be in the same one.

Same goes for the stern young man with combed blue-hair and glasses.

Currently the stern teen is berating Bakugou who is seated at his desk with his feet kicked back onto the desk.

Even if he’s a bit put-off by Bakugou’s crude reaction, the young man introduces himself anyway. “I-I’m from Somei Private Academy. My name is Tenya Iida.”

“Somei?!” Bakugou’s teeth clatter. “You probably think of yourself as high and mighty, huh? I should blow you to bits!”

‘Blow me to bits?!’ Tenya is visibly surprised. “You’re awful! Do you really wish to become a hero?!”

Before either of them could continue they both spot a terrified green-haired boy and an exasperated round-faced girl watching them from the doorway.

Realizing they’ve been spotted both Izuku and Ochaco freeze up ready to be either reprimanded by the stern engine-legged teen or cursed at by the angry Pomeranian.

With no hesitation or restraint Iida marches straight towards them his arms waving like that of a robot’s at his sides. “Hello, I’m Teny-!”

Izuku cuts him off by raising a hand. “Yeah, we heard you before. Ah…I’m Izuku Midoriya. Pleased to meet you, Iida…” Even though the teen puts him off he tries his best at a friendly smile.

She might as well introduce herself as well. “And I’m Ochaco Uraraka…”

Now that Iida has acquired both their names there’s no reason for him not to say what he has to. “Midoriya…Uraraka…you both perceived the true nature of the exam far better than I could.” He grimaces in shame, grinding his teeth. “I completely misjudged you both. I hate to admit it, but you were both far superior candidates than myself.”

Why is he acting like they’re geniuses? Ochaco looks to her counterpart for clarification. “Um, Deku, do you know what he’s talking about?”

Her counterpart shrugs in response, he’s just as confused as she is.
Iida waves his arms up and down in a frenzy. “How could you not know?! You…” He pauses to consider the facts: these two arrived at the same time, one has a nickname for the other, and they seem to carry a sense of familiarity with each other. Could they have…? “Wait!!” His outburst makes the two of them jump back in surprise. “Were you two already acquainted with each other before the exam?!”

Ochaco is the one to answer. “Uh, yeah we were…”

“Unacceptable!!” They cheated!!! “The exam was designed and organized to force the examinees to work alone and to ensure that everyone is judged on equal ground!! Yet you two managed to bypass this and work together!! Were those rescues staged?! How could U.A. allow this?!”

Okay, now that was offensive.

Ochaco leers at the taller teen, just what gives him the right to judge them like that?! “Woah! Woah! Woah! We did not cheat!!”

Izuku furiously nods his head in agreement. “Yeah, it was just dumb luck we ended up in the same arena!! And besides before the test we agreed to go at it alone!!”

“You did…”? Iida bows, his back bent at a perfect 180 degree angle. “My sincerest apologies!! I’ve overstepped and misjudged both of you a second time!! Shame on me!!”

Feeling somewhat bad for snapping at him, Ochaco tries to wave off his worries. “No, no, it’s okay. You didn’t know.”

Not wanting to be on bad terms either Izuku tries to shrug off the whole ordeal. “Yeah, it would seem fishy to anyone.”

As Iida thanks them for understanding someone else from the entrance exam let’s their presence be known. “It’s nice to see that the two of you made it in as well.”

Looking upward Izuku is greeted by the sight of the multi-limbed fellow from the entrance exam as well as the time Rojo kidnapped Ochaco. “Oh, it’s you!! You’re that handyman…!!” Realizing he said that last part out loud Izuku shields his face from view, it’s red with embarrassment. ‘Oh my God, I’m terrible!’

It’s hard to tell whether he’s smiling or not thanks to his facemask but nonetheless he doesn’t sound offended in anyway. He seems the type to let things like this slide. “My name is Mezo Shoji.”

“Right, sorry.” Okay, Izuku time to salvage the situation. “Anyway, it’s nice to officially introduce myself to you. My name is -”

“Yeah, I heard you from before.”

Was that a sarcastic callback?!

Shoji rises one of his limbs, attached to the end is a human mouth. “When I heard about the rescue points, I knew right away that the two of you would be here.”

Izuku ignores the mouth to speak with Shoji. He then introduces Ochaco to Shoji explaining to her that he couldn’t save her without his help. Iida also takes a moment to introduce himself to Shoji even though the multi-limbed teen already stated that he overheard them introduce themselves already.
Forgotten in the background, is Bakugou. He could care less about any of these extras so he doesn’t bother to even attempt to remember their names. Instead he’s too busy glaring at the target of his frustrations. “Deku.”

##########(Flashback)##########

“How wonderful that two of our students have made it into U.A.!” Izuku’s middle school teacher turns in his seat to gaze up at both Bakugou and Izuku. “Especially you, Midoriya! That’s a miracle we never expected!”

Izuku has no doubt that that is the truth.

It was a relatively brief meeting just a formal congratulations thing. Nothing too fancy or drawn out. So they are released to go home rather quickly. At least Izuku would have liked too…

“What dirty trick did you pull, you Quirkless piece of shit?!” Bakugou has Izuku by the front of his shirt so tightly that Izuku’s shirt squeezes around his neck making it rather difficult to breath.

“HUH!!?” God, he’s so pissed off right now, it’s a miracle that his hands haven’t even begun to spark with mini-blasts yet.

Izuku flinches back, bracing himself for the inevitable explosion that’s going to be sent his way.

After being released Bakugou dragged Izuku to the back of the school building; away from prying eyes and far enough away where his explosions won’t be heard.

“I was supposed to be the first and only one to get into U.A. from this crumby school!” Bakugou has Izuku by his collar hoisting him up as to better push him around. “Not only that, but you somehow stole the first place spot for yourself!! Just what the hell did you do?!?!” He shoves Izuku against the wall; a bruise is sure to be there in the morning. “You just had to fucking screw up my grand plan didn’t ya! You worthless piece of shit!! I thought I told you to give up on becoming a hero!!”

Now that crossed a line.

Izuku grabs Bakugou’s arm. He’s heard enough from Bakugou’s foul mouth, and there’s no way in hell he’s going to let this asshole ruin anything for him.

The grab tightens around his arm, it doesn’t necessarily hurt but it’s enough to throw Bakugou off.

Izuku’s never done this…he’s never fought back before.

Well that changes now. “S-someone… No, my f-friends believe in me…that I can become a hero…!” Izuku finds his footing allowing him to take a more stable stance. “A-and I know that I can be one, t-too! Th-that’s why…” His steely eyes lock on to Bakugou’s and for a brief moment Izuku is the dominant one. “I’m… I’m going to U.A. no matter what! And you can’t stop me!!”

########(End Flashback)#######

The school bell rings signaling the official start of the school day.

But it’s largely ignored by the entire class, especially the odd group of four gathered at the door.

Meanwhile, Bakugou continues to simmer in annoyance from his seat, his eyes never leaving Izuku’s form. ‘He actually stood up to me… Something smells fishy about all this. Dammit, Deku!’

Shoji lays a hand on Izuku’s shoulder gaining his attention. “By the way during the exam you said
something odd.”

Izuku tenses up. “Huh, I did?”

“Yeah, you mentioned something about owing me for something I apparently did for you. Did we meet before by chance?”

‘Oh, yeah. I guess he wouldn’t have recognized me unless I was Four Arms.’ Rubbing his head sheepishly Izuku attempts to explain how Shoji gave him directions so he could find and track down Rojo. “Oh, well we did, but you see-”

“If you’re here to socialize, then get out.” A dreary tired voice cuts it way through the conversation not only gaining the group’s attention but the entire class’ at the same time.

Izuku and Ochaco turn around shakily; the underlying tone of a threat did not go unnoticed.

There’s a giant yellow slug on the floor!! How did they miss something like that?!

The slug moves and that when they notice a tired looking face sticking out from the mouth of the slug.

“This is…the Hero Course.” A hand pops out of the mouth with a juice pouch which the man inside is quick to drink up.

A hushed silence falls over the entire classroom as they all have the same exact reaction. ‘There’s someone in there!?!’ In retrospect they should have noticed that the slug was actually a sleeping bag from the beginning.

Then again when you live in a society of Quirks you never know what you’ll see.

With the juice pouch now empty the man indie the sleeping bag tucks it away before opening up the sack. “It took eight seconds for you to quiet down.” He gets up and out of his overly sized sleeping bag.

Now that he’s in full view Izuku and the others take a moment to examine this strange stranger.

This man is rather slender with pale-skin and messy, shoulder-length black hair. His black outfit is ragged. The only items worthy of noting are his utility belt and the strange long grey scarf around his neck and shoulders.

“Time is a precious resource. You lot aren’t very rational are you?”

Izuku continues to obverse this man as he steps out from his cozy cocoon. ‘All of U.A.’s staff are pro heroes. So, he’s got to be a pro hero too, right…? But…he doesn’t look familiar also…What’s his deal?!’

“I’m your homeroom teacher, Shota Aizawa.”

Most of the class reacts simultaneously. “Homeroom teacher?!”

“Quickly now.” Aizawa reaches into his sleeping bag and pulls out a standard U.A. gym uniform. “Change into your gym clothes and head out to the grounds.”

The students blink unsure about their teacher’s intentions, but what choice do they have? They might as well go along with it. Who knows it could be fun.
Yagi Toshinori is busying himself in U.A.’s records room reading through one of his coworker’s files. ‘The system here at U.A. is like no other. Here the teachers can have free reign when it comes to how they approach their classes. But this is going too far!!’ He can’t help but feel sorry for the newest batch of students since their homeroom teacher has been known to expel his students, even entire classrooms.

Hell according to his records he’s already expelled a whopping 154 students before.

Yagi grabs at his forehead, he can feel a migraine beginning to form. ‘And of course she got him of all people as her homeroom teacher.’ He sighs in defeat, he might as well accept perhaps if worse comes to worse he could just intervene on Ochaco’s behalf. ‘Just what is that man thinking?’

“Morning All Might.”

“Ah, Thirteen, morning. How are you today?”

“I’m alright. Hm?” Thirteen spots the file of Aizawa on Yagi’s desk.

Realizing he’s been caught, Yagi shuts it and springs up and out of his seat. “Excuse me I was just leaving!” With a stiff form he marches for the exit trying and failing to be subtle.

“Are you going to spy on Class 1-A?”

“What gave me away?!” Oops, he didn’t mean to say that out loud. “Uh, y-yes. W-why do you ask?”

“Thinking rationally, you’ve never really taught a class before. Am I right?”

Yagi looks away, a part of his pride doesn’t want to admit the truth.

Thirteen picks up Yagi’s obvious discomfort, they for one understand. “Ha ha ha, it’s okay to be nervous everybody is at the beginning. But since you’re so nervous about it, you want to get to know your students as soon as possible so you know how to best deal with them. And Class 1-A is going to be your first ever trial as a teacher so of course you are going to go learn as much as you can about them.”

Well that’s partly true anyway, mostly he just wants to see how well Ochaco is doing. Also, see what that Midoriya kid’s been up to. “That’s more or less correct…I am rather curious about their abilities.”

“Well, then why don’t I join you?”

“Huh?”

“Honestly, I’m rather curious about Class 1-A myself.” Thirteen turns for the exit. “And Aizawa’s tests will certainly help us have a better understanding of their capabilities.”

“Wait, what do you mean tests…?”

All Might and Thirteen find just the right spot to watch Class 1-A while remaining out of sight. They don’t want to get any closer, believing that their presence, or at least All Might’s, might take focus away from Aizawa and his tests.
Either way it’s amusing to see a buffed up All Might hiding himself away like a school girl trying to hide from her crush. *GOOD LUCK YOUNG URARAKA.*

Thirteen tilts their head. ‘I wonder how they’ll do.’

Meanwhile, amongst the entrance of the P.E. Grounds.

Class 1-A cries out in surprise. “A Quirk Apprehension Test?!”

Ochaco worried tries to make her concerns heard. “What about the Entrance Ceremony? Or Guidance Sessions?!”

Aizawa replies, without turning to even face her. “No time to waste on that stuff if you want to become heroes.”

“…?!”

“U.A. is known for its “freestyle” educational system.” He peers back at her, making her freeze up, as he leers at her. “That applies to us teachers as well.”

‘Just what is his deal?!!’

“Standard physical tests. You did all these in middle school, yes?” A few of the students are just about to answer but a quick look from their teacher lets them know that the question was rhetorical. “This country still insists on prohibiting Quirks when calculating the averages of those records. It’s not rational. The Department of Education is just procrastinating.”

He’s right, Japan’s Department of Education wants students to feel like they are all on equal ground. However, with the inclusion of Quirks that is no longer the reality, and thus many children and to extent adults don’t have as much skill or experience to even use their Quirks. And sometimes that can lead those with more “problematic” Quirks down a less than ideal path in life…

“It’s important for us to know our limits. That’s the first rational step to figuring out what kind of heroes you’ll become. That’s why we are having this Quirk Apprehension Test.”

“Oh, I get it!” A girl with pink skin and curved yellow horns waves her hands in excitement. “Ha, this is awesome essentially we get to use our Quirks all we want for this test!”

A teen with odd elbows grins. “For real?! Man the Hero Course is great!”

“This is so awesome! It’s getting me pumped up!” The lone red-head of the class pounds his knuckles together in anticipation.

Their excitement is short lived however. “…Awesome you say?” Aizawa stares at his hand his eyes lost in a brief moment of grief as he recalls a sad memory from long ago. Oh how naive the youth can be. “You’re hoping to become heroes after three years here… And you think it’ll be all fun and games?” There’s underlying darkness to his voice, but it’s not so much a threat but a warning. He eyes the students making sure that he has their full attention. “Right. The one who fails to show their potential will be judged as hopeless… and will be expelled.”

“WHAAAA?!?” All Might and Thirteen cry out in outrage but they quickly cut themselves off and jump back into their hiding place before they are noticed.

Luckily most of the class are too preoccupied with Aizawa’s declaration to notice. Although those
that did weren't fast enough to spot who it was that screamed out.

“Your fates are in our hands.” Aizawa grins like a cat toying with its prey, brushing up his long back-hair over his face. “Welcome. This is the Hero Course at U.A. High!”

There’s general worry across most of the class minus those that are confident enough on their skills.

“That’s not fair!” Ochaco doesn’t stop to think before she decides to call out this blatant use of power. “It’s only the first day! I mean, even if it weren’t… That’s totally unfair!!”

“Unfair…?” Aizawa’s voice cuts through like a knife. “Natural disasters, accidents, rampaging villains…calamity is always right around the corner. I’d say that life is full of unfairness.” he sighs, he should be a little lighter thou after all he is dealing with children. “Heroes are the ones…who correct all the unfairness. If you were hoping to spend your time here slacking off, well, I’m sorry to tell you that for the next three years…” he grins madly, his smile like that of a twisted version of Totoro. “U.A. is going to run you all through the wringer.” he flexes a finger as if to gesture them forward to take on the gauntlet that is U.A. “That’s Plus Ultra.”

The class’s determined expressions are good enough of an answer; as they psych themselves up.

As for Izuku he is having the complete opposite reaction. ‘Oh, man. Alright don’t panic Izuku you’ve done plenty of training with Thirteen in these types of exercises before. It’ll be a snap as long as I don’t come in last place then I’ll be fine…but what about…?’ Izuku’s eyes drift over to gage Bakugou’s reaction.

Bakugou is grinning like a madman that’s about to commit a massacre just for fun.

Izuku has a feeling that he would be the first one targeted in such a scenario.

While Izuku tempers his worries, Ochaco is having some issues of her own.

‘This is so not how I imagined my first day would go. Being threatened with expulsion! Oh, but all I can rely on is Zero-Gravity if I even attempt to use One For All now all I’ll be doing is disabling myself. But…’ Ochaco’s hand balls up into a fist her nails digging into the palm of her hand. ‘I can’t use that as an excuse All Might is counting on me and I won’t let him down. I will master One For All one way or another!’

Aizawa’s eyes scan the group of wannabe heroes each one is different with their own unique Quirks, personalities, and abilities. But there’s only a few that truly stand out to him in this crowd. So, let’s begin with the most perplexing of the group.

“Midoriya.” Izuku flinches not expecting to be singled out already. “You scored first place during the Entrance Exam so you go first.”

A soft ball seemingly appears in Aizawa’s hand and he tosses it over to the greeneete who nearly drops it after fumbling with it in midair.

Nobody notices the irk mark appearing on Bakugou’s head at the mention of Izuku placing first in the exam.

“How far could you throw in middle school?”

“Oh, um, about 40 meters.” A few snickers are heard amongst the class much to Izuku’s chagrin.
Aizawa is clearly not amused or impressed with either the snickers or the abysmal throwing
distance. “...Okay, try it with your Quirk. Do whatever you need to. Just don’t leave the circle.”

Izuku steps forward into a chalk circle of the P.E. Grounds ahead of him are parallel lines marking
distances across the field.

It’s simple just throw the ball as far as he can with his Quirk...there’s just one issue with that.
Bakugou. Izuku’s been trying to avoid eye contact with him all morning but he knows that the ash-
blonde has been watching (glaring) at him the entire time.

As a form of comfort, Izuku grips the Omnitrix allowing its presence alone to help stabilize his
nerves. Why does he have to go first? And why expulsion?! He was just really hoping he could go
about this without his aliens but that’s no longer a possibility. But why would he not want to use
them? Simple, it’s because what happened the last time he revealed his Quirk to a so called
“friend”.

Even though it’s been nearly a year now the confrontation between himself and Henzu Uuichi still
weighs on him from time to time. Hell, he hasn’t seen either head or tail of his former friend since
then. But then again Henzu’s always been a survivor so something tells him that no matter where
he is he’s alive and probably kicking someone’s ass.

But now he may just relive those terrible events and the inevitable fallout that will most definitely
occur. Shit, he knew that he should have packed burn cream before leaving home today.

Aizawa is losing his patience. “Get a move on already, you’re wasting time.”

“R-right! Sorry!”

While Izuku tries to figure out what to do Bakugou can’t help but smirk to himself. ‘Ha, goodbye
stupid Deku! You’ll fuck it up and show everyone how useless you really are!’

Sadly Bakugou may not be the only one with similar opinions.

“What’s with this guy? He’s taking a while.”

“Maybe his Quirk isn’t good for this kind of stuff.”

“He lacks style and flare.”

“He looks so innocent though. How did he come in first for the exam?”

“Maybe he cheated.”

“Perhaps he’s concentrating, kero.”

Ochaco heard that, she spins around glaring at the puny kid with purple balls on his head. Her glare
is so intense and out of nowhere that the tiny student looks like he’s going to pee himself with
fright.

Shoji steps between Ochaco and her quarry. “Excuse me, Uraraka.” Shoji gestures towards Izuku.
“Is he okay?”

“I…I hope so.” She frowns. ‘Come on Deku, you can do it.’

At her side Iida remains silent watching Izuku with interest wondering why he hasn’t transformed
into his turtle-like form yet.
Meanwhile, from across the grounds Thirteen and All Might are anxiously waiting for Izuku to go. “WHAT IS HE WAITING FOR?”

“I’m not sure.”

Izuku lifts up the Omnitrix admiring the sun shining down on its smooth metallic frame. The way it shines and the green illuminates from it is as if the watch is trying to encourage him forward. ‘I have to do this, even if Kacchan takes it horribly, I can’t hold myself back, not for him!!’

Izuku activates the Omnitrix the sound of it activating is enough to gather everyone's attention.

Aizawa’s eyes narrow.

Izuku finds the proper alien for this job. Before he pushes down on the dial he looks back straight at Ochaco who gives him a friendly smile and an encouraging nod.

That’s all he needed.

He raises his hand up high and with a mighty swing he slams down onto the Omnitrix. Blinding rays of green light envelope around him, the green neon glow causes many of his classmates to shield their eyes. But a few manage not to turn away: Ochaco whose smile could reach the stars, Bakugou whose shock is very apparent, and Aizawa who watches on with indifference.

“Lodestar!!” Lodestar lifts up his pincer like a hand to examine yet. “Hey I got the guy I wanted.”

Not wanting to delay any further Lodestar looks out to the open field in front of him, he’s ready to take it on. He’s not so much as holding the ball but rather it’s floating between his hand thanks to the magnetic pull he’s exerting on its center. Looks like he was right about the ball having a metal interior and tracker.

With the soft ball in his hand he reels his arm back behind him and swings his arm to the side forward thrusting the ball up and away. With the ball released into the air Lodestar increases the push of his magnetic pulse so that it’s strong enough to propel the ball even further into the sky.

The ball is really flying now, racing through the air like that of a falcon diving at its prey. He keeps up the magnetic push for as long as he can until eventually the ball is actually pushed out of his reach at that point he can do nothing but let gravity do its job.

It doesn’t take long for the ball to eventually reach the ground.

Lodestar releases a breath that he wasn’t aware that he was holding.

Aizawa peers down at his phone. “Took you long enough, but the result speaks for itself.”

Aizawa turns his phone around allowing everyone to see the results for themselves: 705.2 meters!

The entire class erupts into cheers. “WOAH!!”

“Way to go, Deku!”

“That was so manly!”

“What was with that light?”

“That certainly had flare.”
“I wonder if he was controlling the air pressure, or perhaps gravity, no maybe he was using
magnetism.”

Even Thirteen is cheering for Izuku. “YES!!!”

All Might blinks wondering why his coworker is so excited, perhaps the tension was getting to
them.

Thirteen unceremoniously walks back into their hiding spot trying to not to look All Might in the
eye.

Shoji and Iida have similar stunned reactions. ‘What just happened?! I thought his Quirk turns him
into a turtle!!’

They are both referring to Terraspin which was the only transformation either of them witnessed
during the U.A. Entrance Exam.

Aizawa tries to regain the class's attention. “Stop chatting, we have work to do!”

In that brief moment, Aizawa’s attention is drawn away from Izuku and that is a mistake.

“DEKU!!!”

That’s Lodestar’s only warning of his impending doom.

“DIE!!!” Bakugou swings his arm forward ready to blast his ex-friend into oblivion.

Lodestar freezes in place bracing himself for the inevitable, but the fiery inferno never comes.

Instead Bakugou, unintentionally, slams his palm against Lodestar’s floating head. The swing is so
strong that his head literally flies off his body!

The class screams out in horror. “HOLY SHIT!!!”

Ochaco is probably one of the loudest. “Deku!!” She scrambles out of the crowd and after
Lodestar’s bouncing head.

The metallic head comes to a stop, she falls to her knees, and gently picks it. “Are you okay?!”

Class 1-A balk. Why would someone do that?! He killed him!!

“Sshee, ow, careful.” Lodestar blinks, his head is spinning and he’s got a major migraine.

“Anyway, yeah I think so…”

Ochaco looks like she’s going to vomit, and not because of her Zero-Gravity Quirk. “But your
body!!”

Lodestar tries to turn his neck only to realize that he doesn’t currently have one. “Oh, wow okay.
Just give me a minute to pull myself together.”

“Nani?”

Something cold taps her shoulder, turning around Ochaco gaps at the headless form of Lodestar’s
body. ‘It's moving on its own?!”

Lodestar’s body reaches down and grabs his head out of Ochaco’s arms before placing it between
his horned shoulders he turns his head like a screw as if to secure it. “Aw, there we go that’s much better. Man, the first day and I’m already losing my head.”

Class 1-A, including Ochaco, are staring in shock and awe of what they just witnessed. ‘How is that possible?!’

Noticing their apparent disbelief, Lodestar shrugs trying to come off as humble. “What can I say? I’m much more durable than I look.”

That’s not a good enough answer for the brunette. “But how’d you do that?!”

Lodestar leans in and whispers. “Thirteen told me that Biosovortian can repair damage to their bodies by pulling in their parts back together but only as long as their heads remain intact.” Good thing he wrote it down in his notebook, “Hero Transformations #1”.

“Oh.” Ochaco plants her fist into her hand to confirm that she understands.

Thirteen in the meantime is sighing in relief and very happy that they happened to share that tidbit with Izuku.

Meanwhile, Bakugou is at a complete loss of words. ‘What the hell?! How?! How?! How is this possible?! There’s no way!! How could shitty Deku have a Quirk?! I knew he was hiding something from me!!’ Bakugou’s glare hardens. “Hey, De-”

A long thin cloth wraps itself around Bakugou’s head and upper body before tightening up and restraining him. “What the hell?!” He struggles to break free of the bindings he flexes his palms but there’s no explosion. “What is this?!”

“It’s a capture weapon made of carbon fibers and special alloy wire.” Aizawa’s eyes glow red as his hair rises waving around as if he was underwater. His long grey scarf, the capture weapon, is also floating around him along with his hair. “Also, stop trying to use your Quirk already. I’m getting a serious dry eye over here.”

“Too bad that Quirk is seriously amazing!!” Proclaim Class 1-A.

Lodestar really wants to nerd out right now, their homeroom teacher is the pro hero Eraserhead!! His Quirk, Erasure, allows him to cancel out any and all Quirks when he looks at someone. He’s only ever heard of this hero through online fandoms so it’s great to see him in person.

Aizawa tightens his hold on the mad bomber. “What made you think that was a good idea?”

“Huh?! What the hell are you talking about?!”

The pro hero gives the bastard a critical look.

Bakugou, knowing not to push his luck, stops struggling decided that for now he needs to play by the rules.

“If you want to be a hero then you need to do some serious thinking about your actions…and your attitude.”

Bakugou looks like he wants to snap back at their homeroom teacher, but he bites his tongue considering the pro hero’s words. This is way too confusing for him, no teacher has ever bothered to stand up to him, especially when it concerns Deku. But this guy did, and he has a jackoff of a Quirk that cancels his!!
“I don’t know what beef you have with him, but here you put that aside or else.” Aizawa cuts off his Quirk, his hair dropping back down, and the scarf slacks around his shoulders. “Now with your tantrum over with.” Aizawa looks over to Izuku inspecting him for any injuries. “Midoriya, how are you holding up?”

Ochaco and Lodestar rejoin the main group.

Ochaco makes sure to walk between Lodestar and Bakugou ready to intervene in case he tries anything again.

Lodestar rubs his metallic head. “Um, I’m fine sir. N-no harm done.”

“Hmm, alright.” And with that, the scarf completely unravels itself from Bakugou releasing the feral dog from his leash.

Thankfully said feral dog has enough sense not to do anything that may ruin his record.

Aizawa’s going to have to keep an eye on that one too. He has talent that’s for sure, hopefully he’ll grow out of his ego. “You’ve wasted enough of our time.” He turns to the rest of the class. “If anyone else decides to do something stupid they’ll be the first ones to be expelled from the Hero Course.” His eyes flash red enhancing his warning. “Am I understood?”

“Yes, sir!!”

“Good now let’s move on.”

Ochaco grabs Lodestar’s arm. “Are you sure you can continue?”

“I’m fine.” He pushes her hand away and tries to give her a smile.

It’s small but it’s enough to satisfy her.

Lodestar looks over towards Bakugou who is still standing there in the same spot. ‘Kacchan…’

For now he’s not going to dwell on it, Bakugou isn’t what’s important right now, the Quirk Apprehension Test is and he’s got to focus on it here and now.

And so the Quirk Apprehension Test truly begins.

Aizawa leads the students away to start a different exercise instead. Like he said they can’t afford to waste time here.

First up is a 50-Meter Dash across a track with a camera bot stationed near the finish line.

Izuku eventually reverts back to normal, thankfully there doesn’t appear to be any lasting damage from Bakugou’s attack minus a few spots of soot on his clothes and in his hair.

Luckily for him by the time Aizawa gets through his explanation and the students get themselves organized the Omnitrix is back to being fully charged.

They’ll each go individually, so Izuku places himself in the middle of the line.

Tenya Iida’s up first and with his Engine Quirk perfectly tailored for this test he walks away with 3.04 seconds.

After him a girl by the name of Tsuyu Asui, a girl with features similar to that of a frog, literally
hops across the finish line with a score of 5.58 seconds. Izuku can’t help but feel like he’s seen her before from somewhere, but he can’t seem to recall where or when.

A few others go such as that pompous blonde that Izuku saved at the entrance exam. He uses his Naval Laser to rocket himself across the track although he constantly had to stop and refire the laser in order to continue.

The girl with pink skin and matching fluffy hair is next, sliding across the track with acid spilling out from the bottom of her feet.

Next up is the one and only Ochaco Uraraka. ‘Okay, if I concentrate maybe I can call upon One For All…’ Her face falls with disappointment. ‘But then again if I overdue it then there’s no way I’m going to be able to even attempt the next exercises. I guess I’ll just have to rely on my physical training rather than One For All.’ But that doesn’t mean she can’t rely on her other Quirk. “I’ll just make my clothes weightless that ought help me out a little.”

Unbeknownst to her, Aizawa eyes narrow in response as if he can tell what Ochaco is thinking.

The camera bot declares her score. “6.14 seconds!”

Ochaco grins clapping her hands together. ‘Not bad all things considered.’

Next is Bakugou, the way he carries himself suggests that something is weighing on his mind; whether it’s about his near act of murder or Izuku magically possessing a Quirk is unclear.

Bakugou looks back at the line behind him, his red eyes locking in on Izuku. The green-haired boy looks away in fright but his eyes drift back towards the ash-blondie. Their eyes lock making Izuku still up before he offers a shaky smile as to be friendly.

It fails, epically, Bakugou’s pupils shrink back like that of a predator and his usual scowl returns. ‘I’ll show you what a real Quirk can do, Deku!!’

With his arms outstretched at his sides Bakugou releases a series of explosions, they’re not powerful, but they’re strong enough to launch him forward. “Die!!” Like a runaway rocket on a runway Bakugou flies across the track, when he passes the finish line his feet skid across the ground as he comes to a complete stop.

“4.13 seconds!”

“Ha, my Quirk is the most versatile one here!!”

A couple of his classmates have the same opinion. ‘What a prick…’

Eventually, after a few more students go, it’s Izuku’s turn. ‘All right Omnitrix don’t screw this up for me.’

The students that were unfortunate to stand behind Izuku are once again blinded by a green eerie light.

“XLR8!!” XLR8 flicks his tail to test if it’s true, it is. “Ha, yes I’m two for two!!”

He’s so thrilled about the Omnitrix turning him into the correct alien that he misses his classmates’ astonished expressions.

After getting into a running stance XLR8 zips across the 50-meter track leaving behind a trail of
wind, dust, and looks of bewilderment.

“1.03 seconds!”

XLR8 zips by the camera bot leaning against it with his arms crossed. “Ah man, I thought I’d be faster.”

The class bursts out into an uproar. “FASTER!?!?”

Even Iida’s pride as a speedster is a bit wounded.

“What the hell?!?”

“What’s with this guy?!?”

“Just how many Quirks does he have?!?”

Aizawa’s doesn’t take his eyes off the blue raptor, examining his features, and all with a face of disinterest.

Ochaco approaches the transformed Izuku. “Why do you do that?”

“What?”

“Call out the name of your…transformation?” She looks around making sure nobody's listening in.

XLR8 all of a sudden becomes bashful. “Oh, I ah well, I thought it would be cool. You know to call out the names of my…transformations. You know?”

Ochaco shakes her head, it’s not of shame because of the entertained smile on her face. “You’re such a dork.”

The very confused crowd watch on before they decide to move on with their own runs, among them a girl with frog-like features holds a finger to her chin in curiosity.

Bakugou is just as if not more confused. ‘What. The. Hell?!’ How? How could Deku’s Quirk be so…so, versatile?! And why does this shitty blue lizard look so familiar?

Luckily, for XLR8, there’s no time for Bakugou to search, or threaten, for answers since they must move on with the exercises.

Next up is the Grip Strength, Aizawa leads them indoors for this one, handing out hand dynamometers.

Ochaco glares at her like it’s personally challenging her to an extremely difficult task. ‘Okay Ochaco you have to do it. Now’s the time. You have to use One For All.’ Or at least a fraction of it, if she can’t use it for such a simple task then there may not be any hope for her to control it.

She squeezes the dynamometer with as much strength as she can muster, trying to call upon her new power, the dynamometer sends out a beep when she reaches her max grip strength.

She’s very disappointed to see that it’s only 54 kg, not exactly the world record breaker she wanted.

“Wow!!”

Ochaco’s attention snaps over towards Shoji. It appears he’s gained a tiny audience. The guy with
strange circular elbows grins up at the multi-limbed teen. “540 kg?! Are you a gorilla or an octopus?!”

A height challenged boy stares up at Shoji, his face suggestion he’s thinking of something that’s very very wrong.

‘I wonder how Deku’s doing?’ Ochaco’s eyes wonder the group before landing on a red mass of muscle.

“Hi, Uraraka!” Four Arms waves over to her, in two of his hands are dynamometers. “Look I got 650 kg!”

Shoji and his admirers over hear him.

The one with odd elbows deadpans. “Upstage much, dude?”

Four Arms offers an apologetic smile in return. He winces back when he notices Ochaco’s face. She’s steaming mad, growling with irritation a part of just wants to scream out in frustration.

Shoji however looks like he’s just seen a ghost. “Oh, now I get it”

The boy with odd elbows raises an eyebrow. “Get what?”

“We did meet before.”

Four Arms trots over, finally he can properly explain himself. “We did you gave me directions that one time.”

“Indeed I did, I had no idea the same scrawny guy I saved at the exam was you though.”

Four Arms grins rubbing the back of his head. “Yeah, I know but tha-Hey! Who you calling scrawny?!?”

The next event is the Standing Long Jump. Those with Quirks that can aid their mobility have a much easier time making it across such as Bakugou who once again uses his explosions to rocket himself across.

Eventually Izuku’s up and this time as Terraspin.

Both Iida and Shoji both watch on in interest, glad to have some sense of knowing what this form is capable of.

Iida cups his chin. “Oh, so he does turn into a turtle.”

Shoji nods in agreement. “I suppose so.”

“His Quirk is odd isn’t it?”

A sweat drop forms on Shoji’s head; wondering if he of all people should even agree with Iida’s statement.

Once again with the right alien at his beck and call this task proves to be a sitch for Izuku all he does is fly right over the sand pit and to the other side. He even raises his arms up in self-celebration, both Aizawa and Bakugou are a bit irked by his display of vanity.
Ochaco is next, she considers using One For All again but her Zero-Gravity will probably prove just as useful if not better. She backs up and then press the tips of her fingers against her clothes, she then rolls back her sleeves and crosses her arms making sure to plant her fingers onto her skin activating her Quirk. With a running start she floats right over the sandpit albeit as she nears the end she’s moving so slowly that she has to do butterflies in midair in order to make it any further.

The fourth event is the Side-Stepping both Izuku and Ochaco go about this without aid of their superhuman powers, not fully sure how they could apply them in this situation.

Although the same cannot be said for some of their classmates who did manage to find ways incorporate their Quirks into the exercise such as the purple kid making clumps of his purple hair to act as springs while he bounces off of them at rapid speed.

Once everyone completed the Side-Stepping Aizawa takes every one back for the Ball Throw.

Aizawa let’s Izuku sit this one out since he’s already got the teen’s score from earlier.

Bakugou decides that he’ll go first, snatching the ball from his teacher’s hand. He eyes Izuku as he stomps his way towards the circle, making the shorter teen quiver.

‘I’ll show you what a real Quirk can do!’

He reels back his arm along with all the anger he has over Izuku’s sudden Quirk, for sure he’s going to address that issue later, and with a mighty roar he chucks the ball into the air firing off an explosion that equal in strength to the one he attacked Lodestar with. “DIE!!”

Somehow his roar of murder is louder than the actual explosion.

The soft ball flies through the air like a runaway meteor until it reaches the other side of the P.E. Grounds.

“706.4 meters!”

“HA!!! I win Deku!!”

“Wha?!”

He sure did...by 1.1 meters, it’s small but it’s enough for Bakugou to feel like he’s reasserted his dominance. God, is he going to let Deku have it later, but not while Eraserhead is around though. For now he’ll savor this victory, no matter how shallow it is.

Ochaco observes the stupid grin on the ash-blondes’s face, she hates to admit how much she would love to plant her fist against that face, especially after what he did to Deku. But an idea pops into her head, a brilliant idea, one that makes her smirk with evil delight.

With a soft ball in hand she purposely marches in front of Bakugou as he steps away from the circle. Their eyes meet and for a second the blonde is thrown off by the spiteful glint in her eyes.

‘What’s her deal?’

Ochaco looks between the ball and back at Bakugou to ensure that he’s watching; he is but mainly because he doesn’t understand why she’s looking at him the way she is.

The round-faced girl never stops smirking as she grips the ball, letting Zero-Gravity to take hold of it, before she tosses straight towards the sky.
The ball soars higher…and higher…and higher. Holy shit, it’s not stopping!

“Whoops!” Ochaco smirks back at the pile of shit that is Bakugou, sarcasm dripping from her voice. “Looks like I threw it too hard.”

‘What is she…?’ Bakugou’s eyes widen in pure horror, his eyes locked in on Ochaco’s score.

Several members of Class 1-A cry out in shock. “Infinity?!”

Sure enough the infinity symbol is on full display upon Aizawa’s phone as he holds it out for them all to witness.

Bakugou’s reaction though is what’s important to the gravity girl. ‘She…she completely…blew my score out of the water!! And she…WASN’T EVEN TRYING!!?’

Ochaco’s smirk becomes even more self-indulgent, his face is priceless, oh if only she had a camera! ‘Take that Bakugou you’re Quirk isn’t the end all be all!’

‘What. The. Hell?!’ Bakugou stares daggers at Ochaco’s retreating form, she doesn’t even look back at him to acknowledge him. ‘I will not be shown up! Not by Deku and not by some round-faced bitch!!’

During the next event Bakugou is sure he keeps the lead especially against Izuku and Ochaco. Although the event was an Endurance Run so it was somewhat complete overkill to throw thruster explosions into the mix to move faster, but Bakugou will be Bakugou.

Despite that both Ochaco and Izuku do well thankfully all of their physical training doesn’t allow them to wear out by the time it’s done.

The final two events are just as easy for them with them being the Seated-Toe Touch and Sit-Ups, but with no real foreseeable reason to use their “Quirks” they both decide to rely on their physical capabilities alone.

Unbeknownst to them, Aizawa leers at them the entire time they perform the exercises as if irritated about their lack of something in particular. Perhaps he’s irritated by their sense of safety thinking they’re safe from being terminated from the Hero Course. Nothing irks him more than those that don’t take things seriously.

And with that, the Quirk Apprehension Test is complete.

“Here are the results.” Aizawa’s electronic device lights up and a holographic projector forms in midair displaying the class’ rankings.

All the students scan the board for their names, Izuku and Ochaco find theirs having earned 6th and 7th place respectively. They both sigh in sweet relief knowing that they’re safe from being expelled from the Hero Course.

Although it’s too bad for the last placed kid, now identified as Minoru Mineta, the poor guy looks like he’s going to collapse from the shock.

Minoru is a very small young man with a large, round head, and rather large cheeks. His nose is small and stubby, and it sticks slightly upwards, and he has an unusually distinguishable philtrum, oval-shaped eyes with large, black pupils, and notably thin eyebrows. He has four large purple and black balls in something resembling a mohawk where his hair should be.
Even though it’s a tragic scenario both Izuku and Ochaco are just happy that they get to survive their first day of U.A. ‘Too bad for him, at least it’s not us.’

Aizawa notices the duo’s very relaxed and reassured expression. “Midoriya, Uraraka…” The named teens looks to their teacher in confusion. “You two are out, go home.”

And just like that their reality shatters around them, goodbye hopes and dreams. Even All Might’s face pales in shock, his usual immortal grin is now that of a gaping fish; Thirteen however just looks rather annoyed by all of this.

There are out cries amongst the class.

An invisible girl, like she’s actually invisible, gasps. “What?! Why?!”

A raven-haired girl with a rather mature physique for her age is visibly depressed. “I was wrong…?” She must have assumed that the expulsion was a ruse.

A muscular teen with large lips is completely astonished. “Oh, harsh.”

Standing next to him is Bakugou, who’s wearing a stupid satisfied grin on his face. ‘Ha, take that Deku! I knew U.A. would eventually wise up and realize you weren’t worthy of being here!’

A spiky red-haired teen with sharp teeth pushes his way forward through the crowd. “Hang on! That’s not right, man.”

“Yeah,” The teen with a wide grin and black-hair nods. “I thought that the person that gets last place was the one getting expelled?”

“I never said that,” Aizawa eyes the students, apparently they need to work on their listening skills. “I said that “the one who fails to show their potential will be judged as hopeless and will be expelled”. You were the ones that assumed I meant the one who came in last place.”

Mineta releases a large sigh, looks like he’s in the clear.

Iida, however, will not stand for this outrage. “You deceived us?! How could a professional as part of U.A. do such a thing?!” His right arm waves up and down as if to hammer in every word that comes out of his mouth.

Aizawa shrugs uncaringly. “I wouldn’t get so worked up about it.” Aizawa sighs, he might as well come forward. “Besides, I only said I would expel someone just to ensure that you all would do your best.”

The class blinks. Wait…? Is he saying what they think he’s saying?

“Yup,” Aizawa’s Totoro-like smile pops out from behind his scarf. “it was a rational deception!” He only went through with the lie to see Ochaco’s and Izuku’s faces.

Hey, bringing misery to teenagers is one of the main perks of becoming a teacher, and there’s no way Aizawa is going to miss out on the fun.

The mature physiqued girl holds hand to her chest as she sighs in relief. “Thank goodness, I was right…”

From their hiding spot, Thirteen eyes at Aizawa with an exasperated look. ‘I knew it.’

But what’s important are the non-expelled students’ reactions. ‘A deception? So, that means…’
tears of joy leak from their eyes as they both simultaneously cheer in pure joy at the sky. “We’re not expelled!!”

Their homeroom teacher’s voice cuts right through their moment. “I wouldn’t be so sure.” he turns to the rest of the class. “Understand this, at any point if we find any of you unfit to become heroes any teacher here has the right to expel any of you.” He eyes Bakugou specifically, the teen at least has the sense to look somewhat perturbed. “Am I understood?”

“Yes, sir!”

Satisfied with his class’ answer Aizawa figures that he’s tormented them enough for today. “All of you are dismissed, with the exception of you two.” He’s of course referring to our main duo.

Class 1-A begins to leave for the locker rooms, few of them look back in worry for their classmates’ situation wondering what their teacher has to say to them.

All Might and Thirteen continue to watch on from afar.

“What is he up to?”

“I’m…not completely sure.”

For now all they can do is watch.

Izuku fidgets in place, he really doesn’t like this, just what is their teacher planning?

Ochaco is equally if not more worried if her fidgeting hands are any indication.

Aizawa taps away at his phone, probably to prepare for whatever he has planned. “Midoriya.”

“Y-yes!” Why does his reply sound like a yap of a scared little dog?

If she wasn’t so nervous, Ochaco would have giggled at Izuku’s yelp.

“How…many of those transformations do you have?”

“Oh, nine…?” Come on Izuku be more confident with your answers.

“And each one has its own…abilities?”

Izuku hesitantly nods his head.

“Allright,” From the space between his scarf he tosses Izuku a soft ball much like the one from before. “I want you to do all the tests again.”

Izuku tilts his head to the side. What purpose would that serve?

“I want you to do all the tests again but this time each one of your transformations, including how you are now, have to complete each and every task.”

“H-how come, sir?”

Aizawa is really exasperated now. “The point of the Quirk Apprehension Test was to help not only you all to gauge your capabilities but for me as well. As your teacher I need as much info that I can get about my students in order to best prepare all of you for the future.”
Oh, that makes sense. So he needs as much info not just on Izuku but on his forms as well since they are technically him as well.

Ochaco takes a cautious step forward, her hand is up warily like one would do to ask an embarrassing question. “Um, do I have to do the tests again too?”

Aizawa tucks his hands into his pockets. “Not sure, it depends.”

“Depends?”

Rather than answer her, the black-haired man turns his attention back to the freckled-faced boy. “What are you waiting for?”

Izuku blinks.

“I gave you your instructions.” He waves the back of his hand as to get the kid moving. “And make sure to be quick about it. I couldn’t help but notice the apparent time limit you have, we’ll have to work on that.”

“Um?” Izuku looks down at the soft ball before scanning the P.E. Grounds; the camera bots are still positioned at the various exercise stations, there’s even an extra camera bot but this one is holding equipment to help with the Grip Strength, Seated-Toe Touch, and Sit-Ups.

Izuku curiously looks back towards his teacher and the sight makes him blanches.

Eraserhead’s hair rises up as his eyes flash red. “Stop wasting my time.” His voice drips with irritation.

Out of pure reflex Izuku salutes in response. “Right, right away sir!!” And without looking he activates and slams down on the Omnitrix.

Aizawa and Ochaco have to cover their eyes, when they are able to look again, a very nervous Feedback is already running over towards the pitching circle.

As Feedback begins the tests using his electricity to fire the ball into the air, Ochaco is left to suffer in the festering awkward silence between her and her teacher as the watch Feedback race over to the 50-meter dash tacks.

“Um, Mr. Aizawa, you never fully answered my question from before…”

Aizawa looks on in disinterest acting like he never heard her.

And so they’re back to watching Feedback run around the P.E. Grounds from the Standing Long Jump to the Endurance Run. The stewing silence is really getting to the round-faced girl now, just how much longer are they just going to stand her?!

“Uraraka.”

Ochaco nearly jumps in surprise, she had gotten so used to the silence that she wasn’t expecting Aizawa to say something. “Yes?”

“Would you care to explain your secondary Quirk to me?”

…

Que total and utter panic. Ochaco leaps back as if to get away waving her arms about in a frenzy as

Way to be subtle, Uraraka, he’ll never suspect a thing.

Aizawa doesn’t look at all disturbed by her reaction, in fact he may have been expecting it. “I already know about your Zero-Gravity Quirk thanks to your file. But I’m talking about that Quirk you used during the entrance exam.”

“The entrance exam?” Oh, right he means how she punched the 0-pointer’s face in.

How is she going to explain this? All Might and her never even thought about a cover story…that probably should have been something to prioritize, even Deku has an alibi to explain the Omnitrix.

‘What should I do? Do I tell him the truth? No…or maybe…?’ Maybe she should just play along with Aizawa’s assumption. “To be honest, I didn’t become aware of it until the entrance exam.” That is pretty much the truth. “And I’m not fully sure what it is or what it’s capable of and because of that I didn’t see how updating my Quirk Registry would be any help.”

In the background Feedback flops onto the ground having completed the Endurance Run and now he’s onto the Seated-Toe Touch.

Aizawa scratches at his cheek his mind replaying what he witnessed during the exam. “From what I understand you’re Zero-Gravity is pretty straight forward: press all five fingers onto something and it becomes weightless, pressing your fingers together releases this effect, and if you use it too much you could get nauseous. Am I correct?” His eyes drift to her right arm, the arm that she used to demolish the behemoth of a robot. “But that power you used, even unintentionally, was not something you could feasible do with Zero-Gravity and so my conclusion is…your Quirk evolved.”

‘Evolved…?’ This may be an out for her, but she has some questions. “What do you mean?”

“It’s rare, but it does occur, where people experience a dramatic change or facet of their Quirks, usually in extremely stressful situations. Sort of like a last minute safeguard.”

“How could that be though?”

He shrugs. “Not sure, honestly, there’s so much we as a society don’t understand about Quirks. Hell, we can’t even say how or why we were given these abilities, yet we have them.” Aizawa’s eyes drift upward towards the clear blue sky as if it holds the answers, before his gaze falls back towards the P.E. Grounds. “Honestly, I thought Midoriya had multiple Quirks as well, but from what I’ve seen he only has one OP Quirk…although with a major weakness.”

Ochaco isn’t quite sure what he means until she takes a look for herself. He has a time limit. It looks like the Omnitrix has timed out and Izuku, as a human, is going through the tests again so Aizawa can compare his basic stats.

“There are all kinds of Quirks out in the world, it’s not at all surprising.”

‘Huh, what do you know? I guess he doesn’t know about All Might’s Quirk, but…what is he getting at?’ Ochaco inhales before speaking. “But sir, what does this have to do with my quote-on-quote expulsion?”

“Just like with Midoriya we need to understand the limits and capabilities of your latent Quirk. So,
I need you to run the tests again but only use the…superpowered version of your Quirk.”

That may be an issue.

“But sir,” Ochaco gazes at her open hand. “I can’t fully control it yet,” Her frown deepens. “heck, I don’t even know how to properly summon it.”

And if she can’t even summon One For All how could she even consider herself All Might’s successor?

Aizawa scratches his head, an annoyed expression adorns his face. “Ugh, well I guess that explains why you never used it in the first place.” He exhales. “Alright, I guess we have a starting point now.” He cups his mouth thinking on how to move on from here.

Eventually something comes to mind. “Meditate.”

“W-what?”

“You are going to meditate. I want you to sit and think on your Quirk.” Aizawa turns pointing a finger at her head. “You need to reflect on how and why your Quirk activated. What were you feeling? What was going on in your mind when it appeared? And what do you know about it? Contemplate on all of these things.” He moves his finger downward until it’s pointing at her heart. “When you do then and only then will you truly know how to summon your new found power.” He begins to step away so he can check up on Izuku’s progress (he’s currently performing the Standing Long Jump). “You have until Midoriya fully completes the tests that should give you plenty of time.” With that final piece of instructions her homeroom teacher takes his leave.

Ochaco grips her wrist, her mind repeating Aizawa’s instructions. ‘Reflect on how I felt, huh…?’ But what was she feeling, thinking, during that moment? ‘It was just so fast she can’t recall any of those things. Was she scared? Yes. Happy? No. Angry? Maybe. Sad? No.

But what was going through her mind? What was it…?

Ochaco grabs her head in frustration. “Hmmm, this may take longer than I thought!”

And so for the next hour or so this is how things played out: Ochaco eventually took a seat under a nearby tree to ponder about how to properly summon One For All. When she thinks she has a breakthrough she would focus as hard as she can, her hands balled up into tight fists, trying to get One For All to show some kind of response. All attempts end in failure, and her becoming more and more frustrated. It gets so bad at one point that she actually screams out in madden fury as she rolls around the dirt like a child throwing a tantrum.

Meanwhile, Izuku wears himself ragged as he goes through transformation after transformation the only rest is when the Omnitrix has to recharge allowing him to relief himself and get some much needed water.

Four Arms really proved himself during the physical tests, for obvious reasons, though he did skip the Grip Strength mainly because he already did it earlier.

Water Hazard also does fairly well especially on the ball throw and the long jump. For the last one Izuku took a page out of Bakugou’s playbook by rocketing himself up and over the sand pit by blasting water behind him. The Sit-Ups and Seated Touches, however, were embarrassing to say the least; as it turns out Water Hazard isn’t exactly flexible.

Ditto, though, does really well at the Sit-Ups considering his diminutive size, heck a clone was
actually holding his feet down for him for this one. The clones also proved useful during the Standing-Long Jump and Endurance Run: Izuku tried to do a human (Splixson) ladder to reach across to the other side, but they ended up tipping over and only made it a quarter of the way and as for the Endurance Run Ditto would create a clone to tag in and continue after a few laps... Stubby short legs are really not meant for this kind of stuff.

Terraspin does a fairly average job all things considered, although, he messed up on the ball throw. The whirlwind he made ended up throwing the ball off course and so it didn’t reach as far as he thought it would.

XLR8 also proved himself during most of the exercises minus the Grip Strength, his species isn’t really built towards strength, just look at his thin arms.

Izuku struggles the most as Grey Matter and Ripjaws: one because of his tiny size and the other because they had to stop and hose him down with water in order for him to even breathe. Aizawa really didn’t find it at all amusing to see a fishman flop around on the ground gasping for breath.

While Izuku rests after nearly suffocating, Ochaco continues to try and fail to summon All Might’s Quirk. “I can’t do it!” Ochaco flops onto her back trying to find solace amongst the clouds.

She keeps trying to call upon the fear she felt and worry she felt when she took down the 0-pointer but still nothing.

Deciding to take a quick break, for the hundredth time, Ochaco sits up cross legged as Lodestar sprints the 50-Meter Dash, well, more like he pulls himself forward by magnetizing the metal chain fence at the other end of the P.E. Grounds.

‘How does he do it?’ Her face scrunches up in irritation. ‘He’s Quirkless and yet he never seems to struggle with activating his powers. I have two and I can’t even turn one on!’

She’s missing something, but what is it? Maybe...maybe she’s focusing on the wrong thing.

She inhales and then exhales. ‘Okay Ochaco let’s think back one last time. What was going on: there was a loud crash, then the ground shook, people were screaming, and she was scared... No.’ She shakes her head, her hair whipping around her face. ‘That’s not everything I...I saw Deku he was trapped and he...was going to die! And I was terrified! No!! Stop it Ochaco fear and adrenaline wasn’t the answer...but what is?’ Deku was trapped and going to die. He was in trouble. He was scared. He...needed saving.

“That’s it!!” Ochaco springs to her feet as eureka strikes. “I have been focusing on the wrong thing!” She raises her fists readying another attempt. ‘I need to focus on that, the need I felt to do something, to take action, to save the day!’ She didn’t force One For All out it surged through her, she unknowingly willed it forward, that’s what she must do not force it but releases it!

She takes a fighting stance her fist reeling behind her, a look of focus and determination adorns her features.

All Might continues to observe it’s all he really can do other than ponder on and on about what’s she’s going to do.

There it is the flow, the rushing wave of immense power coursed her arm in the form of a pink illuminating aura. “Now!” She launches her fist upward and in spectacular fashion a whirlwind blasts forward into the air like a beam of light.

The blast of wind kicks up the earth around her launching dust and grass at her teacher and
Lodestar both were caught off guard by the sudden display of power.

Ochaco stares in wonder of her great feat, her eyes drift down to her arm that’s encased in a heavenly glow. “I…I… I did it!!” She cries out in pure blissful joy. She’s really done it! “Ow, but it hurts.” The pink aura evaporates as she gently grabs her arm, it’s red, bruised, and swelling. ‘Hgn, I really need to dial it back.’

“Well, done.” Aizawa approaches, although she does notice that his voice remains as indifferent as ever. “Although it took you longer than expected.” Yeah, nearly two hours. “Did you figure it out?”

“I-I think so, although it seems I need to work on the output though.” She raises her arm, wincing in pain, so he could take a look for himself.

“It appears so,” Aizawa pulls out a little piece of paper and a pen, before jotting something down. “Here go see Recovery Girl and get that fixed up.”

She takes the note, reading it over; it’s an injury notice for the school’s nurse. “Right.”

An exhausted Lodestar joins the two, he slouches over as he regains his breath. “Nice… job… Uraraka.”

In a flash of red light Izuku takes Lodestar’s place.

“Thanks, Deku. But are you okay?”

Izuku nods his head, his hair sticking to his sweaty forehead. Man, he’s really sweating like a pig understandable considering he had to perform the Quirk Apprehension Test multiple times!

Aizawa doesn’t even offer the boy a sympathetic look as if he’s expected to work himself to the bone. Well, when you consider the school’s modo then that just may be the case. “We really need to see if we can change that time limit of yours.” He pulls out his phone before a large holographic display projects itself above them.

**Names:**

- Four Arms 1st
- Feedback 2nd
- Water Hazard 3rd
- XLR8 4th
- Terraspin 5th
- Lodestar 6th
- Izuku Midoriya 7th
- Ditto 8th
- Ripjaws 9th
- Grey Matter 10th
Izuku smiles, proud of the results.

“Don’t look so smug. But good job nonetheless, now I have a good base to work with. However, I hope you know what this means.”

Izuku leans his head to the side. “What sir?”

Ochaco wonders the same thing, she might as well listen up as well.

Their teacher releases an exasperated breath. “Even with your Quirk, especially because of your Quirk, you have to work even more than anyone else here.”

“What do you mean?”

Even Ochaco looks a bit taken back, their teacher is really confusing!

“Since your Quirk allows you access to multiple Quirks that means you have to train yourself to use each and every one of them to their full potential.”

‘He’s right,’ The alien transforming human peers back up at the scoreboard looking over all of his scores. ‘Just because I have access to all these aliens doesn’t mean I can slack off. If anything right now I have to work 10 times harder not only for my aliens but for myself as well...’ He views his own results, as in his normal weak human form results; 7th place not that impressive when you think about it, heck it should be 8th considering Ripjaws did so poorly because they had to stop and get him water the entire time. ‘Compared to my aliens I’m actually pretty weak and fragile in comparison even with Thirteen’s physical training.’ And there will definitely be times where he can’t rely on the Omnitrix. What if it were to malfunction or run out of power while he was confronting a villain or performing a rescue?! He needs to make sure that he’s efficient with all of his transformations, he needs to be adaptable, and he can’t ignore his own capabilities. “I’ll work hard, sir!”

His teacher approves, although he gives no indication of showing it.

Ochaco, still cradling her injury, considers her own progress or lack thereof. She too has a lot of hard work ahead of her, starting with her power output.

“Well any way I say that’s enough for the day. Midoriya do you mind seeing Uraraka to the infirmary I rather she not get injured any further.”

“You got it.”

After a farewell nod of their heads Izuku leads the way to the infirmary, besides hopefully this little side quest will give him some time to relax.

Aizawa watches as his students enter the building before he decides to call out his somewhat incompetent colleagues. “Did you two enjoy the show?” He doesn’t even turn to look at them and after what they’ve been doing there’s no need to show them that much respect. “Don’t bother hiding, honestly, it’s amazing none of the students noticed, especially you.” He is of course referring to All Might and his magnificent glory that is only out completed by the sun itself.

The Number One Hero steps away from behind his hideaway and approaches the less than friendly pro hero. “THAT WAS A PRETTY NASTY PRANK YOU PULLED. THREATENING EXPULSION, SERIOUSLY?”

“What makes you think it was a prank?”
“NANI?” That remark makes All Might a bit wary.

“I was being completely serious if any of those students at any point demonstrated that they don’t have what it takes to become heroes then there’s no point in keeping them around.”

All Might grimaces. ‘ISN’T THAT A BIT HARSH THOUGH?’

“But anyway care to explain why you were watching?”

Thirteen appears from behind All Might’s muscular form. “We were curious about Class 1-A since they’ll be both of our first classes this semester.”

“R-RIGHT!”

Aizawa eyes his colleagues try to gauge if they’re lying or not. “Hm, if that’s the case I’ll send you the results of the Quirk Apprehension Test.”

The Number One Hero gives him a big thumbs up. “MUCH APPRECIATED!”

Aizawa eyes All Might for a moment, silently coming to some sort of conclusion, before turning away to leave. “All Might since I’m technically your senior when it comes to teaching how about some free advice?”

“LAY IT ONE ME!”

“As a teacher it’s your job to prepare your students for any and all situations.” He shifts his head ever so slightly making sure that the big buffoon is listening to his words. “Fail to do that and it could spell disaster for everyone.” With nothing left to do Aizawa takes his leave probably to find a quiet place to nap.

As they watch him lurk away Thirteen pats All Might’s arm gaining his attention. “He’s right you know. You have to make sure you’re giving each student the proper amount of time and effort to help them succeed. That includes considering their feelings and even circumstances.”

“What do you mean?”

“Every student is different and I don’t just mean their personalities and Quirks but their values, ambitions, and circumstances. It’s good when you keep yourself open to those kinds of things as to better understand them allowing you to better teach them.”

All Might considers the advice eyeing his much shorter colleague. He really can’t tell if they’re serious or not thanks to the large black helmet.

Thirteen sighs waving his hand as if to say not to take things too seriously. “Other than that just be yourself.”

Their phone rumbles in their pocket, Thirteen slides it out of his pocket to find a message requesting for their presence.

“Ah, that would be our boss. I better get going and see what he wants.” Thirteen pockets their phone before jogging away for the main U.A. building. They wave All Might goodbye. “Take care All Might!”

“SEE YA!” He returns the wave keeping it up until All Might is the only one left on the P.E. grounds. ‘I NEED TO TAKE THEIR ADVICE TO HEART…’ He sighs looking up to the once
clear sky, it looks like clouds have started rolling in, and maybe it’s a sign of a storm occurring in the future. ‘I NEED TO DO BETTER FOR YOUNG URARAKA.’ He recalls watching with festering anguish as Ochaco struggled to summon One For All. ‘I SHOULD HAVE BETTER PREPARED HER, THEN AGAIN I NEVER REALLY HAD THAT MUCH TROUBLE WITH ONE FOR ALL...I GUESS THAT’S WHAT THIRTEEN MEANS BY EVERYONE BEING DIFFERENT.’ All Might coughs into his hand as a splatter of blood appears on his hand. Realizing he’s been buffed out for far too long today he poofs back into his much weaker form. “Tomorrow is a new day. So, I’ll just have to make sure I do things right.”

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Ochaco lets out one big yawn as both her and Izuku exited through the main U.A. doors.

“How’s the arm?”

Ochaco flexes said arm. “It’s in tiptop shape!” Her smile wavers slightly. ‘For now at least. It’s more likely I’m going to experience even more pain in the future if I want to master All Might’s Quirk.’

“So, this new power of yours are you finally going to tell me about it?” In a flash, Izuku has his Quirk Analysis notebook out and ready.

‘He sure is quick with that thing.’ Ochaco offers a worried smile. “Yeah, about that.” She claps her hands together. “I’m so sorry but they haven’t given me permission to talk about it yet! I’m sorry!”

“It’s okay I understand, there’s no rush.” Despite his smile, his mind can’t help but be disappointed. ‘Although I really want to know about this transferring Quirk and what it can do.’

“So, what do you think of our teacher, Mr. Aizawa?”

“Oh, uh, he’s...strict.”

“That may be an understatement.’ Ochaco holds a finger to her chin. “You said he was the pro hero Eraserhead right?”

“Yeah, he can cancel Quirks just by looking at you.”

Ochaco’s eyes widen in amazement. “Oh, wow. Then you must have been really lucky.”

“Hm?”

Ochaco points at her own eyes with one hand and pulls up her hair with the other. “Well, if he used his Quirk on you then there’s a pretty good chance that it wouldn’t work, right?” She releases her hair. “Cause you don’t really have a Quirk.”

…

“Aaaaahhh!!” Izuku collapses right then and there, holding his head as he presses it against the ground.

“Deku?! Are you okay?!”

“Oh, m-m-m-m-my G-g-g-g-god! H-he c-could e-end up e-e-ex-exposing m-me!”

He totally overlooked this! If Eraserhead decides to use his Quirk on Izuku then it won’t work and
he may discover the truth! What is he supposed to do then? Play oblivious? Beg him to keep a world shattering secret? Oh, man, this could be a disaster.

Ochaco pales. “W-well, I-I’m s-sure we c-can find a work around like…” Ochaco presses her fist into her palm. “I got it!! We’ll throw a blanket over you every time we think he’s going to use it on you.”

Izuku presses his head onto the ground further wishing he could bury it into the dirt as he releases a painstaking moan.

“What is this? You are a student of U.A. you should not be laying in the dirt like some boar! You have to represent this great establishment at all times!”

As Izuku stops moaning and lifts his head up, Ochaco smiles worried at the newcomers hoping they didn’t hear their conversation. “Oh, hi Iida, Shoji.”

Iida and Shoji are both hanging around the main gate of U.A. They’re both in their school uniforms with their bags slung over their shoulders.

Iida’s arm shoots up quickly like a robot trying to mimic waving. “Hello, Uraraka.”

“What are you two doing here still?” She looks between the both of them waiting for an answer.

Shoji is the one to reply. “Well, after we were sent back to the classroom the principal came by to give us our own welcome speech and guidance sessions. Since Mr. Aizawa didn’t let us attend the real one.”

Iida decides to cut in on this. “Yes, it was quite the warm welcome like that one would expect from such a prestigious academy that is U.A. Although, I did think the principal was a rather odd man, but even so he held himself with such professionalism. It was really quite inspiring! …”

Shoji gives his classmate an odd and somewhat concerned look.

“You must have been the only one to enjoy it, since it was nearly two hours long.’

As Iida continues to ramble on about the level of grandeur here, Izuku gets back on his feet and listens on to his fellow classmate. ‘You know I thought he was mean at first, but really he just has a lot of respect for heroes and school.’

Iida cups his chin as if to consider something critical. “Although, I don’t think that can be said for everyone here.” Iida grimaces shaking his head from side to side. “Our own homeroom teacher isn’t above pulling dirty tricks. And what’s up with that Bakugou character he outright tried to attack a fellow student! Unforgivable.”

Izuku sheepishly chuckles, mostly to himself, at that remark. ‘To be honest, Kacchan’s reaction may have been justified…for once.’

“Excuse me, kero.”

Ochaco turns around as Izuku peeks around her, standing behind her is the frog-like girl who must have approached them while they were talking. She must have been hiding out somewhere nearby and waiting to talk to them.

She’s short with a relatively slender build, her hands are notably large, with a very wide yet somewhat cute mouth, and oval-shaped eyes. Her hair is a dark sea-green color, and is very long, reaching all the way to her waist, the ends tied together at the bottom in a bow of hair.
“Nice to meet you, I’m Tsuyu Asui but please call me Tsu.”

Everyone is quick to greet her with friendly smiles “Nice to meet you Tsu/Asui.”

Izuku offers a smile. “Is there something we can help you with?”

“In a way. I just wanted to talk to you.” She points a large finger at the only other greenette of Class 1-A. “Specifically you Midoriya.”

What is she talking about? “Oh, about what?”

“It’s about that form you took, the blue dinosaur one; the one that can move really fast, kero.” If anyone was paying attention they would have noticed Iida in the background clutching at his chest as if it was stabbed.

Izuku takes a moment to think. “Oh, you mean XLR8?” He asks with a smile.

Tsuyu nods. “Yes. Do you mind changing into it real quick, kero?”

Izuku shrugs his shoulders. “Um, sure I don’t see the harm.” With little to no hesitation Izuku transforms himself into the requested form.

The iridescent light is quick to disappear allowing XLR8 to appear. “Well here I am!”

Tsuyu eyes scan the creature from head to tail, before coming to a conclusion. “I knew it.”

XLR8 slowly lowers his hands. “Pardon?”

“You probably don’t remember but you saved me once.”

“I did?!” Now that’s a shock! Where and when did he save her?! The mall maybe?

“Yes, but I understand if you forget it was a rather quick thing.” It’s really hard to gauge whether or not she’s offended by his forgetfulness, but her voice doesn’t seem to hint at an animosity. “It was a runaway truck. It was going to crash into me and my little siblings, but you used your speed to save us.”

“Siblings…?” XLR8 scratches his chin trying to remember such an incident. “Oh, I remember now! It was a month before the entrance exam! The driver had lost control over the truck and was screaming like a mad man.”

He did save her, so those little kids were her siblings, and she’s in the hero course, too! What are the odds? Well, that explains a lot after all she did look like she was calm and ready to jump over the truck so she must be really good with her Quirk if she’s here. “

“That’s the one.”

“Oh, my I never even recognized you.” XLR8 bows repeated at such a fast speed that Tsuyu can almost use him as a fan. “I’m so sorry!”

“Why are you apologizing?” XLR8 stops to peer up at her. “You saved me and for that,” She bows her long green hair flips over her head as she does so. “Thank you, you saved not only my life but the lives of my precious siblings. Thank you.”

XLR8 is left speechless; the last thing he honestly expected was a thank you. It’s not like he did it for the recognition, even so he can’t stop the sense of pride in his heart. He feels light yet like he
could take on anything. Maybe he can with all his aliens there’s no situation that he can’t handle. He can save the day!

“Well done, Midoriya!” Thanks Iida, you killed the moment.

XLR8 flinches in response, he was not mentally prepared for Iida’s loud and stern voice.

With a mischievous grin, like one of a cat playing with its prey, Ochaco coyly elbows Izuku’s side. “Look at you already saving damsels in distress.”

It feels like XLR8’s face is boiling with scalding hot water. He’s pretty sure that steam is emitting from his mouth as if his soul has withdrawn from his own body. Ochaco laughs at the sight of a blue reptile’s face turning into a complete shade of red. It’s so bad XLR8 has his visor shut close as to help hide his face, but despite that he still uses his claws hands to hide behind as he begs Ochaco to stop mocking him.

While XLR8 tries to calm down Shoji approaches Tsuyu and introduces himself. Afterwards they watch on as Iida continues to praise XLR8 for his chivalry and Ochaco enjoys his reactions. “You know the first time I met him he was trying to save Uraraka then, too.”

“That doesn’t surprise me, kero.” Tsuyu looks up to the giant of a teen. He looks down and finds a kind friendly smile on her face, and despite her mostly unreadable expression it is clear that she is smiling. “It is nice to know that we have such amazing people in our class, huh?”

“Absolutely.”

Iida once again cuts the moment short, “Come on now! Let’s not dawdle we all need to be at our respective homes before dusk!” He begins marching past the main gates. “Let’s go!”

Everyone else salutes simultaneously before following along. “Aye!!”

A thought pops into XLR8’s mind, he unnecessarily zips himself to Ochaco’s side. “Speaking of which, you live in Endori, correct? That’s pretty far from here. I could give you a ride if you want. I mean…?” He gestures to himself, knowing that she would understand what he’s offering.

Ochaco gasps, but not of worry but of a simple mistake. “Oh, I didn’t tell you.”

XLR8 blinks. “Tell me what?”

“My folks were so proud of me for getting into the Hero Course that they got me my own apartment here in Musutafu!”

“Really? That’s great.”

“Yup, it’s a tiny little thing; it’s a studio apartment” It’s basically one big room with enough space for a makeshift kitchen. “But since I’m the only one using it I don’t really need a whole lot of space.” Her eyes drift away as she considers something else. “But I’ve been thinking of getting a part time job to help pay for necessities. This way my folks don’t have to pay for everything.”

“That’d be nice. Any ideas what you would do?”

She smiles softly. “I have one idea.”

As the newly group of five make their way to the train station a certain ash-blond bastard with a pension to violence glares at their retreating forms.
“Dammit, Deku! Just what the hell is going on?! You’re supposed to be Quirkless?! Have you been lying all this time just so humiliate me?! Well guess what? You better not get comfortable shitty Deku, because the first chance I get to put you back in your place I can guarantee,” There’s a maddening glint in his crimson eyes. “I’ll fucking kill you!”

Chapter End Notes

Well that was Ch.11. What do you think? Please let me know. Again Ch.12 may take a while to get here, mainly because my laptop is broken. Look forward to Ch.12 nonetheless since it'll be All Might's combat training!
Battle!! It's time for Izuku to confront yet another terrible excuse for a friend! And this time there is no holding back. Let's go Izuku! You can do it!

Hey everyone!! I got my laptop back and it’s as good as new! And even better news, inspiration really struck while I was writing this chapter hence why it’s out earlier than expected. Isn’t that great?! I think you’re all are really going to enjoy this one.

The following morning, Class 1-A took part in their normal everyday classes, with many of them wishing that they were doing anything else. Such classes include English with Present Mic, who is way too enthusiastic and loud for that early in the morning.

Present Mic stands at the front of the class holding a standard English textbook.

Present Mic is a tall, slim man with long blond hair, which he wears spiked upwards in a huge tuft behind his head, and a small mustache. He has rectangular eyes with concentric greenish-yellow pupils, which are hidden behind a pair of orange-tinted shades.

His hero costume consists of a black jacket with a very tall collar with studs, matching black pants, and knee-high boots. Around his neck is a large directional speaker which is clearly used to assist his Quirk.

He turns to the class and notices their dulled expressions. “Now which of these sentences contains a mistake?”

‘So, boring…’

“What’s with those bored expressions?!” He swings his arm into the air with too much energy that is physically possible that early in the morning. “All right everybody! HANDS UP AND SHOW ME SOME SPIRIT!!”

‘Too loud!’ Ochaco has to press her textbook around her ears in order to even muffle his voice. He’s so loud in fact that it’s actually making her head spin.

Next up for them is Midnight’s Modern Hero Art History.

Midnight is a tall, curvaceous woman with sky blue eyes, and red painted nails. She has abundant spiky dark purple hair with strands reaching down below her waist.

Her hero costume is very similar to one of a traditional dominatrix. She wears a black leather breastless leotard over a white bodysuit, which emphasizes her…assets, the leotard possessing red
gemstone-like accessories in a vertical pattern from the collar to the midriff. She also wears translucent black thigh-high stockings and black knee-boots. She has a small, red mask outlining her eyes, a handcuff on each wrist, and a red utility belt decorated with gold studs around her hips, a matching pentagonal buckle in its center. And for some reason she’s constantly whipping around a flogger-style whip.

Izuku is furiously blushing in his seat as Midnight trots between the aisles as if she’s modeling for a fashion show. ‘Why the heck did someone let her become a teacher!!’

He’s not the only one being affected, even some of the girls look a little hot and bothered by her antics. But whether Midnight is aware or not of her effect on them is unclear.

Midnight swings around to face the class. “The Sokovia Accords were signed in 2016 to further regulate superpowered and enhanced individuals. However, the Accords resulted in the split of one of the most prominent hero organizations of the twenty first century.” She cracks her flogger-style whip. “Can anyone tell me why they split up!!”

The dark-haired girl sitting a seat behind Izuku raises her hand. “I can, ma’am.”

“Yaoyorozu!”

Momo Yaoyorozu is a fairly tall teenage girl with a rather mature physique, considering her age. She has long black hair that’s tied into a spiky ponytail with onyx eyes.

Yaoyorozu stands clearing her throat before she speaks. “You see, one side believed that those with Quirks should be placed in check and overseen by the government. While the opposite side believed that everyone had the freedom to choose how and when they can use their Quirks.”

‘Wow, she’s smart. Did she have that memorized already?’

That’s how their morning went until it was lunch time. Where they discovered that the food is to die for, even the cheap stuff; it’s like it came straight out of a five-star restaurant! Although that’s thanks to the Cook Hero: Lunch Rush’s master craftsmanship.

Afterwards Class 1-A find themselves back in their homeroom class waiting in anticipation for what’s bound to be their first ever true class of the Hero Course.

A girl with earphone jacks hanging from each of her earlobes leans forward in her seat as to talk to Shoji who is sitting directly in front of her. “I wonder who our teacher is going to be.”

Her name is Kyoka Jiro and she’s a petite, slender built girl with triangular, lazy-looking onyx eyes. Her hair is short, about chin length, and is dark purple in color with an asymmetrical fringe, and two reflections shaped like sound waves on either side of her head. Her most prominent features are of course the earphone jacks that act like extra limbs.

Shoji turns to address her. “I heard they got someone new this year. But I’m not sure who it is.”

