**Apertum Mortem**

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**Summary**
Izuku has always had secrets. The first one he ever kept was of his mother's training sessions after the doctor's visit. Being quirkless was never a willing choice he got to make in more ways than one. The second secret he ever kept you ask? His quirk.

Or. Izuku grew up facing more than just discrimination.

_A/N: I'm so sorry in advance._

Notes

See the end notes at the very end of this fic for the Official Spotify Playlist and Official Youtube Playlist.

See the end notes at the very end of this fic for the Official so_dont让我_in_the_light Tumblr to keep up with updates and more!

See the end notes at the very end of this fic for the Official Apertum Mortem Discord Server to shout at me directly and meet others who enjoy the fic! :D

Cover art by Magic_Ninja
Their twitter is also @Magic_Ninja52, so go check their fics and other works out!

See the end of the work for more notes
“Oh Midoriya, you want to go to UA too?”

The second those words fell out of Izuku’s teacher, his body tensed in fear, already feeling the mounting bloodlust rolling off his classmates in spades. A familiar explosion is thrust into his face on the top of his already scorched desk, sending Izuku reeling backwards to evade it.

“Deku you quirkless bastard! You are worse than these rejects! UA doesn’t accept people like you!” Bakugo snarls, explosions at the ready to drive home his points.

“Well actually, they got rid of that rule. You never know, I could be the first one…” Izuku points out, still shaking a bit in his paralyzing fear of the malice coming from his classmates. “I won’t know if I don’t try, right?”

“Try? More like you’d die in the exams!” Bakugo shoots back, this time with small popping explosions, holding Izuku up in the air by his shirt.

“Bakugo, sit down and stop interrupting class.” Izuku’s teacher curtly addresses the fiery display to maintain order of his classroom. The ‘you can get him later’ is left unspoken but is not forgotten.
With an angry grumble, he sits back into his own desk, allowing Izuku a moment to breathe easy again. Their teacher gets straight back into the lecture he had prepared after the whole discussion about their career paths after middle school. Even though he is taking notes diligently, Izuku can’t help his spiked anxiety about the encounter that is making his mind wander a bit as the death aura from his classmates still hasn’t dropped an inch.

**Welp, I should leave class quickly once school is over.** Izuku thinks as he readies himself mentally for his speedy escape.

Bakugo is the only one that hits the hardest when it comes to his mental defenses since he is probably the only one who knows him as good as he does himself. Maybe even better in some cases. His words are just too on point sometimes but it’s probably because Izuku still believes him to be his only friend despite being an angry cactus most of the time. As such, he’s basically his harshest critic. Ironically, despite his explosive personality and how aggressive he always comes off, he’s never even gotten a single scar from him. Plenty of burns that made him always have a good supply of burn cream on hand sure, but they were never bad enough for anything more than that. Honestly, even those burns are more like scorch marks while his uniforms take the brunt of it anyway. He knows he could hurt him so much more, but he’s never done it. His other classmates though…aren’t so considerate.

As soon as the bell rings, Izuku scrambles to put everything away so he can leave as quickly as possible. Sadly, Izuku isn’t fast enough because Bakugo snatches his last item from his hands, his notebook. Bakugo taunts him in front of his face while Izuku silently prays for its safe return as the rest of the class leaves the room without batting an eye, including his teacher.

“What is that?” One of Bakugo’s lackeys ask with a smirk that Izuku instantly shudders from since it’s usually the one they give him when they are going to make him really hurt. “Is that his diary or something?”

The two read the cover when Bakugo turns it towards them. Both of them starting howling in laughter once they read the messy lettering on the front, causing Izuku to involuntarily flinch.

“Really, that so pathetic.” The other one chokes out between laughs, barely containing his spasms with him hugging himself. “You can’t take notes and hope that it makes you hero.”

Blocking out the jeers targeted at him, Izuku addresses only Bakugo, knowing he hates to be ignored, especially since he probably took it for his full attention. “Kacchan, please give that back. It’s mine.”
Instead of complying, Bakugo grins dangerously, smashing the notebook into one of his explosions. Before Izuku can let out any more than a small whimper, Bakugo tosses it right out the open window.

“Don’t bother applying to UA, Deku~” Bakugo accentuates playfully with a deceptively innocent grin on his face, chilling Izuku to the bone. Bakugo makes him jump when he puts his hand on Izuku’s shoulder, his uniform starting to smoke from his quirk. “Got it?”

Izuku just stays silent, knowing any response he would give would make his life end a little shorter than he would like at the moment if the lackies got any ideas. Explaining you can’t really die is not on the agenda for today.

Bakugo and his cronies start exiting the classroom, leaving Izuku shaking in anger.

“Man, I thought he’d have at least a little fight in him.” One of the lackies comments with clear disappointment of not getting a reason to beat him up today. Izuku turns towards the door to watch them leave as he doesn’t have any more resolve to continue with his back to them if they decide to come back for seconds.

Izuku’s anxiety spikes when he sees Bakugo stop in the doorway. Preparing for the worst, Izuku mentally prepares for him to come back and give his lackies an excuse to give him a proper beating he won’t ever forget. To his surprise, he instead just adopts another friendly grin as he turns to face Izuku.

“Ya know if you really want to be a hero that badly, there actually might be another way. Just pray that you’ll be born with a quirk in your next life. Then take a swan dive off the roof of the building.”

Oh.

Suddenly, someone is laughing. It only takes Izuku a moment to see the confused look on Bakugo for him to realize its him. Realizing it might backfire on him he promptly stops, wiping any emotions he has right now off his face.

“Something funny dipshit?” Bakugo growls, honestly looking a little spooked to Izuku’s strange outburst. Reactions like that always get Izuku beatings from his other bullies, so Izuku doesn’t answer in his fear of what is to come.
Panicking, Izuku suddenly gets a brilliant idea that will not only get him out of the building fast, but maybe get Bakugo off his back for a bit. It’s sad to think he’s never had to do this in front of him before now because he never had a proper reason to run away. He may hit hard, but at least he’s never tried to kill him or actually scar him like the others. Adjusting his backpack straps onto him more tightly, Izuku promptly walks toward the open window.

“You gonna answer me asshole?!” Bakugo rages, clearly completely losing his patience.

“You know, I hoped I’d never hear you say that. Did you know that’s number 500? Lucky you.” Izuku faces back at him with a defeated face. “See you tomorrow Bakugo.”

The second the words leave his mouth, Izuku does a backflip right out the open window to hide his hurt expression, barely seeing Bakugo’s shocked face as he fell. This allows him to grab the tree right under the window to climb down to safety. Izuku hears some yelling above him, but he ignores it as he jumps off the last branch with a roll that he has ingrained into his being from his gymnastics class he used to take when he was little.

Not skipping a beat, Izuku retrieves his notebook from the koi pond, brushing off as much of the water as he can so he can hopefully salvage it later when he gets home. With a sigh, Izuku starts his journey home, opting to take the long way just in case Bakugo wants to blow off some steam from his little stunt as well as to hide his tears from his grieving.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/10, Checked for errors 3/12

Let Me Down Slowly by Alec Benjamin

A/N: Songs are going to be the chapter titles, so get on the hype train! Thanks for stopping by! :D
I wonder what I should cook for dinner tonight. Izuku wonders as he wanders under a tunnel after the water works finally cease and he tries to pretend he’s okay again.

I think it should be something light since I’m gonna run today.

A familiar feeling of death falls over Izuku, making him go on high alert. Suddenly, a squelching sound comes from behind Izuku that causes him to whirl to whatever is behind him in surprise. “Ah perfect, an invisibility suit.”

Izuku shivers with disgust as he now sees a huge grotesque blob of sludge that he assumes must be due to someone’s quirk emerge from the sewers. Without much more warning, the speaking sludge charges at Izuku, causing him to skillfully dodge out of the way thanks to the many fights he has dealt with outside of Bakugo’s view at school and his mother’s torturous training sessions.

Unfortunately, that is when Izuku’s bad luck decides to chime back in as the sludge man catches him right before he lands his dodge. “Hold still kid, it will only be a few seconds. I’ve got to get out of the city quickly. You are a real hero to me kid.”

I’m drowning! Izuku screams internally as the sludge pours down his throat, choking him as he tears at the villain’s gelatinous body.

I can’t breathe! Please, someone! Help—

“TEXAS SMASH!”
Izuku feels an immense pressure of wind blow straight past him before his vision clouds to black.

A slapping sensation on Izuku’s cheek finally rouses him from his involuntary slumber.

“Mhm… AH!”

Izuku immediately jumps back in both surprise and sheer delight at the sight of his favorite hero, All Might. All Might starts chuckling, monologuing for a moment that passes right over Izuku’s huge fanboy freak out happening in his mind. When he snaps out of it, he immediately grabs his backpack and notebook. “Please All Might, would you—”

Izuku opens his notebook to the next page and finds All Might’s signature already staring him back in the face.

AH! He already signed it!

“Oh gosh, All Might. Thank you so much!” Izuku beams, causing his idol to give him a thumbs up in response. Izuku slips his notebook back into his bag quickly before preparing for a question he has always wanted to ask his idol.

“Alright, step back. I’m taking off.” All Might declares as he prepares for his jump.

“Wait, I have…” Izuku starts but realizes his pleas are going on deaf ears.

I have to know!

Without thinking through about the consequences, Izuku grabs onto All Might just as he takes off.

“Hey. Hey. Let go kid. I love my fans, but this is too much.” All Might protests as he tries to remove Izuku from his legs.
“I can’t. If I let go now, I’ll fall.” Izuku barely gets out with the wind blowing strongly in his face.

“Oh, right...” All Might ceases his attempt to remove Izuku from his person and waits till they land on a building before getting straight into lecturing the eager young man.

“Look kid, that was really reckless. Bang on the door for a little bit. Someone will come for you.” All Might explains as he starts towards the railing to take off once again to take the villain to the police station.

“Wait, I have a--”

“No, I can’t wait.” All Might declares, sounding clearly a little ticked off to Izuku.

“Please, I have to know.” Izuku pleads. “Just one question. Please sir.”

Izuku looks at the ground as he explains, hoping his idol will at least hear him out before he leaves. “Ever since I was little, I’ve always wanted to be a hero. Saving people with a smile, it’s my dream to save those who need it most. Those who are forgotten. Those who think they shouldn’t be saved. But I am kid without any real powers. I just want to know if I could ever hope to be someone like you!”

Izuku looks back up to his idol to find a scarily thin skeleton looking man, freaking him a little out. “All Might?! Oh my god, are you okay?!”

All Might coughs, bringing up a bit of blood. Izuku immediately rips his backpack off and takes out his emergency first aid kit that he always carries with him ever since the start of middle school when things got more intense. Izuku hurries over with it, hoping it will help and that it’s not as serious as it looks. “All Might, where were you injured?! I can help fix it until we can get you to a hospital!”

“Slow down young man.” All Might says with his hands in a surrender position. “I’m injured yes, but it’s an old injury.”

Izuku stops his pursuit, looking quizzically at him. All Might sighs and gets straight to explaining by lifting his shirt, revealing a terrible patchwork reminiscent of an old injury that causes Izuku to wince. “Doesn’t look pretty, does it? I got this beauty fighting a villain about five years ago.”
“Five years ago?” Izuku asks skeptically. “But there’s no way Toxic Chainsaw did that, right? I watched that fight and…”

“I’m surprised that you remembered that.” All Might chuckles slightly at the obvious fanboy standing before him. “But no, this was a different villain that I fought to keep under wraps from the public. I lost my stomach and a lung from it.”

“Oh.” Izuku says, feeling a little small at the grim prognosis. “I’m sorry.”

“Young man, this is the price I pay to make sure people are safe. There’s nothing to be sorry for.” All Might notes with a solemn look. “You said you were quirkless right?”

A foreboding shift in Izuku makes him start to feel a familiar feeling of sadness. But he doesn’t want to lie to his idol. So, an indirect will do for now. “I might as well be.”

All Might sighs. “I’m sorry young man. Even with a quirk like mine, I was still vulnerable to the likes of a villain. So no, I don’t think you could be a hero without a quirk. It’s simply too dangerous.”

“I-I s-see.” Izuku’s face doesn’t shift in the slightest, not wanting to cry in front of the number one hero.

“If you want to help people, you can still help in different ways.” All Might offers as the alternative. “You could be a police officer or even a doctor. I know this is probably hard to hear, but you need to have a realistic dream that’s actually obtainable for you.”

“Yeah.” Izuku somehow chokes out without giving any indication to his inner misery by looking back at the ground.

“Young man, I have to go take this villain to the police station now. Please don’t tell your friends or posting about my injury online. It could put me and others in danger if you did.”

Izuku’s head shoots back. “Of course I won’t!”
After a moment of silent deliberation as All Might starts his walk towards the stairs, Izuku decides to add his thanks. “I’m extremely sorry for disturbing your work. Thank you for being honest with me.”

“Have a good day young man.” All Might enters the stairwell, leaving Izuku to his inner demons.

The tears descend with fury when the door snaps close.

_They were all right. I am delusional, aren’t I? I’m really worthless._

Izuku sniffs as he goes back to where his backpack laid with the first aid kit in hand, despite his shaking. Izuku grabs his pen and notebook out of his bag when he returns his first aid kit back into its proper slot. There is only one thing on his mind as he writes into his notebook for what he hopes is the last time if there’s a god that wants to be merciful today.

