The Boy With Nothing and the Girl With Everything
by JKaner1005

Summary

When people saw Momo Yaoyorozu, they always thought about how amazing her quirk was or how lucky she was to have a wealthy and happy family life. Others saw her as a child prodigy, someone whose analytical mind was well on its way to making a name for itself in heroics and science. What they almost never saw was the level of hard work the girl had put into her studies to find new uses for her quirk, or the level of determination and drive she had to exercise and study for extra hours of the day beyond that of normal school requirements. On the other hand, Izuku Midoriya had drawn the short straw. Unbeknownst to the rest of his classmates, he truly was born with no quirk and came from a horrible family situation with a father that abandoned him and a mother that still hadn't quite recovered from her ex-husbands absence. So what happens when Izuku finally points out and praises Momo for all of her hard work? Well, let's just say that it leads to both U.A. students to discovering that they have similar insecurities despite coming from two completely different backgrounds. Something that forges a bond between the duo that might just go beyond a normal relationship.

Notes

I just have to say that the idea for this work does not belong to me. I recently read "More Than Just Luck" by dgj212 on FF.net and I wanted to adapt the one shot that was made so I could expand its story. dgj212, I you ever find your way to this fic, just know that I thought your initial story was amazing and I only wish this adaptation will do justice to your work. Of course I don't own MHA or it's characters, that right belongs to the creator. I hope you
enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.

- Inspired by More Than Just Luck by dgj212
Momo was awoken by the sudden sound of her alarm. It wasn’t one of those shake you awake jarring sounds that most people had and complained about almost every day, no hers was more of a soothing and pleasant noise that seemed to nudge you awake in just the right way. The Yaoyorozu heir slowly rubbed the sleep from her eyes as she sat up to stretch her arms out from her body as she gave a big yawn.

“Ahh hah,” came the jarred noise from the girl as she collected herself.

Momo blinked the sleep from her eyes as she took in her surroundings. She gave a bit of a groan internally when she realized that she had fallen asleep at her desk again. Unfortunately it had become somewhat of a regular occurrence for the girl. She had always taken her studies very seriously, but what many people didn’t know was that she also spent quite a bit of time pursuing her own research regarding different applications for her quirk. Her large polished oak desk was a testament to this, holding two notebooks filled with very detailed notes that she had collected over many years of self-study. Next to them lay probably five or six heavy books from her family library, each on different subjects such as medicine, electronics, weapon crafting, etc.

Realizing she was distracting herself, Momo got to work creating a plan of action that would allow her to complete her morning routine while also allowing her to arrive at U.A. a reasonable time before the first bell. First, she needed to straighten out her room. She organized the things on her desk, packed up her schoolbag, and straightened out her dresser and closet. Next it was time for morning exercise. It was something she had taken up during her early years in middle school when her fellow female classmates had started gossiping and focusing on outer looks. Suddenly being at the peak of physical health and fitness became a necessity, and Momo realized it mattered even more so when her quirk was added to the picture.

“It’s all about eating right and getting proper exercise,” one of her classmates would always say. “Regularly exercising leads to a high metabolism, which leads to more efficient functions of the body. Eating proper healthy foods furthers this by giving us proper energy storage without excess toxins or unhealthy minerals clogging up our systems.”

It was all very fascinating to Momo, but she also found out very quickly with the help of her family friend who also was a quirk councilor that it was also essential to achieving the best effective use of her quirk. Since her body converted her excess lipids into whatever non-living substance she wanted to thanks to her quirk, it stood to reason that the healthier she was, the more efficient the lipid conversion process would be. Added on top of this was the fact that lipids that held less excess toxic material were better and faster at conversion than those that held more.

The result of this research was that Momo had adopted an almost completely different lifestyle overnight. She became very aware of what she ate, focusing on the consumption of healthier fats to
replace her lipid reserves. This of course was not a simple process, she had to do a lot of her own research into breaking down the differences between saturated and unsaturated fats, ‘bad’ LDL cholesterol and ‘good’ HDL cholesterol, what saturated fats could be categorized as ‘good’ in small doses, as well as about a hundred other technical medical terms.

It didn’t stop there however, the Yaoyorozu heir also spent a fair amount of time researching proper nutrition and eating habits, identifying what things to avoid as well as what things to keep in moderation. Additionally, the girl researched the impact of exercise on the body, digging into what exercises contributed to which effects on what places. All this research on diet, nutrition and exercise filled up an entire notebook regarding the applications of her quirk, barely fitting within the pages as it contained more information that its sister that sat adjacent to it on Momo’s desk. That book contained only the practical applications of her quirk, a near five years of self-study in hundreds of categories, which didn’t even pass the halfway mark of the notebook.

Needless to say, the girl had done her research, and it had paid off when she made several copies of her first notebook that she gave to all of the cooking staff that worked in her family manor. Having enjoyed that quick trip down memory lane, Momo brought herself back to reality as she now found herself beginning her jog around her family’s estate. Her home was a large one, containing not only the Yaoyorozu’s home but the extensive property surrounding it. Her parents were quite the pair.

Her mother came from an extended heroics background, having made it into the top fifty when she was in her prime. Her quirk allowed her to convert her lipid cells into vast quantities of energy during combat. The side effect of her quirk allowing for high density fat storage allowed her mother to keep her womanly figure while also fighting at unimaginable levels that even rivaled some strength augmentation quirks in a straight up fight. Her father came from an extended family of doctors and researchers in the medical industry. His quirk allowed him to consume in-organic materials and rearrange the atoms at the molecular level within his body before he released the newly made material through his skin.

They both happened to meet during a charity ball for the company her father was working for at the time. One thing led to another and soon they both were happily married. Smart investments as well as some well-timed risks created an opportunity for the young couple to grow their startup pharmaceutical business, eventually leading to them acquiring the estate and the life they had for themselves and their only child. Both of her parents inspired Momo to expect great things from herself, both as a hero as well as when she would take time off to eventually take over her parents’ company.

When she finally finished her morning jog, Momo quickly moved back to her room to clean herself off and get dressed. She followed up with a well-balanced meal based of her nutrition research. Saying her thanks for the meal, she grabbed the pre-made lunch that had been passed to her and stuffed it in her school bag with the rest of her things. With her morning routine completed, the recommended U.A. student made her way out of the Yaoyorozu family manor and started walking to the nearby train station to catch a ride to school.

It wasn’t easy keeping up with all the requirements her quirk had in order to perform at its most efficient level, but it was nothing that the Yaoyorozu heir wasn’t determined to endure. She had been gifted with a great quirk, a loving family, and multiple future options to choose from. The least she could do was give it her all in things that couldn’t be handed to her. She would show her hard work in her studies as well as when she applied her quirk in practical training. She was the appointed class VP after all, she needed to present herself at the highest standard possible to show them that their trust in her wasn’t wasted.
“That should about wrap things up for today,” commented Ectoplasm as he finished up the last of his math lecture on quadratic formulas. Momo heard many of her classmates give sighs of relief at the statement. She found their actions quite puzzling if she was being honest.

‘Are they really that lost?’ the ‘Creation’ user thought as she tilted her head to the side while cupping her chin. She wasn’t going to go out and say that their mathematics teacher was straightforward, far from it actually. However, she couldn’t help but question some of her classmates’ ability to follow the lectures given to the students in the heroics department. Sure they were quite dense at times, especially when it came to their mathematics teacher, but Momo always found that as long as you took proper notes on the subject and followed up on areas that were giving you trouble it was quite easy to smooth things over.

She was interrupted from her thoughts when the bell rang to signal for the change in period. As it was now her class’ lunch break, Momo turned to pull out her prepared lunch that had been packed for her this morning and set it down at her desk.

“Whacha got their Yaomomo?” asked Ashido who had made her way over from her desk as Momo had brought out her lunch container. She could never really quite remember when her pink skinned classmate started calling her that. However it was somewhat understandable given that saying her full last name was quite the mouthful. Say what you want about her nickname, but it was far easier to roll of one’s tongue.

“Oh, I bring lunch from home most days if I can help it,” she replied. “I mean no offense to Lunch Rush, but it’s much better for my quirk to stick to a preset meal plan so it works at maximum efficiency.” Ashido eyed her packed lunch with wide eyes for a few moments before nodding in understanding.

“That right, I forgot. You use fats stored in your body to create stuff with your quirk.”

“Correct. My meals are always high in fats, but I try to only eat the more healthy kind that you can get from things like avocados, coconut oils, fish and other plant-based foods,” Momo continued.

“You eat that every day, kero?” commented Asui.

“Man you’re so lucky. That’s some high-quality food,” continued Sero.

“Yeah I’m so jealous!” Uraraka said in a slightly envious but friendly tone.

‘Is it really that strange?’ thought Momo as she stood up to follow her classmates outside the classroom towards the cafeteria. While she didn’t partake in eating its food, she still enjoyed that time it gave to socialize with her classmates. Part of her feared that maybe she was flaunting herself around a bit with her meal choices, but then she looked at Aoyama.