Tsuyu overhears them. “Maybe Mr. Aizawa will be in charge of it, kero.”

“I hope not.” A pinked-skin girl leans back in her seat. “He’s a total downer.”

Listening in, Ochaco internally gasps. ‘Wait, didn’t All Might mention something about working here. So that must mean…’ A wide smug smile spreads on her face. ‘No way!! He is, oh I can’t wait!’ Her eyes gleam with anticipation, she can’t wait, this class is so going to be awesome! ‘I bet Deku’s reaction will be the best, he’s going to be so surprised I wouldn’t doubt if he started
cheering like Present Mic.’ She giggles at the thought, although she would much prefer it if he
didn't scream out like their loudmouthed teacher.

“I. AM. HERE!” That’s the signal, before the class door swings open and a glorious titan of a
figure presents himself, his cape bellowing forward emphasizing his entrance **“WALKING
THROUGH THE DOOR LIKE A NORMAL PERSON!”**

“It’s All Might!! Incredible he’s really gonna teach us!!”

“That his Silver Age costume!”

“His text is even different from ours!!”

**“HELLO STUDENTS ARE YOU READY FOR,”** he pauses for effect. **“HERO BASIC
TRAINING?!”**

“YEAH!!” The class roars in excitement, their hearts are racing, making them even more pumped
for what’s to come.

All Might let’s out a full-hearted laugh as the students decide to bask in his greatness.

Izuku’s eyes immediately light up like that of a child waking up on Christmas and discovering a
mountain of gifts under the tree. **‘It’s All Might!! It’s really All Might!!’** His grin is huge and full of
pure joy, almost as if he won the lottery. ‘I, I can’t believe it! He’s here, he’s really here! And as a
teacher!’

Ochaco, who’s gotten used to All Might more than dramatic entrances, is busy observing Izuku’s
reaction, finding his shining grin a sight to behold.

Somehow his grin becomes even wider and brighter. **‘Amazing, with the Number One Hero
teaching us, there’s no doubt we’ll become outstanding heroes!’** A brilliantly light lightbulb pops
into his mind. ‘**Wait, I should ask him about different techniques to apply to my transformations!’**
Izuku hurriedly digs through his backpack looking for his Quirk Analysis notebook. **‘This’ll be
great! I can ask him all sorts of things, about his Quirk, how to best apply myself, and…and…’**

Oh, no. Izuku’s grin and previously bright demeanor falls apart. ‘**Wait…’** Izuku shakily looks up
toward the Symbol of Peace who is trying and failing to calm the class. ‘He…he knows. I-I told
him I was Quirkless!!’ Izuku grips his head before smashing it down onto the hard surface of his
desk, in an attempt to hide himself for as long as he can. ‘**What do I do?! Should I call Thirteen?!
Should I fake being sick?! Oh, this is terrible!!’** It really is! With all the excitement of his idol
being his teacher, he had temporarily forgotten that he already encountered All Might once before!
Not exactly his fondest memory for him; it’s not every day when your own personal hero tells you
to give up on your dreams. ‘**What do I tell him?! Maybe he doesn’t recognize me!! Oh, but what if
he does? If I’m not careful he could end up finding out the truth.**’ Izuku grumbles to himself as he
stews in self-agony.

Ochaco notices and she is not liking what she’s seeing. ‘**Deku…are you alright?’**

She’s not the only one who’s noticed the boy’s state of mind. All Might glances over towards
Izuku trying to gauge his reaction. **‘IT’S TOO SOON TO OUTRIGHT CONFRONT YOU. FOR
NOW, I’LL WAIT AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO. AND MAYBE…SOME THINGS WILL
COME TO LIGHT.’**

All Might claps his hands, the class still hasn’t settled down, but he needs to get things moving.
“AS I WAS SAYING, THIS CLASS WILL PUT YOU THROUGH ALL SortS OF SPECIAL TRAINING TO MOLD YOU INTO FINE HEROES!!” Not to mention a ton of credits. “NO TIME TO DALLY. TODAY’S ACTIVITY IS THIS!!” He flashes out a large laminated card with the word BATTLE written out on it in big bold lettering. “BATTLE TRAINING!!”

Bakugou grins like a feral dog, as Izuku finally pops his head up a worried expression having fallen over his face. Meanwhile, Ochaco balls her fists raising one up as to show how ready she is for this.

“AND FOR THAT...YOU NEED THESE!” All Might clicks on a remote that he must have been hiding away somewhere.

Four slots begin to rumble out of the left wall nearest the board revealing rows of silver suitcases with bolded numbers on them. Inside are undoubtedly their costumes that they specifically requested, the thought of showing off their unique and creative designs gets some of them so excited that they’re already leaping out of their seats.

“AFTER YOU CHANGE, MEET ME IN GROUND BETA!!”

While most of the class rush for their costumes, Izuku hesitantly grips his backpack. In other circumstances he’d probably be just as pumped as everybody else, but how could he be excited when the man, the hero, the legend that is All Might is right there? The very same All Might that turned his back on him and told him to give it all up.

Bakugou grabs his briefcase before his red eyes trace back to Izuku. Seeing Izuku’s hopeless expression is enough to make the ash-blondie grin. ‘Damn, right you better be scared Deku. Because today’s the day I show all these losers, including All Might, how much better I am than all of them!’ He swings the case over his shoulder before stomping off for the locker rooms. ‘And I’ll do it by destroying your weak and useless ass.’

“Wow, just check out your bod!” The pink-skinned girl stands way too close for Ochaco’s liking.

Currently the girls of Class 1-A find themselves in the girls’ locker room changing into their bright and colorful hero costumes.

Ochaco had just unbuttoned and removed her uniform top when suddenly her shameless classmate, who’s already ditch the U.A. jacket, started admiring her muscles.

The pink-skinned girl with fluffy hair boldly pokes at Ochaco’s stomach, admiring her abs. “You must work out like crazy.”

Mina Ashido is a girl of medium height. And probably due to her Quirk, her skin is a light shade of pink with rather square eyes, their sclera black and their irises bright yellow. Her face is framed by fluffy unruly hair, which is a pleasant pink color, slightly darker than that of her skin. She has two thin, pale yellow horns protruding from her head, hooked squarely and leaning diagonally to opposite sides.

Ochaco’s cheeks blush even more than they already are. “Oh, uh, I guess you could say that. But they’re nothing special.”

Yeah, right! Thanks to “The All-American Dream Plan: the Lady Liberty Version” Ochaco’s
muscles and body have really developed. At first, she was afraid that she would become a bit too buff, not exactly the best look for her in her own opinion, but her body is like that of an Olympic swimmer! Well-toned, slim, and it easily makes her probably the most physically able female of Class 1-A. Unless that invisible girl, Tooru Hagakure, is secretly muscular as well. Either way she should be a bit prouder, it took a lot of hard work and discipline to gain these results.

Mina backs off slightly looking very unconvinced. “Ah, geeze, you gotta be kidding me! Your muscles are so awesome!” With an annoyed expression Mina raises her fist into the air in protest. “Don’t be scared to show off your goods, girl!”

Hagakure joins in too presumably she raises her fist into the air too, the only indication of her is her shirt. “Yeah!”

Oh, the irony.

As Mina and Hagakure continue to howl on about being proud of one’s body, Ochaco tries whatever she can to redirect the conversation. She fails.

Standing nearby in front of her own locker, Jiro recoils at the sudden declarations, becoming extremely flustered all of a sudden. A slight blush forms on her face, as she holds her leather jacket closer. “What?!” Her gaze drifts to Yaoyorozu, specifically towards her more impressive features. The purple-haired girl’s expression darkness with despair as she admires the taller female’s body.

Yaoyorozu pulls up her large utility belt around her sleeveless crimson leotard that is way less modest than it has any right to be.

Said girl notices Jiro staring. “Is something the matter?”

Jiro’s entire face floods with blood as she spins away. “N-no!”

Tsuyu smiles softly from the bench enjoying the sight of her classmates interacting. “Kero.”

But fun can come later, right now they must prepare for Hero Basic Training.

Mina and Hagakure end their tirades so they could get their own costumes on finally allowing Ochaco a moment to breathe. ‘Combat training, huh?’ Ochaco opens up her silver briefcase and gazes upon her own hero costume. ‘Today I’ll show everyone, and All Might what I’m capable of.’ She grips her costume. ‘I will make you proud!’

Izuku waits along with the rest of Class 1-A’s male population. He’s so glad he brought his Quirk Analysis Notebook with him. ‘Everyone’s costumes are so cool!’ He scribbles away, doodling each and every costume that he’s presented with from Iida’s knight like armor to a tailed male’s basic karate gi attire.

Everyone’s designs are so different with their own unique styles, colors, and functions. It all makes Izuku a bit self-conscious of his own.

His costume is really nothing all that special when you look at it. The main center piece is of course the Omnitrix on his left wrist. Thankfully his mother had the foresight to make his left sleeve a bit shorter as to not cover his "watch". Other than that, his costume is a green full-body jumpsuit with a red belt, elbow pads, knee pads, and gloves, all of which match his signature red boots. He also has a mesh respirator with a makeshift smile as to mimic All Might’s own immortal
smile and hanging down behind his neck is a mask with long ear-like protrusions that are meant to resemble All Might's hair of all things.

Izuku regrets that part greatly, hence why he’s decided not to put it on. But he’s not sure if he should have it removed altogether yet, after all his own mother made it for him to show him that she fully supports his dream. It’s a symbol for him and him alone, so that he always remembers that his mother is always cheering him on. ‘How could I wear anything else?! Who cares if it’s not “efficient” or “cutting-edge? This is my hero costume!!’

And he’s going to wear it proudly, minus the mask of course. But honestly, he’s actually struggling with throwing that thing on anyway, at the very least it’ll cover his face especially from the man himself, All Might.

Just because Izuku’s been going along with everything doesn’t mean he’s any less worried about All Might’s reaction to him getting into U.A. A Quirkless kid somehow gains a Quirk and enters into U.A. of all places should be impossible. And it is, at least in his case he is technically still Quirkless. ‘Huh now that I think about it. I’m actually the first and only Quirkless student in the hero course.’ Rather than feeling like his self-worth is in question, Izuku’s heart swells with a bit of pride instead. ‘I guess…I unintentionally proved All Might wrong.’

That still doesn’t change the ever-growing storm of worry in his stomach. Because when this is all over there’s a good chance that if, by chance, All Might recognizes him then he needs a proper way to explain himself. Sure, he can fall back on being a late bloomer but that would seem suspiciously convenient to the hero. Also, Thirteen said that not all heroes are or should be made aware of aliens so he can’t outright tell the man the truth. But then again…does he really owe him an answer?

He was the one that nearly sent Izuku down a spiraling path, thankfully the Omnitrix arrived just in time to prevent it, but his heart still aches. Yet it makes sense why All Might said what he said, he’s the Number One Hero yet even he gets injured and has weaknesses. So, it makes sense why he would tell a Quirkless defenseless kid to not pursue their dream of becoming a hero. He was looking out for him… That still doesn’t make him feel any better.

But he understands if the Symbol of Peace could be weakened then that is especially true for someone Quirkless. ‘Huh, maybe that’s why All Might is teaching at U.A. This way he can cover up his time limit from the public by saying he’s using his time to teach.’ Izuku nods. ‘Yeah, that must be it. I mean, why else would he be here?’

“Looking good, Deku!” That was Ochaco’s voice.

Izuku spins around to greet her. “Thanks, Ura-RAKAKA!?!?” His face flushes red.

Ochaco looks so amazing in her hero costume!

It’s a black full-bodysuit with a pale pink design down the middle of her torso with two black circles over her chest. She has circular wrist guards, a dark pink handle on the back of each one, wide knee-high boots with magenta soles and a two-piece belt around her waist, a pale-pink helmet with a tinted visor.

Ochaco manages a smile albeit a shy one as she rubs the back of her head. “I wish I’d been more specific on my request form. This suit’s so revealing. It’s embarrassing…” But she could probably get used to it, even she has to admit that it looks really good on her.

And she’s not the only one to think the same thing. Especially as all the other girls of the Hero Course join the rest of their class, who can’t help but admire their choices in costumes.
Especially two of the class’s male students, a blond-haired guy by the name of Denki Kaminari and Mineta. The two smile smugly each holding up a pair of thumbs up. “Being in the Hero Course rocks!”

Denki Kaminari is on the skinny side at least compared to his other classmates. He has relatively short blond hair with a black lightning-shaped streak on the left of his side fringe.

His hero costume consists of a black jacket with a white lightning pattern across his back, and matching pants with two lines running down his legs. He has a single, square-shaped earphone over his right ear with something resembling a radio antenna sticking out of the top.

His fellow pervert, Minoru Mineta is the shortest student in their entire class with a large, round head, and rather large cheeks. His most notable features are his four large purple and black balls in something resembling a mohawk where his hair should be.

His hero costume is very simplistic, consisting only of a purple shirt and mask with a yellow cape, boots, and gloves. His pants are white with a lighter purple trim, it kinda looks like a fruit bowl but it could also look like a diaper to others.

‘Perverts…’ Izuku is embarrassed for the two of them.

With a quick shake of his head in attempt to rid himself of his own red cheeks he decides to change the subject. “So, you excited for combat training?”

“Oh, heck, yeah!” She pumps her fist forward in a display of her coolness. “I can’t wait.”

“Hm, hm, me too. Do you plan on showing off your…Quirk today?”

Ochaco needs a second to realize what he means. “Oh, uh, yeah I sure hope so.” She rubs her arm. “I still need to work on properly summoning it, but I’m hoping that I can accomplish that with today’s training.”

“That’s great and…” Izuku raises up his Quirk Analysis notebook “I can’t wait to witness your power, again! And this time I’ll be ready with my own notes.” He leans in close for the next part. “By the way, I don’t mean to be a bother, but…” He scans the area making sure nobody is listening in. “did you get permission yet?”

“Hm? Oh, yeah don’t worry about it.” Ochaco smiles tilting to the side with her hands behind her back. “I should have an answer for you by the end of the day.”

While Izuku is unclear by what she’s getting at, he is nonetheless satisfied by that answer. Unbeknownst to him, All Might happened to notice Ochaco’s smile and subtle glance towards him. Even if he didn’t hear her something tells him that she’s reminding him of what they discussed a while back: telling Izuku Midoriya about One For All. He’s not so sure about that.

Now that everyone is present, he decides now is the time to begin, All Might clears his throat before speaking. “SHALL WE BEGIN, MY WARDS?!” That draws everyone’s attention. “IT’S TIME FOR BATTLE TRAINING!!”

Iida steps forward with an inquiry. “Sir! This appears to be the same field used in the Entrance Exam. Will we once again be performing cityscape maneuvers?!”

Ochaco cups her hand over her mouth whispering into Deku’s ear. “Iida’s costume is so cool” Izuku cups his mouth too. “I know right.”
Iida’s costume consists of a black one-piece suit with a high collar, over which he wears various pieces of armor, all a pale silver in color. He wears a helmet covering his entire face with two curved horns just behind and a single spike sticking out of the back of his head. On his feet, he wears silver knee-high boots with gold accessories, and around his torso, he has three thick metal pipes.

All Might continues his explanation. “NOPE! YOU’LL BE MOVING ON TO STEP TWO! INDOOR ANTIPERSONNEL BATTLE TRAINING!!” He eyes his students ensuring they don’t miss his words. “VILLAIN BATTLES ARE MOST COMMONLY SEEN OUTDOORS, BUT…” His tone falls slightly taking a more serious vibe. “STATISTICALLY, THE MOST HEINOUS VILLAINS ARE MORE LIKELY TO APPEAR INDOORS.”

Both, Izuku’s and Ochaco’s minds flashback to how they fought off the villain Rojo in a store. Coming to the conclusion that All Might knows what he’s talking about.

“BETWEEN CONFINEMENT, HOUSE ARREST, AND BLACKMARKET DEALS... IN THIS HERO-FILLED SOCIETY OF OURS... AHEM. THE CLEVEREST VILLAINS OUT THERE...LURK INDOORS!!”

Now it’s time for him to explain the exercise. “YOU’LL NOW BE SPLIT INTO “VILLAIN” TEAMS AND “HERO” TEAMS AND FACE OFF IN TWO-ON-TO BATTLES!!”

Battles already?! Now this is a surprise for the class, most of them thought there would be more directional lessons before they moved on to actual combat. Heck, some of them have never really fought another living being before: human, alien, or otherwise.

Tsuyu decides to voice what’s on everybody’s mind. “So, no basic training?”

Her hero costume consists of a bright green bodysuit, tan-colored gloves, and two matching belts, one above her chest, and one around her waist. Two black lines run all the way down her suit, each framed with yellow, and she wears tight black boots with green webbed flippers resembling frogs’ toes on her feet. She wears a tan headband with goggles that have dark green-tinted lenses attached on either side.

“PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE TEACHES YOU THE BASICS! THE DISTINCTION HERE IS THAT YOU WON’T BE FIGHTING DISPOSABLE ROBOTS.”

“Sir, what determines victory?”

“Can I just blast everyone away?”

“Are you threatening to expel someone, like Mr. Aizawa did...?”

“How do we proceed to divide ourselves into teams!!”

“How fabulous is my cape?”

All Might points finger from one student to the next as he replies to each of their questions. “I’LL ANSWER THAT IN A MINUTE. NO! ALSO, NO! YOU’LL SEE. AND IT’S DAZZLING!!

Izuku is gobsmacked. ‘Huh, he was able to get all that.’

All Might pulls out and flips open a little piece of paper.
‘A cheatsheet…!’ Now that’s a surprise to Izuku.

The same cannot be said for Ochaco. ‘I’m honestly not surprised…’

All Might then begins to read off his cheatsheet which apparently has his entire script written onto it. He explains that the villain team will hide and protect a “fake” nuclear weapon in the building, and it will be the hero team’s job to find the bomb and secure it. There is a time limit; the heroes have to either capture both villains or secure the bomb within the time limit while the villains have to protect the bomb until time is up or they too can capture the heroes.

Throwing away his cheatsheet, All Might pulls out two separate boxes with holes cut out of them. **“YOUR BATTLE PARTNERS WILL BE DECIDED BY DRAWING LOTS!”**

That doesn’t seem right to Iida. “Is that really the best way?!?”

Izuku unwittingly speaks up, his hero nerd side temporarily revealing itself. “Makes sense because pros often have to team up with heroes from other agencies on the spot during emergencies.”

Shoji also chimes in. “In other words, in a real villain situation we won’t really get a say on who we get to team up with. So, we have to get used to adapting and cooperating with others.”

“I see…!” Iida turns back to their teacher putting up a hand in solace. “I apologize for getting ahead of myself. My mistake!”

**“IT’S FINE!! LET’S JUST GET TO IT!!”**

And so, began the team pairs:

Team A: Izuku Midoriya & Mezo Shoji
Team B: Shoto Todoroki & Hanta Sero
Team C: Momo Yaoyorozu & Minoru Mineta
Team D: Katsuki Bakugou & Eijiro Kirishima
Team E: Yuga Aoyama & Tenya Iida
Team F: Rikido Sato & Koji Koda
Team G: Denki Kaminari & Kyoka Jiro
Team H: Fumikage Tokoyami & Tsuyu Asui
Team I: Mashirao Ojiro & Toru Hagakure
Team J: Ochaco Uraraka & Mina Ashido

Shoji places his large hand onto the smaller teen’s shoulder. “It looks like we’ll be teaming up for this one.”

“Well, looking forward to it.”

“By the way I like your costume, it’s a very simple design.”

“Thanks, back at ya…”
Shoji’s hero costume consists of a tight blue tank top, six white markings resembling eyes decorating it like a dice, connected at the top to a darker, more indigo-colored mask. He has a belt with another, larger eye shape embedded into its center, this time yellow, below which he wears slightly baggy trousers to match his shirt, and indigo boots.

Meanwhile, Ochaco and Mina are having their own interaction.

Mina squats down before fisting her hand into the air. “Check it out Team Pink is ready for some action!”

Ochaco raises an eyebrow. “Team Pink?”

“Yeah, because of our colors.” Mina points to her skin and then to Ochaco’s suit. She then rubs a finger on her chin. “Hm, that or we could do Team Astro!”

“Team…Astro?”

“Yeah, because your costume is like an astronaut. And I’m an alien!” She proclaims as if it was the most obvious thing in this world.

Ochaco gasps as the blood drains from her face. “Are you serious?!” How could she say that out into the open so carelessly?! What if someone else heard her?! There could be worldwide panic!!

“Nah, I’m just kidding.” Mina grins amusedly at Ochaco’s reaction.

Ochaco releases one of the biggest sighs of her life. ‘Thank goodness…’

“It’s not like aliens actually exist.”

‘You’d be surprised Mina… Heck, she could probably pass for one, even her costume helps to sell the whole alien vibe she has going on.’

Her hero costume consists of a plain white eyemask, and a purple and turquoise skintight bodysuit with a camouflage pattern, ending just above her breasts. Over this, she wears a cropped, sleeveless tan-colored waistcoat with white fur along its collar, which she leaves unbuttoned. She is also wearing custom made plum-violet and beige acid-proof boots with holes in the soles.

After the rest of the class have gotten acquainted with their own partners All Might continues the lesson.

“MOVING ON, THE FIRST ONES UP ARE…” He sticks his giant meaty hands into two separate boxes: one labeled as “Hero” and the other as “Villain”. “THESE GUYS!!” He withdraws two large bingo balls one labeled with the letter A and the other with the letter D. “THE HEROES ARE TEAM A!! AND THE VILLAINS WILL BE TEAM D!!”

Both Izuku and Bakugou are stunned for a moment neither of them expecting a confrontation so soon after just starting at U.A.

All Might gestures to the nearby faux office building. “THE VILLAINS WILL ENTER FIRST! THE TIMER STARTS IN FIVE MINUTES AT WHICH POINT THE HEROES WILL BE ALLOWED TO ENTER. THE REST OF US WILL WATCH VIA CCTV!”

“KIRISHIMA. BAKUGOU, YOU BOYS NEED TO ADOPT A VILLAIN MIND-SET! THIS IS PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE SO MAKE SURE TO GO ALL OUT. DON’T HOLD
“BACK!” He decides last minute to throw in this next part. “THOUGH I WILL STOP YOU IF YOU TAKE THINGS TOO FAR…”

After his explanation All Might hands both pairs a rough blueprint of the building before, he starts herding the rest of the class to the monitor room. As All Might turns away Izuku and Bakugou do their best not to acknowledge the other, they just stand there in festering silence.

Izuku glances over to his former friend taking in his costume.

Bakugou’s costume is composed of a tight, black, sleeveless tank top, with an orange “X” across the middle. There are two dots along the left line of his collar much like Ochaco’s. He also has a metallic neck brace worn with rectangular ends that have three holes on each side. His sleeves reach from within his large grenade-like gauntlets to his biceps. His belt, which also carries grenades, holds up his baggy pants, and he has knee-high combat boots. His mask is jagged and black with orange-rimmed flare shape protrusions at each side.

Eventually Bakugou decides to head inside with a boisterous Kirishima following alongside him trying to get Bakugou to get pumped up for the exercise too.

As the class begins to clear the field, Ochaco looks back in worry for her friend. Out of everyone else there she’s the only one who’s somewhat aware of the two’s…relationship. Plus, there was Bakugou’s rather explosive reaction from yesterday so there’s no doubt in her mind that this exercise may take a turn for the worst.

But what can she do? She is not Izuku’s partner for the Battle Trial and she doesn’t want to step on All Might’s toes either. So, for now all she can do is remain silent and follow her classmates to survey the match. ‘You got this Deku! Show everyone what you got!’

A few minutes later Bakugou and Kirishima found the fake bomb in a large room full of crates and large concrete pillars decorated across the length of the room.

Eijiro Kirishima is a muscular young man of average height, with a rather impressive physique and spiky bright-red hair. He has red eyes and a small scar just above his right eye. He also has small eyebrows and very pointed teeth.

His hero costume has two gear-shaped shoulder pads, dark red in color, a jagged sash joining the one in his left to the right side of his belt, which has a red “R” set into its center. Below this, he wears baggy black pants and half cape with a ripped hem and sporting black boots. His chest is bare, and he wears a wired guard around his face, reaching from just above his hairline to below his jaw with an extra piece going over the bridge of his nose. Overall, he has the look of an Oni.

Kirishima stares up at the large faux nuclear bomb, taking note that it’s simply paper-mache. “So, we’re the villains, huh? Well we better act the part!” Kirishima grins displaying his shark-like teeth. “This is going to be awesome! What do you think?” He is of course addressing Bakugou who isn’t bothering to even look at his partner.

Instead he stands with his back to Kirishima, his fists clutching in his hands, and his eyes cast down at his boots. “Hey. Do you really think Deku has a Quirk…?”

“Who the hell is Deku?” Kirishima takes a second to think before remembering that Bakugou is referring to the green-haired kid with the cool hi-tech watch. “Oh, you mean Midoriya. Yeah of course he does… Actually, does he have more than one Quirk or something…? Lucky.”
'More than one Quirk?!' Oh, that is it! There will be no mercy for him no matter how much he begs. ‘He’s been punking me this whole time?!’ A grin that oughta be on a crazed villain appears on Bakugou’s face instead. ‘That damned nerd!! I’ll murder him to hell!!’

Kirishima isn’t quite sure how he should react. “Well, that’s not very manly.” But then again, they are supposed to act like villains so maybe Bakugou is onto something.

Bakugou’s grin somehow becomes even more threatening as he waits for the battle to start.

Despite the scary grin, Kirishima can’t help but find it a bit amusing. “Huh, that’s a scary look. Do you have a plan or something?”

“Yeah, I got a plan alright. I’m going to take on that shitty nerd and teach him his place.”

“Sounds like you want a one on one fight, I’m not sure of your reasons, but” He gives Bakugou a friendly thumbs up. “A fated match between men sounds great! So good luck!” He’ll just stay out of the way and protect the bomb; he is built for defense anyway.

Bakugou doesn’t bother to acknowledge his teammate as mini explosions begin to spark within his hands. ‘Get ready shitty Deku! Because I’m going to hurt you so badly that they’ll have to scrape you off the floor’

“We better memorize these since we’re not allowed to use them when we start.” Shoji is referring to the building blueprints that All Might handed them before he left.

Currently Shoji and Izuku stand outside the faux building reading through the building schematics.

Shoji generates several extra eyes from his arms as to scan the blueprints thoroughly. “Hmm, considering how my Quirk is more surveillance based and yours is so…unpredictable we should have no problem with this Battle Trial.” But there is one major issue. “Hmm, but that Bakugou guy may be a problem. His explosion seemed powerful. What do you thi-are you alright?!”

He has a reason for concern because his much shorter partner is literally quaking in his boots. “I, uh, ye-yeah. I-I’m fine.” His grip tightens to the point that his nails are digging through the paper.

“You’re clearly not…”

“Ah, uh, y-yeah I guess you got me.” Izuku smiles humbly accepting defeat. “I guess you can say that I’m pretty nervous.” That’s stretching the truth. ‘More like terrified!’

And it’s not just because he has to face off against Kacchan, but because of who’s watching him fight Kacchan. So, far All Might hasn’t given any signals that he even remembers him…that kinda hurts all things considered, especially after what he did. But hopefully that’s for the best. Otherwise, he has no idea if the Number One Hero will buy his alibi. And All Might must already be aware of his “Quirk”. He is a teacher after all, so he really doesn’t have a reason to hide the Omnitrix during this exercise. But the fear and anxiousness are still there!

“Wanna…wanna talk about it?”

Izuku doesn’t react to the question initially, instead he considers it. Sure, All Might being here could end up terrible, but the prospect of having to fight an ex-friend isn’t any better. In fact, it feels a little bit like Deja vu for him. Wow, Ochaco was right he really does have the worst taste in
friends. Even so…it doesn’t help to swallow down his fear.

“It’s Kacchan…”

‘Kacchan? Is he referring to Bakugou?’

Noticing Shoji’s confused expression Izuku clarifies whom he’s referring to. “Uh, he’s the one that can explode.”

“Ah, gotcha.”

“Well, you see…” Should he really continue? Yes, it was Thirteen who told him it’s better to share one’s worries with someone rather than let them build up and implode on you. “We’ve known each other our entire lives and well things have never exactly been…good between us.”

Ever since he got his Quirk… Ever since then he’s always viewed himself as the be all end all, as number one, as the best thing to ever inhabit the Earth. And his goals of surpassing even All Might…

“He may be a jerk, but he’s amazing… His goals. His confidence. His strength. His Quirk. He’s so much better than me in every way.” Izuku drops his hands, slouching forward, staring into the ground hoping it would swallow him up. “So, I guess I don’t think I can actually beat him.”

Shoji gives his partner a deadpanned glare. “Are you serious?”

“Huh?!”

Shoji sighs, facepalming himself. “The first time I met you, you were running headfirst to a villain that captured your friend. Then you jumped right in to save the very same friend when they were in danger. And to top it all off! You have such a powerful and versatile Quirk! And yet you don’t think you stand a chance against a guy with angerment issues?”

He’s right… Everything he said was right! He did do all those things, and more!! He fought killer robots way before the U.A. Entrance Exam! He fended off literal monsters and saved an entire prefecture from a mutant invasion! Hell, he even fought the very same Sludge Villain that attacked him and Kacchan, and that was something even All Might failed to complete!

In general, he has the most combat experience out of everybody in his entire class, and that includes the prone to violence Kacchan!

“Yeah, you’re right.” With a new found resolve Izuku gazes up at the building in front of them, ready to take on this fight head on. “I can’t just roll over for him and give up right before we even start.” He raises his fists with purpose. “I don’t wanna lose… No, I won’t lose! Not to him!”

“That’s what I like to hear! Nothing like a spirited fight between rivals.”

“Uh uh, y-yeah! Sure…” Perhaps that statement has more merit to it than he would like to believe.

All Might and the rest of Class 1-A find themselves in a large dark room filled with monitors each one displaying a different part of the building where the first battle trial is to take place.

Ochaco’s eyes never leave the screen that’s displaying Izuku and Shoji, she can’t hear anything, but she can tell that they’re discussing their game plan. And judging from the expression on
Izuku’s face he’s dead serious about something. ‘I wonder what he’s planning.’

Tsuyu must be wondering the same thing. “How do you think this will go, kero?”

“I…don’t know.” replies Ochaco still not looking away from the screen.

Kaminari speaks up letting his opinion be heard. “I bet that Bakugou has this in the bag! He’s like crazy strong.”

His classmate who has odd round elbows responds. “Hm, I don’t know I think that Midoriya guy is going to surprise us.”

His name is Hanta Sero. He’s a tall, lean young man with black hair, and a wide straight toothed grin. His elbows have the shape of cylindrical tape dispensers.

His hero costume consists of a black, skin-tight bodysuit, with a white design on his mid-torso area, and two yellow trimmings. He wears white boots, lined with yellow, and a yellow helmet, shaped similarly to that of a tape dispenser which has a large black visor obscuring his face.

Mashirao Ojiro’s tail droops down with disappointment.

He’s a young man of a muscular build with short blond hair, swept to the front of his head. He has thin eyes and a long tail with a hairy tip.

Ojiro folds his arm together. “It’s kind of unfair, his Quirk is really amazing. I mean a Quirk that grants you access to even more Quirks has got to be impossible.”

If anyone was paying attention, they would have noticed All Might’s smile falter for a second.

A student with a crow-like head speaks in an ominous tone. “And yet such is the mystery of this world, we have witnessed it for ourselves.”

The student’s name is Fumikage Tokoyami and other than having a head of a black bird his body is that of a normal human.

His costume is rather simple too consisting of a black cloak that covers his entire body, only stopping halfway down his shins, and knee-high black boots.

Jiro looks to Yaoyorozu for her opinion. “What do you think?”

Jiro’s costume resembles that of a punk rocker: black leather jacket, long salmon-colored shirt with several rips at the collar and hem, black pants, and boots with stereos built into their shafts. She also has two small, triangular red paint marks just below her eyes, a plain black choker, and white fingerless gloves.

Yaoyorozu cups her chin observing the two teams on the screens. “I believe the one with the most strategic prowess will win.”

“That doesn’t answer Jiro’s question though… “So, who then would win?”

“Hm, I’m afraid I cannot say.” Yaoyorozu points at the first screen, which is displaying Bakugou’s terrifying grin for some reason. “From what I can tell Bakugou is far too violent, Kirishima seems a bit too straightforward, Shoji is a bit of an enigma to me, and Midoriya’s… Quirk is far too unpredictable.”
“So…it’s anybody’s game.”

All Might has to agree with the young woman’s last observation. ‘YES, HIS QUIRK IS…UNPREDICTABLE.’ Although from what he saw yesterday Izuku has about nine different Quirks but for some reason he’s got a time limit for how long he can use them. Curious. ‘I’LL BE WATCHING YOUNG MAN, BUT NOT OUT OF SUSPICION BUT AS YOUR TEACHER!’ Even so. ‘BUT WHO KNOWS MAYBE SOME THINGS WILL COME TO LIGHT DURING TODAY’S LESSON. AND HOPEFULLY I CAN FIND OUT IF MY SUSPICIONS ARE TRULY UNFOUNDED.’

All Might turns to address the class readying his own personal clipboard as to take notes and give scores. “WATCH CLOSELY AND TRY TO LEARN SOMETHING, EVERYONE!”

“Yes, sir!”

Ochaco cups grips her hands together. Hope resonates within her at the sight of Izuku’s determined expression. It’s obvious to anyone that knows Izuku and his relationship with Bakugou that there’s only one true goal on his mind. ‘Kick his ass, Deku!’

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“Infiltration is a success.” Izuku whispers out loud, pressing his back against the cold tiled wall scanning his current environment as he gently shuts the window behind him. ‘Lots of blind corners, I better be careful.’ The interior of the building seems to be comprised of narrow hallways leading to a number of doors, and evenly distributed across the outer walls are rows and rows of windows. In fact, most if not all the light in the building is thanks to the natural sunlight filtering through said windows.

He cautiously moves forward his eyes constantly scanning ahead and behind him. Maybe he shouldn’t have split up from Shoji having him here would probably help ease the tension.

The micro-transceiver in Izuku’s ear buzzes alerting him on an incoming message. He holds the micro-transceiver close as to not miss a word. On the other side is Shoji’s voice.

Izu nods even though Shoji isn’t there to see it, he presses on the micro-transceiver so he could respond back. “Got it, keep to the plan and locate the bomb.”

He continues forward, no point in delaying the inevitable, and if his instincts are right…Bakugou will come for him.

His micro-transceivers buzzes with an alert.

Izu instantly leaps backward and at the same time Bakugou leaps out from behind a corner. The mad bomber releases a booming explosion that destroys the spot Izuku was just occupying.

As rubble and dust cloud the hallway Izuku takes note of his lack of any visible damage. ‘He missed!’

“Nice dodging, Deku.” Bakugou has his hand lodged into the broken wall, a quick tug removes it from its confinement.

Izu readies himself his instincts telling him to flee, but his heart…his spirit makes him hold his ground. “I knew you would come straight at me.”
“Did ya? Well, do you know what I’m going to do to you?” Bakugou releases a massive maniacal grin as he swings his right arm backwards readying one hell of an explosion. “I’ll mess you up so bad that they’ll have to stop the match!!”

Before he can fully swing his palm forward Izuku latches onto arm halting its movement and taking Bakugou by surprise.

With his opponent temporarily stunned Izuku spins around quickly.

‘What the?! Did he just read my moves?!’ Is the horrifying question in Bakugou’s mind as Izuku wrenches his body up and over himself.

“RAHHHHH!!!” Izuku roars out in defiance as he slams his tormentor against the ground, hard.

“Urk…!!” The hit knocks the wind out of Bakugou, his eyes dazed over in disbelief, as if he just experienced something that should have never occurred not in a million years!

Izuku is breathing heavily, for a moment there pure adrenaline had taken over making his heart race faster than ever before. “Kacchan…you almost always lead with a big right hook. I’ve seen it…I’ve experienced it enough to know!” Izuku begins to straighten himself back up, as Bakugou props forward. Now time to drop the bomb on the literal living bomb. “You see, I’ve analyzed heroes I think are awesome…in that notebook of mine! The same one you blew up and chucked out the window!”

Bakugou reels back his head with a nasty scowl adorning his features. He can’t believe that shitty Deku had something like that written away in the piece of junk book!

From the monitor room All Might’s mind rewinds to the day he met the young man, specifically he remembers the contents of the boy’s notebook. Guess he now knows why the notebook was in such poor condition.

Izuku glares down at his long-time tormentor, ready to set things straight. “I’m not gonna be your worthless punching bag anymore! I’M THE DEKU THAT WILL ALWAYS DO HIS BEST!!”

Just like Ochaco said, that what the name Deku should mean.

Bakugou snarls, he actually recognizes this side of Izuku. The side that either too stupid or too brave to backdown from him! The side of him that always gets in his way! “You spout that crap… all while scared out of your mind.” Bakugou roars like a monster that’s been released from its cage. “IT PISSES ME OFF!!!”

As both Izuku and Bakugou ready themselves the ash-blonde’s micro-transceiver receives a message.

“Yo, Bakugou! How’s it going man? Did you find them?”

“Shut up! I’m going to wreck this damned nerd!”

“Uh, okay? I guess…”

Meanwhile, a bored and oblivious Kirishima stretches his arms waiting patiently for someone to arrive. “Hmmm, I kinda wish one of them would get here.” His arms harden just before he clangs them together. “I really want to fight!”

Sorry, Kirishima you’ll just have to wait. Because it’s their turn to fight it out!
Bakugou launches himself forward much like he did during the Quirk Apprehension Test, but this time he only uses a single hand to do it. “Take this Deku!!” Bakugou aims a nasty kick at the side of Izuku’s head, who takes the kick at full force only using his arms to help disperse the blow.

*Zwip*

There’s something thin wrapping around Bakugou’s leg. Darting his head down he discovers what it is. ‘The capture tape?!’

Yup, Izuku isn’t dumb enough to not dodge such an obvious attack. Instead he’ll try to finish this as quickly as he can.

As he tries to bind it around his foe’s legs, he recalls the strategy he had written up in one of his older notebooks. But Bakugou’s movement is changing, sensing an oncoming attack, Izuku releases the tape before scrambling forward just narrowly avoiding being cooked alive.

Back at the monitor room, Ochaco is grinning widely. She really shouldn’t be surprised, Izuku has always been good at this kind of stuff, making plans on the fly. And with all the experience he’s gathered up to this point there’s no way he’s going to take any blast just sitting down.

‘So, the capture tape failed... Fine. Then it’s time to show everyone what I’m made of!!’ Izuku rises back up, his aim locked-on to Bakugou. “Like I said, Kac-Bakugou, I’m not going to be your punching bag anymore!!” It’s time for the big guns! By which, Izuku means the Omnitrix and an alien that’s more than capable to take on Bakugou.

The sudden change in how Izuku refers to him strikes an odd cord within him, but it’s easily wiped away.

Bakugou releases smoking explosions from his palms. “BRING IT ON!!! EVEN WITH A QUIRK I’LL STILL CRUSH YOU!!!” That’s enough talk, he charges forward just as Izuku slams down onto his watch’s faceplate!

The living nuke releases a giant explosion and this time his attack makes its mark. Izuku’s form is launched backward, crashing into the wall in a cloud of smoke and ash which completely conceal his condition!

“And it’s over…” Bakugou’s glare lightens, not a lot, but it’s clearly over to him. No way someone, especially Deku survived that. ‘This is how things should be, Deku. You’re nothing but a fucking pebble, a useless, Quirkless, waste of space.’ His mind replays every memory he has of Deku: from being weak, unskilled, meek, but most importantly...how defiant he’s been especially in more recent memories.

Whereas he, Bakugou, has been anything but what Deku is. He’s strong, he’s nowhere near useless, he’s skilled at everything, and he has the best Quirk! ‘Why can’t you understand that?! Why don’t you understand how much...’ He howls. “BETTER I AM THAN YOU!!?”

There is no response, and why should there be? Deku is down for the count.

Or is he?

Bakugou has no idea what hits him until it’s too late, from within the cloud of smoke a highly pressurized stream of water crashes into him pushing him backwards until he slams into the wall his form going limp as he drops to the floor.

Groaning Bakugou is left in shock and in disbelief of what just occurred.
“Sorry, to rain on your parade.” The smoke clears revealing Izuku’s condition. “But we’re just getting started.” Water Hazard makes a swipe with his hand clearing away the smoke; revealing his unscathed inhuman transformation.

Most of the class, including Bakugou have the same reaction. ‘Another form?! How many transformations does he have?!’

Bakugou pushes himself back up. He’s completely drenched but that does nothing to cool his raging hot temper. “You think a little water can stop me?!”

“I don’t know.” Water Hazard replies matter-of-factually as he raises his fists. “Let’s find out. Shall we?”

“Die!!” Shouting is Bakugou’s reply followed by a swift blast to the Orishan’s face. “Ha, got you!”

From within the smoke Water Hazard’s claw springs out latching onto Bakugou’s forehead. “I think you mean I got you!”

He slams Bakugou’s down, the back of his head smashes into the ground. “Gah!!” The room spins for a second and his vision temporarily blurry. ‘How did he withstand that?!’

He doesn’t have time to think because Water Hazard is towering over him ready to deliver one hell of a punch. Bakugou quickly rolls to the side avoiding his head getting smashed in by the powerful punch, it’s so strong in fact Water Hazard’s fist cracks the hard floor underneath.

“Rah!!” Bakugou unleashes a flurry of smaller blasts while Water Hazard is leaned forward, but not one seems to do any damage other than cover Izuku’s transformed body in soot. The only thing they seemed to have done was push the taller being back a bit. ‘What the hell is going on?!!’

A powerful water stream to his chest sends the ash-blone into the air. He expertly blasts himself away from the torrent and redirects himself back down at his foe with another well-timed explosion.

He’s coming way too quick for Water Hazard to dodge or block allowing Bakugou to deliver a strong axe kick that could break any of his opponents. Unfortunately, for him he isn’t fighting against any normal opponent.

The back of his foot strikes the top of Water Hazard’s hood-like shell and sure the force makes the alien slouch forward Water Hazard doesn’t actually feel any pain.

The same could not be said for his adversary. After delivering the kick Bakugou had enough acrobatics to leap back, but when he landed his foot instantly inflamed with pain. ‘God, damn, just how strong is that fucking shell?!!’ Luckily, for him his foot doesn’t seem to be seriously injured probably because of his thick combat boots.

“My shell is too thick to crack.” Water Hazard knocks his hand onto his red hood-like shell. As Bakugou regains his composure and stands back up. “Fitting, because I won’t let you hurt me anymore.”

Bakugou does something that Water Hazard is not expecting; he smiles. “We’ll see about that, Deku!!” Bakugou raises his right hand keeping it outstretched in front of him; specifically, he has his grenade shaped gauntlet at the ready. “Guessing you know this from all your stalking, but the sweat glands on my palms secrete a nitroglycerine like liquid. That’s how I make my explosions.”

Being the Quirk nerd that he is the morphed Izuku can’t help but be a little curious. ‘What is he
“Assuming they honored my design request,” Bakugou sticks a single finger into the pin of his grenade gauntlet. “This gauntlet’s been storing my sweat.”

Water Hazard instantly understands where things are going. He raises his own palms readying to counter with his own powerful attack.

All Might’s voice comes through the micro-transceiver. “YOU’RE DONE! STOP THIS NOW! YOU’LL KILL HIM!!”

“He’ll be fine as long as it’s not a direct hit!!” And with a maddening look that should only be reserved for a villain, Bakugou pulls the pin.

The effect is almost immediate a powerful searing explosion booms outward like a beam of energy and charges straight for Bakugou’s potential burn victim.

With a deep breath, Water Hazard releases his own blast of torrential water.

The two opposing elemental beams collide head on with each other generating a powerful shockwave as they do, the shockwave demolishing the surrounding walls and floor, and the two forces ended up releasing a giant burst of steam that rushes through the entire building.

‘What. The. Hell?! I got jipped!!’ Bakugou is steaming mad! That attack was supposed to be way more powerful than that weak shit! The support company must have fucked up!!

No time to consider faulty gear he needs to find Deku and finish this. That’s easier said than done because the entire hallway has been encroached by a thick mist of steam; making it difficult to tell Deku’s position.

Typical Deku, he really shouldn’t be surprised that he’d pull such a wimpy ass move as to run and hide in this mist. “QUITE MOCKING ME!!!” His voice echoes through the hall. “Ever since we were kids!!” Ever since Deku tried to “help” him out of that stream. “YOU’VE BEEN LOOKING DOWN ON ME!!!”

A moment passes and there’s no sign of Deku, not a peep, or any movement.

Eventually Water Hazard’s voice echoes out from within the mist. “That’s not true… I never looked down on you.”

“Bullshit!! You’re doing it right now!!” Bakugou is hysterically darting his eyes around trying to pinpoint Izuku’s location.

“No…in truth I…always looked up to you. You’ve always been so amazing.” The tone shifts in Water Hazard’s voice. “And because of that… ” Like a ghost Water Hazard seemingly materializes out of the fog and behind the hysterical Bakugou. “I’M GONNA BEAT YOU, YOU IDIOT!!!”

Before Bakugou can even process what’s happening, Water Hazard delivers a fierce sucker punch into the side of the human’s face.

The single strike knocks Bakugou away; he crashes hard onto the ground groaning in pain. With a new found fury he leaps up to deliver a quick barrage of explosions, but they are smaller than what he’s expecting.

The Orishan counters with his own stream of water generating even more steam to add to the mist
before he disappears back into the fog.

Bakugou pounces forward to where Deku should be but he just ends up kissing the wall.

“Having some performance issues, are we?”

Bakugou swings around attempting to backhand the annoying fuck, but there’s nothing “You did something didn’t you?!”

There’s a light chuckle before Water Hazard’s voice responds. “I did, but I thought you would have solved it by now.”

“Shut up and show yourself you coward!!”

“Haven’t you figured it out yet?”

“What?!”

“Why your Explosion Quirk is so…useless against me?”

Now that strikes a chord with the living nuke, turning his fury into a silent anger. As disbelief washes over him. “What…what the hell are you talking about?”

“As you stated before, you secret nitroglycerin from your palms, the root of your explosions. But do you know what happens when nitroglycerin mixes with water?”

Bakugou’s eyes widen with pure shock as the answer crosses his mind; it dissolves.

Water hazard must be able to make out Bakugou’s expression, probably because his species lives in such dark oceans. “That’s right, nitroglycerin is soluble to water.”

Basically, Izuku figured early on, it was actually one of his first Quirk analysis that he discovered this, that water and cold temperatures were Bakugou’s main weaknesses. So, by having Water Hazard constantly drenching Bakugou in water he knew the water would soak his palms and thus weaken his Explosion Quirk. That’s also why Bakugou’s grenade gauntlet was weaker than he thought it would be, although that was just an accidental bonus.

“You could have seen this coming, but why even consider that I had a brain? That was your mistake…Bakugou.” The mist is finally thin enough to make out what’s around them. “In other words…THIS MATCH IS MINE!!!!”

There he is, Water Hazard has positioned himself at the end of the narrow hallway his arms poised behind him as his palms absorb the water vapor in the air. And with a plentiful water supply he is ready to finish this match once and for all.

The morphed Izuku fires out a highly pressurized stream of water onto the wall behind him. The force of the blasts are enough to rocket him forward just like how Bakugou uses his explosions.

Bakugou is absolutely stunned, Deku is using his moves against him! With actual fear in his eyes Bakugou scrambles to ready his other grenade gauntlet in an attempt to defend himself. “D-DEKU!!!!” With no time to waste he pulls the pin unleashing a second long-range explosion.

With adrenaline rushing through his veins Water Hazard begins to spin generating a whirlpool like jetstream behind him making him spin faster and faster like a flying torpedo. “Improvised Special Attack: DEEP-SIX TORPEDO!!!”
The two special attacks collide but unlike last time, they are not evenly matched. The force and water generated by Water Hazard’s Deep-Six Torpedo completely overwhelms Bakugou’s explosion. Thanks to the combination of Water Hazard’s thick shell, spinning momentum, and gushing water he easily breaks through the fiery attack like an arrow piercing through paper.

Bakugou’s eyes flash with despair, disbelief, and confusion just before Water Hazard’s spinning form crashes right into him.

The powerful impact smashes both opponents right through the outer wall of the faux building, launching debris and rubble into the air as a tidal wave of water floods the street below.

Bakugou lays limp on the ground, his prone form lying atop a pile of rubble as water pools around him.

He moans in agony as his eyes Shakily peer open, when his vision clears, he discovers an out of breath Water Hazard towering over him casting a shadow over his form.

“I win, Bakugou. I beat you.” And with that Izuku has won the match.

Holy. SHIT!!” Class 1-A is in a complete uproar over the outcome of the first battle trial.

Tears of excitement leak out from Kaminari’s eyes. “He beat him, he really beat him!!”

“That was so epic!!” Proclaims Mina.

“It was absolutely dazzling.” Take a guess which student said this.

“Most impressive.” Concludes Tokoyami.

However, none of their reactions can compare to the bright relieved smile adorning Ochaco. ‘Way to go, Deku.’

While the class continues to praise Izuku’s efforts All Might is one of the few to not speak up. ‘I GUESS I WAS RIGHT, SOME THINGS DID COME TO LIGHT...’ Although it wasn’t what he was expecting, not at all.

With Bakugou clearly down for the count Water Hazard turns holding his aching arm as he limps away back to the building, he still has an exercise to complete and he’s already wasted too much time. Unfortunately, the impact of that last attack did more of a number on him than he thought it would. Then again, he wasn’t really thinking when he decided to go through with it, but he’s not going to argue with the results.

As he limps away Bakugou is left to fester in the aftermath of his defeat. ‘I...lost. I lost...to Deku. To fucken Deku?! Oh, hell no!!’ There’s no way he can expect this as the outcome! He’s supposed to be the best! The cream of the crop! The one that’s going to surpass All Might and become the Number One Hero in the entire world!! He will not lose to Deku no matter what!!

Bakugou’s entire body screams in pain as he shakily lifts himself off the ground, his eyes never leaving Water Hazard’s retreating form.

‘I’ll fucking kill you...’ He raises his palm readying one final blast. ‘YOU BASTARD!!’
He never gets the chance as something large and muscular slams into him from behind. Several pairs of muscular arms wrap around him binding him in capture tape and all before he even hits the ground face first. A strong large hand presses down on his back keeping him there.

“You heard him, didn’t you?” Asks Shoji as he peers down at his defeated classmate. “It’s already over for you. There’s no point in resisting any longer.”

All Might’s voice rings out through the micro-transceivers. “BAKUGOU IS CAPTURED HE IS OUT FOR THE REST OF THE EXERCISE.”

Water Hazard turns around not at all surprised to see Shoji standing there pinning Bakugou down.

Shoji eyes his partner. “Make sure to use the capture tape before you decide to walk away next time.”

Water Hazard nods. “R-right.”

Bakugou struggles in his bonds, they’re not that tight, but what’s the point he’s not even allowed to continue any more. “Where the hell…did you come from?”

Shoji looks down deciding to indulge the faux villain. “I’ll tell you.”

Back before the start of the match Izuku and Shoji continue to plan out how they’ll approach this exercise.

“Kacchan will come for me, I can guarantee it.”

“Alright, so I’ll sneak in and find the bomb while you distract him.”

Izuku shakes his head. “No.” He looks up but not to the target building but the ones standing next to it. “Like you said your Quirk is built more towards surveillance so let’s use that. If you climb up to these buildings instead you could peer into the windows and act as sort-of our eyes in the sky.”

Shoji understands what he’s getting at. “Oh, I see. I can not only locate the bomb, but I could also locate both Bakugou and Kirishima, and warn you when they’re nearby.”

Izuku grins at his partner. “Exactly.” His smile drops. “But could you let me fight Kacchan one on one first?” He has a faraway look in his eyes. “I…need to settle something between us.”

Shoji considers the options; he sighs when he comes to a conclusion. “Alright. I won’t interfere until after you’re done, but I will step in when things get out of hand.”

Izuku smiles gratefully. “Fair enough.”

“When I saw that you were going to attack while Midoriya’s back was turned I figured that enough was enough.” He actually used his limbs as makeshift wings to glide his way down, thanks to a genius suggestion from Midoriya.

Bakugou glances between the crustacean and octopus. His mind still unable to process how he could have lost to Deku of all people.

Confident that he won’t do anything, Shoji releases Bakugou before approaching his now taller
than him partner. “Shall we finish this? I did locate Kirishima and the bomb a while ago.”

Water Hazard nods. “Sure.”

The two enter the target building leaving behind the distraught Bakugou to fester in his grueling failure.

He remains there for several minutes, his mind constantly questioning and replaying everything that’s occurred. From Deku having a Quirk that he’s been hiding all this time. To what he said to him after they were both accepted into the Hero Course. To how he had the gull to spout in his face during their fight. And even to how seemingly weak Deku was back when they were just mere children.

“It…just…doesn’t make sense.” Bakugou whispers mostly to himself. “Is Deku…stronger than me? That…just can’t be possible.”

And yet he lost to Deku. Deku was able to predict his every move. Deku was able to pinpoint an actual flaw in his Explosion Quirk. Deku was the one to humiliate him in front of the entire class. Deku was the one he lost to.

And if it wasn’t clear to him then it sure is now as All Might’s rings through the micro-transceiver one last time. “THE BOMB HAS BEEN SECURED.”

‘No! Then that means…’

“THE HERO TEAM WINS!!!”

Chapter End Notes

And that was “Ch.12 Boiling Point” please leave a review and tell me what you think. How was the battle between Izuku and Bakugou? How were my depictions of the rest of the class? Please let me know what you enjoyed about “Ch.12 Boiling Point”.

*Ch.13 will continue All Might’s Battle Trial class but it’ll focus in on Ochaco’s match as well as the rest of the students’.

*I’ll also show Kirishima’s stance against Izuku and Shoji at the start of the next chapter.

*I was originally going to have Izuku paired up with Ochaco like in the manga/anime but that would have made the chapter way too long and I would have had to split between two separate fights. And I rather Izuku and Ochaco both get time to develop so I switched around some of the teams.

*Water Hazard’s special attack was originally going to be called “Aqua Comet” but one of my “editors” suggested “Deep-Six Torpedo” instead and I honestly like it better. Reason being is that "deep-six" comes from the Navy’s description of something that is thrown overboard at or greater than 6 fathoms in depth which would difficult, if not impossible, to recover. Essentially, if this special attack makes contact without any interference it shouldn't allow anyone who has been hit by it a chance to recover. But since Bakugou was able to counter the attack this was not the case, plus the attack has
some major recoil for the user.
Cool Down

Chapter Summary

It's Ochaco Uraraka and Mina Ashido vs. Shoto Todoroki and Hanta Sero. How will our fair maidens match up against their opponents, especially one that is a recommended student?

Chapter Notes

Sorry I’m late with this chapter, my schedule got super busy so much so I’d get home exhausted and would have little energy to work on this. But I tried my best to work on it as much as I could. That said I do feel like this is somewhat of a weaker chapter so if somethings feel off, I apologize, that’s what happens when you make so much progress then stop and then continue on later the next day. Like I said, I tried my best and I hope you still get something out of this. I’ll be back to a normal schedule soon so hopefully Ch.14 will get here faster than how long it took to get Ch.13 here.

*I just want to state that I do read the manga and I do keep up with it. That said I will try to avoid manga spoilers for the most part and if there are spoilers than I will be sure to warn you. (There are no spoilers for this chapter by the way I just wanted to let you know).
*I also want to state that I have officially completed a full plan on how, when, and where each Ben Ten alien will be added to Izuku’s Omnitrix. As the story continues his arsenal will grow and grow, just some aliens will take longer to get here than others, so if there’s a specific alien you are dying to see then please be patient with me. I promise that they will eventually make their way into the story. Thank you for understanding.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“BAKUGOU IS CAPTURED HE IS OUT FOR THE REST OF THE EXERCISE.”

“Seriously?!” Kirishima gaps in surprise. “Shit after all that shaking and weird mist he up and loses?!” He cups his chin. “I wonder what happened…” A single tear escapes his eye as he balls his fist in frustration. “I bet it was a super manly fight!! Ahhhh!! I can't believe I missed it!”

He takes a breath deciding now’s not the time to worry about that. “Fine then.” His arms harden before he slams his knuckles together. “Then it’s all up to me! Bring it on fellas I’m ready for ya!”

Kirishima grins in excitement; he is really gearing up for a fight and one that will no doubt get his blood pumping and his spirit roaring. He’ll defend the bomb until time runs out and he’ll win it all for his team!

With him positioned in front of the fake bomb furthest from the entrance way, now that’s left for him to do is to wait for Team A to show themselves. And it looks like he doesn’t have to wait long.
At the opposite end of the large pillared room the door handle jiggles slightly. Kirishima’s entire body hardens up, his arms becoming edged as he straightens them up like blunt blades.

The doorknob stops moving as the door creaks open just a crack. The red-haired faux villain doesn’t see any apparent movement although he is rather a fair distance away.

Nothing occurs for a few painstaking seconds that feel like they’re dragging on for hours, nothing but silence across the entire building only the sound of Kirishima’s own beating heart keeps him aware as the anticipation grows.

And just when it seems the wait has become unbearably painful, suddenly, just like that everything is in an uproar.

Shoji bursts through the door, smashing it to pieces, as a stream of water propels him forward like a bullet flying at its target.

He’s moving way too fast, Kirishima doesn’t have enough time to defend himself as Shoji crosses the width of the room in less than a second thanks to the mysterious geyser of water rocketing him forward.

The multi-limbed hero slams into Kirishima grappling him to the ground.

“Urk!” Kirishima flails in his muscular binds, his arms pressed against his chest. “Grr, it’s not over yet!”

If Shoji wasn’t wearing his mask Kirishima would have noticed him smirking (assuming that there is a mouth underneath). “Yes, it is.”

“Oh, no!!”

All Might’s voice rings through the micro-transceiver one last time. “THE BOMB HAS BEEN SECURED. THE HERO TEAM WINS!!!”

Kirishima deactivates his hardened skin. “Ah, man!! I really wanted to show off what I can do!”

An unrecognizable voice, at least to Kirishima, calls out from the hallway. “Sorry, that’s my bad.”

A slightly limping Water Hazard enters through the doorway as water drips from its frame. Even though he’s on his feet he’s a little worse for wear, besides the limp his right arm is aching, and his frame is slightly singed probably due to Bakugou’s last attempt at victory.

“Midoriya?”

Water Hazard nods, confirming his identity. “Yeah, anyway, I just…wanted to get this over with.” He’s way more exhausted than he had first thought.

Shoji releases Kirishima, he even provides a helping hand to get the red-head back on his feet. “I wouldn’t let this get to you. In all honesty you just got the shortstraw when it came to partners today.”
Kirishima is oblivious to Shoji’s comment. “What…what do you mean?”

Neither Shoji nor Water Hazard have the heart to tell him figuring it might be better if he wasn’t made aware.

After a quick message from All Might to head to the monitor room, Team A and Team D have rejoined their classmates. Except for a disturbingly silent Bakugou who was carried away on a stretcher by Mini Conveyor-Bots.

“WELL DONE EVERYONE!” Greet All Might. “WAY TO START THIS CLASS OFF WITH A BANG! IT WAS EXCELLENT!”

An embarrassed Izuku shyly rubs the back of his head while Shoji seems indifferent to the praise, and Kirishima seems depressed about missing out on all the action.

A round of cheers and praise erupt from class making Izuku’s cheeks blush.

Ochaco’s cheer is the loudest among the crowd. “Way to go Deku!” She runs up to him pumping her arms into the air. “That was so cool!”

“U-uh, t-thanks!” Izuku’s entire face turns bright red so red that Shoji eyes him with concern.

From the side Jiro can’t help but chuckle at the sight of Izuku’s red face because it reminds her of a tomato. “He’s not so confident when he’s back to normal is he?”

A muscular guy with big lips replies. “Maybe it’s a side effect or something.”

Rikido Sato is a very muscular young man with a wide build. His brown hair is short and spiked upwards away from his head. He has very full lips which are slightly darker in color than the rest of his skin, and a notably large, round nose.

His costume consists of a yellow full-body suit, covering the entirety of his body, the only exceptions being the holes around his mouth, eyes, and hair. He wears white gloves and boots, and a utility belt around his waist.

As Ochaco continues to praise the blushing greenette she finally takes note of Izuku’s condition.

Ochaco gasps in concern. “Deku, are you okay?! You’re all burnt up!”

He really is; he looks like he just came from a disaster of a cookout. He’s covered in soot from head to toe. His hair is somehow even messier and darker than usual thanks to all the ash; heck some of the ends of his are even smoking. Should they be considered about that?

And the same could be said for his costume! Hell, it’s in even worse condition not only is it covered in ash and dust, but it's torn and covered in burn marks. Not even his hood survived the battle.

Izuku is already aware of all of this. “I-I’m all good. Promise.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah, just some minor burns and scrapes nothing too serious.” All things considered he’s used to it, after all, being Bakugou’s personal victim for the last decade will do that to you. At least now he
actually stood up for himself, so now the burns aren’t so much a reminder of how weak he is, but badges of honor that are proof that he overcame Bakugou.

As for his leg and arm…they aren’t as bad as they seem. At least that’s what he tells himself, he really doesn’t want to give All Might a reason to send him away. He’d rather not miss out on everyone else’s matches.

Although there is a reason to be concerned: it appears the damage received while in alien form transfers over to his regular human form. And in this case although Water Hazard’s shell protected him from most of the physical damage and pain, his shell still took the brunt of Bakugou’s explosions and thus the damage caused by the flames carried over to his costume. Wait, what happens to his clothes when he transforms? Do they transform with him? Do they get sent to a pocket dimension or something? Guess it’s just another mystery to add to the enigma that is the Omnitrix.

Mina rushes up as well practically leaping onto Ochaco and bouncing off of her. “That was amazing! Hey, what was with that fire-hydrant transformation?”

“Oh, i-it was, I-I call it-him Water Hazard.” Izuku assumes that’s what she’s talking about. “In that form I can launch pressurized blasts of water through the portholes in my hands. As well as absorb moisture from the air through the same portholes. Water Hazard’s armored exoskeleton protects my body from most physical damage although it’s clear to me now that he has a slight vulnerability to heat attacks, ironically. Water Hazard also has a bit of enhanced strength and-”

The class backs away, feeling just a little bit disturbed by their classmate’s unnatural muttering. “Creepy.”

“O-ops. Sorry!”

As Izuku suffers from the traumatic embarrassment, Ochaco laughs awkwardly at his side.

While the rest of the class continue to awe in the aftermath of the first match, All Might’s thoughts wonder to what he overheard over the microphones that are strewn about the building during the battle.

‘WELL THAT MATCH CERTAINLY REVEALED QUITE A FEW THINGS, ALTHOUGH NONE OF IT WAS EXACTLY EXPECTED.’ Even though he read that both Bakugou and Midoriya are from the same middle school, he never expected that they had such a…troubled relationship. Although relationship probably isn’t the right word.

His mind wanders to the ash-blond boy that got hauled away to the infirmary. ‘YOUNG BAKUGOU FROM WHAT I SAW YOUR EGO IS FAR TOO INFLATED FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. TAKE HEART, HOPEFULLY TODAY HAS TAUGHT YOU A VALUABLE LESSON.’

It’s just as Thirteen said he has to consider each student’s feelings and circumstances in order to better understand them and to better lead them onto the path of becoming heroes.

Speaking of which it’s time to continue their education. “YES, YES, MIDORIYA HAD A GREAT SHOWING OUT THERE, BUT LET US BREAK DOWN THE MATCH EVEN FURTHER! FOR STARTERS I NAME THE V.I.P. OF THIS MATCH AS SHOJI!!”

Everyone stares at All Might like he grew a second head. “...Huh?’

Tsuyu holds a finger to her chin. “Not Midoriya? Even though he did most of the fighting?”
“EXCELLENT POINT! DOES ANYONE CARE TO GUESS WHY?!”

“I do.” Yaoyorozu’s hand shoots up at attention. “It’s because Shoji was the most adapt to the scenario.”

Without any indication to stop speaking, she explains her reasoning. “From what I saw, Bakugou’s every action was motivated by an obvious personal grudge: from charging head first into a fight to rejecting help from his teammate. And his destructive attack indoors was extremely foolish. Such destructive power is counterintuitive both as a hero and in this case as a villain. It went completely against the objective of the exercise.”

If his powerful last attack was any more destructive there could have been a chance that he’d destroy the bomb; such an attack would be unthinkable if the nuclear weapon was real.

Yaoyorozu moves on to the other combatant of the battle. “The same can be said for Midoriya’s performance. He too upright abandoned the main goal of the exercise to pursue a fight with Bakugou.”

Izuku winces. ‘She’s right, she’s absolutely right. Honestly, I totally disregarded the exercise and my attacks…especially since Deep-Six Torpedo was far too destructive for indoor use. I need to keep that in mind, I definitely don’t want to cause unnecessary destruction.’ Yeah, could you imagine? An Omnitrix wielder causing unwarranted destruction wherever they went? Ridiculous!

“As for Kirishima… He was too complacent: he allowed Bakugou to face the enemy alone, and then he did no prep work for Team A’s arrival. And thus, was completely overwhelmed.”

Kirishima grimaces in anguish. “Why don’t you tell me how you really feel?”

Yaoyorozu frowns trying not to react to Kirishima’s reaction. “But as for Shoji he cooperated with his teammate even though Midoriya was pursuing a personal goal, he made fine use of the surrounding area to scout out and pinpoint the enemy and the bomb. He’s proven himself well as not only a supporting role but as a key player in any given scenario.” He did an amazing job as a surveillance and a scout, as well as when he was used as a living cannon ball. “He was the only one to remain focused on the task at hand even saving Midoriya from an attack more than once.”

He did warn Midoriya about Bakugou’s sneak attack and not to mention he saved him when Bakugou tried to attack him from behind.

“The hero team won, not because of Midoriya’s fighting abilities but because Shoji’s adaptability to the situation at hand.”

A harsh silence befalls the class. Even All Might is a little put off by the overwhelming explanation.

‘SHE SAID IT BETTER THAN I COULD!! HELL, I HAVE NOTHING TO EVEN ADD TO THAT…’ With a shaky smile All Might gives her a big thumbs up. “Y-YES…YOU’RE CORRECT…!”

Yaoyorozu stands proud with her hands on her hips. “Hmph. We’ve got to start at the bottom and work up! And if we don’t earnestly cheer each other on. We’ll never be top heroes!”

‘WELL, SHE CERTAINLY EARNED THAT NUMBER 1 RECOMMENDED SPOT AMONGST THE FIRST YEARS.’ All Might swings his arm drawing in everyone’s attention. “ALRIGHT, LET’S KEEP THIS MOMENTUM GOING AND GET ON WITH OUR
SECOND PAIRS THAT WILL DUKE IT OUT!! SAY IT WITH ME NOW! GO BEYOND!!” The entire class joins All Might in one mighty cheer. “PLUS ULTRA!!!”

Next up is Team E: Yuga Aoyama and Tenya Iida as the heroes.

Iida waves his arm about stiffly. “Aoyama, Let’s give this all we got!”

Aoyama nods swerving around to show off his glittering cape. “Yes, we will show everyone our style and flare.”

And the villains will be Team I: Mashirao Ojiro and Toru Hagakure.

“I’m going all-out, Ojiro. The gloves and boots are coming off.” Hagakure proceeds to remove said gloves and boot.

“Y-yeah cool…” The plain-looking boy averts his gaze in an attempt to preserve his innocence and Hagakure’s purity. ‘Hagakure is using her Quirk to our advantage, but it’s kind of weird to know that there’s a naked girl standing by me… What exactly am I supposed to do here…?’

Hagakure must have realized this as well. “Ahah, Just don’t look okay.”

“What’s the difference?”

The rest of Class 1-A remain in the monitor room watching the two teams prepare from the screens.

Sato eyes the screens. “Who do you think is going to win?”

Sero leans back a bit with his hands at his sides. “Hm, I think Iida.”

Mina is quick to refute. “Nah, I bet it’s Hagakure she can just sneak right up on them.”

Ochaco looks to see if Izuku has a guess. “What do you think De…ku?” Her voice trails off as she’s drowned out by Izuku’s own muttering aided by the sound of a scribbling pencil. “Aoyama definitely has the advantage since he’s the only one that can attack from long range. But then again from what I’ve seen he can’t fire repeated shots for too long without repercussions. As for Iida he’s without a doubt the fastest but Ojiro seems to know how to put up a fight thanks to his clear martial arts background so he may just be able to counter Iida’s attacks. I think the real one to look out for is ironically Hagakure since no one participating has any sensory type Quirks she can easily sneak up on any of them and take them out. There’s also the fact that—”

Jiro deadpans. “Does he have a mute button or something?”

“Ah?!” Izuku nearly drops his pencil in surprise.

While Izuku tries to compose himself and hide his embarrassment Yaoyorozu thinks about what he had to say. “Midoriya brings up some very good points. Ultimately the ones that are able to pull off the best teamwork will win.”

And without any further ado All Might begins the second battle trial.

And sure, enough both Izuku and Yaoyorozu were right about how the match would go. After Iida and Aoyama snuck into the building, Hagakure snuck up behind them and managed to bind
Aoyama’s hands while he was busy posing with his hands over his head.

He was quickly declared captured and thus out of the battle.

Iida was swift to retaliate, since he was standing directly in front of his partner, he can only assume that Hagakure is positioned right behind Aoyama since she’d have to be close enough to cuff him. So, with a quick shove to move Aoyama out of the way he delivers a swift kick that crashes into Hagakure. Looks like his hunch was correct and the kick slams Hagakure against the wall. Hagakure shoves herself off the wall to try and get away as to prepare another sneak attack, but it appears Iida was ready for that. He takes his capture tape and runs through the hallway and right past the invisible girl. When he feels a tug on the tape, he knows that it’s snared her, so he expertly turns around and sprints in the opposite direction until the tape bends and he knows for sure where his target is. With a quick run around he has Hagakure bound with capture tape taking her out of the match as well.

It’s at this point that Izuku becomes aware that no one else can hear what the combatants are saying to each other. Because it looks like Iida is apologizing, possibly for attacking a woman.

After of which, Iida moves on to continue his search for the fake bomb and for the last faux villain. He is of course fast at tracking down the bomb and by extension Ojiro. The tailed-teen actually tries to ambush Iida with a tail slap from above, he was hanging from the ceiling just above the door. The strike lands knocking away Iida’s helmet, but it doesn’t seem to faze the speedster because the very next second, he spins around landing a strong kick to Ojiro’s side. The hit knocks the tailed-boy away allowing Iida just enough time to speed away and grab the bomb; winning the entire match for the hero team!

The two teams rejoin the class where once again Yaoyorozu is quick to praise Iida for being the V.I.P. of the match. And this is the general trend for the rest of the battles.

Next up are Team H: Fumikage Tokoyami and Tsuyu Asui vs. Team F: Rikido Sato and Koji Koda.

Koda is wide with a muscular build with peach-colored skin. His head is like that of a rock, which is unevenly shaped, and he has a square-shaped jaw. His hero costume is a tight yellow suit with large red markings over his torso and sleeves. On his chest there’s a symbol resembling an open mouth.

The match goes in Team H’s favor, but not at first. They were actually attacked by a horde of rats and pigeons brought on by Koda’s Quirk. Tokoyami’s Dark Shadow easily dispelled the swarm while Tsuyu calmly and expertly leaped around the wide hallway to avoid the pests. Eventually the duo arrived at the bomb, where they clashed with Team F. Sato’s Sugar Rush looked to be strong enough to repel Dark Shadow for a time, but Tsuyu’s Frog Quirk allowed her to achieve victory. Combined with her great jumping skills, acrobatics, and long tongue she swiftly claimed the bomb bringing an end to the battle.

The following match consisted of Team G: Denki Kaminari and Kyoka Jiro vs. Team C: Momo Yaoyorozu and Minoru Mineta. And despite Team G’s best efforts it was actually Team C that pulled away with the victory. Although it was mainly thanks to Yaoyorozu’s competence and Kaminari’s lack thereof. After Jiro used her earphone jacks to locate Team G the electric teen tried to electrify them, but thanks to Yaoyorozu preparedness the dumbass ended up frying his own brain making it very easy to capture him. After that it was a simple matter for Mineta to glue Jiro in place and Yaoyorozu to launch a net at her, and thus winning the match for the villain team.
While the class waits for the four to return Mina excitedly jogs over to Ochaco. “It looks like we’re up next.”

Ochaco smiles nervously while nodding her head. “Hm hmph.”

“So, who are we facing?”

Izuku, who is standing next to Ochaco, points across the room without looking up from his notebook. “Them.”

Mina and Ochaco follow his finger and it leads them to Team B’s Sero and his teammate, Shoto Todoroki.

Todoroki is well-built for his age with dual-colored hair that’s evenly split between two colors: white on his right-side and crimson red on his left. His eyes also possess heterochromia iridium: the left eye’s iris is turquoise, and his right is a dark gray. The other standout feature is the large burn scar on the left side of his face. Although they cannot see it thanks to the ice like material shrouding the left side of his body.

That last part might actually be a piece of his hero costume: it’s a plain off-white shirt with matching pants and boots. As for the material resembling ice, it not only covers his entire left half of his body, but a single red lens covers his left eye. It really enhances his intimidation factor.

Said glowing red eye seems to trail towards Mina and Ochaco as if he can sense them watching him.

Mina holds her hands up. “We…may be in trouble.”

“No kidding!” If the gravity girl wasn’t nervous before she sure is now. ‘But I can’t afford to get nervous. Not now.’ Her fist balls up at her side. “Hey Deku.”

“Yeah?” He refuses to lift his head up and away from his journal.

“Do you have any info on Team B?”

Now that makes him think. Izuku actually stops writing as to skim through his notebook until he finds what he’s looking for. “Hmmm, I have a few notes from what I saw yesterday. I think Sero can shoot out tape from his elbows and Todoroki…”

“Can create ice. Yeah, that part was obvious.” Not going to lie, she was kind of hoping for something more. “Do you have anything else?”

“Um, no. Sorry.” He’s actually disappointed in himself for not knowing more.

Ochaco sighs in defeat. ‘Well that’s no good. We have little to no intel on them and I can’t use One For All properly. And wasn’t Todoroki one of the Recommended students?! Ah, we’re so screwed!’ She shakes her head of those bad thoughts. ‘Come on Ochaco! If I accept defeat now, then will surely lose!’