_'I’m sorry I couldn’t be a hero the world needs. I just hope it works this time, so I don’t have to do it again.'_  

Looking over the city, Izuku decides to wait to let his tears drop until they want to stop. Suddenly, an explosion in the city diverts Izuku’s attention before he realizes it came from the same direction they flew. Izuku’s blood turns to ice when he remembers not seeing the bottle in All Might’s pocket when they both landed. Putting the two together, Izuku stuffs his notebook back into his bag and runs towards the scene hoping his foolishness didn’t cause someone innocent to die.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/11, Checked for errors 3/12

Thunderclouds by LSD feat. Sia, Diplo, Labrinth

_A/N: Can you guess what Izuku's quirk is yet? :)_
“Everyone! Stay back!” Backdraft exclaims as he fights some of the fires caused by the villain’s erratic movement.

“No one can get close! Our quirks aren’t compatible!” Death Arms shouts. “We need to wait for a hero with a more compatible quirk to engage!”

Izuku’s breath hitches as he sees the familiar green sludge over the crowd as he runs towards the cluster of civilians.

This is all of my fault. I did this.

Izuku moves closer into the crowd to get a better look at who might be potentially trapped in the monster. The second Izuku sees red eyes staring back at him, begging for help, he shoots forward just as the feeling of death washes over him.

“Kid! What are you doing?!” A hero shouts at him when Izuku jumps straight over the water barrier with a simple flip.

Not stopping for a moment, Izuku sprints towards his trapped childhood friend as another wave of death comes over him.

I can’t let him die. I can’t let anyone die. This is all my fault. I refuse to let anyone die!

Seeing a broken pipe on the ground, Izuku quickly picks it up on his way towards the villain. Once close enough to the villain after dodging multiple explosions, Izuku throws his book bag towards the villain’s eyes hitting them true, causing Bakugo to be able to breathe once again.
“Hey DIY slime boy! You miss me?!” Izuku sasses to keep the villain focused on him instead of trying to suffocate his childhood friend.

“As he struggles to pry him out, Izuku screams back his reply. “I couldn’t just stand there and watch you die!”

“You little fucker!” The villain rages with a howl of pain from his eyes being poked out basically by his backpack. “I’ll kill you for that you fucking little shit!”

The sludge villain raises his arm to fend Izuku off, but it causes Bakugo to slip out of his hold, making him tumble to the ground. Wasting no time, Izuku grabs his friend and throws him behind him before he can do anything for himself. Bracing for the hit knowing he’ll unfortunately be fine anyway, Izuku raises his hands in a defensive stance to protect Bakugo. The hit never comes, making Izuku open his eyes once again to see what happened.

“You know, I’m pretty pathetic.” All Might booms beside him. “A hero never back downs, regardless of the risks.”

With a raised arm, he throws his punch forward to blast villain away. Izuku braces for the wind pressure, protecting his friend behind him as it knocks him down to his knees. Izuku stares up in awe as the clouds darken above, causing rain to start drizzling.

Tears of relief trail down Izuku’s face, hidden by the rain coming down.

Everyone is okay.
“Kid, you shouldn’t have run out there alone!” Backdraft scolds Izuku with anger. “I’m glad you didn’t use your quirk back there, but you could have been seriously injured. You could be a great hero, but you can’t just run into situations like that right now.”

Izuku flinches at the mention of having a quirk as it really doesn’t matter to him anymore. “I’m sorry sir, but I don’t--”

“Deku doesn’t fucking have a quirk.” Bakugo scoffs after hearing the offhand comment for him. Izuku’s gaze drops to the ground after giving a simple nod despite it not really being the truth, already knowing exactly what will come out of the heroes’ mouths after hearing that.

“Are you serious?!” Death Arms yells in surprise. “Are you suicidal kid?! You could have died back there!”

“Even if I was, you really think anyone would care about another dead quirkless kid anyway?! No one would even miss me if I kicked it back there! At least I didn’t stand by like all of you and watch him slowly die because you didn’t have the right quirk! I may have made things worse, but at least I tried to do something!” Izuku sasses, not realizing the camera was still rolling from the reporters near him. “You didn’t do anything but stand back to keep people away and watch the show! He could have died if he didn’t breathe soon regardless of a quirk! So why didn’t you help him with at least that?!”

The second Izuku regains his panicked breathes, he looks over the heroes’ faces to search for something. Anything that would make him feel better about what happened. But only disappoint stares back at him as tears start to drench his face as he doesn’t see anything like regret in their eyes. “Why don’t any of you care?”

Izuku doesn’t wait for an answer as he dashes away, leaving a bad taste in his mouth as the heroes just gape at him like he kicked a puppy. Izuku makes his way home as fast as he can, never bringing his gaze off the ground once since the lecture.

**I guess I should get back to giving up.** Izuku notes depressingly as he starts to slow down his dead sprint away from the scene so they couldn’t catch up with him.

Not like they would spend any of their precious time to even go after him anyway even though he was basically shouting how bad off he was. Screaming for help, but like normal, nobody came.
Pulling out his notebook, he turns to his page. Tears form in his eyes looking over the desperate scratches of his writing. Drying his tears with his sleeves, he returns his notebook into his backpack before continuing his slow journey home. Mindless thoughts crowd his mind as he trudges along.

“DEKU!”

The booming voice of Bakugo breaks Izuku out of his dark tangent, making him turn behind him.

Oh great. Guess I should accept a beating before trying to kick it for the millionth time.

“I’m sorry—”

“Shut the fuck up Deku.” Bakugo growls, cutting off Izuku’s attempt to accept his punishment. “I didn’t fucking need you there. I had everything under control. A few more seconds and I would’ve blasted the bastard away myself. You did absolutely nothing to help!”

“You’re right.” Izuku admits, still looking at the ground. “I did nothing but make everything worse. I always do.”

“The fuck is wrong with you today?!?” Bakugo growls with malice after a long moment of silence, finally really noticing Izuku’s weird behavior. “You look fucking dead.”

Izuku laughs, but no smile ever reaches his face. Looking up, Izuku delivers his response in monotone with a blank look on his face. “Yeah, I feel like it. Just like a corpse.”

A long moment of silence stretches between them before Izuku decides to end the awkwardness early. “See you tomorrow.” Izuku lies before turning around to continue home to avoid a possible beating. He may want to die, but he’s not a masochist.

Bakugo doesn’t seem to protest as Izuku continues on his way, turning around a corner. Looking over his shoulder, Izuku checks to make sure he isn’t being followed by him anymore after a few minutes of walking. As he turns back around, Izuku is ambushed by a speeding All Might.
“All Might? What are you doing here?” Izuku asks in surprise, leaving behind his melancholy.

“All Might? What are you doing here?” All Might sputters as his form drops back to the skeletal one. After a cough, he continues. “Sorry about that. Anyway, I wanted to talk to you, but I had to fend off the media first.”

Seeing where this might be headed, Izuku tries to cut away the pity at the source. “All Might, stop. You were right. You don’t have to pity me like this.”

I’m not worth it…

“All Might, please…” Izuku whines, trying to not get attached to the shred of hope starting to bud in his chest that his dreams aren’t for naught.

“What is your name young man?” All Might asks, disregarding Izuku’s pleas.

“Midoriya Izuku sir.” Izuku replies quickly, hoping the conversation will be over soon so he can deal with his grief in peace.

“Young Midoriya, you too can become a hero.” All Might declares with absolute sincerity that brings Izuku’s hope for the future flooding forward once again. Tears drip down his face as the sensation of the words he always desired to hear from anyone at all rolls around in his mind.

“I… I…” Izuku can’t contain the warm feeling swirling around inside him. “I don’t know what to say All Might. No one has ever told me that.”

With a smile, All Might enacts his plan into motion. “My power is yours to inherit.”

“Huh?!”
All Might laughs heartily at Izuku’s reaction. “My quirk silly. I wasn’t born with my quirk. It was given to me as a sacred torch that grows larger with each transfer to the next person who is deemed as worthy.”

“Passing on someone’s quirk?” Izuku mumbles, starting a mini rant. “There no recorded record of such a quirk. Inherently, they are passed from parent to child and they grow stronger with every generation. But to just straight up give someone quirk like exchanging a gift doesn’t make any sense—”

“Slow down there, cowboy.” All Might cuts into Izuku’s mumble fest to explain. “My quirk indeed can be given to another person. The name of my quirk is One for All. I have been searching for a successor to pass the quirk on for the next generation to step up to the stage. Young Midoriya, I deem you worthy to inherit this power, but the choice is still yours. Do you accept?”

Without any hesitation, Izuku gives his answer with high hopes swelling in his chest and the fact that he actually gave him a choice to have a quirk for the first time in his life. “Yes! Of course All Might.”

“Knew you were such a go getter.” All Might chuckles to himself as if there was an inside joke or something. “Well, I don’t want to keep you too long from your parents. They must be really worried about you given how late in the day it is now. Let me give you my number and I will give you more details tomorrow.”

Izuku nods reluctantly at the mention of his parents but gives him his phone with gusto. After everything is set, All Might sends his farewells and Izuku continues on his way home with a slight pep in his step.

*Maybe today will have another big surprise waiting for me at home.* Izuku hopes with an intense amount of longing.
Listen to the music video here as it's not on Spotify:

It Took Me By Surprise

A/N: Dad Might is here!
“Mom, I’m home!” Izuku declares with a renewed bout of enthusiasm that quickly ends when he sees no shoes at the front.

With a sad sigh, Izuku notices an envelope on the ground that he recognizes instantly as he removes his shoes. Picking it up, Izuku moves to the kitchen to get dinner started. As always, his letter to his mother is still unopened on the kitchen table. Izuku deposits the envelope containing money for rent and other necessities on the counter as he prepares for dinner. Izuku doesn’t really know who sends the money though he’s always stuck to it being his mother, but Izuku can’t complain where he gets help from at this point.

*Beggars can’t be choosers…*

Preparing the curry dish in the silence, Izuku decides to grab his headphones from his room to relieve the awkwardness. Humming along to an English pop song, Izuku works his magic on the curry. When it’s done, Izuku sits at the table, giving his thanks for the food before he dives in.

Halfway through, a text pings his phone through his headphones that prompts him to grab it out of his pocket.

**All Might:**

Hi Young Midoriya,

I know this is late, but I would like to meet you at Dagobah Municipal Beach at 5:00 tomorrow morning. I will explain in more detail in person. Have a good night.

**Izuku:**

Sounds good. See you then! :D
Izuku quickly researches more about the beach on GMaps and finds it is only a five-minute run away from the apartment. Satisfied, Izuku continues his dinner in silence with only his headphones to keep him company. As soon as he is done, he packages up the extra for lunch tomorrow and heads to bed to get to sleep as soon as possible so he isn’t late to meet up with All Might.

With a smile, Izuku relaxes under his covers until his consciousness fades away blissfully.

The second Izuku’s alarm went off, he jumped out of bed, practically rushing himself to get to the beach as soon as he could. He sprints to the beach as a substitute for not being able to run yesterday after he changes into some of his workout clothes. When he arrives, Izuku gazes out on the horizon that is filled with garbage.

**Wow, that’s a crazy view, huh?** Izuku notes, staring at the points where the trash meets the sand and the sand meets the waves in awe.

“What a view, huh?”

Izuku whirls around in surprise to the elderly sounding voice and finds a strange older man standing a few paces behind him on the sidewalk. Izuku nods in agreement. “Yeah, it is.”

The elderly man smiles. “I remember when the beach didn’t have a speck of trash like it was yesterday. My mother would take myself and my siblings here to swim during the summer. What a long time ago that was.”

Izuku turns his attention back towards the sea. “I bet it used to be gorgeous.”

“Still is kiddo.” The man asserts with confidence. “A word of advice. There are always constants in the world, but even those change with time. Don’t ever be afraid to take a chance to be one of those changes.”

Izuku turns back to face the man, but finds he has already started walking away, most likely to head back home from completing his morning walk.
Izuku decides to hang his legs off the side of the wall above the mountains of trash crowding the beach as he waits for All Might to show up. A good thirty minutes or so pass him by as he surrounds himself in the sounds of the waves crashing against the sandy shore.

Snapping out of his daze, Izuku looks down at his phone. The time 5:23 AM stares him back in the face. Anxiety attacks Izuku as he realizes that yesterday must have been a wild hallucination after having a bad episode.

Before he decides to leave, Izuku gives one more look at the sad beach and the old man’s words come flooding back to him.

Making a silent deliberation, Izuku jumps down towards the sand from the ledge and starts inspecting some of the trash. Izuku finds a large red wagon that seems to be in mint condition, probably dumped relatively recently. With a sigh, Izuku drags it out with ease and starts loading some of the trash onto it.

The trash scrapes at his hands, leaving them bleeding and raw, but Izuku persists his seemingly impossible crusade as the pain never bothered him anyway.

Even if nothing comes of this, at least maybe I could make one person happy.

A buzz from his pocket breaks Izuku’s concentration, causing him to drop the item he was trying to pry out of the stack on his wrist, making him wince in pain for a short second. The pain is tolerable, so Izuku just shakes it off and places the item in the wagon before addressing his phone.

All Might:

Look up.

Eyes wide, Izuku looks up to a waving deflated All Might. With a renewed energy, Izuku boulders straight up the sea wall to meet him.

“Wow, slow down kid. You could have easily taken the stairs.” All Might chuckles at Izuku’s spunk. Adopting a more serious tone, All Might addresses the elephant in the room. “Sorry for
being so late Young Midoriya. I had a few people who needed saving on my way here and the time just got right past me.”

“Oh, it’s fine All Might.” Izuku says to not worry his idol since he’s relieved yesterday did actually happen. “Um, well I don’t really know why we are here, but I do have a request to ask of you before we get started or something.”