The boy was sipping what was hopefully grape juice from a wine glass while picking up a piece of steak with his fork. His meal also featured garlic mashed potatoes, steamed spinach, and a side of butter sauce alongside the steak. It was by no means abnormal for the boy’s lunch to be something of that caliber, so Momo felt at least a bit less abnormal with her meal choices.

‘It’s not too weird right?’
After enjoying another sociable meal with her classmates, Momo took the last bit of her lunch period to freshen up in the bathroom before heading back to class. She was just about to head out of her stall to the sink when she heard two other girls enter the bathroom.

“Man I just can’t believe it,” commented one girl. “Why is it that the Hero course students always seem to take all the good food before we even get there?”

“Well they do get released from their class about ten minutes before us,” replied the second girl. “It would stand to reason the ‘first come first served’ rule would apply to the cafeteria food.”

“I know but still. Not only did I get scraps for food, but neither Bakugo nor Todoroki seemed to notice that I got my hair done yesterday!” the first girl said in a slightly louder voice. “I even went all out and spend my whole paycheck from my last two weeks working as a barista at that café that’s a few blocks from my house.”

‘Ohmygosh are they having girl talk time?!’ Momo internally squealed. She would never admit it, but she was quite the romantic at heart. There would be small snippets of these kinds of conversations at her old school but given that it was a private female academy it wasn’t as common to talk about boys when there were none around to talk about.

“You shouldn’t be surprised about Todoroki,” continued the second girl. “have you seen how much of a loner he seems to be? I doubt he’s even really paying attention. No matter how much I wish he did.”

“I know right? It’s so frustrating, the only other prize is Bakugo and there’s plenty of misgivings with him and that too loud and rude demeanor.”

“I don’t know, I kind of think his bad boy act is super attractive,” replied the second girl.

“Bitch, are you serious?”

“Come on, can’t you just imagine how amazing it would be to have him corner you in the hall, give off a tiny explosion as he slammed his hand into the wall behind you and whisper in your ear ‘Hey, let’s go on a date,’ or something like that?” the second girl continued.

Despite her dislike for the explosive blond in question, Momo couldn’t help but blush as she thought about something like that happening to her. A tall and handsome boy standing before her and confessing his love to her as they locked eyes, just like she would read in her romance novels. She gave a small shudder just thinking about it. She was brought back to reality as the girls continued their conversation outside her stall.

“I just don’t think I could see past his personality. Besides he strikes me as I guy who would be too dominant in the relationship and call his girlfriend a ‘bitch’ or something,” replied the first girl.”

“Bitch, you just called me the same thing a second ago.”

“And you just said it.”

Both girls gave a quick laugh before the first girl continued, “Anyway, are there any other boys in the hero course you may be interested in?”

“I guess Iida would be a pretty good choice. He obviously smart, nearly his entire family has taken part in heroics, that previous part means he’s defiantly loaded financially, and I heard a rumor he
took part in the Hero Killer’s capture a few weeks ago.”

“Bullshit,” replied the first girl immediately.

“No I’m serious. Word on the street is that it was actually him and two other 1-A students that actually took him down. Police and other law enforcement had to bury it quickly to keep pro’s from looking bad.”

“Wow that’s amazing! Who else was with him?”

“I heard from the pink girl that it was Todoroki as well as that green-haired boy. Midoriya I think his name was?”

‘Damn you Ashido, we were supposed to keep their encounter with Stain on the down low. But wait, why is one of them saying that those three were more involved? Could there be truth to those rumors?’ thought Momo.

“Wait, the same boy that Todoroki fought in the second round of the one on one matches?” asked the first girl. “The one who blows himself up to fight?”

“Yep, the one with the plain looking face. Can’t think of how he would be of any help in a fight if he just injures himself.”

“If only you knew what he is capable of now,” Momo whispered to herself as she remembered seeing the boy leaping between buildings and pipelines on their first day back from their internships. Thankfully the two girls didn’t seem to hear her.

“If you want to talk about disappointing performances, how about that Yaoyorozu girl,” continued the first girl. Momo couldn’t help but feel a pit in her stomach form as she heard those words. She was already disappointed in herself for her performance in her fight against Tokoyami during their one on one match but hearing about it from others perspective was like sticking a knife back into an old wound.

“Yeah she got totally swamped during that fight,” replied the second girl. “I honestly think she just got lucky being on Todoroki’s team during the cavalry battle.”

Momo grew still at that comment, sure she had done badly against her avian classmate, but she did a lot more than just ‘be lucky’ in the cavalry battle. She defended her team with makeshift shields from Tokoyami’s dark shadow and provided coverage for her team so Kaminari could use the full power of his quirk to knock out several opponents without risk to his own teammates. It wasn’t as flashy a display as Todoroki freezing nearly the entire arena in ice, but what exactly was?!

“Didn’t she get in on recommendation?” asked the first girl.

“Oh yeah she did, apparently her quirk can make any non-living material as long as she understands its structure or something.”

“Wait, the rich girl, the heir to one of the most successful pharmaceutical companies in Japan, can just make anything she wants?! Does that include gold and jewels?!”

“Sure does,” replied the second girl. “Girl can literally shit out wealth by the second. Talk about being born lucky, she’s had no financial worries from the day she was born.”

The pit in Momo’s stomach was growing by the second, sure she had always had a pretty indulged lifestyle, but she never took any of it for granted. The notebooks on her quirk, and well as the many
lessons about understanding finances from a young age were a testament to that. However, that didn’t seem to matter to these two girls.

“She probably bribed her way in. I mean it’s not exactly hard when you can literally say ‘name your price,’” continued the second girl.

“With that display at the festival, I wouldn’t be surprised,” replied the first girl. “The only thing she had going for her is that ridiculous body of hers. I mean have you seen the size of her chest?”

Momo covered the part of her body in question subconsciously as the second girl laughed before replying, “Body, wealth, and a ridiculous quirk, girls got it made for herself. She even was in one of Uwabmi’s recent commercials!”

“Now she has fame too?! Come on this is ridiculous! Can she be even more lucky?!”

“Hey, there could be a silver lining to it. She could be sterile given her quirk, no living things allowed right?” Momo felt like something brake inside her when the girl said that. She was shaking now as she tried not to cry.

“Haha, that’s so dark. At least she can just shit out tons of cash as compensation.”

“That’s a Yaoyorozu for you!” Both girls continued to laugh as they finally exited the bathroom. Momo took another moment in silence before she finally opened the door of her stall. She desperately tried to keep herself composed as she moved her shaking hands to the sink faucet.

‘Keep it together Momo,’ she thought. ‘They don’t know you nor how hard you work. You’re more than just luck.’ She splashed some water on her face as she took a few shaky deep breaths. She tried gently rubbing her face as the droplets washed over her skin, feeling tears welling up in her eyes as she tried to fight them back.

Momo was lucky no one entered that bathroom for the next five minutes or so, as anyone that had would have found the young Yaoyorozu shedding more than a few tears as she continued to feel the sting of the two girl’s conversation. Born lucky huh? She really didn’t feel like that right now.

As 1-A prepared for their heroics class, Momo was deep in thought as she tried to recover from the wounds left by the conversation she had overheard earlier in the bathroom. Knocking her down for her poor performance against Tokoyami was understandable, she had really underperformed during that fight. Momo had re-watched her battle with her classmate probably more than one hundred times as she tried to analyze every aspect of the battle and find ways to improve. She nearly screamed at herself when she realized the handful of moments where she could have easily created something to help her turn the scales.

That being said, she didn’t have the best record at performing when under pressure. During the villain attack at the USJ, she had done things by the book, but she still failed to keep her classmates safe. Kaminari has been taken hostage when a villain had gotten the drop on her, a failure like that got either herself or others killed when doing hero work. She was fortunate the teachers arrived when they did, if that hadn’t happened...

Then there was the sports festival. Sure she joined up with Todoroki, but that was probably the most logical choice, and she still got to show off her quirk as both versatile and powerful given the
right circumstances. Right? Of course Todoroki’s ice attacks and Kaminari’s shocks were more flashy, and Iida’s speed was defiantly something to be proud of but being a hero wasn’t always about the flashy attacks.

‘I did help, didn’t I…’ she thought.

Momo’s thought instantly went to the internships. She recalled how so many of her classmates came back with stories about how they had grown or gained amazing experiences. There was the Hero Killer incident for Todoroki, Iida and Midoriya, where Todoroki was now beginning to actually use his fire side and Midoriya had come back with a shocking amount of control over his insane power. Asui talked about fighting drug smugglers, Uraraka about how she was improving her hand to hand combat, Jiro with a hostage rescue and the list went on and on.