Izuku’s instincts tell him that something is bothering her. “Is something else the matter?”

Ochaco blinks having been caught off guard by the question, at first, she is unsure on how to answer before deciding to let Izuku hear her out. “Yeah, it’s about my…Quirk. I’m still having trouble controlling it and summoning it for that matter.” She rubs the back of her head and pushes her hair up exposing her neck and ears. “It’s kind of frustrating you know. I mean you have no
trouble using your…transformations’ powers considering you’re…you know.”

Yeah, he knows. He’s Quirkless.

“Why is that exactly?” She means, why is Izuku seemingly so good at using his aliens’ powers?

Izuku thinks on it for a minute. “Hmmm, I never really thought about it, I guess…I just let it go, you know.”

Ochaco deadpanned look says it all. “No, I don’t.”

“What I mean is…I don’t force those powers out I just let them…loose. It’s like a dam, I just open the gates and let the water flow.”

“Let, the water flow?” Ochaco shudders worried about what that could mean for her. “Not sure if I can really do that without getting seriously injured.”

“Yeah, well to be fair my transformations are evolved around their powers, so they are much more adapted to use them naturally.”

“Makes sense,”

A loud overly excited and bubbly voice cuts itself into their conversation. “What ya talking about?!” Mina demands with a happy-go-lucky smile on her face.

Both teens freeze in place, looking like they were just caught committing a crime. “Nothing!!”

“Oh, really?” Mina asks teasingly, leaning in with a mischievous and knowing smirk. “You sure it wasn’t anything a little more intimate?”

Both teen’s faces turn several shades of red.

Ochaco flails her hands about as if she can bat this problem away. “No no no no no!”

Izuku’s reaction is just as bad. “W-w, w-ere j-just t-talking strategy, right?!”

“Y-yeah, a-absolutely!”

Mina can’t help but laugh at their reactions.

All Might observes the trio from afar. ‘DO YOUR BEST YOUNG URARAKA. AS YOUR TEACHER I CANNOT SHOW FAVORITISM, BUT JUST KNOW THAT I WISH YOU THE BEST DURING THIS EXERCISE. GIVE IT ALL YOU GOT!’ All Might turns to face the class just as Teams G and C arrive back at the monitor room. “ALRIGHT YOU NEWBIES!!” Now that grabs their attention. “LET’S GET STARTED SHALL WE? THE FINAL MATCH IS ON IT’S WAY!!”

The final match, it’s Team J: Ochaco Uraraka and Mina Ashido vs. Team B: Shoto Todoroki and Hanta Sero! Just which one of these teams will come out on top?

Ochaco scans the building schematics, the building they’re entering is a 15-story office building with a surprisingly small number of windows, and only one main entrance.
Ochaco eyes the building, her heart pounding with anticipation for what lies ahead. ‘I have so much more work to do. Not only do I have to work on One For All but also my own Zero-Gravity Quirk. This will be the perfect testing ground; I’ll do my best to take everything I’ve learned up to this point and make it into reality.’

Mina puts down her copy of the blueprints after noticing how intense Ochaco seems to be. “You look so serious. Are you alright?”

“Yes. I’m just ready to get started.”

Now that puts a smile on the pink girl’s face. “Then let’s show these boys what we’re made of!” She shoots her fist into the air. “Team Pink is on the case!”

“Hehe, yeah!” She’s still not so sure about that team name… Team Astro was probably the better choice. Although both are still more on point than anyone would realize.

“Okay, partner here’s the plan!” Mina jabs a finger at the towering building as if it itself is their opponent. “We go in there guns blazing, take them out, and win this whole thing!”

Ochaco unceremoniously falls over. “That’s your plan?!”

“Well, do you have anything better?”

“Not really…”

“Then we go with my plan.”

Ochaco slouches over in defeat. “Sure, I guess.”

Maybe she should have asked Deku for a plan before she left. He is good at this kind of stuff after all. Oh well, she’s just going to have to think on her feet for this one. ‘No problem, I mean how strong could these guys really be?’

Meanwhile inside the 15-story building, Team B is stationed in a wide room with a low ceiling no windows, and a lot of concrete pillars. There appears to be only one entrance, which is perfect for them since in the center of the room is the fake nuke that they are assigned to protect.

Todoroki speaks out his tone as cold as the ice he wields. “Listen to me.”

Sero continues stretching his arms while Todoroki stands a few feet ahead of him with his back towards the nuke. “Huh, what was that?”

“Use your tape to lift yourself off the ground.”

“Um, sure.” Sero aims his elbow up and fires a single strand of tape onto the ceiling before he reels himself up into the air like a fishing line. “But why?”

Before Todoroki could answer, assuming he was going to, All Might’s voice booms through their micro-transceivers. “OKAY, THE FINAL MATCH OF THE BATTLE TRIAL BEGINS NOW!!”

Todoroki inhales and as he exhales a wave of ice rushes forward like a crawling wave freezing the entire room. His power doesn’t stop there as the ice rushes outward until it floods into the hallways
and through the windows of the building until the entire 15-story building is suddenly a tower of ice. Every square inch is covered with solid ice, glaciers gauged their way through the windows curving up like horns, an ice wall blocks the entrance, and the surrounding air around the building is so cold that there are pockets of snowfall in and around the pillars of ice.

Everyone, as in Class 1-A, watch in shock and awe at the sight. ‘Just how powerful is this guy?!’

There are pieces of frost clinging to Sero’s body and costume as he dangles in the air on a frozen piece of tape. “S-s-s-so c-c-c-cold.”

Todoroki doesn’t even pause to take in his handiwork or to even apologize to his partner before he makes his way to the exit, the ice cracking under the weight of his boots. “Let’s go.”

“R-r-right.”

“I’m freezing!” Mina cries as she presses her hand against another ice wall, melting it with her acid until it becomes so weak that it finally shatters into pieces, then Ochaco releases her Zero Gravity and the ice falls to the ground. “I can’t believe he made a freakin’ ice castle!” She grabs at her arms rubbing them in an attempt to warm up. “It’s so cold!”

“Ice castle?” Ochaco thinks back to how the building looked to her before they entered. ‘Huh, it does kinda look like that.’

Their progress has not exactly been efficient, thanks to Todoroki’s ice he not only made an ice castle, but every entrance was blocked off by ice walls, and nearly every hallway entrance is blocked by walls of ice as well.

And so far, they haven’t even made it to the third floor without arriving at an eighth ice wall. To break through Ochaco would use Zero-Gravity to release the pressure and strength of the ice and then with Mina’s Acid to melt it; it becomes easy enough for them to break through.

Ochaco would then make herself weightless and hold on to Mina’s shoulders while the pink girl skates across the ice using her acid to slip and slide their way through, but they never seem to make it far before another barrier blocks their way. Plus, the cold is really getting to them considering that neither of their costumes are geared to handle such frigid temperatures.

After each ice wall Ochaco silently thinks to herself that she wishes she could properly use One For All then she could just smash her way through each ice wall without having to stop. Then again that would probably give away their location way too soon.

“This is so annoying!” Complains Mina as they arrive at another ice wall.

Ochaco gently falls back to the ground. “There’s not much else we can do.” They do need to step it up though at this rate they’re going to run out of time before they even encounter Todoroki and Sero. “Besides I don’t think we need to worry too much, at least for now, I bet those two are guarding the bomb hoping the ice slows us down enough for time to run out.”

“Yeah, maybe, but I’m not so sure.” Mina’s horn twitch slightly like ears that have picked up on something in the distance.

Ochaco presses a hand to the ice the tips of her fingers glow pink as her Quirk activates.

The alarm bells are practically roaring in Mina’s head as she watches the ice lose its strength.
“Wait, no!”

With no warning, Sero’s body crashes through the weakened ice like a maniac breaking through a window. With proficient acrobatics he whips out two tape whips that lash out at his sides.

One of the tape whips wraps around Ochaco while the other whips past Mina’s head, luckily, she leaned back with excellent flexibility and reaction time that she avoided capture.

The tape binds Ochaco’s arms to her sides before she’s hoisted into the air and she’s left dangling there.

From behind his helmet Sero’s grin widens. “You know I’ve always sort of dreamed of having a girl all tied up, but I never thought it would happen so soon.”

Mina rushes in spraying acid at the tape. “Don’t be a pervert!” The acid dissolves the tape holding Ochaco up. It snaps before she falls to the cold floor. “You alright, Uraraka?”

“Y-yeah, I’m fine.” Ochaco rips away the last of the tape as she squats up on one knee. ‘The same can’t be said for my dignity though.’ A shiver runs down her spine almost like she can sense that Mineta was getting off on that.

“You sure are.” Sero comments cockily as he backs away putting a good distance between himself and his opponents; he’d rather not get involved in a two on one fight.

But it doesn’t seem like he’ll be alone for long as the sound of boots breaking ice approaches. Todoroki rounds the corner his glowing red-lens pierces through the dark cold air. With absolutely no sense of urgency he walks past Sero. “Don’t get cocky. If you had gotten them both this would be over all ready.”

“Come on man, you shouldn’t be so cold towards your teammate.”

Ignoring him, Todoroki eventually stops a few feet ahead of him. He leans his right side forward readying an attack.

Mina instantly picks up on his hostile intent, her horns twitching in response. “We have to move!!” She grabs Ochaco’s arm and begins to sprint towards the end of the hall where the frozen door leading to the staircase lies.

Ochaco stumbles at first but she quickly gains her footing as she runs at Mina’s side.

With a deep exhale Todoroki unleashes an ice blast, the ice rushes towards them like a giant lance. Ochaco gazes back with horror in her eye, the ice is nearly upon them. If it hits this match is over before they could even get started.

As if on instinct, Ochaco whips her arm out of Mina’s grip, spinning around to face the oncoming attack of frozen water.

Her left-hand glows pink as an aura illuminates around it. ‘It's like Deku said I just need to let it go!’ She swings her fist towards the oncoming wave. “Smash!!” Just as the ice is upon both her and Mina, she thrusts her fist forward and a powerful gale of pressurized wind smashes right through the ice.

The strike is so strong that the ice is not only obliterated but everything is launched right back at its creator. As well as tears away Ochaco’s sleeve but somehow her arm brace survives although it’s
Todoroki is more than surprised, his eyes widening in shock, thankfully he reacts fast enough to create a barrier for him and Sero to hide behind as a whirlwind of broken ice and rubble blast right past them.

Mina gaps in awe at the sight before her.

Ochaco stands in the middle of the narrow hallway her bleeding fist and bare arm are stretched out in front of her towards an open passage with a long stretching crater that reaches to Team B’s shield.

Ochaco is breathing heavily as she drops her hand, her heart is racing, she begins to move quickly grabbing Mina’s hand before she body checks the door leading into a staircase. With no time to waste she drags her partner up the staircase sprinting as fast as she can.

Mina struggles to keep pace as she’s pulled behind her partner. “What was that?!?”

Ochaco doesn’t respond, instead she leaps through the fifth floor’s doorway and begins sprinting her way through searching for the next staircase.

Todoroki peers out from his barrier, he doesn’t see either Mina nor Ochaco the only sign of them is the large stretching crater, and the smashed in door at the end of the hall. He glares at the doorway knowing full well that those two are heading straight for the bomb. The air around him seemingly becomes even colder than it was before, producing a soft mist from his left side.

Sato jabs his hand towards the screen. “Did you see that?!?”

He is referring to Ochaco’s sudden display of overwhelming power.

“I saw it.” Responds Kirishima. “I just can’t believe it.”

Iida cups his chin although his face is still hidden behind his helmet. “Hm, that looks like the power Uraraka used during the Entrance Exam.”

Shoji nods. “Yeah, but did you notice her hand? I think it’s injured.”

“Well that would explain why she didn’t use it during Mr. Aizawa’s test.”

Aoyama can’t help but butt in. “It was far from elegant, but it certainly was just as magnificent as last time.”

‘Way to go Uraraka!’ Izuku internally cheers. ‘You’re getting better at summoning your new Quirk; now you can really show everyone what you got! Also...’ A stupid excited grin adorns his face as he scribbles away madly into his notebook. ‘you’re providing me with some amazing notes right now!’ Not only on her Quirk but also Sero’s, Todoroki’s, and Mina’s Quirks; they’re also just so amazing and different he really couldn’t have asked for anything better!

All Might’s feelings of glee are nearly on par with Izuku’s. ‘WELL DONE URARAKA! I KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU! WE’LL HAVE TO WORK ON YOUR POWER OUTPOUT IT SEEMS BUT FOR NOW I’M JUST SO PROUD ON THE PROGRESS YOU’RE MAKING.’

They can work on that later, for now he must be not only her mentor but a teacher to the rest of the
entire class. So, he watches as Ochaco and Mina arrive at the sixth floor.

Ochaco arrives on the sixth floor where she quickly finds a small secluded room. It's the best place for her to catch her breath and to assess the damage of her hand.

She sits down to check, her knuckles are bloodied, her hand’s red, and her sleeve is all but gone but it could be worse at least she’s still got her dominant hand and she can still move her fingers so she can still use Zero-Gravity.

Mina plops down beside her throwing her head back allowing the adrenaline to wash away. “Sheesh, when were you going to tell me you had that kind of power? You could have led with that from the beginning.”

Ochaco answers between breaths. “I…can’t…control it.” She lifts her hand showing Mina what she means. “It’s too much power for me, that’s why I can only rely on…one aspect of my Quirk.”

“Really?” Mina raises an eyebrow, silently questioning if Ochaco is lying to her. But she sees no reason why she would have to lie so she quickly let’s it go. “Well, I guess that makes sense.” Mina jumps up onto her feet, she’s ready to get a move on. “Alright, I think it’s obvious that we need a plan.”

Ochaco nearly snaps at her partner. ‘You don’t say?!’

She is of course oblivious to Ochaco’s irritation. “So, since my plan didn’t work. I need you to come up with one!”

“I’ll…get right on that.” The brunette takes a moment to think, she peers at the ice encasing the room. There’s a light mist, and she can’t help but notice that the temperature has actually dropped since they moved upward. That’s when a lightbulb goes off in her head. “I got it!”

“Got what?”

Ochaco gives her teammate a reassuring and confident smile. “I got a plan.”

Mina holds her breath in anticipation with a stupid excited grin plastered on to her face as she waits for Ochaco to go into details.

Nearly a minute passes between the two of them as they both grin at each other.

“So, are you going to tell me?”

“Oh, right!”

Sero arrives at the sixth floor with Todoroki in toe. “Wow, I can’t believe she was hiding that kind of power. The girl can really pack a punch!”

“No kidding. Although…” Todoroki thinks back to the fifth floor hallway when they left to chase after the heroes, he noticed a splatter of blood on the ground. ‘She probably can’t control that power of hers. That’s why she didn’t use it during the Quirk Apprehension Test. Still though if she’s strong enough to break through my ice then I can’t afford to underestimate her again. I will defeat her and show that old man that I can be a hero with just my mother’s Quirk.’
But they need to find Team J first and it’s not like they’re just going to walk right up to them looking for a fight more likely they’re going after the bomb.

“How’s it going boys?”

Then of course he could be wrong.

The two spin around to spot which one of the heroes has snuck up on them.

Sero gaps. “Ashido?!”

Mina leans against a nearby corner her hand on her hip and her tongue sticking out of the side of her smirk. “The one and only. Now, let’s dance!” She whips her hand out spraying a splash of Acid at Team B.

Todoroki makes an ice shield while Sero leaps back avoiding the acid.

Sero shakes his fist in anger. “Hey, watch it! You could really hurt someone with that!”

“Well if you're that upset about it.” Mina turns and winks before using her acid to skate her way across the jagged frozen floor, she goes back the way she came down the narrow-frozen hallway. “Then why not come and get me!”

Sero thwips out a strand of tape to pull himself over the iced floor. “Hey, get back here!” He continues to launch himself through the hallway using his tapes to reel himself in as he chases after the slippery Acid producing girl.

Todoroki follows on foot; he turns the corner just in time to watch as Mina rounds another corner with Sero hot on her heels.

“You won’t escape!”

“Then you better hurry and catch me!”

Todoroki runs a few paces before he slowly comes to a stop. His expression remaining indifferent as he slowly turns away from where Mina and Sero took off for. He can tell that something is up, and he will not fall for it. 'Where are you, Uraraka?'

Come on, where is it?” Ochaco breaks her way through another ice wall having used her Zero-Gravity to weaken it before she slams her way through it.

She is currently on the eight floor and if her hunch is correct then the bomb should be here.

If logic serves, Todoroki essentially made a giant freezer and from what she’s seen he is all about making ice barriers for them to block their path. Now with all this ice he cannot constantly be regulating the temperature to keep the ice from melting. That means, Team B must have put the bomb where Todoroki wouldn’t have to keep an eye on it since he probably blocked it off with nothing but ice walls. But what does this all mean? It means that Team B must be keeping the bomb in the coldest part of the building: the center of the building where it’s the most insulated with the freezing cold temperatures.

So, her plan is a simple one: Mina distracts the boys with her feminine wiles (as Mina put it) while Ochaco goes after and captures the bomb. Simple.
She locates another ice wall this one is much larger, but she can almost make out the telltale signs of a doorway behind it. She presses her finger tips against the ice making it weightless. She then takes a few steps back, ice crunching under her feet, before she charges right through the ice wall like she just jumped through a window. Her landing is less than graceful as when she lands her foot slips and she ends up kissing the floor.

“Ow.” She groans, she lifts her head up and a loud pop sound is made as her face is peeled off the floor. Her cheeks are even redder either because of the embarrassment or the fact that the floor is super cold. “Not my finest moment.”

She rubs her cheeks as she kneels up and scans the new area. Her eyes become wide circles as she spots the very thing she’s been looking for. The bomb! It’s just sitting there unintended surrounded by pillars of ice and even a few small mounds of snow.

“I knew it!” Ochaco cheers in delight as she springs up into the air.

She jogs forward as fast she can, but the slippery icy floor is of no help.

A rumbling and the sound ice shards scraping against each other grows increasingly louder until a column of ice intercepts her path.

“Ahhh?!” Ochaco’s arms flail at her side as her foot slides across the ice until she eventually comes to a stop just before she hits the ice column.

“I knew you were up to something.” Todoroki steps forward blocking the direct path between Ochaco and the bomb. “It was very predictable on your part.”

“Shit.” Ochaco backs off her arms poised for a fight. ‘Looks like Mina’s distraction didn’t work.’

“Before we begin, I think it’s fair to give you a chance to surrender.”

“Huh?”

Todoroki stares blankly at Ochaco like he doesn’t perceive her as a threat. “You’re not going to win against me. From what I’ve seen your Quirk mostly involves close quarters combat. Except for what you did earlier.” He gestures to Ochaco’s left fist. “But judging from your hand there’s some major whiplash for when you use that strange Quirk of yours. Am I right?”

It feels like a bolt of lightning has struck her. ‘He read me like a book.’

“So, this is your last chance.” Todoroki holds a hand out as to represent her to accept his offer. “Surrender.”

‘What do I?’ Ochaco scowls. ‘He’s right realistically speaking he’s better than I am! He’s a recommended student, has a powerful and versatile Quirk, and he’s smart able to analyze his opponents, just like Deku.’ But then again, she’s not exactly a push over either. ‘But...I’ve actually faced real villains before! I’ve worked hard to get this far! I am All Might’s successor! And I refuse to give up!’ She peers at her hands the very source of her Quirks before she peers up at Todoroki.

Just from her expression Todoroki pieces together her answer. “So, that is your choice?”

With a frown and new found resolve Ochaco nods refusing to look away from her opponent.

Todoroki sighs in annoyance. “Very well.” He raises his right arm readying to swing it forward at a
moment's notice. “Don’t be too disappointed when you lose, alright?”

“I think you have it backwards, Todoroki.”

“Hm?”

“Because, I’m going to win this!!” With no hesitation Ochaco jumps over the column of ice and charges straight towards her enemy.

“You fool.” Todoroki swings his arm to the side and a cluster of ice rushes towards her, his plan is to freeze her legs in place.

But Ochaco isn’t as predictable as he thinks. Because just before the ice can reach her, she jumps into the air launching herself up and towards the ceiling having made herself weightless.

“Not so fast!” Todoroki slams his foot against the ground generating a large ice spear that rushes towards the gravity defying girl.

Reacting quickly Ochaco spins around and kicks herself off the ceiling and towards a pillar of ice effectively avoiding the giant icicle.

Todoroki follows it up with another icicle but she’s too quick in the air. She bounces herself off the ice pillar just in time to avoid being skewered. This goes on and on with Todoroki trying and failing to land a strike on his agile target and she’s only getting faster. She just keeps building more and more momentum until she’s practically buzzing about the pillared room like a ricocheting ball, she’s even using Todoroki’s icicles as jumping boards.

“Hold still dammit!” Todoroki launches another ice missile which only adds onto the already large amount of them in the wide room.

Ochaco practically runs on the ceiling easily evading the icicle. She jumps down launching herself over Todoroki and right at the faux bomb while also releasing her Quirk to let gravity pull her down. “Victory is mine!”

“I don’t think so!” The ice wielder fires off a large wave of ice, not towards Ochaco, but towards the bomb itself.

Ochaco gasps in horror as the bomb is completely buried in a wave of ice. The ice is like a glacier that formed itself around the bomb. Ochaco crashes hard into the side of the glacier before falling to the frozen floor below.

“I got you.”

There’s no time to think as Ochaco takes off towards the other side of the room just as a wave of ice crashes after her.

The crashing wave is on her heels, so much so that the cold frost forms at the ends of her hair. Acting fast and using the iced floor to her advantage Ochaco drops down sliding across the ice towards a pre-existing ice pillar. She grabs the end of the pillar, swinging herself around it for cover, and just in time too as the wave catches up to her. The ice crashes into the opposite side of the pillar as jagged icicles surrounded around her at all sides, but luckily none of them strike her.

Todoroki stomps his way around the glacialered bomb, he scans the area, but he doesn’t seem to spot Ochaco. He wasn’t really looking when he generated that wave of ice, he was just trying to make a wide ranged attack in the hopes of trapping her.
“You’ve done well so far, but that ends now. You still have no way of winning against me.”

Ochaco covers her mouth in order to muffle her heavy breathing. She’s really not in the best condition right now. She’s exhausted from all the jumping around, the cold certainly doesn’t help whatsoever, her hand is injured, and add in the fact that she’s starting to feel nauseous after using her Quirk so much she’s not doing too hot.

‘It’s not over yet, Todoroki. I can still pull this off!’ The gravity manipulator considers all of her options. ‘Zero-Gravity isn’t enough, I need to use One For All. It’s my only chance.’ Only One For All has the power to get her past Todoroki but also the glacier surrounding the bomb. It’s way too thick for her to just use Zero-Gravity on it. ‘I need to go in fast while he’s still looking for me.’

She stands up, still hidden behind the frozen pillar, she holds her arms at her side and to her fists out front, as she concentrates on summoning All Might’s Quirk. ‘It’s like Deku said I can’t force One For All out I need to let it flow freely. To open the gates and let it free.’ She breathes in and out and before long her arms and legs glow pink as One For All flows through her limbs. ‘This is it!!’

She can already feel the strain on her body, she needs to make this quick before it becomes too much.

She races out moving at an incredible rate trailing behind her are broken shards of ice and rubble as she sprints across the frozen floor. The power surging through her legs tears away at her boots shattering them to pieces, but that doesn’t matter as she charges forward.

Todoroki is completely taken by surprise, in less than a few seconds she’s already upon him her eyes leering at him as they glow with a pink hue.

Without thinking the snow-like material on the left side of his body seemingly crumbles away as an eruption of flames burst out in response to Ochaco’s attack.

In a blink of an eye, Ochaco leaps backward to avoid the flames, unfortunately the jump was a bit too strong and she ends up smashing into the ceiling before bouncing off of it and landing hard onto the melting floor. She’s in too much shock to register the pain. ‘Fire?! He can shoot out fire, too?! That would be so cool if it wasn’t so unfair!!’ Not to mention those flames are really strong, they’ve already melting away must of the ice surrounding her dual-elemental classmate.

Todoroki’s heart is filled with instant regret as apparent shock adorns his features. ‘No…!!’ He gazes in horror as his flames roar from his left side, his mind is so disturbed that he fails to cut it off.

Ochaco scrambles back onto her feet as the flames continue to dance across her path to victory. ‘I won’t let this stop me! I will win!!’ Her entire body glows with a heavenly pink aura. ‘I’ll go beyond!’ She clenches her fists and from within her grip her finger tips glow brighter and brighter as Zero-Gravity activates. “Plus Ultra!!”

She releases all that she has letting One For All flow through her, and that’s when something unexpected takes place. The pink aura begins to grow outward from her fists in large spheres, the spheres expand slowly before encompassing around Ochaco encasing her in a sphere of pink light. ‘What’s happening?! What’s going on?! Did…did One For All…combine with my Zero-Gravity?!!’

This may work out in her favor, so she lets One For All pour out like a crashing waterfall. The orb bursts outward; the entire room shakes and rumbles as the pink light rushes forward. As the light
absorbs everything in its path, anything and everything that is swallowed up by it suddenly finds itself weightless; water droplets rise and dance in the air, rubble and shards of ice float upward, steam from the rising flames and ice seem to freeze in place, and yet there is an overwhelming pressure despite the weightlessness as if anything inside will and can be crushed in a moment’s notice.

And neither Todoroki nor his flames are immune to the effects of the strange expanding space.

His feet leave the ground making him lose his balance; it’s finally enough to snap him out of his daze and he releases his Quirk by swinging his arm. ‘What is this? Is she…manipulating the gravity around her?’ The force of the swing makes his body rotate in midair until his back is towards the ceiling and he watches as he rises further into the air.

This is the moment she’s been waiting for. “Now’s my chance!!” With a mighty kick she propels herself forward rocketing herself straight towards the bomb and thanks to the Zero-Gravity she breezes through the air as she rushes by ice shards and rubble are blown away as she zooms by.

“I won’t let you!!” Todoroki shoves his hand forward and a giant icicle ejects itself outward directly into Ochaco’s path, the icicle crashes into the ground and with the combination of the force and the weightlessness Todoroki is pushed backwards his back slamming into the ceiling.

As for the giant ice spear, it doesn’t do anything to stop the charging gravity-wielder.

“That won’t stop me!!” Ochaco charges right through the icicle, obliterating it into a thousand pieces as Todoroki looks on in shock. Hero visor shatters and breaks as she crashes through it.

Now there’s only one obstacle left between her and her goal; the glacier that’s protecting the fake bomb.

She reels back her strained fist, she can feel pain surging through it especially as her sleeve is torn apart from all the power being released, and the nausea in her stomach is a clear sign that she’s pushed herself far beyond her limit. “Special move!!” But despite that she refuses to give in. She will win this match and show All Might just how far she’s willing to go!! “VENUS SMASH!!”

Although her momentum stops right when her fist collides with the glacier, thanks to the Zero-Gravity Field, the power of her attack does not. The entire glacier discharges into shards of ice as a powerful gale force bursts out between Ochaco’s fist and the glacier’s side. The powerful whirlwind floods the entire space taking everything along with it; the walls are smashed apart as a barrage of ice shards and rubble rocket into them, Todoroki covers his body in ice in order to defend himself from oncoming debris, and the ice pillars are easily blown away as if made of paper mache.

“I…did it.” She sure did and with that she shuts down One For All.

The Zero-Gravity Field seemingly dissipates as it phases out of existence as it does everything returns to its normal hue before they collapse onto the ground. The floor shakes as the numerous amounts of ice and rubble crash down under their own weight, and that includes Todoroki who lands on the ground with a loud thud.

Ochaco’s breathing is shaky and her balance is faltering as she remains poised with her fist out in front of her. Her arm is completely exposed, colored red as it swells in pain, and her knuckle bleeds. Her bare feet are numb from the pain, good thing too because the cold id probably bitting at the bottom of her feet. She lets her right arm fall and not too soon because the very next second, she’s let’s out a lurching belch just before she barfs up a rainbow, literally.
Todoroki groans as he pushes his upper body off the ground, he winces but fights through the slight aching pain. ‘What the hell is she? How could someone like her…wield such power?’

And more importantly, how could he have lost? There’s no way and worst of all. ‘She…made me use that bastard’s Quirk.’ He stares at his left hand like it personally betrayed his trust. ‘It’s the first real day of hero training…and I already broke my promise.’ His steely cold gaze leers up towards his opponent, who is struggling to keep herself on her feet. ‘What was that power of yours? It kind of…’ His gaze falls as if he realizes something. ‘It’s kind of like All Might’s power.’ Or at least what he’s seen on the news.

All Might’s voice calls out through their micro-transceivers. “I HAVE THE RESULTS!”

Todoroki’s eyes shoot upwards. ‘Is it really over already?’

From her hunched over form, Ochaco raises her head unsure what All Might’s getting at. After all, she hasn’t captured the bomb yet. But…what if…? She hurriedly scans the room, her head swiveling from side to side as she tries to locate the bomb. It’s nowhere in sight!! It isn’t where the glacier used to be!

And then it hits her, she fully understands the predicament almost instantly.

“IT’S A DRAW!!”

Ochaco falls to her knees her eyes wide and full of defeat as she realizes the truth of the matter; she accidently destroyed the fake bomb with her last all-out attack.

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“This is so not right!” Mina wines for all to hear. “I demand a rematch! There’s no way we can just call it a draw?!?”

Herself and Team B are standing outside the melting ice castle as the rest of their classmates group up with them with their teacher in toe.

All Might practically sprints to the front of the group. “HAVE HEART ASHIDO YOU EACH GAVE US A FINE SHOWING!”

An irked Mina’s cheeks puff out. “Don’t patronize me.”

From the side Todoroki gaze drifts away, avoiding eye contact with any of his peers.

A robotic voice cuts through the crowd. “Bring to nurses’ office---” Proclaims a Mini Conveyor-Bot, latched behind it is a stretcher with an injured Ochaco laying on top of it and at the opposite end is a second Mini Conveyor-Bot.

“I know---” Responds the second Mini Conveyor-Bot.

“Uraraka, are you alright?!” Mina runs up to her partner, the robots stop to allow her access, and Deku follows close behind the Acid girl with his notebook held close to his chest.

Ochaco peers up at them, grateful for their concern. “Yeah, I’m fine. I’m just…a little worse for wear.” If you call swollen limbs, bleeding knuckles, and a torn costume a little worse for wear.

Iida literally cuts himself into the conversation. “Uraraka! It is irresponsible to downplay your injuries!” His arms rapidly shake up and down in a robotic like manner, the display is so awkward-
looking that Ochaco has to look away to prevent herself from laughing.

Mina’s horns twitch before she too looks away holding her gut as she tries to hold back her chuckles.

“YOUNG URARAKA!” Their attention is drawing to their larger than life sensei, his signature ever present as his cape bellows in the wind.

A brief jolt of nervousness courses through the new wielder of One For All as she lies there injured and helpless. She failed the exercise. Is he upset? Did she…disappoint him? And she was really giving it her all, too.

A big thumbs up is all she receives from her predecessor, but it’s enough to ease her worries. “YOU DID VERY WELL! I CAN’T WAIT TO SEE WHAT YOU HAVE IN STORE FOR US IN THE FUTURE.”

The message is clear: they have much more work to do, but there’s no doubt that he’s proud. Despite his towering form he somehow looks like he’s standing taller with his chest out as if in pride. But not pride in himself but pride in his student.

A light blush of gratitude rises on her cheeks. “T-thanks, All Might!”

“HEY, NO SWEAT. NOW AWAY TO THE NURSES’ OFFICE WITH YOU!” He swings his arm to the side as to emphasize the order.

Both bots respond simultaneously before they kart her away. “We know---” And with that they wheel away a light buzzing noise following them as they leave the arena.

Sero removes his helmet sticking it under his arm. “Who knew she had that kind of firepower.” He is of course referring to the attack she pulled when he and Todoroki first encountered her.

Jiro raises her hands behind her head. “It’s kinda scary.” Her mind thinks back on the strange pink field she had generated.

“It was so manly!!” Proclaims Kirishima, just watching her standup to the ice and fire master was more than enough to get his blood pumping!

Hagakure, presumably, tilts her head as she places a finger on her cheek. “Was that a compliment?”

A smiling Kaminari lets his own thoughts known. “She wasn’t the only one full of surprises, though.”

Mina’s not completely sure what he’s talking about. “What do you mean?”

Sero leans in, unsure what Kaminari is talking about as well.

Kaminari pauses for effect before giving his answer. “He can also generate fire!” He holds his hands out like it’s a big surprise.

Sero’s jaw drops. “Really?!” If that’s the case, then why didn’t he ever witness him using it?! Then again, he never really told him his full plan so guess it’s not that of a surprise.

Ojiro’s tail sways as he confirms Sero’s question. “Oh, yeah. It was really something.” He smiles sheepishly as a troubling thought crosses his mind. “Honestly, if it was anyone else, they probably wouldn’t have stood a chance against him.”
Oh, how right he really is.

Mina gushes in awe of the new information. “Wow! He’s handsome and has such an amazing Quirk too!” She swivels around before rushing up to the down casted Todoroki, whom at this point has been avoiding interacting with any of his classmates at this point not wanting to discuss those wretched flames. “You gotta show me!”

If he’s put off by Mina’s overbearing enthusiasm then he doesn’t show it, instead he keeps his calm and indifferent demeanor. “I’d…rather not.”

“Aw, but why?!”

And just like that Todoroki’s apathy is gone and replaced with a flash of an intense inner rage that threatens to spill outward like a violent storm.

Mina’s cheerful and excited smile vanishes as a look of concern appears on her face, she backs up holding her head down in shame, bowing her head apologetically.

Everyone else seems to notice Todoroki’s change but they don’t press the matter, chalk it up to the fact that he’s unsatisfied with the results of the battle trial.

Izuku watches on worried at his classmate’s reaction to being questioned. Silently he flips open his notebook searching for the page he set aside for one Shoto Todoroki. He locates the page it has a rough sketch of Todoroki’s overall appearance while in costume, a general height and weight estimates, and of course extensive notes on his Quirk, Half-Cold and, apparently, Half-Hot.

‘His Quirk, Half-Cold Half-Hot, is definitely one of the most multifaceted powers here, other than my own.’ His gaze rises up to the ice castle: chunks of ice shatter and fall as water pools around it as the frozen liquid melts away. ‘And it’s an impressive Quirk…a very impressive Quirk.’ He did freeze an entire building and he was still able to use his Quirk effectively afterwards. ‘But those flames, his fire, now that was the real surprise.’ He eyes the few notes he has on those flames. ‘I wonder why he didn’t use them sooner.’

He decides not to ponder on it for too long before he flips through the pages until he comes across the page that’s dedicated to his friend, Ochaco Uraraka. This single page alone is already filled to the brim with notes, observations, and uses for her Quirk(s). He’s probably going to need to dedicate a new page or two so he can draw up her costume and of course jot down the amazing phenomena he had just witnessed.

He finds a clean page and begins writing away. ‘Just what was that pink sphere she made? And why did it expand the way it did? It had to be some sort of weird Zero-Gravity Field that makes anything inside of it weightless. But I thought Uraraka’s Quirk only worked when she makes physical contact with her hands. So, was that an effect of her second Quirk? Like they...combined or something?’

Unknown to the analytical nerd the only pro hero in the room is having similar thoughts. ‘JUST WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?! DID…ONE FOR ALL BOOST HER ORIGINAL QUIRK?!’ A part of him is admittedly a bit apprehensive about this. ‘WE’LL DEFINITELY NEED TO DISCUSS THIS BUT FOR NOW I NEED TO CONTINUE WITH BEING A TEACHER.’

All Might raises his hand in the air. “THAT’S ENOUGH TALK! LET’S DISCUSS THE RESULTS!” He pulls his hand down looking at the students expectedly. “NOW WHO CAN TELL ME WHICH ONE OF THESE FINE CLASSMATES YOURS WAS THE M.V.P.?!”
Yaoyorozu doesn’t even wait to begin; by this point it’s almost expected of her to have the answer. “Looking at everything at face value I would say Todoroki was the most valuable player of the match.”

Most of the class have looks of agreement although they can’t help but feel that her deduction is not quite right.

And Yaoyorozu must feel the same way. “But that being said, Todoroki’s performance was far from efficient.”

The very teen in question eyes the other recommended student with a wary gaze, unsure by what she means.

“Although Todoroki’s Quirk is powerful as demonstrated by his defensive strategy to protect the target, he however clearly underestimated his opponents. And in doing so it allowed for them to gain a proper plan of attack; thanks to Uraraka’s efforts. That was further evident when he confronted Uraraka. During their confrontation he was surprised by her skill and capabilities and thus he lost his composure, using large scale attacks that are far too destructive for such an exercise. And even if it was declared a draw, he ultimately failed in protecting the bomb and was completely overwhelmed by Uraraka’s last attack.”

“AS YOU’VE SHOWN US, YOU ARE RIGHT ON THE MONEY!! WELL, SAID YAYOYOROZU!” All Might turns to the rest of the class. “DOES ANYONE ELSE HAVE ANYTHING TO ADD?”

No one seems to be willing to speak up, but a shy timid voice nervously wiggles its way through.

Izuku shakily rotates his pen between his fingers trying to keep his composure. “D-during the match…both Ashido and Sero did their parts for their individual teams.” Izuku jolts in place for a second when he realizes that everyone's attention is on him, and that includes All Might’s. “B-both k-kept their composers and kept with their respective goals: to capture the other or the bomb. And as for Uraraka, she lacked a clear plan when they initially entered the building. And although she was able to deduce the location of the bomb, her powerful attack…admittedly much like my own. Caused far too much collateral damage. She was probably far too focused on defeating her opponent that she didn’t hold back and thus the bomb being destroyed was the end result.” He finally takes a moment to breath. “At least, that’s my take on it. Huh?”

He grimaces as his nerves return; everyone is staring at him like he’s grown a second pair of eyes; his muttering must have really thrown them off.

All Might tries to brush off the odd display by coughing. “N-NICELY SAID, Y-YOUNG MIDORIYA. YOU’VE BROUGHT UP SOME EXCELLENT POINTS.” The pro hero swings his arms in attempt to wash the feelings of discomfort away. “AS MIDORIYA JUST EXPLAINED IT IS IMPORTANT TO WORK TOGETHER AND SUPPORT EACH OTHER ESPECIALLY AS YOU ALL GROW AND LEARN WITH EACH OTHER. NOT ONLY THAT IT IS IMPORTANT TO NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THOSE AROUND YOU BECAUSE THEY CAN BE HIDING ALL SORTS OF SURPRISES.”

Izuku almost wants to laugh at that. ‘You have no idea.’

“Well I think that’s enough for the day. So well done on a hard day’s work! Ha!” He stands tall and proud with his fists at his sides. “WITH THE EXCEPTION OF TWO SERIOUS INJURIES YOU ALL DID EXTREMELY WELL FOR
“YOUR FIRST TRAINING EXERCISE!”

Tsuyu smiles up at their teacher. “Coming after Mr. Aizawa’s class, it’s nice having such a straight-forward class.”

“You’re welcome! We teachers are free to hold no-nonsense classes if we choose! Now, I’m off to go check on our injured companions!” With a swoosh he spins around turning towards the exit. “Change out of those costumes and head back to the classroom!”

“He’s so fast!!” Shouts Mina.

Ojiro feels dejected. “There’s no way I can get to that speed.”

Kaminari’s smiling like an idiot. “So cool!"

Izuku watches on in fascination as his pen fidgets about in his notebook as he estimates All Might’s possible top speed.

Meanwhile, one dual-haired teen leers into the distance where All Might disappeared towards, there’s a dark almost suspicious look in his eye as if he’s in serious thought. ‘I underestimated her…and she made me use his Quirk.’ He grips his left wrist like it’s a direct insult to his pride. ‘Even after I told myself that I would never use it…I go right ahead and break my own promise. At this rate I’ll never surpass him, and he’ll win.’ He exhales a breath of cold frigid air. ‘I won’t let that happen again. And next time, I won’t underestimate my opponents.’

Recovery Girl waves as a fully recovered Bakugou trudges towards the infirmary’s exit.

Currently he’s all healed up, not a scratch to be seen, the only thing out of place is his regular school uniform especially his baggy school pants.

“Enjoy the rest of your day dearie.”

He brushes her off as he approaches the door. “Whatever.”

Well someone is clearly in a bad mood. And why wouldn’t he? He just got his ass handed to him by the very person he’s towered over for years. And it was in front of all those loser nobodies he has for classmates, how the hell is he supposed to show off his superiority if he lost to Deku? To fucking Deku?!

The nurses’ office door swings open.

“We have arrived at the nurses’ office---!”

“I know---!”

Bakugou reels back in surprise at the sudden appearance of the Mini Conveyor-Bots. “What the hell-Oof!!” He holds his gut after taking a direct hit from Recovery Girl’s cane.

“Watch your volume, young man. You need to be quiet when in the nurses’ office; think about the
other patients.”

“Shut up!” Whether he snapped at her out of anger or pain is unclear.

Ochaco groans as she attempts to cover her ears, but her arms refuse to move. “So…loud.”

“Huh?” That when he finally notices that the Mini Conveyor-Bots are in fact carrying an injured Ochaco into the infirmary. He takes note of her shredded arm and pant sleeves and more importantly her swollen and red limbs. “What the hell happened to you? You get the crap beaten out of you?”

Despite the pain she can’t help but bite back at the jerkwad. “Like you’re one to talk?”

Bakugou winces a flash of anger courses through him. “T-that was just a fluke! The stupid nerd tricked me!”

“No…he didn’t.” Ochaco is not trying to be malicious, she’s just trying to speak the truth. “He beat the living shit out of you.” Okay, maybe she should have been a little more considerate about how she worded that.

Bakugou looks like he is ready to explode, but a quick look from Recovery Girl holds him back. “What...what’s it matter to you?”

“I’m...his friend. And I’ve seen the way you treat him. And it’s terrible.”

Now that throws Bakugou a bit for a loop. “You’re, his, friend? I thought that stupid nerd only had one friend, Uuichi.”

Ochaco eyes Bakugou warily unsure if he’s messing with her or not. “Uuichi? You mean you don’t know?” She probably shouldn’t be surprised all things considered; from what she’s seen he could care less about anything that concerns Deku. “They had a falling out. And I guess so did you.”

His glare softens, it’s not much of a difference though. “What are you getting at?”

“You’re strong Bakugou, you earned your top ranking in the Entrance Exam, but” She gives him the most deadpanned look that she can muster from laying on the stretcher. “your personality is crap.”

His entire body is shaking in silent rage in response, but he somehow bites back his tongue.

“Deku, is not helpless or useless. He’s brave and willing to do what’s right. And today he stood up to you. I don’t know what you said to each other, but Deku doesn’t hate you, he’s too nice like that, but” The two lock eyes helping to assert the seriousness of what she has to say. “he’s more than what you give him credit for.”

Bakugou is honestly not sure how to respond to that. So he doesn’t instead he turns away brushing her off like she’s lost her goddamn mind. “Whatever, you’re clearly delusional from all the pain.” He stomps through the exit. “See ya later, Roundface!”

Ochaco gasps. “Roundface?!”

Meanwhile, Recovery Girl chuckles to herself at her reaction.

The Mini Conveyor-Bots finally move her to a bed and softly help her onto it. And after a quick reprimand from Recovery Girl about her lack of self-preservation she kisses her cheek and her
limbs quickly begin to heal themselves.

As Recovery Girl does her magic Ochaco thinks back on what she’s observed from Bakugou so far. ‘His ego is so inflated, but who knows maybe this will calm him down a bit… Although the look on his face when he lost was oddly satisfying to witness.’ She smiles smugly to herself as she reminisces in the memory of Bakugou taking on Deku’s last attack.

Her recovery goes smoothly enough although the exhaustion hits her hard and she’s struggling to keep her eyes open and the bed is starting to feel very comfortable right about now. It wouldn’t be a bad idea to take a quick nap would it?

“I am here!”

Well, she’ll have to put that nap on hold.

“Quiet!!” Recovery Girl is quick to swing her syringe like cane into the Number One Hero’s frail stomach.

“Gahh!!” Toshinori wheezes in pain, grabbing his gut as Recovery Girl fumes in annoyance.

“Al-All Might?!” That wakes her right up. Why is he here?! What’s going on?! Wait!! Oh, no. She shakily turns towards Recovery Girl who is busy reprimanding the injured All Might about being more considerate when in a place of healing. ‘Oh, no. I…I accidentally gave away his identity.’

Toshinori notices the worried look in her eyes, he smiles gently trying to put her at ease. “Oh, don’t worry, Recovery Girl knows all about me and…my power.”

Recovery Girl offers a friendly smile in confirmation. “It’s true, and might I add that I think All Might has chosen a fine young lady to be his successor.”

That makes her blush slightly more than she always does. “T-thank you, mam.”

Recovery Girl nods before strolling off to sort through her medicine cabinet allowing Toshinori and Ochaco a moment to themselves.

Toshinori takes a seat in an open chair next to her bed. “Hey, kid. How you holding up?”

“I’ve been better.”

“Yeah, I guess it could have been worse.”

“Worse?!” Recovery Girl wheels around shaking her cane in a threatening manner. “Are you implying that this is the best-case scenario?!”

Toshinori hastily shakes his hands in denial. “No no no of course not. It’s just…” He turns back to his successor. “you did such a good job out there today.”

“But…I failed the exercise.”

“It was a draw and you gave it your all.” He pats her on the head gently. “And as a teacher, how can I fail a student who is so willing to go beyond?”

Ochaco smiles in gratitude as she takes in the praise from her mentor. Until she remembers something very important. “Oh, All Might! That thing! The strange light!!” She means the Zero-Gravity Field.
Toshinori understands what she’s talking about. “Ah, yes. We need to discuss that.”

There’s only one thing she can really ask. “What was it?”

“I think…One For All somehow boosted your Zero-Gravity Quirk.”

“But I was still able to use One For All while emitting that weird effect.”

“Hmmmm, maybe you were able to somehow use both Quirks at once. That may explain why One For All boosted your Quirk in the first place. It’s definitely something we need to work on. It could be a huge asset for you in the future.”

Ochaco suddenly becomes very shy thanks to All Might’s praise. “You think so?”

Toshinori gives her a grin, it’s nothing like his signature smile but it’s just as strong in letting her know that everything is right with the world. “Without a doubt.”

Recovery Girl can’t help but let her opinion be known. “Then you best not come back here with anymore injuries!”

Both wielders of One For All cry out defensively. “Yes, mam!”

Toshinori pushes himself off his seat. “Well, I best be off. I just wanted to check in on you before I do some paperwork.”

“Wait, All Might!” She just remembered something very important. “So, this is a quick change in topic but,” She fidgets in her bed trying to sit up, but her limbs won’t allow her that privilege. “do you remember what I asked you before school started?” She means, can she tell Deku about One For All?

Recovery Girl observes silently from the side curious about what Ochaco’s getting at but doesn’t initially pry into it.

“About that.” Toshinori rubs his neck. He’s not that confident in how he should approach this “From what I’ve seen, Midoriya is a fine young man. With a good head and his shoulders and a heroic spirit.”

Recovery Girl watches on giggling to herself. ‘He sounds like a father assessing his daughter’s boyfriend.’

Toshinori is oblivious to Recovery Girl’s comparison. “He’s smart, able to analyze his opponents and plan accordingly, and his Quirk certainly makes him a force to be reckoned with.”

Ochaco smiles with raising hope; she can finally tell Deku all about her and All Might. Oh, the look on his face is going to be amazing!

“But I think it’s best if you don’t involve Midoriya with the knowledge of One For All.”

Well, another dream dies. “But why?!”

All Might inhales before delving into his explanation. “Allow me to explain a few things first.” He holds a hand towards his chest. “Number one all the staff here know about this true form and my injury. However, only you, Recovery Girl, and the Principal know about the true nature of my Quirk. And it is a secret to all others.” His eyes gaze pierces into Ochaco’s allowing the seriousness of the situation to take root. “And it must remain that way.”
The underlining seriousness of the statement instantly resonates within her. She looks up with worry and surprise hoping that he will continue to explain his reasoning.

“You must be aware of the responsibility that comes with this power. Should the world learn of our power, I have no doubt that all manner of scum would come and try to steal it away! This secret is all that prevents our society from falling into chaos. It’s also meant to protect you and those around you. Understand?”

She does. She now understands the full weight of the situation. If anyone, if villains, found out about One For All and what it can do then they would do anything in their power to get it. Even if that means threatening her life and those she loves: her parents, her friends, or anybody that she has any connection to. And if she shares that info with Deku then she essentially paints a giant target on his back, and she cannot willingly do that to him. He already has enough secrets to keep, there’s no reason to make him worry about anything else.

“I…understand.” There’s a hint of regret and sorrow in her voice. “All Might…”

“Yes.”

“I’m…I’m sorry.”

He smiles down at her, a smile that reads that there is no need to worry about it. “It’s okay. I should have been clearer with you. And it’s admirable of you to want to include your friend, but for his sake and yours it’s best to leave him ignorant to it all.”

“I…yes, sir.”

He continues to smile as Ochaco’s eyes begin to droop.

She’s been doing her best to stave off the exhaustion from Recovery Girl’s Quirk, but it’s now a losing battle and she is ready to call it in. “Now…if you don’t mind…I’m gonna sleep now.”

Toshinori chuckles. “You do that.”

And with a soft thankful smile Ochaco allows herself to be overcome by the overwhelming need to rest.

A minute passes and already Ochaco is out like a light, her chest rising ever so slightly with each breath she takes.

When she thinks that the girl isn’t going to wake back up anytime soon, Recovery Girl swivels around in her rotating seat. “Tell me. Why don’t you want her to include her friend?” Toshinori doesn’t initially respond so she continues. “You have your own allies, why not allow her to choose her own?”

Toshinori takes a moment to think about his response before he delivers it. “It’s not that she can’t say anything, but it’s more if she should.”

Recovery Girl tilts her head to the side. “Hm?”

Toshinori sits back down, he slouches forward with something heavy weighing on his mind. “That Midoriya boy…I had a run in with him almost a year ago.”

“Oh?” Now that is a surprise.
“Yes.” His voice…it’s different rather than full of hope and joy it’s now sewn with sorrow and shame. “And I did something…that I am constantly regretting.” His blue eyes peer up at the older heroine, seeking comfort for his mistake. “I…rejected his dream. I told him…that someone Quirkless couldn’t be a hero.”

“I don’t quite follow.” Her confusion is not unfounded after all that Midoriya boy does possess a Quirk, and an impressive Quirk at that.

“When I met him…he told me…he was Quirkless.”

Now that changes everything. If that’s true, then how could he have gained his powers? “Are you sure he wasn’t just lying?”

“I’m positive that it was the truth.” Toshinori turns away unable to look the heroine in the eye any longer. “The look in his eyes told me all that I needed to know.”

“What are you saying?”

“Before Midoriya came to U.A. he was in fact Quirkless and I denied him of his dream of becoming a hero. Yet here he is with a Quirk that miraculously grants him access to other…Quirks!” He slouches forward even more, his hands gripping his knees as he thinks about the horrible possibilities of what may have brought about the change in Midoriya’s current statues.

Recovery Girl pales at the mere thought as well. “Are you saying…he’s somehow connected to that…monster?”

Toshinori exhales. “That is unclear. I hope it isn’t the case and I’m just being a paranoid old man, but every fiber of my being is telling that something is amiss and that something is not right with that boy.” He sighs, mostly to himself. “Then again, it could be all my fault. Perhaps I was too harsh and as a result he sought help from others…perhaps he came into contact with…him. And he granted the boy a Quirk that’s on par with his own. But knowing how that devil operates he’s probably manipulating young Midoriya, making him a potential victim in all of this.”

“You can’t be serious?” She worried now, if that were true that that would mean that the monster is alive and still operating from the shadows.

“I’m afraid I am.”

“But…it’s crazy! He’s been gone for over a decade now. You defeated him yourself!”

“I am aware, but someone like him doesn’t seem like the type to stay away forever.”

Recovery Girl leans back in her chair trying to calm her old nerves. “Have you told anyone else this?”

“No. I don’t want to bring it up to anyone else; not until I have some standing evidence or proof. Like I said, if I’m wrong about this I would have liked to not have involved anyone else in worrying about it.”

“So…why tell me?” Why make her worry about all this then?

“You’re U.A.’s head nurse, meaning you have access to personal files and information on everybody at this school an-”

“Now hold it right there, All Might!” He better not be suggesting what she thinks he’s suggesting.
“I cannot willingly just hand you personal information about my patients no matter who they are!”

“I know that!” He snaps defensively. “All I’m saying is that if you find anything…out of order for him that you’d let me know about it.”

Recovery Girl sits back thinking about what All Might has just proposed. It’s unethical, but it just might be necessary. “Very well, I will keep an eye on things, but you should know that I don’t agree with it not one bit!”

“I understand.”

“Hmpf!” She swings in her seat turning her back towards the Number One Hero and his successor. “What do you plan on doing in the meantime?”

“In the meantime I will continue to teach and guide these youths on the path of heroism. Especially for the two of them,” He looks at the sleeping Ochaco thinking about her and her…friend. “if young Midoriya is being manipulated by him then it’s my fault and my responsibility to make things right. I will keep an eye on him and guide him on the right path. I just hope that it’s not too late.”

“I hope you know what you’re doing.”

Toshinori continues to watch his successor resting peacefully in a calm sleep, blissfully unaware of the possible turmoil and evil brewing in the shadows. “So, do I.”

He truly hopes that he’s wrong… But if he isn’t then it could spell catastrophic for all of U.A. and the world if that devil did survive the battle. Not only that he doesn’t think his young successor would be able to handle the possibility that her friend is a…villain and a traitor. It could potentially break her spirit if the one she trusts is the enemy… At times like this he can’t help but wonder how his old master would handle this situation.

‘Just who are you Midoriya? And what are you hiding?’

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“What a day!” Ojiro leans back in his desk chair as his classmates prepare themselves for the end of the day.

Sato flops down into his seat. “I’m exhausted.”

“No kidding.” Agrees Sero. “ That battle trial was intense.”

Iida stands tall in between the rows of desks, his arm out in front of him. “Everyone’s efforts were exemplary!”

Kirishima groans in disappointment. “Speak for yourselves, I never got to do anything.”

Mina slaps his shoulder repeatedly in a friendly manner. “Cheer up, there will always be next time.”

Kaminari enters the room alongside Jiro both of them are carrying stacks of textbooks. “All Might was so cool! I still can’t believe we have him as a teacher!”

Jiro approaches the front desk and plops her stack on top of it. “Yeah, it’s pretty crazy to think about isn’t it?”

Izuku remains silent, listening from his desk behind his former friend who returned to the class not
too long ago, but he’s refused to even acknowledge him since his return.

But Izuku isn’t that concerned with him right now, because his thoughts are somewhere else.

He’s still hung up on All Might being their newest teacher and he’s not sure if he should be excited or terrified because of it. Sure the Number One Hero will be overseeing their education as heroes, but what happens if All Might discovers the Omnitrix and aliens?! But then again, maybe he doesn’t have anything to worry about. It didn’t seem like All Might remembers him or what they discussed. And that makes sense, it was a while ago and he’s sure that All Might meets all sorts of fans every single day so there’s no way he’d remember him amongst all those faces. A part of him wishes that it wasn’t the case, thinking you’re just another forgettable face is not exactly comforting, especially considering how the pro hero practically stepped on his dream. And in all honestly it would have been nice to be able to show All Might how wrong he is, but there’s no point in bringing up that depressing moment now. So, he might as well let it go and move on…still hurts though.

The school bell signaling the end of the day snaps him out of his thoughts as well as silence the rest of the class.

Almost immediately as soon as the bell finishes Bakugou pushes out of his seat and sulks over towards the exit where he makes his leave without so much as acknowledging anybody.

Sero sits atop a desk watching as Bakugou heads out for the day. “That guy really needed an attitude adjustment.”

Mineta nods his head. “No kidding.”

Izuku can’t help but feel a little guilty about that. When he thinks back on it, he really did have Bakugou have it. And it’s almost concerning how quiet he’s been since then, it’s just not like him.

Tokoyami places a textbook into his bag. “He’s a tormented soul one full of darkness and rage.”

Mina walks past overhearing the crow-headed classmate. “Yeah, but at least Midoriya was able to bring him down a peg or two.” She flashes said boy a big thumbs up.

Hagakure walks beside her. “More like a whole staircase.”

Okay if he was on the verge of feeling guilty then he definitely does now. Sure Bakugou is a jerk but his desire to become a hero was always so grand and inspiring to him. He doesn’t want Bakugou to lose his fiery passion, he just wanted to stop the torment that he constantly has to put him through.

Tsuyu remains seated as she fills out her day planner. “I don’t know, it seems like his loss is really eating away at him.”

Shoji overhears as he gets up from his seat. “I agree, but who knows maybe this will be good for him.”

Will it though? Maybe it will be, maybe he’ll tone it down a bit…but that’s not what he wants! Izuku grabs at his hair trying to sort through his thoughts and emotions. Sure Kacchan is a jerk, he’s crude, a pottymouth, and prone to violence and aggression, but...his ambitions are great! He’s not a terrible person and he knows that he can become one of the greats. And if he’s somehow responsible for making Bakugou feel insignificant then that can compromise his own dream! He can’t allow for that to happen; he has to make this right! Yes, Kacchan hasn’t exactly been the supportive type but he can and will become a hero. And Izuku will make sure of that!
Izuku leaps off his seat so fast that his chair falls backwards, it draws the attention of his classmates, but before they can voice their concerns, greenette takes off spring out of the classroom leaving his confused and concerned classmates behind.

Izuku runs as fast as he can. He has to get to Bakugou before he walks away, before his dream is compromised! He’s so focused on chasing after his former friend that Izuku fails to catch Iida shouting at him to stop running in the halls.

It doesn’t take him long to reach the front entrance and there he is, his back turned towards U.A. as he trudges his way to the main gates.

“Kacchan!!”

Bakugou freezes in place, he had thought that Deku was done calling him that; he turns his head ever so slightly towards the offending target. “What do you want?” His voice is soft but gruff just barely a whisper.

“I…want to talk.”

“Didn’t…you say enough already?”

Izuku’s eyes cast downwards. “Well, I did say what I wanted to say; there’s still some things I need to say…” He grips the Omnitrix, its smooth surface is a comfort letting him know that it’s still there. Like it would be anywhere else? “I can’t say much. But you should know this at the very least… I never lied to you about having a Quirk…” That’s…partially true, he did never outright tell Bakugou that he has a Quirk. “My…abilities didn’t reveal themselves to me… until nearly a year ago. I’m a late bloomer…” Well that’s mostly true he did only have the Omnitrix for less than a year now, but it still leaves a bad taste in his mouth but what else can he do. He can’t tell Kacchan about the true nature of his powers, who knows how he would take that information. Probably not that well. And hopefully with this explanation Kacchan won’t pry any further into the cause of his powers. Hopefully.

Bakugou’s eyes are shadowed over by his ash-blonde hair. Through the strands he eyes at Izuku assessing whether he’s telling the truth or bullshitting with him.

“And that’s not all…there’s something I need to show you.”

Bakugou shifts his body so he doesn’t have to crane his neck any longer.

Izuku pinches the ends of the Omnitrix, the face dial pops upward and he scans for the alien he wants to share with his former friend. Izuku finds it and peers back up at Bakugou making sure that he’s still there, he is. With a gulp Izuku presses the faceplate down and a flash of green envelops him.

Bakugou now expecting the green flash was ready he cast his eyes away so as to not be blinded. However, when he peers back up, he is in for a major surprise. His eyes widen as he silently gasps at the sight before him.

Feedback stands tall with his tendrils curled downward as he grips his left wrist.

‘It was him?! He was…Deku was…the one that…saved me?!’ All this time he had just assumed that the electrical fucker was a random unpopular hero that ended up losing his credit to someone else.

Feedback doesn’t have to be a mind reader to tell what Bakugou is thinking. “Yes, I was the one
that saved you from that Slime Villain all those months ago. In fact, that was the day I gained these powers.” Now that’s the truth, and it’s what resparked his own desire to become a hero.

Feedback raises his black-skinned hands taking a moment to observe the inhuman appendages. “This power of mine…it’s like nothing I’ve ever seen. I don’t fully understand it myself and ever since I gained it my entire life has completely transformed.” No pun intended, but it’s the truth. Sure he’s still technically Quirkless but he’s not useless or worthless. He is on his way to becoming a hero not just for humanity but for all beings on this planet. “And there’s even more things I need to learn about it all, but with this power I can finally be a hero! I am going to become a hero that saves everybody with a smile.”

Bakugou’s eyes gloss over with a burning frustrating rage, his teeth clenching as his hands clutch into themselves at his sides.

Feedback’s eye pops out like dinner plates after realizing how stupid he’s being. ‘Ah, shit! I came to tell him that I wasn’t tricking him, but I went on a tangent…’

Bakugou wobbles into place adjusting himself so he’s directly facing the one he had always thought of as inferior. “What the hell…? You’re a late bloomer…? Bullshit… You expect me to buy that shit? You’re just trying to make a bigger fool out of me, right?! I mean, what the hell?!” He’s burning up on the inside, he just wants to lash out, but he holds himself back and instead let his emotions to burst out instead. “I…lost to you of all people, today!! I got my asses handed by you, the one I looked down on for so long!!” He grips his forehead, almost as if he’s trying to hold back tears.

It’s as if everything he's ever known has been thrown into question; Deku was only meant to be an insignificant pebble on his path to becoming a hero, he’s supposed to be Quirkless, he’s not supposed to even be here!! And yet he is. “But not only do I find out you have a badass Quirk, but you also saved my ass, too!!” His hands are shaking in furious rage like he’s trying to will out explosions, but something is holding them from igniting. “Dammit!! Dammit!! Dammit!!”

This is not how things were supposed to be! He was supposed to be number one here, the top hero candidate, he was supposed to be the very best...!! But who’s to say that he still can’t? Who has the right to tell him otherwise? Nobody can tell him that he isn't the best, it’s been true all his life, and he is not going to let that change any time soon!!

“FROM HERE ON IN!!! I’M GONNA...BEAT YOU ALL!!!”

Feedback flinches blinking in surprise, he was not expecting the sudden outcry from Kacchan. Bakugou reals around stomping away for home. “So, enjoy your win! It’ll never happen again!! Dammit!!”

Feedback’s eyebrows, nodding his head with a determined huff. If Bakugou is going to continue to push forward, then so will he.

Bakugou stops just before gate, he swings his head back, and proclaims out for the entire world to hear. “I’ll be a hero who surpasses even All Might!”

Feedback watches as Bakugou marches off. Sure that…talk could have gone better; he certainly could have handled it differently. But he can’t argue with the results… Perhaps now, they can move on and better themselves. Their fuses have been lit and now they no longer have to hold back. They will turn their dreams into a reality.

Unbeknownst to the transformed Izuku there is someone else watching in on the two of them.
From above them within the U.A. building a white-haired chimera observes as Feedback makes his way back into the building to gather his things.

“Fascinating…very fascinating.” There’s an almost mischievous glint in his eyes as if they're plotting something maniacal. “I’m excited to see just what kind of heroes you will become.”

In a small rundown bar within the outskirts of Kamino the pale-skinned man with an appreciation for hand-based wear is skimming through the local newspaper; what has his attention is the main header: ALL MIGHT TO TEACH AT U.A.!!

He sets the newspaper down onto the bar counter allowing the black-misted bartender a look. “You see this? He’s officially a teacher now…” He rotates in his chair to have a better look at the two beings behind him.

One patron is big, really big, with bulging muscles, and a terrifying shark-toothed grin, but most of his features are shrouded by the shadows casted by the deadlights he had decided to take shelter under.

The other patron is someone that is a little more familiar. Henzu leans back against the cold wall inspecting his hand that’s been altered to have blue skin and his fingers have become slick black claws. He’s long foregone the torn student uniform instead he opted more for a ragged black shirt that had its sleeves torn off, dark brown cargo shorts, and large black combat boots. His signature lock dangles from his neck.

“Tell me.” The blue-grey haired man slouches forward in his seat eyeing Henzu with an almost irritated look. “What do you think would happen if villains…killed the Symbol of Peace?”

Henzu doesn’t reply; instead he looks up at a poster of said Symbol of Peace hanging on the wall. In a blink of an eye there’s three slashes across the hero’s image as shreds of paper drift downward.

In response the pale-skinned man smirks from under his hand-mask, the bartender continues to polish and clean the counter, and the muscular monstrosity stares blankly ahead as a low growl rumbles through its core.

Henzu’s hand turns back to normal, he grins maliciously at his hand like it holds the key to their success. “I think…it would be a lot of fun.”

Chapter End Notes

Like I said at the beginning, I felt like this was not my strongest chapter for me, but maybe you all enjoyed it more than I thought. Please let me know, it would be greatly appreciated. And hopefully with the return of a normal schedule for me I can hopefully get Ch.14 out faster than it took for me to finish Ch.13 Cool Down.

*I didn’t want to explain each individual battle trail word for word, so I hope it was fine when I just glossed over them.
*Ochaco’s special attack, Venus Smash, is when she uses her Zero-Gravity Field along with a punch that’s being boosted by One For All.
*Speaking of the Zero-Gravity Field it’s something I thought up a while back and it’s
going to help lead into some new abilities for Ochaco to utilize later on. Essentially, it’s her own Zero-Gravity Quirk being boosted by One For All.

*How did you guys like Mina Ashido? Just a heads up I do have an idea on what I want to do with her character, in fact I already hinted to some things in this chapters.

*Izuku will begin to refer to Bakugou as his real name rather than Kacchan but every now and then he will have a slip up just like in the last scene between the two of them.
Shocking Development

Chapter Summary

Class 1-A decide on a Class President but several various groups are making their moves at the same time.

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone, here’s Ch.14 I hope you enjoy it. I know it’s not when I usually post chapters, but this will have to do. Real quick this chapter is not meant to be taken so seriously so if somethings don’t add up or have lasting impacts then please don’t hold it against me. I just wanted a fun chapter before things really heat up.

Also make sure to stay safe and wash your hands, and not just for your own well-being but for those around you. I'm currently stuck at home, myself, right and even though I'm trying not to go out I still wash my hands frequently. So, please take care of yourselves and those that can’t.

*Important Author’s note at the end of the chapter!*  
*Also I think I should restate this, but I will be keeping any and all descriptions of Izuku’s aliens as general as possible. Not out of laziness but because a lot of the Ben Ten aliens have different versions of themselves, I didn’t want to have you, the readers, be forced to imagine a version of the aliens that you don’t like. So if you imagine Four Arms as he was during the original series then that is how he is, but if you like the Omniverse version then that is what he is. I didn’t want to restrict you guys. Plus I like some versions over others like I love the Alien Force version of Big Chill, but I like the Omniverse version of Wildvine. So, I hope this clarifies a few things.*

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Repairs among the ship are now up to 80 percent, master.” A worker drone reads off the latest status report to the commander of the battle cruiser.

The repairs have been slow, thanks to the lack of supplies and manpower to deal with the issues. Most of them were damaged or ejected into space when the ship undertook that last attack by their prey. So most of the parts have to be delivered to them from beyond this solar system since the inhabitants of Earth have not achieved space travel. The commander could have his minions go down to the planet and seek out the materials they need from the alien inhabitants but that could alert the Plumbers of their presence. Fortunately, the ship’s cloaking device and signal scrambler are intact and free of damage. It's also why it's taking so long for the supplies to reach them since most of the ships have to be small, alone, and remain undetected by the Plumbers.

This irks the commander greatly, he would love nothing more than to tear through those Plumbers, but those red spots are quick to retaliate when it comes to avenging their own. So for now he must
show restraint.

Besides he is still healing himself but at least now he can speak without having to stop and take deep breaths. His arms have nearly finished healing, but they remain weak and frail, and his legs are just starting to form. There’s not much he can do thanks to his condition but just because his body is damaged does not mean his mind is.

For the past several months he’s been studying, watching, and observing everything and anything he could. He has holographic displays of newsreels, magazines, newspapers, tv interviews, and website articles and each one contains different content whether that be about a pro hero, villain attack, new support items, and any information he can gather about how the humans perceive alien life. All of this information, all of this data, is to answer one question: what opposition will he find on the planet, specifically Japan?

And what he’s found has been more than interesting. He’s read and observed the one known as the planet’s Symbol of Peace, All Might. Apparently, he is Earth’s mightiest champion, hell, the humans practically worship the lower life form as a god. Oh, how wrong they are.

But All Might is not his only concern. The place known as Japan is infested with so called heroes, warriors that defend the peace, and each one is unique with their own mutations, abilities, and fighting styles.

More than what his drones are capable of handling. Drones lack subtlety, intelligence, and the skills to adapt to their situations. Then perhaps he shouldn’t be using drones? Perhaps…he should look towards other means of retrieving his desired prize?

A monitor drone warily approaches the regeneration tank. “Master.”

Its master shifts slightly away from his studies, eyeing his underling with vague annoyance.

“The Omnitrix has been activated again and it appears to be on the move.”

The ships’ commander turns back to his displays but he’s not paying attention to them. Instead his mind wanders in deep thoughts.

‘The heroes and the Plumber are far too much of an annoyance. And the boy, the boy that has stolen my weapon, is far more adapting at keeping the Omnitrix out of my reach than I had thought. I need something…no, someone that is proficient in combat especially against beings with varying abilities, I need someone who can bypass and avoid the red spots, and I need someone who is merciless and will be willing to take back what is mine.’

The drone watches his master concernedly. “Master?”

The commander eyes his holograms specifically one of a newspaper article with the headline ALL MIGHT TO TEACH AT U.A.!!

“Prepare a transmission. There is an old ally whose assistance I…require.”

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

Thirteen shoves open the large heavy doors of the worn-down factory, the morning light pours in shining down on the large amounts of dusty crates, heavy machinery, and broken conveyor belts.

While Thirteen steps inside with light steps as to not make noise, Ochaco, in her U.A. uniform, is a bit more casual and just strolls right in peering at the equipment curiously.
Feedback is close behind her yawning into his hand. It’s too early in the morning for Thirteen to just call them up and tell them to meet up half-way across town, and it’s another to lead them to a deserted part of town filled with rundown factories and worn out buildings.

But then again, Thirteen did say it was Plumber related or more accurately this is their first real assignment as future Plumbers. So, he doesn’t really have a reason to say no.

Apparently One-One received a call from one of the resident aliens earlier that morning. The resident was reporting a sighting of another alien that was apparently causing trouble inside this very factory.

Thirteen watches their Plumber’s badge carefully as it continues to blink red while a sonar-like display appears inside of it. “Midoriya, do you sense anything?”

Feedback gives his mentor a deadpanned leer that reads: are you serious?

Thirteen releases an exasperated sigh. “I mean…Feedback, do you sense anything?”

Feedback grins in approval as his antennas reach forward wiggling slightly like noses sniffing the air. “I am picking a small electrical field.” The tendrils curve slightly to his right. “Over there.” Feedback points a golden-tipped finger towards a stockpile of heavy machinery such as forklifts, trucks, and other machines.

Thirteen eyes the machinery warily for any signs of life. “Great, our foe is electrical based so your Conductoid form will be perfect for this job.” They then take a few cautious steps towards the large devices.

The two trainees follow close behind, although they are less than cautious about it.

Ochaco tilts her head to the side. “So, what exactly are we dealing with?”

Thirteen pauses, turning to look Ochaco dead in the eye while continuing to step towards the stockpile of the machines. “We are dealing with a highly vivacious and an extremely destructive being. Capable of sewing chaos into civilizations across the galaxies. They are a terror to all that they come across putting their victims through unspeakable agony and trauma.”

A chill runs down the teens’ spines. Is this being really all that powerful? Then why the hell are they here? Oh, right. Can’t exactly bring in normal pro heroes to take on an alien-life form.

Thirteen steps closer to an abandoned truck that’s sitting next to one of the large machines that operates the conveyor belts. “Prepare yourselves young ones. This just may be the biggest battle of your lives.”

Rather than allow fear to take over, Feedback and Ochaco ready themselves for battle. There’s no way they are going to let such a monster run loose on their planet.

Aware of their standing, Thirteen give them an approving and proud nod before turning away towards this monstrosity.

Sparks of light are flashing from just beyond the large machine like something is tampering with its innards. Feedback’s antennas raise forward so he can sense the electricity stored up just on the other side.

The trio edge closer and closer trying to get as close as possible before they spring into action. The Plumber takes one last look at their underlings giving them one last opportunity to back down.
They don’t.

And with that this band of Earth’s defenders leap out to face their most terrifying foe yet.

“Nani bzzzzz?” A tiny little Megawatt stares up in confusion at the humans. It’s currently floating in the air while it holds onto several wires of the nearby machine.

…

Feedback and Ochaco fall flat on their faces while Thirteen aims his finger out like a gun towards the tiny alien.

“Stay calm you two. There’s no telling what it’s plotting.”

The Megawatt blinks at the Plumber, oblivious to the danger it’s really in, before deciding to continue his breakfast of electricity courtesy of the heavy machinery and generators. Electricity sparks out of the wires but the little being’s body glows yellow as it absorbs its favorite meal.

The Megawatt is a tiny alien, about a foot tall, that would be the perfect example of a battery that grew three-fingered arms, pointy legs, and a mouth. It has black skin with wide yellow lightning-shaped markings on its belly.

Feedback pushes himself off the ground, feeling very dejected and almost betrayed by Thirteen’s build up. “Thirteen…is that…the destructive being you were talking about?” Please say no.

With no indication of humor or sarcasm Thirteen delivers their response. “Yes.”

“Seriously…?” A good amount of skepticism courses through Feedback’s tone.

Now that is not what Thirteen wants to hear. “ARE YOU DOUBTING ME!?!?”

Feedback has to bite his tongue before he says something, he knows that he will regret.

Thirteen holds a hand out towards the very thing they came here to capture. “THAT THING IS A MENACE TO SOCIETY!!! IT’S NOTHING BUT PURE EVIL!!!”

The Megawatt stops the flow of electricity to release a small burp.

“I doubt that very much.”

Thirteen is so enraged by Feedback’s lack of urgency that they’re actually shaking. “I can’t believe this! We have a potential crisis on our hands, and you aren’t taking it seriously!”