All Might looks quizzically at Izuku before trying to see what his successor is talking about. “What can I help with my boy?”

Izuku fidgets for a minute before giving his reply. “Well, I was hoping that I could try to clean up the beach in my spare time. I know it might be impossible to do, but I still want to try. I met an old man earlier who talked to me about his childhood and the time he spent here. I kinda wanted to help him see what he remembered for myself, so I’m sorry if my request seems a little selfish.”

All Might straight up started laughing happily, causing Izuku to look up at his idol with a strained puzzled look. “You really are ahead of the game even before I got here, aren’t you?”

“Sir?” Izuku asks, unsure what he means by that.

All Might clears his throat before continuing to explain his reasoning. “I had brought you here to actually clean up the beach as a part of your training to make you a proper vessel for my quirk as you aren’t quite ready for to inherit my power yet.”

“I thought you said I was worthy?” Izuku whines in defeat, not sure what he already did wrong.

“Indeed, you are young man. More so now than I thought yesterday even.” All Might booms with confidence. “But my quirk has a harsh backlash that will literally send your limbs shooting straight off your body if you aren’t prepared for it. Thus, this is where the cleaning of the beach comes into play.”

“Oh, I see!” Izuku perks up after wincing at the violent description, finally seeing the reasoning. “So, this will be like an intense boot camp, right?”

“Correct. You are certainly a sharp one.” All Might grins. “Not only that, but you seem to have already got started without my instructions even guiding you.”
“Oh, well to be fair, it was the old man that I met that spurred me to start working on it.” Izuku mumbles as he blushes in embarrassment. “I actually thought you’d forgot or something, so I decided to just do it anyway. I felt like if I could make at least one person happy today, I would feel a little better about you ditching me. Sorry for doubting you.”

All Might simply shakes his head. “No need to apologize you bleeding heart. I was late, so the fault is all mine. Anyway, now that we have that out of the way, I have something to give you.”

All Might reaches into one of his pockets in his baggy pants and procures a stack of papers. “I have no doubt that you want to apply to UA, right?”

“Of course! It’s the best hero school in the area and you are an alumnus. It’s been my dream to attend UA since I was little!” Izuku accentuates excitedly before ranting. “I have ten months before the entrance exam, so I really need to get a move on. I technically have already been preparing for it with my own training and stuff, but I don’t think it will be anywhere close to whatever we will do.”

“Easy there, partner.” All Might tries to calm the easily excitable teenager before handing Izuku the papers he was holding onto. “This is my ‘American Dream Plan’ to get you whipped into shape just in time for the entrance exam. But this is not going to be a cake walk as it will be extremely tough and demanding.”

Izuku nods as he looks over the front page of the schedule, noting how basic the plan is in his honest opinion compared to his own schedule. Not trying to be rude, Izuku brightens up with a smile. “Wow, this is really extensive, but it seems doable as long as I stick to it.”

Giving him a moment to review the schedule, All Might chimes back in with an inquiry of his own. “Say Young Midoriya, I have couple questions for you that’s been on my mind.”

Izuku looks up from his deep thoughts on the content of the pages. “Yeah All Might?”

“I was wondering what type of training you’ve done. You did a skillful flip when you attempted to save your friend and just now you scaled the wall with relative ease.”

“Oh!” Izuku brightens up at his mentor’s observation as it’s not the dreaded question he thought he’d ask. “I took gymnastics and self-defense classes when I was younger. I also do my own
endurance training with running, but other than that stuff, I really haven’t done much.”

“That’s pretty impressive.” All Might notes. “I have one more though.”

Izuku’s heart drops as he has idea of what he’s going to ask.

“You said you might as well be quirkless when we met. What did you mean by that?”

Izuku lies to not let anyone know about it. Not that they would believe him anyway. “I don’t know what my quirk is sir. No one could figure it out, so they deemed me quirkless even though they think it’s dormant or just not noticeable. It’s totally possible I just don’t have one, but I don’t know if I will ever know for certain. One doctor said I was completely quirkless and another told me it’s possible it’s a dormant quirk. I don’t really know who to believe honestly.”

All Might’s face drops. “I see. Not that that is a problem, I’m just sorry you don’t know. Well, I don’t want to keep you for too long now as you should have school today.”

“Oh!” Izuku whips out his phone as he panics a little at the time. “Sorry All Might! I’ve got to run, or I will be late. I will see you this afternoon then?”

“Yup, you really are a quick learner.”

All Might waves goodbye as Izuku starts his brisk jog back in the direction to his apartment to get ready for school.

Izuku barely makes it to his class before the bell rings for homeroom. With bandages on his hands covering up past his wrists because of that morning, Izuku sits down in his desk for class to start in his seat. Out of the corner of his eye, Izuku sees Bakugo staring at him intensely, but he tries not to call him out on it or draw any attention to him doing so because yesterday really hurt him.

Taking notes in class become increasingly difficult as class moves along, but Izuku doesn’t despair too much as he is still able to write fast enough despite the cuts all over his hands. When lunch comes, Izuku tries to make his way out of the room to get away from the staring Bakugo has
afforded him for much of the class period.

Just as he is leaving the room, Izuku is forcefully turned around to see red eyes meet his green. “What are--?”

“What the fuck happened to your hands?” Bakugo questions with his eyes narrowed in contemplation as he lifts Izuku’s sleeves to get a better look at his injured hands, obviously noting the blood that has already soaked through the bandages and needs changing.

Izuku panics a bit at the question and tries to cover it up by not being too specific with his lie. “Um, I just cut my hands on some broken glass. Sorry.”

“You are a shit liar Deku.” Bakugo growls angrily. “Tell me the fucking truth.”

“Ah! I think I hear Sensei calling my name.” Izuku deflects as he breaks out of Bakugo’s grip and rushes out of the room to go hide in the courtyard for lunch.

Thankfully, Bakugo doesn’t follow him, allowing the rest of the day to pass without any incident. Strangely, Bakugo doesn’t question him further or even confronts him at all after class ends for the day. Not wanting to question the current silent treatment he is being given, Izuku heads home to start his first official training with All Might.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/11, Checked for errors 3/12

Cake By The Ocean by DNCE

Me: Inko is such a precious cinnamon roll in canon. She deserves so much love in my story.

Brain: But what if we don't do that? :)

Me: w-what...?

Brain: Ψ( ᵛ´笑声`)Ψ
Me: BRAIN NO!
Ten grueling months fly by Izuku as he continues his training and cleaning up the beach. Izuku had mixed in his analysis of what the entrance exam would be. Robots again to Izuku’s dismay, but he already had a plan to deal with that in the form of his multi tool pocketknife that he was going to bring. He even got it registered as a support item and everything so he wouldn’t be accused of cheating or anything. He could have made some more stuff like from his vigilante days when he was a little rebel, but he didn’t think it was necessary. Plus, he didn’t want the judges saying he was cheating. Who’s going to get mad at a kid literally bringing a knife to a robot fight?

The sunrise was just starting as Izuku places the last piece of trash onto the moving truck to be hauled away. Wiping off the sweat on his brow, Izuku stands back towards the beach to view his hard work.

“It’s just like I remember.”

The familiar voice causes Izuku’s current exhaustion to drop away as he faces the elderly man from so many months ago. There are tears in his eyes, causing Izuku’s heart to swell in pride for helping him rekindle with something from his childhood. “Yeah, you were right. It is gorgeous.”

“Thank you, young man.” The elderly man replies after drying off his happy tears on his sleeve. “You are my hero.”

Izuku blushes really hard as no one has ever told him that before. “Oh, it was nothing, really!”

“Don’t sell yourself short. It’s an incredible feat.” The man nods before fishing into his pocket for something. “When I told my wife about you cleaning up the beach, she insisted I give you this when you finished. I hope it gives you luck to find the happiness in life that you deserve.”

The man opens his hand revealing a good luck charm made of beautiful strawberry conch shells with a small pink starfish on the end. Izuku accepts the gift with a happy gleam in his eyes. “Thank
you. You didn’t have to.”

The elderly man laughs at Izuku’s humbleness. “Neither did you, but here we are.”

Izuku joins in on the laugh as the two of them watch as the sun fully rises above the horizon for the first time in a long while on clean white sand.

Thirty minutes after the old man had given his condolences, All Might finally arrived to see his progress as Izuku sits on the edge of the sea wall admiring the view.

“Oh, my goodness!” All Might exclaims in English, catching Izuku off guard as he turns to face him. “You really cleaned the entire thing, you overachiever.”

“Yeah I did.” Izuku grins with a stunning confidence. “Oh, All Might look!”

Izuku jumps up to greet him with the sight of the lucky charm the kind old man gave him a little earlier. “I saw the old man again. He gave me this as his thanks for cleaning up the beach. He was really happy about it. I’m really glad I could see his smile.”

All Might gives him a beaming smile at the sight of the charm. “Make sure to treasure it. Gifts like those come in few numbers believe it or not.”

Izuku nods enthusiastically. “I will.”

“Let’s take a quick walk on the beach.” All Might directs as he heads for the stairs. Izuku simply jumps off the sea wall and joins him at the bottom of the stairwell as the head onto the beach. “In these few short months, you really have grown a lot Young Midoriya.”

Izuku nods in agreement as they walk, noting that he hasn’t once had any of his episodes since starting the training. In fact, Izuku had made a pact with himself he wouldn’t do it anymore. “I agree. These past couple months have honestly been the best.”
All Might stops their walk to face Izuku more directly. “No matter where we go from here after
today, remember this moment as your beginning to your bright future. This, Young Midoriya, is
your origin. Never forget it.”

“I won’t.” Izuku declares with pride swelling in his chest.

All Might plucks out a hair from his head. “We should give you your graduation present now. Eat
this!”

“Oh my god, I’m going to get sick from this… Wonder if you can die from eating hair? Well, only
one way to find out!

After a few moments of struggling, Izuku finally downs the hair, making him feel really queasy at
the bizarre interaction. “Bleh, that was really horrifying. My life flashed before my eyes.”

All Might chuckles at Izuku’s reaction. “I said the same thing you know.”

“I don’t really feel any different though…” Izuku points out, feeling like it didn’t actually work.

“Don’t worry. It takes a couple hours for your stomach to digest it before it will take effect.” All
Might explains diligently. “I regret not having enough time for you to take it for a test drive, but we
did the best we could given the time frame. In fact, you exceeded my expectations. I must warn
you though that the backlash of my quirk is pretty harsh. Your body was made in a hurry, so it will
not be so easy to control at first.”

“I-I see.” Izuku files that away for future Izuku to deal with. “Um, so how do I use it? I’ve never
used it before, so…”

“Yes, of course.” All Might interjects. “To use One for All, you need to clench your butt checks
and yell this from the bottom of your heart. Smash!”

*Oh my All Might, you can’t be serious…*

“Um…okay?” Izuku questions, not sure if that really helps him at all since it’s so vague.

“You’ll see when it kicks in.” All Might assures Izuku with a warm smile. “Anyway, you should head back to get ready for the entrance exam. Good luck Young Midoriya. I’m rooting for you my boy.”

*Thanks dad.*

…

*Huh.*

With that, Izuku gives his goodbyes as he races home to get ready to take his first big step towards his future while hiding his increasing red face.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/11, Checked for errors 3/12

Birds by Imagine Dragons

Highly recommend this song. If you can, watch the animation as it's gorgeous: [Imagine Dragons - Birds (Animated Video)](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G0zv7tQvUzQ)

Also, this is how I imagine the charm to look:
The new addition to Izuku’s backpack sways in the wind as he practically skips to the entrance of his dream school. A familiar angry stare hits Izuku in the back, causing him to reluctantly face his childhood friend once again.

For the past couple of months, Bakugo had been really quiet, not really causing anything except for his ever-present gaze. At first, he was super worried about him, but after a few times of Bakugo directly avoiding him every time he tried to approach him, he just let him be since he wasn’t coming after him anymore or sending jeering messages to him. Of course, that never stopped everyone else from that memo. Izuku had to jump out quite a few windows to avoid beatings that would have severely messed with his schedule if he was cornered. The bullies weren’t exactly happy about that at all as they have been pushing Izuku’s stealth capabilities to the max as they try to get him for avoiding them. Good thing he was already so used to running away.

“Deku.” Bakugo growls as he starts walking past him. “You should have fucking stayed home.”

Izuku just flashes his back with a winning smile. “Good luck!”

Only an audible grunt can be heard from his friend that suspiciously sounded like ‘I don’t need it’ before he speeds away towards the building. With a happy sigh, Izuku grips the straps of his backpack a little tighter before taking his first step to the rest of his life. At that moment, Izuku stumbles over a raised brick, making him start to feel gravity catching up with him.

Or I’ll just die right here—

“Huh?” Izuku stares down at the ground as it has stopped moving. Looking to side, he sees a girl with short brown hair wearing a warm smile looking at him. Putting two and two together, Izuku smiles sweetly at the kind stranger.
“Sorry about that!” The girl moves Izuku back to an upright position before bringing her hands together, causing Izuku to once again feel gravity. “I would have asked to use my quirk on you, but it would’ve been bad luck if you tripped. I hope you don’t mind or anything.”

Izuku just nods, stunned the girl is even electing to speak to him without reservations that he didn’t even flinch when she touched him.

“Well, see you inside. Good luck!” The girl waves as she continues her walk to the entrance of the test building.

*Oh my god I just talked to someone my own age without them hating me!* Izuku internally screams in joy. *UA is amazing!*

With a pep in his step, Izuku enters the building to take the written portion of the exam.