On her side, she ended up shooting commercials and taking pictures with Itsuka Kendo from 1-B for the Snake Heroine’s advertisement campaign. Momo couldn’t deny that understanding one’s visual appearance and stature was important for being a hero, but the fact that she didn’t really seem to gain any supportive experience towards hero work was making the girl feel like she didn’t get a lot out of her internship. Her classmates were continuing to progress with flying colors and she was being left behind in the dust.

‘…do I really belong here?’ she asked to herself.

Luckily for the girl, her reasonable side came to her rescue. She was recommended fair and square for gods sake! Even if she wasn’t, she would have still done well on the practical. For the recommended student’s exam she had placed only second to Todoroki amongst the four students that were currently studying at U.A. Her mother was also a well accomplished hero, and she was determined to follow in her footsteps. She may have stumbled a bit, but she still earned her spot at U.A. just like every one of her classmates.

“Yaomomo, are you ready?” came the voice of Ashido from behind her. Momo turned to see that all of the 1-A girls had finished putting on their costumes and had assembled in front of the changing room door. They all were wearing smiles on their faces as they prepared to take on whatever challenge All Might had in store for today’s lesson. Momo stretched a smile of her own across her face as she closed her locker and turned to directly face her female classmates.

“Of course, let’s go,” she replied.

“WE’RE ALL GONNA DIE!” screamed a terrified Mineta as he threw handful after handful of his purple balls at the approaching training robots.

Today’s training exercise was a team event consisting of four separate hero teams navigating their way through Training Ground Epsilon as it was overrun with training bots. Momo had been selected to be a group leader alongside Todoroki, Bakugo, and Midoriya to lead their respective groups through the robotic onslaught to the center of the fake city where their ‘civilian targets’ had been shelled up in an international embassy. The teams were tasked with working as a group to see who could make it to the objective with the fastest time, although certain variables like damage to property, damage sustained by heroes and other such things would add extra time to their final product.
Momo’s group consisted of Ashido, Aoyama, Sero and obviously Mineta respectively, the latter of which she would have preferred to be without for obvious reasons. They had crossed paths with a huge number of robots almost immediately into their entrance into the city, and they couldn’t seem to break through as more and more continued to arrive and surround the students faster than they could destroy them. The class VP had used her quirk to make a handheld grenade launcher that she was using to punch a hole through the robots alongside Aoyama’s naval laser.

“We need to keep moving!” she shouted as a narrow opening appeared in front of them after her last shot with her weapon. Her classmates followed her close behind, the group having gained a reasonable hundred meters or so before having to come to a halt again.

The group realized their mistake as they saw themselves surrounded on all sides by multiple rows of robots in the center of a city cross-section. Momo could feel a slight bit of fear and disappointment rise up to her chest as she realized she had led her team right into a trap. The robots charged the trapped students from all sides as the group began to fight in desperation. Things were made worse when large successive explosions and pillars of ice could be seen on different horizons, confirming that the other teams were making considerable progress into the robot infested city.

“We’re going to fall behind!” cried Ashido as she threw hundreds of balls of acid at different points on the robots.

“Look out!” screamed Sero as he shot his tape at the pink girl, just barely pulling her out of the way of a punch that was aimed towards her head.

“AHHHHHH!” continued Mineta as blood dripped from his head from overusing his quirk as he continued to throw his balls at the robots.

‘What can I do?’ thought Momo as she looked frantically between the robots and her classmates while trying to formulate some new plan. ‘At this rate we won’t even finish the exercise! We’ll end up dead last!’ She quickly formed another grenade launcher for her other hand, hoping some extra fire power could do the trick, only to realized it made it that much harder to reload. Cursing herself, she threw the extra launcher at the closest robot and went back to reloading her first.

“If only we could just turn off these robots!” screamed Ashido over the explosions.

“Wait turn off the… that’s it!” screamed Momo as her eyes widened. She instantly started creating something from both of her sides as she launched one last explosive at the closest robot.

“Just hold them back for a few seconds! I think I’ve got something that can turn the tables!” she continued.

“You better be quick about it!” Sero replied back.

Momo placed both of her hands to her sides as she worked through the image of the device in her mind. She remembered her research on the data from that U.A. permitted her to have regarding their training robots as she adjusted compounds and components sizes for her new weapon.

‘Robot plating is approximately 165 millimeters thick, adjust explosive compound to create strong enough concussive blast to allow for proper vibration of outer shell. Charge capacitors to emit large enough charge to disrupt soldering connections on circuit boards. Adjust wire thickness and number of coils to allow for solenoid to generate large enough magnetic field… got it!’ she thought. Momo gripped the two cylindrical objects that popped out of her skin at her sides and threw them in opposite directions to the left and right of the group.
“Cover your ears!” she screamed.

**BOOM!**

The 1-A students felt a large tingling sensation spread across their bodies as the concussive blasts emulating from the mysterious objects moved out in all directions. They quickly opened their eyes after the initial blast subsided, growing shocked expression as the surrounding robots suddenly stopped moving and dropped their arms to their sides. The students didn’t need to be told twice, immediately blasting all the stopped robots to pieces as a few new ones trickled into the area.

“Holy crap, that was awesome!” commented Sero as the formerly surrounded group could now take a breather.

“Wow, what gives? It like they suddenly-” started Ashido before she was interrupted by the group’s leader.

“We need to hurry,” Momo said as she reloaded her grenade launcher and formed a few more of the cylindrical devises that she had used to deactivate the robots just now. “We’ve got to catch up to the other groups.”

“Right!” came the voices of her classmates as they continued to push toward the center of the city, now making quicker work of the emerging robots as they were not nearly as overwhelmed as before. That being said, those new devices that Momo used every so often were a big help to say the least.

“…AND NOW WE SHALL REVIEW THE RESULTS!” exclaimed an exuberant All Might after all of the students had made it to the objective and were accounted for.

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“GOD DAMN IT!” screamed Bakugo upon realizing that his team had come in last for the exercise.

Momo couldn’t believe the results. After arriving dead last at the objective with the rest of her team, she couldn’t help but feel depressed that she had once again failed to properly show her talents. However, as she now saw the final results of the exercise, she could slowly feel a small warming feeling of pride well up in her chest as both herself and her team were presented with the ‘1st place’ title.

‘It was tight, but we still managed to come out in first place despite our initial shortcomings…’
thought Momo as she painfully remembered leading her team into a trap at the beginning of the exercise.

“Hey, Yaoyorozu?” commented Midoriya. “Could you tell me what those devices you used to stop the robots were? I noticed you throwing them when the monitors were repaying some if the footage of the exercise.”

“Yeah! Yaomomo threw them up when we were surrounded by robots in all directions! Two quick blasts from those babies and all the robots stopped moving so we could break them into a thousand pieces,” commented Ashido.

“Wow really? That’s amazing!” said Uraraka.

“I’m curious as well,” replied Jiro.

All eyes were on Momo as she started to fidget with her hands at all of the attention, “Well I basically made a small version of an explosive device that emits a small magnetic burst that can interfere with electrical circuits…”

“…you made an FCG?!” cried Midoriya in shock.

“OF COURSE YOU KNOW WHAT THE FUCK SHE’S TALKING ABOUT YOU DAMN NERD!” shouted Bakugo still angry from his defeat in the exercise.

“What’s an ‘FCG’, kero?” asked Asui.

“Um Well,” continued Momo as the attention was drawn back to her. “It’s basically an explosive device that generates an electromagnetic burst via short-circuiting of the wiring inside the device as the explosions move outwards. I used the resulting burst to interfere with the internal circuitry of the robots and hopefully cause their motherboards to fry or shut down due to safety features. Basically it’s a bomb that created both an explosion and an EMP that can be used to disrupt nearby electronics.”

“That’s incredible!” said Uraraka again. “How do you know all of that?!”

Momo smiled at the praise. Creating such a device was the result of the personal study of her quirk. She had a considerable section about it in her notebooks which covered various variables and details that she had to take into account when making the devise as intended. She need to be careful after all, if she didn’t properly calibrate the device when she created it, it could lead to a whole lot of problems for herself and others if she had unfortunately deactivated electronics used by her allies.

She had actually never field tested making one before in a real situation, but she felt like she had some breathing room in this instance since none of her team members had electrical equipment and they were a decent distance away from any buildings so the only things that would likely be affected would have been the robots that surrounded them. She was actually surprised it had worked so well. Momo had spent more than a few late nights researching and taking notes in the topic and was glad that it was starting to pay off.

“Of course she knows about it! The girl is a freaking genius after all!” shouted Mineta.

“Well she in the top of our class in academics, kero,” continued Asui.

“I wish I could be as lucky as her,” replied Kaminari. “Having a quirk that can make almost anything you want and being a genius too must be awesome!”
“I must say, it is truly an honor to share a classroom with such a student,” Iida interjected.

“This is very true,” said Tokoyami.

“Yaomomo you’re amazing! Our genius VP!” commented Ashido.

“If your all about done,” came a voice from behind them as the class turned to see their homeroom teacher now standing next to All Might. “it’s time to begin the next exercise.”