Ochaco finally chimes in after observing the Megawatt feed itself. “No offense or anything, but aren’t you just blowing this all out of proportion?”

Thirteen dramatically jabs their finger right at Ochaco’s face. “YOU WOULD THINK SO WOULDN’T YOU!?!?” They grab Ochaco by the shoulders before literally shaking some sense into her. “These things are the absolute worst!! They are foul tricksters that just love pulling the worst kinds of pranks, pranks that always result in destruction, chaos, and a HUGE AMOUNT OF PAPERWORK FOR ME!!!” Thirteen finally releases Ochaco from her torment as she’s shoved away before collapsing to the ground; her eyes spinning and her breakfast threatening to spill out.

Feedback watches as the Megawatt releases the wires before turning to a nearby forklift where it demonstrates its surprising strength by prying open the hood to gain access to the battery inside.
“Thirteen, what kind of alien is it?”

Thirteen glares towards the Megawatt as it continues to feed. “That is a Nosedeenian, or better known as a Megawatt, they’re an electrical based species that feed off electricity. They can even inhabit electrical devices by becoming electricity. Not to mention they just love pulling pranks.” Those are also the main reason why they can be such a nuisance especially to cities and worlds that are so dependent on technology.

Part of that explanation explains a lot about the transformed Izuku. “Oh, so that’s why you wanted Feedback.” Feedback can sense the electrical field around the alien, and if it can become electricity then he should be able to track it with no sweat.

They watch on as the Megawatt pries out the forklift’s battery, it holds the large battery over its head before it loses its balance and falls over with the battery falling atop of it. It flails about underneath, struggling to break free.

Ochaco spit-takes as she struggles not to laugh at the poor little guy; it’s just so cute, how could anyone find it threatening?

Thirteen hears Ochaco’s gasp, turning to watch as the Megawatt finally breaks free from its prison. “I know…it's hideous.” Their eyes narrow at the sight of the Nosedeenian.

Ochaco scowls in disapproval, sure that little guy is a bit odd looking but that’s just part of its charm. Like a pug.

Feedback draws back Thirteen’s attention. “So, how exactly should we handle this?”

“Oh, right.” Thirteen pulls out a strange metallic device that kind of resembles a large narrow thermos with a cylindrical glass center as to peer inside the device, which is hollow. “This is a special containment device specifically designed to handle Megawatts.”

“Oh, cool.”

“Right, plus your Conductoid form should be more than enough to handle this terror. Since you can siphon off its own electricity.”

Feedback smiles, happy he could be of service. “Great, I can actually do some real Plumber work.”

“Yup, I thought this would be good for you two. You know, to get some experience.”

Feedback peers to the side noticing something out of place. “Speaking of the two of us…where’s Uraraka?”

“Nani?” Thirteen swivels their head; he’s right Uraraka’s gone!

They spin around and finally spot their missing student who is crouched down in front of the foot-tall alien with a friendly smile on her face.

Thirteen grabs at their head as they internally scream in pure horror at the sight before them. How could she be so stupid and naive?! Feedback just stands back currently more concerned about Thirteen’s obvious mental breakdown.

Ochaco scoots a little closer to the wary alien. “Hey, little guy.”

The Megawatt eyes her suspiciously but it doesn't seem like it’s going to panic.
“Sorry for disturbing you during your breakfast but my friends and I need you to come with us.” She gestures towards herself and her compatriots, one of which gives the little alien the stink eye. “Apparently someone like you is capable of causing…messes and we would like to make sure that doesn’t happen. Is that alright with you?”

The Megawatt considers Ochaco’s words before coming to a decision. The little guy smiles and sticks his puny hand out in friendship.

Ochaco lights up. “Glad you agree.” She sends a smug smirk in Thirteen’s direction, proud that diplomacy and some rational thinking has won the day.

She reaches her hand out and clasps it around the Nosedeenian’s tiny grip sealing the deal.

While Ochaco smiles away towards her friends, the Megawatt grins mischievously and with an electrical obnoxious laugh it releases a current of electricity up and through Ochaco’s hand.

“Ahhhh!!” Ochaco screams out at the unexpected pain as she endures the alien’s zapping.

She manages to break her hand free of the little menace accidentally throwing herself back so hard that she collapses.

Feedback and Thirteen shout out in concern. “Uraraka!!”

“Hahahahaha bzzzzz!” The Megawatt’s body seemingly flashes away into electricity before it speeds away zipping over Thirteen and Feedback’s heads.

The two duck and cover as electricity crackles above them, but their main concern is Ochaco.

Thirteen helps prop Ochaco up; despite being electrocuted she appears to be fine other than her hair being a bit fizzled up. “Are you okay?”

Ochaco shakes her head trying to compose herself. “Yeah, I’m fine.”

“Good, now I don’t have to feel guilty about this.” Thirteen takes a deep breath before smugly leering at their students. “I WARNED YOU!!!”

Ochaco gives the professional hero a deadpanned look, but in all honesty, they did warn her about that alien. “Yeah, yeah. Hey where is that thing?”

“Hm?” Thirteen peers around and sure enough the Megawatt is nowhere in sight, it must have zipped away while they were tending to Ochaco. “Feedback, are you picking up on the little demon’s electrical field?”

Feedback’s antennas rise upward. “Give me a minute I think I-”

Unanticipatedly a runaway forklift crashes into Thirteen, zooming by, and taking the Plumber with it.

The teens call out in a panic. “Thirteen?!”

Thirteen groans as the forklift speeds away. The vehicle’s engine roars as its lights glow brightly in a hue of yellow light as sparks of electricity dance across the forklift’s frame. Thirteen immediately understands the situation, that menace is possessing the vehicle.

Thirteen manages to hold on as the forklift swerves around and around the maze of machinery and conveyor belts. “You accursed demon, I shall defeat you!!” Thirteen’s gloved finger opens up as
their Quirk, Blackhole, activates.

Blackhole immediately goes to work, sucking up the forklift like jello being sucked through a straw until there’s nothing left. Before the machine could be fully absorbed a small stream of electricity zips away escaping into the maze of machines and dusty crates.

As Thirteen finally comes to a stop, skidding across the hard floor, Feedback and Ochaco are quick to catch up.

Feedback sprints forward reaching the hero first. “Thirteen!”

“Are you alright?” bzzzzz

“I’m fine. Just really ticked off.” A tick mark appears on Thirteen’s forehead.

Ochaco peers upward trying to spot the Megawatt. “Where is it?”

Feedback’s antennas swiftly point upwards. “There!”

The group look upwards and to their surprise the Megawatt is sitting atop a large machine that operates a variety of conveyor belts. It’s sitting down, its legs hanging off the side, as it smirks down at the trio like they are a source of entertainment.

“It’s mine!” Feedback leaps up gripping the side of the machine before climbing upward like some sort of lizard.

Thirteen cups their hands around their mouth as the Conductoid continues to climb up. “Careful Feedback! Megawatts are a crafty bunch!”

Feedback arrives at a conveyor belt where he leaps up onto it. “I think I can handle a living battery.” He is a Conductoid after all, he can not only track down the Megawatt but use his electrical powers to drain its own energy.

The Megawatt, suspiciously, acts like nothing is wrong allowing the much taller alien to climb closer and closer.

Feedback grips the sides of the conveyor belt as he cautiously steps forward. “Come here little guy.” He slowly reaches his hand out to snag the smaller creature who looks way to calm in this situation.

He’s nearly there just a few more inches and he’ll have it.

Too bad the little gremlin has a very different idea.

The Megawatt gives Feedback a wicked grin like that of a psycho forming a malicious plot. The Megawatt laughs mischievously as it reels a bolt of electricity right through the conveyor belt.

The impact is immediate especially to Feedback as the conveyor belt jolts backward before speeding him down the long track.

Feedback holds on for dear life his tendrils waving before his head as he’s rocketed backwards. And unfortunately for him his ride ends sooner than he would think, he quickly reaches the end where he’s launched backwards screaming in fear as he crashes into a crate smashing it to bits.

Ochaco and Thirteen watch on in horror as Feedback groans in pain, and possibly embarrassment.
“Hahahahaha bzzzzz!” The Megawatt laughs hysterically rolling across the machine, its legs kicking into the air as it goes through a laughing fit.

It’s moment of laughter is cut short when it feels like gravity itself begins to pull in a different direction. The Megawatt scowls at Thirteen as they try to swallow up the alien with their Quirk.

The Megawatt growls before it zips away leaving a trail of electricity behind it as it flies off and through a nearby window.

“It’s getting away!” Thirteen sprints off for the exit. “Come on!”

Ochaco follows but she can’t help but to look back to the downed Feedback. “What about Deku?!”

“He’ll catch up! Now let’s move it!”

Thirteen practically tackles their way through the exit door making sure to look upward for any sign of the Nosedeenian.

A trail of sparks flow through a nearby power cable that trails over a nearby back alley.

“There it goes!” The duo sprint after it making sure not to lose sight of the sparks as they run through the back alley.

Although they are able to keep pace for the most part the Megawatt just seems to be toying with them allowing them to keep up but just so it can have fun watching them struggle to do so.

Ochaco is actually starting to break into a sweat from the early morning workout. “It’s way too fast!”

“Not for me it isn’t!”

Ochaco and Thirteen turn their heads and they are delighted to see Feedback running across the powerlines after the escaping Megawatt.

Thanks to the electrical boosts provided by the powerlines Feedback is able to gain just enough speed to catch up to the Nosedeenian who upon being caught up to zaps itself out of the powerlines before trying to fly off to safety.

Feedback comes to a halt as his tendrils lash out whipping away at the tiny target who manages to evade the attacks though zigzagging motions.

Without warning it feels like a giant vacuum has been turned on as air begins to flow downward and begins to pull on the little alien.

The worried and upset Megawatt blows a raspberry at the pro hero, but it’s mocking is its mistake. As the Megawatt struggles to break free from the pull of the Blackhole Thirteen hands Ochaco the containment unit.

“Deku!” She throws the container as hard as she can upwards as it flies upward it begins to be veered off course by the Blackhole.

Acting quickly, Feedback’s tendril whips out latching on to the container before reeling it back in. The tall alien eyes the struggling Megawatt, which is now, firing off bolts of electricity down at the pro hero in one last ditch effort to escape.

Feedback eyes the distance between them because of its struggling it’s a bit too far out to just reach
out and capture it. Looks like he’s going to have to jump. With the capture unit tightly secured in
his grasp, Feedback leaps out towards the very upset and very surprised Megawatt who screams
out in shock as Feedback opens the capture device.

Feedback expertly scoops up the Megawatt with the device before shutting it closed. “I got it!!”

Thirteen cuts off their Quirk as Ochaco smiles on with relief.

Unfortunately for the morphed Izuku, his part isn’t over yet as he remembers a very basic rule that
governs this world: gravity.

With no support and way too far to grab onto something secure, Feedback begins to fall back down
to Earth and even worse he’s too far for Ochaco to try and get to him in time.

The Omnitrix beeps red as Feedback falls and crashes into an open dumpster that with all the
amount of trash inside it is able to break his fall. Garbage flies out as Feedback crashes into the
dumpster and a flash of red spills out.

Izuku groans as he lays on his back on the mound of trash and garbage. He can smell the putrid
stench that’s definitely going to linger for the rest of the day. He slowly lifts his head up and looks
around for the capture device, it must have landed into the dumpster before he did so he,
disgustingly, has to dig through the smelly garbage. The dumpster absolutely reeks of rotting food
such as rotten eggs, spoiled milk, and bad fruit.

Thirteen and Ochaco jog up to him. “Did you get it?”

Izuku groans, brushing away chunks of rotting food, shivering in disgust as he does so. “Y-yeah, I
think so...” His voice trails off as he finds the capture device, the glass in the center is broken and
empty of any prisoners. “N- Nevermind.”

“You lost it?!?” Snaps Thirteen.

“Hey, I-I t-tried my best.” Izuku can’t help but feel a bit offended, he practically just dove into
garbage to help ensure that they capture the thing.

Ochaco holds her nose grimacing at the terrible smell. “Y-yeah, and that smell is proof.”

Izuku grumbles in response, not appreciating Ochaco rubbing the salt on the wound.

Thirteen sighs in irritation, they were really hoping to have this thing captured by now before it
makes a mess of things; dammit this is going to be so much more paperwork. “Alright, you two
best be off for school.”

Izuku climbs out of the dumpster as Ochaco eyes Thirteen. “What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to continue the search for that thing. Can’t have it running around on its own.” They
eye the back alley warily as if the Megawatt is going to appear at any moment.

“Well, good luck.” Ochaco adjusts her backpack. “Sorry we couldn’t be of any help.”

“Na, you guys did plenty.” Despite sounding nonchalantly Thirteen’s eyes narrow glaring at the
teens. “But next time you think I’m over exaggerating just know that I’m being dead serious for
next time. Got it?”

Izuku and Ochaco stiffen. “Yes!”
“Good, now get going you don’t want to be late.”

“Right.” Ochaco turns and begins making her way to the main street. “Come on Deku.”

“C-coming!” Izuku speeds up making sure to catch up to his friend.

Thirteen waves them off until they round a corner and out of sight. “Now where did that fiend get off to?”

Meanwhile, Izuku and Ochaco hurriedly jog towards the station hoping to catch the next train that’ll get them to school. As they make a run for it small yellow-sparks flicker from Izuku’s pants pocket.

During the entire train ride Ochaco fidgets around in her seat and not from the terrible odor emitted by her friend. Poor Izuku sat a seat away from her trying not to let the stench bother him, even worse he struggled to ignore the odd looks of disgust from the other passengers.

Thankfully it wasn’t that long of a train ride and the fresh morning air helped to alleviate the stench but it’s still very much present.

But that’s not important. What is important is that she needs to have a talk with Izuku... The sooner the better.

Ochaco, while continuing towards U.A., turns to Izuku. She bites her lip before deciding that she might as well rip away this bandage. “Hey, Deku.”

“Yeah?” He sounds really dejected probably because of the foul odor that he’s definitely going to be carrying around for the rest of the day.

“This may be a bad time, considering that we’re not exactly having the best morning, but it’s about my…Quirk.”

That makes him light up instantly, and almost like magic his notebook and his pen are in his hands. Will he finally be able to know the full truth about Ochaco’s powers?! This will be so great! There’s so much he wants to know! And he could even help her develop her powers!!

Ochaco’s heart aches knowing she’s about to crush the cinnamon bun’s hopes. “Yeah…” She comes to a halt bowing forward with her hands clapped together. “I’m sorry!!”

Izuku nearly stumbles forward, trying to stop himself from moving forward. “What for?”

Her eyes drift to the side in shame. “Well…”

She then explains to him as best as she can about the sensitivity of her new Quirk. She doesn’t outright mention or say All Might nor One For All, but she thinks she gets the message across, nonetheless. One thing she makes clear is that this is actually for his own good, that it’s for his safety, at least according to her “mentor”. Plus the less people know about it the better, they can’t risk having her power exposed for what it truly is it could cause some major chaos if villains were to find out about it.

When she’s finished with her explanation, she braces herself for the foreseeable outrage that inevitably will be targeted at her. There’s no doubt that Deku is going to feel a bit betrayed by the lack of trust, sure it’s not really her fault but she can’t stop herself from feeling responsible.
Izuku, although disappointed, can tell that this is extremely important to her, and it’s pretty obvious that she’s already feeling enough guilt over this. “I understand.”

‘Huh? Wow, he took that better than I had thought.’ Ochaco feels a bit more at ease but still…

“Again, I really am sorry.”

The greenette offers her a kind sympathetic smile. “It’s okay, Uraraka. I for one understand what it’s like to have such a sensitive secret.” He is a kid with an alien device permanently attached to his arm. “But that said, I am glad you decided to be honest with me. I really appreciate it.”

“Sure…”

And with that the two continue their trek to school but at a much slower pace. Mainly because Ochaco trudges forward with her head cast downward.

‘Of course he’s not upset about it, Deku wouldn’t let something like this get to him…but it doesn’t make it right. I really wanted to share One For All with him and even show off that All Might is my mentor! I bet that would really make him jealous. He is a huge hero nerd after all.’

The U.A. building is just ahead; they can see the upper half of the building lying just above the roofs of the houses. ‘I should try and make it up to him…maybe I should get him a gift or something. Something useful and meaningful…’

As they get closer and closer to their destination Ochaco continues to mull over possible things to gift her friend and ally, but nothing really sticks out to her.

“Are you two part of the Hero Course?!”

Izuku and Ochaco jolt in surprise at the sudden outcry. Somehow they both failed to notice the large crowd of reporters swarming around U.A.’s main gates.

Before they know it a number of microphones are pushed into their faces as reporters and journalists demand answers.

“What’s it like learning from All Might?!”

“Tell us what the Symbol of Peace looks like in front of the class!!”

“Tell us about “All Might, the Teacher”!”

“Does All Might provide you with one on one lessons?”

“How is All Might’s approach to teaching?”

“What is that smell? Don’t you shower?”

That last one makes Izuku grimace in embarrassment which just adds onto his already shy and nervous demeanor. He shakes as he slowly pushes his way through the swarm of vultures hoping to reach sanctuary.

Ochaco seems to be faring better than he is all things considered although she looks to be a bit put off by how forward some of these reporters are. “P-pardon me, but…we’re trying to get to class on time and-”

A young female reporter with dark-hair wearing a blue business suit shoves her microphone against Ochaco’s cheek. “Then just give us a brief comment! How does All Might compose himself when
teaching?”

Ochaco’s mind instantly snaps back to how All Might overplayed his entrance. “Enthusiastically.” She deadpans in a hushed tone.

“Huh?”

Izuku’s situation is even worse, these reporters must be able to sense a weak link when they smell one, and no it’s not the foul odor that gives it away. Izuku’s head spins in confusion as he’s assaulted by a barrage of inquiries and demands.

“That’s enough.” Cuts in a dryer-sleepless voice.

Izuku and Ochaco stare in awe of their savior, their homeroom teacher, Mr. Aizawa!

Shota Aizawa stands just in front of the gates looking like he didn’t get a wink of sleep at all last night. But somehow, he is not only able to stand but function like a normal human being.

The crowd parts for him allowing Aizawa a clear path towards his students.

The young report who was just hounding Ochaco is quick to push her aside. “You! You’re a teacher, right?!” She marches forward to get the pro hero on record. “Tell us what is All Might like as your newest coworker!”

“He’s off today. Now leave.” He waves his hand as if shewing away an insect. “You’re disturbing my students as is.”

Ochaco eyes dart between the reporter and her teacher before she actually approaches his side. No one peeps a word as Aizawa eyes each and every one of them like a hawk evaluating its next meal. When he’s sure that none of them are going to pull anything he grabs Izuku by the back of his collar and drags him forward and through the gate with Ochaco in toe.

“Hey, wait!” The young reporter chases after them, fearing that she’s going to lose her chance at the next biggest scope. “At least get us an interview with him!!”

Her coworker shouts out from behind her. “No don’t!”

*BEEEP!!*

That’s the only warning as thick metallic walls rise up from below the ground all around U.A.’s campus.

The female reporter, understandably, freaks out after nearly getting crushed by the terrifying gate. “WAHHH, WHAT THE HELL?!”

Her coworker as well as the other reports gap at the sudden display. “It’s the U.A. Barrier. This whole place locks down if someone without proper clearance approaches the gate.”

“The nerve! Shutting us out like this without a single comment!!”

“For real. I’ve been here for two whole days and we don’t even have a line to show for it.”

As the crowd of vultures continue to swarm around the school gates hoping in vain for All Might himself to show up an odd pair of characters watch on from the sidelines having just arrived a moment ago.
Henzu leans back, combing his hair to the side and away from his eyes. “So, that’s U.A.” It’s more impressive than he thought it would be.

Beside him stands a tall pale-skinned young man with dry skin and grey-blue hair. “Yeah…it’s a real shit show isn’t it?”

Henzu actually chuckles at the insult. “He, yeah.”

The man throws his head back in exasperation eyeing Henzu with malice and contempt. “Are you really up for this… if you screw up.” His glare hardens. “There’s nothing to stop me from killing you.”

“Oh, be quiet, Handjob.”

The now nicknamed Handjob tiks at the teenager’s insult.

Henzu eyes the gate as he adjusts his “borrowed” U.A. jacket. “This is going to be fun. So, just stand back and watch the show.”

“Whatever…”

‘It’s too early to deal with this. How does All Might get anything done with those morons stepping on his cape?’ Aizawa silently grumbles to himself as he leads both Izuku and Ochaco to their homeroom class.

The two students are more than grateful for their teacher’s intervention. ‘Thank you for saving us.’

“Midroiya, Uraraka.”

They are startled before they calm down and respond in tandem. “Y-yes!”

Aizawa doesn’t look back at them while he continues his way to class. “Good work with yesterday’s battle training.”

Both of the teens’ eyes pop out in surprise not expecting the conversation to head towards that particular topic.

He continues. “I’ve looked over your grades and evaluations.” He shifts his head peering through his locks of black-hair towards Izuku. “Midoriya.”

A shiver runs down Izuku’s spin under his homeroom teacher’s piercing gaze.

“You can’t let personal grudges overshadow your true goals; I don’t want to see that happen again. Got it?”

“Y-yes, sir.”

He turns away. “Other than that, your plan was well executed, and your battle strategy was sound.”

Izuku’s heart warms up in pride.

“Well other than all the unnecessary damage you caused.”

And just like that his sense of pride is gone. Well you know what they say, easy come easy go.
Ochaco does not feel the least bit guilty about giggling at Izuku’s misery, covering her mouth with her hand as she does so.

“Uraraka.”

“Y-yes!” She jolts up just as Izuku had.

Speaking of, he sends a smug smirk right back at her enjoying his little piece of revenge.

Aizawa stops just in front of Class 1-A’s homeroom door. “It seems like you severely injured yourself again, yesterday.” He turns, this time facing the two students directly. “Stop it. You need to control that aspect of your Quirk, but seeing as you managed to properly summon it, I have to say a job well done.”

Ochaco finds the complaint very gratifying.

“You’re clearly making progress. Keep at it, Uraraka.”

“Right!”

“Good.”

Aizawa grips the door’s handle and is about to open it before he decides to mention one last thing. “Oh, Midoriya.”

“Hm?” Izuku blinks unsure what his teacher is going to say next.

“Try to do something about that smell.”

Izuku glowers in dejection as Aizawa casually slides open the door and steps inside.

Dammit, maybe he should have stopped by the locker room for a quick shower or something…

Iida shoots out of his seat as Aizawa steps towards the front desk. “Good morning, Mr. Aizawa!”

The drowsy hero responds with a mere grumble, probably something on the lines of how it is not a good morning, but he’s nice enough not to say it outloud.

Ochaco makes her way to her seat taking off her backpack and rotating it to her front so she can hold it.

Mina leans to the side offering a friendly wave to Ochaco. “Hey Uraraka!”

Ochaco smiles warmly. “Hi, Ashido. How are you this morning?”

“I’m doing swell!”

“That’s good.” Ochaco’s smile although just as cheerful wavers just a bit as her mind thinks back over the morning’s events. “A lot better than what I can say.”

“Why’s that?”

Tsuyu, who was listening in from behind Mina, presses a finger to her cheek. “Did you have a run in with the paparazzi, too?”

Ochaco aims two finger guns at the frog girl. “Yeah, we did.” She spins around looking for Izuku
to back her claim. “Right, Deku?”

He doesn’t respond; instead he’s trying not to let the disgusted looks of his classmates get to him. They’re plugging their noses and groaning at his terrible stench as he passes them by.

Izuku smiles sheepishly at Ochaco in an attempt to seem like everything is normal. “Yeah…” He pulls back his seat and sits down.

So far it seems like only Bakugou is unaffected by his odor but that just may be because he’s outright ignoring him. Understandable after what happened yesterday.

Mineta pinches his nose and backs away in his seat. “Holy crap, dude. You stink!”

Izuku droops in his seat wondering how this could possibly get worse.

Iida shoots out from his seat, his arms waving up and down. “Midoriya, it’s bad form for a student of U.A. to not shower!”

Okay now that straight up offends the greenette. “B-b-but I-I-

Shoji’s chair creeks as he turns in his seat. “No offense, but you reek.”

Izuku slouches in his seat in response.

Kaminari decides to chime in bringing up a good point. “Maybe if he transforms the smell will go away.”

Jiro props her head on her hand. “Maybe.”

“You could have been a bit gentler about it!!” Kirishima jumps up from his seat, having way too much energy for this early in the morning. “Hey, Midoriya, go ahead and transform so we don’t have to suffer!”

Izuku frowns at his way too chipper classmate. ‘You could have been a bit gentler about it!!’

Aizawa slams his hands against the front desk drawing everyone’s attention. “Enough.”

A hushed silence falls over the entire room as every student suddenly finds themselves in their assigned seats.

“Now onto homeroom business.” Aizawa eyes the class as they gaze right back at him.

They’re tensing up readying themselves for a possible test of will with the result of failure ending in expulsion. ‘What is it?! Is it another brutal test??’

“You’ll pick a class president.”

The class cheer in exhilaration. “SUCH A NORMAL SCHOOL THING!!!”

And just like that everyone’s hands shoot upwards they beg for the position of Class President, everyone has their hands up from the boisterous Kirishima to the quiet and shy Koji Koda.

“I wanna be President!! Lemme do it!!” Shouts Kirishima.

Jiro casually raises her hand. “I’d like to do it.”

“In my administration, girls will have to show 30 cm of thigh!!” Shouts the diminutive pervert.
“The position was made for me.” Proclaims the calm and ever glamorous Aoyama.

“I wanna be a leader!!” Declares Mina.

“Pick me god dammit!! I’m your only choice!!” Roars the explosive blonde, his shout makes Izuku jump in his seat.

Izuku internally smiles, glad that Bakugou is back to his old self…even if his old self is a bit too loud for his taste.

As for Izuku himself, he is one of the only few that doesn’t have his hand raised. ‘I’m sure being Class President will help boost future prospects for me, especially in hero work, but I feel like it would just be too much responsibility right now. I already have my responsibilities to help out Thirteen with their Plumber work and being Class president will just interfere with that.’ So for now he’ll just sit back and let his classmates sort this all out; assuming that they’ll stop demanding the job and come up with some sort of system.

“Quiet down, everyone!!”

Everyone freezes in place, their arms raised and jaws open, as they turn to face their most strict classmate, Tenya Iida.

“Ambition does not equate to ability!!” He’s dead serious, his eye brows are furrowed, and his tone is low. “This sacred office demands the trust of its constituents! If this is to be a democracy, then I put forward the motion…that our true leader must be chosen by election!!” His hand shoots up into the air, shaking in worry like he’s silently begging for the position.

The Class responds in earnest. “This is just a classroom!! Not a congress!!”

Tsuyu turns in her seat. “But Iida, we haven’t known each other long enough to build trust.”

Her neighbor, Kirishima adds in his opinion. “And everyone'll just vote for themselves!”

Iida however has a response. “That’s precisely why anyone who manages to earn multiple votes will be the best-suited individual for the job!!”

He turns to their homeroom teacher who is currently squirming into his oversized sleeping bag. “Will you allow this?!?”

“Go ahead, just make it quick.” And with that, Aizawa collapses to enjoy a quick nap.

“Understood!”

And after a few minutes of getting sorted and counting votes here are the results:

\[
\begin{align*}
Yuuga Aoyama &= 0 \\
Mina Ashido &= 0 \\
Tsuyu Asui &= 1 \\
Tenya Iida &= 2 \\
Ochaco Uraraka &= 1
\end{align*}
\]
Izuku gaps in shock at the results. “I GOT THREE VOTES!??!” How is that possible?! Who in the world voted for him?! Not even he voted for himself!!

And it seems that Bakugou is sharing some similar thoughts. “Okay, losers!! Who the hell voted for him??”

Hanta Sero gives the explosive blonde an odd look. “Did you think anyone was going to vote for you?”

Ochaco quietly whistles to herself in the background, deciding that she better keep her vote to herself.

She is curious about the one vote she did receive. ‘I wonder who voted for me.’

Meanwhile, Iida is slouched forward on his desk as if he’s been wounded. “Two votes…perhaps I should have used my vote on myself.” Don’t get him wrong, he’s somewhat happy that two of his classmates deem him worthy of being Class President but the loss still hurts.

Yaoyorozu overhears him. “So you voted for someone else…?” Although she is somewhat concerned with Iida’s distress, she herself is also a bit disappointed with the results. Just one more vote and she too could have been President.

Sato shakes his head in disapproval. “You’re the one who proposed an election. What exactly did
you expect, Iida?’”

While Iida deals with his own feelings of self-worth, Izuku is having his own doubts. Is he really up for this?! Can he handle this?! He didn’t even want the job! Is it too late to decline?!

Kirishima pats Kaminari on the shoulder. “I think Midoriya’s got the right stuff to be President.”

Kirishima grins back at him but he’s definitely not as enthusiastic about the situation as Kirishima’s. “Maybe, although, I think I would have liked some with a bit more…confidence.”

Mina is quick to reprimand him. “Are you kidding, didn’t you see him during the battle training? If he can stand off against Bakugou then I’m sure he can handle this.”

Izuku can’t stop his face from turning a light shade of red. It’s kind of nice to actually be complimented by his classmates rather than ridiculed. U.A. truly is an amazing place… or perhaps this is all just a dream.

Aizawa crawls out of his comfy cocoon. “Looks like your President’s Midoriya however we cannot have a tie for Vice President you will all need a tie breaker later this afternoon.”

He finishes with his instructions just as the homeroom bell rings signifying the start of the school day.

The morning classes eventually reach their end and so begins the much-anticipated moment of relief, lunch time.

Droves of students swarm and congregate in and around the cafeteria bustling about with their friend while trying to enjoy Lunch-Rush’s out of this world cooking.

Ochaco is especially enjoying the delicious, and affordable, food.

She continues to munch away along with Izuku, Iida, Shoji, and Mina. Izuku is sitting by himself opposite to the others, according to them it’s just how they ended up seated, but part of Izuku knows that they don’t want to endure his terrible smell.

But his hygiene isn’t what’s bothering him, instead he’s a bit too preoccupied to eat his lunch. “I’m just a little worried about whether or not I can really be Class President…”

Ochaco, her cheeks full of food, gives him a so-so answer. “You can.”

One of Shoji’s arms becomes a mouth as another pair of hands are scooping up and eating on his noodles. “I agree.”

“Midoriya.” Iida takes a bite of his curry before continuing on. “Your grit and decisiveness in a pinch makes you perfectly suited to lead us all. That’s why I voted for you, anyway.”

Although what he said was nice, Izuku’s mind only processed the very last part. ‘One of those votes was you!!’

Shoji nods. “I agree. Everything Iida said was true. You’re quick on your feet and you don’t skip over the details, yet you’re straight to the point. The type of things we need in a leader.”

‘I’m starting to think you were my second vote…’ Even so it’s nice to know that his friends have such high views of him.
Ochaco, as she chews on even more food, nods her head happily in agreement. “Hmhm!”

Mina leans forward to peer around Iida and towards Ochaco. “So, who did you vote for?”

The gravity wielder spit-takes wasting all of her tasty morsels.

Mina tilts her head, not bothered by her teammate’s reaction. “Well I voted for you and you only had one vote so that means you voted for someone else.”

“You voted for me?!” Ochaco’s mouth drops down in surprise. She was wondering who had voted for her and she honestly had no clue who it could have been. Looks like she got her answer.

As for her answer to Mina’s question. “Um…” Her eyes drift over to Deku before she returns to eating her meal. “That doesn’t really matter.”

Mina eyes Ochaco suspiciously like she has a nice juicy secret to tell while the boys just watch on in silent curiosity.

Ochaco, sweating in response, decides that she needs to change the subject. “Hey Iida, didn’t you wanna be President too? You’ve got glasses and everything.” Okay so that probably wasn’t the best way to change topics but it will have to do.

Shoji eyes her oddly. ‘That doesn’t really justify anything…’

A sweat drop forms on Izuku’s head. ‘She really just says whatever pops into her head, huh.’

Iida doesn’t find the comment odd, instead he takes a sip of his drink before moving on. “Again ambition and suitability are different matters. I humbly made the choice I felt was correct.”

Ochaco, with a bit of rice on her cheek, grins excitedly at Iida. “The way you talk Iida, are you…a rich kid?!”

Izuku gaps at her directness. “So blunt!”

Everyone one of them stares at Iida who shyly looks away picking at his food in an attempt to ignore their inquiring gazes. “…I don’t like people to know, so I try to hide it but yes.” He puts his spoon as to speak clearly and proudly. “I’m part of a renowned hero family.”

Ochaco awes, who knew he was part of such a high-class family? “Whoa. Cool!!”

Mina is just as much amazement as Ochaco. “So rad!!”

Iida begins to smile a little bit glad about their reactions. “Do you know of the Turbo Hero, Ingenium?”

“Of course!!” Izuku practically springs out of his seat in nerdy excitement. “He employs 65 sidekicks at his office in Tokyo!!”

Shoji raises a grown mouth towards Izuku’s ear. “You didn’t need to go into detail…”

Meanwhile, Mina gives Iida a curious look as her horns twitch. “Iida, are you-”

“Yes! He is my elder brother.” Iida shoots up in his seat, pushing his glasses upward, as he stands proudly with a missive grin on his face.

“He’s so frank about it!!”
“Wow!!”

“Look at that smile!”

“He’s so proud.”

And why shouldn’t he be proud? Iida’s older brother is a true hero that leads those under him with unwavering adherence to the rules and regulations. Along with his cooperative and friendly personality he is truly a beloved hero.

“It’s my admiration for my brother that’s inspired my own desire to become a hero.” Iida’s grin softens as he remembers how he lost the most recent election. “Though I realize I’m not yet ready to lead anyone.” He gestures his hand towards Izuku, “As the superior candidate, it was right that the role should go to you, Midoriya.”

They all blink up at him in awe, amazed at his declaration.

“That’s really admiral of you.”

“That was beautiful.”

“Don’t worry Iida, you sure got our votes during the tiebreaker.”

Iida offers his friends a grateful smile. “Thank you.”

Izuku gets caught up in the kind atmosphere that he too pitches in. “That’s right Iida! After all you had my vote!”

Iida’s composure breaks, but only for a second. “Really?!”

“Woah, no way!” Mina points between Izuku and the gaping Iida. “You each voted for the other?!”

While Izuku tries to explain his own reasoning for voting for Iida, mostly because he just seems so responsible and reasonable, Ochaco quietly watches on with a soft smile. ‘He may be a bit strict but…it’s just because he’s inspired by his own personal hero, his brother. Just like Deku and I are both inspired by All Might.’

Lunch continues as normal with the group of teens chatting about this ad that until Izuku’s phone rudely bursts alive ringing so loud that a few upper classmates leer at Izuku to keep it down.

“S-sorry!” Izuku scrambles to slip his phone out of pocket.

“Midoriya your phone should be silenced while at school!” Iida’s arms chop the air as he reprimands the embarrassed greenette.

Mina smirks tauntingly at the freckled boy. “Way to set an example Class President.”

Izuku laughs sheepishly in response as he tries to shut off his ringing phone. But it appears that his phone really doesn’t want to cooperate as it not only continues ringing but the screen seems to jump from app to app and from website to website. Izuku eyes the phone gingerly concerned if his phone’s been hacked or infected with some sort of virus.

Shoji notices Izuku’s distress. “Hey, Midoriya is everything okay?”

“Y-yeah, I t-think my phone is just-Ow!!!” His phone zapped him! It outright zapped him like a tazer!
He drops his phone; the screen lights up as yellow electricity sparks out from within the cellular device. The phone even jostles around on the table before a beam of electricity shoots upward, startling the group of students as the beam travels upward and into the fluorescent lights above. The fluorescent lights burst and shatter into pieces as the electricity courses through them; sparks and broken glass shower down on the students below immediately drawing the attention of everyone in the cafeteria. Amongst the screams and outcries there’s a faint sound of staticky laughter emitting from above.

No one picks up on the eerie laugh, except for Izuku who shoots up from his seat with fear in his eyes.

“Deku?!”

“Where are you going?!”

Izuku doesn’t hear the girls calling out to him as he takes off. His eyes trace upward, and he manages to spot the trail of bright yellow electricity traveling from fluorescent light to fluorescent light; the lights breaking into pieces helps with the search. Izuku follows underneath pushing past panicking and surprised students who scream out as they try to cover themselves from the rain of glass and sparks.

The trail of electricity reaches the end of the cafeteria, just above the kitchen, where it spins around a pipe and into the kitchen itself.

Izuku shoves himself towards the kitchen counter and just in time to witness the chaos released into Lunch-Rush's domain. The kitchen appliances seemingly come to life: the giant fridges’ doors slam themselves open and close, the electrical stoves fire up, burning away anything and everything atop of them, and any and every lightbulb shatters as electricity zips past them.

Lunch-Rush and his cooks are thrown into a panic and they try to shut down the rogue appliances.

And somehow amongst all the disorder and noise Izuku manages to spot it, the cause of all of this, the Megawatt! The very one that he and the others were hunting down that very morning.

“Hahaha bzzzzz!” The floating Megawatt laughs hysterically from the corner as one of the cooks gets burned by the malfunctioning stove.

Izuku glares at the Megawatt! “You!”

The Megawatt stops laughing, its beady eyes shift to Izuku. It seems to recognize him because after blinking curiously at him, it smirks, and shoots Izuku with a twin pistol pose before it transforms into lightning and enters a nearby outlet.

With the adrenaline washing away, dread takes its place. This is his fault… He failed to capture it and it must have snuck into his phone where it decided to hide out in there for a little while before it had gotten impatient. And because of his ignorance he just released a tiny lunatic into U.A., one that can travel undetected, and cause as much chaos as it likes. And worst of all…it could potentially expose itself to not only the students but the teachers!! To the professional heroes!!

In the background Izuku vaguely witnesses how a floating Iida manages to calm the scared and startled U.A. students. “EVERYTHING’S FINE!!” He shouts out above them all, from below Ochaco, Mina, and Shoji watch on. “It’s just a wiring malfunction! There’s no reason to panic. We’re fine! This is U.A.! Behave in a way befitting this great institution!”

The crowd immediately begin to calm down, most of the students find Iida’s reasoning to be sound,
while others just don’t want to be shown up by a first year. Ochaco releases her Quirk and Iida plummets back down to Earth, but luckily Shoji is there to catch him, breaking his fall.

Mina cheers aloud as Shoji lets the Engine Quirked teen down. “Well done Iida!”

A pale Izuku shakily returns to his table, his arms sagged down, and his face crestfallen.

Ochaco notices him first. “Oh, hey Deku! What was all that?”

“Uraraka…I know what happened to that Megawatt this morning…”

“Really?”

Luckily for Izuku his friends are preoccupied by their other classmates who came by to thank Iida for stepping up. So, he nods and whispers what he thinks happened into her ear.

“What?!?”

He’s quick to shush her clamping a hand over her mouth. “Shhhhh, Please keep it down!”

When he’s sure Ochaco’s not going to yell out he removes his hand.

She softly cries out. “This is really bad!”

“I know.”

“What do we do?!”

Izuku thinks about it for a second before coming to a conclusion. “We go after it.”

Ochaco shakes her head, begrudgingly accepting the plan. “I have a bad feeling about this.”

And with that the two of them abandon their lunches and sneak their way to the exit hoping to catch up to the alien that’s now terrorizing the halls of U.A.

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Izuku and Ochaco are jogging across an empty hallway; they’re in a panic rushing to locate the little menace.

Ochaco’s eyes dart from one end of the hallway to the other. “We have to call Thirteen! They should be able to track it!”

They better hurry too because Thirteen’s probably still near the abandoned factory thinking the Nosedeenian is still there.

“I can’t, my phone’s busted!” Izuku flashes her his phone, it refuses to turn on and a bit of smoke is leaking out of it.

While running Ochaco flips open her personal phone, it’s a small flip-phone nothing like Izuku’s smart phone. “Alright I’ll call them.”

She dials in Thirteen’s personal number; she can hear the phone ringing and she waits for the hero to answer.

Eventually Thirteen picks up. “Hello?”
“Hey Thir-”

*ZAP!*

Seemingly out of nowhere a beam of electricity blasts Ochaco’s flip-phone making it spark out of control before falling apart in her hand.

“No, my phone!” Ochaco falls to her knees as she stares at what is left of the cheap item, she had to spend her entire allowance on it and now it’s just a collection of burned and broken parts.

Floating above their heads is their very target. “Hahaha bzzzzz!” It takes off down the hall leaving a trail of electricity behind it as it flies off.

“There it goes! Come on!” Izuku takes off after it before realizing that his partner isn’t following. “Uraraka!”

Ochaco gathers up the pieces she can before taking off. “Sorry.” Her eyes cast downward as they follow the alien.

“You alright?”

“Yeah…I just won’t be able to afford a new phone for a while.” Even if she got the cheapest thing out there, it goes out of her budget meant for groceries and other essentials.

Throughout their time together, Izuku has had a long time to find out about Ochaco’s…financial situation. So he understands why she’s so glum about her phone getting destroyed.

They continue chasing the little demon until it zips away into an empty classroom.

The space cadets come to a screeching halt just in front of the oversized door. They share a look of determination before Izuku quietly slides the door open.

The room is a normal classroom except it’s in a bit of a messy state. The Megawatt is zipping around the room throwing around papers, knocking over chairs, and zapping electricity at the walls and lights.

The Megawatt eventually discovers dry erase markers, especially how much fun it is to draw whatever it wants onto the board. With it distracted, doodling away whatever it wants to on to the board, Izuku and Ochaco crouch down and sneak into the classroom.

They need to capture this thing as soon as possible before anybody, either students or staff, discovers it.

Izuku gestures for Ochaco to sneak up from one end while he sneaks up from the other. Ochaco nods in understanding and they crawl through the aisles using the desks as cover to sneak up onto the Megawatt that’s now drawn a larger doodle of itself onto the board.

The teens are attempting a pincer maneuver by approaching the alien from both sides, in an attempt to cut off as many escape routes as possible.

The Megawatt smiles at its handy work before it catches something moving out of the corner of its eye. It wheels around spotting Ochaco who is frozen in place filling with dread of being spotted.

Knowing that they’re cover has been blown, Izuku pounces forward from behind. “You’re mine!”

The Megawatt, unfortunately, moves like lightning and in a flash,  it zips away as Izuku flings
forward and tumbles onto the floor landing at Ochaco’s feet.

“Hahaha bzzzzz!”

They glare up at the alien as it mocks them before it decides to up the hilarity by showering them in bolts of electricity.

Izuku and Ochaco are forced to take cover under the nearby desks as the Megawatt zooms about as it attempts to zap them.

Sure Ochaco could just float the desk and use them as weapons but the point is to not leave any evidence that an alien broke into the school. Luckily, the very desk she’s hiding under has some items of interest such as a few textbooks, a backpack, and other school items.

So she begins to chuck whatever she can at the creep who easily evades everything: the books, the bag, pens, and even the erasers. All this accomplishes for them are a few short moments of relief where they’re not getting shot at. Nonetheless she keeps at it until she grabs a metal ruler from within the desk, with nothing else to lose she throws it as hard as she can at the Megawatt hoping this will at least knock the alien off balance.

The ruler chops through the air like helicopter blades as it flies right at the laughing Megawatt and like a blade the metal ruler cuts right through the alien cutting it right in half.

And just like that the teens forget all about capturing the alien and are more concerned about its well-being.

They gasp in trepidation. Holy shit what have they done?! They just killed an innocent, sort-of, creature! What do they do now?! Do they just gather up the floating halves of a Mega-WAIT!! it’s still floating…

The two students are able to control their hyperventilation enough to witness something that’s both amazing and disturbing.

The two cut-halves of the Megawatt just sprout out the new halves of their own bodies, essentially creating two separate Megawatts.

The Megawatts appear just as confused, but only for a second, before they begin to laugh hysterically at the outcome.

Ochaco cries out in anguish. “What the hell?!”

“It can do that?!” Izuku’s reaction is just as panicked.

It looks like they should have kept their mouths shut however because the Megawatts finally remember that they’re there, grinning maniacally down at the helpless teens.

“Oh, no…”

And with that the two kids are at the mercy of the Megawatts. They end up running around the room as an individual Nosedeenian chases after them while zapping them from behind, laughing all the while they do it.

Thankfully the electrical fiends are not trying to lethally harm them but just give them enough of a shock to register pain.
In desperation Izuku grabs a nearby backpack from atop a desk and swings it around slamming it against the Megawatt that’s been chasing him.

The electric alien is knocked away and slams against the wall. It shakes its head and glares at Izuku for interrupting its fun, but something catches its eye instead.

In the upper corner of the classroom is a vent, a metallic vent with sharp thin grates. And the huge grin on its face is enough to tell that it’s plotting something maniacal.

The alien dog-whistles at his counterpart who stops chasing a terrified Ochaco. The first Megawatt points to the vent and says something that neither Izuku nor Ochaco can decipher because the only sounds emanating from its tiny mouth sound like static and electrical interference.

The other Nosedeenian grins wickedly along with its partner in crime before they shoot up and towards the vent. They ready themselves taking a running-like start before they both fly themselves right into the vent and through the grates cutting themselves up like cheese through a shredder.

Izuku and Ochaco watch on in horror as laughter echoes out from within the vent as yellow light flashes from within. The laughter only seems to increase as several other Megawatts suddenly throw themselves through the vent again dividing themselves into even more pieces. Each piece sprouts into a newly formed Nosedeenian and each one is just as rambunctious as the last.

As for the teens they are far from a laughing mood as a swarm of twenty Nosedeenians levitate above them.

One of the Megawatts, presumably the leader, whistles gathering the others’ attention. It says something intelligible before they all salute at each other, but that’s the only hint of organization they have before each and every one of them takes off to who knows where.

Ochaco grasps at her hair, pulling at her hair. “Oh, no no no no no!!” This is absolutely terrible, that just goes without saying! But now they have an entire swarm of Megawatts to deal with and if one of them is enough to cause so much damage then she doesn’t want to imagine what twenty of them could do. “We need to find them!!”

They can’t have the school up all in a panic over intruders: just seeing the U.A. students get riled up back at the lunchroom is enough to confirm this. They’ll all probably just panic and stampede out to the exits.

Izuku is in just as bad a state as her, and not just because of his lingering odor, his hair is even more frazzled from him grabbing at it and sweat beads down his face. “I know but what do we do?!”

“We need Thirteen!”

“That’s obvious! But they're probably still by the factory looking for the Megawatt!”

“Well the two of us aren’t enough to hunt them down!”

She’s right. She’s absolutely right. There’s literally no one else to turn to, not unless they want to expose alien life. Not the teachers, not their fellow classmates, they are literally on their own…

But maybe they're not as alone as they think.

A smile, a genuine smile, appears on Izuku’s face. “Then let’s get some help.”
Ochaco, still grabbing her head, gives Izuku a confused look.

He doesn’t bother to clarify as he grips the Omnitrix and slams down onto the faceplate.

Ochaco fails to shield her eyes in time, but when her eyesight returns, she has her answer. “Ditto?”

“Yup.” Ditto smile sup at the taller being. “The Megawatts aren’t the only ones-”

A second Ditto splits away from the original. “-that can multiply.”

Ochaco brushes her hair down with her fingers trying to wash away her nervousness. She cups her chin as she thinks about this strategy. “This could work.”

The original Ditto crosses his arms feeling confident with this plan. “I know.”

Its clone is quick to agree. “It’s our plan afterall.”

Even if it was technically himself that gave the compliment the first Ditto still smiles in appreciation. “Yeah. And like what could go wrong?”

Oh, the poor naive boy. He has no idea what he’s in for.

Starting with the sound of the school bell. Specifically the bell signifying the end of the lunch period.

The second Ditto glares at his original. “Seriously, dude?”

Ditto prime is greatly offended by the accusation. “Don’t blame me!” It’s not like he’s in charge when classes start.

These kids just can’t seem to catch a break. How in the hell are they supposed to go to class and hunt down little black and yellow aliens…? And if neither of them show up then they’re really going to get it from Mr. Aizawa later.

Ochaco is really in a pickle here. Looks like there’s only one thing they can do. “Come on!” She grabs one of the Dittos by the arm and drags it away.

“Wh-where are we going!!”

“To class!”

The second Ditto follows along as they exit the classroom. “But what about the Megawatts!!”

Ochaco stops and turns to face the morphed Izuku. “Your clones can go after them.” She’ll just have to trust Deku to handle this all on his own. She would like to be out here helping him in the search but looks like his clones will have to handle this all on their own.

With that she pulls the original Ditto away leaving behind the other one.

The second Ditto flashes her a reassuring smile. “Don’t you worry! I’ll have all of this wrapped up in no time!”

The Ditto steps back as several Dittos morph out of him until twenty of them are standing at attention.

“Allright men now is not the time to falter or let fear take you down into the unforgiving abyss.
Now is the time to step up and save our school!”

The squadron of Dittos let out a resounding cheer.

“Yeah!”

“We got this!”

“I have my reservations.”

Ignoring that last comment each of them take off for different parts of U.A. in search of the enemy that U.A. itself is unaware of.

One Ditto grins towards one of his counterparts as they make their way towards the second floor. “I have a good feeling about this.”

“Me too.”

The Ditto currently being towed along by Ochaco gulps. “I have a bad feeling about this.”

Ochaco releases the little alien as they reach Class 1-A’s door. “Quiet you. This will work.”

“But everyone is going to wonder why I’m Ditto.”

Ochaco grips the door handle. “Well you were the one that decided to transform so you’re going to have to deal with it.” She flings open the door silently hoping that they won’t find a Megawatt inside.

They don’t find a Megawatt instead they are greeted by the rest of their class who must have just arrived because some of them are not in their own seats yet.

Iida is of course the first one to notice the two of them. “There you two are.” He gives them a stern look for ditching them in the middle of lunch. “You shouldn’t run off!”

Mina looks just as upset about it as well. “Yeah! Why did you two run off on us?” She eyes Ochaco suspiciously as a sly smirk grows on her face. “Where were you getting up to?” She asks teasingly.

Ochaco jolts as she walks past Mina’s desk. “N-nothing?”

Mina’s horn twitches and the pink-skinned girl’s smirk widens. “Oh it was something.”

While Ochaco tries to ignore Mina’s questioning, Ditto makes his way to his own seat. His other classmates look on with silent questions like if that really is Midoriya or if it’s someone else completely. Or at least they are curious about this new form that they’ve never seen.

Thankfully Shoji recognizes the Omnitrix symbol on the little guy’s form. “Why are you like that?”

Ditto sighs before continuing his way to his desk where his backpack and school supplies are waiting for him. “Um, my Quirk…was acting a bit funny so I’ll be like this for a little while.” He really hopes everyone buys that and doesn’t try to dig for any more details.

Bakugou, overhead his explanation, scoffs but doesn’t say a word after that. He just glares off to
the side, keeping his mouth shut.

Ditto eyes him worriedly but not out of his own concern but for Bakugou’s. Usually he would be the first one to call him out but he’s not saying a word. Or even looking at him for that matter. He thinks about saying something, but he won’t get the chance because at that moment Aizawa appears at the entrance way and everyone immediately goes silent.

“Good, you’re all finally understanding how precious time is.” He eyes the class and his gaze falls on Ditto.

The Splixson nervously sinks into his seat hoping that his stern and somewhat scary teacher won’t decide to ask why he’s not currently human.

Eventually Aizawa turns away, choosing to ignore Izuku’s current state. “You all still need to decide on which of these two” He gestures to Iida and Yaoyorozu respectively. “Will be your Vice President.”

While the rest of class nods in understanding, Ditto lays his head onto his desk as one worry is replaced with another.

‘Oh right. I forgot. I’m now the Class President.’ Is there any way for him to get out of it? Maybe he should just ask or say he doesn’t want the job. May he should- “OW!!”

He cries out in pain after a shocking sensation strikes his backside.

But he’s nowhere near Kaminari and there doesn’t appear to be any Megawatts running about.

Aizawa’s eye twitches in annoyance, not appreciating the interruption. “Midoriya?”

And he’s not the only one giving Ditto an odd look, the rest of the class are just as confused by his sudden outburst.

“Okay, man?”

Ditto takes a quick breath, calming himself from the shocking pain that keeps registering across his body. “Y-yes. I-I’m fine. It’s j-just a…cramp.” He internally prays that everyone buys that terrible excuse of a lie. It certainly doesn’t help that he’s clearly struggling to keep his composure despite the repeated jolts of pain.

From across the room Ochaco sends Ditto a very worried look. A look that Ditto returns with a shaky smile and a not so reassuring thumbs up. She knows that he’s lying and just doesn’t want her to worry, but she can’t help it. The poor guy is literally all on his own. And even though using a multiplying alien was a good idea at the time they had forgotten one small detail: Splixsons share a link meaning if one feels pain then so do the others.

That just leaves one question… WHAT THE HELL ARE THOSE DITTOS DOING!??!

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Meanwhile, somewhere else within the walls of U.A.

“My baby!!” A female’s voice screams out as the clanging sound of heavy metal stomps around within the Support Course classroom.

“Ahhh!!” Ditto screams out in terror as he fleas from the scene.

Less than a second later a robotic monstrosity smashes through the doorway, it’s a hulking mass of...
a juggernaut with white metallic armor and a black helmet structure similar to Thirteen’s. Yellow sparks and a faint maniacal laughter resonate around the charging robot.

The iron hulk takes a few swings at the fleeing Ditto who manages, for the most part to avoid being squashed by its giant hands. His luck runs out as the robot manages to grab him around his torso before tightening its grip making the little alien squeak like a squeaky toy.

At the same time, the original Ditto holds his gut while trying to stop himself from groaning out loud or else drawing more attention to himself to his class than he already has.

In the teachers’ lounge a duo of Dittos are getting tazed by a pair of Megawatts as they run around the couch table, and chairs. One Ditto takes cover under a chair but one of the Megawatts grins as it melds into a coffee machine. The coffee maker begins to levitate as sparks fly around it and it spews out piping hot coffee onto its unsuspecting victim.

Back in Class 1-A, Ditto prime’s entire body shakes as he bites his own lip trying not to scream out in agony.

A little later a single clone is chasing down one of the rogue Megawatts outside the school building specifically in the teachers’ parking lot. There the two aliens end up chasing each other between the vehicles. At times Ditto is the one doing the chasing but when the Nosedeenian has had enough it ends up firing bolts of lightning back at its pursuer. The Ditto takes cover under a canary-yellow Nissan GT-R. The Megawatt raises its little arms and a ball of lightning begins to form and crackle just above its head before it throws its hands down and a ray of lightning strikes down on the poor Nissan. The car doesn’t stand a chance as it’s fried to a crisp turning the canary-yellow paint to black and dark brown, even the windows shatter under the large amounts of volts coursing through it.

The Megawatt, thinking its job is done, takes off zipping across the sky and back towards the school building. Unbeknownst to it, the Ditto underneath is actually fine, there isn’t a scratch on him. So there’s no excuse for him not to chase after the Nosedeenian leaving the smoking car behind.

A few seconds later a whistling Present Mic strolls up to his car, but what he finds is a crisped heap of metal that was once his car. He’s stunned at what he finds so much so that he screams out in misery.

In the meantime, while all of these events are playing out. A lone figure sits back in their oversized chair, sipping on some tea, as several monitors record and play out all of these events.

On one screen a pitching machine in one of U.A. sports rooms are firing away at a group of helpless Dittos who are really getting nailed by the flying baseballs.

On another screen there’s a large hulking robot that’s come to a standstill with a traumatized Ditto laying before its frozen form. A pink-haired girl stands nearby inspecting the robot, it seems she hasn’t even noticed the little alien laying on the floor.

Another screen displays the image of a Megawatt making faces at the hidden camera.

The lone figure brings the tea cup up to his lips before taking a sip like they don’t have a care in the world. “Fascinating.”

Back in Class 1-A’s classroom, the original Ditto is noiselessly suffering in his seat. All this time
he’s had to endure excruciating pain of shocks, beating, burns, and whatever other torment his clones are going through. And he’s had to bite his lip, drawing blood a few times, all to keep quiet and not draw too much attention.

That’s definitely easier said than done.

Aizawa counts up the last remaining votes. “Looks like it’s decided. Tenya Iida is your Vice President.”

A round of applause goes out to the Engine Quirked teen.

Iida smiles gratefully as he rises up from his seat. “Thank you everyone! I promise to do my very best as your Vice President!”

As the class give resounding comments of support, Yaoyorozu remains seated slouched forward in her seat in disappointment over the outcome.

Just a few seats ahead of her is Ditto, who is slowly building up his pain tolerance. ‘Well done Iida. I know I can rely on you.’ Maybe he can get Iida to take on more responsibility and allow himself some more free time to dedicate to Plumber work.

The Omnitrix begins to beep and flash red. Good thing too because the transformed Izuku isn’t too sure if he can handle any more of this torture. But dread floods within him, sure his torment will be over, but what about the Megawatts? They are still out there and doing who knows what!!

But there isn’t much he can do as the alien watch continues to beep until his entire body is enveloped in glowing red light.

The rest of the class’ attention are turned away from Iida and instead are given the confused Splixson sitting in Izuku’s desk.

“What the?” Ditto confusedly stares at his hands and stubby legs. He’s not seeing things despite the Omnitrix timing out he is still Ditto.

Aizawa sighs, he’s clearly tired of this. “Midoriya these distractions are getting bothersome.”

“S-sorry sir.”

Shoji, one the few who understands Izuku’s Quirk, wheels around in his seat. “Hey, shouldn’t you have changed back by now?”

Ditto nervously sweats trying not to look too suspicious. “I-I s-should have, but I’m not sure why I haven’t.”

He peers to his right towards his fellow space cadet, who sends him a concerned look silently asking if everything is okay?

He shrugs his shoulders in response, not sure what exactly went wrong himself. Perhaps…he can’t turn back. Maybe…all of his clones have to be near each other for him to turn back.

Well at least they can continue capturing the Megawatts, but on the other hand, it looks like he’s going to have to endure even more torment until then.

And that’s how the next class period goes with Ditto fidgeting in his seat and every ten minutes or so the Omnitrix flashes red, but Ditto never turns back into human. It didn’t take long for his
classmates and teacher to get annoyed by it, but all he’d say was that his Quirk has been acting up all morning.

Some point during the middle of the class the intercom turns on and Present Mic’s voice rings through, but it's noticeably not as lively as it usually is. “Ochaco Uraraka *sniff* please report to the Principal’s office *sniff*. I repeat *sniff* Uraraka please go to the Principal’s office *sniff* immediately.”

Ochaco gasps in surprise. ‘ME?!’

“Ooooo.” Mina teasingly smiles at her. “You’re in trouble.”

Aizawa watches the intercom curiously. ‘He sounds depressed. That’s supposed to be my thing.’ Oh, well he’ll just have to ask Hizashi later. “Uraraka.”

“Y-yes?!”

“You’re excused, so head on out to the Principal’s office. It’s on the fourth floor.”

“Uh, right.” She gets up and leaves as her classmates watch on wondering why she’s been summoned by their principal of all people.

She looks back before she exits, specifically at Ditto who waves her off before wincing in pain.

With nothing else she can do she leaves for the fourth floor.

After a few minutes of wandering around she eventually finds herself in front of the doorways of the Principal’s office.

She’s honestly a bit worried, mainly because she has no idea why she was called here, but here she is. So, with a shaky breath she grips the door handle and slides the door open ready to face the Principal of U.A.

“Welcome!” Greets the Principal with a cheery grin and a friendly wave from his oversized leather desk chair.

‘He’s a teddy bear?!’

He sure is! The principal is a short man who appears to be a possible combination of several different animals such as a dog, a mouse and a bear, which would make him a chimera. He has the head of a mouse with circular black eyes, a large scar over the right one, relatively square-shaped ears with pale pink insides slanting outwards from the top of his head, and an elongated muzzle with a small round nose. His fur is white and has large, dog-like paws with pink pads and a thin tail like that of a cat.

He sports a white dress shirt, a dark red tie around his neck, a black double-breasted waistcoat and matching dress pants. He wears orange lace-up sneakers with incredibly thick soles which seem to be quite large on him.

He puts his little paw down before placing it on his chest. “Allow me to introduce myself. I am the Principal of U.A., Nezu!” He looks so happy to declare his position of power, especially to a human. “It’s very nice to meet you, Ms. Uraraka, I’ve heard so much about you.”

“Y-you have?” She nervously steps forward, she sort of finds the little creature’s analytical gaze a bit uncomfortable.
“Why of course! It’s my job to know all that goes on in my school.” He leans forward in his seat, and despite the friendly smile, a dark aura emanates from his little form. “And I do mean everything.”

The gravity wielder gulps before speaking. “Such as?”

Principal Nezu smiles softly before leaning back and gesturing to the seat across from him. “Why don’t you take a seat. We have much to discuss.”

The class period finally ends, and Ditto is the first one out just as the Omnitrix flashes red once again for the humpthinth time, but of course he remains the same. He really can’t take this anymore, he just wants to scream out in pain, but he holds himself back. So instead he needs to wrangle up the electrical demons as soon as possible.

He takes off looking for any sign of his clones or the Megawatts. And it doesn’t take long to find at least one of them as he rounds a corner.

“Ow!”

“Ow!”

Both Dittos collide with each other so hard that they both fall backwards.

The other clone rubs his head. “Ow, watch where you’re going!”

“Me?! You watch where you’re going!” The original Ditto picks himself up. “What are you running from anyway?”

The clone’s eyes widen in fear before he scrambles onto his feet and takes off down the hall. “From them!”

“Huh?” He looks around the corner and what he sees instantly makes his heart plummet.

A group of five or so Megawatts are flying down the hall right at them, laughing the entire way as they approach their intended targets.

“Wait, for me!” He takes off after his clone as the Megawatts get closer and closer.

The Nosedeenians fire out bolt after bolt at the two Splixsons who avoid the attacks for the most part. The two clones run up the staircase to the second floor and once they’re through the doors there’s a lone trash can standing off to the side.

Acting on reflex the two clones merge into one and then the single Ditto dives right into the plastic can to take cover from the onslaught of invaders.

The Megawatts laugh and jeer at him as they circle above their victim’s hiding hole finding the whole situation rather amusing.

Ditto prays for them to make it quick, otherwise, this is going to be very painful.

By some miracle, something big and quick grabs two of the five Megawatts and swats them away.

“Get away from him!” Ochaco shouts as she lunges at the other aliens, on her hands are a pair of thick rubber gloves.
Knowing that she has the advantage the little menaces are quick to retreat down the hall and away from the odd duo.

Ochaco glares at their retreating forms before giving her attention to the one that needs it. “Are you alright?”

The trash can tips over as Ditto crawls out of it. “Uraraka!” He latches onto his savior’s leg as tears of relief leak out from his eyes. “I’m so glad to see you!” He was sure that she’d be stuck in the Principal’s office for way longer.

“Good, because we have a plan!”

Ditto sniffs, rubbing the tears and snot away. “We?”

“Yeah, we have to send word to your clones to lead the Megawatts down to U.A.’s basement.” She then begins to run off as to get started.

Ditto, unsure about all of this, chases after her. “And then what?!?”

“And then we win!”

And just like that, the duo are off to spread the message. They somehow manage to locate and find the other Dittos, although the original Ditto did end up making even more clones to help get the word out even faster. And like rumors that spread like wildfires in schools across the world, the plan of action gets around to every clone within the walls of U.A.

As the plan gets out, Ochaco positions herself at the basement entrance. The door is like that of any other door within U.A. the only difference is how it’s labeled.

A single Ditto sprints across the opposite end of the hall as a pair of Megawatts chase him.

Acting fast Ochaco catches the Megawatts in the air just as the Ditto sprints by. “I got you!”

The Megawatts glare and struggle in her grasp, but the rubber gloves are enough to insult their electricity from firing out at their capturer.

The Ditto huffs trying to catch his breath. “Is everything set?”

Ochaco shrugs. “I sure hope so.” After all the plan wasn’t really all that detailed out to her in the first place.

“What?” She hopes so? Wasn’t this her plan? She shouldn’t be hoping that it works, she should say that it will work.

She must understand how nonreassuring she sounds because she can only provide a sheepish smile in response.

Ditto doesn’t have the chance to ask for clarification as a roar of screams and shouts echo from down the hall. The two watch on in surprise as a squadron of Dittos are being chased by a very angry swarm of Megawatts, looks like these little guys are really sensitive to being insulted.

There’s nowhere for Ochaco or the original Ditto to go, there’s no way they can get out of the way of this stampede, so they desperately wave their arms about trying to get the other Dittos to stop.

The stampede doesn't even register their presence as they crash right into them and every single one of them are flung down the tall set of stairs. Many cries and shouts of pain ring out as they all
tumble all the way down until they finally collapse at the bottom of the steps.

“Ow…”

“My leg!”

“Ew, you reek, dude.”

Ochaco’s head pops out from within the pile of groaning Dittos. “Is everyone okay?”

Almost every clone replies with the same answer. “No…”

Thankfully the Omnitrix times out once and again, but this time with all of them gathered together, Izuku finally turns back to normal.

Izuku groans as he props himself up next to Ochaco. “Oh, finally.” He grabs at his face making sure it actually worked.

It appears his theory was correct that Ditto can’t transform back unless every clone is within a certain range.

“No time for that. We need to move!” Ochaco shoots off the ground, grabs his arm, and pulls him up before she takes off into the large dark space that is the basement of U.A.

It appears to be a large storage area filled with boxes, odd machines, and decorations for any and all occasions.

“Why are we running?!”

“Look!” Ochaco jabs a finger towards the top of the staircase where about twenty or so Megawatts are gathered.

The electrical fiends spot the two feeling teens and immediately fly down to give chase.

“Quick lead them to that thing!” Ochaco releases Izuku’s arm and points to a large object hidden behind a large dusty sheet standing from across the room.

The object looks very bulky as it stands at a height of about 12 feet. And that’s all Izuku is able to tell before he sprints right to it. It appears that the Megawatts must have recognized his signature watch and have assumed that he was the one that has been chasing them all day. Oh, how the tables have turned.

Izuku sprints as hard as he can away from the swarm, as just ahead of him Ochaco actually makes it to the device first. She stands beside it holding onto a nearby lever protruding out of the side of whatever it is underneath. “Quickly! Bring them this way!”

“I’m trying!” Izuku cries out as he makes a mad dash towards his fellow space cadet.

He is so close now; the object is just barely a few meters away now. But just like everything seems to be out for him today, he doesn’t make it.

A few of the Megawatts actually manage to stun him with high energy bolts that make his entire body freeze up as his muscles scream in pain, and he collapses just a few feet away. And like flies to garbage the Megawatts are on him in an instant, dog piling on him, as to shock and torture him even further. They bounce on him and grab at his hair, shocking him all the while. Their laughter rings out across the room. A few of them even grab at the Omnitrix trying to absorb the electricity
from within it

As for Ochaco, she is not just going to stand by as her friend is assaulted by these little freaks, so with a mighty tug she pulls down the lever and the effect is almost immediate.

A loud engine roars to life and lights flash from behind the sheet as it begins to whip around from the wind being generated from the machine it’s covering.

The sheet is blown clean off and a large hulking machine stands tall above the surprised and confused Megawatts. The machine is huge with a circular outer frame all wrapped around a cylindrical pillar of wires, pipes, and cables. Embedded into the outer frame are individual cylindrical bulbs. And at the base of the machine is a large metal shaft that appears to lead into the machine.

The machine lights up as a powerful vacuum begins to suck everything into the large open shaft.

The Megawatts scream out in terror, knowing that this can’t be anything good for them, so they try to escape the powerful vacuum. Unfortunately, for them they are far too close to the machine and there is little hope for escape and each and every one of them are slowly sucked into the machine. A few noises of electricity being produced are heard, and the machine grows brighter with each alien that is captured. It appears after being transferred through the machine the Megawatts are spit out within the large cylindrical bulbs themselves, acting as makeshift prisons for the already diminutive beings.

It’s not long before every single Megawatt is sucked up and secured within an individual capsule.

Ochaco pushes up on the lever effectively shutting off the vacuum. “We did it!”

They really did it! Although she appears to be the only one happy about it as the Megawatts themselves glare at her through their glass prisons. Some of them are even bashing themselves against them to break free, but they have no chance of accomplishing this.

“You sure did.” Calls out a calm cheery voice.

Ochaco spins around towards the staircase. “Principal Nezu, glad you could join us.”

Principal Nezu calmly approaches the girl, his arms tucked behind his back. In any normal circumstances he would have taken more of a direct role in all of this, but he really wanted to see how these two potential Plumbers would overcome this trial.

“Likewise. And might I say that it was absolutely splendid to see you pull this off.” He places a paw over his mouth as to whisper up to her ear. “All Might really has chosen a fine successor.”

That makes Ochaco smile. “Thank you.” She then jabs a thumb towards the machine. “But hey how’d you get this thing here so fast?”

“Hm? Oh, it was always here. We often use this space for abandoned or failed inventions made by the Support Course.” Nezu approaches the machine, gazing up at the alien inside as they make rather rude hand gestures at him. “This particular machine was meant to collect energy from electrical based Quirks. So, I knew it would be more than enough to handle these little rascals.”

“Oh. I see.” Ochaco blinks up at the machine, internally she thanks whomever it was that was smart enough to build it. She then peers around the basement at all the other leftover inventions and junk. At least until she notices that something or someone specific is missing. “Wait, where’s Deku?”
“Hm?”

Ochaco and Principal Nezu scan the room and sure enough it looks as if Izuku has up and disappeared.

“Where could he have gone?”

There’s really no sign of him. Not an article of clothing, a scrape of hair, or even the Omnitrix for that matter.

Nezu eventually gazes back up at the machine and he spots something rather unexpected. “Oh, my.”

“What is it?”

“I found him.” Nezu gestures upward towards the machine.

Ochaco curiously looks up and she too is in for a bewildering surprise.

Inside one of the capsules is a Megawatt, but it’s different from the others specifically it has the Omnitrix embedded into itself, also it appears to be desperately trying to communicate with them.

It doesn’t take long for Ochaco to assume who that is. “DEKU!?!?”

After a few moments of hyperventilation courtesy of Ochaco, Nezu manages to release the single Megawatt from his containment.

The little creature stumbles out of his glass case glad to be freed from his imprisonment. “Phew, uh, thanks bzzz.”

Nezu is glad to lend a helping hand or paw in his case. “You’re welcome.”

“Ah, Principal Nezu!” The morphed Izuku has finally registered who else is with them.

He’s only ever read or seen Nezu in magazines and newspapers, and now here he is right in front of him.

“The very one!”

“What are you doing here?!”

Ochaco shyly steps forward. “Well, I think I can explain.”

##########(Flashback)##########

Back when Ochaco was called up into Nezu’s office.

The Principal of U.A. sips a bit of his tea before speaking. “Would you like some?” He gestures to the pot of tea sitting atop his desk.

“No thank you.” Ochaco shifts in her seat. “So, what did you want to see me about?”

Nezu takes another sip of his tea before putting it down onto his desk. “There’s just a few things that have gained my attention. And I’d like to get to know them better.”

“Such as?”
“Such as, what is All Might’s successor like?”

Good thing she hadn’t taken that tea because she definitely would have spat it out. “A-Al-All M-Might’s s-s-s-successor?!” She’s breaking into a cold sweat now, as she hurriedly tries to fix the situation. “I’m not sure what you mean?”

“How! Not to worry dear child. I know all about One For All!”

“You do?! Why didn’t All Might tell her? That would have been nice to know!

“Why, yes. But I’m sure your mentor didn’t want to bring it up just in case you ended up feeling like your being unnecessarily evaluated.”

“That… makes sense.” She wouldn't want to feel like she’s getting unfair treatment, but then again maybe she already is, she is here after all.

“But there’s another reason I called you here.”

“Really?”

“Yes, in fact I would have liked to call up one other student here today. But it seems he’s a bit too preoccupied right now.”

“Really? Who is it?”

“Why it’s Izuku Midoriya of course.” He states rather bluntly. “He’s really having a hard time gathering up those Nosedeenians.”

…

“What?” Ochaco is completely dumbfounded, her brain unable to fully process what Nezu’s just implied.

“Oh, did Thirteen not tell you either?” He stands atop his chair holding his paw out proudly to declare the following. “You see, young lady I am not only the Principal of U.A. but I’m also…”

####(End Flashback)####

“The Magister of the Plumber Japan Branch bzzzzz?!” Shouts the Megawatt version of Izuku.

Nezu nods in confirmation. “Yup! Isn’t that wonderful? Hahahaha!”

Ochaco’s glad that it’s all cleared up now. Although she did leave out the parts involving All Might and One For All.

And yeah, it was a bit of a shock for her as well when she found out. But apparently Nezu is in fact the head honcho of both U.A. and the Plumbers here in Japan. Another way to look at it is that he is Thirteen’s boss for two different jobs! And now it appears he is also in charge of them both at school and when it comes to Plumber work.

Thankfully being the principal and a Plumber comes with benefits such as having access to alien technology or gadgets created here on Earth to help combat alien life such as the makeshift Megawatt catcher.

Speaking of Megawatts. “Hey, Deku.”
“Yes bzzz?”

“Why are you?” She gestures to his tiny form.

“Oh, I’m not sure.” He looks down and examines the new alien form. “When those Megawatts attacked me, I just sort of panicked and reached for the Omnitrix and the next thing I know I’m trapped inside this tiny little body.”

“But I thought you could only transform into nine aliens.”

“So, did I.” This new alien is really a surprise, he never even considered this a possibility. Although maybe it’s the universe’s way of giving him a break after making him go through all that pain and suffering today.

Nezu cups his chin as he too examines Izuku’s newest transformation. “Fascinating. Simply fascinating.”

The Nosedeenian Izuku moans, he really doesn’t want to deal with any of this right now. “Uh, I’ve had too long of a day to deal with this.” Maybe they can address this later, after he’s showered, and his aches and pains go away. “Quick question bzzz. Aren’t your responsibilities too much for you bzzz? I mean shouldn’t someone else be helping you out bzzz?”

Nezu shakes his head, not at all offended by the question. “Well I wouldn’t say my responsibilities are all that different from each other.” Makes sense when you think about it. He’s only in charge of a few staff members for each position and his position as the head of U.A. allows him access and certain pull with certain individuals making it easier for him to cover up alien activity in Japan. “And besides I’m more than capable of handling all the responsibilities of both tasks.”

Ochaco blinks in awe of the chimera. “Wow, that’s impressive.”