Three grueling hours and a pleasant outdoor lunch later, Izuku returns to the orientation building for the practical portion of exam. Reluctantly, Izuku sits next to Bakugo as it’s his assigned seat in the large auditorium for orientation. Sneaking a quick glance at his childhood friend’s battle location card, Izuku breathes an internal sigh of relief that they are at two completely different test sites.

*Maybe God doesn’t hate me completely…*

Before Izuku can do much of anything else to mentally prepare himself for the trial ahead, Present Mic appears on stage in dramatic fashion, causing Izuku to fanboy incessantly out loud in a mumbled rant.

“ARE YOU READY!?!?”

“…”
“TOUGH CROWD HUH? LET ME HEAR A YEAH!”

Izuku is about to shout out his support to his favorite radio show host as he’s basically his spirit animal, but ultimately stops in his tracks when no one seems to want to join in for the second time. Instead, Izuku looks down at the paper that is handed to him by the person next to him for more information on the exam. Robots were a given, but details are important.

“Let’s get this show on the road then!” Present Mic shouts, bringing Izuku’s attention back to the stage. Izuku listens as he drones on about the parameters of the exam, going over the point system that brings his focus back on the paper that shows four robots instead of three, leading him to one conclusion.

“The fourth robot must be an obstacle then.” Izuku mumbles. “He’s probably worth--”

“Tester 7111. What’s your question, listener?” Present Mic breaks Izuku’s rant to see a standing blue haired boy with glasses.

“You have described that there are three robots in this exam, but on the paper you have procured for us, it shows four. If this is a mistake, this shows poorly on UA’s prestige as a top institution. Also, you with the curly hair!”

The blue hair boy points straight at Izuku, making him shrink in on himself at the attention being drawn to him. “You have been mumbling the entire time. If you can’t take this seriously, you should leave. You are distracting those of us who are taking this seriously.”

Izuku gives a slight whimpering sound at being called out as he didn’t realize he was mumbling, but just tries to ignore all of the attention that is directed to him now with the not so subtle snickers directed his way.

“Nice observation listener!” Present Mic praises, diverting everyone’s attention back to the presentation. “The fourth robot is worth zero points. It’s an obstacle you should avoid at all costs as there is no merit to engage it.”

The blue hair boy bows formally at Present Mic’s explanation before taking his seat once again. “Thank you very much for your clarification.”
The rest of the explanation just goes over Izuku’s head as he tries not to cry from embarrassment by being called out in such a huge auditorium. The journey over to his testing site is quick, but Izuku’s nerves are making him quake in anticipation for what is next to come. Taking a deep breath to calm himself, Izuku looks over his fellow competitors standing with him.

*Ah, it’s the nice girl.* Izuku realizes when he sees the familiar brown hair peeking out from the crowd. *I should really go over and thank her for—*

“What are you doing?” The blue haired boy halted Izuku’s journey over to the girl with a hand on his shoulder, making him flinch out of reflex.

“I-I j-ust w-wanted to…” Izuku stutters out while trying to maintain his composure, still rattled by the foreign hand on his shoulder.

“You were going to distract that girl, weren’t you?” The blue haired boy’s eyes accuse Izuku in frustration. “Can’t you see she is trying to concentrate for the trial ahead?”

“I-I’m s-sorry, but c-could y-you p-please…” Izuku stammers, his breaths starting to wrack his body in panic since the stranger’s hand is still on his shoulder.

“And begin!” Present Mic booms over the intercom, giving Izuku the perfect excuse to dart away from the boy towards the mock city. Letting his panic fuel his legs, Izuku begins to sprint away from the awkward encounter, now alert to any enemies that may be lurking around him for points while his peers stare awkwardly up at their proctor.

*Breathe Izuku.* Izuku instructs himself to calm his nerves as he runs. *Everything is fine. Just focus.*

Izuku pulls the pocketknife out of his pocket as he switches it to a screwdriver. It doesn’t take long for him to spot a simple one pointer. Dodging between its swipes, Izuku scans the robot for the security panel he may or may not have hacked UA servers to learn about so he can deactivate it.

It’s not his fault there’s literally nothing in the rules for the exam never said you couldn’t unlike the written exam. Plus, the server was separate from the other stuff on campus suspiciously, almost like it was supposed to be exploited by the examinees. It never said where they were located of course, but it sure was detailed in what the wires did. Like hell he won’t abuse the crap out of that.
Izuku finally spots it right behind the base of the neck, making him grin as he rolls underneath the robot when it comes after him again with a left hook. Jumping up, Izuku straddles the neck of the machine as he undoes the panel. Ripping out the right wires, Izuku jumps off right as the robot starts combusting.

*Alright!* Izuku cheers as he rushes to find the next robot. *Let’s get this party started!*
“That explosive kid is going pretty hard, isn’t he?” Midnight admits with a mischievous look on her face as Bakugo soars from opponent to opponent. “My bet is that he’s going to take the top spot.”

“He seems like he has a temper though…” Shouta grumbles looking over his profile on his personal portable screen for the test. “You saw how he was screaming at the other candidates before the exam even started even though they were asking for it. We’d have to work on that.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure.” Nedzu notes as he sets down his tea as a green blur catches the mammal’s gleaming eyes on the main screen. “That green haired child is currently going at the same pace as that boy. It’s rather impressive considering what he’s doing. Even more interesting is the fact that he knew the wire placements. It’s been a rather long time since someone has actually gotten a chance for my espionage points, though I doubt he needs them.”

All of the teachers move their attention to the screen with the green haired participant who is expertly dodging and rolling as he gets close to straddle the robots on the back of the neck to open the panel to tear out the correct wires, effectively blowing up the robots.

“What is his quirk?” Cementoss asks gingerly. “Does he have a mental quirk or something?”

Nedzu pulls up the student profile for Midoriya Izuku on screen for all of the teachers to read along with his current score of 57 villain points and 10 espionage points, just then updated by the gleeful Nedzu of course. After a moment of pause, the room erupts into confusion.

“Wait, so he has a strength augment quirk?” Hound Dog asks in confusion. “Why isn’t he using it? He would be able to destroy the robots much faster that way.”

“Is he doing this as a joke?” Shouta narrows his eyes in contemplation as Izuku bounces around the area. “Or is there something wrong that made him have to find a work around? Either way, he's
“You can have him Eraser.” Vlad King announces automatically after sparing a glance at the maniac look in their boss’s eyes. “I’m not touching that kid.”

Nedzu sips his tea loudly before he cackles happily, giving All Might a knowing side glance that makes him stiffen a bit. “I guess we should see what happens when we bring out the big guns.”

Izuku is panting pretty hard after he barely made it off scot free from the last three pointer he blew up. Catching his breath, Izuku turns towards the main street area to find more robots as his corner alley is out of fresh targets.

Just as he enters the street, Izuku feels the familiar sense of death, that makes him tackle an unsuspecting student out of the way of a robot with a piece of its arm sharpened to a point from another participant who tried to take it down and failed. Once safely out of harm’s way, Izuku helps the blond kid up to his feet so they can continue their test. “Sorry, are you okay?”

“Never better! Thanks for the assist mon amie~” The flamboyant boy purrs as he blasts the robot in question away with a laser blast. Izuku simply nods as he returns to his original objective.

A buzzer rings out in the metropolis for a two-minute warning, making Izuku flinch violently to its harshness. Out of nowhere, a huge robot appears to Izuku’s left, making him stare up at it in awe, leaving behind his previous train of thought.

*Jesus Christ, are they trying to kill us? Isn’t that a little too big?*

Shaking his head to clear it, Izuku turns to the right to avoid the monstrosity until the familiar feeling of death washes over him, making him instantly start sprinting towards the robot, knowing someone could be dying soon if he’s not quick enough to save them.

*Please, let me make it in time!*

As contestants rush past him, the smoke has started to clear, making the person making his quirk
go off visible to him.

\textit{It's the nice person!}

The second Izuku sees her struggle to get free, his anger flares as he goes through situations to fix the problem in front of him. Looking up, Izuku knows there is no way stop the robot unless he uses the quirk All Might gave him.

With nothing to lose, Izuku jumps doing what All Might told him to do, hoping it works.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/12, Checked for errors 3/12

Golden by Parade of Lights

Previous Beach Scene in the Canon World:

Izuku: So, uh, how do I use this thing?

All Might: Clench your butt cheeks!

Izuku: ...

Izuku: O-okay?

All Might: You'll do amazing on this exam! The backlash can be harsh, but I believe in you :D

Izuku: *walks away contemplating his life choices*

All Might *whispering to himself*: It will be fine. It's not like he's going to break all his limbs...
Izuku has no regrets. *You know what?! I have one regret. Fuck this hurts!* 

Izuku knows his legs are broken and his arm is too. But damn was it worth it. The raw power was exhilarating. Felt amazing until the point Izuku felt gravity come back and his nerves decided now was a good time to become active to tell him all about how bad he fucked up.

Izuku looks down at the rapidly approaching ground and a terrifying thought comes through his mind as it sends himself into a panic attack.

*Oh my god, they are going to find out about my quirk. All Might is literally going to kill me! Shit! Shit! Shit—*

A slap to Izuku’s face jolts him out of his panic as he realizes he’s floating. With the panic is over, Izuku calls foul.

*Fuck you too God. Moody ass prick. At least take me out to dinner first.*

After a sigh, Izuku feels gravity hit him again as hits the ground, making him groan in both pain and annoyance. Looking over to the nice girl, he tries to crawl over to her with his one working hand dragging himself along. “H-hey, a-are y-you o-okay?”

She looks up with the sickest look on her face before concern hits her face. “Oh my god! What the heck happened to you?!”

Izuku chuckles to make light of his raging pain to make himself not stutter like the hot mess he is right now. “You should’ve seen the other guy.”
She giggles at Izuku’s joke, making him join in on the laugh. After a moment of allowing their giggles to subside, Izuku realizes that he dropped something important in his rush to save her.

Looking out to the crowd of people staring at him like he’s a madman, he tries to get their help.
“Hey, uh, can someone do me a solid and find my pocketknife? It’s white with a pattern carved in it. It’s kinda important to me and I dropped it while dealing with ScrapMetal McGee over there. I would do it myself, but my bones are mush.”

To Izuku’s genuine surprise and delight, the group around the two of them actually helps him out. The blue haired boy is actually the one who finds it, placing it in front of Izuku as a peace offering. Izuku smiles brightly at its sight. “Thanks so much. I owe you.”

The boy bows his head. Before he can say anything like he seems like he wants to, he is shooed away by Recovery Girl who heads straight over to the two of them to heal them. “Please, heal her first. I think she may have hurt her ankle when the concrete fell on her.”

“Hush you.” Recovery Girl chastises but complies as she kisses the nice girl first. “You’re the one with the grievous wounds. I swear you are going to be such a problem if you get in.”

Izuku smirks with a victory sign with his uninjured hand. “Oh, you are going to hate me.”

Recovery Girl chuckles as she shuffles over to Izuku to heal him. “Now dear, you are probably going to pass out from this, so don’t worry. We will take you to the infirmary to rest up.”

Izuku nods reluctantly the pain recedes from her using her quirk to fix him up. Immediately, Izuku jumps up as he has been that exhausted before with terrible injuries and had to keep fighting through it. He instantly starts flexing his muscles to see if everything all good now. Thankfully nothing is amiss as he turns to the currently shocked heroine. “Thanks Recovery Girl. Gotta jet!”

Izuku grabs his pocketknife from the ground and he absolutely sprints away towards the exit as he knows he’s going to have a panic attack if he doesn’t get away fast enough, ignoring the protests from her to wait a moment. As he nears the end of the track, Izuku stares right at one of the cameras he saw from the beginning of the exam with an angry visage that he had been hiding since saving the blond kid. Frustrated as he loses a few tears, he signs the following message regardless of the consequences of being found out: “If I didn’t do anything, you’d have two dead kids on your hands right now.”
“Holy shit, what the hell kid!” Present Mic states in complete shock at the participant’s morbid message through the intercom connecting all of the proctors in the field.

“Zashi, what did he sign? I only know simple commands.” Shouta curiously asks seeing how distressed he is on screen.

“He said that if he didn’t do anything, there would be two dead kids on our hands right now.” Present Mic supplies with a grim look on his face. “Given how upset he is, I think he really thought they would die if he didn’t do anything.”

The teachers all look at the running kid whose angry and frustrated crying expression hasn’t dropped in the slightest as he speeds away from the test site in total shock, unable to understand why the participant came to that conclusion since they had multiple security measures to prevent that scenario from happening. It was just a simple test, no one was going to die.

What are you hiding Midoriya Izuku… Shouta contemplates as he runs the exam over and over in his head to figure out what piece of the puzzle he missed.
The second Izuku gets home, his panic is in full swing as he starts hyperventilating. Gasping for air, Izuku hurries to the kitchen to grab a knife. It is only after a moment of it hovering over his heart that he realizes what he was about to do.

In shock, Izuku drops the knife and starts violently crying on the floor, curling himself in on himself.

*I promised. I promised I wouldn’t do that anymore. I promised.*

Izuku chants over and over in his head as he tries to cry out the frustration he feels about the exam.

A knock to the front door, makes Izuku blood run cold in shock as it breaks him out of his circular thinking. Clearing his face of his regret, he puts the knife back into its proper place as he goes to the door to see who is here. Looking through the door, Izuku sees his childhood friend looking pretty agitated standing outside.

*Why is he here?*

Taking a deep breath, Izuku opens the door to see what he wants. “Um, hi. What are you--”

“Damn you’re a mess, Deku.” Bakugo notes after taking in Izuku’s face that’s poking just outside the door.