“Yes, sir!” class 1-A replied.

As they moved towards their next training area, Momo recalled the praise that she received from her classmates as they had found out what exactly she had done during their previous exercise. She gave a small smile as the words of ‘genius’ and ‘lucky’ emulated in her mind, but she quickly started to feel something else as the class continued forward.

‘They’re my classmates. They looked up to me and gave me such nice compliments about how I handled myself both during training and class work. So why… why do I feel so empty inside?’

If Momo thought their first training exercise was bad, then she would have felt a whole different world of negative emotions at what their class began doing afterwards. Aizawa had them perform all kinds of physical tasks similar to their quirk assessment test at the beginning of the year, but the catch was that each student had a limit put on them when it came the use of their quirk. According to their teacher, it was meant to create a situation where they would have to adapt their fighting style, but also cause them to take a more taxing use of both their physical strength as well as their quirk.

Momo was forced to re-create any object she made during one test if she wished to use it again. Meaning when the class performed repeated tasks one after another, her quirk and body were pushed into overdrive as the girl had to keep creating the same two or three objects every time a new test started. By the end of the day, more than a couple of large piles filled with various support objects had piled up around the training area. Now Momo was sitting on the ground in the shade of a nearby building with her back leaned up against the wall as she tried to recover from the rigorous training.

“Uh…” came a weak cry from around the corner.

Momo looked up to see Midoriya of all people round the corner of the building, like her, he had clearly seen better days as his costume was covered in dirt and sweat from their insane mini bootcamp that Aizawa had put them through. It took the boy a few minutes to register her presence before his eyes suddenly widened and looked directly at her.

“Yaoyorozu!” he exclaimed as he tried to collect himself. “Sorry if I disturbed you. I’m kind of too tired to fully operate at the moment…”

“It’s fine Midoriya, you’re not the only one who was shoved through the gauntlet today after all,” she replied.

“R-right,” the boy replied before pausing for a second before continuing. “Are you… no forget it. I must be imagining things.”
“Hm?” came the reply from Momo. “What’s wrong? If you’re unsure of something I would feel better if you asked instead of not say anything.”

“I-I just thought, please don’t take this the wrong way, b-but it seems like your body is…well…” the boy looked away as he twirled his pointer fingers in front of him before poking them together, “Ithoughtyourbodylookeddifferent…” he finally said.

“I’m sorry Midoriya, but I couldn’t understand that last part. Could you repeat it?” Momo replied.

“W-well, I-I said that I… thought your body looked different than before when our training started…” the boy was still looking away from her as he finished the statement.

Momo blinked a few times before registering what the boy said and was also trying to imply. A chuckle found its way out of her mouth before she could stop herself, “You don’t need to worry Midoriya, it’s just my quirk.”

“Wait, what? You mean I wasn’t seeing things?!” he exclaimed as he snapped his head back to her.

“You are correct, this is just the result of me using my quirk a lot,” she replied with a smile.

“You mean your body deforms as you use your quirk?!” Midoriya said in bewilderment.

Momo gave another smile at the boy before continuing, “It does if I used all of my lipid stores in one area, but don’t worry, I’ve had a lot of practice making sure I take appropriate precautions so that I’m as close as possible to evenly taking the lipids from all places of my body.”

She watched as the boy quickly went into one of his signature muttering sessions. Having quite the analytical mind herself, Momo had quickly become one of the only people able to mostly understand the boy when he got like this.

“If she makes a mistake, then she could end up horribly disfigured. Could she shift the lipids from one side of her body to the warped part? How fast can she restore the lipids? How long has she been practicing such control of her quirk? How quickly can one part of her body become warped? Mutter mutter mutter…” that was about all she got before she lost him.

“Midoriya,” called Momo, hoping to snap him out of the muttering trance.

“Wah! S-sorry about that, I totally started muttering about something that’s probably a very touchy topic for you…” the boy began.

“No it’s ok, it’s not actually that uncomfortable for me. Well at least not anymore now that I’ve gotten a better handle on it.”

“Oh, I see…”

“It was a problem for a little bit during middle school,” Momo said. “I had to stay home from school on some days when I got carried away experimenting at home and had to take time to readjust myself.”

“What were you experimenting on? If I may ask,” asked Midoriya.

Momo smiled. She loved talking about the things she had learned to do with her quirk. Usually she never could because most people weren’t able to follow her most of the time, so she hadn’t really tried with her classmates at U.A. yet. However Midoriya seems to have that similar excitement when it came to things like this so maybe it would be fine. He had placed fourth in the class for
academics after all.

“At that particular time, I was looking into how well I could do simple coding mechanics for electronic devises.”

“WHAT?!!” replied Midoriya. “You know how to put preset coding into your electronic devises?! How?!” replied the shocked greenette.

Momo chuckled again before she continued, “I learned a trick when I was spending time late at night studying the topic. Coding memory at its base function it just ones and zeros that are attributed towards high-voltage and low-voltage respectively. If I run the same pattern into the memory bits of the motherboard I’m making for the device, it ends up working out well, although I’m limited to only simple coding jobs.”

Midoriya had to lean against the wall as he tried to recover from all he information he had just learned from her. When he had finally seemed to collect himself, Momo’s ears perked up when she heard him whisper something under his breath.

“What was that?” she asked.

“It’s just… I think it’s just amazing what you have been able to achieve with that quirk and just your mind,” replied Midoriya. It was a fine complement, but Momo felt the same felling she felt when her classmates had praised her earlier that day.

“I think we’re all real lucky that you’re the one who has that quirk.”

Momo felt everything stop around her for a second before she finally registered his words. She waited there a bit longer in silence before she finally replied, “What do you mean?”

“Well for starters, you’re you. You could make anything you want at any time, but you don’t. What I mean is, you didn’t find ways to make everyday objects like clothing or other stuff so you would just need to buy food. You could very easily do that as by buying food, you would be able to create anything you wanted with the steady supply of fats. You also don’t just make money or gold so you can buy anything you want.”

Momo could just nod her head in understanding as the boy continued his long explanation. She didn’t know why, but his words seemed to fill her with happiness. It was if he knew exactly what Momo had wanted to hear all this time.

“Additionally, you’ve done work to make your quirk more versatile. I know you said that you spent long nights before researching the applications of your quirk, I’m assuming that’s because the creation processes a lot more complicated that most people might think. You not actually a ‘genius’ per say, you’re really just a very intelligent girl who probably spends more time studying and learning than most of the top students in our class combined.”

Momo could only stair at him with a blank expression as he delivered this point. What was amazing is how incredibly accurate his deduction skills were, what he just said was almost word for word what she had put herself through over the last five years or so.

“You’re correct, my quirk has no special effects to my memory or anything like that. I’ve had to put in long hours of research and memorization to be able to create most of my complex creations that I currently use in our practical training,” she replied.

“Of course you have!” he responded with a smile. “I mean your use of that FCG today proves it. You had to visualize the whole object down to its atomic structure. That includes all of its
measurements, the strength of the explosive compounds, heck you probably had to do multiple calculations on the fly to account for variables such as explosion radius, capacitor charge, how many coils to make in the solenoid and well as a thousand other things!”

“Well,” replied Momo as she tried to talk him down from over praising her. “I only can adjust so much on the fly. It was more preparation research and making only a few adjustments based on the size of the robots and their armor.”

“Still, it’s more than amazing. You should be proud.”

“You shouldn’t give me too much credit, I do carry around this notebook that has a lot of helpful notes and reminders about various things during high stress environments or emergencies,” replied Momo has she pointed to a brown notebook stashed in her yellow utility belt.

“I mean yeah, but to go to such lengths… it honestly makes me feel a bit guilty about all of the hard work you do.”

“What do you mean?” questioned Momo.

“On top of being vice president, on top of being number on in the class in academics, with schoolwork and practical training, and your own personal research to better utilized your quirk, it’s like you are doing so much not only for yourself, but for the rest of us when you consider all the supportive gadgets and other equipment you could make for the rest of us if we ever got into a tight spot,” continued Midoriya.

Momo could only continue to stare at the boy as he continued to praise her, she was desperately trying to keep herself composed. He was saying everything the girl wanted to hear and then some, and the best part was that he was doing all of it of his own free will like it all was common knowledge. Momo could only throw her hands in front of her face to keep herself from speaking, as she couldn’t trust herself to say anything at a time like this.

“Realizing how much you do to better yourself, it just makes me think that I need to work so much harder so that I can keep up. You are no doubt the hardest working person in our class Yao-” the boy stopped when he saw the state the girl was in after he had turned back to face her.

Momo only held her position with her hands over her face as she felt a few tears falling down her cheeks as she fought back a few choked sobs trying to make their way out of her mouth. All the boy could do was stare as her in shock as he took in the sight before him.

‘What’s wrong with me? W-why am I crying? Why do I feel so happy right now?’ thought Momo.