“Indeed it is bzzz!” The transformed Izuku peers around noticing that someone else isn’t there. “By the way, where is Thirteen bzzz?”

Nezu claps his paws together. “Oh, I gave them a call already to notify them about the situation. But they got called away, apparently One-One detected a transmission, but they weren’t able to identify the source. So, they’re both looking into it.” Hopefully it’s nothing serious. “But that is nothing for either of you to be concerned about. Instead you two should return to class. I may be a Plumber but I’m still a Principal.”

“Yes, sir!” The space cadets salute before heading off for the exit.

Ochaco walks off at a normal pace while the Megawatt Izuku has to jog to keep up, his legs tapping away underneath him at a fast pace.

Nezu waves them off with an encouraging smile. “And don’t you worry about this lot. I’ll handle things from here.”

He watches as the two climb the steps and exit through the doorway, they give him one last wave before they disappear from sight. ‘I can’t wait to see what the future holds for the two of you.’ One will grow to be the successor that surpasses All Might, that much is certain. As for the other…his future is a bit more uncertain but one thing’s for certain. “He’s just like you.” Nezu whispers this to himself thinking of an old ally that he hasn’t had the pleasure of seeing in a long time now.

In the meantime, Ochaco and a jogging Megawatt are approaching their homeroom class.
“What a day bzzz.” It really has been for the transformed Izuku.

He’s been zapped, burned, and attacked as well as dumpster dived twice now, meaning he still smells like a walking dump, and to add on to the humiliation he knows for a fact that everyone’s been weirded out by his constant fidgeting while enduring the pain as Ditto.

Ochaco sighs. “I know right. At least the worst is over.”

“Easy for you to say bzzz. You’re not the one with tiny legs bzzz!”

Ochaco blinks down at the little alien as it tries to keep pace with her, she probably should have just picked him up by now. “Can’t you fly?”

The small alien stops in his tracks, thinking about her suggestion.

He grins, much like the other Megawatts. “Oh, yeah bzzz!” He tucks his arms in and concentrates trying to allow his natural powers to reveal themselves.

Electricity builds around him before his entire body seems to transform into an electrical beam that snakes its way into the air, but something’s definitely off. The electrical beam swivels and zigzags in the air before it rockets away down the hall. Ochaco watches on, her eyes popping out of her head as Izuku zips around until the electricity stream phases right through the Class 1-A door.

The moment the entire beam of electricity enters there is an explosion of noise.

*ZAP!!*

“WHAT THE HELL!??!”

“What is that?!”

“Gah, that smell!”

*ZAP!!*

“Ow!!”

*ZAP!!*

“Kaminari!”

“It’s not me!!”

“Watch out!!”

*ZAP!!*

As the gravity wielder approaches the door in a frenzy, the noise dies down a bit inside, but she doesn’t even register the change as she flings the door aside.

The entire classroom is in disarray with things scattered all across the floor, a few desks and chairs are turned over, scorch marks line the floor and walls, and many of the students are out of their seats some of them are even laying on the ground as if they had taken cover.

“What hap-Oh my gosh!!” She cuts herself off when her eyes trail towards the front of the class where a very pissed Aizawa is.
His eyes are glowing red as his hair floats upward, he holds his scarf while attached to the end is a small bundle floating in the air. A pair of small nonhuman eyes peer out and cower under Mr. Aizawa’s gaze.

Ochaco gulps.

Aizawa examines the little being in his capture weapon and he notices the Omnitrix embedded into its body. “Midoriya?” It barely comes out as a whisper, and more like a soft-spoken threat.

The Megawatt manages to free his mouth from the binding. “Y-yes…”

Aizawa’s gaze hardens and his eyes glow an even brighter crimson making him even more imposing and menacing as he glares down at his victim, who screams out in terror.

O bien.

It’s finally the end of the school day, or at least it is for most of the student body. Unfortunately, one of them has to stay behind and serve detention for the next week or so.

“What did I do to deserve this?” Izuku plops his mop down onto the floor, part of his detention is that he has to clean the school and all without his powers. It’s Aizawa’s orders.

Apparently despite his best efforts some students reported spotting little battery-like beings causing mayhem across the school, and since Izuku’s new Megawatt form fit the bill…well you can assume what occurred. He got blamed for the messes and destruction they caused from the Support Course robot going haywire to the frying of Present Mic’s car. The pro hero literally yelled his ear off for that one and now there’s a constant ringing in his ears. Thankfully the only reason he got off so lightly was that thanks to a quick intervention from Nezu himself. They lied and explained that his powers went haywire, probably as a side effect for gaining a new transformation. By some miracle Mr. Aizawa bought it probably from the quick display that he witnessed it did seem like Izuku couldn’t control his new form’s flight path.

But that doesn’t mean he was outright forgiven, Mr. Aizawa also made him hand over his Class President position. So in the end Iida ended up as Class President and Yaoyorozu, as the follow up, got the Vice President position. Both were more than happy to have the jobs, but they did feel a little sour about how it was achieved. But hey Izuku’s just glad he has one less responsibility to deal with, so he’ll take this as a win.

All in all, he did do his job, despite his own personal outcome. No one suspects a thing and alien life remains a secret to the students and staff of U.A. Also he learned quite a bit today, like who would have guessed that Nezu was a Magister for the Plumbers?! But maybe that’s the point, after all who would expect a school principal of taking part in covert operations.

“I’m very disappointed in you.”

Izuku stops moping and looks up and is greeted by the sight of a frowning Iida. He must be so ashamed to see someone he had seen as worthy of the position to cause such a mess across this prestigious school.

Izuku sighs, not bothering to argue and just accepts the reprimand. “I know.”

His other classmates pass by either with looks of amusement or dismissal.
“Can you believe him?”

“I thought he was so well behaved.”

“I think he’s the official problem child of our class.”

“I heard he vandalized Present Mic’s car.”

“I even heard that he snuck into the teacher’s lounge.”

“I wonder if he went into the girl’s locker room.”

“There’s something wrong with you.”

Izuku keeps his mouth shut as they all head home for the day. Then again, they did just step on his newly cleaned floor so that irks him a bit, but he’s too good nature to say anything. So, he sucks it up and continues with his punishment. And all in the name of keeping an intergalactic secret.

“Hey.”

With his gaze turned down to the floor a pair of thin brown dress shoes appear just in front of him. He peers up and standing before him is Ochaco holding a mop in her hands.

“Shouldn’t you be heading home?”

“I would but…” Ochaco dunks her mop into the bucket. “you already had to deal with the Megawatts alone and it just seems wrong to let go through this all by yourself too.”

Izuku gives her a grateful smile. “Thanks.”

She returns the smile and then they both get to work, mopping their way across the school floors.

They go at it for a few minutes and Ochaco’s mind begins to wander. Or more accurately her mind lingers on the feeling of guilt that’s built up all throughout the day. Specifically how she had to let Deku take on most of the work already, now this too. Life really is unfair at times. And not only that but she couldn’t even tell him about One For All. That really puts a sour taste in her mouth.

Maybe there’s something she can do for him other than help him clean…maybe she should get him a gift or something. Yeah, that would do. Well, it may not make up for everything, but it’ll be a start.

How about a watch? No, no watch could compare to what he already has. An All Might poster? He definitely would love that, but she might not be able to afford it. Hmmm. Maybe a jacket or a hoodie would do…?

While mopping away a funny thought crosses Izuku’s mind. “You know I guess Thirteen was right.”

Ochaco dunks her mop into the bucket. “About what?”

“Megawatts really are the worst, aren’t they?”

Ochaco thinks back to how Thirteen was acting earlier that morning, specifically how over dramatic they were acting, but it seems like they knew what they were talking about all along.

Ochaco chuckles at the joke. “Yeah, I guess you’re right. Megawatts really are the worst.”
“I TOLD YOU SO!!!” Thirteen leaps out from a nearby classroom yelling at the top of their lungs.

Ochaco nearly tumbles backwards in surprise. “Thirteen?!”

Izuku is just as surprised. “What are you doing here?!”

The U.A. teacher blinks. “…I work here.”

“Oh, I mean…” Izuku sighs, deciding not to pursue an argument, it’s already been too long of a day for this. “Nevermind.”

Ochaco however does pursue a conversation. “What brings you here?”

“Oh, I just wanted to see how you two were holding up. And also,” The Plumber places gentle hands onto their heads ruffling up their hair with affectionate rubs. “I wanted to say good job today. You really stepped up when we needed you.”

The two smile in appreciation. “Thanks.”

Thirteen releases them and Izuku decides to bring up something important. “Oh, Thirteen did you hear?!”

“Hear what?”

“I got a new transformation today!”

“Really?” The Plumber is genuinely surprised, they didn’t think the Omnitrix had more transformations for the boy, but it looks like they were wrong. But what alien did he gain access to? “What is it?”

Decided to show rather than tell, Izuku activates his alien watch and in a flash of green light his new Megawatt waves up at the taller hero.

Thirteen doesn’t allow a second to go by before they’re in a complete panic. “Ahhhh!! It’s a Megawatt!!”

Ochaco tries to refute them. “No, it’s-”

“Quick get it!” Thirteen jabs their finger out and immediately activates their Quirk.

“Ahhhh bzzzzz!!” The aliened Izuku screams out in horror as he tries to escape the suction of Thirteen’s Blackhole, while Ochaco grips Thirteen’s arm trying to aim their Quirk away from her friend.

Maybe outright displaying his new form to Thirteen wasn’t the best idea. A part of Izuku and Ochaco wonder what could have caused such a deep hatred for the species but maybe it would be best to leave that topic alone. What matters now is not being sucked up and turned into dusk thanks to an endless void that is Blackhole.

Hopefully things will start looking up for them, especially Izuku, but only time will tell whether or not that is the case.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

Amongst the back alleys of Kamino Ward a hidden bar is serving a small number of patrons.
One of the patrons is scrolling through his laptop, specifically he’s scanning through U.A. itinerary. “The game is all set.”

Looks like that Henzu punk really pulled it off for them. Then again Giran was able to get a hold of a U.A. uniform so he wouldn’t stick out while walking the halls. And with his combination of speed and intelligence Quirks he was able to hack and sneak his way into the school.

The bartender turns towards the small television sitting atop a thin table at the corner of the room. “Master, have all the preparations been made?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” The pale-skinned man with a hand for a mask swivels in his seat, turning away from his laptop. “You did well, perhaps you’re not complete trash.”

Henzu is seated at the opposite end of the counter. “Glad I could make you happy, Handjob.” His voice is dripping with sarcasm.

But in all honestly, he was actually thrilled to have snuck into one of the most secure places in the country. He kind of wishes he was spotted so that way he could take credit, but after what these guys have planned it would upstage his own efforts.

The young man scratches at his dry-skinned neck, growling in response to Henzu’s tone.

Henzu only smirks in response, finding the hostility somewhat entertaining. “Whatever it is you have planned… I bet it’s going to be a real riot.”

From nearby a hulking muscular mass growls to itself in anticipation for what’s to come.

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Within the interior of the spacecruiser one of the robotic drones bows at his master’s form.

“Master!”

The commander shifts away from his studies of news articles. “What is it?”

“The one you called for has arrived.”

In that moment, the metallic gates open wide and a large figure steps forward. Their feet stomp echo across the cold metal floor as they approach the ship commander’s healing tank.

The arrival gazes up at the commander awaiting their order.

The commander takes a breath through his breathing apparatus before he goes into any details. “I have a new task for you.”

The commander’s eyes shift towards the holographic images, specifically to one of them. It’s an image of Izuku gripping the Omnitrix as he prepares to face off against one of the commander’s assault drones from months ago.

The commander would be smiling if it weren’t for his breathing apparatus. Soon, very soon, he will have what rightfully belongs to him.

Chapter End Notes
And that was Ch.14 Shocking Development. So, what did you all think? In all honestly this chapter was way too long, 73 pages, sheesh!! I really need to figure out how to make these chapters smaller, mainly so I could update this story sooner. For the next parts they will be split up into at least 2-3 chapters so just a heads up. And yes, we are finally going to begin the U.S.J. Arc!! Hooray!! I think you’re all really going to enjoy it. Also please read the important Author’s Note down below.

*(Important Author’s Note)* I have been getting a lot of questions and comments about this, so I think I need to address it. Do you guys want ships in this fanfic? Seriously, I need an answer. I wasn't honestly going to include them unless I felt like it was needed or it would be interesting, but because of all the inquiries I wanted to get everyone’s opinion. So, please let me know if you would like ships to be included into this fanfic. Also feel free to tell me what your favorite ships are, keep in mind I plan on writing this story out for a while so if there are certain ships you want played out then please let me know what you want to see. And depending how this poll goes I may include them. So, please the more responses the better. Thanks.

*As I said in the beginning please don’t take some of these parts as critically like the Megawatts. Most of this chapter was admittedly just filler and I just really wanted to include them and give Izuku Buzzshock as an alien. So, if you thought certain things were going to be addressed or fleshed out then I’m sorry. But hopefully the next coming chapters will make up for it. This chapter was meant to help set up a few things in the coming arc.

*Speaking of Buzzshock I hope none of you are too upset that he’s Izuku’s newest alien. If it makes you feel better Izuku will be gaining some new aliens in the coming future and I think you are all really going to enjoy them. Just wait and see.

*I was going to give Henzu a few more scenes but I didn’t get to write them, because this chapter is already so long. So, if you have questions about how he stole the information then please feel free to ask.
It’s Hero Time

Chapter Summary

Class 1-A are off for the Rescue Training but what awaits them at their destination.

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone! Isn’t this great I was able to upload earlier this time! Wow! Well any way I have an announcement about the poll. An overwhelming majority of you are for ships (relationships) to appear in this story. So, I will try my best to include them. HOWEVER, the ships are not my priority and I don’t just want to throw them in without any real effort. So I will introduce the ships gradually and when I feel like that the time is right then I may make them official. Honestly, I may set up another poll later on to vote on which ships should occur, but that’s for another time. Anyway let us begin the U.S.J. Arc!
Also, I need to point this out. But in the last chapter when Izuku’s classmates were being “mean” to him. That was meant to be a temporary joke and it will not have lasting effects. So, Sorry if that caused some unnecessary worry.

*This story is also on Fanfiction.net. It’s under the same name and author.

*EXTREMELY Important Author’s note at the end of the chapter!*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Early Wednesday morning Izuku and Inko are at their dining room table enjoying a quick breakfast.

Inko swallows a bit of her Miso Shiru before she continues their conversation. “So, how’s detention?”

“Oh…” Izuku’s mind naturally thinks back to the past few days, how he’s had to spend them staying behind and cleaning the school after hours. He’s scrubbed enough floors and toilets to last a lifetime and he rather not have to think about it. “It’s going well.”

“I don’t,” Inko doesn’t sound convinced, but she doesn’t push him. Instead she just shakes her head before going back to her food. “You worry me sometimes.”

Izuku actually looks ashamed, but that’s more because he doesn’t like to disappoint his mother period. Even if in this case it wasn’t totally his own fault. “Sorry Mom, but it’s not my fault.” That’s sort of the truth. “My Quirk just went haywire on me.” Okay now that part’s a clear lie. But what else can he say? Oh, hey Mom I got detention today but don’t worry I didn’t do anything wrong. I just have to do this to cover up a government conspiracy that aliens are here and roaming among us. Yeah, that will go over really well.

Inko sighs. “Even so I’m still worried. I don’t want you to get hurt, sweetie.”


She really does care, but she knows that her son has the habit to try and wave off her worries when it comes to his well-being.

“I know, Mom.” He knows that she cares and it’s not like he is actively seeking danger… Okay, he is but it’s not like he wants to cause her any real worry. Even so he’s come so far, and he has so much further to go, but he will try his best not to worry her too much. “But I’m working hard, and…I think I’m making friends.” That should alleviate her worries somewhat.

And he’s sort of right, because his mom cracks a smile until she also bursts into tears. “My baby’s growing up so fast!” Her tears gush out in buckets.

“Mom! Please calm down! Think about the carpet!”

Inko sniffs away her tears. “Sorry.” She can be so darn emotional, and so can Izuku for that matter. “You know me, I’ve always been prone to crying.”

“Hehe, yeah I know. I’m the same way after all.”

Inko out right chuckles at his little joke before they continue with their morning meal.

“Alright, I better be heading out.” Izuku grabs his tray before dropping it off into the sink.

“Alright, you take care.”

“Thanks Mom.” Izuku opens the door and takes off for another exciting adventure. “Love you!”

“I love you, too.”

Inko watches from the kitchen table as her son waves back to her as the door shuts closed. She sighs, content with the situation hoping that he’ll return home without any incidents. Izuku has always been rather reserved and sensitive much like her, but he has a tendency to find trouble… much like his father. Always rushing in head first into any situation and not thinking about the consequences. Always working hard toward his goals. They really are so similar.

As Inko thinks on and compares how similar her loved ones are the television in the living room is currently televising a hostage situation in downtown Musutafu.

In the middle of Musutafu, a huge crowd of morning commuters watch on in horror and slight fascination as heroes square off against a large ugly villain.

“See this lucky little family? Come after me and I’ll snap their necks!!” The hulking villain flicks off the pro heroes as a family of three struggle to breathe in his muscular arm. “Got that?! Stay back, heroes!!”

This guy is an enormous, muscular humanoid villain with an unusual extension from his shoulders that grows up and over his head, which gives it a hood-like appearance. His face is largely concealed within this hood, only showing round, white eyes and a large mouth. He’s wearing an armored half-vest with a chain over his right shoulder and cargo pants with additional plating.

A slightly scuffed up Mt. Lady glares at the villain in front of her. “Serial robber and murderer, Trapezius Headgear!!”

Mt. Lady is a voluptuous young woman with purple eyes and long, voluminous, creamy blonde
hair. Her hero costume is composed of a purple and pale tan-colored skintight bodysuit. With purple colored gloves and boots. The suit also has three peculiar orange diamond-shaped dots on the purple top that are located under her chest, and she also wears a purple domino mask with horn-like protrusions on the sides.

Meanwhile, laying on his back after being smack backwards is Kamui Woods. “Not only strong… but a quick strategist!”

Kamui Woods is adorning a dark blue bodysuit that includes a wooden belt, wooden knee pads, wooden shoes, and a small rose veil hangs from the left side of his belt.

The family cries out in anguish from within the huge villain’s crushing grip. “Save us, heroes!!”

Trapezius Headgear bursts into laughter, he just can’t believe how useless these heroes are right now. And now with his incredible agility he can easily make his escape. And nothing, absolutely nothing, can stop him now!

“FEAR NOT, GOOD CITIZENS.”

Before anyone can comprehend what’s happening, All Might, the Number One Hero himself, charges in like a missile from seemingly out of nowhere.

“MISSOURI SMASH!” The Symbol of Peace karate chops the huge villain from behind while also snagging the family right out of his grasp. “WHY, YOU ASK?” All Might turns flashing his inspiring grin for the world to see as Trapezius Headgear collapses to the ground. “BECAUSE I’M ON MY MORNING COMMUTE!”

The crowd of spectators cheer in response. “YEAH!!!”

“All Might!!”

“You’re amazing!!”

But not everyone is exactly thrilled to see him.

Mt. Lady’s face shades over, she smiles but it’s clearly forced. “We appreciate it, but…”

“He’ll put us out of business…” Finishes Kamui Woods as he remains laying on the ground with his legs upward like a splattered bug.

It’s really no surprise that they feel like their victory was stolen right from under them. For starters, their own success depends on the number of crimes and villains that they defeat. It helps to grow their own popularity and as a result gets them a higher paycheck. Or in some cases, resources to help them in future hero work or endeavors.

All Might lets the thankful family down before saluting at the officers who have arrived to haul the villain away. “HAPPY TO HELP!”

Before he can continue on his commute, his ear twitches as it picks up a faraway cry for help.

“Kyahh, a hit-and-run!!”

“HMM, I MUSTN’T BE LATE…” But he can’t ignore a plea for help. So, the pro hero squats down, tensing up as he prepares himself to spring into the air. “HOWEVER.” With a mighty leap he launches himself into the air like a mini rocket ship.
While falling through the air with style All Might can’t help but notice how much his speed has actually dropped. Although it isn’t a lot, he can tell that something is different. In truth he’s been weakening ever since he passed his power onto young Uraraka. Not only that but his maximum duration has shortened as well.

But his own capabilities as a hero are not the only things weighing on his mind, but his capabilities as a mentor. ‘I NEED A WAY TO HELP YOUNG URARAKA CONTROL ONE FOR ALL WITHOUT DAMAGING HER BODY.’ Unfortunately, he can’t fully understand why or how to do that. Probably because he always had a knack when it came to controlling his power. But then there’s something else to consider. ‘I ALSO NEED TO FIGURE OUT HOW AND WHY ONE FOR ALL IS BOOSTING HER ZERO-GRAVITY. IF I DON’T PREPARE HER, SHE MAY END UP CAUSING MORE DAMAGE TO NOT ONLY HERSELF BUT TO THOSE AROUND HER.’ Speaking of those around her. ‘I NEED TO KEEP AN EYE ON THAT MIDORIYA BOY. IT SEEMS HE’S GOTTEN CLOSE TO YOUNG URARAKA…AND IF MY SUSPICIONS OF HIM ARE TRUE THEN…I FEAR FOR WHAT IT MAY MEAN FOR THE TWO OF THEM. AND IF I MAKE A MISTAKE AND THE WORST COMES TO PAST THEN URARAKA MAYBE IN MORE DANGER THAN I HAD PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT.’

All Might lands just in front of the runaway vehicle, and without so much as trying he stops the speeding car with a single hand. ‘SUITABLE SUCCESSOR OR NOT, SHE’S STILL JUST A 15-YEAR-OLD KID. THERE IS STILL SO MUCH FOR HER TO LEARN.’

“I heard there’s a hostage crisis in the next town over!”

“HMMM!!” Looks like duty calls, hopefully he’ll still make it to today’s lesson on time.

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

The school bell rings signaling the start of the students’ next class.

Aizawa stands before his students looking as lethargic as ever. “Now for today’s Basic Hero Training. This time, All Might, myself, and one other will supervise.”

Izuku instantly picks up on Aizawa’s wording. ‘This time? So, it’s a special class.’

His neighbor, Hanta Sero, raises his arm with a question. “Um, what’re we doing, exactly?!"

“Preparing you for disaster relief, from fires to floods.” To help his point their homeroom teacher holds up a large white-card with RESCUE inscribed on it.

The class excitedly finishes for him. “It’s Rescue Training!!”

Kaminari smirks at the idea. “Rescue, huh. Sounds like another rough day.”

Mina grins back at him. “Right!”

Kirishima rebuts the two of them. “Come on, this is what being a hero’s all about!! I’m pumped!!”

“You’re always pumped!!”

“You know it!”

Meanwhile, Tsuyu thinks aloud to herself. “I’ll be right at home in a flood, kero.”
Aizawa glares at the rambunctious kids “I’m not done.”

They immediately go rigid in fear allowing their teacher to continue with his explanation. He explains that it’s each of their own choice whether or not they want to wear their hero costumes. But they need to consider that some of their gear are not suited to this particular activity. He also adds in that the training site for this course is a bit remote. So, they will need to travel by bus to get there. “That’s all. Get ready.”

The class respectively replies. “Yes, sir.”

As the rest of the class get up to grab their individual costumes Izuku is trying his best to contain his excitement. ‘Rescue Training…!!’ He’s seriously hyped up for this! Rescuing people is literally the main role of being a hero. Saving those that can’t save themselves from all sorts of threats. ‘This’ll help me become the greatest hero I know I can be! I’ll do my best!’

While Izuku quietly contains his enthusiasm, Ochaco giggles at the sight of his overly excited expression.

She holds a large brown shopping bag in her hands as she waits for her classmates to clear out and head to the locker rooms. She’s been meaning to give Deku this all morning but she sort of overslept and was nearly late so she never had the chance. But it looks like she’ll have her chance right now. “Hey Deku.”

Despite his excitement he doesn’t yell out excitedly. Instead he greets his friend with a happy smile. “What’s up, Uraraka?”

Ochaco nervously rubs her arm, as she grips the bag and to an extent Deku’s gift a little tighter. “I had something I wanted to give you.”

“Hmm?”

“Yeah, w-well, y-you see. I sort of feel…bad.” Her head droops down. “You’ve been so kind and supportive to me from the start and it’s sort of unfair for me not to be able to be completely honest with you.” She is referring to how she’s not allowed to explain One For All to him, or even tell him about her connection to All Might. “And so I wanted to make it up to you. Even if it’s in a small way.”

“Uh, okay?”

‘Wow! It feels like I was always meant to wear this thing!’ Izuku admires how comfortable Ochaco’s gift really is.

Apparently, she got him a brand-new hoodie, but there’s a little more to it than that. The hoodie is black in color with dark-green trims around the ends, pockets, and zipper. Two pairs of dark-green lines encircle around the arms. But what makes this hoodie a bit more personal is the hand-sewn logo of the Omnitrix on the left chest.

“This is so great! Thanks Uraraka!” He rubs his hands across the material. “I don’t know what it’s made of. It’s so warm but it breathes.”

And as a bonus it’ll make for the perfect temporary costume for the day.

Apparently, his real costume is still undergoing repairs and so he’s left without one. But thanks to
Uraraka’s timely gift he can somewhat match his fellow classmates in style.

As of now, his current attire includes his new hoodie that he’s forgone zipping up allowing his black undershirt to be on display. He is, however, wearing the standard gym pants, but he also salvaged his hero costume’s gloves, respirator mask, and red utility belt.

Uraraka smiles cheerfully. “Hehe, I’m glad you liked it.”

Which is good because it took her several days to sew on the Omnitrix symbol. She wanted it to be just right if not perfect. Plus that hoodie wasn’t exactly cheap, so she’s glad that it was well worth the effort…and money.

Maybe she should have splurged a little for herself as well, because she too can’t wear her costume. Thanks to One For All her costume was torn apart and heavily damaged. The only real item that survived her power was her own pink belt, which really doesn’t go well with the U.A. gym uniform.

But it’ll have to do for today.

*Tweet! Tweet! Tweet!* Tenya Iida tweets away into his new shiny whistle, it’s the newest tool he deemed as necessary to help wrangle in his classmates. “Line up according to your I.D. numbers. Fill those seats in an orderly fashion.”

He’s a little too loud with that thing that some of them have to cover their ears in irritation. While Iida continues to whistle away and direct everyone aboard with his waving arms.

Izuku, however, just finds the scene odd. “Looks like Iida’s going full throttle…!”

Ochaco nods in agreement, finding the scene just as odd. “Yup…”

Soon they’re all packed into the bus with Aizawa at the wheel. With everyone ready to go they’re off to their next big adventure with feelings of excitement and good cheer all around.

At least for the most part.

“Darn. It was this type of bus!” Iida slouches over in his seat, holding his head down in disappointment.

His entire seating arrangement has been thrown off because the bus doesn’t have the standard seat arrangement. Making his plan a waste of time and effort. Instead the bus has an open arrangement in the front portion while the back of the bus is your standard bus seating arrangement. Currently only Kirishima, Tsuyu, Izuku, Sato, Kaminari, Aoyama, Mina, and Iida are sitting in the front half while the others sit in the back.

Mina, sitting beside Iida, decides to confirm all of this, finding Iida’s dejection amusing. “All that for nothing.”

Everyone else remains silent not wanting to comment on the subject.

Tsuyu Asui for one is ready to change the subject.

She turns to face Izuku who’s sitting beside her. “Pardon me Midoriya. But you should know. I generally say what’s on my mind’
Izuku accidently flinches, surprised that she wants to talk to him of all people. And from out of nowhere it seems. “Oh? Is that so? Then what is it you’d like to say, Asui?”

“Call me Tsuyu.” She deadpans, although her facial expression doesn’t change that much as she makes her statement. “Anyway your Quirk is really amazing.”

“Huh, thank you…”

“But it’s broken.” As in, it's way too powerful for its own good.

“Whaa?!”

From Izuku’s other side, Rikido Sato adds in his thoughts. “You know I’ve been thinking the exact same thing.”

Denki Kaminari eyes Izuku questionly. “For real, man, I mean what kind of monster are you?”

Izuku jolts up in his seat. “Monster?!"

From her seat in the back, Ochaco looks on in worry hoping Izuku can handle this on his own. Not that she wouldn’t help him, but she may just make things worse if she just butts in.

From behind Ochaco, Mezo Shoji speaks out as well. “To be honest I don’t fully understand your Quirk all too well either.” Even though it was somewhat explained to him before he would still like to know more.

Iida cups his chin in thought, he thinks about the forms he’s seen Izuku use before such as Terraspin, XLR8, Water Hazard, and his newest form from a few days ago. “I feel the same way. I would also like to know more about your Quirk myself.”

“You too, huh?” Izuku droops down in his seat, not appreciating his classmates’ attention being on him. Literally everyone seems to be asking him the same questions as they observe him curiously, even the reserved and usually distant Todoroki. The only one that seems uninterested is Bakugou who’s too busy glaring out the window.

Izuku scans the bus and sure enough they’re all nodding or giving him looks that silently ask him to explain his enigma of a Quirk.

Well, he might as well and give the people what they want. “I guess I can explain.”

Some of his classmates lean forward in their seats in anticipation. As for Ochaco she stiffens in her seat next to Momo Yaoyorozu, she really hopes that Izuku knows what he’s doing.

“Well, I guess I should start off with what my Quirk is called.” Or at least the alibi that both Thirteen and him came up with months ago. Now it’s really time to put their alibi to the test. “It’s called One Man Army.”

Kyouka Jiro’s head tilts to the side as she gives the greenette a questionable look. “One Man Army?”

“Yes, you see my Quirk allows me to transform into different forms and each form has its own unique powers and abilities.”

Eijirou Kirishima pats his fist into his open hand in realization. “Oh, so that’s why it’s called One Man Army. It’s because you literally are a one-man army.” He raises his balled-up fist as a tear
escapes his eye in admiration. “That’s so cool.”

“Ha, uh, yeah.”

Tsuyu cuts herself in between the two. “But that’s not all there is to it is it, kero?” She’s very observant, isn’t she?

Izuku nods. “You’re right. There is a bit more to it.”

“Seriously?!” Kaminari falls back into his seat in defeat. “That’s so not fair!”

“Not exactly.”

“How?”

“As of now I only have ten transformations or so.”

Shoji is not sure if he heard Izuku right. “Ten? I thought you had nine?” At least that’s what Izuku told him near the beginning of the school year.

Oh, yeah. Izuku forgot about the fact that he can apparently get new forms. “W-well I did have nine, but I just got a new one not too long ago.”

Mina thinks about it before she comes to a conclusion. “Oh, right. There was that little battery form you had. You know when you crashed into the classroom.”

“Y-yeah…” His eyes light up as he remembers something that he thinks is interesting. “Oh, I decided to call that form Buzzshock by the way.”

…

Everyone stares at Izuku like he’s grown a second head, even Ochaco has to fight the urge to facepalm herself.

Like the blunt one she is, Tsuyu decides to ask the question on everyone’s mind. “You…name your transformations?”

“Yup.” Izuku puffs out his chest a bit, he’s admittedly proud about his naming schemes. It’s a lot of fun and they’re really creative, if he does say so himself.

“That’s dumb.”

Goodbye pride, Izuku hardly knew you. “A-Anyway. Even with these forms I can only stay in a single form for ten minutes before I need to recharge for another ten minutes.”

Sato scratches the side of his head. “Huh, that is a pretty big drawback.”

Iida decides to summarize that piece of info. “Basically, you can only use your Quirk for ten minutes at a time.”

Izuku gives him a thumbs up. “That’s correct.”

Iida cups his chin. “Interesting.”

Mashirao Ojiro pipes up from the back of the bus. “And the watch?”
“Huh?”

“Your watch. I noticed that before you transform that you seem to do something with it.”

Oh he means the Omnitrix. Luckily Thirteen and him were ready for this. “Oh, that. Well I can’t exactly will my Quirk to work on its own. I need this watch to help activate my transformations, it also acts as a timer letting me know whenever I’m ready to transform.” Izuku offers a friendly smile hoping to show them that he’s really not all that. “So, you see. Despite my versatile powers I still have my drawbacks.”

Mina pouts from her seat. “It’s still unfair though.”

Izuku immediately sinks into his seat feeling dejected as he grumbles to himself.

Everyone chuckles at the sight of him being embarrassed and exasperated, thankfully Kirishima seems to notice Izuku’s discomfort and helps to change the item of interest. “If you want to talk about unfair Quirks,” he looks towards the back half of the bus. “then there’s Bakugou, Todoroki, and Uraraka to consider.”

Neither Bakugou nor Todoroki acknowledge Kirishima’s praise, but Ochaco for one lights up glad that people see her as strong and capable.

“That’s true,” Confirms Iida. “but it seems that Uraraka’s Quirk has some major backlash as well. So much so that it injures her.”

Ochaco’s head falls to the side as her sense of self-worth takes a hit.

Tsuyu decides to add something to the conversation. “And Bakugou’s too unhinged. He’d never be that popular.”

Throughout this entire discussion the ash-blondie was quiet and minding his business. But calling him out is a one-way ticket to being cursed at. “What’d you say, Frog-face?!”

“See.” She’s not even affected by his shouting.

“Don’t ignore-” Bakugou catches something out from the corner of his eye.

Looking over he notices Ochaco’s piercing glare as if she’s mentally trying to tell him to sit down and be quiet. Normally, he’d curse her out for trying to order him around, but instead he remembers what she had to tell him the other day in the nurses’ office. Deciding that shouting at his classmates isn’t worth his time, he plops back down in his seat with a huff.

While they’re classmates continue to converse, Izuku is busy as he has an internal meltdown. He’s holding his head as to stabilize himself in this upside-down world.

‘Bakugou’s getting teased?! Who’d have thought?! Guess that’s U.A. for ya…’

Aizawa’s stern voice makes itself known to them all. “We’re here. Look sharp.”

“Okay!!” Responds Class 1-A.

“WHOAAAAA!!” Almost every member of Class 1-A cry out in delightful surprise at the sight before them. “IS THIS UNIVERSAL STUDIOS JAPAN?!!”

The facility before them consists of a dome-shaped building composed of eight main sections, with
six of them emulating a particular disaster scenario: the Central Plaza, the Ruins Zone, the Landslide Zone, the Mountain Zone, the Conflagration Zone, the Flood Zone, and the Downpour Zone.

“Every disaster and accident you can imagine.” A very familiar voice calls out to the students as they admire their surroundings. “I built this facility myself. I call it…The Unforeseen Simulation Joint! Or U.S.J.!!” Thirteen proclaims proudly for them all to hear.

Most of the class share the same thought. ‘Just like Universal Studios Japan…’

Izuku and Ochaco are excited to see their mentor (and superior) here! But they shouldn’t be so surprised they knew they were a teacher here, and Thirteen’s known by the normal Japan community to be a topnotch rescue hero.

Mina gushes at the sight of the pro hero. “Woah, it’s the space hero, Thirteen!”

Tooru Hagakure awes. “So, cool!”

Ochaco and Izuku bite back their tongues so as to not call out to their mentor. The reason being is something that Thirteen brought up a while back: that they should act like they’ve all never met each other. Sure, that was nearly a year ago when the mutant monsters attacked but they’re sure that they should keep up the act at least for today.

So, that’s what they’ll do. Act like they never met the space hero before.

“Hi, Midoriya! Hi, Uraraka!” Thirteen openly waves towards them excitedly, glad to finally have them here at the U.S.J.

Izuku and Ochaco nearly collapse onto the ground because of the blatant disregard for subtlety.

Mina stares at the two teens with jealous awe. “You two know them?”

“Uh…”

“Yup!” Thirteen buts in. “I saved these two nearly a year ago and we’ve had a few run-ins with each other afterwards. So it’s nice to see them here.” He flashes a thumbs up to his proteges as if to say that they’ve got this covered.

The two teens grumble but return the gesture.

Aizawa approaches his colleague as he scans the U.S.J. looking for someone particular. “Thirteen. Where’s All Might? I thought he was meeting us here.”

“About that.” Thirteen raises up three fingers as they whisper their response. “It seems he just reached his limit during his morning commute. He’s currently resting in the break room, back at U.A..”

All Might sounded really apologetic over the phone when he called to notify Thirteen about the situation.

“The height of irrationality.” Aizawa states with a hint of irritation. “So be it. Let’s get started.”

Thirteen turns to the crowd of teenagers. “Before we do, I have one or two things to say…or three…or four…or-”

“We get it.” The class deadpans.
“As I’m sure you are aware, my Quirk is called Blackhole. It can suck in and tear apart anything that gets sucked into it.”

Izuku is happy to confirm this. “And you’ve used it to save people in all sorts of disasters.

Ochaco rapidly nods her head next to him.

“Indeed. However my power could easily kill.”

A harsh coldness washes over the class, they were not expecting Thirteen to go into the topic of death.

“I’ve no doubt there are some among you with similar abilities. In our super-powered society, the use of Quirks is heavily restricted and monitored. It may seem that this system is a stable one, but we must never forget that it only takes one wrong move with an uncontrollable Quirk for people to Die.”

Thirteen pauses before continuing on.

“During Aizawa’s Quirk Apprehension Test you came to learn of your own hidden potential. And through All Might’s Battle Training you experienced first-hand the danger that your respective Quirks can pose to others. This class will show you a new perspective! You will learn how to utilize your Quirks to save lives.”

The students slowly begin to smile, ready to get started as Thirteen encourages them forward.

“Your powers are not meant to inflict harm. I hope you leave today with the understanding that you’re meant to help people.” The pro hero takes a dramatic bow bringing their speech to an end.

“That is all. I thank you for listening.”

A few of the students are kind enough to applaud the teacher.

“Way to go Thirteen!” Cheers Izuku.

“Awesome job!” Ochaco praises them for a job well done.

“Bravo!! Braaavo!!” Iida is probably the most enthusiastic, his hands clapping together rapidly.

Aizawa leans against the railing of the entrance area that overlooks the Central Plaza. “Great. first off…” His voice trails off as a feeling of trepidation washes over him as if a ghost just passed right through him and now, he’s left feeling cold and fearful. It’s like after years of being a pro hero has given him a sixth sense for danger.

He’s not the only one to sense that something’s off, Thirteen gets the same exact feeling, and Minas horn twitch making her brace herself as a feeling of hatred and malice emanates from somewhere nearby.

That’s when Aizawa notices something at the base of the staircase in the Central Plaza; it’s a small black swirl. The swirling black mist gradually becomes bigger and a human hand begins to claw its way out. Until the face of their doom reveals itself their piercing red eyes piercing up at them.

A young man with dry-pale skin, messy gray-blue hair, and a hand for a mask steps out of the ever-growing black mist. His attire is just as foreboding and it’s because of his black shirt and pants but the fourteen embalmed hands in total and all positioned so they’re holding onto him from his head to his arms.
There is no time to waste, as Aizawa immediately understands the gravity of the situation. “Everyone! Huddle up and don’t move!”

Iida, and the rest of the class, are rightfully confused. “Huh?”

“Thirteen!! Protect the Students!” Aizawa’s in a panic now, this much worse than he had first thought.

Especially as even a flood of unsavory characters appear out from within the mist after their apparent leader. Amongst them are all sorts of crooks, criminals, and murderers.

Kirishima peers down at the Central Plaza, completely oblivious to the full weight of the predicament. “What the heck’s that? More battle robots? Like during the Entrance Exam?”

Aizawa pulls up a pair of yellow goggles from within his capture weapon. “Don’t Move. Those Are Villains!!”

And that is enough to get the students to understand that they are in real danger. That this is not part of the course. This is real.

Even more villains pour out from within the mist as a young man wearing a black shirt, brown cargo pants while a grey bandana is wrapped around their head with the number 11 written onto the side with marker.

Another villain that looks more like a monster with an extremely muscular build claws its way out behind the young man.

The black swirling mist seems to almost conjure into a shadowy misty form with glowing yellow eyes observing the students and the teachers above. “Thirteen and Eraserhead, is it? According to the staff schedule we received the other day All Might is supposed to be here.”

Aizawa eyes the mist villain with anger. He can only assume that he is the one responsible for teleporting all these villains into the U.S.J.

The leader of this hoard throws his head back with mild frustration. “Where is he…? We’ve come all this way and brought so many friends. All Might…the Symbol of Peace…is he here?” His piercing red eyes gaze up to the terrified students. “I wonder if he’ll show up if we kill some kids? What do you think…Nue?”

From the leader’s side, the young man now identified as Nue chuckles from behind his bandana. He’s so been looking forward to this.

Back up near the entrance, Yaoyorozu calls to Thirteen for answers. “Thirteen, aren’t there intruder sensors?”

The rescue hero nods. “Yes, of course there are!”

Shoto Todoroki steps forward as to gaze down at the intruders. Noticeably he’s without the icy-material of his costume today.

He doesn’t seem too worried, but he definitely doesn’t appreciate the villains being here. “Are they only here, or also at the main building? Either way if the sensors aren’t working then it has to be one of their Quirks that’s doing it.” And that’s not the only thing he points out. “This place is far from campus, and they picked a time when there’d be few people here. So maybe they’re not as dumb as they seem. They must have an objective. Because this is a well-coordinated sneak attack.”
His explanation makes sense, and somehow it only helps the fear sink in even further into their hearts.

Aizawa grips his capture weapon. “Thirteen! Begin the Evacuation! And try calling the school!” He theorizes that one of these villains must be jamming the signal, but they need to be sure. “Kaminari try using your Quirk to signal for help.”

“G-got it!” Kaminari tries to use his little headset but nothing is getting through to the main campus.

Aizawa steps forward towards the steps preparing himself mentally for an all-out brawl.

Izuku hastily calls out to his homeroom teacher, he really doesn’t see how this can go well for the pro hero. “But Mr. Aizawa you can’t fight them all alone!! Against that many…even you can’t nullify all their Quirks!!” He’s really scared and worried, if these really are villains then…their teacher can really get hurt or worse. “As Eraserhead, your fighting style involves Erasure and a quick binding capture. A head-on battle isn’t your forte!”

Aizawa, no Eraserhead, looks back at Izuku and with the utmost confidence he says the following. “No good hero is a one-trick pony.”

Izuku blinks but he remains silent, he had already said his piece and you should put more faith into the pro hero.

Eraserhead has one last thing to say and this time to his colleague. “Thirteen. Take care of them.”

Thirteen nods. “Right.”

And with that, Eraserhead leaps into action. Literally he leaps right over the staircase, like a falcon swooping down towards its prey.

Both Izuku and Ochaco, who have the most combat experience of the class, nearly jump in after him, but a quick look from Thirteen makes them stop in their tracks. It looks like Eraserhead truly is on his own.

Eraserhead expertly and efficiently begins to take down the villains. He cancels out three villains’ Quirk all at once before he uses his unique capture scarf to tie them up and knock them out by pulling and bashing their heads together. Some villains are somehow able to recognize the pro hero and even think that they have an advantage. Oh, how stupid they are because Eraserhead almost effortlessly takes them out one by one. While totally looking like a complete badass so much so that the villains are actually hesitant to engage in battle with him.

Nue watches on from the sidelines along with his boss. “That’s a pro hero for ya. They’re always ready to show off.” He sounds more amused than annoyed.

The villains’ leader scratches at his neck. “I hate pro heroes. Ordinary villains don’t stand a chance against them.”

Back at the entrance, both Izuku and Ochaco are completely absorbed in their teacher’s display of badassery. “Wow! He really is a pro.”

His friend can’t help but agree. “Yeah, even when out-numbered!”

As the rest of the class is trying to evacuate, Iida, the Class President, notices the two stragglers. “This is no time for analysis! Hurry up and evacuate!”
Suddenly the black misty villain that warped the villains into the U.S.J. looms over them blocking their escape route. “I won’t allow that.”

Everyone is taken by surprise not expecting a villain to make their way up here so quickly.

Eraserhead seems to have noticed that the wrapping villain is no longer in the Central Plaza. ‘Dammit! In a blink of an eye the most dangerous one got away!’ He turns to make his way back up the steps, but more villains block his path.

The swirling mist leers down over the students and the pro hero. “Greetings. We are the League of Villains. Forgive our audacity but today, we’ve come here to U.A. High School-this bastion of heroism to end the life…of All Might, the Symbol of Peace.”

Some of the students, mostly Ochaco and Izuku, tense up as their stomachs drop and righteous panic surges forth.

“We were under the impression that All Might would be here today, but it seems his schedule was revised?” The villain’s misty body begins to expand crawling along around them. “Well no matter.”

Thirteen, knowing that the villain is going to pull something, readies their Quirk to attack.

“My role remains unchanged.”

Before either the villain or the hero can pull anything two figures rush in without a second thought. Bakugou releases a booming explosion as Kirishima chops his hardened arm through the villain’s smoky form.

Bakugou lands on his feet with a scowl. “Not if we end you first!”

“Betcha didn’t see that coming!!” Shouts Kirishima.

The two of them stand tall, proud of their initiative, but they’ve indirectly landed in Thirteen’s path.

Unfortunately, it seems their attacks did little to nothing but slow down the villain's attack. “That was close. Yes, students though you may be, you are the best of the best.”

Thirteen shouts out, dreading what’s to come. “No, get back! Both of you!” Thirteen needs a clear window to use their Quirk otherwise they can accidently kill both of the boys.

But it’s too late. “BEGONE!!!” The villain’s mist explodes outward like a wave that consumes everything in its path.

Nearly every student, despite their efforts to get away, are swallowed up by the mysterious mist and warped away to their impending doom.

It’s dark, it’s cold, and it’s so unnatural as if he’s being flown through the afterlife until, finally, light pierces through the never-ending void.

“Wahh?!” Izuku yelps out as he finds himself falling from midair.

As he falls, he only has a second to take in his surroundings, he’s in the Flood Zone, and his plunge into the cold water only confirms this.
Being thrown into the water did not provide Izuku enough time to catch his breath, thankfully he reacts fast enough to transform before he runs out of oxygen.

“Ripjaws!” The Pisciss Volann takes a few deep breaths. “Phew.” Man, he is so glad the Omnitrix gave him the alien he needed. Now with his breathing under control he can take in what he knows of the situation. ‘He teleported us! Must be his Quirk. And not only that but they wanna kill All Might? Just...what the hell is going on here?’

Something big slams into him from behind sending the muttering Ripjaws down further into the depths of the water.

Ripjaws manages to control his descent. ‘Was that a villain?! No matter, I'll take them on!’ He spins around ready to confront his foe. “I’ll fight-GAHH!!” Ripjaws freezes in place, somehow his face even turns pale, as he takes in his…opponent. “Monster!!” Ripjaws cries out in fear as he backs away quickly.

It’s no villain staring down at him but a huge monster fish. The monster almost resembles a koi fish but much more monstrous. The fish is as big as a killer whale. Its scales are sharp and stick out as if they had no organization when they grew out. Its fins are long and look like shredded cloaks that dance in the water. There are two separate pairs of glowing red eyes glaring back at him, and it has a large mouth that’s filled to capacity with long saber-like teeth that stick out in all directions, like an angler fish.

The monster fish lunges forward trying to take a chunk out of Ripjaws’ tailfin. “Hey, watch it! I ain’t fish food you know.”

Acting fast, Ripjaws swims along the side of the monster as it swims by, hopefully by the time it turns around he will be far enough away to make an escape.

Unfortunately, something just as large crashes into him from the side. The fishman flips himself around, not letting the pain sink in, as a giant figure is circling around him. No, not one figure but two large figures are circling him; it’s two other monster koi fish. The third, or rather the first, monster fish joins his school as they circle around their prey.

The morphed Izuku is having a very hard time trying not to let the fear sink in. “What the hell?! What are these things?! Where did they come from?!?” He takes a quick moment to think. “They were probably warped here by that mist villain.”

Well, it doesn’t matter how they got here. What matters is that he needs to get out of here.

The monster fish continue to circle around him, proving him a moment to scan his surroundings. There isn’t much to see but a large expansion of water, and he’s too far away to the shore. But there’s something, something not too far from where he is. There’s some kind of commotion, it looks as if a group of actual villains, of humans, are trying to attack something at the surface of the water.

“It must be one of my classmates!” He needs to get over there, he can’t just leave them to take on the villains alone.

One of the monster fish decides to leave the circling school and charges the Pisciss Volann. This is his opportunity, Ripjaws with his superior agility in water easily evades the abomination and makes his way towards the weakened death circle. The other two monster fish give chase essentially breaking apart their trap. Ripjaws expertly flips and circles around them until he is free of them. Thanks to the fishes' long bodies they are not flexible or agile enough to turn around
instead they have to circle their way around in order to give chase, and this is exactly what Ripjaws needs as he takes off towards the villains and their potential victim.

The villains don’t notice his approach. They are too preoccupied with their current quarry, Iida. Iida’s near the surface of the water and with the power of his engine legs he’s able to inflict swift kicks to keep the aquatic villains at bay.

“Get him!” Shouts one of the villains, that resembles that of a shark wearing scuba gear.

One of the villains snaps back as they try to grab Iida’s leg. “I’m try-AHHH!!”

Ripjaws slams right into the villain pushing him away from Iida.

Iida doesn’t notice the newcomer instead he’s trying to get to the surface before he drowns.

One of the villains notices his escape attempt but Ripjaws intercept the villain snapping his terrifying jaws at the criminal who yelps in fear and backs away in fright.

Ripjaws turns to check on Iida when something long and pink wraps around his torso just as he reaches the surface and reels him away.

Initially, fearing the worst, Ripjaws notices that the Iida is being pulled onto what seems to be a nearby yacht. Hoping this is a good sign, Ripjaws evades the other villains as they attempt to strike at him, but it looks like the Piscciss Volann is too fast for them.

One of them shouts in anger as they swim after him. “Get back here!”

“Yeah, no.” Ripjaws dives down before launching himself upward, building enough momentum to launch himself out of the water.

His lower-half becomes a pair of legs just before he lands atop the large boat. “Phew, made it.”

Iida’s coughing voice shouts out in alarm. “A villain!”

“Where?!” Ripjaws’ head swivels from side to side looking for the villain that’s waiting for them.

Well according to Iida, he’s mistakenly thinks he’s villain because with no hesitation he lands a strong kick right into Ripjaws’ gut. “Ooww, that hurt.” Ripjaws falls to his knees as he holds his gut, trying in vain to keep his breakfast down.

“Kero? Iida, I think that’s Midoriya.”

Oh, so Tsuyu’s here too. Guess she was the one that rescued Iida and pulled him aboard. And she must have recognized the Omnitrix symbol on Ripjaws’ person.

Ripjaws groans but manages to nod his head. “Y-yeah, it’s me.”

Iida gasps feeling absolutely terrible and disappointed with his actions. He didn’t mean to attack his classmate! How was he supposed to recognize him in this form? He just assumed he was a villain chasing after both Tsuyu and himself. “My apologies, Midoriya!” He bows repeatedly and so fast that water splashes off of him. “I thought you were one of the villains.”

Ripjaws stands back up rubbing his abdomen. “It’s alright, this kind of thing happens quite a bit when I’m Ripjaws.”

Heck, the first time he showed this form to Ochaco she freaked out and ran away. He was really...
offended by that but forgave her. It’s understandable why people assume Ripjaws is a monster he’s way too scary.

Tsuyu looks up at the fishman curiously. “Ripjaws?”

“Oh, I like to name my transformation.” Ripjaws smiles down at her, but it probably comes off creepier than he intended.

“Like I said, that’s dumb.”

Ripjaws frowns unhappy that Tsuyu doesn’t appreciate his creativity.

But enough about that, they have more pressing matters. It looks like the villains are opting to stay in the water, thankfully as are the monster fish.

Ripjaws backs away from the side of the boat just in case any of them decide to pull something. “It’s like Todoroki said. They’ve been waiting for this chance, and they prepared well for it.”

Iida doesn’t quite understand, especially what the villains are hoping to achieve. “But there’s no conceivable way that they can actually kill All Might is there?”

Tsuyu responds with a logical answer. “They must’ve figured out a way to kill him. Otherwise, why come here just to get beaten?”

“Fair point…”

One of the villains is really getting antsy while waiting in the water. “Come down here you brats!!”

The trio look over the side and what they find is more than troubling. The boat is completely surrounded by maybe 20 villains or so and that’s not including the three monster koi fish swimming about like sharks.

“There’s a whole school of them!” Ripjaws, despite shouting in fear, couldn’t resist a good pun.

“Is this really the time for a pun, kero?”

Ripjaws responds defensively as he glares at his froggy classmate. “There is always time for a pun!”

Sheesh, she not only dislikes his naming schemes but also his puns! There’s just no pleasing her is there?!

Ripjaws breathes in, before coughing. Oh, yeah, he forgot; he’s going to need water soon otherwise he may suffocate up here. “This is bad. Really really bad. Asui’s right though, they must have figured out a way to beat All Might… Probability, that must be it. It doesn’t make sense otherwise! But why kill him? Because he’s the Symbol of Peace? Because he stands against villains? Against evil? There’s got to be some specific reason…” He gasps. ‘Do…do they know? DO they know about his weakened state?’ He tries not to think about it, after all it’s not exactly a comforting thing to think that the Symbol of Peace can only do his job for a limited amount of time.

Ripjaws shakes his head, cutting off his own muttering. “No the reason doesn’t matter. What does matter is that we need to survive and get out of here.”

They all need to make it out of this, for themselves, for each other, and for their loved ones.

Tsuyu and Iida wait for the morphed Izuku to continue. They were a little creeped out by the
fishman’s muttering but when he cut himself off, they couldn’t help but worry.

“If they...if there's even a chance that they have a way to beat All Might...” Ripjaws stands up straight and looks his classmates in the eye. “Then we have a fight to win!!” As for the others he can only hope that they too have come to the same conclusion. There is no retreating from this, if any of them want to make it out then they need to make their stand here and now. “It's hero time!!”

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Meanwhile, someone appears atop the Landslide Zone; they approach a nearby ledge as to look over the entirety of the U.S.J. The figure peers down at the tracker that was provided to them to make sure that this is where their target is located. It is, so that means that they will soon have the Omnitrix in their grasp.

Chapter End Notes

Woah!! And the U.S.J. Arc has officially begun!! How was it?! I know it was a lot (may be too much) like the anime/manga but it just worked out that way. I still hope you enjoyed it, and most of this chapter was to help set up for what’s to come during this arc. So, get ready because things are going to get crazy.

*(Important Author’s Note)*

My story has been stolen!! What I mean is that someone else has been blatantly plagiarizing my entire story!!

The story is called "Deku's Omnitrix" by "TheJStar6" and like I said before it's clearly a plagiarized version of my own story, and by plagiarized, I mean that the entire story from characters, words, and elements are exactly the same. Like the guy didn't even try to hide or change things up to disguise it!! I mean most of the story is exactly the same, copy and pasted, and word for word the same.

For example, how Henzu/Kevin is introduced is the exact same way that I did it. Also the scene where I have Thirteen decide to take on Izuku as a student is exactly the same, instead Thirteen is replaced by Nezu but what he says is straight up the same exact dialogue that I have. Hell, even the organization of the chapters, and even the Author's Notes, are the exact same way that I organized it!! If you don't believe me go ahead and read "Deku's Omnitrix" and try to tell me that TheJStar6 isn't stealing from me!

Now don't get me wrong. I love the fact that I was able to inspire someone to write a story, especially an MHA and Ben Ten crossover, but what really ticks me off is it hurts that I spent a lot of time and effort on my story. And I mean months just to prepare my story before I even began to write it! Only for SOMEONE to up and try to take the credit by not trying at all is EXTREMELY FRUSTRATING!!!

I know that some of you reading this are also writers and I hope that you can all understand my frustration. And if you're one of my loyal readers then I greatly appreciate all the support you've given me up till this point. Don't worry I'm not going to stop writing, heck, I'm actually making great progress, but this news really hurts.

So, please if there's a way to report him please help me to boycott this “author's”
story. Report it. Let his readers know the truth, etc. But, please, no (death) threats to them or those they care about, that is totally unnecessary and unethical. And although I am upset about this, I don't want to stop someone from writing, I just want them to stop stealing.
Also, TheJStar6 if you're reading this then please, I am willing to talk and figure this out with you. I have actually tried to reach out to you, but you haven’t responded. But you have to understand that what you did is extremely wrong. If you want advice or even someone to help you to make your own unique story, then I am more than willing to help. But you need to make things right first.

Thank you for hearing me out, and I hope you understand my feelings.
It's Hero Time Part II

Chapter Notes

Woah!! Let us continue the U.S.J. Arc with this second installment!! Hope you like.

Also be sure to take care of yourselves, true believers!! With everything going on, now is the time to make smart and safe decisions for everyone’s wellbeing.

*This story is also on Fanfiction.net. It’s under the same name and author.

Toshinori, in his weakened state, takes a load off in the U.A. break room in his hand he holds his cellphone after just making a few calls. “Hm, I can’t contact Thirteen or Aizawa.” He sighs in his seat, hopefully they’ll be willing to forgive him for missing out. “Good reason or not, I put my hero work ahead of my teaching, that was quite foolish. What do I tell them when I show up at the end? Maybe say something flashy and encouraging? Anyway, I should be fine in another twenty minutes or so…”

His muscles puff out as straights up in his seat. “NO, I’M GOING!!” A bit of blood spurts out of his grin.

Someone slides open the door. “Hold your horses.”

“OH!” All Might looks up in mild surprise. “HELLO NEZU, SIR!”

Sure enough the strange little chimera is at the door looking as chipper as ever. “That’s right! The one who could be a mouse, a dog, or a bear, though the only important thing is… I’m the Principal!” He looks so happy to be able to say that.

All Might scoots forward onto the floor. “YOUR COAT IS LOOKING EXTRA SHINY TODAY SIR.”

Nezu approaches the crouching hero. “My secret is keratin, but I don’t think humans can produce such luster. Enough of that, though. Look!” He holds up his tablet and shows All Might articles about his most recent excursions that same morning. “Shall I read it to you? It says you resolved three incidents in just one hour!”

All Might winces not wanting to think about where this discussion is going.

Nezu sighs in exasperation before he places his tablet down onto the nearby coffee table. “The ne’er-do-wells in this city haven’t let up despite you being here, but you also have to learn not to react every time you hear of an incident. You haven’t changed at all these years. You’ve always been proactive. Only now your heroism must be limited due to your injury.” He then strolls his way towards the couch as to take a seat. “Plus you have the added work of training One For All’s successor. You insist on remaining the Symbol of Peace and the only way you can justify staying out of the spotlight is by teaching.”

At this point All Might’s body begins to steam, a clear sign that he’s already reaching his limit.
“That’s why I gave you this job.” He turns around in time to notice the steam escaping All Might’s form. “Oh, dear you’re smoking that can’t be good.”

Toshinori doesn’t show any form of response as his muscular body deflates itself.

Nezu doesn’t react to Toshinori’s transformation, rather he continues to smile as he climbs atop the oversized couch. “It looks like you need to stay here in the lounge a little while longer.” Nezu continues to speak as he climbs atop the oversized couch. “The other teachers will understand. They’re more than capable.” he should know he hired them after all. “But now that you are a teacher here, All Might, I really do wish you’d prioritize your students over your hero work. They deserve it.” Especially since they will all someday become heroes of their own and ones trained by All Might could potentially benefit society in the long run, especially for two of those students. “This city has enough hero agencies to deal with common criminals.”

The ashamed pro hero continues to sit on the floor. “You’re absolutely right. So, I was gonna head over to the U.S.J. now, actually, if you don’t mind.”

Nezu begins to pour tea into the tea set that was left on the coffee table. “Even if you went now, you’d have to return almost right away. So, you might as well stick around and listen to some of my teaching philosophies.”

‘Great.’ Even in his own mind, Toshinori sounds exasperated. ‘This is turning into a lecture.’ He groans.

Nezu pushes a cup of tea across the table. “Here drink up.”

As Nezu takes a sip out of his own cup, Toshinori can’t help but wonder how long-winded Nezu gets when lecturing while sipping tea.

“First, on the inevitable stresses and burdens when walking the line between hero and educator.”

“You haven’t changed all that much all these years either, sir…”

“Ahhh!! We’re all going to die!!” Minoru Mineta is balling his eyes out in pure unadulterated terror. “This creep’s already killed the others!! We need to get the hell out of here!!”

“No, everyone else is still alive.” Mezo Shoji stands nearby, and his many limbs are at attention with eyes and ears growing out at the ends. “They’ve been scattered across the facility. But our classmates are still here, and they are most definitely alive.”

Everyone else sighs in relief. Both of these teens are some of the few that somehow weren’t warped away by the misty warp villain. The others include Mina Ashido, Yuga Aoyama, Tooru Hagakure, Rikido Sato, Hanta Sero, and of course the pro hero Thirteen.

Sero stands near the back of the group as the black-mist villain looms just ahead of them. “Physical attacks are no good. He just warps away! This guy’s Quirk is too tough to handle!”

Thirteen considers their options. They need to get a message out to the other heroes at U.A. but if the alarms nor the phones are working then there’s only one other option. They need to go and get help. But how? Ashido could use her acid to slip and slide her way back to campus. But there’s also Sero who can use his tape to swing and reel himself back for help. He’ll have to do. Too, bad that Iida kid isn’t here. This job was made for him, but beggars can’t be choosers.
“Sero.”

“Y-yeah?”

“Your job will be to escape and run back to the school and report what’s happening. You going back is our best option!”

“W-what? Are you sure?” Sero is understandably unsure about the plan.

Shoji steps forward ready to defend his ally. “It’s a good idea. As for the rest of us…”

Sato joins his side, his fists at the ready. “We’ll hold off this freak.”

Mineta does not share their sense of fortitude. “You’re all crazy!!” The little guy is literally quivering in his boots.

As is Aoyama, even though he is trying to keep his usual calm composure.

Mina leaps forward her arms outstretched. “Shape up you two! This is serious!”

“We can do this!” Shouts Hagakure who tries to sound encouraging, but a hint of fear is heard within her voice.

Thirteen without removing their eyes from the villain calls out to Sero. “Use your Quirk to save us all!!”

Not wanting to disappoint those around him, especially after most of them are willing to step up to the plate. How can he just ignore their resolve? “You got it!”

Too bad the villain doesn’t seem to enjoy their sense of duty. “Aside from the fact that you have no hope, what sort of fool discusses their plan in front of your enemy?”

If Thirteen was smiling, then no one could tell from their dark helmet. “It won’t matter if you know what we’re planning or not when I’m done with you!” They stick their hand out and their Quirk immediately gets to work sucking in the black mist surrounding their foe. “Blackhole!”

Blackhole does what a blackhole does and begins to pull in the villain, but it doesn’t seem like he’s all too concerned about it. “Ah, Blackhole, the Quirk that sucks up matter and turns it to dust. Such an astounding power.”

Thirteen really doesn’t like how calm this guy is, despite his life being sucked away from him.

“However, you’re a rescue hero, Thirteen, skilled at saving people from disasters.” A warp portal begins to emerge from within the villain’s large misty mass. “Consequently, that means you have little fighting experience or battlefield awareness.”

Blackhole immediately passes through the warp gate until disaster strikes, a second warp gate forms right behind Thirteen and with it comes the pull of the pro hero’s own Blackhole.

The students watch on in horror as their teacher’s suit begins to slowly disintegrate and get pulled into the warp gate.

The villain must sense victory because he begins monologuing, shutting his eyes in the process to savor it. “It’s over for you. You shall be turned to dust by your own Quirk!!”

“You would think so, wouldn’t you?” Asks Thirteen in a calm, and somewhat amused tone.
“Huh?”

If he was paying attention then he would have noticed Thirteen cutting off their Quirk in time, but then the pro hero jumped backwards through the warp gate that was right behind them. And now they’re positioned right in front of the villain with their Quirk at the ready.

The villain panics and makes a hasty retreat backward as Thirteen releases their Quirk again, but the villain gets far enough away that it doesn’t really get a chance to do anything. As for Thirteen they were in midair when they activated their Quirk, so they shut it off as they rolled backwards on the ground before skidding across the ground on their knee and coming to a halt at their students’ feet.

The students gap in awe at what they’ve just seen as Thirteen gets back up and glares daggers at their opponent.

Noticeably the back of Thirteen’s costume is not as damaged as they thought, that said, the first layer of their costume is completely gone but a second protective layer just barely seen has a few tears in it.

The villain just can’t believe his eyes. “How is this possible?! How is this hero still in one piece, and how were they able to pull off such an attack?! 

Unbeknownst to anybody but two other people in this entire building, Thirteen is a Plumber!! Their hero costume’s design is not an accident, it’s actually meant to allow the hero to survive in the vacuum of space itself!! Of course it would be able withstand Blackhole’s pull, at least for a time.

And not only that, it’s like the villain said, Thirteen is known as a rescue hero and thus not known for taking part in combat. At least to the human population of Japan.

Thirteen’s eyes sparkle as if glad they get to show off their combat skills a little. “Surprised, are we? There’s more to me than just a friendly face, you know!”

That’s for sure. Thanks to their position as a Plumber, Nezu sends them out to take on any and all sorts of missions. And sometimes, although rarely, an alien or two isn’t willing to cooperate. So, other means of…negotiation are sometimes needed.

But this is no alien, this is a human being and a murderous one at that.

Thirteen doesn’t take their eyes off the villain. “Sero, you need to leave.”

The student flinches as he snaps out of his daze. “R-right.” He quickly sprints off for the exit, his fellow classmates following behind as to cover him.

Not wanting to fail his mission, the villain lunges forward. “Oh, no you don’t!”

“Hey, I’m your opponent!” Thirteen charges moving rather quickly for such a short stature.

The villain flings a warp gate at Thirteen trying to send the troublesome hero away. But Thirteen is quick on their feet and they easily skip to the side before charging in close and delivers a hail-Mary of a swift chop into the villain’s midsection.

As the villain reels back and groans, Thirteen jumps back keeping their distance just in case this villain has a surprise up their sleeve. “How’d you like that?”

The black-mist leers back at the nuisance. He severely underestimated this pro hero, guess U.A.
has higher standards than he had originally thought. Perhaps, it’s time to take things seriously. “I admit you certainly have caught me off guard… But I’m full of surprises myself.” The black-mist begins to expand outward as two warp gates appear at their sides.

Thirteen stands at the ready, they don’t ready their Quirk in case the villain tries to pull the same trick again. ‘What’s he trying to pull?’

Something’s moving from within each of the warp gates, slithering about as if unsure whether to step out from the dark abyss. Without warning the two figures breeze past Thirteen in a blink of an eye not giving the hero any time to react. All they witness are black-lengthy figures zipping past them.

The two figures intercept Sero’s path, snaking past the other students as they go by.

“What the hell?!” Sero comes to a panicked halt as does the rest of his classmates.

“Hisssss.”

Standing before them, blocking their path to freedom, are two mutant snakes.

The snakes are coiled up making them as tall as a man, but when outstretched they are twenty feet long. The serpents’ heads look as if their skulls grew outward giving them a spooky like appearance along with the wispy black feathers that coat their backs and their black undersides. Their red eyes glow from within their enlarged and outgrow skulls, their fangs are sharp and dripping with acid that drips down melting parts of the floor. Their long tongues hiss and whip towards the students as if taunting them.

Tears gush out of Mineta’s eyes. “Ah, monsters!!” He cowers away behind Shoji’s much larger form.

One of the monster serpents snaps at Sero who leaps back just in the nick of time. “Woah!!”

“Hisssss.” The serpent almost sounds as if it’s glad it missed, now it has the opportunity to really play with its food.

The looming villain is amused by his victims’ reactions. “Do you like my pets? Would you believe that they were a gift?”

Two more monster snakes slither out from the warp gates.

Thirteen takes a step back not liking the situation at all. “Some gift.”

The villain chuckles in response.

Thirteen tries to make a break for it, they need to get to the students, but they’re too far away.

The serpents are too quick, and the new additions swiftly intercept Thirteen’s path, their bodies crossing each other as they block the way.

Mineta is a complete mess if he wasn’t before. “W-we’re all going to die!!”

Mina, although scared as well, stands at the ready in case the serpents try to pull something. “Get up! This is no time for that!”

The others gather around each other, ready to defend themselves as the monster serpents circle around them waiting for an opening.
“HOW CAN YOU ALL BE SO CALM!??!”

Sato is nervously sweating, but he keeps his fists up. “Calm down, man.”

Sero keeps his grin despite the terrible situation, but he’s probably keeping it out of nervousness. “Yeah, your screaming isn’t helping one bit.”

“Hisssss!”

“Ahhhh!!” Cries Mineta.

Hagakure begins to remove her gloves. “I’ll escape and get help.” Soon her boots are off as well, and the rest of the students can only assume she’s quietly making her way to the exit.

Suddenly one of the monster serpents spins around before spitting acid towards the path that leads to the entrance.

Hagakure screams out as she flails backwards. She quickly scrambles back towards the group.

“Are you okay!!” Mina cries out in worry.

“It-it can see me?!”

Kurogiri overhears the student’s panic. “More like it can sense your presence.” After all snakes have an excellent sense of smell and can see things in the thermal spectrum, so invisibility is useless against them.

The villain’s black-misty body begins to swirl expanding upward as he towers over them all. “Are you ready young heroes? Here is where you will all meet your demise.”

Thirteen scowls from behind their helmet, this is not how things were supposed to go. They were hoping to at least get one student out to warn the heroes and bring back up. But now…now it looks like they’re all trapped inside the arena with a hoard of villains and monsters. Each student is going to have to survive on their own or perish.

Thankfully, some of the students have already come to this conclusion themselves. Such as the trio of students stuck on the yacht in the Flood Zone.

Tenya Iida has started breaking into a cold sweat, although that could just be water dripping from his face. “Midoriya, I advise against this! We cannot possibly take on all those villains and… monster fish on our own. And I hate to admit it, but you’re contradicting yourself. How could we possibly fight them when they potentially have the capability to defeat All Might himself?”

Ripjaws rubs the back of his neck in thought. “Hm, that’s…a good point. But that’s what we need to figure out.” He peers over the ledge to take a quick peek at the villains below. “All of those guys are clearly suited to aquatic combat.”

Tsuyu Asui adds to this point. “So, they were recruited because their team knew about the U.S.J.’s different environments.”

That’s a valid point, these villains must have at some point gotten intel on not only their schedule but also the facility’s schematics.

Iida then comes to the realization, a mistake on the villains’ part. “Wait, then if they knew ahead
time then… Why did they send Asui here?”

“Kero?” She’s not sure how she’s supposed to mean that.

It takes a moment but Ripjaws gasps in pleasant surprise as genius strikes. “That’s it!!”

Tsuyu gazes up at the tall fishman, hoping he explains further. “What’s it?”

“They don’t know about our Quirks!”

Iida’s eyes light up in response. “You’re right.”

Tsuyu thinks on it before looking over to the Conflagration Zone located across the giant indoor lake. “If they knew about me having frog powers then they would have dumped me into that fiery area.”

And that’s the point Ripjaws is trying to get at. “And that’s because they don’t know about our Quirks. So, their strategy was to scatter us and overwhelm us with numbers.” And to prove his point he gestures towards the edge of the boat. “Look.”

The other two look over the edge and all they see is that the villains are still wading around in the water.

“They’re not trying to get on board. That supports my theory.” Ripjaws takes a deep breath after saying this, unbeknownst to the others, he’s starting to run out of oxygen.

The frog girl looks to the others for a plan. “So, what do we do?”

“First thing’s first.” Ripjaws squats down so they can discuss quietly. “Let’s explain our Quirks this way we can have a full understanding of what we can do.”

Tsuyu nods signaling that she will go first. “I can jump really high and stick to walls. My tongue can stretch to about twenty meters and I secret a poisonous fluid, I say poisonous, but it really just stings a bit. Oh, I can also spit up my stomach to clean it…”

“Weird flex but okay.” Comments Ripjaws in all seriousness before moving on. “Anyway, my current form is essentially a walking and talking fishman. I’m super agile in the water and my powerful large jaws are my main selling point. Oh, my claws are also great at tearing anything apart.”

And now it’s Iida’s turn. “My Quirk, Engine, is a Mutation Type Quirk that grants me the ability to reach high speeds when running.” He looks worried and a bit ashamed to admit this next part. “But I don’t quite know how I can benefit us in this situation.”

During the entire explanation, Ripjaws has been huffing louder and louder as he gasps for oxygen. It’s at this point that the others take notice of his predicament.

Tsuyu however takes notice. “Are…are you okay, kero?”

Ripjaws replies between gasps for breath. “N-no, I…I need…water.”

Iida raises an eyebrow. “Huh?”

“Wh…when I…transform I gain…weaknesses…too.” He’s grabbing his throat now like he’s choking.
Instantly, Tsuyu and Iida understand the dilemma but before they can do anything about it a strong water blast smashes into the side of the yacht making it lurch while also breaking apart part of the haul.

The villains shout out to them. “I’m getting bored over here!”

“Yeah, Let’s finish this already!”

“Come on we’ll make it quirk. Promise.”

The trio of students brace themselves as water showers down onto them.

Thankfully, it’s actually what Ripjaws needed. “Ah, I can breathe! Woah!!”

The boat rocks even more as the monster fish have decided to join in and ram themselves against the bottom of the boat damaging the haul even further and causing even more water to flood inside.

While the teens hang on for dear life, the villains are also dealing with their own issues. Some of them are quick to back off and put as much distance between themselves and the monster fish, even after they’ve dived back down to the depths.

“Ahh, watch it!”

“Those things are real monsters.”

“I am not ready to be chum.”

The analytical Izuku even in a different form instantly picks up on the villains’ apparent discomfort. ‘They’re...they’re scared of the monsters?!’

Speaking of, Ripjaws can’t help but feel like there is some kind of familiarity when it comes to those monster koi fish. But he just can’t seem to figure out why. Until the realization hits him like a truck, those monsters are actually mutants. They’re just regular koi fish that must have been mutated by the lunatic that attacked the mall a year ago or so, Dr. Animo. Ripjaws recalls how Dr. Animo was reported missing after being arrested. Guess he’s been busy since his escape.

Although this information isn’t exactly useful, at least now Ripjaws has something to go off.

Dr. Animo’s mutants always seemed to be prone to anger, they’re easily provoked, and will attack anything in front of them...he wonders if that holds true.

Tsuyu is visibly starting to look worried as the boat continues to sink. “Isn’t there something else we can try?”

“...No.”

Neither Tsuyu nor Iida expected such a response, especially from their usually hopeful classmate.