Izuku wants to die inside to be seen like this as he gives his friend a really look. “If you came to make fun of me today, I’m not interested. You can wait till tomorrow like everyone else.”
Bakugo’s face snarls but to Izuku’s surprise it doesn’t really come out in his voice. “I wasn’t here for that dipshit.”

Izuku perks an eyebrow at that. “Then…?”

“Is Auntie here?” Bakugo whispers nervously, making Izuku panic a bit but it doesn’t transfer to his face.

“No, Mom’s not here right now.” Izuku states as if it’s normal to not arouse suspicion.

“Okay.” Bakugo looks like he’s contemplating something before returning Izuku’s puzzled gaze. “Can I come inside? We need to talk.”

Look, if this is about the test, I’m sorry for taking it, but I had to.” Izuku asserts with a hidden sad gaze that he almost let two people die, secretly happy he knows he passed and he’s going to be a hero.

Bakugo scowls more like a pout but ignores Izuku’s admission. “Deku, if you don’t let me in, that’s fine. I don’t care. I just wanted to say something that I’ve had on my mind for a while.”

Izuku looks at his childhood friend with intrigue, giving him room to continue. “I felt shitty about it ever since I’ve said it. I just wanted to say I didn’t mean it.”

Realizing what he’s talking about, Izuku simply nods as he knows Bakugo doesn’t do apologies nor does he want pity. The fact he came to do this shows how much he’s grown and it makes Izuku feel a little better about them. Maybe they can start being friends again. “Okay Kacchan.”

Bakugo eyes widen at the familiar nickname being said for the first time in months. Once he regains his emotions, he resumes his normal scowl. “Right. I’ll be going then.”

Izuku feels compelled to tell him the truth right then as his childhood friend is walking away but decides rather to drop the hint as it’s the safest option. “Kacchan, if I passed the exam, would you be mad at me?”
Bakugo hesitates from his escape from the apartment at the honest question. Looking at the ground, he gives his reply to Izuku’s question. “No.”

Izuku nods even though he knows he can’t see him behind him. “Thanks Kacchan. See you tomorrow.”

Izuku can barely hear a reply as his childhood friend stalks off, leaving Izuku feeling a little better about the situation. Closing the door, Izuku elects to have a movie night to distract himself and deal with things in the morning when he’s more coherent and less emotional.

Chapter End Notes

Update 12/12, Checked for errors 3/12

Flatline by Orla Gartland

_A/N: Taking bets on what Izuku's quirk is as the next couple chapters will basically reveal totally what it is and what it do. I swear Izuku's quirk isn't op as it may seem if you've got an idea. ψ (・西瓜)ﾉ_

_Real talk though. Panic attacks are bitches. Mental health and unhealthy coping mechanisms are a real thing that affect people, regardless of where they are in life. Take care of yourselves y'all!_
Going to school the next day was painful.

Izuku felt so distraught about almost breaking his promise that he slugs through his classes. He knows he would’ve survived it no sweat, but he promised that he would never do that again, especially since All Might put so much trust in him. The fact he almost did it makes him feel like he betrayed him and all the time they spent together over those ten months. Putting it lightly, he’s ashamed he even went back to his old self-destructive habits.

Because of it, he avoids everyone, even Bakugo’s worried glances at him. It isn’t until Izuku is coming back from delivering papers to the teacher’s lounge that a group of people confront him from behind him, dragging him into the nearest bathroom in his daze. Trying not to panic, Izuku wipes his face of emotions and waits to find out what they want.

“How was the exam yesterday, Deku?” A boy asks that Izuku doesn’t really recognize off the top of his head. “We are honestly surprised you even survive the test. But who are we kidding, you just chickened out didn’t you?”

Izuku waits for an opening to leave the room, not answering the question. After hearing the all the shuffling in the room, he surmises there must be five people in the room, three in front of him that he can see and two behind.

“What do you want?” Izuku asserts, keeping his voice firm despite his anxiety so that he can leave
in one piece.

The group snickers loudly as two of the people behind him, grab him suddenly before he can react properly, making Izuku struggle to get them off of him. “Let me go!”

“Nah, we just want to give you a post-exam reward.” One of them chuckles darkly, making Izuku’s blood run cold in terror as the feeling of death washes over him. “After all, you worked so hard right? You deserve it.”

Punch. Crack. Over and over again. Izuku is wheezing as he knows his ribs are badly broken, only being held up by those who are restraining him.

“Aww, would you look at that?” Another voice rings out in a sing-song way. “Do you really still think you can be a hero if you can't even fight back?”

“You’re pigs.” Izuku spits out some blood from his mouth, not bothering to answer the question as he knows they will actually kill him if he says he passed with flying colors, not even using his quirk for the villain points. Then everyone would know his quirk and they wouldn’t ever hold back again.

*I need to fight back. I feel like I’m dying.* Izuku shudders in fear as he plans what to do to get out of this. *They can’t know. No one can.*

“Oh, I have the best idea.” A voice chirps. Almost as if they are on the same wavelength, they all whip out their phones as they continue their laughter.

The one with dark hair chuckles dangerously as the death aura coming off of them flares. “Take off his pants. We’ll make his quirkless ass useful for once. Make sure to squeal for us.”

Izuku’s fury runs red as he struggles to kick them away as they grab at his pants, starting to touch him harshly in a place he doesn’t want to think about.

“**STOP! STAY AWAY FROM ME!**”
The group suddenly stops their assault, looking almost as if they are in pain. Terror spreads across their faces and Izuku takes the chance as he kidney punches the two holding him. They grunt in pain as Izuku races out of the bathroom, barely staying awake in his pain.

Izuku only makes it a few steps out of the door when he stumbles into the wall. Wheezing harshly, Izuku struggles to keep walking towards the classroom, using the wall as a crutch. It doesn’t take long for the classmates to come barreling out of the bathroom yelling curses.

“What the fuck did you do, you worthless bastard?! You should have stood there and took it up the ass instead of running away!” One of the attacker’s roars as they pin Izuku to the ground. Pain shoots through Izuku chest like he got stabbed through a lung, making him groan in pain.

“Fuck you.” Izuku chokes out as blood runs down his mouth, struggling to stay aware. “Get off me.”

“What the fuck are you assholes doing?” Bakugo’s voice gives Izuku enough strength to gut check the person above him to get him off, but not enough to do much other than stagger to his feet.

Izuku looks up with blurry eyes at Bakugo and sees anger rolling off him in spades. “Stay away Kacchan, they’ll hurt you too.”

The rest of the group barrels out of the bathroom with furious looks on their faces. “You quirkless bastard! You should have just stood there and took it. You are only useful as our cum dumpster!”

Izuku finds enough strength to stand up and take a deep breath before punching the crap out of the person closest to him in the throat in anger, knocking the bastard straight on his ass. “And you are only useful as a punching bag!”

Out of any more strength to keep fighting, Izuku collapses, still wheezing in his pain. Izuku can hear fighting above him as his brain feels fuzzy, but all Izuku can do is slowly wait for death to claim him as he feels the familiar slip happening.

I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I promised. I--
A/N: Okay. We all know bullying is wrong, but I don’t think a lot of people talk about how both sides are suffering. Bullies in most cases have something going on or something affecting them that lead them to vent on other people. No excuses, but it’s still the reality of the situation that anti-bullying in schools don’t usually hit on, or at least from what I’ve seen. Those who are bullied usually suffer from a whole host of issues because they are literally being hurt mentally, physically, and emotionally even if the bully in question doesn’t do everything on that list to them.

For context of my story, Katsuki has been getting anger management therapy because we all know he needs it in all versions of Horikoshi’s story, so this change isn’t coming out of nowhere! 10 months baby before his ‘apology.’

In canon, my only real pet peeve is this. I feel like his teachers and parents have been doing Bakugo a big disservice his entire life by not helping him with it. Having anger issues as well as any type of mental health problems is NOT a weakness or something to be ashamed of. Also, there’s been nothing for Izuku concerning his mannerisms that scream being previously abused himself. Both of my boys need therapy to help them be healthy and happy like they deserve or someone to talk to at the very least. Horikoshi, get mental health representation in your story man!

Todoroki is just another hot mess that needs to be addressed, though the current manga chapters (no spoilers of course) is a BIG step in the right direction. Keep it up my man.

Rant over.
“One two three four. Breathe god damn it.”

A breath of air comes into Izuku on his own finally as he feels rhythmic presses to his chest cease. Izuku spurs as he hacks, the air filling his lungs harshly like they are on fire. Opening his eyes, he sees his childhood friend looking at him with panic.

“Deku! Shit, can you breathe?”

Izuku slightly nods as he takes in more controlled breaths of air for a minute as his friend looks at him frantically.

“Kacchan, you need to get out of here. They’ll hurt you too.” Izuku finally croaks out.

Bakugo scoffs angrily. “Shut up Deku. Those bastards got what was coming to them. What the fuck happened?”

Izuku averts his eyes. “I’m fine Kacchan. You don’t have--”

“The fuck you are Deku! You weren’t even breathing just now!” Bakugo yells in Izuku’s face, making him flinch at the intensity. “I’ll repeat it since you are such an insufferable bastard. What the fuck did they do to you?”

“Why do you care?” Izuku loses a tear but no more as he keeps his gaze away. “They just wanted to beat me up. What’s new.”

Izuku flinches but gives the answer as he tries to sit up. “They cornered me and dragged me into the bathroom. They held me back as they took turns to beat me up while I struggled to get away. Then, they tried to take my pants off. I fought back and got away for a moment before they could do anything. You know the rest.”

“Fuck.” Bakugo gets up and paces for a bit as Izuku catches his breath. “We need to get you to the hospital. They literally beat you to death.”

“No!” Izuku yells back scared of being found out with his parent situation, making Bakugo stop his pacing in shock. “Um, I mean…”

“Shut up Deku. You aren’t getting out of this.” Bakugo already has his phone out, obviously to call an ambulance.

“They will get me in trouble since I fought back. I can’t have a black mark on my record.” Izuku bites down his shame as he tries once again by pulling out the Auntie card since Bakugo just looks at him like he’s an idiot. “Please don’t. Mom would kill me if I had to go to the hospital. I have a first aid kit in my backpack. I can fix myself up. Please Kacchan. I can’t make her worry.”

Bakugo huffs, but seemingly relents to Izuku's relief. “Fucking fine. But I’m taking you home with me to get you cleaned up. Can you walk?”

Izuku silently thanks him for his unorthodox help. He struggles for a minute, but he can stand. “Uh, yeah. Just a little woozy I think.”

Looking around him, he doesn’t see the people who attacked him, prompting him to ask his childhood friend for answers. “Um Kacchan?”

Bakugo growls as the two walk down the hallway towards their classroom. “What?”

“What happened to them?”
“If they know what’s good for them, home with their tails between their legs.” Bakugo chuckles amused. “Damn nerd, you sure glocked that one asshole really good. Knocked the shit out of him so bad they had to drag him away. I’m impressed.”

“They deserve worse.” Izuku burns with a disgusted look now that he has let what happened settle in his mind, making Bakugo flinch for a moment and Izuku feel really guilty. “Sorry. You aren’t going to get in trouble, right? You worked really hard to get into UA and I can’t let you--”

“Just shut up Deku. If those assholes say anything, they’ll be dealing with a whole world of trouble.” Bakugo shoots back curtly to Izuku’s surprise.

The rest of the walk to the classroom is silent. Izuku pads his ribs to feel if they are still broken since they don't feel as bad before he passed out and finds them totally fine.

**Shit, I really died, didn’t I? Thank god I died from something internal, otherwise there would be hell to pay right now.**

The second they are back in the classroom, Izuku hobbles over to his backpack to get his first aid kit out. Bakugo stands by the door, silently observing as Izuku fixes himself up. Once everything seems to be okay, Izuku puts on his backpack with a wince to join him at the door.

Keeping his eye-line down, Izuku tries to argue for his freedom. “Kacchan, you don’t have to take me home with you. I’ll be fine.”

“And let Auntie see you like this? Fat fucking chance.”

Izuku’s face contorts as he pleads his case. “Mom’s not home right now. Plus, if Auntie sees me, she’ll blab to her. I’ll be fine, not my first fight you know.”

His friend looks at him with a concerned yet bloodthirsty look on his face. “Deku, I’m only going to ask this once. Have those assholes done anything worse than what they did today?”

“No. Usually I can either get away or avoid them all together. I’m not defenseless, they just jumped me before I could do anything so today’s probably the worst by far.” Izuku averts his eyes
as he lies convincingly. “My first aid kit isn’t exactly for show Kacchan. I don’t know why you suddenly care.”

Bakugo growls ignoring Izuku’s cheap shot, running his hand through his hair in frustration. “Why don’t you fucking fight back?”

Izuku looks at his friend as if he’s stupid before he realizes he’s completely serious, making him sigh. “You don’t know, do you?”

Bakugo narrows his eyes in confusion. “The fuck are you on about?”

“Izuku, I literally can’t fight back, and everyone knows it.” Izuku averts his eyes. “And it’s not because of a quirk.”

Bakugo stops mentally as he looks him over since his serious shift. “What?”

Izuku zeros in on his face to explain when he sees he's totally serious about not knowing. “You seriously never noticed I always let them beat me up at least once a week on purpose? You’re smarter than that Kacchan. If I didn’t let them, they would actually try to kill me the next time they caught me. Trust me, I know from experience. I don’t fight back because I’m trying to survive in the long run and not get a black mark on my record for fighting because we both know I would be blamed for it. Then I’d never be able to get to be a hero.”