“AH!” shouted Midoriya as he jumped backwards. “I’m sorry, so very sorry, so sorry!” the boy stammered as he tried and fail to bow to the girl. “It was so rude of me to monologue like that. I’ll leave you in peace…” Midoriya turned away and began walking back to where he came from.

“Wait!” yelled Momo as she jumped up and ran towards the fleeing boy. Midoriya suddenly stopped at the noise, only to be pulled into a soft hug from behind by the taller girl. A few more tears were still falling down her face as she said the next part. “You didn’t do anything wrong… it’s just… you have no idea how much that meant to me. Thank you…Midoriya.” She gripped slightly tighter around the boy as she let her face sit on top of his curly hair.

“Y-your w-welcome,” replied her green-haired classmate. The duo stood like that for a few more seconds before Momo started to realize what she was doing. She quickly loosened her grip on the boy, but not before she did something that she didn’t quite realized she was doing. As she was
about to let the boy go, Momo planted a small kiss on his cheek before releasing him.

Midoriya nearly jumped away from her as he turned around to face the girl. Momo only really registering what she just did after the boy’s initial reaction. Both of their faces blushed crimson red as Midoriya moved a hand up to the place where she had kissed him. They were interrupted from their standoff when they heard Aizawa call that there training was over for today and that they should go back inside and change out of their costumes.

Momo was the first of the two that was able to break the silence, “W-we should head inside.” Midoriya could only give her a silent nod as he still stared at her with on hand on his right cheek. Momo forced herself to turn around and walk back to the locker rooms, cupping her still red face in both of her hands as she internally screamed.

‘DID I ACTUALLY JUST DO THAT??!’

Chapter End Notes

For those that are interested, an FCG is short for a flux compression generator bomb.
When Izuku woke up today, he never would have expected that he would get a kiss from one of his female classmates. If you had straight up told him that to his face, he still probably wouldn’t have believed you, and for sure would never have guessed that Yaoyorozu of all people would have been the one to kiss him. Why would she? The girl was the top of their class, was absolutely gorgeous at several thousand levels above his league and was by far the most mature and composed person in his class. Izuku was in fact so baffled by what had just happened between them a few moments ago that his brain had not quite yet rebooted to a level of cognitive function.

“Midoriya!” came the irritated call of his homeroom teacher Mr. Aizawa. The jolt of the sudden noise seemed to be enough for Izuku to restart his body functions. Instinctively, Izuku jerked his head towards the origin of the voice, locking eyes with the man who had quite the annoyed expression emulating from his face.

“Stop staring off into space!” he continued. “Class is over, return to the locker room and change out of your costume before I make you stay after school.”

“Yes, sensei,” Izuku replied after shaking his head. He was still very much shell shocked at what Yaoyorozu had just done, but he was no longer frozen to the spot. He turned to follow the rest of his classmates who had already made their way back into the school, failing to keep himself from replaying the last few moments he had with the class VP before she…

The memory of the girl’s arms wrapping around him sparked to life. Izuku recalled her soft yet firm embrace wrapping around his startled form as she rested her face in his hair. He remembered the small bits of her long hair that fell in front of his face like a beautiful black waterfall, smelling a mixture of fresh lavender as well as a bit of dust and oil grease from their training that day.

“…it’s just... you have no idea how much that meant to me. Thank you...Midoriya.”

Izuku remembered the girl’s words as he recalled expression his classmate had on her face before she had run up to hug him. Izuku had thought he had offended her in some way and had reacted accordingly by profusely apologizing before leaving her be. He was still very confused and in
shock about the whole thing, not understanding that his words had actually brought great joy to his female classmate. A large blush grew on the boy’s cheeks as he replayed the moment of her hugging him once more in his head.

“You ok their Midoriya?” came the voice of Kirishima from his side, causing Izuku to yelp in surprise.

“Hey man calm down,” the ‘Hardening’ user continued in a somewhat joking tone. “I just noticed that your face is still pretty red from training. You might want to get some water or food in your system soon, don’t want to pass out or anything like that.”

“R-right, thanks Kirishima. I-I’ll get right on that,” Izuku stammered back in reply. His blush only increased in redness as his embarrassment grew from being called out by one of his classmates. He just hoped that no one else would think otherwise about his still red face.

Izuku managed to change out of his hero costume without any other interruptions, trying his best to appear normal as he continued to struggle with what had happened between him and Yaoyorozu at the end of training. The remainder of his day at U.A. went about how he expected, Izuku did everything in his power to not look at the black-haired girl while also trying to keep his thoughts from drifting back to her and the kiss she had planted on his cheek. When it was time to leave, Izuku acted as normally as he could when walking to the train station along with Uraraka and Iida before saying a quick goodbye as he went off to board his own train. When he was finally alone, Izuku released the breath he seemed to have been holding in all day before freaking out.

‘I can’t believe I just got hugged and kissed by a girl! She was so close! I could smell the shampoo on her hair! Or was that her perfume? Ahh! Either way that was way too close! Why did she do that?! I don’t understand! There’s no way she thinks of me that way. Right?’ came Izuku’s thoughts one after the other. The greenette fell into another one of his usual muttering sessions, only this time he was far more out of it that he usually was when he talked about quirks or heroes. He wasn’t yet in total freak out mode, not wanting to be seen doing so by the other people on the train.

Izuku was so wrapped up in his spiraling out of control thoughts that he missed getting off the train as his usual stop and ended up having to wait to get off at the next one. It wasn’t that big of a deal since his normal stop as well as the secondary one was virtually equidistant from his apartment building, but it would end up adding on a few extra minutes to his commute. When he did finally arrive, Izuku gave a quick greeting to his mother before moving quickly into his room and closing the door so that he wouldn’t be disturbed.

As soon as he was sure of this, knowing now that he was truly alone, Izuku let himself succumb to the ever-increasing level of distress that he had been feeling since his encounter with Yaoyorozu earlier today. Like before on the train, Izuku started muttering uncontrollably in such an incoherent manner that even his mother would start to feel really uncomfortable watching. He only could hope that he wasn’t being loud enough for her to hear.

“She… she really did that, she kissed me! I mean yeah it was only on the cheek, but the meaning was still there, right?” Izuku stammered as he quickened his breath and had begun pacing back in forth in front of his bed. “Why did she do that? Was it something I said? It had to have been something I said. She was crying before that… Oh god… I really upset her, didn’t I? She must have been really hurt and emotional and was trying to regain control of herself. Has she ever not been composed?” Izuku continued to ask questioned to himself as his pacing quickened.

“I have to talk to her and apologize, right? It’s only fair. After all, there was no way that she did that out of affection…” Izuku’s memory flashed again to the moment the taller girl had wrapped
her arms around him in a soft and warm embrace, the feeling resonating throughout his own body as it suddenly began to remind him of hugging his own mother. “Ahhh!” yelled Izuku as he felt another deep blush turn his cheeks crimson red.

“Izuku?” called the boy’s mother from the other side of his door, causing him to jump once again. “Is something wrong dear?”

“It’s nothing!” replied Izuku a bit too fast, hoping that his mother wouldn’t notice that his voice was a bit squeaky and louder than normal. “I’m going to clean myself up before dinner. Is that ok?”

“That’s fine dear,” replied the Midoriya matriarch. “I was just coming to ask you when you wanted to eat, but you have seemed to answer that question already. Take your time. I’ll have dinner ready in a half hour.”

“Ok, thanks mom.” Hearing her leave from her position in front of his door, Izuku took a deep breath and moved towards his bathroom. Deciding he needed a cold shower to calm his ever-increasing nerves, Izuku quickly removed his school uniform and then hopped into the stream of water, trying to regain control of his sporadic breathing as he did so.

‘I don’t understand why I’m getting so worked up about this. Is it because she is the first girl that has ever initiated an action of affection toward me? Could that be it?’ thought Izuku. ‘No. There must be something I’m missing here, I’m sure of it. All I know is, I need to find a way to talk to her again and clear this up. I’ll apologize for making her get so emotional and hopefully she will forgive me, then we can just go back to being classmates on good terms.

When Momo arrived back at Yaoyorozu Manor after classes had ended for the day, the ‘Creation’ user went straight to her room, proceeded to lock the door and then jump onto her bed and scream into the nearest pillow. The antics continued with her rolling around on her bed for the next few minutes as she clutched the pillow tight to her chest and occasionally pound her mattress with her feet or hands.

“How could I have done that…” she spoke to herself in a rather defeated state. “It was so unbecoming of me, not to mention it probably caused great distress to Midoriya. I need to find a way to apologize, he deserves at least that much. Probably and explanation too…”

Her thoughts went back to her encounter with her green-haired classmate, how he had been so impressed with her after he had learned about all of the things she had done to better herself and her quirk. Momo also recalled what he had said to her afterwards, how he had somehow figured out and said everything she had wanted to hear from someone else her age after so long…

“I think we’re all real lucky that you’re the one who has that quirk.”