Ripjaws delves into his reasoning. “We...are no longer in class. We don't get to fail and try again with a different plan. We only got one shot at this.”

This is the hard truth; this is not some homework assignment or a class exercise. They can’t just try and fail only to try again, no they got only one chance to pull something off. They can’t afford to fail.

Ripjaws points at the Omnitrix. “And we need to hurry.”
Iida recalls what Izuku said about his Quirk, One Man Army, when they were still on the bus. “Y-your transformation. You can only be in it for ten minutes.”

“Yeah, and we already lost five of those minutes.”

Okay, so not only do they have to face off against a school of villains and monsters but they are also on a time limit.

Ripjaws stands back up hoping that he can inspire his classmates to take action. “The moment when the enemy thinks they’ve won represents your best chance.” He looks around and spots a nearby sheet of fiberglass that was torn off the boat when the villain attacked. “All Might once said that during a documentary interview.” He grabs the fiberglass before turning to his teammates. “This is the only way we can win!!”

Tsuyu and Iida share a look, making sure that the other agrees, they do and they confirm this with a determined nod.

Ripjaws doesn’t smile, smiling will come later after they’ve won, instead he tears his sharp claw right through the fiberglass in order to begin his plan.

While Ripjaws explains his thrown-together plan the villains are really getting antsy down below.

“I bet they’re pissing themselves up there. What a bunch of babies.”

“Careful. Remember what Shigaraki said to not get careless. We can’t judge them on their age, but on their Quirks.” The same villain eyes the boat in excitement. “Then again, our Quirks have the advantage in the water. So, I’m not exactly worried for us. If anything, only that fish-punk has a chance but we clearly outnumber the freak.”

There are chuckles from the others, they too just can’t wait to play their parts.

Almost too soon their good time is interrupted when Iida uses one of their heads as a landing platform.

The villains cry out in surprise. “What the hell?!”

Currently Iida is not only standing on a submerged villain head but also a makeshift board made of fiberglass.

And despite being scared out of his mind, he glares down at the pathetic excuses for people. “You will not succeed you villains!”

His Engines rev up roaring to life before Iida launches forward skating across the water as if he was on a jet ski.

The villains are quick to go after the fleeing brat. “Get him!!”

“What about the others?!”

“Leave them. They’re fish food.” As in the monster fish are still circling down below the water waiting for the boat to sink beneath the waves.

With the other brats’ fates practically sealed, the school of villains swim after Iida.

Even with his head start, the villains still manage to catch up to Iida. They are literally on his heels, but with some quick maneuvers he’s able to avoid their attempts at grabbing him. ‘I won’t let them
stop me. I’ll carry out your plan, Midoriya. You’ve always excelled at planning ahead. I saw as much during the Battle Training. It’s why I picked you to be the Class President.’

“Hold still, dammit!!” One of the aquatic villains’ lunges at Iida but he ducks down allowing the criminal to fly over his head.

Water splashes up into Iida’s eyes but there’s nothing that will distract him from his role. ‘Even if I was given the role by default. I will not fail you or our classmates. I will…we will succeed!!’

His Engines roar as jetblue flames stream out of his exhausts and suddenly he’s racing even faster across the surface of the water.

Meanwhile, Iida’s teammates watch on from the yacht as he leads the villains away. He makes a few u-turns and swivels to keep the villains distracted.

“He did it. Kero.”

“Now it’s my turn.” Ripjaws pushes himself off the ledge of the boat and dives into the water.

As Ripjaws plunges into the cold waters, Tsuyu watches on with her ever indifferent expression, but unbeknownst to most she really has to admire Izuku’s drive and determination in the face of adversity. “You really are the problem child of Class 1-A, aren’t you? Midoriya.” He’s at least going to be a problem for the villains, that is.

Ripjaws doesn’t have to swim down far to find what he’s looking for, Animo’s mutated koi fish.

The monster fish are circling around below him, they seem to be distracted by a few large pieces of the boat that have already broken off and sunken below.

Working to his advantage, Ripjaws swims down to them as their attention is drawn elsewhere. He moves quickly through the water, really showing how well adapted Piscciss Volanns really are. But that’s not the only thing that Piscciss Volanns are known for. When he finally gets close enough to the monster fish, Ripjaws does what he does best.

With his lower jaw unhinging, he takes a bite out of one of the abominations, ripping away a huge chunk of the fish’s flesh. The monster fish releases a bloodcurdling screech of agony that reverberates through the water.

All three monster fish turn, their red eyes glare daggers at the Omnitrix wielder who spits out the chunk of mutated flesh in disgust. “Come and get me!”

They are more than willing to oblige. They frantically pounce at the young hero, but thanks to his smaller and more agile size he’s able to evade their attempts at turning him into lunch.

But neither side is done, Ripjaws takes off leaving a stream of bubbles behind him as he takes off for the surface like a torpedo. The monster fish take some time to circle before they swim up after him towards the surface. The Piscciss Volann breaches the surface of the water, but it’s no time to slow down, and he knows it. He continues to swim across the surface of the water as the three orca-sized fish shadow him from just below the water’s surface only their backfins end up breaching the water. Ripjaws snakes side to side to avoid being chomped up by the mutated predators. Looking over Ripjaws takes note of Iida’s position, as well as how far they are from the yacht, and then he makes his way towards Iida and his unsavory followers.

Iida spots Ripjaws heading towards him from across the manmade lake. He makes a sharp turn, avoiding a wave generated by one the villain’s Quirks, before making a beeline to his teammate.
They need to time this just right, if not, then this will be the end for both of them.

One of the villains notices the speedster’s path, especially taking note of the monster fish quickly approaching them from the front. “This is our chance!”

The school of murderers pick up their pace, thinking that these kids are too stupid to make a proper escape plan.

Unfortunately for them, that’s what these two kids were hoping for. None of the villains are remotely suspicious how quickly both Iida and Ripjaws are racing towards each other like their lives depend on it. The Omnitrix begins to countdown, flashing red, making the morphed Izuku to pick up his pace.

Finally, when the two students are only a few meters away from colliding head on they both leap into the air. “TSUYU!!”

They collide in midair, grabbing onto each other, as the Omnitrix flashes red blinding the villains and the monster fish. Just as the red-light fades, Tsuyu leaps off the boat and above their heads while her long tongue lashes out and wraps around their torsos. Before pulling them away and out of the path of the impending collision.

As for the villains, in response to being blinded one of the villains sends a powerful wave forward in an attempt to strike the annoying brats. He hits something, but it’s the last thing he wanted to upset.

The villains’ eyesight returns too little too late. Because they are greeted by the sight of growling angler-toothed monsters glaring at them for daring to attack them and interrupt their hunt. The monster fish lurch forward, deciding that the villains themselves will make just as good a meal as the kids.

Tsuyu watches from midair as the villains flee in terror, completely forgetting about the hero students. “That takes care of them. Not too shabby.”

Iida and Izuku could care less about the awkward position instead they too can’t help but admire their efforts.

“You guys are amazing. Both of you.”

They truly did pull it off, and now hopefully they are one step closer to ending this nightmare.

“Looks like we passed the Flood Zone.”

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“Divide and conquer, huh?” Todoroki’s breath can be seen as he exhales. “Forgive me for saying so, but…” A cold breeze shifts across the frozen Landslide zone. “it’s hard to see you guys as any more than thugs with Quirks you can’t even handle.”

The entirety of the Landslide Zone is frozen in thick layers of ice and that includes every single villain that were awaiting his arrival.

The villains shiver in place within their ice cocoons, but it’s unclear whether they’re shaking out of fear or from the cold.

Ochaco sheepishly pops out to the side behind Todoroki. “Yo-You’re really s-scary.” Yeah, she’s
here too and oh boy was it a surprise to be warped away here of all places, and with Todoroki to boot.

Todoroki ignores her, he’d rather keep his mind on task. “They want to kill All Might. At first, it seemed like they were elite. They’d use their numbers to overwhelm him.”

“Don’t ignore me…” She grumbles mostly to herself with a small pout.

“Taking a closer look, the pawns are just here for us. Nothing but a gang of low-level cannon fodder.”

Ochaco thinks about it. “Yeah, as far as I can tell only a few of them seem to be dangerous.” Specifically, that creepy guy with all the disembodied hands on his body and the warping villain made of purple mist.

“But they wouldn’t have come without a plan.” Todoroki decides to walk over to one of his frozen victims.

‘Oh, so now he addresses me.’ Ochaco thinks as she begrudgingly decides to follow him.

She passes by a few frozen pieces of debris until she passes by something so unexpected that she yelps in surprise.

Frozen in place is a monstrous creature that somewhat resembles a hamster that was grossly mutated into existence.

Despite being frozen in place the monster rodent let’s out a stuttering growl as if it can still try and be intimidating.

Ochaco backs away cautiously. “I’ve seen you before…but from where?” She tries to figure out where she could have possibly seen this thing…

She can’t seem to remember, so for now she’ll just follow her classmate and hope that they don’t run into anything.

Todoroki approaches one of the frozen villains. “Hey.”

The shivering villain’s eyes snap up at the dual-haired teen. “At this rate, your skin will rot away from frostbite.”

Ochaco squawks. “That’s so cold!!”

He ignores her and continues on with his interrogation. “But I’m trying to become a hero, and heroes don’t do such horrible things. So tell me.” His right hand reaches up towards the villain’s exposed face.

Tears are beginning to leak out of the villain’s eyes, as a look of terror adorns their face.

“How do you plan to kill All Might?” Todoroki’s cold piercing gaze stares directly into the villain’s own fearful and teary eyes. “Tell me.”

“T-t-the p-plan…the p-plan, t-the p-pla-”

“Get on with it.”

“Ah! W-w-we…we b-br-brought a monster.”
“Hm?” Both Todoroki and Ochaco give the cowering villain a deadpan expression.

Ochaco points back to the frozen mutant hamster just behind them. “You mean like that thing?”

The villain moves his head as if to shake it in denial. “N-no, this thing. It’s different, a-ap- apparently it’s sole purpose is to kill All Might.”

Ochaco doesn’t like how her stomach drops because of that. Just what does they mean? How could one guy take down the Symbol of Peace, the Number One Hero that is All Might? Yet…these villains wouldn’t be here if there wasn’t some kind of truth behind this bold statement. Could it be that…that they know about All Might’s injury? His time limit? Just how much do they know and just what exactly are they planning?

While Ochaco is internally worrying, Todoroki goes ahead and begins to heat up the Landslide Zone. It’s not much, all it really does is melt away the first layer of ice so that the villains won’t get frostbite, but they’ll remain secured for a while.

Ochaco tentatively walks up to Todoroki. “So, now what?”

The heterochromia teen eyes Ochaco, his expression doesn’t display any real emotions, before he turns away and begins to walk down the icy slope.

Ochaco is a bit surprised by being ignored. “D-don’t leave me!” She wails as she flails after him, trying not to slip on the ice.

She catches up to him, following behind him like a shadow.

He isn’t necessarily moving quickly, but he’s definitely moving with purpose. “We need to hurry, Mr. Aizawa can’t possibly take on those villains all by himself.”

“And we need to help our classmates.”

Todoroki doesn’t respond for a few sluggish seconds, only the sound of their feet trekking on the ground accompanies them as they leave the frozen villains and mutant hamsters behind.

Ochaco becomes way too uncomfortable with his lack of response. “Say something!” Does he not care or something?!

Her eyes close as she sighs, not wanting his distant personality to get to her. Closing her eyes was a mistake because she bumps into his still form from behind.

She grabs her forehead, as she wonders why Todoroki suddenly came to a stop. “S-sorry. But why’d we sto-” She cuts herself off as she peers over his shoulder.

It looks like one villain managed to avoid Todoroki’s initial freezing attack, and as of now that same villain is standing in their way.

The villain has a large bulky build standing tall at about eight feet. They have a normal humanoid build that’s completely encased in a shiny grey and black suit, a large utility belt, and thick black shoulder pads with green triangle insignias on them. The most standout part of their attire is the rectangular black helmet shrouding the villain’s entire head with only a small triangular visor to see through.

The villain doesn’t initially even notice them instead they seem a bit distracted by the device in their large gloved hand. The villain peers upward and notices the hero students.
Ochaco warily joins Todoroki’s side. “Guess you missed one.”

Todoroki’s gaze hardens as he begins to lean forward. “Not for long.”

A sheet of ice floods across the ground until it reaches the villain’s feet and then the ice rises up and encases the intruder in their own cocoon of ice.

With the villain securely immobilized, Ochaco visibly relaxes as Todoroki prepares to keep moving forward.

The sound of cracking ice snaps them both out of their moment of relief.

They watch on in shock as the villain breaks out of the ice simply by flexing. He brushes off the few shards of ice away completely unbothered by the cold. “This is irritating, but impressive for such a young being to have so much power.”

Todoroki actually looks a bit annoyed, looks like they’re going to have to fight. Ochaco senses it too, so she raises her hands out in front ready to use Zero-Gravity at a moment's notice.

The intruder shifts to face the teens, it’s hard to tell what he’s thinking thanks to his helmet. “Tell me.”

The students tense up in response.

“Where is the Omnitrix?”

And just like that, Ochaco goes cold and not because of Todoroki’s freezing Quirk. ‘How…? How…? How do they know about the Omnitrix?!’

Todoroki tenses up as he leers down at the villain. “I don’t know what you’re after, but if you’re here then you’re clearly a villain.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes.” Todoroki sends an ice pillar crashing into the villain, the ice completely engulfs him bursting outward as it comes to a sudden halt. “That should stop him.”

“Didn’t you learn anything?” The villain steps out to the side from the frozen burst of ice, somehow, he managed to block the ice before it could reach him. “It’s going to take more than that to stop me.”

Todoroki scowls in irritation.

“I’d rather not have to take out children, but I have a job to do. Now tell me, where is the Omnitrix?”

Ochaco tenses up even further as dread wells up inside of her. The same thoughts are bouncing around in her mind and each one indicates something horrendous. Are the villains here for the Omnitrix or for All Might? Maybe they’re here for both? But if they are after the Omnitrix what are they going to do to Deku when they find it? What are we going to do?! She can’t let them get to it! If they do there’s no telling what they’re going to do with the alien device. According to Thirteen it can’t be anything good, in fact it could potentially result in the end of the world!

‘Maybe…maybe that’s why they want it….’ A dark thought crosses her mind. ‘Maybe they want the Omnitrix to use its powers to kill All Might!’
All these thoughts finally get to her and she snaps at the intruder. “Y-you w-won’t get it!!”

Todoroki looks back at her in surprise, but not because she suddenly raised her voice but because she may know what the villain is talking about.

The villain is probably smiling underneath his helmet. “Ah, so you do know what it is.” He begins to march up towards them, his heavy feet stomp across the frozen ground.

Todoroki stands at the ready, whatever this guy’s Quirk is it’s perfect for dealing with his Half-Cold and Half-Hot. “Uraraka.”

“Y-yeah?” Ochaco nervously replies.

“I’m…going to need your help to take this guy.”

She’s not sure if she heard him right. “Seriously?”

“He’s not bothered by my ice. So we need to rely on your Quirk.”

The gravity-welder isn’t too sure about this plan. “Why don’t you try your fire?”

The heterochromia teen’s eyes shift towards her. She flinches back at the dark and almost infuriated look in them, but she doesn’t say anything.

Eventually he draws his attention back to the approaching threat. “I’ll distract him so you can get close.”

Ochaco doesn’t have time to consider why he blew off her legitimate question. For now she has no choice but to do as he says. “Alright, I’m with you, Todoroki.”

With both of them on the same page, Todoroki releases a wave of ice letting it crash into their opponent. He knows it won’t hold him off for long, but it’s not meant to stop him.

Ochaco takes the opportunity to speed off to the side taking cover behind large debris and other frozen villains and monsters. If this works, she’ll be able to sneak up on their opponent and bring him down.

Their opponent breaks out of the ice, punching a hole outward and crawling out. “You are really starting to become a nuisance.” He grabs a chunk of ice off his shoulder. “If you’re going to resist, then…” He crushes the ice in his grip. “I’ll show you how a real warrior does it.”

Almost out on nowhere, the villain is sprinting across the Landslide Zone and all too soon he’s upon the more inexperienced fighter. Thankfully Todoroki is skilled enough to generate a small glacier to act as a shield and jump back just as his attacker smashes through the glacier of ice.

Todoroki scowls as he puts some distance between himself and the brute. ‘He’s far more agile than I first thought.’

With the villain’s attention purely on Todoroki, Ochaco leaps up and over a nearby boulder. All she needs to do is get one hand on the villain and make him weightless. After that it’ll be simple enough to just push him away and let him float off to somewhere else.

But it looks like she’s a bit over her head, she had assumed that thanks to a bulky helmet with such a low viewing space would make it hard to spot her, and she was wrong.

The villain easily spins around and backhands her away before she can secure a single finger onto
him. He hits her hard and Ochaco can’t help but compare the feeling to being gut punched by a metal beam. She’s pushed backwards and she lands hard on the frozen ground.

The villain stomps over toward Ochaco’s prone form. “This is getting bothersome.” He growls. “Where is the wielder of the Omnitrix?”

Ochaco’s shaking in fear as the villain is nearly upon her.

Thankfully Todoroki decides then and there to step in by generating a wall of ice between his classmate and her attacker. “Get up, Uraraka!”

Acting on instinct Ochaco pushes herself off the ground and takes off towards Todoroki as the villain smashes his way through the ice wall.

“Get back here-Ah!” The villain comes to a sudden halt as their legs are ensnared by ice.

As the villain pries his legs free Ochaco and Todoroki retreat and take cover behind a half-broken wall in order to regroup.

Ochaco pushes against the wall trying to steady her breathing before she accidently gives them away. ‘This is bad. No, this is terrible! Just what the hell is this guy’s Quirk? Some kind of immunity? Super strength? Durability? Whatever it is he’s quick and he’s clearly unaffected by the cold. If they’re going to get past this villain, then they need a new strategy.’ She looks over to her teammate who’s just as out of breath as her. “Todoroki.”

The dual-haired teen looks over at her in response.

“Can you use your fire on him?”

There’s genuine surprise on his face as if he never considered that idea himself.

“We’re running out of options. This guy can shrug off your ice and he’s a lot faster than we thought. So relying on my Zero-Gravity isn’t sound since he’s far more experienced than we are.” She grips her arm as if to hold One For All itself. “And…if I go all out with my Quirk, I’ll only injure myself and if he can somehow take it then we’ll only have more things to worry about.” Like how can she possibly fight him off with a broken limb?

Todoroki lets her words sink in. He turns away as he does so, so Ochaco can’t see his face or gauge his reaction. “I…I can’t…”

Okay, that was not the answer she was expecting. “W-why not?”

Todoroki doesn’t have the decency to look her in the eye instead he keeps his head turned as he gives her the silent treatment.

Worrying that she may have accidentally struck a nerve she cautiously reaches out to him. “Todo-Ahhh!!”

The villain crashes his way through the stone wall like a tank, nearly smashing into them as a result. ‘I’m done playing games!!’

‘Shit!!’ Ochaco jumps forward as Todoroki leaps away to the side. “Use your flames, Todoroki!!”

Todoroki turns to face the villain. Ochaco can’t see his eyes past his locks of dual-colored hair as he screams out in frustration.
“Ahhhhh!!” He generates a giant wave of ice that rushes forward.

The wave of ice slams into their foe taking him up into the air before freezing in place. The giant wave of ice nearly takes up half of the Landslide Zone leaving Ochaco gaping in shock and awe.

Todoroki is breathing heavily; his breath can be seen in the cold air. “I…will not use…his Quirk.” He sounds angry and frustrated, and for some reason he’s actually shaking either because of the cold or perhaps because of some internal rage.

‘*His*?’ Ochaco has no chance to ponder as she notices the villain moving near the top of the frozen wave.

She yelps as the villain once again breaks free of the ice, completely unfazed, and begins to run down the wave of ice before pouncing right at Todoroki.

The frustrated boy sends a frozen lance in his direction, but the villain is nimbler than he looks and evades it. Before either teen can comprehend it, their foe lands a direct punch into Todoroki’s midsection throwing him to the ground.

“Gah!” Todoroki coughs as he’s thrown onto his back, and before he can do anything, the foe pins him down with his foot holding him in place.

The villain peers down at the boy, as if he can’t freeze him simply by touching him. “You’re too far reliant on that power of yours. You need to learn how to adapt and use your own skills when in battle.”

The boy growls in frustration. “Be…quiet.” His hand slowly trails up, if he can grab the villain’s leg perhaps, he can freeze him in place even if it'll cause some frostbite.

Their opponent aims a strange pistol down at Todoroki’s head.

Both teens’ eyes widen in fear and desperation. They were not expecting this villain to be packing a weapon, especially a gun of all things.

Without removing his gun the villain’s attention shifts to Ochaco who’s positioned a few meters away down the frozen slope. “If you don’t want your companion’s journey to end. Then you will reveal the location of the Omnitrix to me.” The sooner he gets it the better, and since his radar can only give him the general vicinity of the Omnitrix when it is activated, he needs a better way to track it down.

Ochaco considers her options. She could charge the villain but there’s no way she’s faster than a bullet even with All Might’s power; it’ll only injure her legs and make her useless. She can’t even think of a conceivable way to use her Zero Gravity either. Should she just lie and tell him where Deku could be? But she could just end up causing him to go after a different classmate of hers. But…what else can she do?

During the entire battle they all nearly had forgotten that this battlefield is filled with other frozen villains and monster hamsters.

While lost to her own panicking thoughts she doesn’t notice one of the monster hamsters breaking out of its imprisonment. After shaking off the cold the monstrous creature notices how defenseless Ochaco is at the moment and it just cannot resist. It’s quick to pounce upon her ready to tear her to shreds.

From his position on the ground, Todoroki spots the abomination a little too late. “Uraraka!!”
She doesn’t react, instead as if she’s in a daze, only to be greeted by the sight of the monster’s gaping maw ready to snap her head off. But before she can even blink a laserbolt strikes the monster’s head, knocking it back and possibly killing it in the process if the smoking wound on its head is any indication.

The villain sighs, he’s getting pretty annoyed with all these interrupts. “You need to learn how to be more decisive.” He aims his blaster back down at the boy, who is still running off of fear for Ochaco’s life. “But what else can I expect from mere children.”

‘We may be young, but we can handle ourselves.’ Her eyes drift towards the blaster. ‘But maybe not in this situation…’

This guy is serious. If she doesn’t make a decision soon then he might end Todoroki’s life here and now. But both One For All and Zero-Gravity are useless to her unless she can guarantee a hit on this guy… Inspiration strikes! Perhaps there is a way.

All Might’s successor glares up at the villain, she inhales allowing both of her Quirks to flood into being; her hands emitting a dim pink light as a result. “Perhaps you will learn that lesson with time. Which is something I don’t have.” He’s really getting frustrated now. If he doesn’t have the Omnitrix soon then there could be dire consequences. “So, I ask again. Where. Is. The. Omnitrix?”

The pink aura spreads up her arms until nearly her entire body is surrounded by One For All’s pink aura. With her power building up inside of her, Ochaco locks eyes with the villain letting him know that she’s not ready or willing to give up, and her response confirms her feelings. “Up your ass, you damn villain.”

Todoroki is visibly surprised; he didn’t expect her of all people to say something akin to Bakugou’s foul language.

Ochaco lets out a determined roar as a giant sphere of pink light explodes out from her body and engulfs everything in the surrounding area.

Looks like her plan worked because the villains clearly affected by her Zero-gravity Field, as he slowly begins to float upward as debris and shattered ice levitate around them.

“Woah?!” The villain tries to regain their balance, perplexed by the phenomenon surrounding them.

As for Todoroki, he recognizes the Zero-Gravity Field and knowing its capabilities he’s quick to generate an icicle lance that spears itself into the villain’s side pushing him upward.

“Have you learned nothing?!” The villain, not one to be deterred, smashes through the icicle lance that’s weaker under the effect of the Zero-Gravity.

The skillful fighter floats back down to the ground but thanks to Todoroki’s attack he’s now a fair distance away from him. ‘These humans truly are full of surprises.’

He truly has no idea, because while he was handling Todoroki and his Quirk, he lost track of the gravity wielder despite being surrounded by an illuminating pink light.

“Ahhh!!” Ochaco after a running start lunges herself reeling her left arm backward, ready to deliver a finishing move.

The villain can see the attack coming from a mile away, but he knows he can take whatever she dishes out his way, so he crosses his arm over his front in defense. “You can’t harm me!”
All Might’s successor doesn’t bother with retorting, mainly due to the pain and adrenaline coursing through her. Her gym uniform’s sleeve tears apart from the immense pressure building up within her as she throws her fist forward. “VENUS SMASH!!”

Her glowing fist collides with the villain’s arms, and on contact a burst of power blasts the villain away. The villain leaves a trailing crater as they are rocketed across the top of the frozen ground, smashing through various weightless boulders, debris and walls, before crashing into the side of the U.S.J.

All sorts of debris and even a few frozen villains and hamsters are floating in the air, and if they were scared of Todoroki then they’re literally pissing themselves at the sight of Ochaco’s own power.

Speaking of which, the Zero-Gravity Field gives way, dissipating into thin air and as a result all the floating debris and villains come crashing down back to earth.

Ochaco has her left arm outstretched in front of her and she’s positioned in the follow through of her attack. Breathing heavily she relaxes, although painfully, as her swollen arm falls to her side. She delicately holds it, hoping not to irritate it further.

Todoroki hesitantly approaches her. He looks almost cautious as she does so. “Uraraka…are you alright?”

“I’m…fine.” Her pained yet determined gaze drifts into Todoroki’s. “Just…doing my part.”

Todoroki actually shows emotion, shame. His shoulders slump down as his gaze falls to Ochaco’s now disabled limb. He really did fail them both, if he had used…those damned flames then they might have ended the fight sooner and she would have never had to injure herself. He could have done more but he didn’t…

Ochaco’s voice cuts through his thoughts. “Come…on.” She offers him a small smile, as if she understands how he’s feeling. “We need to help the others.”

Todoroki is honestly surprised by her gesture, but he’s in quick agreement. “Alright.”

“Well done.”

That voice, it makes the two teens freeze up.

The villain is back on his feet, looking like he took very little damage, although the way he’s holding his right arm may be an indication that she was able to damage him. Although taking him out of the picture entirely would have been more than ideal.

The villain limps to a stop. “You certainly exceeded my expectations. I was not expecting such raw power, especially from you.” He sounds almost amused, as if these children are far better warriors than others, he’s had the displeasure of facing in the past.

Ochaco is a little offended by the remark, but she’s far too anxious to form a retort.

“However,” The solemnity of the villain’s tone turns cold as their gaze pierces into the fletching heroes. “I still have a mission to complete.”

Even with her injury and despite the sweltering pain she will not allow that to happen. “You’re not getting the Omnitrix. And you will not hurt, Deku.” This is a declaration, not a suggestion or a wishful dream.
Todoroki is astonished by her resolve despite her current condition. Not to mention he’s a bit curious about how Midoriya’s involved in this, but he remains silent. Instead he readies himself, standing with her and ready to take on their opponent for another go.

The villain peers down at the girl. “Deku.” He lets the name sit making sure that he engraves it into his memory. “I assume they’re the one that wields the Omnitrix.”

Ochaco scowls; she probably shouldn’t have given that piece of information away. “He is…” She raises her fists even her injured one. “And you’ll never get to him.”

The villain shifts his head to the side, but it's impossible to tell what he’s thinking from behind his visor. “Well I think we’ve had a misunderstanding.”

Okay, that is not exactly what they were expecting. Just what is this villain getting at? Isn’t he here to kill Deku and take the Omnitrix for himself?

“I’m not here to harm this Deku. No, I’m here to save them from a far greater threat.”

Iida pushes his way through the waist-deep water. “I may need to rethink my costume’s design. It’s clearly not capable of maneuvering in aquatic settings. Perhaps I should make the board a permanent addition to my gear.”

As Iida considers a new piece of gear, Izuku, Tsuyu, and Iida are making their way through the shallow end of the Flood Zone. Hopefully these shallows aren’t deep enough for the monster koi fish to follow them although they seem pretty distracted if the commotion of splashing and screams in the distance are any indication.

Izuku grips the glowing red Omnitrix as they continue onward. “Lucky that managed to get them all. Because honestly that was a real gamble. If my transformation timed out a second sooner than I definitely would have been fish chow. Not only that, if they’d been smart then they could have prevented our plan. We really need to be careful, who knows what else-”

Tsuyu wades by his side. “Midoriya, stop it. It’s scary.” She says this even though her own face doesn’t express it.

“Oh, sorry!”

They keep moving until eventually they make it to the shoreline, but rather than hop out of the water they remain wading inside the man-made lake.

Tsuyu looks to either of them for options. “So, what should we do now?”

Izuku wrings out the end of his brand-new hoodie, upset that he’s already gotten it wet after just only receiving it that same day. “For now calling for help is our top priority. If possible, we should follow the shoreline and make for the exit.”

The teens look past the Central Plaza towards the entrance, but there’s a commotion in the Central plaza that draws their attention. It looks like Eraserhead is still dealing with the hoard of villains, and by himself no less.

Tsuyu shrinks back down into the water. “It looks like Mr. Aizawa is drawing a large number of them to the plaza.”
Izuku can’t help but worry for him, his earlier conclusions about Eraserhead’s fighting skills racing into his mind. “There’s too many of them.”

Iida moves his arm about like a robot. “Even so, we must trust in him. He’s definitely more than capable.”

The wielder of the Omnitrix isn’t so sure about that. “I’m sure he is… But it’s too much for him. He knew that, but he jumped in to protect us.” He really wants to help in some way, after all he dreams of becoming a hero and how can he call himself that if he’s willing to leave his own teacher to a possibly grim fate.

Iida must have noticed the look in the greenette’s eye. “Midoriya, just what are you thinking? Whatever it is I cannot advise it.”

“Kero?”

Izuku gazes back at the Central Plaza where Eraserhead is fighting not only for his lift but all of theirs too. “I’m not saying we should dive right into a fight. I just think that we can watch for an opening and do what we can to lighten Mr. Aizawa’s load.”

That’s the end of the discussion, the other two can’t really deny that they wouldn’t like to aid their teacher in some way if possible, and besides they have to pass the Central Plaza in order to get to the exit anyway. So, they continue wading through the water silently hoping that they aren’t about to commit a huge mistake.

Eraserhead continues fending off the hoard of murderers using his Erasure Quirk to cancel out each of their Quirks before taking them out.

The villain’s boss eyes the pro hero studying him for any signs of weakness. “Twenty-three seconds…”

Nue raises an eyebrow at his boss from underneath his bandanna. “What was that?”

Instead of acknowledging his underling, the villain boss takes off in a full-on sprint making a beeline for the pro hero who sees him coming.

Eraserhead’s hair floats upward as he activates his Quirk. “So, you’re the boss?” He lashes out his capture scarf towards the villain.

The strangely dressed man grabs the capture weapon in midair. “Twenty-four seconds.” He tosses aside the scarf as he continues charging. “Twenty seconds.”

However, Eraserhead is far quicker running in low.

“Seventeen seconds.”

The pro hero slams his elbow right into the villain’s abdomen. If he can take this guy out, then the faster he can bring this nightmare to an end. But…the villain doesn’t so much as to fall over or even groan in pain for that matter.

“It’s hard to tell when you’re scampering around with those goggles, but there are moments when your hair falls and rises.” It appears the boss grabbed Eraserhead’s elbow before it could make impact.
Eraserhead’s sleeve begins to rot and tear away until his bare skin is exposed.

“That’s your tell, and your max duration’s getting shorter and shorter.”

Suddenly a crawling sharp pain spikes from his elbow as Eraserhead watches in horror as his skin breaks away before his flesh begins to rot away.

“Don’t overdo it now, Eraserhead.”

A quick punch to the side of the villain’s masked face is just enough for Eraserhead to retreat as the villain topples over. ‘My elbow’s been disintegrated! There’s no doubt, it must be this punk’s Quirk.’

The leader shrugs off the hit as he pushes himself off the ground. “Your Quirk, it’s not good in long, group battles, huh? This is kinda different from your usual work, yeah? You specialize in quick sneak attacks.”

Eraserhead doesn’t like this, even though they were foolish enough to come here this villain somehow has intel on him and he was able to analyze his fighting techniques. Otherwise he would have never been able to actually land a hit on the pro hero.

The villain is back on his feet, but he doesn’t take another attempt to take down the hero. “Yet you jumped right into this fight hoping to make the kids feel safe.” He scratches at his neck in annoyance, but even so he sounds almost amused. “You really are so cool, Eraserhead.”

Nue watches on from the sidelines, throwing his head to the side. “I’m so bored…”

His commander ignores him, keeping his full attention on his opponent. “By the way, Hero… I am not the final boss.”

Amongst all the fighting Eraserhead failed yet again to keep aware of the big players. This is reaffirmed as seemingly out of nowhere a powerful force slams him headfirst into the ground. A crushing cold grip snaps his arm, breaking it like a twig as a giant hand only adds pressure pushing him into the harsh ground. A deep and animalistic growl hovers over Eraserhead’s prone form.

The villain grins maniacally from underneath his hand-mask. “Meet the Anti-Symbol of Peace, the bio-engineered Nomu.”

A monstrous inhuman screech rings in Eraserhead’s ears making his head spin in agony.

Unbeknownst to any of them, Izuku, Iida, and Tsuyu watch on in absolute horror from within the shallows of the Flood Zone. They cannot believe what they are witnessing. Not only has their teacher, a pro hero, been taken out by a single blow but by a creature like the Earth’s never seen before.

The Nomu is a true monster; it’s a large, black humanoid monster with a very muscular body that has many scars on it. His brain is exposed on the top of his head, while his large eyes are around it beading out and while also looking vacant. He has a beak-like mouth with an array of sharp teeth.

However the monstrosity’s features don’t end there. Not only does this think look like a cross between a hulking human and a bird but also a mutated crab. Its right arm is a giant claw that can crush anything within its grip such as Eraserhead’s bones, whereas his left hand is that of a human’s. A second pair of skinny flimsy arms twiddle together just above its abdomen. And to bring the atrocity together the Nomu is sporting shell-like armor that spikes out from the abomination’s back. Clearly whatever this Frankenstein esc monster is, it’s been heavily altered by...
some foreign power.

The Nomu growls, leering down at its latest plaything as he awaits his master’s command.

Its so-called master is shaking with excitement, he just loves how useless and pitiful the pro hero looks. He is truly enjoying himself.

Meanwhile, Tsuyu grabs at her mouth trying to hold herself from retching.

Iida too looks a bit paler, his hands balling at his sides unsure on what to do.

And Izuku can only look on, feeling as useless as he did before the Omnitrix. “Mr. Aizawa…”

One of the villains hears him; Nue’s gaze slowly turns until he spots their audience. His eyes scan each of their features from the teen in a knight’s outfit, to the frog-like girl, and finally landing on Izuku where it lingers on him making the boy freeze up in fear after realizing that they've been spotted.

Nue smirks from underneath his mask, he was not expecting this. It looks like he found the cure for his boredom.

Chapter End Notes

I am not sorry for the cliff hanger! It was a necessary evil for getting this chapter out early. That said, the next chapter is only going to be even crazier, so the wait is going to be worth it. Any guess on what may occur next?

*Incase it isn’t obvious, the intruder that fought Todoroki and Ochaco was Tetrax Shard…he’s great J However, I know some of you were hoping for 6-6 and I want to say that there’s no need to worry. SixSix will have his own moment to shine, it just won’t occur during this current Arc.

*Dr. Animo only altered the already existing Nomu. I just wanted to point that out, although the mutated monster animals are all his.

*As you already know Thirteen is a Plumber in this fic, but they only really display their combat ability when up against alien criminals and not normal villains. One reason is that their Quirk is way to deadly to use against regular humans/villains, so they opted to do rescue work instead. And because of that Thirteen can spend more time working as a Plumber while remaining available to do hero work out in the open. And in this case, the lack of information blew up in Kurogiri’s face.

*As I mentioned previously, Iida being warped by Kurogiri will affect how things playout in the future. That’s all I’m going to say on that matter.
Chapter Summary

The final battle of the U.S.J. attack is here! How will our young heroes fair against these unfavorable odds?

Chapter Notes

Here it is the final part of the U.S.J. Arc!! I thank each and every one of you for your patience, and to show my thanks you are all in for a long chapter so get comfortable. I also hope this chapter helps to pay off a lot that’s been set up to this point. Anyway enjoy.

Also please be sure to stay safe out there.

Several explosions ring out from within one of the destroyed office buildings within the Collapsed Zone of the U.S.J.

“Say goodbye!!” Katsuki Bakugou jumps forward thrusting his hand forward blasting away a mutant monster rat right out of the building through the fifth story wall.

Meanwhile, Eijirou Kirishima is facing off against his own foe, using his hardened arms to slice through the villain’s blade before delivering a swift chop into the criminal’s side.

That appears to be the last of their attackers as the two boys take a moment to catch their breaths. Kirishima appears to be fine, as does Bakugou but it looks like that at some point he lost one of his grenade gauntlets possibly to one of the monster rats.

Bakugou gazes over the fallen villains and mutant rats, none of them appear to be getting up any time soon. “Think that's the last of these guys. Buncha weaklings.”

Kirishima releases his Quirk so he can wipe away the sweat on his face without injuring himself. “All right, let’s hurry and find the rest of our class. If we’re both still in the U.S.J. then everyone else probably is, too. And not all of them have the offensive skills we do.”

He thinks back to how both of them tried and failed to take out the warping villain before they and their classmates were scattered across the U.S.J. “We gotta make sure they’re safe. Especially since we screwed things up when we got in the way earlier.”

He can’t help but feel somewhat at fault for getting their classmates warped away into unknown danger. “If Thirteen had been able to suck up that villain then we never would’ve been separated like that.” Kirishima looks at Bakugou hoping he feels the same way. “We have to make it up to the others!”
Bakugou brushes him off with a frown. “You wanna track everyone down, have fun, but I’m gonna go destroy that warpy bastard.”

“Huh?!” Kirishima can’t believe it! Is this guy so apathetic that he doesn’t care what happened to the others?! “Our physical attacks didn’t hurt that guy. C’mon. Don’t be an idiot, man.”

The ash-blondes snaps at the red-head. “Shut up! I’m gonna take him down because he’s their way in and out. If I cut off their escape route, they’ll be stuck here and have to pay for what they’ve done. We’ll just have to figure it out.”

While Bakugou explains his own plan a camouflaged villain that resembles a humanoid chameleon crawls along the floor, stalking towards the oblivious students with a dagger at hand. Once in the best position the camouflaged villain attacks aiming to stab Bakugou in the back. ‘You let your guard dow-Oof!!’

With masterful reflexes, Bakugou side steps and grabs the villain by the back of the head before releasing a fiery explosion into his wannabe killer.

“Anyway.” Bakugou holds up the head of the stunned and charred lizard man. “If all these villains are small fries like these guys were then our classmates can handle ‘em.”

The villain groans in pain, his tongue hanging out to the side.

Kirishima is understandably impressed by what he just witnessed. “That reaction time was insane. Also… Since when do you act so calm and rational? Usually you’re all like…” He thinks about Bakugou’s usually furious demeanor like how he was relentless against Midoriya, how he snaps at everyone, and that he loves to tell everyone that he’ll kill them with a maniacal grin.

The teen in question must have a mind reading Quirk because he snaps in anger at the red-head. “I’m always calm and rational red-haired loser!!”

Kirishima smirks, glad to see the old Bakugou. “Yeah! There you are.”

Bakugou huffs as he tosses the charred villain aside like a piece of trash. “Go find the others if you want to.” He begins to step away to the exit.

“Wait, hold up.”

Bakugou stops in place, he’s willing to hear out what Kirishima has to say.

“I think what you’re really saying is that you believe in our classmates.” He raises his hardening arms clanging his fists together. “And that’s thinkin’ like a man, Bakugou.” He gives his teammate a sharp-toothed grin.

Looks like these two are teaming up again, but this time they’re the heroes.

‘This is bad. Really really bad.’ Thirteen jumps away avoiding a bite from one of the monster serpents before ducking down as a second monster snake lunges at their head.

Thirteen then dives out of the way of an incoming warp gate that the purple-mist villain propelled towards them.

Thirteen needs to get to the kids! Before it’s too late, but these monsters are not making it easy for
Currently the students that didn’t get warped away are trying to fend off their own pair of monster serpents who are too fast for any of them to really counter their movement.

Some however are doing better than others.

“Ahhhh!!” A tear gushing Mineta frantically throws his Sticky Balls in a frenzy at one of the upcoming snakes as it slides over the ground.

The purple Sticky Balls scatter across the ground and the serpent, clueless to what they are, slides over them before coming to a sudden halt, the serpent thrashes about trying to escape the sticky trap but it’s of no use.

Rikido Sato smiles at the sight as the whining Mineta scrambles behind him. “Hey, it’s working!”

The monster serpent finally stops flailing about to take in its surrounding, noticing the Sticky Balls holding it in place. The serpent becomes still, laying its head down low before its entire body begins to shake and shift as its own skin begins to pull and tear away from its body.

Sato and Mineta turn pale and stock still as they watch with their jaws dropped as the serpent tears out of its skin, its feathers peeling away as well as the serpent frees itself from Mineta’s snare. The serpent’s entire scaly body is clean but completely white in color, probably a result of the fresh layer of skin it just exposed.

The newly freed serpent lunges forward away from the Sticky Balls, opening its maw wide, and spitting out a spray of acid at the boys who clamber backward.

Mina Ashido takes note of the acid spitting. “Hey that’s my thing!!” She runs ahead of the boys, swinging her arm and thus throwing a splash of her own acid at the mutant snake.

The acid makes contact coating the serpent's scales, but it hardly reacts to the acid only finding it mildly annoying.

“Oh, come on! That’s so not fair! Ahhh!!”

The serpent lunges at her, it’s mouth open ready to bite off her head.

A flying strand of white tape wraps around the serpent’s mouth before being pulled away and missing Mina entirely.

Hanta Sero grins proud that he could help. “How do you like that?!”

The muzzled monster snake shakes its head violently desperately trying to remove the annoying hindrance while also wishing it had hands to do it.

One of its companions slithers up and uses its own fangs to tear away the tape.

Sero sweats nervously as the serpents look his way. “I spoke too soon…”

Sero backs away and joins the others as they prepare themselves to fend off these abominations. Mezo Shoji takes the front with his arms outstretched to his sides to defend his classmates while also intimidating the monster snakes.

Thirteen notice their struggle even while dealing with their own attacking serpents. ‘I have to help them!’ Thirteen jumps up as a serpent snaps at their feet, Thirteen uses the serpent’s head as a
jumping board and takes off towards the students.

But the warping villain is not going to allow that. “Where do you think you’re going Thirteen?” The villain intercepts Thirteen’s path, his misty exterior fanning out making him even bigger than before. “Things are just getting interesting…let’s not end it here.”

The pro hero glares up at the villain. “Trust me, I’d love nothing more for this to be over. But I’d prefer to end it with your defeat!”

“That’s some big talk for someone of your stature.”

While the two argue, one of the serpents decides to take the opportunity to set up a sneak attack, slithering as low as it can across the ground aiming to attack the pro hero from the side.

Unlike the villain, Thirteen does notice the stalking monster as it inches its way closer, and an idea pops into their mind. “Blackhole!!” With no hesitation Thirteen activates their Quirk.

“That again?” The villain quickly generates a warp gate to intercept the pull of Blackhole and at the same moment the serpent lunges at the hero just as a second warp gate begins to form behind them.

But this is exactly what Thirteen was planning. With masterful skills, Thirteen ducks their head forward allowing the serpent to fly over their head before Thirteen swings their head back knocking the snake towards the second warp gate.

Blackhole’s pull immedialty begins tearing away at the serpent, it screeches in agony as it disintegrates and pieces of itself are pulled through the warp gates and into Thirteen’s Blackhole.

The warp villain realizes his blunder far too late. “Damn serpent!!” He closes the warp gates in an attempt to salvage the situation, but that’s just another mistake on his part.

‘Now’s my chance!’ Thirteen deactivates the Blackhole and sprints past the warp villain as the serpent lays silent on the ground with its back completely ripped away.

Thirteen passes over a fourth monster snake as they take off to the students.

It appears that Yuga Aoyama is having some trouble, the trembling teen is firing away at one of the serpents but it’s far too quick for him to get a clean shot. Thirteen comes in and kicks the serpent right in the head knocking it away.

Aoyama looks visibly relieved and grateful.

Thirteen eyes each of them, making sure that none of them have been hurt. “Is everyone alright?”

The other students finally take notice that their teacher had rejoined their group. “Thirteen!”

“Everyone stay close together. Defend each other’s backs.” Thirteen steps forward as the students huddle up behind them.

Tooru Hagakure nervously backs into the group. “Thirteen…”

She’s understandably nervous because the remaining three monster snakes have begun to circle around their little group.

Sato is just as freaked out as his classmate. “This looks bad.”
Mineta cries out from below. “You think?!”

Mina looks to Thirteen for a solution. “Wh-what do we do now?”

Thirteen…doesn’t know. ‘What do we do…? I don’t know…’ They can’t hope to outright defeat the villain and his pets in time they need someone to get back to the school and get help. They need at least one of them to make it out! “Everyone we need to get to the exit.”

Sero brings up a good point. “But the others!”

“We can’t help them. I know it sounds harsh but if we want to save everyone one of use needs to escape and get help. And if we all work together then hopefully at least one of us can escape.”

The warp villain approaches as the snakes continue to circle around them like a pack of sharks. “Not a very well thought out plan. It’s essentially the same as before. But then again, there’s nothing else you can do, is there?”

Thirteen takes in the situation, and nothing is in their favor: surrounded by monsters, students that never faced real villains, and a villain with a powerful Quirk. Not exactly the best conditions to stage a plan of action, but sometimes you gotta work with what you have.

For one thing, Thirteen has knowledge. For starters while fighting the villain they noticed an odd metal brace within the misty exterior, why else would a villain have that other than to protect something. Not only that but Thirteen made sure to pay attention during Aizawa’s Quirk Apprehension Tests; they understand the students’ Quirks, too. And with this knowledge, perhaps they can pull something off.

Thirteen whispers their next lines extremely softly. “Shoji…” Their dark helmet prevents anyone from seeing their mouth move as they speak. “Shoji.”

One of Shoji’s hands is currently an ear and it picks up on the whispering. Shoji eyes Thirteen letting the hero know that he’s listening.

Thirteen continues to speak in the quietest tone possible. “I apologize but in order for this to work, I need your cooperation. Be warned…you may get…hurt.”

There’s an underlying tone of dread in Thirteen’s voice that makes Shoji hesitate, but he ever so slightly nods his head.

Although Shoji is willing to cooperate, Thirteen in fact becomes even more tense with anticipation. “Thank you. Okay here’s what we’re going to do…”

The villain is getting impatient, looming over the group of fighters. “This is the end!! Your journeys will end here before they even begin!!”

A large warp gate hovers over the group casting a looming shadow over them, however, the large portal blocks the view the villain has over them, but with them surrounded at all sides they should not be going anywhere but where he wants to send them.

Looks like there isn’t going to be another time to make their move. “Now!!” That’s the only warning as Thirteen rushes forward towards the obscured villain.

The students gap in shock as their teacher charges head first towards the circling serpents.

The monster snakes immediately set themselves on the pro hero lunging at them while spraying
them with acid that eats away at the pro hero’s space suit.

Shoji, the only one expecting such a brazen move, jumps forward and with his multiple-limbs he grows out chains of arms that latch onto the serpents before pulling them inward. The snake flails around to strike but Shoji grapples them to the ground making sure to keep their mouths shut.

Even while wrestling with these monsters Shoji is able to call out to his classmates. “Go to the exit!!”

It takes his classmates a moment to fully process what has happened and follow his order, sprinting as fast as they can for the exit.

Meanwhile, Thirteen gets up close to the surprised villain. Thirteen aims just below the metal brace and with a swift chop they strike what may be the villain’s main body.

The villain groans as the wind is knocked out of them and as a result the warp gate dissipates to nothing.

The villain falls to the ground reeling in pain, he truly isn’t suited to close quarters combat. “Impertinent Hero!!” The villain propels a warp gate at the hero who easily spins out of the way before turning around and taking off to help the students escape while the villain is down.

Shoji continues to wrestle with the thrashing serpents. “Quickly! I can’t hold them!!”

The snakes pull off a lucky hit with their tails, breaking loose of Shoji’s grip, but rather than strike him down they immediately begin to chase after the other students. After all their orders are to prevent any of them from escaping.

“Look out!!”

Shoji’s shout is the only warning they get.

Sato, spins around, as the rest keep moving forward. “Keep going!!”

He throws his fist forward, smashing into one of the serpent’s heads before he uses his other hand to essentially slap its head away from his body. Acting quickly he grabs the serpent's tail and begins to swing it around and around before letting it go, letting it fly through the air and over the edge of the platform letting gravity take it from there.

Unfortunately, while he was taking care of one of them, the other two monster snakes slithered on by racing towards his classmates.

Hagakure sees the reptiles chasing after them. “They’re coming!!”

Aoyama, after seeing his allies throw themselves into danger, decides to follow their sparkling examples. He skids to a halt throwing his hands behind his head before firing off his Naval Laser. The sparkling laser travels onto the ground until trailing right into both of the oncoming beasts.

Aoyama’s signature smile widens, feeling somewhat proud for getting both of them and buying some time for the others. “You can’t handle my sparkle, can you?”

The serpents shake their heads before they race forward once again,

Aoyama fires out a barrage of lasers, but the monsters have wisened up, weaving through the shower of laser beams before they zip right past the flashy teenager.
“Oh, no!!”

The serpents are quickly gaining on the remaining four students.

Mineta, with tears in his eyes, turns around to see if his classmates managed to save their asses, but instead he sees his inevitable demise as one of the serpents pounces upon him, its large jaws opened so wide that it could probably swallow him whole.

“AHHHH!!!” Without thought, Mineta panicly begins rapidly ripping off his Sticky Balls and throwing them as quickly as he can at the serpent. “Get away from me!! Don’t kill me!! I have so much to live for!!”

The others stop to help him, there’s no way he can defend himself, he’ll be killed!! But…what they find instead is actually a pleasant surprise.

Unintentionally, Mineta threw his Sticky Balls right into the creature's mouth. The purple spheres are jammed into the teary-eyed monster’s mouth as if it tried to swallow a whole vineyard of grapes in one gulp. The serpent desperately tries to regain its breath, the Sticky Balls blocking its windpipe and after a few short seconds it falls unconscious from the lack of oxygen.

Mina grins juvenilely. “Way to go!”

As does Hagakure. “Yay!!”

Normally, Mineta would probably bask in the fact that he’s being praised by a couple of girls but right now, he’s just so happy that he isn’t dead. For a while there he was pissing himself scared…

In their moment of relief they’d forgotten the last of the mutant snakes, and it makes its presences well known.

The pale-scaled serpent wraps itself around Mina, its long slithery body coiling around her waist and legs before hoisting her up as she screams in terror.

Her classmate cries out for her. “Ashido!!”

The serpent tightens its grip around her, making the girl wheeze in pain. Tears begin to prickle into her eyes under the pressure as she gazes up at the serpent as it hisses down at her. Knowing that it now has its prey well in hand, the serpent bears its fangs ready to finish her off once and for all.

Tears begin to flow from Mina’s eyes as she can do nothing but watch her death fall upon her.

Thirteen, however, will not allow that to happen. All this time the hero’s been racing across the platform like a wild stallion when they noticed Mina’s predicament.

In a hasty sprint, Thirteen rushes forward lunging themselves right towards Mina’s trapped form. They can’t use Blackhole otherwise they could kill Mina so there’s only one thing they can do to ensure her life. Just as the serpent’s fangs are upon the poor girl, Thirteen throws their arm right into the monster’s jaws. Blood and acid sprays out as the fangs pierce right through the tattered spacesuit and into Thirteen’s flesh.

Mina cries out in sheer terror. “Thirteen!!”

The hero can’t respond, they still have a job to do. “Raaaaahh!! Leave my students alone!!”

With the snake’s fangs still lodged inside their arm, Thirteen pulls their arm back taking the snake
along with it.

The abomination is not expecting the sudden change in direction and it dislodges from the hero’s arm as it is slammed onto the ground.

With adrenaline still pumping through their veins, Thirteen quickly activates their Quirk. The serpent screeches and flails about as it completely begins to disintegrate and get pulled into the never-ending void.

While the snake withers in pain Thirteen cries out to the students. “What are you waiting for!! GET MOVING!!”

The students especially Mina are far too stunned to even move.

“Be heroes!! And escape as fast as you can!! GET HELP!!” The serpent is completely gone by this point, as Thirteen collapses from exhaustion.

The remaining three students take off without another thought. “You can count on us!!”

The villain, who recovered from the blow not too long ago is catching up to them.

“I won’t let you!!” He’s nearly upon them, his misty form stretching upward in order to warp them away. “Be gone!!”

“No!!” Hagakure throws herself at the villain, grabbing him by the metal brace and thus slowing him down.

“Stupid child!” Kurogiri throws her off but Hagakure’s interference was just enough.

Mina, with blinding tears in her eyes, throws her hands forward and a wave of acid is propelled out and onto the door, melting a hole right through the metal frame. “Go!! Sero!!”

With no time to waste, Sero launches two strands of tape at the ends of the door before slingshooting himself forward and right through the hole with pin point accuracy.

The villain bursts out in anger. “No!! Ahh!!” He winces in pain as acid eats away at his brace and body.

Mina swings her hand again, sending another splash at the villain that makes him jump back in fear. “That’s for Thirteen!!” She cries out, in rage and sorrow.

The villain eyes the now melted exit as Sero uses his tape to the best of his abilities to swing and pull himself forward.

“If he calls for help…it’s game over.” The villain considers what to do; he can’t stay even with Thirteen out of commission he’s now outnumbered by the now congregation students. “I should warn Shigaraki…” And with that the villain warps himself away.

Sato breathes in heavily. “Woah, he just up and left.”

Shoji offers up an explanation on why. “He failed his mission, there’s no point for him in staying.”

Thirteen’s weak and soft voice manages to reach their ears. “You…were all…so amazing…”

“Thirteen??” The students quickly gather around their teacher.
Mina carefully lifts the hero’s head, resting them on her lap. “A-are…y-you okay?” Tears are streaming down her face as she takes in the hero’s condition.

Thirteen is completely battered; their hero costume has melted away at places, residue acid drips off of the suit, their helmets cracked, and a bit of blood is slowly dripping out of the bite wound on their arm.

Thirteen coughs while replying. “I…could be…better.”

Their reply makes Mina choke on her tears.

Hagakure watches on helplessly unsure what to do. “There’s got to be something we can do?”

Sato offers up a naive suggestion. “Should we suck the poison out?”

Thirteen manages a soft chuckle in response to the naive suggestion. “No…that only works…in the movies.”

Shoji places a hand on Thirteen's chest to ensure that they’re not going to try and move around. “Easy now, just rest. Help should be here soon.”

“I know it…will.”

“Thirteen…” Mina coughs through the tears.

Thirteen turns their attention to her, as a few drops drip onto their helmet.

Mina’s a complete mess, her eyes flooded with tears. “I’m…I-I’m sorry.” She’s in complete disarray, because of her mistake she’s caused Thirteen so much pain right now that could possibly end their life. She continues to cry in anguish. “If it wasn’t for me…you wouldn’t…have gotten…” She can’t even articulate what she’s feeling, the thought is way too dismal for her to form the proper words.

While Mina’s body shakes, Thirteen affectionately places a comforting hand on her head. The gesture is small but it’s enough for Mina to start slowly crying. Without any words the hero gently pats her head, careful as to not touch her sensitive horns. As they continue Mina visibly begins to calm down, her tears eventually stopping all together.

“It wasn’t…your fault.” Thirteen wheezes. “I was just…doing my duty…” Yes, they were doing their duty as a teacher, as a pro hero, and as a Plumber. “All of you.” Thirteen peers at each and every one of them, happy that none of them have sustained any injuries. “Hang in there…the heroes…will be here…soon…” And with that Thirteen’s eyes close shut ready for a long rest, with the comforting thought that these kids…that these heroes are more than capable of protecting themselves.

Hagakure cries out at the sight, fearing the worst. “No, Thirteen!!”

Mina is frozen in place holding the hero’s head as Shoji places a few fingers on the hero’s wrist. Shoji sighs in solace. “They’re alive, they just need to rest.”

Everyone smiles, happy to hear the good news, not only that but they can also enjoy the fact that help will soon be on its way.

Hagakure cheers. “They’ll be here before we know it!”
“Really?!” Shouts Mineta.

Shoji’s eyes furrow. “Hopefully, but…and I don’t mean to get our hopes down, but I doubt they’ll make it that quickly.”

Now that’s a hard pill to swallow; Sero is far from the fastest in their class and they are far from the main campus, so it’s still going to take quite a bit of time for the pro heroes to even get the S.O.S.

Sato gulps. “So, what do we do?”

Shoji replies. “We stay and watch over Thirteen.” Shoji turns, his multiple grown eyes staring out into the massive interior of the U.S.J. “Some of our classmates have already begun to move. So, they should be making their way over here. We need to keep this spot safe so we can all get out of here.”

They all understand, this is no time to relax. If they hope for everyone to escape, then they need to hold this position.

As they each take a position over the platform, ready to defend it from further villains, Mina promotes herself to watch Thirteen silently praying that the pro heroes will get here on time.

The Frankenstiened Nomu continues to hold Eraserhead down, pushing him further into the hard ground.

The villain boss wobbles on his feet as he gazes down at the pinned pro hero. “Canceling out Quirks. Pretty cool, but nothing special. Up against crazy strength you might as well be a Quirkless child.” He chuckles amusedly at the sight of the struggling pro hero.

Eraserhead desperately reaches his hand forward in one last attempt to escape, but Nomu grabs his other arm and snaps it too.

“GWAHH!!” Eraserhead screams out in agony. ‘He snapped my arm like a twig!! Looking at any part of his body should be enough to nullify his Quirk, but his base strength is immense.’

Nomu grabs the pro hero’s hand, crushing it within its meaty fingers, and more blood drips down the hero’s face.

‘I think he’s as strong as All Might…’

And with that the Nomu smashes Eraserhead’s head into the ground.

From within the shore of the nearby Flood Zone, Izuku and the others gasp at the gruesome sight.

Iida is visibly shaken at the sight; he can’t believe what he’s seeing. “This is bad…”

Tsuyu fearfully sinks further down into the water until only the upper half of her head is sticking out. “Kero…”

Izuku is completely frozen in place, but not just because of what’s occurred to his teacher, but because he’s locked eyes with that Nue character.

Nue remains silent and he looks like he’s about to move towards them, but a swirling mass of mist appears next to the villain leader.
The leader notices the new arrival. “Kurogiri.”

The misty villain, Kurogiri, warps into place. “Shigaraki, I have returned.”

Nue scuffs. “Took you long enough.”

The leader, now dubbed Shigaraki, is wondering why the mist villain has come here. “Is Thirteen dead?”

“They’re incapacitated, but there were some students I couldn’t warp away and one of them…made it outside.”

Nue bursts into laughter. “Hahaha!! Looks like you failed mist man, ha!”

Kurogiri’s yellow eyes leer at the shorter villain, but he keeps his composure.

Shigaraki considers the update, and in doing so he becomes outright irritated, scratching at his neck furiously as if that will solve the issue at hand. “Kurogiri, you…” He scratches at his neck even more so much so that he may draw blood. “I’d turn you to dust if you weren’t our ticket out of here.” He suddenly stops scratching, removing his hands from his neck. “We won’t stand a chance against pros. It’s game over. We’re leaving.”

Iida isn’t too sure that he heard the villain correctly. “Leaving? Now?”

Tsuyu hopes she heard him correctly too. “I think so…” However, she too noticed how that Nue guy was eyeing them earlier. “I got a bad feeling about this.”

Izuku agrees. “Yeah, me too.”

But perhaps the villains are going to retreat, there’s no way they can take on a hoard of pro heroes. Perhaps they are all going to survive this after all.

Nue enters into another fit of laughter. “Haha, you’re funny Handjob!”

Shigaraki doesn’t want to deal with this punk’s antics. “Little shit! I told you not to call me that.”

“Yeah, yeah, but I don’t want to leave yet.” Nue points towards the Flood Zone. “Because there’s still some fun to be had.”

Shigaraki and Kurogiri follow Nue’s line of sight towards the children who freeze in place like that will somehow make them disappear.

Shigaraki smiles form underneath the disembodied-hand on his face. “You know what, I think you’re right Nue. The game isn’t quite over yet.” He steps forward. “Let’s hurt the pride of the Symbol of Peace, shall we?”

“Actually.”

“Huh?”

Nue steps ahead of him. “Let me handle this one. Why should I let you have all the fun, right?”

Shigaraki really doesn’t like how casual he’s treating this. “What are you playing at?”

“Oh, nothing.” Nue waves him off as he approaches the water and the three hero course students.
The teens themselves ready themselves taking a few steps back in case they need to make a run for it.

Izuku’s hand instinctively begins to reach for the Omnitrix as he considers everything. ‘Who is this guy? What’s his Quirk? Is he...is he going to attack us? Just what are they planning?!”

The villain continues to approach, strolling forward like he has absolutely nothing to fear nor is there a rush to get things going.

Izuku grips the Omnitrix now, ready for a fight.

Iida too readies himself as does Tsuyu as she begins to crouch ready to jump into action at a moment’s notice.

However, before Nue can even get that close he stops leaving a big gap between himself and them. “It’s been a while, hasn’t it...Deku.” The way the name rolls off his tongue, it’s clear to everyone that he’s using the name as an insult.

A cold feeling of alarm runs down their spines, especially Izuku’s. ‘How?! How does he know...who I am?!”

Maybe this guy can read minds, but the way he said Deku sounds as if he’s familiar with him somehow. Like saying Deku would instantly upset him, much like how Bakugou uses the name.

“This is really great isn’t it?!” Nue sounds excited like he’s been waiting for this. “I should have known you’d be here! You never shut up about this place!! Shit, I wish I had realized it sooner, hahaha!” He takes a breath wiping away a tear from his eye. “Oh, well. Now we can hang out, like old times.”

Shigaraki leers at Nue’s back. ‘So, he knows one of them…’

He’s not the only one interested as Eraserhead’s prone from twitches slightly as if reacting to the news.

Tsuyu leans in towards Izuku while still keeping an eye on the villain. “Midoriya do you...know this person?” She recognized the name Deku thanks to Bakugou and Ochaco.

Izuku’s broken into a bit of sweat, his mind trying to piece together who the hell this person is and how they would know who he is. “I...I don’t.” But that voice…

Nue fakes hurt while clenching at his heart. “Aw, seriously did you forget about me already? Did our friendship mean nothing to you?” He throws his head to the side. “But then again it wasn’t really a friendship now was it?” His smirk widens. “I mean, friendship is just a means to an end. After all...In this world everything is give and take.”

Izuku’s eyes widen, he only knowns one person whom lives by that motto. It can't be, it just can’t be! There’s no way! “He-Henzu?”

“Ding ding ding!! We have a winner. And now for your prize!!” Nue grabs and rips away his bandana revealing his true identity.

“You’re...you’re...you’re-”

“A villain.” Henzu Uuichi finishes Izuku’s sentence as he grins down at the shorter boy.
Iida grabs Izuku’s shoulder. “Midoriya, what is going on?! Who is this?!”

Henzu overhears Iida. “Really, he never mentioned me, his best friend?!”

Iida and Tsuyu’s eyes widen, not expecting that in the slightest. Just what kind of crowd does Midoriya hang out with? Are these two really friends?! That can’t be the case! Midoriya has shown them all throughout their time together that he cares for others and that he wants to be a hero. So, how could he possibly be on friendly terms with a villain?!

Izuku truly cannot believe his eyes, is this really what happened to Henzu after that day… “Henzu…what…what happened to you?” Yeah, they fought, and he left the school, but this cannot be. “After everything you just…disappeared. Is this where you’ve been all this time?”

Henzu waves it off. “Ha, nah not at first at least but…” Henzu gives Izuku and his teammates a wicked grin. “They’re a fun group. But I share some sentiments with them.” His grin widens. “Like taking down the so-called heroes!”

Iida is desperate for answers now, just how do these two know each other?! “Midoriya, please… explain.”

Izuku…gives in seeing no point in trying to cover this up. “This is…Henzu Uuichi and we…used to be friends.”

Tsuyu eyes him oddly. “Used to be?”

“Izuku laughs out loud at that. “Ha, falling out?! More like you betrayed my trust!!” With his maniacal grin he holds his hands out to the side, gesturing to himself. “And now look at the result of your betrayal, Deku.”

Okay, sure Izuku probably could have handled that past situation better, but he is not going to take the blame for Henzu’s decisions. It was his own decisions that put him with the villains, and sure Izuku would like to know how that came about, but he will not take this sitting down.

“It…it is your own fault. I never betrayed you, but I couldn't stand by and let you hurt innocent people.”

Henzu tsks. “You’ve always been a stick-in-the-mud.” He then smirks. “But since we finally have a reunion, I’d like us to pick up where we left off.”

Izuku leers up at him. “What are playing at, Henzu?”

Henzu gives the boy his familiar mischievous grin. “Nothing. I just want a rematch.”

‘A rematch? Is that seriously all he’s after?’ Izuku eyes the other villains. ‘No way he wants a fair fight. I bet the others will jump in and attack the others when the moment presents itself.’

Henzu can tell exactly what Izuku’s thinking, but he really just wants a…fair fight. And he’s going to get it. “Here I’ll cut you a deal.”

Everyone, even the villains, are a bit stunned by this declaration. There’s no way that Nue is serious about that, is he?

“During this fight there will be no interference.” Henzu peers back at his boss, flashing him a grin.
“Is that okay, Shigaraki?”

Shigaraki doesn’t initially respond, instead he turns his head away. “Pft, fine do what you want.”

Honestly, he couldn’t find this more annoying at the time, considering that the heroes may be on their way here soon. But he has to admit that he wants to find out a little bit more about Nue’s powers and why he’s so determined to fight that green-haired brat.

Henzu smiles, glad that Shigaraki is willing to play by his rules. “Well you heard him.” He turns back to Izuku. “And I’ll sweeten the deal if you win…you and your two pals can leave.”

Okay, if Izuku wasn’t trusting him before, which he wasn’t, then he definitely knows that something’s up. It’s one thing for that Shigaraki guy to go ahead and approve their “rematch” but it’s another if Henzu actually thinks that they’re going to leave Iida and Tsuyu alone. But…what if he is serious? What if…what if they keep to their word. Then he can get himself and the others out or at the very least to safety and then they can make a plan to save Eraserhead and the others…

But he needs to be sure, first. “And if I refuse?”

Henzu’s grin widened, he was waiting for that question. “Then…they’ll be added to the list of friends that you abandoned!!”

That actually hurts Izuku a bit, mainly because he can’t really deny it.

He needs to think about this. If they make a run for it, that warping villain, Kurogiri, will catch them easily. If they all try to fight then there’s no way they can win, that Nomu guy looks way too powerful, maybe Four Arms could take him, but there’s no guarantee. Also, they still have Mr. Aizawa as a captive and they can’t just leave him… he could try to stall for time, but they could get impatient and a fight would be inevitable. But if he agrees to fight then…then there’s a chance that they can get out of here.

Iida must sense Izuku’s inner thoughts and he grabs his arm, snapping him out of his dire thoughts. “Midoriya, you can’t trust him.”

Izuku’s breath hitches.

“I understand that there’s some kind of history between the two of you, but he’s clearly deceiving you. There’s something about this that isn’t right.”

Tsuyu grabs his arm too, pulling him into the water slightly. “He’s right. Whomever this guy is, he really has it out for you. And there’s no telling what the other three will do or if they’ll agree.”

Izuku scowls, they’re right. They’re both absolutely right, no matter how they look at the situation there’s no way things are going to play out in their favor.

But…this may be their only option. “I have to.” Izuku meets their wavering gazes, he hopes he can convince them to trust in his decision. “He may have been my friend once, and this could just be a big setup, but…” He turns to meet his exfriend’s gleeful gaze. “Right now, he’s trying to hurt my friends and I just can’t stand for that.”

His eyes narrow with determination, he will win, and he will get them all out of here. And he does mean all of them.

Tsuyu and Iida consider his words… Neither of them like this, not one bit, leaving Midoriya to fight on his own just doesn’t sit right with them. But…this may be the best bet for them all.
Without any words or rebuttals, they both release his arm.

Izuku smiles at them gratefully. “If this doesn’t go right… I’m trusting you two to help us.” He approaches the man-made lake’s edge.

Tsuyu picked up on his choice of wording. ‘Us?’

Izuku pulls himself out of the water.

Iida calls out. “Midoriya…”

Izuku looks back to see what else his Class President has to say. Instead he doesn’t say anything instead he offers his own confident look, silently conveying that he’s decided to put his faith into the wielder of the Omnitrix.

As does Tsuyu who offers her own words of encouragement. “No matter what… we trust you.”

Izuku offers them a small appreciative smile along with a nod. ‘I will save you all.’

Henzu is starting to get antsy. “So, do you accept the terms?”

Izuku takes a breath before turning to Henzu, his hardened gaze wordlessly says it all. He will win this fight.

“Hehe, alright then let’s get started.” Henzu… no Nue gestures for Izuku to step forward. “You can make the first move.”

That makes Izuku nervous, Henzu knows how his powers work. So, to let him take a moment to pick out a transformation like this, has to mean he’s planning something.

Iida and Tsuyu realize this as well, as they remain in the water, but they don’t voice their concerns knowing full well that Izuku must have come to the same conclusion on his own.

This is truly Henzu’s game, Izuku grips Omnitrix switching from one option to the other considering all the possible battle strategies. Unfortunately, Henzu knows the basics of all of his transformations: Feedback’s electricity, Four Arms’ strength, Ditto’s cloning, he knows all of them. Well there’s Buzzshock, but Izuku hasn’t gotten a real handle on that alien yet, mainly because his usual time for practice has been taken up by serving detention. But… there’s got to be one alien that’s perfect for this job.

At this point Nue is ready to get started. “Hurry up, we don’t got all day!”

Well Nue’s Quirk is Osmosis and he doesn’t appear to have any metal on him, other than his lock necklace, but it’s not enough to absorb. So, Lodestar wouldn’t be useful. The only solid material around appears to the floor… which as he’s seen isn’t the most durable substance.

With that in mind Izuku picks the right alien for the job. “Hey… Nue.”

“What?”

“I just want to say… that I’m sorry.”

“Huh?”

Izuku’s gaze casts downward. “I made some mistakes, I see that, but so are you. And I hope it isn’t too late… But” He glares back up at his opponent. “I can’t afford to hold back.”
Nue smiles excitedly. “Good boy.”

Izuku raises his hand over the alien device. “It’s hero time!!” He slams his palm down onto the dial and in a flash of familiar light Izuku disappears from sight.

He can feel his body growing, his muscles expanding, and his bones shifting as he transforms into one of his most reliable forms. “FOUR ARMS!!”

With a powerful kick the Tetramand charges straight for Nue ready to end this as quickly as possible.

Shigaraki is blown away by what he’s seeing!! ‘How is this possible?! How could there be two of you with similar Quirks to Master?!”

Four Arms is quickly upon his opponent. “Let’s see you stand up to this!!” He throws his two right fists forward ready to deliver some swift punches.

Nue, however, couldn’t be happier to show his exfriend how well he’ll take the attack.

His entire body buffs and expands, his bones shift painfully as a third arm forms from his left side and two muscular red arms grab onto Four Arms’ wrists stopping his attack.

Four Arms gasps as his classmates’ jaws drop at the sight.

Four Arms is visibly shaken. “H…how?”

Nue’s entire body has changed into a somewhat bizzaro form of a Tetramand but with the features of Henzu.

The morphed Nue grins, his four yellow eyes narrowing in glee. “Surprised?”

Four Arms is too stunned to speak his mind racing with all sorts of questions. ‘How? How is this possible?! Just what the hell happened to him?! Did he get his own Omnitrix?!”

Nue laughs, finding Four Arms’ reaction absolutely priceless. “If you like that, then you’ll love this.”

His red skin begins to poke out as it becomes scaly, his lower pair of hands turn into sharp claws with fins piercing out from his elbows, and jagged fangs rip out from his mouth as an angler-fish antenna grows out of his head.

Four Arms tries to back away at the hideous sight, but Nue’s holding him in place. ‘How?! How?!”

Nue’s entire body…it’s a combination of Four Arms and Ripjaws. Not even he can do that?! So, how can Nue do this?! And without an Omnitrix no less?!

Nue smiles, licking his horribly jagged teeth before he uses his right arms to punch and slash at Four Arms simultaneously.

Iida and Tsuyu gasp in shock as Four Arms winces at the pain, the claws actually piercing through Four Arms’ hide most likely because of the boost in strength.

Nue throws him to the side.

Four Arms groans, holding his side as he gets right back up. “How did you…?” He leaves the question hanging in the air.
Nue smiles broadly. “Cool right?” He peers down at his muscular morphed body. “After our… argument I couldn’t access my Osmosis Quirk… But then I noticed a change.” he smashes his fists together, it’s not like he really has to explain any further.

Izuku immediately understood; back then when Henzu tried to pry off the Omnitrix he must have activated his Osmosis Quirk and absorbed the energy of the alien device. And as a result it gave him access to the alien DNA within the Omnitrix.

No wonder he was so eager to let Izuku make the first move and pick his alien, because it didn’t matter!! No matter who he picked Nue would be able to counter any of them!!

There’s no way he can win this!! But he has no choice but to try.

“I’ll stop you!” Four Arms lunges forward ready to deliver a powerful punch.

Nue smiles as Four Arms throws his punches, Nue’s body shrinks until it becomes an odd version of a Kineceleran.

Four Arms throws more punches but it’s simple child’s play for the Kineceleran to zip and zoom around to evade each and every attack, all the while laughing in Four Arms’ face making the morphed Izuku even more frustrated.

In a desperate attempt to land a hit, Four Arms throws such a strong punch that his fist embeds itself into the ground. With his defense down Nue speeds in delivering quick running strikes to his head until knocking him onto his back.

Nue smiles down at Four Arms. “I got to say.” He flexes his claws admiring their ferocity. “I’m deeply enjoying these powers.”