“Deku, why the fuck don’t you tell anyone?” Bakugo inquires as he starts to see Izuku’s point, already mentally kicking himself for never connecting the dots between how limp Izuku would get whenever someone messed with him and how frequent his injuries were.

Izuku laughs back in frustration with no filter given how hyped up he is. “You really think they are going to help the quirkless kid? I bet they’d let those jerks kill me before they would raise a finger to help. They’d probably give them a gift basket as a thank you too. Even if I figured out I had a quirk, you really think anyone would suddenly care enough to do anything to stop it? I’m just their punching bag.”

Bakugo looks up in surprise, almost in glee, just like a dog wagging its tail. “Wait, you have a quirk?”
Izuku’s face burns with embarrassment as tears prick at his eyes as he realizes what he said. “I want to go home.”

Izuku tries to bulldoze his way out of the classroom, but Bakugo holds him back by the shoulders. “Deku, do you have a quirk? Don’t lie to me.”

Izuku wants to say yes to him as he hasn’t seen Bakugo so happy since they were kids, but the questions that would string forth things he couldn’t answer. Instead, he goes for the petty way out by sobbing. “Please Kacchan, I just want to go home now. I can’t stand being here anymore. I can’t… I can’t…”

Seeing Izuku’s full on breakdown snuffs out Bakugo’s desire to know as Izuku actually starts hyperventilating outside of his will. Izuku curls in on himself as he hugs his knees on the floor, trying to breath normally again.

“Hey, it’s okay Deku.” Bakugo says as he tries to calm him down. “I should have been there faster.”

Izuku shakes his head slightly as he continues his silent wailing, unable to speak at this point in his panic finally catching up to him about what could have and what actually happened.

After a few minutes of trying to calm down, Izuku finally chokes out what he wanted to say. “S’not your fault. I knew they would try something; I was just being stupid. I shouldn’t have let my guard down.”

“Deku.” Bakugo solemnly notes. “I know you failed, but you can’t give up like this. I hate seeing you like this.”

Izuku decides to just rip this bandage off right here as if he doesn’t, he might get very mad at him later. “I didn’t.”

Bakugo stares at him wide eyed. “Deku, don’t fucking lie to yourself like--”

“I’m not!” Izuku affirms and looks him dead in the eye. “I got sixty-three points. I passed since the threshold is forty-five.”
“How?”

Izuku takes his backpack off and shoves his pocketknife in his hands that still is scuffed from the explosions, even having a few green paint specks from the robots on it. “It’s not much, but I used it to take the panels off the back of the robots’ necks. Ripped out the wiring and they went boom.”

Bakugo grins like a maniac. “You crazy bastard. You never give up do you?”

Izuku smirks as he returns the pocketknife back to his backpack. “Can’t help it. You know that.”

“When we get our letters, let’s go celebrate, okay?” Bakugo affirms with a smirk of his own. “Regardless of what they say.”

Izuku smiles gently as he nods, thinking maybe their friendship isn’t as gone as he thought. “Yeah. I’ve got the perfect place in mind.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/12, Checked for errors 3/12
Different World by Alan Walker feat. Sofia Carson, K-391, & CORSAK
Fluff incoming!!!!!
Izuku sniffs as he wipes his face with his sleeve.

**I did it. I really did it. I've got to call Kacchan and tell him.**

Izuku picks up his phone off his bed and dials his number, excited to share the good news with his friend to celebrate.

While the last two weeks have been filled with nerve wracking anxiousness about the results, Izuku has been more at peace knowing he had someone finally in his corner at school and just the fact of having a friend again he could talk to about stuff, even though its mostly just been school related at that point.

It takes a moment, but he finally hears his friend pick up the phone in excitement.

"Deku! I got in! I got 77 points!" Bakugo chirps back before Izuku can even give a greeting. "Those shitty bots didn't know what hit them!"

Izuku’s stomach drops as soon as he registers the fact that he got significantly more points than his friend.

**Kacchan is going to kill me. Crap.**

"Deku?" Bakugo asks tentatively after realizing Izuku hadn’t spoken yet for a good minute. “You got in, right?”
“Oh, um.” Izuku nervously admits. “I got 63 villain points.”

After a longer moment of silence, his friend comes back with an angry sounding voice. “They didn’t let you, did they?”

“Oh no, Kacchan. They did, I swear!” Izuku assures. “I passed.”

“…But?”

Izuku sighs. *Might as well get this out of the way.* “I um, also got some extra points.”

“Extra?”

“Rescue points. And apparently espionage points are a thing…” Izuku informs. “I uh, got quite a few.”

Another moment of silence comes over the two. “How many is a few?”

Sighing, Izuku rips off the band-aid. “Eighty-five total.”

A long silence comes over them, making Izuku increasingly anxious that their newly reformed friendship is going to be broken again because of his friend’s extreme competitive streak that's way more than a mile wide. “Please don’t be mad Kacchan, I didn’t know they were even a thing. You even got more villain points than I did. You still beat me. I swear I wasn’t trying to beat you. I just wanted to get in, nothing more--”

“Stop rambling nerd. I’m not fucking mad at you.” Bakugo assures over the phone with a hint of pride in his voice, surprising Izuku. “I fucking proud of you god damn it. You little shit. I knew you’d do it. Fucking finally.”

“We’re gonna be heroes Kacchan.” Izuku realizes in awe as it really starts to settle in.
“Of course, I am nerd. That was a given. You just needed to fucking catch up with the rest of us.” Bakugo scoffs back as if it was obvious.

Izuku snorts at his friend’s childish reaction. “Says the one who got less points.”

“Don’t get so fucking cocky over this Deku.” Bakugo chides playfully. “This is only the beginning. I’ll beat your sorry ass. I’m going to be number one, don’t you forget it.”

Izuku hums, not wanting to push his luck. “So, do you want to meet at the ice cream place?”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/12, Checked for errors 3/12

Talk Too Much by COIN

Izuku points for context:
63 VP
75 RP
10 EP

Izuku still got the 60 RP for Uraraka and 15 for a very sparkly person (／ω／)*/:*
◊

Fluffy beach scene incoming? YASSS!!!
“Why the hell do you want to go to that dump?” Bakugo asks with an annoyed tone.

Izuku giggles. “You’ll see.”

Basically skipping with his ice cream, the two finally arrive at the edge of the beach.

“Holy fuck, when did that happen?” Bakugo gapes like a fish in surprise, almost dropping his cone.

“Surprise!” Izuku smiles with a winning smile, spreading his arms out wide as if he’s presenting the beach like it’s his. “Isn’t it gorgeous?”

“Fuck yeah. Let’s get down there.”

Izuku nods enthusiastically as the two head towards the stairs. Like normal, Izuku jumps right off the sea wall, making Bakugo freak out for a moment at the top of the sea wall. “The fuck nerd? You trying to kill yourself?”

“Nope. If I was, I would’ve picked somewhere much higher.” Izuku jokes that makes Bakugo stiffen a bit before Izuku looks back up at his friend. “I always do this.”

“Always?” Bakugo crocks up an eyebrow at the word choice.

“Yeah. Is that weird?” Izuku crocks his head in confusion.
“Whatever.” Bakugo huffs before he jumps down as well. His legs sting a bit from the landing, but he isn’t going to complain if the crybaby took it like a champ too.

Once together again, the two sit down in the sand, watching the sunset start to come over the horizon, passively eating their frozen treats. Putting the popsicle stick on the ground, Izuku hugs his knees as he sighs out loud at the sight before them.

“Hey Kacchan?”

“What nerd?”

“I’m glad we’re friends again.”

Bakugo turns slightly red. “We aren’t friends nerd.”

Izuku giggles like a madman. “Keep telling yourself that Kacchan.”

“You little shit.” Bakugo shoves Izuku, making him fall over in the sand, still laughing his head off. With a devilish smirk, he starts tickling the giggly bitch.

“Stop Kacchan. I can’t take it.” Izuku laughs, struggling to get away. “I’m gonna die.”

“Perish then.” Bakugo smirks as he continues his escapade.

Izuku smirks devilishly as he pushes him back, making him get a good shot at tickling the blond as well. “Payback time.”

“Hah?” Bakugo says in surprise, trying to get away from him before he gets him in his own ticklish spots. Running towards the water, he throws off his shirt as he rushes into the water. It’s only after a moment that Bakugo realizes Izuku didn’t follow him. Looking back, he sees a terrified look on his face.

“Deku, what’s wrong?”
Izuku shakes his head to hide his inner turmoil. “Sorry, it’s nothing. I’m coming.”

Izuku starts wading towards him in the water without taking off his shirt, making Bakugo narrow his eyes in worry. “Deku, you okay?”

Izuku flashes him a small fake smile as he joins him. “Yeah, just thinking. Sorry.”

“How I’m gonna get you back for that.” Izuku smirks as he throws water at Bakugo, making him block the water from his face.

Bakugo grins manically at his friend as he throws a huge blast of water towards him that he may or may not have used his quirk to do, soaking Izuku thoroughly. “Oh, I’m gonna kill you for that you fucker.”

“Guess I’ll just perish then.” Izuku snickers as he continues the fight between the two, neither really letting up.

Breathing hard and collapsed in the water, Izuku stares up at the sky just starting to turn into a deep purple with the stars starting to peek through. Bakugo isn’t any better off, but at least he’s sitting up in the water.

“When did you get so jacked nerd?” Bakugo asks as he sees Izuku’s muscles under his wet shirt.

“Training does that to a person I’ve heard.” Izuku snarks back with a small toothy grin.

“Whatever, keep your secrets then shitty nerd.” Bakugo huffs with an exaggerated pout.

Izuku chuckles softly as he sits up to join his friend. “If you must know, I’ve been doing some special training to build muscle. Or at least I did. Helped me quite a bit, especially for the exam. Those robots never knew what hit them.”
Bakugo’s eyes slightly sparkle in interest. “What type of training?”

Izuku snorts. “You’d never believe me. Plus, it was literally hell.”

“Try me.”

“Well, you’re technically looking at it.” Izuku gestures around him, making Bakugo mentally pause for a minute.

“Wait, you mean…”

“Yup.” Izuku smiles widely. “Told ya you’d never believe me.”

Bakugo stares at him like he’s a maniac since he knows he didn’t lie. “You can’t be serious. You couldn’t have done it alone. There was someone else here right?”

Izuku shakes his head. “Nope. Just little ole me. I got in contact with someone to help me get the stuff hauled away, but I did all the heavy lifting to get it off the beach and into a moving truck. The idea came to me when I came here, and an old man told me about his childhood here. I just wanted to see what he saw, so I just jumped headfirst right in.”

“You really are insane, aren’t you?” Bakugo stares in disbelief. “How long did it take?”

“Ten months. Totally worth it though.” Izuku accentuates while sitting up to dry himself off a little, his shirt sticking to him from being wet. “He gave me that good luck charm on my backpack once I was finished as a thank you.”

“Really? I thought some stupid girl gave you that shit.”

Izuku snorts sadly as he thinks of his scars as he’ll probably never be able to snag anyone with them. “That’s never going to happen Kacchan.”
“Of course, how could I forget about your gay ass.” Bakugo sneers with a grin.

“Kacchan!” Izuku shoves him into the water harder than necessary. “Rude! You don’t know that!”

Bakugo rolls his eyes as he sits back up remembering catching Izuku staring at that one guy in the locker room a couple years back like a drowning man. “You sure ain’t straight dumbass.”

Izuku hums before sighing dramatically. “Whatever you say Kacchan.”

"Sure nerd." Bakugo chuckles slightly.

“Smug jerk.” Izuku sticks his tongue out petty like before giving a sigh after he notices it getting too late. “We should probably get back.”

“Yeah.” Bakugo starts walking towards the stairs once the two return from the water, making Izuku pout as they separate with two obvious different objectives.

“Kacchan, aren’t you forgetting something?”

Bakugo looks back with a surprised look. “What?”

Izuku huffs with an angry pout as he points to their trash at his feet. “I didn’t clean this beach for nothing. Get your trash, you litterer.”

Bakugo just shrugs as he joins him picking up the remnants of their frozen treats from earlier. Izuku smirks as he gets ready to race his friend to the trash can. “I bet I can throw it away first.”

“Oh really?” Bakugo grins, ready for the challenge.

“Yup, but no quirks you cheater.” Izuku points out with a grin. “Go!”
Bouldering right up the wall, Izuku races towards the nearest trashcan. He barely makes it in before Bakugo throws his in right alongside Izuku's.

Izuku throws up his hands in victory with a winning smile. “I won! Yeah!”

“Cheeky bastard, you took the easy way up!” Bakugo protests with a hidden smile. "You fucking cheated!"

“Let me have this Kacchan.” Izuku states while rolling his eyes. “Victories like this come in few numbers.”

“Whatever nerd.”

Walking home, Izuku feels a little sad about something. Sad that he feels like he should tell him about his new quirk with the whole story, but the words feel heavy on his lips. “Hey Kacchan?”

“Yeah Deku?” Bakugo asks nonchalantly.

“I wanna say something, but I don’t really know how to say it.” Izuku hesitantly approaches. “I just don’t want you hating me for it or freaking out on me.”

“Then just fucking say it idiot.” Bakugo huffs. “I swear you over think shit too much.”

“Yeah.” Izuku scratches his head as they approach their street. “Um, I--”

Bakugo’s phone goes off, halting Izuku’s train of thought. “What hag?”

“Is that anyway to talk to your mother?! You should have been home hours ago!” Auntie yells through the phone that makes even Izuku wince at its intensity. “Where the fuck are you brat?”