“You’re not actually a ‘genius’ per say, you’re really just a very intelligent girl who probably spends more time studying and learning than most of the top students in our class combined.”

“…it’s more than amazing. You should be proud.”

“…to go to such lengths… it honestly makes me feel a bit guilty about all of the hard work you do.”
“...it’s like you are doing so much not only for yourself, but for the rest of us when you consider all the supportive gadgets and other equipment you could make for the rest of us if we ever got into a tight spot.”

Momo felt a large blush wash over her face before she buried it into the pillow she was clutching to her chest, once again rolling around on her bed and giving off a few light squeals of embarrassment as she tried to regain her composure. It took longer than she would like to admit. She couldn’t understand why her classmate’s words were affecting her to this degree. He was just trying to be nice and earnest with her following his shock at learning the full capabilities of her quirk as well as what she did to improve it.

‘If it had been any of our other classmates, they would have eventually come to the same conclusion if they had the same understanding about it as he did, right?’ thought Momo.

That had to be true. Their classmates had praised her genius back when Momo’s group came in first place during the first training exercise. Of course they would think similarly to Midoriya if they knew just how much work she put in everyday to be the best hero she could be. They believed she was worthy of their class VP position, so they must feel similarly about her efforts as a Pro hero. Some of them would probably line up at the opportunity for Momo to remake their support gear so that they wouldn’t have to wait on the support department.

But was that really true? The more Momo though about it, despite meaning no disrespect to her classmates, she was beginning to become more and more unsure if they would actually think the same way. Sure they would be impressed with her work ethic, but would they really understand what sacrifices she endured to maintain it? Iida probably would, as he was always going on about model student life, but she had the feeling others like Ashido, Hagakure, Kaminari, Aoyama, Kirishima and Sero wouldn’t.

“Body, wealth, and a ridiculous quirk, girls got it made for herself. She even was in one of Uwabmi’s recent commercials!”

“Now she has fame too?! Come on this is ridiculous! Can she be even more lucky?!”

Momo shivered as she recalled the comments from those two girls in the bathroom earlier today. She had been left quite distraught afterwards, having her low level of self-confidence shattered and knocked down even further from where it had been before she participated in the Sports Festival a few weeks ago. Deep down, she knew that she shouldn’t allow such comments to make her feel this way, but it didn’t mean that they didn’t hurt to a certain degree regardless.

“At least she can just shit out tons of cash as compensation.”

“That’s a Yaoyorozu for you!”

Momo tightened her grip on the pillow as she curled her body around it, fighting back tears from falling out of her eyes. She couldn’t think more about the day’s events without having to acknowledge the horrible comments she had overheard about herself in the bathroom from those other girls. The words sunk into her body like sharp knives, making the girl wince in pain as she tried to get the nasty comments out of her mind.

“Realizing how much you do to better yourself, it just makes me think that I need to work so much harder so that I can keep up. You are no doubt the hardest working person in our class Yaoyorozu.”

Momo began to feel a small warmth grow in her chest as Midoriya’s final words to her echoed
from her memory. They spread like a gently kindled fire over her body, filling her up with such warmth and happiness that made the girl stretch a bright smile across her face and suddenly forget all about the nasty things said about her by those other girls.

‘I really need find a way to talk to Midoriya when I go back to school tomorrow,’ thought Momo once again. ‘He needs to know why his words caused me to act like that, as well as hear my appreciation toward him for saying what he did despite not knowing what I was going through.’

Momo had to stop herself when she realized that going through with that would require her explaining to the boy why she had hugged him so affectionately and then gave him a kiss on the cheek. Her face began to blush red once again as Momo released her grip on the pillow, only to cup her face with both of her hands as she gave out another slightly embarrassed squeal.

‘What am I supposed to say? I’ve never been in a situation like this before! I can’t just come out and say, ‘hey by the way thanks for making me feel better’, there needs to be a smooth transition! Maybe he won’t care? Midoriya isn’t actually the most social person. Perhaps he would rather I be more direct about it…’

“Miss?” came the voice of one of the staff, pulling Momo out of her internal rambling. “Are you alright? Some of us were worried when you immediately went to your room without saying anything. Please let me know if you just wish to have some time to yourself.”

Momo took a deep breath before responding. She was also mentally slapping herself for getting worked up over something like this. She just needed to think about things rationally. Evaluate, plan and then execute. Becoming compromised by her emotions would only negatively affect her decision making. She will figure this out, but she didn’t need to find the solution right at this moment. She had time before she would see the boy again at U.A.

“Yes, I’m alright. I’m sorry for worrying you, just had a few personal things to deal with,” she responded. “If it’s not too much trouble, could I have dinner brought to my room tonight? I have quite the number of things to take care of.”

“Certainly madame, I will bring tonight’s dinner to you when it is ready. Will you be needing anything else?”

“No, I don’t think so, but I will come find you if that changes.”

“Very well.”

Momo took another deep breath as she heard the staff member leave from their position in front of her bedroom door. She gave herself a few mild slaps to the face with her hands to harden her resolve as she prepared to deal with the aftermath of the day’s events. She still had her homework to do, and she had to make additions to her practical applications notebook about her use of the FCG in practical training.

The Yaoyorozu heir took her duties in stride, first completing her updated entry for the FCG in her quirk’s practical applications notebook, before moving on to her homework requirements. She stopped about halfway through to give herself a break, choosing to wash herself off of the afternoon training in her bathroom. She emerged noticeably later wearing a pink robe with one of her fluffy towels around her hair, letting the black locks dry as she continued her homework. She finished close to an hour later, standing up from her desk and changing into her typical nightwear and slippers before taking a moment to clean up and put her bathroom items back to dry.

She received her dinner not long after, a freshly made sushi role with celery, avocado, tuna and a
bit of green onion with a delectable miso mayo side sauce. Momo smiled when she realized that the staff must have made her favorite dish in hopes of cheering her up. She would have to find a way to thank them later. They did always seem to know just when to cheer her up. Momo gave a slight prayer and said her thanks for the meal before digging in, savoring every delectable bite as it washed over her taste buds.

Before long, Momo had finished her meal as was back to work, only she ran into a problem. When she tried to come up with an idea about what she was going to say to Midoriya, her mind was empty. It was incredibly frustrating for the girl, she was supposed to be the intelligent and mature one for god sake! How could this be happening?! She agonized for a while longer before a realization hit her, she had no idea what to do because there was nothing to draw inspiration from.

Momo widened her eyes as she connected the dots. Growing up the way she did, she was never able to interact very well with boys her age because she had such a limited exposure to them. Sure she talked about them a lot and hung out with them occasionally at large parties that her parent would take her to, but she went to an all-girls middle school and was very sheltered growing up because of her status as heir to the estate. The only real knowledge she had about situations like this were in the romance novels she read and from the gossip of other girls.

‘Everything I know about this kind of situation is only good for romance! I don’t feel about Midoriya that way… Sure he was nice and was very understanding about all the work I put in, but that doesn’t mean I like him! We’re just classmates, what happened was just a spur of the moment thing that never should have happened in the first place! I’ll just have to figure out the right words when I see him tomorrow,’ thought Momo.

Despite her decision, Momo found herself struggling to find sleep that night. She couldn’t stop herself from replaying the final moments of her interaction with Midoriya over and over again in her head.

“You didn’t do anything wrong… it’s just… you have no idea how much that meant to me. Thank you...Midoriya.”

Momo tried to shake off the small blush that was trying to form on her cheeks. She was behaving so irrationally about all of this. She could only hope that she would be able to pull all of this behind her tomorrow.

Not that far away, Izuku was going through a similar crisis as he rolled around in his bed trying to find sleep. He was successful in avoiding raising suspicion to his mother, being able to keep himself acting as normal as possible while he tried to piece together the events that had transpired during his heroics class. At first, he just tried to brush it off and not think too much of it like he did for Bakugo’s bullying during the years before he came to U.A, but he found out pretty quickly that it wasn’t going to be that easy.

No matter what he tried, he just kept remembering that moment when Yaoyorozu had pulled him into an embrace and rested her head on his. He could still feel the spots where she wrapped her arms around him, and he still remembered the exact spot where her lips touched his cheek when she kissed him. He could see the look she gave him before he turned away from her, eyes wide in shock as tears fell from both of her eyes. The whole thing was confusing and slightly uncomfortable to Izuku.
‘Why do I feel so off put when I remember it?’ he thought to himself. ‘Am I angry with myself? No. Do I feel guilty? Kind of but I’m not sure if I’m supposed to or not. It’s all just so confusing…’ Izuku continued as he moved his hands to clutch his head in slight frustration.

This was uncharted territory for Izuku. Nothing like this had ever happened before to him and he was feeling quite distraught by the whole thing. Part of him wanted to be happy, but it was so far tucked behind the other spiraling emotions that he never even considered that as an option.