“Rahh!!” Four Arms, in a fit of rage, kicks himself off the ground to attack his opponent.

Nue simply smiles as he zips away, as he runs his body shifts as a shell-like armor protrudes out from his body and his arms become larger and red in color.

The combination of XLR8 and Water Hazzard rocket forward until smashing head first into Four Arms’ gut.

“Gahh!!” The powerful collision knocks Four Arms back but before he can even hit the ground Nue zipped behind him and thanks to his speed he crashes into the Tetramand from behind. “AHHH!!!”

And the cycle continues with Four Arms unable to get any time to react as Nue relentlessly delivers attack after attack.

Tsuyu and Iida watch on in horror, feeling absolutely useless and helpless as their classmate, teammate, and friend takes one beating after another.

Meanwhile, Shigaraki and Kurogiri watch on in mild interest.

Kurogiri’s eyes narrow. “He’s really a beast, isn’t he? Perhaps he would have been enough to take down All Might on his own, after all.”

Shigaraki growls in response. “Maybe…but I think he’s getting just a bit too cocky.” He begins to scratch at his neck in irritation. ‘Honestly, I wouldn’t mind if Nue got what’s coming to him.’
The hits are so strong that pretty soon Four Arms is just getting thrown around like a lightweight, so much so he begins to tumble here and there.

As he’s about to fall, Nue transforms into a Tetramand, grabbing Four Arms by the head before he falls over completely. “Not yet, I’m not done yet.” He kicks Four Arms backward.

The dazed Four Arms stumbles back before throwing his leg back in order to stabilize himself. He wheezes in pain, grabbing at his now bleeding side. He’s really taking a beating here and he has no plan...no idea on how to win.

Nue’s glad to see that Deku isn’t giving up yet. If he’ll admit one thing is that Deku was always rather resilient and difficult to put down.

Nue’s Tetramand form begins to shift and change, this time becoming somewhat smaller in size as fin-like growths form on his head and gem-like orbs pop out from his body.

Nue begins to laugh at Four Arms’ confused face which becomes one of surprise as a clone of Nue’s current form rips away from the original. Soon there’s a whole squad of Tetramand/Splixson Nues and they descend upon the outnumbered Deku like a swarm each one delivering two to four punches each. All Four Arms can do is hold himself in place and endure it as best he can. Thankfully the Splixson DNA seems to have weakened the Tetramand strength but they’re still stronger than an average human so they still deliver some strong hits.

Iida’s fist clench, he so desperately wants to help, but...he’d be risking not only his life but Tsuyu’s and Aizawa’s, and he...just can’t risk it. “Midoriya...” His voice cracks, and tears begin to prickle at his eyes.

Tsuyu is in no better condition, her entire body trembling as she holds her hands over her mouth as hot fresh tears stream down her face. “Oh, God...please no...”

Eventually the Nue clones back away and form into one being. No longer being surrounded, Four Arms give out and he instantly collapses onto the ground.

Nue turns back to human and he actually frowns at the sight, he didn’t think their rematch would be so one sided... Okay maybe he did, but he would have liked it if it was somewhat of a challenge. “Are you really part of the hero course, Deku?”

Four Arms remains silent as he desperately tries to regain his strength.

Nue then turns to the two spectators. “I thought you guys were supposed to be the best? I guess I was wrong.”

The two students don’t reply, not like they could if they wanted, it feels like they’re tongues have turned to lead, and their entire bodies are refusing to budge.

Nue throws his head back in a fit of laughter. “Hahahahahaha!!”

His laughter rings through the morphed Deku’s ears. He struggles to pick himself up, but he’s so worn down that Nue, without transforming, is able to push him back down with just his foot.

Nue rubs his foot against the downed Tetramand like a doormat, enjoying the very satisfying view. “It’s like I always told you; you can’t be a hero.”

The transformed Izuku can’t help but feel like...he’s right. All his life he’s been nothing but a Quirkless, useless nobody with only dreams of the impossible to keep him going. And now...now
in the face of real villains he can’t do anything. There’s no way he can save any of them, even if his first plan was a fluke, it could have easily gone array! And now, now he’s clearly in over his head against an opponent that’s had nothing but time to hone his own powers. While he himself is still the old powerless Deku, and no Omnitrix can change that.

With a maddening grin plastered onto his face Nue roars out for all those to hear. “You’re nothing but a useless, powerless Deku!! A nobody with no hope for the future!!”

Four Arms stops struggling as the harsh truth of the matter really sinks into his heart. ‘Perhaps… perhaps he’s right…’

“Don’t give up!”

Four Arm’s eyes jolt open in response, he drags his head across the ground to peer over to the Flood Zone.

Tsuyu, with tears in her eyes, cries out in desperation. “Don’t listen to him! He’s nothing but a freak that doesn’t know what he’s talking about!!”

Iida is a bit taken back by her outburst as well but he full heartedly agrees. He wipes away his own tears before shouting out to his friend. “She’s right, Midoriya! You’re by far one of if not the most heroic person in our entire class! You can’t give up now!!”

The two cry out in unison. “Don’t let this villain beat you!!”

Four Arms stays quiet allowing their cheers to swirl in his head.

Nue snaps at the two of them, not appreciating how they’re interrupting his fun. “Shut up!! This backstabber deserves what’s coming to him! So, stay out of it!!”

Four Arms’ body jolts in place drawing Nue’s attention. However, before he can act upon it, he gets thrown back as Four Arms leaps back onto his feet.

Nue stumbles and then backs off, putting some distance between the two of them. He grins excitedly as Deku glares back at him, ready to continue with their brawl. “Oh, not done, are we? You always were persistent. But can you really keep going?”

Four Arms replies between deep breaths of air. “I can do this all day.”

“Haha! Good one!” Nue’s smile widens. “But I had my fun, so I think you deserve a turn.”

His body shifts and expands becoming a terrible combination of a Tetramand and a Geochelone Aerio, essentially his main physique is that of Four Arms but with the features, namely the shell, of Terraspin. With this form he can take any hit that Four Arms can dish out.

Four Arms however will not let that stop him as he takes off into a run, charging straight for Nue’s larger form.

“Come on, do it!”

Four Arms picks up speed.

“I want you to hit me!”

Four Arms runs even faster.
“Show me what you got!”

He’s in a full-on sprint his arms swinging out in rapid succession as he charges.

“Show me how weak you really are!!”

However, instead of a punch colliding with his heavily defended body Four Arms instead tackles the larger foe. His muscular arms wrapping around Nue’s own, as he grapples him backwards.

“What are you doing?!?”

“AHHHHH!!!” Four Arms roars out in a righteous fury. “STRONG ARM TOSS!!!” He spins around and with his built-up momentum and throws Nue as hard as he can. Right. At. The. Nomu.

Nue’s large form crashes into the unsuspecting Nomu, the other villains flinch in surprise. They too did not expect such a stunt from the kid.

With the Nomu’s grip temporarily loosened, Four Arms snags Eraserhead from underneath the monstrosity before taking off for the Flood Zone, when close enough he tosses his teacher at his friends. “Guys!!”

The two snap into action, Tsuyu lashes out her tongue catching Aizawa in midair before reeling him into Iida’s waiting arms.

Shigaraki hollers out in anger. “That brat, I’ll kill you!!” He lunges forward but a black tendril wraps around his leg and pulls him down.

“No!!” Shouts Nue as he stands back up. “He’s mine!!”

His form is still using the Tetramand DNA and Ripjaws as a base, but he’s also combined with the features of a Conductoid. The long slender tendrils bursting out from behind his head and the tips of his claws have turned gold in color.

Nue charges his claws and tendrils flailing about in a frenzy. He can't stand the thought of Deku pulling off another fast one over his head, not again!!

Things aren’t looking good; Four Arms stands with his fists up ready to defend his friends and teacher from this stampeding monster. That’s not the only issue: Shigaraki and Kurogiri are now on edge after his stunt. Also, the villains that Eraserhead took down earlier are beginning to stir, and finally he’s way too exhausted to properly be able to fend them all off let alone Nue, who is clearly out for his blood.

Nue jumps forward roaring at the top of his lungs. “You’re No Hero!!”

Four Arms readies himself for the inevitable, if he moves then the others behind them will…will be killed. So, he’ll be the hero. He’ll face this villain head on…even if it kills him.

Nue opens his jaws up wide ready to rip and tear through him. “And You Never Will Be!!”

“SMASH!!” Something all-powerful smashes right into Nue’s charging form, striking him so hard that several teeth break away and his bones crack as he’s sent flying away before crashing into the side of the U.S.J. leaving behind a gaping crater in his wake.

A powerful whirlwind kicks up so much rubble and dust that Four Arms has to brace himself as do the villains.
A powerful figure moves within the cloud of dust as they ready themselves for battle.

Shigaraki is visibly shaken by the newcomer, he has his hands out at the ready. “All Might?!” Is it him, has he finally come?!

Kurogiri leers into the shroud of dust trying to see if it’s truly the Symbol of Peace himself. “Is it him?”

There’s something there, whomever it was that struck down one of their strongest players is a real powerhouse. Everyone can just feel the pure flowing power radiating off, a power that is somehow both terrifying to the villains yet comforting to the young heroes.

Four Arms wheezes. “All Might?” Is it truly him? Did his classmate make it back to campus on time?

“Have no fear!” The dust begins to clear away revealing their savior. “Because I am here!!” Ochaco Uraraka proclaims out loud for the world to hear.

Four Arms and the others blink in surprise. “Uraraka?”

Was…was that really her that performed that smash? Wow, she’s so much more powerful than they thought.

Ochaco flexes her arm in surprise. ‘No way, it didn’t break.’ It’s true her arm’s totally fine, did she intensity control the output or something?

Shigaraki glares from behind his mask, taking in this little girl who holds a power similar to All Might’s own. “Who hell is this?! And what was with that smash?” He furiously scratches at his neck. “Is she a disciple of All Might?”

Ochaco’s head swirls from side to side until she spots Four Arms, her eyes widen in worry at the sight of his injuries. “Deku! Are you okay?”

He yells out in response. “Am I okay?! Are you okay?!?” Sure he’s just gone through a major beating, but her entire left arm is all swollen. It may have been from an earlier fight, but he can’t tell.

Ochaco quickly approaches him. “I’m fine! But you look terrible.”

He feels terrible too, now with the adrenaline leaving his system he shakes and stumbles struggling to keep himself up.

As Shigaraki, Kurogiri, and Nomu watch on hesitantly wondering where in the hell this little girl came from and how the hell, she was able to take out Nue.

While the villain leaders compose themselves, their minions are stirring and pick themselves up on their feet. They notice the group of students with their injured pro hero teacher. They can already smell the blood as they are ready to swarm the children. Before they can even move, a sheering cold freezes them in place, cocooning each of them in a sheet of freezing-cold ice.

Shigaraki throws his head to the side to see what could have caused it.

Shoto Todoroki calmly approaches his classmates from within the frozen horde. “You villains don’t stand a chance.” His gaze falls on Shigaraki. “None of you ever stood a chance.”
If he wasn’t mad before then he sure as hell is now. Shigaraki is absolutely fuming with rage; how
could this have happened?! These brats are way more powerful than he could have imagined!!
None of his minions have proven at all useful even Kurogiri and Nue! One slipped and let a student
escape to get help and the other got smacked away by a little girl of all things! Now they’re without
one of their tanks. The pro heroes will soon be upon them. Hell they don’t even have a hostage to
use!! Just how in the fucking hell did things go wrong!! And to top it all off, All Might never even
showed up!! Their mission was a failure from the very start!

Kurogiri seems to have analyzed the dire situation as well. “Shigaraki what shall we do?”

Shigaraki cries out in a fury. “Nomu kill these brats!!”

The obedient Nomu lets out an inhuman screech as it finally takes action and charges.

Ochaco and Todoroki take the front ready to defend their injured and worn out peers, but it looks
like they may not have to interfere quite yet.

Because a new arrival plunges down from above. “You are no warrior.” The new arrival tackles
the mutated Nomu. “You’re nothing but a beast!!” He throws his crossed arms forward, knocking
Nomu back.

Four Arms, Tsuyu, and Iida have the same exact reaction, “Who’s this guy?!”

Ochaco smiles sheepishly. “Don’t worry he’s a…uh, a friend?”

A sweatdrop forms on Four Arms’ head. “Why don’t you sound convinced?”

Ochaco ignores him waving a hand towards their newest alley. “Anyway, everybody meet Tetrax.”

Tetrax turns to face the others, it’s unclear to tell what he’s thinking from behind his visor, but none
of them recognize him. Is he a hero or something? Maybe a traitor?

“A pleasure, as Uraraka has stated my name is Tetrax. Tetrax Shard.”

##########(Flashback)#########

“I’m not here to harm this Deku. No, I’m here to save them from a far greater threat.”

Ochaco can’t believe what she’s just heard: part of the fact that that line was cliché, but also is this
guy really here to save Deku? That can’t be. “What are you saying?”

The foe holds his hands up trying to be as unthreatening as possible. “I’m saying that we are
having a misunderstanding. I am not here to harm anybody, in fact I’m on a retrieval mission.”

“Retrieval?”

“Yes, I came to retrieve the Omnitrix.”

“And like I said you can’t have it!”

Todoroki decides now to get some answers. “What is the Omnitrix?”

Woops, Ochaco forgot that Todoroki doesn’t know anything about that stuff. “Oh, um, it’s uh
Deku’s watch-thingy. You know for his…Quirk.”

“Hm?”
Their foe decides to clarify further. “The Omnitrix is a pow-”

Ochaco practically throws herself into the sentence frantically throwing together a reasonable explanation. “Hahaha yeah it’s a super neat piece of technology that was costumed made for him!” She’s totally bullshitng but she can’t risk letting even Todoroki to find out the truth.

The intruder silently watches as Ochaco rambles on, but he understands these humans don’t know anything about his kind and it should remain that way. “Yes, and my client would like to have it.”

Todoroki leers at him. “Your client…you mean that leader with the severed hands?”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t follow. I was sent here by someone else to retrieve the device, but I never had any intention to harm any of you.”

“Then why did you attack us?”

“Technically, you attacked me first.”

Ochaco and Todoroki stiffen in response, they can’t really argue with that. They were the ones to attack first so technically he was only defending himself at least at first.

Todoroki still isn’t having it. “You still snuck in here, that seems pretty suspicious to me.”

“True but I have no real reason to fight you any longer. Also, the harming of innocents doesn’t sit right with me. I refuse to cross that line.”

Ochaco has one more question for this strange man. “So, what are you going to do now?”

He looks around taking in all the frozen villains. “From what I’ve gathered this army of degenerates have invaded and intend on bringing harm to this establishment and the inhabitants within it, which I’m assuming are fellow children, correct?”

Neither of them initially replies, but Ochaco gives in. “Yes.”

“Well I’ll never complete my mission with these…villains, as you called them, are about. And I can’t allow harm to come to those that are not deserving of it, especially children.” He grabs at his chin, assuming he has one underneath his helmet. “So, I will provide my assistance in their removal.”

He doesn’t really think that they’ll buy that, does he?

Todoroki steps forward ready to deliver another ice-based attack. “What makes you think we can trust you?”

“You can’t.” He responds rather bluntly. “But let’s change that shall we?” He holds his hand out in greeting. “My name is Tetrax Shard.”

Ochaco decides to indulge their foe, perhaps if he’s willing to cooperate then maybe they should accept his help. He’s more than a capable fighter, and not to mention he was able to take a punch of One For All and get right back up. So, she for one would rather have him on their side than on the villains’.

“I’m…Ochaco Uraraka.”

Todoroki eyes her, thinking that she’s made the wrong decision, but then again, he’s proven that he hasn’t been making the right calls today so maybe he should just stick to following her lead. “Shoto
Todoroki.”

Tetrax is grateful for their cooperation. “Uraraka, Todoroki will you allow me to assist you?”

Ochaco gulps, hoping she isn’t about to make a huge mistake that she’ll end up regretting later. “Answer me this first, alright?”

Tetrax allows it.

“You said that you aren’t here to harm Deku, but that you’re here to save him. Save him from what exactly?”

Tetrax eyes shift from Ochaco to Todoroki. “All I can say is that this threat is truly... out of this world.”

Todoroki is rightfully confused by odd language. ‘What kind of answer is that?’

As for Ochaco, she completely gets the message. Tetrax was sent not by a villain but by an alien, so that means that Tetrax must be an alien too! And if that’s the case then he can’t risk harming any innocent humans otherwise he would have the Plumbers sent upon them.

Of course, there’s the concern that another alien knows about the Omnitrix and sent Tetrax to get it, but that’s a worry for latter.

Tetrax stretches his hand forward. “I ask again, will you accept my help?”

Ochaco looks the man right in the eye, if he’s really here to “save” Deku. Then he can’t be all bad, and he sounded genuinely sincere when he said he can’t stand the thought of innocent lives being lost.

With all this in mind, she can’t pass up the opportunity to gain a new powerful ally, even if it’s temporary. “Yes.”

Todoroki is completely caught off guard by her answer. “Uraraka?! No!”

“Todoroki.”

Like a dog being hushed he quiets down.

“We need all the help we can get right now. He’s not here to harm any of us and he can fight, we need someone like him right now. Both Eraserhead and Thirteen are outnumbered and outgunned, and our classmates are all on their own, without All Might to save them.”

That sticks a chord with Todoroki, his gaze softens as he begins to understand her reasoning.

“We’d be fools to refuse Tetrax’s help.” Ochaco then steps forward towards the being in question. “Okay, Tetrax I’m going to put my faith in you.” She reaches out shaking the alien’s much larger and stronger hand.

Tetrax smiles from underneath his visor, not because she agreed to accept his assistance, but because she’s starting to become more decisive. “When this is done, I will be glad to explain myself, but for now.”

He pulls out an odd circular device, he tosses it down and the device opens up and becomes a high-teched hoverboard.
Ochaco and Todoroki’s eyes pop out in surprise at the amazing piece of technology.

Tetrax steps aboard the floating device before gesturing for them to hop on. “Come now, let’s go help your companions.”

Ochaco offers up an almost excited smile; she may have made the right decision after all.

######(End Flashback)#######

Tetrax scans Four Arms until his eyes fall upon the Omnitrix. “So, you’re the one who wields the Omnitrix.”

The transformed Izuku internally gasps. ‘How does he know about it?!’ His eyes drift to Ochaco for answers.

She can only offer a sheepish smile at best. “I’ll…tell you later. But he’s definitely on our side.”

He’ll just have to accept that for now, besides turning away a potential ally isn’t the best idea right now anyway. But he’ll definitely want a full explanation later.

Shigaraki is even more pissed off as Nomu picks itself up. “Now who’s this?! He’s not one of the heroes that was supposed to be here today?!” He turns to his abomination. “Nomu!!”

The monster screeches, its pincer clacking together before stampeding towards them all!

In response, Tetrax fires off a few rounds of laser bolts that burn in the creature's tough hide, but Nomu refuses to stop and in less than a second, it’s upon Tetrax. It slashes at him with its claw but Tetrax sidesteps and then delivers a sucker punch to his face making it reel back.

While Tetrax handles Nomu, Ochaco looks to her friend for some information. “Deku, what’s the deal with these guys?”

Everyone quiets down as they listen in.

“That guy with the hands on his body is called Shigaraki, and whatever you do don’t let him touch you otherwise you’ll start to decay.”

Ochaco gulps.

“Of course there’s the warping villain from before, I think his name is Kurogiri. And there’s that Nomu, but…something is off about it.”

They all watch as both Tetrax and Nomu trade blows, but Tetrax’s superior combat experience seems to be pulling through.

Todoroki begins to approach the fight, as he does so he turns back to his classmates namely the injured Four Arms. “You need to leave.” His eyes then drift over to Ochaco. “We’ll handle them.”

Ochaco gives him a curt nod, agreeing with his plan, before following the dual-haired boy.

Four Arms isn’t too sure, he’d rather stay and help them fight off these villains, and he’s just about to follow them into battle when Tsuyu grabs onto one of his hands.

Tsuyu gently tugs on his arm, looking up at him with eyes filled with worry. “Midoriya…”

She can’t bring herself to say it, but both her and Iida can’t just keep watching as he willingly
throws himself into another death match. Their hearts, especially hers, can’t take it. And with his injuries he’s in no condition to continue fighting.

Izuku’s mind thinks back to earlier that morning; how he promised his mother that he’d be more careful and stay safe. And now…now someone else is expressing that same concern. “Alright…”

Although he doesn’t want to, he will retreat as to not worry his friends anymore. Besides if he were to stay, he’d only be a liability plus the Omnitrix will time out soon anyway.

Ochaco watches on in concern as Tsuyu leads the limping Four Arms away, she’d normally laugh at the comedic sight of Tsuyu’s small frame trying to help prop up the much larger begin but now is not the time for that.

Iida, with the injured Eraserhead on his back, leads the way back to the Entrance making sure to keep a fair distance between themselves and the immobilized villains incased by Todoroki’s ice.

While they make their retreat Tetrax rejoins the other two hero course students as Nomu backs off awaiting his master’s instructions.

Tetrax, without removing his gaze from the monster, gives his orders. “I’ll take the beast; you handle the other two.”

Ochaco raises her hands ready to utilize Zero-Gravity and Todoroki’s whole right side begins to produce a cold mist.

Shigaraki eyes the students with disdain. “Kurogiri.”

The mist villain steps forward. “Yes, Shigaraki.”

“Don’t you dare hold back.”

With that all three villains jump into action charging straight for them.

Tetrax intercepts the Nomu bringing the behemoth to a screeching halt as the other two villains pursue the children.

That Shigaraki guy is a lot faster than he seems because before they can even process it, he’s in front of them with his hand outstretched and ready to kill them.

Out of reflex if anything else the two jump back with Todoroki generating a small ice wall to separate them from the murderer.

Shigaraki easily breaks through the ice thanks to his Decay Quirk and he lunges after the two of them.

Ochaco doesn’t back down this time, instead she allows Shigaraki’s hand to brush by and in that moment, she grabs his arm, twists her body, and pulls. Shigaraki’s body gets tossed over hers and she slams him into the ground.

Todoroki’s eyes widen in pleasant surprise. ‘That move…it was the same one Midoriya pulled on Bakugou, during the Battle Training.’

It sure was, after all this time hanging out with Deku she picked up a thing or two and after seeing that move work so well on Bakugou she knew that she had to remember it for later.

Shigaraki growls before leaping up and taking a swipe at her, but Ochaco jumps back in the nick of
time as Todoroki freezes Shigaraki’s feet in place.

“You damned brat!” Shigaraki howls. “I’ll kill you!!”

Kurogiri comes swooping in. “I’ll handle them!” He generates a warp gate that doesn’t strike the students but Shigaraki before warping him a fair distance away.

Kurogiri then turns his attention onto the children. “Now for you.”

As he looms over them something shiny within the mist catches Ochaco’s eye.

Todoroki strikes first firing off a pair of icicle lances that pierce through the mist without injuring the villain.

“You have to do better than that.” Kurogiri taunts, but maybe he shouldn’t be running his mouth.

Because Ochaco runs in low and throws herself towards the middle of the villain’s mist. Within the dark space she grabs onto something cold and metallic, acting fast she places her fingertips upon it. She can feel the villain becoming weightless, and she tosses him up into the air.

“What is this?!”

“Todoroki!!”

Upon hearing his name the recommended student generates a large icicle lance that races upward and collides with Kurogiri freezing him in place.

While those two were fighting off the leaders, Tetrax continued his one on one fight with Nomu.

The creature fights without thought, it’s simply trying to rip and crush away at his opponent. Tetrax’s fighting style is far superior with quick evasions and blocks before delivering several critical hits upon the monster. However, despite all this the creature is unrelenting as it screeches and growls while never appearing to be losing any stamina or strength. The same could not be said for Tetrax, he’s been trading blows with this thing for a while now, but it’s showing no sign of slowing down anytime soon. In fact it looks as if it’s just finally taking this match seriously.

He throws another punch into the creature’s armored shoulder but unlike before his fist hardly makes a dent. “What’s going on?”

Nomu growls in response, and with a sudden burst of speed its pincer collides with Tetrax’s midsection pushing him back.

Meanwhile, Shigaraki watches on and he actually smiles at the sight of Nomu’s success. “How do you like that…hero? That’s Nomu’s Shock Absorption at work.”

Ochaco overhears the villain. “Shock…Absorption?”

“Why yes.” He’s actually going to indulge a bit here. “Nomu was specifically designed to take on All Might himself and his Shock Absorption was tailored made for that. No matter how hard you strike him he’ll just shrug it off and turn that power into his own strength.” He grins maniacally from underneath the hand on his face. “There’s no way any of you can defeat him!”

The Nomu roars in response to Shigaraki’s declaration.

While Nomu roars, Kurogiri manages to break himself free from his imprisonment before warping himself to Shigaraki’s side.
Shigaraki leers to their opponents. “This is where your luck runs out, brats.” He raises his hand towards them. “Here’s where we’ll kill you.”

The three heroes glare right back at the villains, if they are going to be killed then they better believe that they’ll go down swinging.

At the same time, Iida, Tsuyu, Aizawa, and an injured Izuku have finally made it to the large staircase. Aizawa is still propped onto Iida’s back and Tsuyu is helping Izuku along, he’s gained a bit of strength back so he’s not as wobble and because he’s now transformed back Tsuyu can now properly support his weight.

His fingers rub against the now dirty and torn hoodie, he hopes that someone could fix it. He only had it for less than a day, it shouldn’t have been messed up so soon.

But that’s all insignificant as he peers back to see the progress of the fight.

Iida calls back knowing full well that if he doesn’t keep an eye on Midoriya that he’ll just run right back in there. “Come on, we have to keep moving.”

“R-right!” Izuku looks like a kid caught doing something wrong.

They all begin to ascend the stairs, looking up they see Shoji running down to meet them. “I’m on my way!”

They all smile up at him, happy to see that he and the others are alright.

Shoji meets them and he offers to take the injured Aizawa off Iida’s hands. As they transfer their teacher Izuku continuously peers back at the battle, silently hoping that they can handle it, but he so desperately wants to help too.

The entire time he’s been looking back, Tsuyu has been quietly observing him; she knows what he wants to do and so she removes his arm and steps away.

Izuku, not expecting the gesture, looks at her in confusion. “What are you-”

She can’t bear to look him in the eye. “Go. I figured out that there’s no way to stop you.”

Izuku offers her an apologetic smile. “Thank you.”

“Just…just promise me that you’ll be okay.”

“I promise.” He will make it out alive and intact, not just for her but for his friends, classmates, teachers, and his mom.

With no other words to exchange between them, Izuku turns right around and takes off to enter right back into the fray.

Iida finally notices Izuku leaving them. “Where is he going??”

Tsuyu offers up a sad smile. “Probably to do something reckless.”

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Things have been getting more and more dire as the battle rages on. Tetrax is still taking on the Nomu but its landing more and more hits as Tetrax’s stamina slowly begins to drain away piece by piece.
Ochaco and Todoroki aren’t faring any better, now that the villains have a read on their Quirks, they are much more prepared to deal with them both. They make an effort not to let Ochaco get too close while also keeping an eye on Todoroki before he pulls off an ice attack.

At one point, Shigaraki swipes his hand at Ochaco’s face, and in a panic to avoid being hit she allows her body to fall backwards. With his opponent down, Shigaraki propels his hand downward but Ochaco swiftly rolls out of the way as Shigaraki’s hand slams onto the ground, decaying it in the process.

Todoroki pulls Ochaco further away from Shigaraki. “Are you okay?”

She holds the back of her head, it smacked itself against the ground when she fell. “I-I think so.”

They’re distracted now, it’s the villains’ chance to strike! “Kurogiri, now!”

“Right!” Kurogiri launches himself towards the students to engulf them into his mist.

Ochaco and Todoroki don’t have enough time to react, as Kurogiri is upon them.

“Get away from them!!” Izuku roars out as he charges right towards the villain.

Todoroki and Ochaco now watch on in shock as Izuku throws himself at the just as surprised villain.

But before any of them can collide a booming explosion strikes Kurogiri from behind. “Get The Hell Outta My Way, Deku!!”

The teenscry out in surprise. “Bakugou?!”

As Izuku skids across the ground, Bakugou slams Kurogiri down, pinning him in place by pushing down on the villain’s metallic brace.

With their opponent down, Todoroki shifts his attention to Tetrax and Nomu. An idea forms into his head and fires out a sheet of ice and crawls across the ground until enveloping both the Nomu and Tetrax as they grapple with each other. Both combatants become completely frozen in place, bringing them both a complete halt, but Todoroki knows that his ice will only affect one of them. Proven by the fact that Tetrax flexes and breaks himself free of the ice. As for the Nomu, it shivers and growls softly, unlike Tetrax it is affected by the cold which has already set in causing the monster’s skin and flesh to freeze up under the sub-zero temperatures.

Shigaraki growls in irritation, but he doesn’t have time to get distracted as he avoids an incoming attack by Kirishima.

“Gahh!!” Kirishima slashes at Shigaraki but the villain dodges each attempt before leaping away. “Crap! That was gonna be cool!”

Bakugou grins down at the struggling Kurogiri. “Guess I found your body that time ya smoky bastard!”

Izuku is so happy to see Bakugou that he slips up. “Kacchan…”

Bakugou catches the slip of the name, but he doesn’t call it out.

The tables have really turned in their favor.

Shigaraki has realized this as well. “Kurogiri. How could you let this brat get the best of you?” He
rubs the back of his neck. “You’ve gotten us into a real jam here.”

Bakugou smiles away has he presses his hand down onto Kurogiri’s metal brace. “Heh, he got careless, you dumb villain.” He leers down at the smoky bastard himself. “It wasn’t hard to figure you out. Only certain parts of you turn into that smoky warp gate.” Namely his head and arms. “You use that mist to hide your actual body as kind of distraction. Thinking that made you safe!” Which is why his and Kirishima’s earlier attacks failed to hit. “That’s why we missed.”

His hand pushed down on the villain. “But if you didn’t have a body you wouldn’t be wearing this neck armor, right? You’re not immune to physical attacks if they’re well aimed.”

Kurogiri grunts as his yellow eyes narrow in anger, but Bakugou give him a fiery warning by setting off a few explosive bursts onto the neck armor.

Kurogiri groans as if in aching pain, maybe that brace was there for a reason after all. “Don’t move!” Bakugou’s grin is so wide and terrifying he looks like a psycho that’s captured his next victim. “You try anything funny and I’ll blow your ass up right now. You got it? They’ll be cleaning you up for weeks.”

Kirishima can’t help but smile at Bakugou’s…odd threat. “Oh. That doesn’t sound very heroic.”

Shigaraki, rather than becoming furious and lashes out, instead holds his hands together and calmly assesses his predicament. “You’ve taken down both of our heaviest hitters, and you captured our way out. and most of you are still at full health…”

The group of heroes group together wary about what this villain is going to do in response.

“Kids these days really are something, our League of Villains really didn’t stand a chance…” Shigaraki calmly looks to the frozen Nomu. “Nomu…take out that explosive brat we need our escape route back.”

Everyone watches on in shock and awe as the obedient creature begins to free itself, but with most of its body frozen large chunks of frozen flesh break away from its body. The Nomu hardly makes a noise as its legs and an arm break away like glass and it slowly wobbles its way forward as more pieces of frozen flesh and muscle break away.

Izuku grabs at his mouth. “His body’s falling apart, but…he’s still moving?!!”

Tetrax steps to the front throwing his arm out to the side. “All of you, get back!! There’s no telling what else it can do!”

Kirishima finally notices the unfamiliar Tetrax. “Oh, who’s that guy?”

Ochaco quickly throws in a reply. “Oh, uh, he’s a friend. Yeah.” This really isn’t the time to have a conversation.

Something else is wrong here, and Todoroki wants to know what it is. “Hang on. How can this guy have two Quirks? I thought his Quirk was Shock Absorption.”

Shigaraki grins. “I don’t remember saying that’s all he can do. This is Hyper-Regeneration.” And sure enough all the damaged flesh and armor that broke away is just as quickly replaced as the
Nomu’s muscles and shell regrow themselves until hardly any damage is left.

“Nomu is a super-powered living sandbag designed to withstand even All Might’s power!”

Just as it’s claw fully develops, Nomu charges moving at a blistering speed right for Bakugou.

He’s way too fast for most of them and in a blink of an eye the Nomu is set upon the stunned Bakugou. It throws a powerful slash that knocks his target away until they crash right into the side of the Conflagration Zone.

Izuku cries out in horror, there’s no way Bakugou survived such a brutal attack. “KACCHAN!!!”

“I’m…I’m alright.” And sure enough he is, well he’s a bit scratched up but he’s fine he’s a few feet away from where he started but he’s fine. ‘I couldn't do a thing…!’

Kirishima’s jaw drops. “Wha?! You dodged that?! Wow!”

“Shut up, I didn’t…”

Ochaco tilts her head. “Wait, then how…?” She then turns to the collision and she gets her answer.

A downed Tetrax is smashed into the side of the wall and judging from his posture he isn't’ getting back up any time soon.

Ochaco cries out to him. “Tetrax!”

Todoroki is just as equally stunned as his teammate. “That attack actually hurt him?!”

It did. During that attack, Tetrax was able to shove Bakugou out of the way at the last second but in doing so he couldn’t properly defend himself from Nomu’s attack. Combined with the fact that he was already getting worn down, there was no way he’s going to recover fast enough. He can feel his side breaking away from underneath his suit and even his helmet has been cracked.

Shigaraki eyes Tetrax, happy to see that the last real hero has been dealt with. ‘He took the hit for the kid.’ He chuckles at the thought. “Anything to save a comrade, right?” he turns his attention back on the teens. “You know you kids are really becoming a pain. This entire time you've done nothing but get in our way, and what’s worse is that not even All Might decided to show up!! We’ve efficiently lost our chance!! This is a failed Quest!! And that just makes me so frustrated!!”

Kurogiri and Nomu rejoin their leader’s side.

“And if I can’t kill All Might, then I’ll settle for killing his pride!!” Shigaraki howls out into the U.S.J.

Knowing full well that another battle is imminent Bakugou pushes Izuku back. “Get back Deku!!”

Whether that’s out of concern is unclear, but it’s the smart decision he can’t do much while the Omnitrix is recharging anyway.

Before either side can make a move something else finally returns to the battlefield after being taken out.

An abomination of a Tetramand, a Pisciss Volann, and a Conductoid bursts into the scene. “We’re not done yet, Deku!!”

Kirishima reels back in shock at the sight of the hideous creature. “What the hell is that?! Is it
another guy like Nomu?!”

Nue stumps his way forward taking in the situation. “Huh?!” He comes to a stop and gives a jagged toothed smile. “Well, looks like we have a real reunion on our hands here!” One of his mutated arms points a claw at Ochaco. “You’re that gravity girl, right? I haven’t seen you since the Kiyashi Ward Mall.”

“Kiyashi Ward Mall?”

Nue then points at Bakugou, his smile widening as he does so. “Good to see you too, Blasty! I’ve wanted to take you on for a while as well.”

In typical Bakugou fashion he roars out at the villain. “Who the hell are you calling Blasty?!”

Shigaraki eyes his most troublesome ally. ‘How many of these brats does he know?’

Ochaco recognizes the creature as the thing she smashed away from before, but she had assumed that it was out of commission. But what really concerns her is how this monster with…familiar features knows who she is.

Upon noticing both Ochaco’s and Bakugou’s confused expression Izuku chokes down his fears and decides to let them in on it. “Guys…that’s Henzu Uuichi.”

Both gasp in shock. “Uuichi?!”

Ochaco looks back at the creature and sure enough that's his face right there, even though they met once it’s hard to forget the face of someone like him. ‘There’s no way! How and why is he like that?! I knew they had a falling out but… What the heck happened to him?!’

Bakugou scuffs in annoyance. “So, that’s Uuichi is it? He’s just as fucking ugly as I remember him to be.” Bakugou brushes himself off as he gets back on his feet. ‘But…what’s with his Quirk? Why does he look like a freakier version of Deku?’

“Hahaha!! Oh, you’re just as funny as always Blasty!” Nue licks his lips. “Now die!!” Nue sprints forward.

The fletching heroes, minus Izuku, jump into action to take on the monster.

Shigaraki growls in frustration. He'd like to jump in too, but Nue is too unpredictable right now! He’s already interfered before, so he’d mostly likely do it again. So for now he gestures for Kurogiri and Nomu to be on standby; they’ll let Nue handle this for now.

As the teens take on Nue, Izuku falls back to check up on Tetrax hoping he can help in some way. “Hey, are you okay? That was a pretty nasty hit.”

Tetrax groans. “I’ll be fine. I just need to heal.”

Izuku grabs his large arm and tries to pull him up but he’s heavier than he appears. “We have to get you out of here.”

Tetrax hardly budges, but he does grab Izuku’s arm.

Izuku freezes in place when he realizes that Tetrax is taking in the sight of the Omnitrix admiring the small alien device.

“Is this the Omnitrix?”
“How…how do you know about it?”

Tetrax peers up at the boy. “…Tell me, what do you know about it?”

Izuku’s mouth instantly shuts tight, not willing to reveal his secrets.

Tetrax chuckles at the sight of the nervous child. “Judging from your silence I’m assuming you know enough that it shouldn’t be in the wrong hands.” Tetrax’s grip tightens around Izuku’s arm but not out of aggression, more like to make sure that it’s something to revere. “Good, nice to know someone capable of reasoning is wielding it.”

“Why…why do you care so much?”

“I was tasked with retrieving the Omnitrix.”

“Retrieve it?” Retrieve it for who? And for what? How’d his client even find out about the Omnitrix?

“Yes, but that is not my mission.”

“You’re mission?” This guy is really confusing, just what is he here to do?!

“Yes. The Omnitrix is one of the most powerful weapons in the entire universe. There is nothing else like it and it cannot fall into those that will utilize its power for conquest and destruction!” Tetrax takes a breath and his voice softens as he falls into a depressive state of mind. “A lesson I learned far too late…”

Izuku remains silent as Tetrax is clearly dealing with some internal emotions. He’s still trying to wrap his head around this guy, and especially about what he had to say about the Omnitrix. ‘It’s a weapon? And the one of the most powerful in the…universe? Just who would have built such a thing? And how?!’

“From what I’ve witnessed you’re not too impressive of a warrior.”

Izuku a little taken back by that, just how much of his fight did this guy see? Well he did throw himself at the Kurogiri guy without a real plan so…

“You’re far too reckless, and you’re too willing to throw yourself in the line of fire for others, a dangerous trait.”

Okay he does have Izuku there.

“But also…a noble one.” Tetrax lifts Izuku’s arm displaying his alien device. ‘I’m not one for destiny and fate but perhaps there is a reason you wield the Omnitrix… Perhaps you can help in more ways than you know.”

“What do you mean?”

“…I can’t stand the idea of the wicked bringing harm to those who are innocent. And I’d like to believe that you’re the same way.” He falls silent before speaking again, there’s just one last thing he needs to know. “Tell me why do you wield this power?”

That’s…a question Izuku was not expecting, but he has an answer. “I’m…I’m someone that’s always felt useless, like I couldn’t help anyone no matter what I tried…but I always dreamed of being a hero. A hero that saves everyone with a smile on my face.” Izuku places a gentle hand onto
the Omnitrix. “And the Omnitrix allows me to live out my dream. I don’t wield its power for my sake, but for the sake of others.”

“Good answer.” Izuku can’t see it but Tetrax is smiling from underneath his helmet. “Alright, then I leave it in your hands.” Tetrax grips the Omnitrix holding it tightly. “Harness its power not for yourselves but to serve others. To save and preserve life…!! On all worlds!!”

Izuku is more than willing to do as he says, he will use this device not for himself but for others. Starting with saving his friends, and as if agreeing with his resolve, the Omnitrix shifts and glows green ready to get back in the action.

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Shigaraki watches on as Nue tosses Kirishima away, the rock-solid teen bounces off the ground but comes to a stop when Todoroki stops him with an ice wall. “Aren’t any of you ready to give up yet, there’s no chance any of you are going to survive this.”

Bakugou blasts Nue in the face before blasting himself back and out of reach, “Go to hell, Handjob!!”

Nue chuckles. “Hehehe, see someone gets it.”

“Shut up!” Shigaraki snaps. “If you weren’t so damn useful, I’d turn you into dust right here and now.”

Nue simply laughs back at his supposed leader giving the teens a moment to regroup.

Ochaco holds her swollen arm. “We have to do something different!” Everything they have done doesn’t seem to be doing anything and there’s still the rest of the villain, especially that Nomu, to worry about.

Kirishima raises his hardened arms up. “Yeah, but what?”

Bakugou glances down at his only grenade gauntlet, he’d love to use it but with that misty bastard in play there’s no guarantee he can pull off since he’ll only get one shot.

Ochaco takes in Nue’s massive form of Four Arms, Ripjaws, and Feedback and she comes to a possible weakness. “Todoroki, try your flames!”

Todoroki looks to her in surprise as do the others; it’s a good idea. Nue’s current forms would be weak against the heat.

“I know you don’t like it, but it could stop them!!”

“I…” His voice trails off, he can’t bring himself to use that man’s Quirk. But if he doesn’t…

Shigaraki has had enough of just waiting on the sidelines, they’ve wasted far too much time. “Nomu, Nue, Kurogiri let’s take them.” He charges with the others in toe. “Let’s clear the game and go home!”

Nue grins. “You got it!!” He gets ahead of himself and readies himself for one last attack. “I’ve been looking forward to this for a long time Blasty!!”

Bakugou scowls. ‘Shit!’

The others ready themselves for one last showdown, but in full honesty there is no way for them to
win this. Nue and Nomu were one thing by themselves, but now they have to take on both of them and the other murderous villains are just too much for them. There’s no conceivable way they can all get out of this alive.

Just as they are ready to accept their grim fate, Izuku runs right past them without so much as glancing at them.

“Deku/Midoriya!!”

Nue grins in pleasant surprise at Izuku’s brash decision. “Ready for another beating?! Alright!!” He reels his arms back, his golden tip claws radiating electricity. “There ain’t nothing you can do that I can’t do better, Deku!!”

“I said it before, and I’ll say it again!!” With no hesitation Izuku’s hand slams down on the Omnitrix. “IT’S HERO TIME!!!”

Bam!! His entire body gets enveloped in blinding green light. But that hardly fazes Nue as he thrusts his claws forward to tear apart his exbestfriend. “Die, DEKU!!!”

Before his claws can even scratch Izuku a massive wave of diamond-like crystals rushes forward crashing into Nue’s large frame. The wave of crystal slams and smashes him backwards, Nue desperately tries to regain his footing but it’s of no use, as the crystals send him crashing right into the side of the U.S.J. before entrapping him in said diamonds. Hopefully that will keep him out of the fight for a while.

The transformed Izuku stands tall with confidence and the resolve to fight on. “I probably should have mentioned this sooner, but…” The Petrosapian takes deep breath before declaring to the world that. “Deku is the name of a hero!!”

Everyone even the villains watch with astounded expression they cannot believe what they just saw. Izuku Midoriya, A.K.A. Deku, has a new transformation.

This new form looks to be a silicon-based life form whose body is composed of durable indigo and diamond-like crystals. He has a sharp rectangular head with a back fin, and several long shards are protruding from the being’s shoulder blades.

Bakugou is a bit pissed by Deku’s newest form, but mainly he’s just surprised that Deku of all people was able to pull something like this out of his ass. “Who the hell is this diamonded headed guy?!”

The Petrosapian grabs his chin. “Hm, diamond headed… Diamondhead, yeah I like it.” He gives Bakugou a big crystal thumbs up.

Bakugou is quick to snap back in his usual fashion. “Like what?!?”

Kirishima shoves Bakugou aside. “Woah, Midoriya is that you?”

The newly dubbed Diamondhead smirks. “Yup, I got a brand-new transformation.” He raises his diamond fist admiring the unnatural yet beautiful example of evolution.

At least someone can appreciate Diamondhead’s arrival, because Shigaraki sure as hell doesn’t. “Nomu!!”

Nomu springs into action and Diamondhead is more than willing to take him head on.
Ochaco tries to call after him. “Deku, wait!!”

“I got this!!”

And he does, Nomu thrusts his claw forward and grabs Diamondhead’s arm. It then squeezes down in an attempt to slice and crush its opponent’s arm clean off, but instead its own claw is what breaks apart making the monster cry out in agony.

With its defense down, Diamondhead grabs Nomu bashes his own head as hard as he can against the monster’s shelled head. His headbutt struck Nomu's exposed brain, making it groan while stumbling backwards. Not one to waste an opportunity, Diamondhead rushes in to deliver some swift punches but thanks to the creature’s Shock Absorption it doesn’t do much and thanks to its Hyper-Regeneration it’s back up to full strength.

“Not good, pure force isn’t the answer.” Diamondhead raises his arms examining, perhaps he can try something else.

Either by instinct or reflex he thrusts his hands towards the Nomu. His hands seemingly shift into his arm and a shower of crystal shards fly out and impale themselves into the Nomu.

Diamondhead, and some of the others, grin with satisfaction. “Ooo, you are so in for it now.”

He rapidly fires more shards into the monster; it screeches and roars in pain as its Hyper-Regeneration tries to keep up. Out of desperation it swings its claw wildly to swat away the bullet-like crystals, but it only worsens its situation as the shards pierce right through its shell.

Nomu roars and in that moment one of the shards impales its exposed brain making the beast come to a sudden halt as its brain functions temporarily cease.

Not going to get another opportunity like this, Diamondhead presses his hand against the ground and crystals burst out from his hand and towards the Nomu before entombing it in the diamond-like material.

Diamondhead smiles at a job well done, but his moment is cut short by a cry from Ochaco. “Look out!!”

During his fight, he failed to keep track of the other villains, specifically Shigaraki who managed to sneak up to him while running at full speed. “I’ll kill you!!” He slams his hand against Diamondhead’s chest.

The alien braces himself for the worst as his teammates gasp and watch on in horror, and Shigaraki grins madly at his pressed hand waiting for Decay to do its work and kill the bothersome teenager.

But it never comes, it gets to the point that Diamondhead opens his eyes and sees absolutely nothing happening to his body. “Um, are you having performance issues?”

Shigaraki growls up at the alien before slamming his hands around the freak’s head. “No!! It can’t be!!” His Quirk, his Decay, doesn’t work on this guy!!

Diamondhead is oddly calm despite the villain's attempt to kill him.

Shigaraki lets go of the morphed boy knowing full well that he can’t do a thing to him. “You… CHEATED!!!” His entire body is trembling, not of fear, but of fuming rage.

Shigaraki leaps back as a sheet of ice nearly ensnares him in place.
Looks like Todoroki was trying to capture him and thus bring this all to an end. “Don’t go throwing a tantrum just because of your lack of competence.”

Ochaco runs up to Diamondhead examining his body for any sign of injuries. “Deku, how’d you survive that?”

“I’m not sure. Well I am made out of crystals and crystal doesn’t decay.” That has to be it, he’s immune to Shigaraki’s Quirk!

Kirishima grins happily at the explanation. “If that’s true then.”

Bakugou’s face turns into that of an excited predator. “Then we can kill these punks.”

Ochaco isn’t too sure about that. “No offense, but how? That monster can regenerate and take anything we dish at it!”

Diamondhead shakes his crystal skull. “No…it can only take anything All Might dishes at it.” He examines each of his teammates until his eyes come upon Bakugou’s remaining gauntlet. “I have a plan, but we need to hold off that warping villain. He’s the wild card here.”

Todoroki caresses his left arm. Throughout this fight and the one against Tetrax he’s been more of a liability than being useful. All because he’s been relying on his mother’s Quirk. And sure it’s proven useful against the weaker villains, key word being “weaker”. But when it comes to these monsters: Shigaraki, Kurogiri, Nue, and especially that Nomu guy… He’s nothing to this group.

His mind replays how Ochaco essentially begged him to use his fire earlier, but he refused then too. Why, because of pride? Because of its…that man’s Quirk? Probably. But he made a vow, to become a hero using his mother’s Quirk. But now…that isn’t enough anymore. And if he wants to call himself a hero than he needs to step up. “I’ll handle him.”

Ochaco raises an eyebrow at Todoroki. “Are you sure?”

Todoroki meets her gaze. “Yes.”

Diamondhead shrugs, if his plan is to work then it might as well be Todoroki. “Alright, we’ll leave him to you.”

Todoroki walks forward with purpose and a fire in his heart.

Kurogiri spots him approaching, and knowing of his powerful ice Quirk, he quickly nominates himself to take care of the oncoming issue. “Say farewell!!”

In response, Todoroki does something that nobody was expecting. With a wave of his left arm a torrent of flames burst to life colliding with the misty villain.

Kurogiri yelps, as he tries and fails to avoid the oncoming flames forcing him back.

Kirishima is completely gobsmacked. “He’s using his fire, woah!!”

Diamondhead holds his hands close to his chin, wishing he had his Quirk notebook. “So cool.”

Even Bakugou looks amazed by the dancing inferno.

But the flames mean something a little bit more to Ochaco. All day he’s been so against using that side of his Quirk, and now he finally man’s up and let his fiery side known to the world. And it is spectacular. ‘Thank you, Todoroki.’
Todoroki keeps it up, his flames dancing before him as if to celebrate being released from their confinement. ‘For now...I’ll use his Quirk. But...that’s because even I have to admit it’s powerful. So for now, I’ll use it for myself until Half-Cold becomes strong enough to rival it.’ The flames burst out even more. ‘Take a good hard look Uraraka. Because after this...I will not be using my flames ever again.’

Diamondhead grins, with Todoroki’s keeping Kurogiri at bay then there’s nothing to stop them from achieving victory. “Everyone listen to me and follow my plan to a T otherwise it’s over for all of us.”

“You got it!”

“I’m with you, diamond man!”

Bakugou growls in response, but he pulls off a smirk letting the others know that he’s more than willing to cooperate.

As Diamondhead quickly shares his plan, Shigaraki orders the Nomu to attack the flame-spewing hero. They need Kurogiri to escape, which is looking more and more appealing of a plan than any.

With his master’s orders ringing in his head, Nomu manages to tear its way out of his crystal tomb, its clawed arm ripping out of its socket as he does.

Despite the lack of a limb the monstrosity charges right for Todoroki.

It doesn’t get far as a wall of diamonds burst forth from the ground cutting it off from Todoroki and Kurogiri.

With the Nomu isolated, Diamondhead’s ready for the next part of the plan. “Uraraka!!”

“Right!” Ochaco presses her hands together allowing Zero-Gravity and One For All to surge into being.

Her entire body is enveloped in a heavenly pink aura before it explodes outward swallowing up everything within the Central Plaza in a weightless, floating field of pink light.

Of course this does mean everyone. None of them are unaffected by the Zero-Gravity Field: Nomu, Shigaraki, and even Kurogiri begin to float upward.

Shigaraki struggles to reach out to something solid but he continues to float upward. “What’s going on?!?” His gaze falls upon Ochaco whose face is all puffed up and tight as she tries to keep the Zero-Gravity Field going. “She’s the one causing this! Just how much power does she hold…?! ”

Kurogiri spots the girl from above. “I’ll get her! Argh!”

Another burst of flames prevents him from moving any further.

Todoroki, who at this point has gotten used to Ochaco’s field, stands before the villain. “You still have to get past me.”

Diamondhead too slowly floats upward, but he could care less about that and more on how Nomu is flailing about in the air. Now’s the time to end this!! “Bakugou!!”

Nearby both Kirishima and Bakugou stand at the ready. Kirishima’s entire body is hardened while his legs and arm are embedded into the ground while using his free hand to hold Bakugou in place,
Bakugou smiles like a maniac as he aims his right arm and gauntlet right towards the weightless Nomu. “I’ve been waiting to show this off since day one.” He grabs the pin. “So long you sorry pile of shit!!” And he pulls it. “DIE!!!”

Bakugou unleashes his raw explosive power as a fiery-beam of explosive energy surges forth. The shearing power radiates heat and wind bellows around them propelling them against Diamondhead’s crystal wall. They all watch on as the beam speeds right towards its awaiting and helpless target, the blast completely engulfs the screeching and roaring monstrosity launching it upward until it smashes right into the roof of the U.S.J. where a section of the roof is blown away as the beam explodes outward in a fiery eruption generating powerful shockwaves that reverberate across the entirety of the U.S.J..

And with the Nomu gone, Ochaco releases her Quirk resulting in everyone collapsing on the ground. She holds a hand over her mouth before inevitably vomiting up her stomach’s contents. But despite the nauseousness and the strain on her body the only emotion she can feel is relief and joy. They had done it!

Shigaraki lays defeated on the ground, his eyes locked onto the fresh gaping hole in the U.S.J.’s roof. He can’t believe it! The bio-engineered specifically created to destroy All Might was defeated by a bunch of kids!! “Nomu...he’s...he’s...”

Before he can get another word out, he finds himself entombed in a case of crystals with only his head sticking out of the top.

Diamondhead lifts his hand off the ground after the villain’s been secured. “He’s been defeated as have you.”

Kurogiri attempts to rush to Shigaraki’s side, but he gets encased in a similar tomb of ice.

“You’re not going anywhere either.” Todoroki presses his left hand against the ice tomb, his skin steams as he readies his flames giving the message that if he makes a move then he’ll be burned to a crisp.

Ochaco jumps up in gleeful joy. “We did it!” They survived and somehow defeated the villains! They saved everybody!

Kirishima feels similarly. “Heck yeah we did!”

Bakugou stomps over towards Todoroki. “These bastards were nothing. Complete garbage.”

Todoroki raises an eyebrow, not appreciating Bakugou’s blatant disregard of their opponents' abilities but he has to admit it. It does feel rather good to have contributed to this win.

While the heroes cheer in celebration, a human formed Nue crawls out from the wave of still crystals. He had to shrink back into his regular form in order to slip out of the tight positions.

He is pissed and surprised to see the results of the battle, specifically his eyes fall on the Omnitrix dial on the unfamiliar form of Deku’s.

He growls under his breath. “Deku...”

What the hell is his power?! How could he have another form?! Was he hiding it all this time?! Was he trying to trick him earlier?! Fine, if Deku wants to hoard all the power for himself then
there’s only one logical conclusion. ‘I’ll just take it for myself!’

And so while the hero course students see to each of their injuries and plan out what to do next, Nue sneaks his way forward using the large crystals as a means to hide behind. The hero students are so content believing that the worst is over that they don’t even consider that a villain is approaching them.

And that will be a mistake that they will end up regretting for a long time.

“You’re mine!!” Nue leaps out and rushes the unsuspecting morphed Deku.

Nue crashes right into him, his hand immediately getting to work to absorb and pry at the Omnitrix.

“No!!” Diamondhead grabs at Nue’s arm trying to pry him off but his exfriend transforms himself into his Tetramand form ensuring that he’s not going anywhere.

Ochaco throws herself at Nue. “Get away from him!”

He simply bats her away with one of his extra arms and does the same with Kirishima who tried and failed to save Midoriya.

Diamondhead howls in pain as the familiar feeling of suffocation prevents him from forming words. His howls of pain grows when Nue’s absorption increases making him feel like he is ripping at his own heart. The Omnitrix discharges and sparks with green energy as if itself is also flailing about to remove the unwanted attacker.

Nue grabs at Diamondhead’s skull squeezing it within his deathgrip.

“The power!! You don’t deserve it!!” His Osmosis increases its pull on the device.

“AHHHH!!” Diamondhead roars out in agony as he desperately tries to pry the much stronger foe way, but it is of no avail.

As if heading its wearer’s plea for help, the Omnitrix’s energy explodes outward generating a blast that knocks everybody away. The blast is so powerful that something big smashes into the side of the diamond wall.

The blast also results in Todoroki getting knocked over and the ice entrapping Kurogiri breaks apart, freeing the warping villain.

Izuku groans grabbing at his fleshy chest, he’s very relieved to find himself in one piece and the Omnitrix safely secured on his wrist.

Ochaco brushes off a few pieces of dust and rocks that fell atop of her. “Deku, are you alright?”

After gaining control of his breathing Izuku answers, “I’ve been better.” He then takes notice of the red light Omnitrix, and his mind thinks back to how Henzu first gained his abilities. “Wait, where’s-”

“RRRRRAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!” A monstrous inhuman roar reverberates out as something big and hulking crawls out from within the partly shared crystal wall.

It’s Nue…or at least it looks like him, because it’s a complete monster if they’ve ever seen one. Nue’s mutated form is a mashup of all the Omnitrix aliens Izuku has gathered so far and he’s so
large that his shirt and shoes have given away exposing the true catastrophe of the incident.

The base form is that of a Tetramand but with many key differences. Nue’s upper right arm is that of Diamondhead’s while his upper left arm is that of Lodestar’s. His lower pair of arms are that of Water Hazard’s. Large gaping holes like that of Terraspin’s are embedded into Nue’s chest and abdomen, and the Geochelone Aerio shell somehow morphed into part of his back acting like a thin layer of skin. Ditto’s fins poke out from his shoulder and two slim black tendrils have grown out from his shoulder blades. Several circular protrusions glow green down his back, thanks to Buzzshock’s DNA. And finally a Kineceleran tail swishes behind him. But what really brings the monstrosity together is Nue’s mutated face. His jaws are that of Ripjaws and his left eyes have split like that of Four Arms while only a single large eye like that of Grey Matter is on his right, and finally Ripjaws’ lore is dangling from Nue’s forehead poking out of his long black locks.

“RRRRRAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!” With so much power and rage clouding his mind Nue is thrown into a complete frenzy as his many limbs lash out at anything and everything that moves before him.

The fletching heroes quickly make use of their evasion and blocking skills. Kirishima simply hardens his body as Nue whips his tendrils at him. Todoroki uses a small pillar of ice to spring himself away. Bakugou uses an explosion to repel Nue’s thrashing tail, and Ochaco grabs Izuku pulling him out of the way before he could be smashed to bits by Nue’s crystalized fist.

Nue is in such a distorted frenzy that he smashes his crystallized fist against Shigaraki’s tomb, either because he wanted to release him, or he was straight up trying to attack him is unclear.

Shigaraki is swift to retreat towards Kurogiri not wanting to get in the middle of this ordeal. ‘What the hell?! What’s happened to him?!’

Unbeknownst to anyone, but Izuku is sharing some similar thoughts. ‘No. No! No! No!! He’s mutated himself even further! He’s...he’s a complete monster now!’ He rolls out of the way as Nue’s Lodestar-like hand smashes against the ground. ‘If he’s not stopped...he could destroy this place alone!’

That is not as impossible as one would think. There are no more heroes, the students are still scattered across the facility, they’ve used up Bakugou’s most powerful attack, the villain leaders are free, and the Omnitrix is back to red! It’s going to take a real miracle for them to stop this rampaging monster.

In that moment, as if a higher being decided to answer their prayers, the doors to the U.S.J. are smashed right open as something or rather someone finally makes their entrance.

A total and complete silence has fallen over the entirety of the U.S.J. as a result and everyone's attention turns to the main gate, even the thrashing Nue stops for a moment to see what’s happening, but all they can see is giant dust cloud veiling whoever has arrived.

Footsteps echo out as a tall hulking figure appears.

The group of students that were near the entrance are smiling brightly at the sight before them, tears stream down a few of their faces, even Shoji’s extra limbs have become extra smiling grins.

And how could they not smile for when the deeper the darkness is around you...the brighter the light shines when a ray of hope appears!

Mineta cheers excitedly. “We-we’re saved!!”
Tears of joy and relief stream down Mina’s and Hagakure’s faces.

Even Tsuyu’s eyes aren’t without tears as she breaks into a smile.

Iida stares up in awe as he gently holds Aizawa. “He’s here…All Might.”

He sure is, the Number One Hero himself has arrived and he is certainly not happy.

With a terrifying frown All Might tosses his suit jacket aside before stepping out from the dust cloud. “I COULDN’T SHAKE THE FEELING THAT SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG HERE WHEN AIZAWA AND THIRTEEN DIDN’T ANSWER MY CALLS. SO I HURRIED OVER.” All though in his skinner form originally as to save on his daily limit. “AND HOW COULD I MISS THAT EXPLOSION FROM ATOPE THE U.S.J.” That was truly a sight to behold although at the time he had assumed the worst. “I THEN RAN INTO YOUNG SERO ALONG THE WAY. HE TOLD ME OF THE VILLAINY AT WORK HERE.”

His frown hardens as his teeth grind together. ‘I CAN’T BELIEVE ALL OF THIS WENT DOWN WHILE I WAS RESTING AND GETTING LECTURED.’ He’s an absolute failure as a hero if he couldn’t even be here to do his job. He can’t stand to think about how frightened all the children must have been all this time. And how hard his colleagues had to fight in order to protect them. The only thing he can do now is reassure them that things will be okay and end this quickly. ‘THAT’S MY DUTY AS THE SYMBOL OF PEACE.’

He stands atop the staircase looking down upon the Central Plaza like a mighty god. “HAVE NO FEAR, STUDENTS.” He rips away his tie in anger. “BECAUSE I AM HERE!!”

Tears prick at Ochaco’s eyes as a grin adorns her face. “He’s here, he’s really here.” Her smile soon vanishes upon noticing All Might’s furious expression. “And…he’s not smiling.”

Shigaraki instinctively steps back out of fear despite All Might being a fair distance away. “After everything that’s transpired…the heroic piece of trash has finally decided to show up.”

Almost in a blink of an eye All Might disappears from atop the staircase and with a rush of wind he appears standing before his students as to protect them from the abomination known as Nue.

Kirishima awes at All Might’s crazy speed. “So, fast!”

“STAND BACK STUDENTS!”

The other students follow his instructions taking position behind him.

Ochaco however has other concerns. Even though it’s All Might, he’s still reached his limit for the day so he must really be pushing himself. So, if this battle drags on the villain may succeed in their goal. “All Might be careful! They’re here to kill you!”

All Might’s frown shakes in anger and despair. Is that true? Were these villains really after him this whole time? And…and his students had to suffer the consequences of his arrogance?! These kids have had to deal with so much because of him, he needs to show them that everything will be okay. “YOUNG URARAKA.” He turns around flashing his signature joyful smile with a peace sign over his eye. “FEAR NOT!”

It works because it makes her smile albeit softly.

Not one to be ignored Nue returns to rampaging. “RRRRAAAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!” Nue
thrusts his diamond fist forward.

All Might turns to face the monster, internally wondering what sort of Quirks could have resulted in such an abomination. “OH, YOU’RE A BIG ONE, BUT I’VE FOUGHT BIGGER!” All Might catches the fist, pushing it upward and over his head.

His smile must enrage Nue, because he lets loose another inhuman screech. “RRRRRAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!” Before he can do anything the Number One Hero bats him backwards but Nue quickly recovers and gets right back up. His arms and limbs flailing about wildly smashing anything within reach.

In the meantime, Kurogiri leans into Shigaraki’s ear. “Shigaraki we should take our leave.” The furious villain scowls. “We can’t! The final boss has finally made an appearance! If we run… we may never get another chance like this again!”

“There will be more opportunities, but we should retreat.” Kurogiri looks out to the ensuing battle. “Because of his current state, Nue is far too unpredictable to rely on. And despite his abilities he is of no match when against All Might.”

As to prove his point, All Might delivers a Carolina Smash into the beast’s midsection making him groan and scream in anger as he stumbles back.

Shigaraki is visibly steaming, his body trembling with rage, but he has to agree. Without the Nomu they can’t hope to kill All Might, also the fact that the other pro heroes will indefinitely be here soon is another mess to deal with if they chose to stay.

Although not happy about it, Shigaraki gives Kurogiri the go ahead.

The misty villain produces a warp gate for them to escape through.

All Might takes notice of them leaving. “OH NO YOU DON’T!” before he can make a move Nue lunges and grapples the pro hero in place. “LET GO OF ME!” He tries to pry off the monster, but it’s got a strong hold on him.

Before stepping through the warp gate Shigaraki takes one last look back at the heroes. “This may be Game Over but the next time we meet you’re dead, All Might.” His gaze drifts to the hero course students. “As for those kids…” His glare hardens underneath the severed-hand. “I’ll be sure to make each of their demise a slow and painful one.” And with that both he and Kurogiri step through the gate leaving the U.S.J. behind.

“HANG ON THERE!” All Might breaks Nue’s grip and lunges for the warp gate, but it’s too late. All he catches in his grip are a few black wisps that dissipate into the air. “DAMN, VILLAIN!”

“RRRRRAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!”

“OH, DON’T WORRY I DIDN’T FORGET YOU.”

Nue throws his body forward at the rather pissed off hero.

All Might, however, is not willing to drag this out. If he can’t bring justice to those that have escaped, then he for sure as hell will bring it down upon this villain. “DETROIT SMASH!!”

Nue doesn’t stand a chance as his face collides with All Might’s signature move. Nue wails as he’s sent flying into the air. However, before he collides with the ceiling of the U.S.J. a black wisp
starts to swirl around him.

Kurogiri’s voice whispers out from within the mist. “We’re not done with you yet; you can still prove useful.”

The black mist swallows up Nue before shrinking away into nothingness.

‘DAMMIT!’

The pro hero would have much preferred it if he had caught that monster, but it looks like he had made another error in judgement. But to be fair he had thought that the warping villain had taken his leave already, perhaps he simply warped himself nearby and awaited for an opportunity to retrieve his ally.

Whatever the case, the fight is over and the leaders of this army of villains are gone.

And with them gone there’s one last thing to do. **“HOW ARE YOU ALL HOLDING UP?”**

“All Might!” Ochaco throws herself at the hero hugging his side as she balls her eyes out. “I-it w-was s-so scary!!”

His smile falters for a second. **“I’M SO SORRY.”**

“Huh?”

**“IF IT WEREN’T FOR ME…NONE OF YOU WOULD HAVE GONE THROUGH SUCH AN ORDEAL.”** His gaze falls upon each of them. **“BUT I’M ALSO SO HAPPY.”**

Ochaco blinks up at him. “Happy?”

**“YES, I COULDN’T BE PROUDER OF EACH AND EVERYONE OF YOU.”** He stands tall flashing his shining grin down upon them. **“TODAY, YOU HAVE PROVEN THAT YOU REALLY ARE... HEROES.”**

They’re not sure if it’s because of the praise or the fact that it truly is over, but they just can’t help but smile in response. Tears leak out from Ochaco and Izuku’s eyes, even Kirishima looks like he is holding his own back. Todoroki stands tall accepting the praise with dignity. While Bakugou smirks thinking that he was always a hero and that he doesn’t need to be told that.

Finally, Sero returns with the entirety of the U.A. staff who are led by the one and only Principal Nezu. None of the pro heroes hesitate to take action, spreading out across the U.S.J. in search of other villains and the remaining Class 1-A students.

And after what felt like an eternity, the attack on the U.S.J. has finally come to an end. With the heroes…no with these future heroes coming out on top.

Chapter End Notes

And with that we have reached the end of Season 1, but unlike the anime I will not make you wait for Season 2! That’s right you all know what’s coming next!! Although I may take my time with the next chapter, we’ll see. Also we still need to get through a
few chapters first, before the main event can occur, but I have some ideas for them, and I think you’ll enjoy them...hopefully. Anyway how was Ch.17? Did you like it? How did it make you feel? Do you have any questions? Let me know in a review.

*So this where I’ll explain some of my decisions that went into this Arc. First off I always wanted All Might to enter late into the fight. This way I can give the students their time to shine instead. This is mainly why I had Iida get warped away as well. Because without his speed he wouldn’t have made it in time, and sure Sero is fast, but I think we can agree that his speed is nowhere near Iida’s.

*If you’re struggling to imagine Henzu/Nue’s final form then don’t worry I’ll try to clarify his new appearance here. Basically imagine Kevin Leven’s mutated form from the original series and then swap out his left arm for Lodestar’s arm. His wings for Feedback’s tendrils. His back is green and looks similar to Terraspin’s shell but smaller sized. Add Ditto’s head fins to Nue’s shoulders, and finally throw on the battery like protrusions on his back. And boom you have this version of Kevin Levin!

*Also I may just start referring to Henzu Uuichi as Nue (his villain name), but I may change that. It depends.

*If some of you are wondering why I chose to have Four Arms take on Nue, it’s because I wanted to give Four Arms some action. That’s it, I just wanted to include him.

*I didn’t get a chance to address this but Tetrax is not discovered or arrested by the heroes. I will explain this next chapter so please wait until then for me to explain how and why.

*Also in case any of you are worried, Thirteen and Aizawa will live. They are some of my favorite characters right now, I’d be crazy to kill them off.

*Finally, I have to admit that the ending for this chapter was probably the weakest point. I think I just wanted to wrap it up at that point, plus most of what happens after the U.A. staff arrives is pretty much the exact same as it is in the anime. So, I figured that most of you should be able to tell what happens.
Exposition Ex Machina

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of the U.S.J. Incident.

Chapter Notes

Warning, this chapter is nothing too special. Sorry if you were expecting some kind of action, you’ll just have to wait a little while until we can get back to the fun stuff. Essentially the name of this chapter is kind of on point is what I’m trying to say. But it’s a necessary one.

Thanks for reading by the way, also take care of yourselves out there and be supportive of those around you. Everyone needs to stay as positive as they can be in these times, and we’ll have our moments of frustration leak out and when it does be sure not to lash out at the wrong people. Thank you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Slowly expanding into existence, a dark swirling warp gate forms just inside an empty well-kept bar.

A shaking Shigaraki steps through his hands furiously scratching at his exposed neck. “We got crushed...they got Nomu...our cannon fodder was taken down in a flash, and all because of those...kids!” He pounds his fist against the counter as the warp gate vanishes behind him. “The Symbol of Peace is in perfect health! He took down Nue like he was nothing!” He leers over towards the television screen sitting at the end of the counter. “You were wrong, Master.”

“No, I wasn’t.” A disembodied voice responds from behind the screen, out of sight, and somewhere disclosed. “We merely got ahead of ourselves. Yes, we underestimated him. Good thing that League of Villains came cheap.”

Shigaraki is just about to correct his master, when the warp gate returns and a mutated Nue collapses onto the hardwood floor, followed by Kurogiri who calmly steps over Nue’s prone form.

“What has happened to Nue?”

Kurogiri briefly examines Nue’s new features.

He’s almost unrecognizable, only his torn clothes and long black hair serving as a reminder of the once human teenager. But now he’s just as tall if not taller than Nomu was and his physique is equally as powerful, but yet so much more mutated with unmatching features and limbs.

“We are...unsure.”

A second voice speaks out from the screen. “Unsure, what do you mean?”
Shigaraki grips his neck in frustration. “There was a kid there… He had…the same powers as Nue, here.” His gaze narrows towards the dark screen. “Similar powers to you.”

Yes that boy, that kid with green hair and freckles was able to transform into almost identical forms as Nue. But how is that possible, Quirks are hereditary yet neither of them look at all similar. And now…Nue’s some sort of monster… Just what the hell are these two?!

“Deku…”

Everyone turns to the hulking figure that’s currently attached to their admittedly once clean floor.

“It was Deku…” Nue shakily adjusts his head enough to look Shigaraki in the eye. “He did this.”

“Deku?” Shigaraki can only assume he’s referring to that green-haired kid that Nue challenged to fight. “Yes, that brat could transform, too.”

“Yeah…that’s him.” Nue pushes himself enough off the ground that his upper body will allow him to sit up. “I’ll kill him!!”

“Calm yourself, Nue.”

Nue instantly silences himself in response to the command, but he’s still fuming in anger.

“We will need a full explanation from you, at a later time.”

The second voice cuts in. “Now tell us, what of our creation? Nomu? Why is he not with you?”

Kurogiri is the one to respond. “He was sent flying, and without proper coordinates, there was no way for me to find him.” He then gestures to Nue. “Although I thought it best to hold on to this one.”

“After all the trouble we went through to make him as strong as All Might, he was still unable to defeat him.”

Shigaraki begins to scratch at his neck again, if he doesn’t stop that soon he will end up drawing blood. “No…he didn’t…”

The second person behind the screen is rightfully confused. As well as offended, as if Shigaraki is saying that their hard work and effort was but a waste. “What are you saying? Nomu was the greatest doomsday weapon against the Symbol of Peace we had! We even had my assistant mutate him further to boost his strength and endurance. He was more than suited to kill All Might!”

“Nomu…was taken out by…children.”

“Preposterous! That is impossible! No one! Not even All Might could defeat him!”

Shigaraki slams his fist against the counter. “Well, they did! Those kids…those brats, were able to take down all of our pawns like they were nothing!!” He then looks towards the defeated chimera who’s taken to leaning his massive frame against the wall. “And one of them…that Deku could transform just like him!! Then there was the one that blew Nomu away with a single shot!!” He raises his hand flexing his fingers as if imagining decaying each of the brats’ heads in his palm. “But…the most irritating one was her…”

“Her…?”
“There was one…one kid who seemed almost as strong as All Might…”

That girl with the round face and brown-bobbed hair. She delivered a smash so strong that he slightly thought that All Might himself was standing before them like an almighty god descended down from the heavens to put mere mortals in their place.

“…Oh?” There’s a hint of interest in his Master’s voice.

“She…I think she had two Quirks.”

Now the second voice sounds intrigued. “Really?”

Nue jolts up a bit with confusion. ‘Two Quirks? She only said she had one the last time we met…’

Shigaraki decides to take a seat before going into an explanation. “She used a Smash attack to attack Nue here…and then…it seemed as if she could manipulate gravity too.” He grabs his head, leaning forward into it in frustration. “She was the key to their victory.”

Without her power, Nomu would have certainly survived that blonde’s explosive blast. Sure Nomu would have still been dealt burn damage, but he would have recovered. The only reason that last attack worked so well as it did was because that girl, at least from what Shigaraki can tell, could make things weightless with that pink light of hers. And so Nomu had no support nor a chance to defend himself from the blast and due to his weightlessness, he was easily launched out and away from him and the U.S.J.

He grips his head even harder. “Without that pest we might have actually gotten the chance to use Nomu against All Might…”

“No use crying over spilled milk. This endeavor was not a complete loss… I believe you've learned a lot, haven't you?”

Shigaraki would hate to admit aloud especially in front of the others, but he has learned a bit. First off, he made far too many mistakes, it wouldn’t be so farfetched to say that he failed from the very start. He failed to consider the students’ Quirks and abilities, he failed to properly look into Nue’s background, and he had no definite way to confirm whether All Might would actually be there or not. And of course, he never accounted for other unknown variables such as surprise appearances by unknown heroes like that hero that took on Nomu for a little while. Just who was that guy anyway? Was he really a hero? Either way he can take away a lot from this defeat.