“I’ll be home in a fucking minute. Deku and I were celebrating. Fuck off.” Bakugo growls as he hangs up the phone. “You were saying?”
“It’s nothing.” Izuku bites his lip as he doesn’t want to get on Auntie’s bad side. “I’ll see you tomorrow Kacchan. I don’t want to get you in more trouble with Auntie. I know how she gets.”

“You sure?” Bakugo asks with a concerned look.

“Yeah, I’ll tell you about it later. Promise.” Izuku assures with a smile as they part ways to go home.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/12

Pieces by Matoma feat. Noah Kahan

Fluff, Fluff, and Moar Fluff!

Also, I absolutely love Dagobah Beach in canon. I mean look at this gorgeous view:
The next day, Izuku basically bounds into the classroom before he halts his entrance as his classmates are all around his desk for some reason. It’s only then that he hears the snickers and whispers as they turn to face him.

A lone red spider lily sits on the wood of his desk. “Oh.”

Izuku doesn’t have any tears fall. In fact, he strangely feels deadly calm. He looks up at his classmates only for the snickering to increase.

“You should see your face!” One jeers.

Izuku just blinks at them before slowly leaving the classroom, headed straight to the roof to calm his oncoming panic attack. Izuku doesn’t even remember the walk there or when he started shaking, but he just drowns in the white noise around him as he sits on the roof alone, blankly staring off into the distance as the buzzing takes over.

Izuku doesn’t want to go to school after that. The second his panic attack was over; he went straight to the principal to send him all his work for the remaining of school with him to finish at home as all of the major tests have already ended. It was only really busy work left at that point anyway. Strangely, the principal doesn’t even mind it or seem surprised despite Izuku not even giving him an excuse for why. Izuku just reasons it’s probably because then he wouldn’t have to deal with the troublesome quirkless kid anymore.

If the school already has judged him as dead, why would he continue attending? After all, a corpse can’t really do anything anymore.
Izuku elects to spending most of his time alone with working out in his personal gym in his mother’s room or going for runs since it literally took him only five hours to complete all the work given to him. He sent it in straight away the next morning, not bothering to lift his head to meet the principal’s gaze as he tells Izuku he will send his diploma and information for graduating in the mail.

He doesn’t even congratulate him or praise him, just simply asking him if he wants to attend his graduation ceremony. Izuku just simply shakes his head at the offer as he leaves his office for the last time. Izuku never thought leaving that hell hole would ever feel so depressing.

After a couple of days pass with receiving his stuff in the mail, Izuku barely hears the banging on his front door in the morning that startles him from making breakfast. Taking off his headphones that had been silencing him from noises instead of playing any music, Izuku quietly moves towards the door to see who it is after taking his eggs off the stove. His friend looks frantic for some reason and Izuku just sighs as he opens the door.

“Hi Kac~”

Izuku is basically tackled to the ground when Bakugo pushes the door back as their eyes meet. “You fucking asshole! Where the hell have you been?! I’ve been fucking texting and calling you all last night! The only fucking reason I couldn’t get here sooner is because my hag fucking wouldn’t let me!”

Izuku just blinks at him. “What?”

“Don’t ‘what’ me you stupid fuck!” Bakugo roars in his face on top of him. “Why haven’t you fucking been at school?!”

“Oh that.” Izuku just slumps in defeat. “I’m not going back.”

Bakugo stills. “What?”

“Would you like breakfast?” Izuku deflects. “I was almost done with it if you haven’t eaten yet.”
“Are you going to tell me what the fuck is going on if I do?” Bakugo eyes him cautiously as if Izuku would bolt the second he let him go.

Izuku simply nods since his friend is bound determined to get answers. “Yeah.”

Bakugo gets up, but clearly blocks the way if Izuku tried to bolt. Izuku is just too tired to do so even though he wasn’t even planning on doing that in the first place. Izuku moves towards the stove and resumes cooking while Bakugo kind of just stands at the front door staring at him for a bit.

Izuku had already moved on to the toast before Bakugo bothered to close the door and sit down at one of the barstools satisfied he wasn’t going to run away the second he moved away from the exit.

“You know, if I was going to leave, I would have taken the window.” Izuku jokes as he flips the pieces of toast over in the wok. “Also, I’m really sorry about making you worry. I haven’t charged my phone in a couple days cause I keep forgetting…”

“What do you mean you aren’t going to school anymore?” Bakugo eyes him suspiciously.

“I graduated.” Izuku points at the counter where his diploma and other stuff lays that he will soon send UA to make his transition to high school complete. “I don’t need to attend because I’ve already finished.”

Bakugo gives it a look over and realizes he’s telling the truth before he comes to a realization. “Did those fuckers that jumped you do something again?”

Izuku flinches before he moves to grab plates for the both of them. “No, not them I don’t think.”

“Something happened.” Bakugo doesn’t even say it as if it was a question at this point.

“I had enough.” Izuku shrugs as he starts placing the food on the plates. “Sorry the eggs won’t be spicy like you like. I don’t have any spices like that at the moment.”

Izuku places the plate in front of Bakugo before grabbing his own to sit beside him to eat.
“Do I fucking have to play twenty questions with you or are you going to just tell me what the fuck happened?” Bakugo accuses after a minute of silence with Izuku just staring at his food.

“N-no…” Izuku sighs as he fights back tears. He hadn’t actually cried yet, even when he was having the panic attack. He’s just been scarily numb the entire time. “They left a spider lily on my desk the day after the results.”

…”

“Deku--”

“I don’t want pity!” Izuku shouts at his food, the tears already flowing for the first time since the incident. “I…”

After a moment of tears staining the counter, Izuku shakily tries again. “I’m still going to UA, I just…”

Izuku buries his head in his arms as his sobs make him shudder. “I don’t know why it hurts so much. Why now? None of the other times hurt…”

…”

“The eggs are good.” Bakugo mentions after taking a bite as he’s not sure what to do since Bakugo Katsuki does not do emotions well. He knows he’d probably make it worse. “Not spicy sure, but good. When did you learn to cook nerd?”

“Mom’s gone a lot with work.” Izuku mumbles under his arms. “I’ve had plenty of practice.”

“Yeah, the hag talked to Auntie yesterday because I wouldn’t shut up about you.”

Izuku stills as he hasn’t seen his mother in so long. He just continues to hear his friend ramble about the woman who’s basically become a stranger to him. It hurts that she still is in contact with
her friends, but never him.

“She said she’s working abroad on a business trip right now, so she didn’t know what’s happening with you. I was fucking worried when no one would fucking tell me where you were at school with the damn teachers. They stopped calling you for roll call and everything. And every time I asked the extras, they would just fucking…”

“Laugh?” Izuku offers as he has a pretty good idea why he was livid about it. “They did that when I saw it.”

“Those fucking bastards.” Bakugo growls as Izuku hears the chopsticks break. “Shit!”

Izuku looks up from his huddle to look at the damage. “It’s fine Kacchan. I’ll just get you some new ones. They are just the guest ones and we don’t exactly get many of those anyway.”

Izuku moves to grab some new ones as Bakugo stares at the broken ones in his hands. Izuku wipes his eyes of his tears before reaching into the drawer to get new ones. “I’ll be fine. I’m kind of just taking it easy right now. I’m still doing my training and stuff, but…I just kind of want to be alone for a while.”

Bakugo just stares at them while Izuku places new ones beside his plate, not bothering to take the ones still in his hands if he wants something to break. “Who did it?”

Izuku stills over the counter as he knows that tone. “Kacchan no.”


“Please Kacchan.” Izuku pleads as he can start to feel the death aura coming from his friend and it’s not one he’s ever wanted to feel. “I don’t know who, but I don’t want you burning down the whole school looking for them. It’s not like it’s new anyway…”

“Excuse me?” Bakugo looks at him as if Izuku just enjoyed murdering a kitten in front of him, making the aura get to a sickening level that he doesn’t like.
Izuku puts his foot down. Literally making Bakugo jump in his seat and stopping the aura in its tracks. “That’s not the first time, okay!?! I don’t want you to lose your spot in UA for the same reason I got out of there. I was not getting out of there because I was scared of them. I was scared I would do something I would regret. Promise me you won’t do something stupid. Please promise me you won’t do anything.”

Bakugo silently looks over his face before slightly nodding despite looking absolutely livid. “Fucking fine as long as you tell me this. How many?”

Izuku perks an eyebrow at that. “How many what?”

“How many times has that happened?” Bakugo clarifies.

“Oh.” Izuku nervously shifts. “I don’t think you want that answer Kacchan…”

“Deku.” Bakugo warns.

“Fine.” Izuku grips the counter to steady himself as he has a feeling Bakugo might flip out. “562.”

…

Bakugo’s mouth drops, no sounds exiting as Izuku looks back up to his friend. Eventually he finds his voice again. “They put that many fucking flowers on your desk?!”

“No! No! I mean, they have before, but that number is for how many times I’ve been suicide baited…” Izuku becomes more solemn as his eyes fall back to the ground. “As I said, it didn’t bother me before. Not really. That’s why I don’t know why this one hurts the most…”

Izuku loses a few more tears at his unintended lie. “That’s not true…I think yours hurt the most…but you didn’t mean it, so it doesn’t hurt anymore…”

Bakugo pales before guilt bleeds through his face. “I’m an asshole.”
“Oh no you don’t.” Izuku whacks his friend on the forehead with an old magazine near the counter.

“The fuck was that for nerd?!” Bakugo rages on instinct.

“I said no pity! I don’t want a pity party.” Izuku stand firm in his stance. “That includes you stupid.”

“But--”

“Absolutely not Bakugo Katsuki.” Izuku’s eyes burn with malice as his friend stills hearing his full name from his friend. “You didn’t mean it. They do. Don’t you dare feel guilty for what you said when you actually came on your own volition to say you were sorry about it. You didn’t have to do that. You don’t say sorry to anyone.”

Bakugo looks ashamed under his scowl. “I never actually said the word.”

Izuku sighs angrily. “Kacchan, I’m going to be real for you for a minute. After, I don’t want to catch you feeling self-hatred or guilty, or whatever the fuck this is.”

Bakugo chuckles slightly. “You cursed.”

“Kacchan, not important.” Izuku immediately gets to work. “I’m not going to sugar coat this. What you said that day hurt. A lot. And you want to know why?”

Bakugo just listens, not bothering to prompt him as he knows its rhetorical.

“Because you are my friend.” Izuku gives him a glare when he opens his mouth to protest. “The point is the others saying or doing that stuff didn’t hurt because I didn’t care about them. I care about you. I know we didn’t have the best relationship. I know you bullied me. I’m not stupid.”

“Not finished.” Izuku interjects as Bakugo opens his mouth again that he promptly shuts. “I speak fluent Kacchan. I’ve known you since we’ve been in diapers. I know you hurt me and what you did was wrong. That’s inexcusable, but I do forgive you. I forgive you because I could also see the hurt in your eyes every time you did it. The others never had that. They never looked at me like that.
The fact you came to me for closure because of that and actually stopped shows that you changed. That you actually did care. The fact you are here right now means that you do even if you don’t always know how to show it.”

Izuku makes a fist as he looks his friend in the eyes. “And that doesn’t make you weak. It makes you so fucking strong. You’re the strongest person I know Kacchan, in more ways than one. So, don’t beat yourself up over the past. Instead, fight for the future you want.”

Bakugo sniffs though no tears seem to be falling. “I don’t know how you do it. I’m supposed to be fucking comforting you about this bullshit, but here you are helping me with my shit.”

“The essence of being a hero is meddling when you don’t have to, ya know?” Izuku smiles weakly as he realizes something. “And I figured out why this one hurts so much.”

“Yeah?”

“Because I feel like I left you behind in that awful place.” Izuku notes, the guilt already starting to pour out in his face.

Bakugo makes for a grab for the magazine Izuku had put down. “Oh no you fucking don’t!”

Izuku covers his head before he can hit him with it. “I’m sorry! I won’t do it! Put it down.”

Bakugo gives him a satisfied smirk as he lowers it. “That’s the Deku I know.”

Izuku has the gall to pout. “I’m serious though.”

Bakugo raises the magazine again.

“Wait!” Izuku protests, not wanting to get hit. “I don’t think I would feel as guilty if we hanged out more since we won’t see each other at school…If you don’t want to, that’s okay…”

Izuku only feels the red sting from the magazine after it hits his head, never noticing the movement
before his covers it with his hands. “W-why?”

“You are really dense Deku. If you want to hang or whatever, that’s fine I guess.” Bakugo huffs. “Plus, I had to get you back for that you asshole. Cheating bastard.”

Izuku snorts. “Of course you would take it that way.”

“Hah?” Bakugo sneers with a grin. “You got something to say?”

“Yeah.” Izuku genuinely smiles as his eyes sparkle at the fact he might actually have a chance to help his friend with something he’s wanted to do since it manifested. “I want to help you with your quirk. I have a few ideas I want to try out.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/13, Checked for errors 3/12

Weak by AJR

A/N: For context in Japan, a red spider lily is placed on desks of students who have died as a sign of respect. In this case, it's not.

All aboard for the coming UA hype train! On the next episode of Dragon--!!!
Welcome to UA! LET'S GOOOOO!!!!!!!

This is a disaster. Izuku thinks as he rushes down the halls of UA looking for Class 1-A.

I’m going to be so late if I can’t find it. Why did God make me so directionally challenged too?

Finally, Izuku sees a big door with the lettering 1-A printed in red, making him sigh in relief that he has some time left before class.

Please don’t have scary people in it. Please don’t--

Opening the door, Izuku is greeted to the sight of the blue haired boy fighting with Bakugo, making him sweat drop. Well, more like Bakugo acting like he owns the place and the blue haired boy from the exam having to be on the unfortunate receiving end.