‘I need to find a way to talk to her tomorrow. I’m going to go crazy if I don’t. I have no idea what I’m going to say, but hopefully I’ll find the right words when I eventually get her alone.’

Izuku stared at the ceiling for a while longer, trying to come up with some answers to his uneasy emotions while also trying to look for an idea of what to say to his black-haired classmate when he found a way to talk to her tomorrow. He had no idea how long he remained looking at the ceiling, but he did know that he still had come up with nothing for either situation by the time he finally did submit himself to the world of dreams.

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Sitting down for classes the following day went just about how Izuku expected it. He was incredibly self-conscious the whole time because Yaoyorozu was sitting only two seats behind him and had a clear view of his back over Mineta. Izuku could feel each individual drop of sweat sliding down the back of his neck, begging all the gods who were listening to him to grant the greenette temporary control over time so he could fast forward to lunch and get out of that classroom as fast as possible.

The bell signaling for the beginning of the lunch period couldn’t have come fast enough, Izuku nearly tackled more than one of his classmates to the ground as he moved to get himself out of the classroom as fast as possible. Many 1-A students looked at the now empty doorway in confusion, wondering what could have possibly caused their shy classmate to act in such a way.

“Anyone know what that was all about?” asked Kaminari

“Maybe he had to go to the bathroom?” answered Kirishima. “We didn’t really have any time between lectures today since Mic-sensei went slightly over which caused Cementoss and Midnight-sensei go a bit into the passing periods as well.”

“Still, I know Midoriya has always been quiet and non-confrontational but wasn’t that far more skittish than he usually is?” inquired Sero.

“I think you guys are reading too much into it, kero,” replied Tsuyu.

As the 1-A students continued to murmur amongst themselves about their classmate’s odd behavior or just prepared to head out to enjoy their lunch period, no one seemed to notice Momo get up from her seat and slide a small note into Izuku’s notebook. The ‘Creation’ user quickly made her way back to her desk and grabbed the large container for her lunch before anyone was the wiser. She could only hope that her classmate wouldn’t continue his currently skittish nature and decide not to show up to her suggested meeting place when school ended today.

“Ready to head out Yaomomo?” asked Ashido with a happy smile as she was flanked by Hagakure and Jiro.
With a smile of her own, followed with a nod of her head, the girl replied. “Yes, please lead the way.” Despite being quite nervous about the future conversation she was likely going to have with her classmate after school, Momo was able to cover her feelings of discomfort much better than Midoriya seemed to. She was still not quite sure what she was going to say, but she had made a bit of progress from the list of nothing she had previously since waking up this morning. It was a start.

While the group of 1-A girls walked down the hallway to the cafeteria, Izuku was making his way out the door of the nearest bathroom behind them. He had quickly calmed himself after he no longer felt like he was being constantly watched by Yaoyorozu. It wasn’t that her presence was making the boy uncomfortable, rather it was more his own doing due to the stress of the fact that he still needed to find a way to talk to the girl to get a few things off of his chest concerning what happened yesterday. It didn’t help that he still hadn’t figured out what exactly to say to her.

‘I really have to get it together here. She’s my classmate for god sake! I can’t act intimidated around her like I do Kacchan. She’s done nothing to deserve something like that!’ thought Izuku.

He went back into the 1-A classroom in order to straighten a few things out at his desk and prepare his materials for the next class. As he switched notebooks, he was surprised to find a small piece of paper fall out from between its pages and onto the floor. The piece clearly had some writing on it, which intrigued the boy. Izuku went to pick it up only to freeze when he realized who it was from.

_I would like to talk with you about what happened between us at the end of our heroics class yesterday. You will find me where Aizawa-sensei conducted our quirk assessment test on our first day at U.A. I’ll wait for you there when classes get out for the day._

-Momo Yaoyorozu

Izuku gulped as he finished reading the note. It was the perfect opportunity to talk with her, and he was actually a bit surprised that he had not expected Yaoyorozu to do something like this in the first place. Regardless, he needed to act on her offer and meet the girl after school today.

‘I just know that I’ll feel better once I apologize to her. It will be really quick, we will clear up this whole mess and things can just go back to normal… I hope…” thought Izuku.

To most students at U.A, the lunch period was just another part of a completely normal day in their lives as students at the top hero school in Japan. For all except two that is. These two students were both a bundle of nerves as they prepared for their eventual confrontation. There were things that needed to be said and explained to the other, and neither student was quite sure how they were going to approach it. The clock was ticking, and this fated meeting would become the first step towards something that no one in Japan was expecting or ready for.

Izuku walked slowly around the main U.A. building as he approached the location Yaoyorozu had requested they meet on her note. It wasn’t that hard to explain to Iida and Uraraka that he wouldn’t be able to walk with them to the train station after school. He simply told them a believable white lie that he needed to see someone in the support department about an adjustment to his hero costume. He was just thankful that they hadn’t decided to come with him.

Turning the final corner, he caught sight of Yaoyorozu standing just outside the circle that their
class had used for the softball throw during their quirk assessment test, the one where he had to break his finger to prove to his sensei that he belonged at U.A.

“Greetings, Midoriya,” said the girl as she caught sight of the boy and smiled.

“H-hey, Yaoyorozu. I apologize if I made you wait long,” he replied.

The girl continued to smile, “Not at all, I only arrived here a few moments before you did.”

“O-ok, then.”

There was a long, slightly uncomfortable silence that grew between the two. Neither party had really been able to figure out what they were going to say to the other, each having secretly hoped that the other would have started the conversation and they could then adapt from there.

“I’m sorry!” “I must apologize to you…” the teens both ended up saying simultaneously to break the silence. They both grew shocked and slightly confused expressions as they took the time to register what the other had said to them.

“Midoriya, what are you apologizing for?” asked Yaoyorozu, causing a bit of confusion to flash across the greenette’s face.

“I-I said some things that made you emotional,” replied Izuku, twirling his thumbs in front of him as he averted his gaze from his classmate. “I shouldn’t have pried so much and made so many inquiries about you. I probably made you uncomfortable…”

Now it was Momo’s turn to be confused. Why was Midoriya seemingly so convinced that he was the one in the wrong? She was the one that acted somewhat inappropriately when she… did what she did. He was the one that was so kind to her and gave her the confidence boost she needed. What kind of hero would she be if she didn’t repay that debt?

“Midoriya,” she started. “I’m not sure why you’re thinking that way, but if anyone should be apologizing here it would be me. I was the one that initiated…” Momo grew a slight blush that she realized was mimicked by her classmate. “…what happened. I’ll admit that I shouldn’t have gone that far, but you still deserved my full gratitude for what you said to me.” The boy still seemed quite puzzled by her words, only getting out a quick and direct response.

“What?”

“I’m sorry, but let me explain,” continued Momo. “Earlier that day… I overheard some things that… well, for lack of a better word, were very upsetting to me. I did a pretty good job of hiding it during our training, but it was getting the better of me by the end of it.” Midoriya seemed to be following everything so far, giving her a slight nod that she should continue.

“However, when you showed up, you inadvertently happened to say things that made me feel better about myself again. I got emotional because… well your comments made me really happy.”

Izuku was completely flabbergasted at what he was hearing. Yaoyorozu must have been mistaken. He was terrible at socializing with people. What could he have possibly said to make the girl so happy? He only remembered talking with her about the different applications of her quirk. What could he have possibly said to uplift her spirits like she claimed?

“I-I don’t really see how I could have done anything…” Izuku replied as he scratched the back of his head awkwardly as he shifted his gaze away from the girl once again.
“You’re wrong, Midoriya.”

Izuku darted his eyes back to his classmate in shock at the conviction in her words. He saw that Yaoyorozu was looking directly at him with a fiery determination in her eyes, Izuku might have even been intimidated if the circumstances were slightly different.

“W-what do you mean…” he replied to her.

Momo took a deep breath before answering, piecing together exactly what she was going to say in her mind as she blinked. She locked eyes with her classmate once more as he held her determined gaze. She would be completely honest with him about this, he deserved that much.

“The things you said yesterday, they were exactly the kinds of comments I’ve been waiting to hear from my peers after so many years of working hard to improve my quirk,” she began. “As you know, my quirk requires lipids to make my creations. I learned through my own research and outside counseling that my lipid conversion factor is much more efficient the healthier my body is. I spent nearly five years documenting nutrition, exercise, healthy fat consumption and body regulation to operate my quirk at the level of efficiency that it is today.”

Momo saw Midoriya’s eyes widen to the size of dinner plates as she revealed this information. She half expected him to say something but was also not surprised that he either chose to let her continue talking or couldn’t find the words to formulate a question. She continued.

“I stick to a strict diet as best I can and live as close as I can to the definition of a healthy lifestyle through exercise, proper sleep, and all of the other things you hear people talk about. As you learned yesterday, I also happen to study quite a bit of extra topics to use for my creations. My memory needs to be very good to remember all of the complex structures, so I rigorously practice it daily to make sure that it stays as sharp as it does.”