Understanding what he must do next time Shigaraki nods, showing his Master that he has learned.

“Good. Now focus on finding stronger troops, take all the time you need.” That will be Shigaraki’s next step. “We can’t move freely. That’s why we need a Symbol like you, Tomura Shigaraki. Next time, the world will know of the Terror you represent.”

Shigaraki, despite his rage and frustration, smirks from underneath the severed-hand attached to his face. He will not fail in his mission; he will bring about Terror onto this society and its heroes.

While they’ve been exchanging words, Nue has come to his own dark realization. He is unable to transform himself back to human!! How?! Why?!! Just what did Deku do to him?! He will not live his life out as a monster!! “RRRRRAAAAAAGGGGGGHBBBBHHH!!!”

@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@
A police detective watches on as his colleagues and pro heroes herd the horde of villains into a transport vehicle awaiting them just outside the U.S.J.

The detective is a tall man with short, black hair and black eyes. As a member of the police force, he’s wearing a standard tan overcoat and matching hat, underneath he wears a black suit, a green tie with matching slacks, and dress shoes.

“That’s a lot of villains… How many is that so far?”

One of his fellow officers replies while taking a head count of the criminals as they march. “Not including those…animals we have over sixty individuals.”

A few screams and shouts ring out as one of the mutated koi fish thrashes about snapping at anybody that gets within range.

The detective is quick to take charge. “Make sure to keep that thing secure!! The last thing we need are mutant animals running amuck in the ecosystem.”

One of the pro heroes, Cementoss, steps forward. “Allow me to assist you.”

Cementoss appears to be a humanoid block of cement with black eyes and gray hair tied into a short ponytail. His body shape is even blocky all around his body. His eyes are generally closed, and his lips are pulled upwards. His hero costume consists of a sleeveless brown suit that includes yellow stripes, shorts, and an elongated collar. He also sports gray shoes with yellow soles.

Cementoss slaps his hands against the cement ground and several pillars of cement burst from the ground and surround the thrashing mutant fish. The thin pillars wrap themselves around the fish, restraining it like ring-shaped weights. With the koi fish completely immobilized Cementoss uses his Quirk to push the cement forward to the transport vehicle.

With that potential crisis avoided, the detective decides to see the students as several members of the U.A. staff decide to check on them as well. “Well besides two of them, it looks like they’re all unharmed.”

Nezu, the ever chipper principal of U.A., is more than happy to confirm the detective’s statement. “Yes, all in all I’d say we were quite lucky that no other major injuries have occurred.”

Present Mic looks to his fellow coworkers. “Hey, where’s the big guy, All Might?”

Snipe points towards the direction of the main school. “He went on back to campus, said something about wanting to check in on our injured students.”

Snipe has the appearance of a stereotypical western cowboy. His face is covered by an old-school tan gas mask with his purplish shoulder-length dreadlocks visible from the back and sides. On his head, he wears a brown cowboy hat with a large “S” stamped in the middle of it. He wears a large red cloak under which he wears a plain black tank top with white armor strapped over the right side of his torso, and a brown belt with a gun holster attached at his hip. He has baggy black pants with yellow chaps over them in stereotypical cowboy fashion.

Meanwhile, the students of Class 1-A are huddled together as one big group, probably because after being separated like they were they are not ready to leave each other’s side just yet.

Tooru Hagakure notices the soot clinging onto Mashirao Ojiro’s costume and tail. “Ojiro, looks like it was into the fire for you this time, and all alone? Nice going.” She offers a friendly pat to his shoulder.
“I thought everyone was alone…I only survived with hit-and-run tactics.” He rubs the back of his aching neck. “Although those flaming salamanders didn’t make it easy.”

In the background a large red lizard-like creature spews out flames from its mouth before scurrying away only to be intercepted by the pro hero, Ectoplasm and his clones.

Tenya Iida is bowing his head in respect to one Hanta Sero. “Sero! Thank you for your service, your efforts saved us all!”

Sero is admittedly a bit embarrassed, but he still appreciates the praise. “It was no trouble, man. I bet you’d have done the same.”

From nearby Minoru Mineta is holding his head in anguish, with tears of relief flowing down his cheeks. “That was terrifying.”

Denki Kaminari nods. “No kidding, I got held hostage and we had to fend off a flock of monster birds.”

Momo Yaoyorozu quickly tries to correct his statement. “They were actually cockatiels; you could tell by their beak and wing structures. Although they appear to have undergone some sort of mutated evolution of some sort.”

Kyoka Jiro smiles sheepishly from her side. “I…don’t think that really matters.”

Fumikage Tokoyami is having a discussion with Koji Koda, Eijiro Kirishima, and Mezo Shoji. “Right, guess those lowlifes were spread out, waiting for us.”

Kirishima frowns. “Looking down on us, cuz we’re kids. So unmanly.”

Shoji eyes each of them looking for any signs of injury. “How’d you guys handle yourselves?”

Tokoyami smirks. “Very well, Koda here was most valuable in the battle.” He gives his shy teammate a smile. “He was even able to take command of the monster frogs.” Heck at one-point Koda commanded the mutant frogs to attack the villains.

“Kero?”

Tokoyami jolts finally realizing that their resident frog-girl was in hearing distance. “Um, no offense.”

Tsuyu Asui is quick to brush it off. “None taken.” She holds a finger to her cheek. “I’m just worried about Midoriya and Uraraka.”

Principal Nezu overhears and is swift to ease her worries. “Not to worry, they’ve already been sent to the Nurses’ Office. Recovery Girl should have them back up to optimal health in no time!”

Tsuyu sighs at the reassurance. “Thank goodness.”

Mina Ashido shoves her way to the front of the group. “What about Thirteen?!” After what’s happened the worry has done nothing but build up in her mind.

The detective is the one who responds. “Thirteen has terrible lacerations and burns across their body, as well as a gash in their arm, along with an undisclosed amount of venom injected into them.” Upon seeing the concerned and worried looks of the students, he quickly changes gears. “But the best of the best doctors are already on the case! In fact, Thirteen’s condition is already
stabilizing so their life isn’t in any more danger.”

Tsuyu has one other person to worry about. “And Mr. Aizawa?”

“Both of his arms were smashed to splinters. His face is also fractured. Thankfully he doesn’t have any brain damage, and Recovery Girl will oversee his recovery as well.”

The students visibly relax, glad to hear that their teachers are going to make it.

Iida propels his hand into the air, drawing the detective's, and everyone else's, attention. “Sir, what of Midoriya and Uraraka?!?”

“Midoriya and Uraraka… Ah! It seems they were sent to the Nurses’ Office since both of their injuries were miniscule compared to your teachers’. I actually have some business over there myself.” Deciding now is a good time to make his leave, the detective turns to one of his coworkers so that they can oversee the students. “Sansa, I’ll leave the rest to you.”

Sansa, a literal catman, salutes in response to his superior. “Understood.”

Mina and Hagakure blink in surprise upon seeing the police cat. ‘He’s a cat?’

Hagakure gushes at the sight. ‘Aw, look at his little bell.’

‘Is it weird that I want to pet his head?’

Nezu in the meantime is considering how they can prevent this situation from ever occurring again. “We’ll need to completely revamp our security systems.” He cups his chin while in thought. ‘Perhaps I can get One-One to assist me.’

One of the police officers, one that resembles an oni, runs up and salutes his superior. “Detective Tsukauchi! I have a report. We’ve apprehended what seems to be a villain in a thicket about 400 meters from here!”

The detective turns to face the officer. “In what condition?” From what he’s heard, one of the villains was sent flying out of the U.S.J. so he must be in critical condition.

“He seems unharmed and he’s not resisting arrest oddly enough, he’s not responding in any way.”

Knowing he is no longer needed; the detective turns to the principal of U.A. “Principal. I’d like to go over the school with a fine-toothed comb, if you don’t mind.”

Nezu smiles up at the taller man. “Ah, of course. I’m sure some won’t be happy, but the police certainly have jurisdiction!Investigations are your field of expertise. Do what you feel is necessary! U.A. will fully cooperate.”

“Thank you. Principal.”

Before he can leave, Shoto Todoroki approaches the two authority figures and addresses the detective. “Sir.”

“Ah, yes?”

“What of that man? Tetrax Shard?”

“I’m sorry, who?”
Nezu’s smile falls, he’s just as confused as the detective is.

Todoroki goes ahead and explains. “There was another intruder, he’s a large man wearing a strange grey and black suit with a helmet completely covering their head. His name is Tetrax, Tetrax Shard. Uraraka and I encountered him and then he helped us fight off Nomu, but he was injured. I was wondering what ever happened to him afterward.”

“I’m sorry, but we didn’t find anybody with that description.” The detective quickly looks towards the transport vehicle and the villains inside in an attempt to spot the man fitting the boy’s description.

Nezu, unable to let his curiosity and concern slide, addresses the young man. “Mr. Todoroki. Please tell me, why was this intruder here?”

“He said he was searching something?”

“What pray tell?”

“I believe he called it the…Omnitrix.”

For a brief moment, Nezu’s eyes widen with shock, before returning a neutral glint. It was so fast that hardly anyone could have noticed it.

But the detective…somehow must have sensed the flash of emotion in Nezu because he gazes down at the short chimera with slight concern and intrigue. “And what is that?”

“Well, according to Uraraka, it’s that support item Midoriya wears.” Todoroki gestures to his left wrist. “His watch.”

“Hm, I’ll look into it. Thank you for letting me know.” With a bow of his head the detective leaves for U.A. ‘The…Omnitrix, huh? Why would a villain be after a student’s support item?’ Guess he’ll just have to try and find out.

Meanwhile, Nezu is lost in his own thoughts. ‘Tetrax Shard…was after the Omnitrix? I have to find this mysterious intruder…’

A few possibilities on how to find this Tetrax cross his mind, but none seem like they’ll be successful. As he continues to ponder his phone begins to ring in his pocket.

He checks the number before popping it into his ear. “Hello, how may I help you?” He listens as the caller explains themselves. “Ah, yes. Thank you for calling…I was hoping to have a chat with you. If you would I’d like to speak to you in person…”

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Ochaco Uraraka enjoys the surprisingly comfortable bed and sheets, but that could just be she’s so exhausted that anything other than pain would feel comfortable right about now. Her left arm is all bandaged up and thanks to Recovery Girl the swelling has already gone down.

On the bed next to her own, is Izuku Midoriya. He’s in way worse shape than she is with a bruise on his cheek, and bandages across his chest and arms. His once new hoodie is now folded up as neatly as it could be on the chair next to his bed.

They both release their built-up stress with a deep exhale. “What a day…”
Recovery Girl swings around in her high seat. “The situation being what it was I won’t scold you two as harshly this time.”

They both visibly relax, grateful that they can avoid getting an earful for their actions.

“This time.” She warns sternly.

They both go stiff in response, silently promising themselves to try and not be back at the Nurses’ Office any time soon.

Without any warning, the infirmary’s doors slam open. “I AM-GWAH!!” There’s a loud thud as something collides with All Might’s stomach.

“Be quiet!” Recovery Girl removes her cane from All Might’s stomach. “These children have already been through enough without you disrupting their rest.”

All Might rubs his side, and for a moment the Symbol of Peace himself looks scared. “Y-YES, MA’AM.”

Izuku tries to sit up in his bed but a sharp pain from his side prevents him from doing so. “All Might?”

Ochaco sits up from her seat. “What are you doing here?”

All Might is happy to answer with a shining smile and chipper attitude. “ISN’T IT OBVIOUS? I CAME TO APOLOGIZE OF COURSE!”

A harsh silence falls upon the students and the nurse, it’s hard to take an apology seriously with his current demeanor.

All Might also identifies the issue. “BUT IF I MAY I DON’T THINK THIS THE PROPER FORM TO DO IT.” With a puff of smoke All Might is gone, replaced with his much weaker and skinnier form, and just like that Yagi Toshinori is here.

Ochaco’s jaws drops down in absolute horror and shock! Did he forget that Izuku was there?! How is he supposed to explain his weakened form?!

Unbeknownst to her, Izuku is just as surprised as she is, but because he assumes the same exact thing as her: how could All Might just expose himself in front of the others, especially Uraraka?!

Both Izuku and Ochaco yell out simultaneously. “What are you doing?! You can’t show that form!” They then turn to each other after realizing what the other had said. “What you knew?!” They both shyly look away. “Um, no…yes, wait what?!” They then jab accusing fingers at each other. “Why didn’t you say anything?!” They then both turn their glares onto Toshinori. “Why didn’t you say anything?!"

Toshinori chokes back a chuckle. ‘They’re both in sync…’ He coughs, catching a few drops of blood in his hand. “I’m sorry for the scare, but yes everyone in this room knows about my true form…and my injury.”

Izuku’s eyes widen, so Ochaco really did know about All Might’s condition, guess now he only has one real question for her. “W-when did you find out?”

Before Ochaco can answer Toshinori answers for her. “Last year, I had a run in with each of you on separate occasions.” He gestures to Ochaco. “I met Uraraka after her escape from the Rojo villain.”
Ochaco remembers that day vividly, after escaping the villain and talking to the police she went home and met All Might at the station. Who knew this is where they would be a year later?

“And I met young Midoriya a month or so before that…”

‘So…he did remember me.’ A part of Izuku is actually kind of glad to know that All Might remembered him, but the other part of him is shaking with worry. Worried because he told All Might that he was Quirkless!! Will he really believe that he’s a late-bloomer?! But if he does remember him, does that mean he remembers…what he said? What he did?

Toshinori continues on. “After these recent events, I thought it only be fair to disclose this to the both of you. Not to mention I don’t have to strain myself to keep up my facade when around either of you…and Recovery Girl…but she’s known about this for a long time.”

Ochaco is unsure how to take in the fact that Deku already knew about All Might’s predicament, sure it’s nice to have one less secret to keep from him, but on the other hand… If Deku already knows about All Might’s condition, why not include Deku in on One For All? Is All Might still worried about potential threats or does he not trust Deku?

Toshinori positions himself at the foot of their beds, this way he can look them directly in the eye. “I’m sure you both have questions, but…if you would indulge me. I have some things I’d like to get off my chest.”

The two settle their minds to focus solely on All Might and what he has to say.

“First of all I wanted to apologize to the both of you…” Toshinori takes a deep breath before continuing. “You both suffered so much because of my arrogance…earlier today I wasted my time limit and as a result you and your classmates had to face those villains all on your own without me. What’s worse is that you all essentially were protecting me since the villains were there to kill me.” His eyes cast themselves downward, hiding the look of shame washing over them.

“Not only that but I’ve clearly been negligent in my duties as a teacher.” He gazes up at his successor, hoping she is willing to forgive him for his arrogance and mistakes. ‘You are unable to properly control your power and I should have better prepared you to wield One For All. I should have helped you more, otherwise you wouldn’t have been as injured as you are, and you could wield it without fear or restraint.’ He bows his head. “I promise to do better as a teacher, not just to you and Midoriya, but to every single one of you students.”

He raises his head to address the young man. “Finally, I have to apologize for not being the hero I’m supposed to be.” Their eyes lock together, and a silent message is passed onto Izuku. ‘I’m sorry for not supporting your dream.’

Somehow, Izuku understands what All Might is trying to communicate to him. All Might really does remember that day, which means he does remember what he did to Izuku. And now, now he’s trying to make amends… Izuku would really like to accept the apology and let bygones be bygones, but he can’t lie and say that there isn’t a part of him that isn’t going to forgive the pro hero. After all he was…is a Quirkless kid with dreams of becoming a hero. Is All Might saying this because he thinks that now that he has a Quirk, he can be a hero? Or is he saying…that even someone who is Quirkless can be a hero? Then again maybe…maybe he’s overthinking this, and All Might just wants to set things right between them…

With his individual pieces said, Toshinori bows his head to the both of them. “Please accept my humble apologies. From now on I promise to the both of you that I will be more diligent in my responsibilities as your teacher.”
Neither of them respond initially, one is still wrapped up in his own mind and conflicting emotions, so that only leaves Ochaco with the capability to answer. “All Might...this wasn’t your fault. You couldn’t have known that those villains would try something like this. I mean you’re still only human, how could you have known?”

Izuku has to agree, no matter his feelings towards the hero, it wasn’t his fault that the villains attack them. “…She’s right, it’s not your fault. And I’m sure the rest of our class feels the same way.” He offers a small smile in return in an attempt to appease the hero.

That small smile is enough for Toshinori, because it fills his heart with such great relief and happiness to hear that, so much so that tears begin to leak out from his eyes. “Thank you…”

While Toshinori wipes away his tears, Recovery Girl watches on with a warming smile. She can’t help but find the sight so endearing.

From behind her the door slides back open.

The detective from earlier removes his hat while greeting them all with a friendly smile. “Pardon me.”

Recovery Girl smiles back at the familiar face. “Aw, so nice to see you.”

The detective turns his attention to Toshinori. “Aw, so nice to see you.”

Toshinori’s eyes light up, he’s so excited that a bit of blood splorts out from between his teeth. “Tsukauchi! Didn’t know you were here!”

Ochaco eyes the newcomer worriedly, he’s seen All Might in his weakened form! “All Might! Is this, uh, o-okay?!?”

Toshinori chuckles. “Yeah, it’s fine. This is my favorite detective on the force, good old Naomasa Tsukauchi!”

Naomasa Tsukauchi laughs as he closes the door behind him. “Ha ha, thanks for the weird intro.” He steps forward to greet the students. “It’s a pleasure to meet the two of you, as All Might said I’m Detective Tsukauchi.”

The two children respectfully respond in kind. “Nice to meet you, sir.”

“Not to rush any of you, but I’d like to get your statements, especially about the villains. If we can I’d like to start with you, All Might.”

Toshinori holds up his hands as to gesture for the detective to wait for a second. “Wait, hold on. Are the students all right? And how are Aizawa...Eraserhead and Thirteen?”

Detective Tsukauchi smiles, he appreciates how even while weaker than before All Might will always worry over others. “Besides your friends over here, the students got nothing more than a few bumps and bruises, nothing to stress over. And the two teachers are out of danger, for now. If you three heroes hadn’t put your lives on the line the students wouldn’t have made it out unscathed.”

Toshinori frowns in response to the detective’s praise. “I see but you’ve got one thing wrong, Tsukauchi.” He gestures a hand to the very children that just fought off an army of villains. “In this fight, the Students put their lives on the line too!! In fact, they did much more than the rest of us. Especially me.” After all, how can he have the gall to say that he saved the day? If anything, these
students were more capable than all of the pro heroes today. “To be thrown into a real battle so young…and survive. Now these first-years know how scary the world can be. Have you ever heard of such a class??” He can’t stop the sense of pride flooding through his chest and out through his voice. “Those foolish villains picked the Wrong fight! Because the members of Class 1-A are going to be Mighty heroes indeed!!” He offers a grin to the future heroes in question, who have been listening on with admiring and shining gazes. “I’m…going to make sure of it.”

That makes Tsukauchi smile. “I’m sure you will. But I’d still like a statement either way.”

“Of course.” Toshinori follows the detective out of the infirmary, but not before one last wave to the students and a respectful bow to Recovery Girl.

Recovery Girl grins cheerfully. “Not to worry, Miss Uraraka will be able to leave as soon as I remove her bandages.”

“Great, then I’ll collect her statement right after.” Tsukauchi closes the door behind Toshinori as they both make their exit.

Ochaco waves one last time as the door shuts closed. “Now then…” In a flash she swirls around in her seat. “You knew?!”

The sudden outburst makes Izuku jump back in fright. “Ah, uh, y-yeah! B-but i-it was a w-while ago!” He leans to the side to look at Recovery Girl. “Y-you knew too, though?”

Recovery Girl smirks in response. “Of course I did, who do you think oversaw his recovery when he first got injured?” She jumps off from her seat before approaching Ochaco. “Now let’s get you all fixed up.” She puckers her lips ready to heal Ochaco’s last remaining wounds.

Ochaco nervously backs away not really wanting a kiss to the cheek from the elderly woman.

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Ochaco yawns into her palm as she makes her way to the exit.

Recovery Girl waves her off from her chair. “Have a safe trip home sweetie! But make sure you see the detective first; you’ll find him in the break room.”

“Of course. Thanks again for healing me.”

“It was my pleasure.” She waves her cane at her, mocking to hit her if she doesn’t leave. “Now I got to get this one out of here.” She points her cane towards Izuku, who flinches at the sight of the swinging cane that resembles a large syringe.

Ochaco chuckles as she waves him goodbye. “I’ll see you later, Deku.”

Izuku waves back. “You too, hero.”

That really makes her happy to hear as her grin stretches even further across her features. That last compliment gives her a little boost to her step as she takes off for the break room.

When she arrives in such a high spirit, she decides to steal her mentor’s line one last time, maybe it’ll amuse his friend. “I am here!”

“That’s my line!!” Toshinori snaps at her from within the break room.

Seated next to him on the couch, Tsukauchi laughs into his hand. Ochaco smiles apologetically to
her mentor as she takes the seat across from them.

After calming down from his laughing fit, Detective Tsukauchi stands and reaches his hand out to the girl. “It’s a pleasure to finally meet you, Miss Uraraka. All Might’s told me a lot about you.”

Ochaco’s steely eyes shift over towards Toshinori. “How much did he say?” She asks with suspicion, wondering what else he had to say about her.

Toshinori nervously sweats under her gaze, turning away and whistling to himself in an attempt to look innocent.

Detective Tsukauchi smirks. “Enough to know that you’ve taken more than his lines.”

Ochaco’s eyes jolt up in astonishment before she jabs a finger at Toshinori. “He knows, too?! Is there anyone you didn’t tell?!”

The Symbol of Peace retreats back from her accusing finger. “Um, y-yeah, so I probably should have told you in the beginning, but Tsukauchi knows all about One For All and by extension you.”

“Is there anyone else I should know about?”

“Not many, other than us there’s Recovery Girl, Nezu, and two others.”

“Well I knew about Nezu.”

“You did?” Toshinori sounds surprised.

“We met the other day when you weren’t at school.”

“Ah…” He can’t help but wonder what exactly they talked about…probably about him.

“Wait!” Ochaco slams her hands against the coffee table. “How come you get to tell people about One For All, and I can’t get Deku in on it?!”

Tsukauchi sits quietly by, but he raises an eyebrow at Ochaco’s request. Just who is this Deku person?

Toshinori admittedly saw this conversation coming. “Young Midoriya is a fine young man, but as I mentioned before this knowledge will paint a target on everybody who knows about it. Tsukauchi here is a long-time trusted friend as are the others that know about our secret.”

“Deku can be trusted!” Seriously, he is really good at keeping secrets, especially Earth-shattering ones.

“Can you guarantee that?” Toshinori asks with all seriousness. “I’m not trying to question your friendship, but sometimes a secret like this can be too much for someone to handle.” That and also…if they were to let the young man know about One For All, he also has to explain that he himself is also Quirkless. And he doesn’t look forward to the fact that he’d also look like a hypocrite to the dear boy, he’s already been through enough he doesn’t need to know that his inspiration is a liar too. “After all knowing that the Symbol of Peace is not a naturally born hero may be enough to set him on edge.”

“But Deku…he isn’t like that. I’m sure he’d understand.” She leans back in her seat. ‘All Might was Quirkless before he got One For All. And Deku is still technically Quirkless so he would understand better than anyone. Wouldn’t he?’
“Maybe…but I feel it best if you keep him in the dark for now.”

“But—”

Tsukauchi rudely inserts himself into the conversation. “If I may…I agree with All Might.”

Ochaco is taken back by the officer’s sudden interruption but she doesn’t voice it.

“Think of it this way, if the knowledge of One For All were to get out, what do you think those villains you fought today would do with that?”

Ochaco’s entire body stiffens as she thinks about how much worse the attack would have been if the villains had decided to come after her instead. There’s no way she would have been able to stand up to that Nomu nor any of the villains by herself…

Tsukauchi knows that he’s got her thinking. “They’d try and take it for themselves and they’d target Mr. Midoriya in order to get you and One For All. Do you understand?”

“I do, but…it just seems so unfair.”

“It is unfair, but that’s just how it has to be.” Tsukauchi removes his hat and places atop the coffee table as a way to make himself look more approachable. “But rather than thinking of it as a lie or secret, think of it as a means to protect him.”

“I…guess I can do that.” It might be for the best…but that doesn’t mean she has to like it.

Toshinori smiles glad to hear that she’ll stop trying to tell young Midoriya about One For All. Even with today’s events, he still is a bit wary of the boy. If anything, showing him his weakened form again was an attempt to get the boy to open up to the pro hero. And in doing so maybe he’d give some clues away about his newly acquired…Quirks.

Tsukauchi is also glad to hear Ochaco complying. “Alright, I’d like to get started with gathering your statement. If that’s okay?” He pulls out a small notepad and pen to take notes, since this is All Might’s successor, he doesn’t want to use a recorder in case any of them bring up that fact into the conversation.

Toshinori looks expectantly at the detective. “I hope you don’t mind, but I’d like to stay and hear this for myself.” Since he showed up so late, he’s still not clear on exactly how things went.

Tsukauchi completely understands Toshinori’s reasoning. “I don’t mind.”

Ochaco understands too. “Me neither.”

Without any more delays the detective would like to get right to it. “Great. So, tell us everything that occurred from your perspective.”

Ochaco then spends the next few minutes describing how the events of the U.S.J. played out. Starting with how they met Thirteen there and then the villains wrapped themselves into the U.S.J. Then of course how they were all warped away by a villain named Kurogiri. She explains how she was warped away to the Landslide Zone with Shoto Todoroki and how expertly efficient he was in freezing all villains and monster hamsters before they could even make a move.

Tsukauuchi looks over his notes. “If I may; one of your friends, Shoto Todoroki, brought up how you ran into an unknown intruder.”
A look of concern crosses Toshinori’s features. “Who was it you ran into?”

Ochaco looks between the two adults, they are clearly waiting for an answer. She has no idea how much Todoroki actually told the detective so she might as well answer as truthfully as she can. “His name was…Tetrax Shard.” She then realizes something. “Wait, whatever happened to him?! He was hurt pretty bad?”

Tsukauchi shakes his head. “We couldn’t find him; he was just as slippery escaping the U.S.J. as he was getting into it.”

Ochaco sighs glad to hear that a possible alien wasn’t apprehended by the human police. “Oh, uh, that’s too bad…I kinda wanted to ask him a few things.” But where did he go? She’ll have to bring it up to Principal Nezu later.

“Speaking of which, did he mention anything to you?”

“I…don’t think so.”

Tsukauchi’s eyes narrow as if sensing her lie. “Did he mention something called the Omnitrix?”

Ochaco is actually surprised that Tsukauchi knows about the Omnitrix, before remembering that Todoroki must have brought it up to him earlier. “Yeah…he did.”

“For full disclosure, Mr. Todoroki said that you knew what it was. Care to fill us in on it?”

‘I knew it.’ She needs to play her cards right, if not she may just cause way more trouble for everyone. “The Omnitrix…is that watch-thing Deku wears, to help access his powers.”

“Deku is…?”

Toshinori answers for her. “He’s young Midoriya.”

“Ah.” He gives Ochaco a curious look before moving on. “Why would this Tetrax be after Midoriya’s support item?”

Ochaco thinks about her response, again she has no idea how much Todoroki said already and if she's caught in a lie then there’s going to be even more questions that she may not be able to answer. “He said…he said he was sent there to get it.”

“Then who sent him?”

“I…don’t know. He never said.”

“Was he not sent by the same villains?”

“No.”

Tsukauchi and Toshinori share a look of concern and intrigue, just who is this Tetrax guy and why was he after a seemingly useless support item. After all support items are specifically made for their wearer’s own Quirks and bodies, they would be useless to anybody else other than the intended owner.

“Alright, what happened next?”

“We fought him and then…” She considers mentioning how Tetrax explained a possible threat on Izuku’s life, but she decides to keep that part out of this. That something she needs to bring up to
Principal Nezu and Thirteen instead. “He offered to help us fight the villains.”

Both the pro hero and the officer are justified in their astonishment. “He what?”

Ochaco can sympathize with their confusion. “He said he can’t stand the idea of the villains attacking innocent children.”

“So, he didn’t arrive with the villains?”

“I don’t think so, that Shigaraki guy didn’t seem to know who he was either.”

Toshinori has a burning question. “Wait, so he did help you fight the villains?”

Ochaco suddenly becomes nervous, looking away shyly. “Yyyeeaaahhh, I sort of…accepted his…offer to help.”

“You what?!” Toshinori bursts out in outrage.

Ochaco flails her hands about in self-defense. “I didn’t have much of a choice! He was a good fighter, even Todoroki had a hard time taking him on, and he just offered a truce. So…I made a decision, and…I feel like it was the right one at the time.” She nods her head as if to confirm her choice.

Toshinori calms himself, dragging a hand down his face in an attempt to do so. “I don’t fault you for your decision, but it was too risky. He could have been trying to trick you.”

“He…wasn’t. He seemed really sincere.”

Tsukauchi finishes scribbling away into his notepad. “Well whatever the case. What happened next?”

“Well after we came to an agreement we went to the Central Plaza and there we saw Deku fighting against someone who turned out to be Henzu Uuichi.”

“Who?”

Oops, she didn’t mean to let his name slip out. “Oh, he’s a…um, guy that…um.”

“Uraraka.”

She sighs giving into the detective’s demand. “I met Henzu Uuichi a while back…during the mutant attack on the mall a year ago.”

Toshinori jumps up from his seat. “He was there?! A villain was there?!”

“Well…he wasn’t a villain at the time. Actually he helped us fight off the mutants, but he left afterwards.”

Toshinori sits back down. “Why was he there at the mall in the first place? Why did he help then?”

“Well…he was there with…Deku.”

Both of the adults sit up a little straighter, and Toshinori’s worries grows tenfold.

“Yeah, Deku was just as surprised to see him. Actually the two of them had a sort-of falling out after the mall incident and they haven’t spoken since then.”
The detective makes sure to jot this info down for later. “Interesting. I’ll be sure to ask Midoriya about this.” This Midoriya kid is certainly a magnet for odd individuals, isn’t he?

Ochaco cups her chin. “When I think about it Bakugou knew him too. And if I remember correctly Deku said that all three of them went to the same school.”

Tsukauchi writes that down as well. “Thank you. Please, continue.”

“R-right. Well Tetrax, Todoroki, and I fought off the villains while Tsuyu, Iida, and Deku got to safety. But then Bakugou came back to help!” She’s starting to get excited recapping the day’s events like one would excitedly explain an epic fight scene from one’s favorite anime. “But then Bakugou came out of nowhere, and bam!! He captured that warping villain!! It was super cool and badass…!!” It finally dawns on her that she’s singing Bakugou’s praises, and that’s scary to think about. “Don’t tell him I said that.” It comes off more as an order than a suggestion.

The adults let out a few chuckles before composing themselves.

Ochaco decides to get things back on track. “Another thing, that Nomu guy was way too strong: he apparently had two Quirk!!”

Both adults nearly shoot out from their seats. “What did you say?!!”

“Yeah, I remember, that villain with the hands, Shigaraki, said that Nomu had more than one Quirk! He had Shock Absorption and I think some kind of Regeneration-type Quirk.”

The authority figures share a very worried look, it’s clear to them all that this cannot be in any way good for them and society as a whole.

Detective Tsukauchi adjusts his tie. “Well thankfully, Nomu has been captured so we’ll look into it.”

“Anyway that guy was way too fast for us and Tetrax took a hit for Bakugou.”

“ Took a hit?”

“Yeah, he protected him, but he got injured in the process.” She makes a few punching motions with her fists. “But we couldn't stop. So, we fought on and then Deku came in and saved us!!”

“Saved you?”

Ochaco gets excited again, with stars in her eyes as she replays the epic scene in her mind. “Yeah, he got a new transformation that was able to take on Nomu! Hell he was even immune to Shigaraki’s Decay Quirk!” She pumps her fist into the air. “And together we were able to use my Zero-Gravity and Bakugou’s Explosion to blast Nomu away!” Her smile falters and she slowly lowers her hand as she takes on a much more somber tune. “After that, Uuichi…did something.”

Tsukauchi tilts his head to the side. “Did what?”

“I’m…not sure. He just grabbed Deku’s Omnitrix and then boom he was a giant mutated monster!”

Toshinori recalls the foul monster that escaped in the end. “You mean the one I fought?”

“Yeah, and from there you arrived and that was about it. The villains left and Uuichi got away.”

Tsukauchi leans back in his seat overlooking his notes. “I just have a few follow up questions:
Would you say the leader was this Shigaraki?"

Ochaco nods her head rapidly. “Yeah, that warping villain kept looking to him for directions and he was ordering that Nomu thing around.”

“What else can you say about them?”

“Hm, that Shigaraki guy was…easily aggravated almost like a kid. But he was fast, and his Decay Quirk was terrifying.” She shivers at the thought of how close he was to disintegrating her own face; now that’s an image she doesn’t need.

“Another question: did Shigaraki ever say anything that could suggest how the Nomu came to be?”

“Um, not really… Oh, he did mention something about Nomu being created or made to kill you.” She points at the deflated All Might.

“Kill me?”

“Yeah… All Might?”

“Yes.”

Ochaco fidgets in her seat. “Do you think…do you think they know about your…injury?”

Toshinori shares a look with his friend before giving his reply. “I don't know. As I said my secret is a well-guarded one so I know without a doubt that those that do know about it could have let it slip.” Although he can’t really say the same about young Midoriya… “Again it could be possible that they didn’t know about it and were just trying to take me on.”

Ochaco doesn’t look too relieved, it’s not exactly comforting to think that the villains could have potentially brought down the Symbol of Peace.

Deciding that they’ve grilled the girl enough for answers, Tsukauchi grabs his hat off the coffee table. “Okay, I think that’s enough.”

Ochaco rubs her fingers together. “Are…are you sure?”

Tsukauchi offers her a kind reassuring smile. “Absolutely, this will be of great help to us.” He holds up his notepad and waves it around in his hand. “Hopefully we can get some answers and track down the villains responsible for all of this.” He stands up and bows to the young woman. “Thank you for your time, Miss Uraraka we greatly appreciate it.”

“Oh, y-you’re welcome. I’m just glad I could help in some way.” She bows in return. “I-it was also nice to meet you.”

“Same. Now please be careful on your way home.”

“Thanks.” Ochaco picks herself up and walks towards the exit, but not before turning around. “And All Might…thank you for what you said…earlier .”

Toshinori offers a kind smile in return along with a small nod.

Glad to be done, Ochaco is more than happy to take her leave and head on home for a well-earned rest.

The two adults sit in silence as Ochaco closes the door and leaves.
When they are sure she isn’t returning, Toshinori turns to his friend. “What do you think?”

Tsukauchi grins back at him. “I like her, I can see why you picked her.” His grin falls though as does his bright demeanor. “But if you mean my thoughts about what she said…there was much of it I wasn’t expecting.”

“Such as…”

“This Tetrax fellow, the Nomu, and how this Henzu Uuichi plays into this.” He reviews his notes and can’t help but notice how often Deku was written out onto it. “But what’s most concerning is how two of these factors are somehow related to Mr. Midoriya.”

Toshinori can’t help but agree with his friend’s inference. “He should be healed enough for questioning by now.”

Tsukauchi stands up and adjusts his hat. “Probably, Recovery Girl does work quickly. But I think it’d be best if I questioned him alone.”

“I understand.”

Recovery Girl takes her seat and begins typing away at her computer. “How are you feeling?”

Izuku groans from exhaustion, but at least most of his injuries are taken care of. “Better.” His gaze falls upon his tattered hoodie sitting on the chair nearby. “Wish I could say the same for my new hoodie.”

“I’m sure if you brought it to the support course, they’d fix it for you. After all it was ruined partly because of our obliviousness so it’s the least that we can do.”

“Thank you. I appreciate it.”

Recovery Girl swirls in her seat. “Why’d you bring it, if I may ask?”

Izuku is happy to share how he got it. “Oh, it was actually a gift from Uraraka.”

“Oh, was it now?” A sly smile appears on Recovery Girls’ face.

Izuku blushes a deep red in response. “Wait! No, I mean yes! I-it’s not like that!”

The infirmary door slides open, and Detective Tsukauchi makes his return. “Am I interrupting something?”

Recovery Girl smiles up at the man. “Back already?”

He steps inside, removing his hat in the process. “Yup, I need to get a statement from Mr. Midoriya here. Is it alright if we had the room to ourselves?”

“Oh course but be careful.” She jumps down from her seat before strolling her way out. “Don’t be pressing him too hard, all of these students have gone through enough already.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Tsukauchi takes a seat by Izuku’s bed, as Recovery closes the door. “Are you ready to get started?”
“Yes, sir.”

“Great, alright walk me through everything that occurred from the beginning.”

That’s what Izuku does. He walks the detective through everything that occurred from his perspective: their arrival at the U.S.J., the villains invading, and Kurogiri warping them all away. He then explains how Tsuyu, Iida, and him ended up in the Flood Zone, and using their combined efforts and reasoning, they were able to escape the villains and the giant koi fish. Next, he tells the detective how they tried to get back to the entrance, and they ended up passing by the Central plaza where they unfortunately witnessed Mr. Aizawa’s crushing defeat in the hands (and claw) of the Nomu. He goes on to explain that the villain Nue called Izuku out and they had a fight, during the fight he was able to save Aizawa and get him to Tsuyu before Nue could attack. He then goes on to say how Ochaco, Todoroki, and the others arrived just in the nick of time and together they were all able to fight off the villains and defeat the monster known as Nomu.

Detective Tsukauchi briefly looks over his notes. “Now I have some follow up questions.”

“Alright.”

“Can you explain to me what the…Omnitrix is?”

Izuku internally gasps, how does this police officer know about the Omnitrix?! Did Ochaco say something? Or did they…did they find Tetrax? “The…?”

“Omnitrix.”

“Oh, r-right… Um, my Omnitrix is this.” Izuku lifts his left arm and gestures to the strange device attached to his wrist. “It’s my one of a kind support item.”

Tsukauchi eyes the device, as if he’s engraving the design into his mind for later. “It certainly is one of a kind, I definitely have never seen something like it before.”

“Its purpose is to help me control my Quirk, One Man Army.”

Tsukauchi’s smile falters and his eyes give away to a brief moment of distrust. “Ah, yes your Quirk from what I hear it’s a very unique one.”

Izuku smiles sheepishly. “Yeah, I guess it is.”

Tsukauchi’s gaze hardened ever so slightly. “Mind tell me when and where you got your… Omnitrix?”

“Oh, um…about…a year ago.”

Tsukauchi makes sure to write that down. “So, you haven't had it for that long?”

“N-no.”

Tsukauchi eyes the device suspiciously, his mind full of swirling questions and possible answers, but none of them seem to be correct.

Izuku fidgets under the detective’s gaze become very uncomfortable with where this conversation is going. “Sir, if you don’t mind me asking, but why are you so hung up on my Omnitrix?”

Tsukauchi eyes the young man before deciding to indulge him. “I’ll level with you I want to know why someone would risk breaking into U.A. to take it from you.”
“Take it?” Izuku’s mind instantly goes to Tetrax, and if the heroes ended up capturing him.

“There was a separate intruder today, who was searching for this item and I would like to know why that is.”

“Oh, well…I’m not sure… I don’t know why he wanted it.” Yes, he does, but he can’t tell that to the officer. Not like he’d believe him anyway.

Unbeknownst to him, Tsukauchi doesn’t believe his current answer. “Well, I can’t assume you would know the reasons behind someone else’s motives. I guess it can’t be helped.” He has to be careful how he goes about his questioning otherwise he could tip the boy off.

“Is that all, sir?”

“No, not yet.” Tsukauchi goes through his notes to make sure he isn’t skipping over anything. He would like to ask more questions about his supposed Quirk, but he’s already pushing his luck. So, it’s time to change topics. “Can you explain your relationship with one Henzu Uuichi, A.K.A. Nue?”

Izuku instantly gets that the detective has already been made aware of Nue’s identity, after all several of his classmates overheard him saying it so it’s not unexpected. So, there’s no avoiding this anymore. “Y-yes.”

“I was told you two had a history, care to specify?”

Izuku rubs the back of his neck, while avoiding eye contact with the officer. “We uh…used to be friends…”

Tsukauchi raises an eyebrow. “Used to be?”

“We…had a pretty bad fight, and we haven’t talked since…” Izuku’s eyes cast themselves downward before drifting to his watch, and the source of their dead friendship.

“Until today…” Tsukauchi finishes.

“Y-yeah, that was a surprise.” Was it though? Henzu basically disappeared off the face of the Earth after their fight, and he was never a model citizen, so it really shouldn't have been that much of a surprise.

“I know All Might fought him, and according to All Might, Uuichi’s or Nue’s body had some… similarities to your forms. Do you know why?”

“Well…I think it’s because of this.” Izuku gestures to his watch.

‘Now we’re getting somewhere.’ Tsukauchi gestures for him to go on.

“Well understand that Henz-...Nue’s Quirk is called Osmosis and it allows him to absorb all kinds of solid matter, and even certain types of energy like electricity.”

Tsukauchi quickly writes down these details.

“During our...fight he grabbed my Omnitrix and tried to take it from me. His Quirk must have been active and because this thing is so...closely linked to my powers he must have absorbed my powers rather than the item themselves.” That is honestly his best assumption on what happened. How else can he explain Nue’s new abilities? “He tried the same thing today…but that didn’t work
out for him so well.” No kidding, the guy completely transformed in one of the most monstrous things he’s ever seen!

Tsukauchi closes his notepad before getting up to his feet. “Alright, that’s all I needed from you. Thank you for indulging me for so long.”

“Oh-oh, i-it’s okay! I’m happy to help.”

Recovery Girl decides then to reenter the room. “Are you two finally done?”

Tsukauchi places his hat back on. “We just ended, ma’am.”

“Good, I’d like to let this one rest before he can go home.”

“Understood, I’ll take my leave.” Tsukauchi steps through the door before looking back at the young man. “It was a pleasure meeting you Mr. Midoriya, I look forward to what the future holds for you.”

“Thank you.”

Tsukauchi leaves without another word, he makes his way back to the break room while flipping through his notes.

When he arrives Toshinori is awaiting his return, his head quickly snaps up towards the door. “How’d it go?”

Tsukauchi rubs his forehead. “…I’m beginning to see why you’re so wary of him.”

“Why?! What’d he say?”

“It’s more like what he didn’t say.” He scans his notes. “That boy…he is for sure hiding something.” His Lie Detector Quirk definitely picked up on it, the boy was lying through his teeth when he gave certain answers, and it all has to revolve around that watch of his and his Quirk…

Toshinori is dying to know. “Like what?”

“That is unclear. But…whatever it is, it’s definitely related to his supposed Quirk.”

Toshinori looks visibly shaken, he knows full and well that if Tsukauchi is unsure about something then it’s something to worry about. Is there a chance that young Midoriya somehow gained a Quirk since he last saw him? “You don’t think…?”

“I hope not…but we supposedly have one villain with multiple Quirks, and a student capable of using multiple Quirks…”

Toshinori grabs at his head, he really hopes this is not the worst-case scenario, but the dread filling up within him tells him otherwise. It can’t be though, he defeated that devil a long time ago there’s no way he could still be lurking around. “It can’t be… Do you think…?!”

“I hope not.” Tsukauchi turns grim. “But if there’s a connection between the two of them then that could explain a lot. For example, how did the villains know about the U.S.J. and that you’d be there?”

“I…” The Number One Hero’s eyes widen with shock. “They could have been…told.” Was it young Midoriya that told them?! Is he somehow connected to these villains?! And if he is…then it’s his fault! He turned the boy away and now his negligence is coming back to haunt him. “This
is all my fault…I shouldn’t have been so harsh with the boy.”

“Toshi…?”

“I…met him…a year ago, in this form. And…he asked me if someone Quirkless could be a hero…”

Tsukauchi eyes widen as if everything has just clicked into place. “You…didn’t?”

“I did…I said no.” Toshinori shakes with grief and guilt. “The instant I said that…I knew I crushed his dream, but I just…walked away, I turned my back on him.”

“Toshi…”

“And because of me…he got himself involved with those villains…all so he can be a hero.”

“What are you saying?”

“Maybe…Midoriya is not a willing participant but an unknowing victim…perhaps he’s being manipulated.”

That has to be it! Perhaps he’s unknowing handing the villains and that devil what they want to know! That’s a possibility, isn’t it?! Then again this could just be All Might’s way to gain some semblance of hope. Hope that young Midoriya can be saved and released from his servitude to the villains. But that’s assuming that this is the case.

“Perhaps…” Tsukauchi puts away his notepad. “I’m going to hold my own investigation on Izuku Midoriya.”

Toshinori was not expecting that. “Are you sure?”

“I think it’d be for the best. The best-case scenario is that I don’t find anything incriminating and we can all just brush this under the rug.”

Toshinori doesn’t want to ask, but he does. “And the worst case…?”

“The worst case is…that we have a traitor among the students of Class 1-A.”

‘Dear God, please don’t let it be true…’

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Izuku finishes tucking his torn hoodie into his yellow backpack just as the elevator shaft opens up.

Ochaco steps through first, examining the main lobby of Japan’s Plumber Base. “It’s been a while since we’ve been here.”

Izuku smiles, brushing his hand against the bandage on his cheek. According to Recovery Girl, a bruise isn’t a big enough injury to justify using her Quirk on it. “You said it. Why do you think Nezu called us in so suddenly?”

As Ochaco was leaving her interview, both her and Izuku had gotten a text from Principal Nezu asking them to report to the Plumber Base before they head on home.

Ochaco shrugs as they make their way to the main hanger. “Don’t know…maybe it has something to do with that Tetrax guy.” Speaking of which, Ochaco can’t help but wonder whatever became of
him. ‘Tetrax…just who are you? And where did you go?’

It doesn’t take them long to reach the second level where the doors open up to a meeting area with a large table and at the end of the rooms are two separate gates that lead to different parts of the ship.

“We are here!” You know, maybe they should stop using that line so often before it loses its luster.

Seated upon the head chair is Principal or rather Magister Nezu and posted nearby on top of the table is a little spherical-robot named One-One.

Glad-One cheers at the announcement of their arrival. ^Hooray!! It’s so good to see you!^
Sad-One’s reaction couldn’t be any more different. ^Darn, I thought you too were dead…^

Ochaco and Izuku deadpan at the dual-personality robot. “Thanks for the vote of confidence…”

Magister Nezu smiles at their antics. “Please, don’t mind One-One he was very worried for the both of you.”

Upon being addressed by an authority figure, the teens greet the little chimera. “Good to see you, sir.”

“Likewise, and might I say I am so glad to see both of you on your feet.” Magister Nezu’s smile falls as he bows his head slightly forward and he holds his paw to his chest. “I also must apologize, neither of you should have been in any way involved in this egregious act of villainy.”

Izuku is quick to wave away the accusation. “It’s okay, there was no way to know what the villains were planning to do.”

“Thank you for trying to elevate my worries, but it still stands that the entirety of U.A. has been compromised.” Nezu claps his paws together. “But that is not why I called either of you here for. Now I hate to make you both relive through today’s events, but there’s something that must be addressed.”

Ochaco goes ahead and takes a seat. “What is it, sir?”

The doors leading to the operations room opens up and a lone figure steps out. “Me.”

Ochaco shoots out of her seat so fast that she knocks it over. “It’s you! You’re Tetrax!”

Izuku is just as confused, slamming his hands against the table. “What are you doing here?!?”

Tetrax Shard strolls over to the table, his helmet is still cracked but other than that he’s walking around fine, free of injury.

He takes a seat opposite of the teenagers. “It’s like I promised, I need to explain myself to you all.”

^How kind of you.^

^I don’t trust him. I bet he’s here for our organs so he can sell them off:^

Izuku looks to their superior to see if this is alright. “Principal Nezu?”

Magister Nezu adjusting himself on his seat which is made up of a small stack of books so he can properly see over the table. “It’s quite alright. I can guarantee that he was not in any way in league
with the villains.”

Now that is a relief to hear, the last thing either Ochaco or Izuku want are to get involved in another all-out fight, especially with someone so capable.

Nezu turns to their guest. “Mr. Shard please indulge our curiosities.”

Tetrax nods his head from behind his helmet. “Of course, let’s begin by explaining why I am here. If you couldn’t tell, I am not in fact human.”

Ochaco gives the alien a deadpanned stare. “Yeah, we sort-of figured that out for ourselves.”

“Right, but as an extraterrestrial being, I knew I couldn’t be found out by your planet’s heroes…” Tetrax makes air quotes while saying “heroes”. “And so after I witnessed your fantastic display of strategic battling, I made my escape and came here.” He gestures to their current surroundings.

Izuku curiously stares up at the being. “But how’d you know it was here?”

Glad-One graciously provides an answer. ^Well how else do you think all the aliens that come here find us? It’s public knowledge to them! Much like how everyone knows where their local police station is.^

Sad-One is of course ready with a quip of his own. ^It also makes it easier for our enemies to find us.^

The teens roll their eyes, figuring the robot was exaggerating.

Tetrax sheepishly rubs the back of his helmet. “They’re actually right about that.”

“What?!” They both cry out in surprise! Sure it makes sense but isn’t it bad if alien criminals can find them too?!

The ever chipper Nezu simply laughs off their worries. “Hahaha!”

While Nezu calms himself down, Tetrax decides to get things moving. “Anyway if I may. After I arrived here, I had your little droid here contact the local Plumbers, and Magister Nezu arrived shortly after.”

Well that explains how he got here and why Nezu called the two over here.

But that only increases Izuku’s inner curiosity. “Wait, if you’re an alien, what kind of alien are you?” He excitedly has his Hero Transformation Notebook at the ready, he’s also been filing its pages with new aliens that he’s had the pleasure of coming across in Mr. Baumann’s store.

Tetrax smiles from underneath his helmet. “See for yourself.” Tetrax reaches behind his head and after a switch of a button his helmet shifts and opens up until it sheathes itself back into his suit.

Nezu smiles on as the space cadets’ jaws drop at the sight before them. “Diamondhead?!?”

Tetrax looks at them with confusion. “Who?”

If he knew what they were talking about he certainly wouldn’t be in the unknown. Tetrax is seemingly a carbon-copy of Diamondhead, because he’s a Petrosapien. Although with a few differences such as a slightly different frame and no long shards of crystal sticking out from his hide.
“Huh, so that’s how I got my new transformation.” Izuku peers down at the Omnitrix. “When you
grabbed it, it must have absorbed your DNA… That might explain how I got the Megawatt DNA
as well when I think about it.”

Tetrax approves of Izuku’s deductive reasoning. “Yes, the Omnitrix is a device that stores and
collects DNA of all intelligent life forms in the known universe. While also providing the wielder
access to all of the DNA within it.” His tone changes, becoming deeper and more foreboding.
“And there are many that would do anything to get it.”

Ochaco nervously sinks down into her seat. “Such as the one that sent you after it?”

“Yes.”

“By the way…are you still here to take it?” Ochaco gestures to the watch, and in response Izuku
instinctually backs away gripping said device protectively.

“…No, it’s like I said, I am here to ensure it doesn’t fall into the wrong hands.” Tetrax then adds in
the following with a casual demeanor. “And besides I couldn’t take it even if I wanted to.”

“Good point.” Ochaco sweat drops, she had forgotten that the Omnitrix is literally fused to her
friend's arm. So, he couldn't exactly press and button and slip it off, now could he? “Then why
were you searching for it if you were sent to take it?”

“The one who hired me will only use its power to destroy and conquer, I couldn’t risk it. So I took
advantage of the situation deciding that I would ensure the Omnitrix’s safety.”

Izuku pipes in his take. “In other words you went against your orders.”

Tetrax gives the kid a cocky smirk. “Exactly. And it’s a good thing too.”

Nezu claps his paws together and places them atop the table before addressing the Petrosapien.
“Mr. Shard, please. Would you care to tell us who it is that hired you?”

“Yes…it was the most dangerous being in the universe, the one known as…Vilgax…” He draws
out the threat’s name to express how dreadful the danger truly is.

Nezu’s usual calm and cheery demeanor is shaken, at least for a brief moment. “Are you sure?”

“Yes.” There’s no sugar coating this, Vilgax is the one that hired and sent him here.

“Oh my.”

Ochaco rubs her ear, not sure if she heard the bounty hunter correctly. “Vil-what?”

Izuku is just as lost as she is. “Who is that?”

Nue gestures for Tetrax to explain away.

“Vilgax is a conquer and destroyer of worlds, a powerful being who has made dictators grovel at
his feet to appease his violent tendencies. He’s destroyed civilizations not for their resources but for
sport! Wiped out entire species of aliens! He’s so dreaded planets have surrendered themselves just
to avoid his wrath bearing itself down upon them!”

The space cadets gulp, is this Vilgax guy really all that dangerous?

Nezu rubs his scar which runs down his face. “And somehow, he’s been made aware of the
Omnitrix’s existence and he has his sights after it.”

Tetrax grimaces. “Yes. And with it he will certainly create an army of transforming minions that can tear through any environment, army, and force that they come across all in the name of galactic conquest.”

Izuku’s eyes widen with realization. It must have been this Vilgax guy sending all those robots down after him all those months ago, but he had assumed that whomever was sending them had given up. Guess not…

Ochaco grips her hands together, in an attempt to keep herself cool and collected. “W-What do we do? H-how can w-we defeat him?!”

“You can’t.” Tetrax delivers this line rather bluntly.

Izuku and Ochaco freeze up, the blood draining from their faces as the temperature drops several hundred degrees.

Nezu tries to offer the two a kind reassuring smile. “Now, now there is no need to panic.”

They both cry out while completely in sync. “How are you not panicking?!”

Nezu holds up a single finger. “A lesson for you both. Panicking never helped anyone; it's much more productive to stay calm and take everything at face value.” As of now this is how things stand. “For one, a benefit of living here on Earth, especially in such a place as Japan, are our fine pro heroes that risk life and limb to defend the innocent and withhold the peace.” Unbeknownst to the heroes, they are actually the main reason why the Plumbers of Earth don’t have to deal with such vile alien criminals. “As such many of those who would otherwise cause harm to Earth or its inhabitants opt to stay away and not jeopardize their own resources on such an endeavor.”

Tetrax takes over the explanation from here. “Especially when you consider how unique each humans’ powers can be, there’s no possible way for any enemy army to assume what the enemy has waiting for them. Not to mention you have the Symbol of Peace, All Might, protecting over your country and not to mention your place of education.”

Izuku’s eyes disappear from under his green locks. “Wait…you know about All Might?”

“Why of course. Someone with such great power as his doesn’t exactly go unnoticed.”

Ochaco blinks in rupees. ‘Huh, how do you like that? All Might’s also famous across the galaxy and not just the planet. Wow, I really have a lot to live up to, don’t I?’

Tetrax continues. “In other words as long as you remain here on Earth, even Vilgax will play things cautiously.”

Izuku isn’t too reassured by that claim. “Will he?”

“He has to.” Nezu turns in his seat so he can reassure the boy properly. “For you see, our fellow Plumbers station across the galaxies have recently established a truce with this very same Vilgax.” He sighs in defeat. “However, we cannot make a move on him either.”

“Why not?”

“As Mr. Shard has said, Vilgax is a highly dangerous individual so much so that our so-called truce is more of a cease fire and any aggression from either side could result in the destruction of
not only Earth but many other planets across the universe.”

Ochaco is actually shaking in her seat. “But t-then…w-what do we do?”

Nezu frowns in response, shaking his head. “I don’t know.”

“That’s not reassuring…”

Tetrax raises his hand with an offer. “If I may, I might just have a solution.”

The others look at him expectantly waiting for him to continue.

“This base is capable of scanning the entirety of Japan in order to keep track of any and all registered aliens living upon it. Correct?”

Nezu nods. “Why of course.”

“Right well Vilgax gave me this.” The bounty hunter pulls out a small rectangular device that’s red in color and has a small screen embedded into its surface. “It’s a special device that uses the same technology that allows Vilgax to locate the Omnitrix whenever it is activated.” He hands the device to Magister Nezu so he can examine it himself. “So using the same technology and with the help of your droid we should be able to create a program of sorts to act as a jammer.” He gestures towards the Omnitrix wielder. “Whenever Midoriya activates the Omnitrix the frequency it releases as a result will be scrambled across your scanner and hence Vilgax will be unable to detect his location.”

Ochaco leans forward in her seat. “But will that really get rid of him?”

“It’s no guarantee, as long as the Omnitrix remains here he will undoubtedly send more agents here to retrieve it.”

Well that’s not good, they’d prefer a more permanent solution, but it’s still not a bad idea.

But Tetrax isn’t done yet, there’s one more thing they can do. “So, we must also take the Omnitrix off world.”

Neither of the teens find the joke funny. “What?!”

He can’t be serious?! Does he really expect Izuku to just pack up and leave for who knows where?! While a maniacal conqueror pursues him until the end of his days?! Or does Tetrax mean they should try and remove the Omnitrix? There are several issues with that two: one, they can’t remove it unless he plans to cut his arm off. And two, Izuku really doesn’t want to part with the device… it’s given him so much, and not just powers. Giving it up would bring everything he’s worked towards to a screeching halt, and there will be no way for him to become a hero.

Tetrax can almost sense the despair and fear radiating off the boy, so he quickly tries to make amends. “Hold on, allow me to explain. What I mean is we lead him away with a fake Omnitrix.”

That instantly snaps Izuku out of his funk. “A fake Omnitrix?”

Ochaco is equally just as confused. “How will we do that?”

“Simple.” Tetrax takes the device back from Nezu and holds it up. “Using this device I can mimic the signal given off by the Omnitrix and as such Vilgax will believe that I have it. And that I am on my way to hide it and keep it out of his possession. In doing so he will abandon Earth to pursue
Izuku shakes his head, that can’t be their best strategy. “That’s crazy! If you were to do that he’d come after you and those you care about!”

Tetrax offers the boy a smile. “I appreciate the concern, but you have no need to worry.” He jabs his thumb towards his puffed-out chest. “I’m pretty slippery despite my physique and besides…I have no one to lose…” His voice falls slightly.

They all notice the change in tone, but neither of them wants to be the one to point it out.

Tetrax coughs bring them back to the plan at hand. “What do you say Magister?”

Nezu hums to himself while in though, but it doesn’t take long for him to have an answer. “I think it’s our best option. To ensure Mr. Midoriya’s safety, we must see this through.”

“Thank you.”

Ochaco isn’t buying this either. “Are you sure you’re okay with this? You could stay and we can come up with something else?”

Izuku agrees. “Yeah, you could always just say and help me with the Omnitrix and maybe my new Diamondhead form.”

Tetrax shakes his head in denial. “I wish I could, but I cannot stay.”

“Why not?”

“One, Vilgax will know I betrayed him and send others after me. So, either way I will be hunted. Also…I’m a wanted fugitive here now.”

“Huh?”

Nezu scratches his ear trying to make this bit of news sound casual. “Yes, you see after hearing the collective statements of the students, there’s a nationwide search for our dear Mr. Shard. He cannot stay, not without risking the exposure of aliens.”

“I understand, sir.”

Tetrax nods before getting up from his seat. “Good.” He turns to One-One who’s been quietly listening from the sidelines. “Now, droid let’s get started on this program.”

^Aye! Aye!^

^You can’t boss me around.^

One-One hops off the table and follows Tetrax to the main operating room so they can begin programming their scanner and Tetrax’s detector.

Nezu leans back in his seat. “In the meantime, there’s a few things I’d like to discuss with the two of you.”

Ochaco takes a guess about what it is. “Is it about the U.S.J.?”

“It is. During the police investigation…I granted them access to the U.S.J.’s camera footage.”
Izuku and Ochaco share the same thought. ‘There were cameras?’ But then again not like they would have come in handy since all signals were cut off from the main campus.

“And there were some things that really concern me…such as the villain known as Nue, or rather Henzu Uuichi.” The cameras are also installed with microphones, so they were able to pick up on certain conversations. “From my understanding of the situation the two of you know this person, do you not?”

Izuku swallows a bit of saliva before nodding. “We do…” he takes a breath before continuing on. “He…was my best friend back in junior high.”

“Was he?”

“Y-yes, but we had a fight…” he would rather not get into it.

“Mr. Midoriya.”

Izuku peers up at the principal.

“Please…tell me, you will not be in any trouble.”

Izuku believes him and goes ahead with his story. “Nue…or rather Henzu was a friend and we all got caught up at the Mutant incident at the Kiyashi Ward Shopping Mall, that’s actually the first time I met Uraraka. But before that…he had always known me to be Quirkless… He…felt betrayed…and so I wanted to explain myself to him…”

This is the first time Ochaco’s hearing the full story as well. “Deku what happened?”

“I told him…I mean sort-of I didn’t tell him about aliens or anything…I just said that I finally got my Quirk is all.” And that lie made him feel like he owed Henzu. “But then…he wanted me to make it up to him.” So he did, and he can only look back at the results with a powerful taste. “And there was a train…apparently it was filled with gold or something…”

“Deku…”

“Henzu…Nue wanted me to help him rob it by…crashing the train into a passenger train…”

Ochaco lets out a gasp while Nezu remains silent.

“That…was when I couldn’t stand by anymore and…we had a fight.”

“Like an argument?”

“No…I became Lodestar and we had an all-out brawl…but he did something.”

Nezu gives his student an inquisitive look, while Ochaco pushes for answers. “Did what?”

“Do you remember how he grabbed the Omnitrix?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, he did the same thing then and…I think he got my alien powers through his Osmosis Quirk. And after the U.S.J….well you all saw what happened to him.” He became a monster. “And that was it…he didn’t come back to school and he never answered my calls…our friendship had officially come to an end.”
Nezu hops off from his pedestal and approaches the boy, placing a gentle paw to his hand. “My boy, you have my sincerest apologies for your loss. Losing a friend is never easy, especially to villainy.” Or any situation for that matter. “In any case, this does clear up a lot.” He removes his paw. “We best be careful from here on out when it comes to safeguarding the Omnitrix, and not just from Vilgax, but from Nue and others that could potentially use its power for nefarious ploys.”

Ochaco shoots out from her seat, her fists balled up and raised as she leers determinedly at her allies. “I’ll help too.” There’s no way she’s going to let Deku get attacked by some cosmic villain, at least not alone.

“Thanks.” Izuku smiles up to them, appreciating their support. “But are we sure I should be the one to have this…?”

He stares down at the alien device. Is it okay for him to be the one to wield this power? Especially if it’s capable of being used to destroy and conquer worlds? Is it okay to leave it in the hands of a child?

“Mr. Midoriya.”

Izuku snaps out of his stupor, as Nezu waits for him to calm down.

“I don’t think there is anyone else more suited to wielding the Omnitrix than you.” Nezu eyes the young man with pride. “You are a smart and capable young man, one of the finest I’ve ever met. So, believe me when I say that I don’t think there’s anyone else more suited to wield this device.” Well there may be one other person that he can think of, but they’re not here anyway so it doesn’t matter. “Besides we can’t give it to someone else even if we wanted to! Hahahaha!”

Nezu may be laughing, but Izuku’s just happy to hear that the Principal of U.A. believes in him.

All too soon the main doors open back up and One-One rolls his way into the room. ^We finished!^ ^You may now sing my praises.^

Ochaco gaps at One-One as Tetrax follow close behind the robot. “That was fast!”

Tetrax helps One-One onto the table. “Your droid here is a lot more efficient than it would seem.”

Sad-One leers up at the Petrosapien. ^Don’t patronize me.^

“The jamming program is up and running.” Tetrax holds up his newly upgraded detector. “And this now has the capability to not only locate the Omnitrix but mimic its signature.”

Ochaco examines the device with intrigue. “How do we know if it worked?”

Tetrax looks to Izuku for the answer. “Let’s try it.”

Izuku smiles in understanding, excitedly he presses down the Omnitrix and is replaced with the one and only Grey Matter.

Ochaco allows the little alien to step into her open palms so she can lift him up and keep him at eye level.

Tetrax turns the signal detector towards them, with a pleased smile on his face.

Grey Matter tilts his head to the side while examining the screen. “It worked?”
Nezu is also pleased with the results. “It appears so.”

Tetrax pockets the device. “Now that this device can send out signals, Vilgax will have no way to locate your position.”

Nezu hates to bring down the mood, but he’s the type to look at things as they are. “Even so we must proceed with caution. Vilgax is a patient and calculating foe, he may very well still send his agents here to Earth.” He offers an encouraging smile to the students. “But I think we’ll be more than ready for when he does.”

“Well in any case, I think I should take my leave.”

The rag tag group of various species head on down to the hanger where a ship that neither Ochaco nor Izuku recognize sits. Apparently after making his escape from the U.S.J. Tetrax used the cloaking device of the small ship to make his escape and come here to the Plumber Base.

Before Tetrax can take off however, One-One goes ahead and begins inspecting the shuttle to ensure it’s capable of space travel.

The ship is nothing special, it’s a simple ship with the small cargo area leading into the pilot’s seat. The docking hatch is the back of the shuttle, with a ramp as the means to climb aboard.

Even though it is nothing that spectacular Ochaco can’t help but admire the spacecraft. “Is this your ship?”

Tetrax knocks his knuckles against the side of the shuttle. “Um…it’s more of a rental.” His real spaceship is undergoing repairs on another planet, so he had to settle for this.

Before Ochaco or Izuku can ask what Tetrax means, One-One jumps down from atop the shuttle. ^Mr. Shiny-man your ship is fully operational!^

^We are not legally obligated to ensure your safety in the incident of the ship imploding.^

“Thank you.” Tetrax steps aboard the ramp, but not before facing the space cadets one last time. “Well it’s been quite the experience.” He holds his crystallized hand out to them both. “It’s been a pleasure to fight by your side.”

“Same.” Izuku takes and shakes the man’s hand, although he struggles to stop himself from wincing under Tetrax’s firm grip.

Ochaco bows in appreciation. “Thank you for your help.”

“You’re welcome.” He turns to leave climbing up the ramp towards the cargo duct.

“Wait!” Ochaco just remembered that there was something else she needed to ask. “You could have just walked away; you didn’t need to help us.”

Tetrax stops to hear the girl out.

“So, I guess my question is…why?”

Tetrax takes a minute to think of his response. There’s a lot he can say on the matter such as his less than spotless past and his innocent people, but there’s no need to bog down these children with those details. “I once walked away from my responsibilities… I turned my back on those that couldn’t defend themselves…after that I chose to never allow that to happen again.” That’s right,
he’d rather risk his own life for those that cannot. “Before I leave I have just a few pieces of advice for each of you.”

He points to the gravity manipulator to ensure that she’s listening. “Be more decisive with your decisions and trust in yourself and those around you. Sometimes your instincts are a far greater means of decision making, don’t let fear and uncertainty hold you back.”

Ochaco looks up at the warrior with an expression that radiates resolve. “I will.”

Tetrax nods pleased that she will take his advice seriously before he turns his attention onto the wielder of the Omnitrix. “And you...you can’t rely on the Omnitrix.”

That is not the advice Izuku was expecting. “Pardon?”

“You rely too heavily on the Omnitrix, and in doing so you risk not only your life but those around you, and the Omnitrix itself.” He pounds his fist over his chest. “You have a warrior’s heart and a strategic mind, being able to fight without the Omnitrix will only increase your own capabilities in a fight.”

Izuku considers the advice and comes to the conclusion that Tetrax knows what he’s talking about. He thinks back to how earlier that day how the others kept him back from the fight. Because in truth there was nothing he could do at the time, not with the Omnitrix out of commission. He needs a way to fight when the Omnitrix’s aliens aren’t accessible to him. But how? Maybe he should look into some kind of support gear or weapon? But what?

With nothing else to say Tetrax boards his ship, until he decides on one last thing. “One more thing.” He grabs a dark flat disk from his belt before tossing down to Izuku.

The disk flops between Izuku’s hands before he finally catches it. Upon being caught the disk expands and shoots outward, the sudden movement surprises Izuku so much that he drops it. But the device doesn’t fall to the ground instead it hovers just above the floor.

Izuku grins excitedly as he examines his brand-new support item. “A hoverboard?!”

The hoverboard is a rectangular shape with a light green base and a strange green alien insignia inscribed on it.

Ochaco awes at the device as Izuku picks it up and continues to examine it.

Tetrax finds their expression rather amusing, if only they knew how common this technology truly is in the galaxies. “I think you’ll have more use for that than me.” Besides he could always get another one.

Izuku presses down on the side of the hoverboard and it shrinks back down into its original disc form. “So, cool!”

“Aw, no fair! Don’t I get one?” Ochaco’s cheeks puff out as she grumbles about the unfairness of the situation.

That complaint honestly takes Tetrax by surprise. “What? Can’t you already fly?”

Ochaco blinks in bewilderment “Excuse me?”

“You manipulate gravity, don’t you? I figured you would use the ability to fly.”
Ochaco’s eyes light up. Holy shit! That’s true isn’t it?! Why didn’t she think of it before?! Well now all she needs to do is figure out how to do it. Look out Deku, you’re not going to be the only one ruling the skies!

While Ochaco revels in her new found realization, Nezu takes the chance to address their new friend. “Mr. Shard, thank you for everything. You protected my students and now you’re giving yourself up to the wolves.” Nezu bows, his back at a perfectly 90-degree angle. “I thank you for your service, and I can guarantee that you will receive all cooperation from the Plumbers.” He salutes as a way to honor his promise.

Tetrax offers a salute of his own, accepting the kind offer. He gives the students one last look of expectancy and with a curt nod he enters into his shuttle just as the ramp rises and closes up the interior of the spaceship.

Izuku and Ochaco watch on as the shuttle roars to life and wind gushes out from its engines as the shuttle begins to float up and into the air, from above a hatch opens up revealing the bright blue sky above. The ship slowly rises out through the narrow tunnel, it’s cloaking device activates turning the entire ship invisible, the only sign that it’s left the tunnel is how the leaves and the branches of the trees above whip around. And with a loud boom like that of a jet the trees fall silent as Tetrax begins to ascend to the planet’s upper atmosphere.

The students watch on as the trees finally settle and the passage begins to seal itself back up and then they are left alone in their thoughts. Thoughts on what their possible futures hold for them now, and the hope that this plan will work out in their favor.

But Nezu has another concern, one that falls upon the responsibilities as a principle rather than a Plumber. ‘Our students have gone through so much on their own… But I fear for how the public will view this incident. We need to assure the people of Japan that there is nothing to fear, that this was a temporary lapse in preparedness.’ Hopefully an opportunity to show how well the school is actually conducting itself will be upon them soon.

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A humanoid drone addresses the commander of his ship. “Master, we’ve detected Tetrax Shard’s ship exiting the planet’s atmosphere.”

The commander or rather Vilgax, the destroyer of worlds smiles from underneath his breathing apparatus. ‘I knew I could rely on him. He was so willing to betray his own people; I knew he’d be perfect to complete this mission. And soon I will have the Omnitrix in my grasp.’

Another drone rushes up to its master’s healing pod. “Master! Tetrax Shard is not trying to board our ship, instead he’s activated his hyperdrive!”

“What?!”

A third drone wheels around from its post. “Master, we’ve detected the Omnitrix and the signal is coming from abroad Tetrax Shard’s ship!”

“It cannot be?!” But then again. “Prepare to intercept him!!” They must intercept his ship before it can escape.

“It is too late, he just entered hyperspace.” With one last beep of the drone’s monitor, it confirms that Tetrax has left the solar system.

Vilgax roars out in anger, if only he wasn’t restrained to this accursed pod, he would be thrashing
about smashing away his useless minions. “Rahhh!!” That traitor, Tetrax, will not outrun him so easily! He will hunt him down and take what is rightfully his. “Quickly we must pursue him!!”

“We cannot, the ship’s main reactor is still undergoing repairs.” Even though they’ve been working on the ship for months it’s difficult doing repairs when they cannot return to their own planet and instead have to resort to sneaking in shipments of supplies and material.

Vilgax is seething with rage. How dare that insulate bug defy him?! “If we cannot pursue him, then we will send another after him. Someone who will not give up his Hunt or betray me.” Yes, he will hire someone that will not give up a hunt, someone who will honor their allegiance, someone who will hunt Tetrax to the very edges of the universe if they must.

Then again…his well-toned and experienced instincts are betraying his rage. Perhaps Tetrax doesn’t mean to escape with the Omnitrix but lead him and his army away from it. Perhaps the Omnitrix is still on the planet?

Either way he cannot pursue Tetrax without a properly functioning ship, so he is stuck here for the time being. With only the Earth’s various media outlets to occupy his time. Admittedly he’s become rather fascinated with this planet, just how does a population of lesser lifeforms evolve so spontaneously with powers that could rival his own strength? Not like that fact scares him in any way…in fact it only serves to intrigue him further. Perhaps this planet will prove to be a worthy challenge, and a fine addition to his grand empire.

A news article projects itself onto the surface of the healing pod. Vilgax examines the article and its headline; “U.A. Attacked by the League of Villains”.

Vilgax rereads the header, it looks like things are getting even more interesting.

Chapter End Notes

You were warned, it was a bit of a boring chapter. But it was a necessary one in my opinion and I hope you all feel the same way. The next few chapters will be similarly the same, but I will try to add a few more action scenes here and there when I can. Anyway I’ll see you all next time.

*For full disclosure, Nue will remain in his mutated form moving forward.

*I know some of you wanted All Might to tell Izuku about One For All, but I want to hold off on that for now.

*If you don’t know, One-One is a character form the “Infinity Train” series. Go check it out it is well worth it.

*Izuku’s new hoverboard is the X321 model. Or the original version of Ben Ten’s hoverboard.

*As for Izuku’s and Ochaco’s future support items, I already have ideas on what I want to give them and how they get them. Hopefully the next chapter will continue to see this go through.

*Also I’m going to say this because I know a lot of you are going to ask, but Vilgax is
going to hire the greatest huntsman in the galaxy to go after Tetrax.

*Speaking of Tetrax we will not be seeing him for a while. Keep in mind that I took a lot of inspiration from the Ben Ten series so I’m treating Tetrax the same way. He will eventually return every now and then, but I would not expect him back any time soon.

*Also for disclosure we won’t be starting the Sports Festival Arc for another 2-3 chapters mainly because there’s a few more things I want to address and add in one chapter for fun before we get to the Sports Festival.

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