If Izuku’s eyes could get any wider they would have. He thought what Yaoyorozu had told him yesterday was shocking, but this went way beyond that level. Izuku had trained rigorously nearly every moment of the day for ten months to receive One For All from All Might before the Entrance Exam, Yaoyorozu basically just admitted that she had been doing her own version of that work, but for the past five years! Maybe more!

“…that’s, wow… I had no idea you worked that hard…” he replied. What else could he say? The amount of work he put into training One For All didn’t even hold a candle to her.

“No you didn’t, but you recognized it regardless,” answered the heroine-in-training with a smile. “It’s probably a bit petty, but after doing all that work for so many years, I guess just wanted someone to acknowledge it without me telling them first… does that make sense?”

“Y-yeah, I think so… I kind of get where you’re coming from. My quirk is… kind of the same.” Izuku wanted to slap himself when he realized that he let the last bit slip from his mouth.

Yaoyorozu cocked her head to the side in confusion, wondering what the boy was getting at. “What do you mean your quirk is the same?”

Izuku flinched as she finished her question, something that did not go unnoticed by Yaoyorozu. He knew that he was a terrible liar, and he had no cover story for this, so he was kind of stuck with the only option of telling her the truth. Well… maybe not all of it.

“W-well, as you know my quirk is called ‘Superpower’ and it’s a strength augmentation,” he began.
“Of course,” replied the girl. “You used to break your arms every time you used it, but you were recently able to finally find a way to access quite a bit of power safely. I was impressed when you revealed it after the internships.”

Izuku gulped, “That’s correct. However, the more complicated part of it is what you don’t know. You see… the amount of power I’m able to use is dependent on my own body’s durability to handle the power. It’s why my arms broke when I used it at the beginning of the year, my body has only recently been able to handle that…”

“Wait, what do you mean ‘only recently able to handle that’?” asked Yaoyorozu with a confused look.

“…because before the entrance exam, I wasn’t able to use it at all.”

Now it was Momo’s turn to have her eyes widen as large as dinner plates. She needed a minute to make sure that she was understanding the boy correctly. Midoriya had a quirk that was dependent on his own strength to function properly, the stronger he was, the more power he could safely use and unsafely use. He very recently unlocked the ability to use power safely, only being able to use it while injuring himself prior to that moment. However, before that there was a time when he wasn’t able to use it at all…

“I thought I was quirkless until the day of the entrance exam,” continued Midoriya. “I found out during the practical that I had a quirk, a quirk that never activated before because I would have likely blown my own arms off prior to that day…”

A stunned silence ensued between the two students as Momo tried to recover from the boy’s confession of being quirkless most of his life. Now it all made sense… his complete lack of control over his quirk, it wasn’t even his fault. He hasn’t even had his quirk for a year yet!

“Your quirk didn’t manifest for more than a decade after it was supposed to?!?” she exclaimed.

“Yeah… the only reason it manifested at all was because of the training I did prior to the entrance exam to try and make up for the fact that I didn’t have a quirk like the rest of you…”

Momo could only return the boy’s gaze as she tried to find something to say in reply to him. It took a while before she could get anything out, “Midoriya, that’s… I can’t even begin to imagine what that must have been like. I thought I was prepared to do whatever it takes to be a successful hero, but… what you’re doing… taking the Entrance Exam when you thought you didn’t have a quirk and trying your best to catch up to the rest of us who have had ours for years… making such progress… I can’t help but feel inadequate to you…”

Izuku quickly flailed his arms in a slightly panicked motion at his classmate’s words, “W-what are you talking about Yaoyorozu? Conducting your own research for over five years to improve your efficiency and expand the applications of your quirk, that’s like already Pro hero thinking! I’m just doing what I’m doing out of necessity, it would take me a more than a lifetime to catch up to you! Your already more than four years ahead of me and I know you aren’t going to stop there.”

After a few excruciatingly long moments of terrifying silence for Izuku, he was shocked to hear a genuine laugh come out of Yaoyorozu’s mouth. He watched as the girl slightly hunched over in laughter, as he tried to get his heartbeat to slow back to normal. You could tell by his face that Izuku was definitely not expecting that kind of reaction out of the girl.

“It appears that we had quite the number of misunderstandings about the final moments of our conversation from yesterday,” replied the girl. “I just wanted to re-iterate that I’m sorry for
catching you off guard like that. I meant to show my appreciation and I kind of got carried away…”

“I-It’s no problem. I’m fine now that I understand where you were coming from and what was going through your mind when you did it,” replied Izuku.

“Well, all of this excitement has left me rather parched,” continued the girl. “Would you mind if I treated you to some tea or soda at a nearby café? Think of it as my apology for throwing you for a loop.”

“O-ok,” replied Izuku. “I guess I can accept your offer.

“Great! The café is actually not far from here. We can walk there if you like!” replied Yaoyorozu in a clearly very bouncy mood.

Izuku let her lead the way, while he felt a bit of relief that he was able to talk with her and address what had happened between them yesterday, he still hadn’t shaken the weird feeling of discomfort that had been festering in his side since he had arrived back at his apartment yesterday. It was only made worse by the fact that he was about to go to a café alone with a girl. Izuku was just glad that Yaoyorozu never turned around while he still had the fresh flush on his face.

‘It would have been rude to refuse her offer, right?’ thought Izuku. ‘It’s not that I don’t want to go, but it’s going to just be just the two of us. Ohmygosh is this a date? No, it can’t be. Yaoyorozu doesn’t think of me that way. Does she? What if someone I know sees us? What if our classmates see us? What if it’s Uraraka and Iida? What if-’

“Midoriya? You’re mumbling again…” interjected Yaoyorozu.

Izuku flinched as a small blush appeared on his cheeks once again, ‘How much of that did she hear?!’ Izuku tried to get a read on the girl, but she seemed to have turned her head away from him to check on something to their right. Izuku relented and tried to calm himself from freaking out any more about how similar to a date this interaction with Yaoyorozu was beginning to move towards.

Momo was doing her best to hide her own blush from Midoriya, when she heard him mumbling next to her she became curious as to what it was about. It was always fascinating to hear what went on in that brain of his, especially since most of his muttering sessions were about quirk application which also happened to be an excitable topic for her given her vast creative knowledge of her own quirk. However, when she heard him bring up the concept of this being like a date, Momo was pretty sure Ashido would have had a field day if she saw what they both looked like at that moment.

‘It’s not a date… we’re just going to grab a drink together… How could I have not thought about this when I suggested it earlier? I wanted to show my appreciation to him, and this seemed like a pretty safe option. Maybe he’s just thinking too much into it? Wait, why am I thinking about this so much?’ thought Momo.

Eventually, the two seemed to pull themselves out of their slightly panicked thoughts. They fell into a steady stride next to each other as they walked towards their destination in a comfortable silence. It was in that moment that Momo realized that she really didn’t know much about her green-haired classmate beside that of what she had just found out from their previous conversation. She planned on asking him some questions when they got to the café in a few minutes.

“C-could you tell me about the place we are going?” asked Midoriya. He appeared to be trying to initiate the conversation, probably because he was still feeling uncomfortable from all of the silence.
“Of course!” exclaimed Momo. The spot was actually one of her favorites. A small, cozy family owned business that was down the street from a bookstore that she visited frequently. “I’ve been going to it for a long time since it’s very close by to one of the local bookstores I visit frequently. It has a very cozy feeling to it, having maroon walls with wood flooring and dim lights but with a large front window for natural lighting. They serve quite the number of delectable drinks and make their own pastries!”

She watched as Midoriya nodded in understanding, “It sounds enjoyable and it must also be pretty good if you’re recommending it. With everything you do with your quirk, I would assume you have your own standards for where you go to eat?”

Momo blinked at the comment before answering, “Well, it’s true that I have certain things that I focus on when I eat at places, but you would be surprised at how accommodating most restaurants and other food service businesses can be when it comes to food requests. Afterall, given the society we live in, it’s not uncommon for certain people with quirks to have very strict and sensitive nutrition requirements.”

“O-oh,” he replied. “I didn’t know that. Sorry if I offended you…”

“It’s no problem Midoriya. You didn’t know so don’t beat yourself up over it. I know you didn’t mean anything condescending by it.”

“S-sure thing.”

The duo exchanged a bit more small talk before they made it to their destination. Smiling, Momo lead her classmate into the building with haste. What they didn’t know, was that someone on the other side of the street had caught sight of them. The unknown boy widened his eyes in shock as he seemed to recognize his former classmate from Aldera.

“No way… was that… Deku?”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who commented on, subscribed, or left kudos on the first chapter. You all are so fantastic. I hope you guys will continue to support this fic like you have. Till next time!

End Notes

If you are here from my other fic, I hope you will find this work just as good. If you are new to my writing, welcome and I hope you check out my other fic Green Hero, Black Rabbit as well. As always comments, kudos and your guy's support are always greatly appreciated.

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