Why me…?

“Oh, it’s you!” The boy speeds over to Izuku, making him flinch when he puts his hand on his shoulder just like with the entrance exam. “You’re the one who got first in the entrance exam. My name is Iida Tenya and I’m from Somei Academy. I’m sorry I underestimated you. I wanted to apologize for my rude behavior for jumping to conclusions.”

Before Izuku can respond or deal with all of the eyes on him, Bakugo does it for him since he can see the distress coming off of him in waves. “Get your hands off Deku. Didn’t anyone ever teach you at your fancy stick up the ass school to ask before touching people?”

The boy removes his hand as if it was burned, promptly bowing in sincerity. “I truly apologize for not respecting your boundaries.”
Izuku waves him off as it’s not truly such a bad thing to warrant such an apology, despite his extreme discomfort. “P-please, it’s okay. I’m f-fine.”

“I’m glad.” Iida says with a smile. “You knew there was a secret part to the exam, so I respect you for figuring that out. You are truly are a more capable hero than I am.”

“Um, well…I wouldn’t say that…” Izuku trails off embarrassed. “I didn’t really know there were rescue points. Or espionage points… I just didn’t want anyone to get hurt is all.”

Before anyone else can comment, the nice girl appears behind Izuku, startling him for a moment at the closeness as he shakes from the attention. “It’s you! The one with the plain face and curly hair.”

Plain?!

“I never got a chance to thank you for saving me!” The girl chirps with a smile. “My name is Uraraka Ochako.”

“Deku, get your ass in here and forget those stupid extras. It’s obvious you’re uncomfortable with them being that close.” Bakugo grumbles with an angry scowl.

Izuku simply nods as he silently thanks his savior for getting him out of the awkward tension as his shaking has become unbearable. Trying not to look at his classmates too closely since they are staring at him like a science project, Izuku makes his way to the seat behind his friend.

Whispering, he gives his thanks. “Thanks Kacchan.”

“Don’t thank me nerd. Can’t stand seeing you shaking like a little bitch.” Bakugo gruffly replies.

Izuku laughs at his friend’s wording with a soft smile. “Whatever you say Kacchan.”

“If you’re done playing friends, we have class to start.” A man in a sleeping bag growls behind
Huh...he kinda looks like--

“I’m Aizawa Shouta and I’m your homeroom teacher. Put these on and follow me to the training field. We are taking a quirk assessment test.”

Instantly, Izuku remembers what he forgot to do as his stomach lurches.

Oh my god, Kacchan is literally going to kill me.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/13, Checked for errors 3/12

Falling by LÉON

A/N: GUYS! 1000 people have seen this! AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!! 
(^O^)/
After dressing quickly in the bathroom so no one can see his scars, Izuku rushes to find Bakugo so this doesn’t go completely down in flames. Seeing him walking down the hallway towards the field with his hands in his pockets alone, Izuku breathes easy for a second as he rushes to catch up with him.

“Kacchan, I need to tell you something. It’s really important and it totally slipped my mind. I swear I wasn’t hiding it from you, there’s a reason I didn’t say anything, so please don’t get mad at me about it.” Izuku pleads as they walk together.

“The fuck are you on about Deku?” Bakugo asks with an annoyed look on his face. “Look I know you’re probably worried about this stupid test because you’re quirkless, but you still can hold your own you idiot.”

“See, about that…” Izuku sweat drops when Iida zooms towards them to talk.

**Damn it, I need to talk to him alone.**

“Deku, I’m really sorry for my and our classmate’s rude behavior earlier. We should have respected your boundaries.” Iida apologizes, making Izuku flinch at someone he doesn’t know using the nickname.

“Don’t fucking call him that.” Bakugo growls angrily. “Only I can fucking call him that.”

Iida looks appalled at Bakugo’s outburst. “But I have to, it’s his preferred name right?”
“Um, actually it’s Midoriya Izuku.” He explains quickly, impatient to talk to Bakugo alone.

“Hey Deku-kun! Wait up guys!” Izuku flinches once again as Uraraka comes running up to join them.

_Why does God forsake me so…?_

“I fucking said don’t call him that.” Bakugo basically yells at the poor girl. “Only I can call him that you extras.”

Izuku explains once again, this time explaining why. “It’s just my nickname Kacchan gave me. My name is Midoriya Izuku.”

“I think it’s super cool.” Uraraka smiles widely. “It kind of sounds like the word for ‘you can do it!’ It’s really fitting, don’t cha think?”

“R-Really?” Izuku stutters, not sure how to take the insult becoming something better.

“Yeah! It’s why it’s your nickname right?” She asks puzzled.

“Ah, no.” Izuku admits solemnly. “It means useless. But Kacchan doesn’t really mean it like that. It’s just another way to read my given name. I don’t mind anyone using it as long as they don’t mean the former.”

“Of course I mean it like that Deku.” Bakugo scoffs sarcastically that goes over the other two’s heads as they look slightly appalled at the notion.

“Very funny Kacchan~” Izuku shoots back with a smile. “Speaking of which, I really need to talk with you privately real fast or you are literally going to kill me. I do value my life slightly you know.”

“It can wait.” Iida proclaims as they near the training field. “We have class right now.”
“Please Kacchan, it will only take a second. It’s really important and I swear I didn’t mean to keep it from you.” Izuku pleads as they step onto the field. “I have a reason if you would just hear me out.”

“Later nerd.” Bakugo huffs, leaving Izuku resigning to his fate as their group arrives to the field for the assessment. “I need to crush these extras first.”

Hanging his head, Izuku reasons maybe he can get away with not using it since it’s so destructive. Izuku just waits beside his classmates as they all finish trickling in.

“Midoriya, what was your ball throw in middle school?” Aizawa-sensei asks as he tosses the ball in his direction.

Izuku catches it with ease with his left hand, despite his new apprehension that this is going to end badly since he couldn’t catch a break to talk to his childhood friend alone. “Um, 73 meters sir.”

“I want you to use your quirk to throw it. Do whatever you’d like as long as you stay in the circle.”

Motherfucker--

The second Izuku takes a single step to do what he asked after sighing heavily, Izuku stiffens while juggling the ball to his right when Bakugo starts laughing, but not in a happy way.

“Something funny Bakugo?” Aizawa-sensei asks annoyed at his student’s unprovoked outburst.

“You could have picked any of these extras to test out their quirk, but you picked the only one without one.” Bakugo chuckles darkly with a hint of anger as he growls. “You have a pretty sick sense of humor Teach.”

Izuku winces as Uraraka goes on the offensive. “He has a quirk! He saved me!” Uraraka protests with an angry visage at Bakugo.
“You must be fucking stupid Round Face.” Bakugo snarls back with a vengeance. “I don’t know what kind of delusion you are in, but he’s quirkless. Teach is just an asshole if he’s trying to make him display something he doesn’t have.”

"R-round Face?” Uraraka questions appalled with an angry visage. "My name is Uraraka."

“Stop wasting time.” Aizawa-sensei darkly commands as he is not taking any more of the bullshit being spewed. To Izuku though, he seems like he is thinking pretty hard about something though. “I chose him because he came first in the entrance exam. Midoriya, take your throw.”

Izuku simply nods without taking his eyes off the ground as he enters the circle, thinking as he walks on what to do.

*Okay, so I can’t control it yet.* Izuku compartmentalizes. *And I still have more stuff to do today even if Kacchan is going to kill me immediately after this. So, I should try and minimize damage. I have my mini emergency first aid kit in my pocket. If things go south, I can use that to fix me up.*

With a determined look, Izuku activates One for All in his finger to make his throw. Just as he is starting to move forward, Izuku feels something wrong as a headache splits through his head, causing him to drop the ball in his agony as he releases his hold on his quirk.

Eyes wide in pain, Izuku looks towards his teacher to figure out what is going on. Blood dribbles down his face from his nose making Izuku wince at the wetness and the fact that it feels like he was punched in the face. His teacher’s eyes are red, leading him to one conclusion that his suspicions were indeed correct. “You’re the pro hero Eraserhead! You can erase people’s quirks by looking at them. So cool!”

His teacher actually looks shocked as Izuku internally and outwardly fanboys in his mutterings over his quirk and fighting style, leaving behind his terrible headache while his teacher shifts to a more concerned look at the liquid coming from his nose. “Midoriya, your nose is bleeding.”

Snapping back to reality, Izuku wipes his nose to get rid of the blood. “Sorry sir.”

Aizawa-sensei perks up an eyebrow in thought before returning to a sterner look. “You were going
to break your arm just now, weren’t you?”

Izuku looks at him with a confused look, tilting his head slightly like a cat. “Um, well not exactly.”

Aizawa-sensei looks at him with a slightly angry look as if Izuku lied to his face. “If you break your arm right now, you are expelled. Take your throw.”

Izuku freezes like a deer in the headlights, internally freaking a bit. After deciding that he technically didn’t say that breaking a finger was his arm, Izuku picks the ball back up with his left hand to prove his worth.

Rearing his hand back, Izuku lets it rip, leaving his finger stinging in pain. Noting it is broken, Izuku takes out his portable first aid kit that he always carries in his pocket in case of quick fixes. Sitting on the ground for balance, he expertly affixing the bandages to his hand with rapid speed, making a splint as he has done multiple times before. Once everything is in place, Izuku gets up and finally looks at his score.

803 m stares back at him with his teacher looking at him with an expression between surprise and concern as he holds the device in his hand. Izuku, a little nervous at the silence of his teacher, tries to figure out what was wrong. “Is something w-wrong?”

“Did you just break your finger?” Aizawa-sensei demands with a glare.

Izuku hesitantly nods as he gives his explanation rapid fire as the last thing he wants is to be expelled for doing his current best with what he has. “I had a plan. I brought my portable first aid kit with me since I knew I would get injured before we even got here if we were testing quirks. I used my left hand to throw since I knew I would need my right hand later for class to write notes and stuff since I prefer it. I only used my finger to minimize the damage since we are most likely going to do more tests like this since we are here. You technically said I shouldn’t break my arm. You never said I couldn’t break my finger instead.”

Aizawa-sensei seems to be in between delight and concern, not sure which to lean towards.

Izuku decides to just give his final reason. “It was heavily implied you wanted me to give it my all. I just did what I could with what I had available.”
Before Aizawa-sensei can formulate an answer, Izuku feels the familiar bloodlust coming off his childhood friend, prompting him to roll out of the way of the incoming explosion. To his surprise as he stands back up again, it never came, but instead his friend is wrapped in his teacher’s capture weapon.

“Get the fuck back here Deku!” Bakugo snarls in anger while struggling to get out of it. “You fucking liar!”

Izuku tries to protest his innocence to Bakugo to stop the problem from escalating to far. “Kacchan, wait! Before you kill me, I tried really hard to talk with you before we got here. I swear I wasn’t trying to trick you or anything.”

“Bakugo stand down!” Aizawa-sensei growls in annoyance. “Stop making me use my quirk so much. I have serious dry eye you know.”

Bakugo growls but stops his assault. His death glare he is giving Izuku make him shiver. Izuku’s gaze drops to the ground as he defends himself as it’s the truth. “Kacchan, I never lied to you. I was trying to tell you, but I never got the chance. I swear I had a reason. Please don’t be mad.”

The second that sentence comes out of his mouth, Bakugo turns very red. Izuku is about to ask what is wrong before Aizawa-sensei cuts off the idle chit chat. “Midoriya and Bakugo, go back to the group. This discussion is pointless and a waste of time.”

Both of them comply and Aizawa-sensei informs them of the rest of the tests they will participate in, making the group increasingly excited to see what they can do now that Izuku has set the precedent with his impressive score. Izuku is no stranger to the pair of red eyes still drilling holes into him throughout the whole discussion, making him more anxious with no reprieve. He wants to explain it to him right away, but he can’t as everyone is still nearby to hear him.

“This is going to be so much fun!” One of his classmate’s shout in pure delight.

Aizawa-sensei grins devilishly at the outburst, making Izuku’s blood turn to ice as he knows that expression way too well. It’s the look that predators give towards their prey when they have them right where they want them. “Fun? Then I have another rule. The person who comes in last will be expelled.”

*Of course, that’s how it is…*
Izuku breathes deeply in trying to quell his panic as he knows there is no changing his teacher’s mind as he’s deadly serious, but Uraraka voices the concern on all of his other classmates’ minds. “Sensei, you can’t do that. It’s only the first day of school. It’s not fair!”

That makes Izuku’s blood boil a bit as he forgets all of his anxiety, making him coolly shoot down her childish reaction to their teacher’s ultimatum. “Life isn’t fair. And here isn’t any different.”

The second Izuku sees his classmates’ expressions shift, he tries to cover up his outburst, but it comes out with his stuttering. “W-what I-I m-mean is t-that b-being a hero c-comes with a l-lot of u-uncertainty. I-If your f-first r-reaction to t-this is that, t-then you c-could get k-killed or s-someone could d-die b-because you t-thought things w-would b-be fair. P-Plus we n-need to k-know w-what we a-are capable of o-or w-we c-could hurt p-people.”

Aizawa-sensei grins manically at his explanation. “You got it right in one. Do you think villains are going to play fair? That natural disasters are going to be on your terms that you can save everyone. No. At least one of you is somewhat sensible to understand that. Now stop wasting my time and let’s get this over with.”

Except for his impressive ball throw, Izuku is getting increasingly nervous. Doing some quick math in his head for rearranging the placements of his classmates in each event, he knows he must be near the bottom. There is no doubt in his mind, and his panic is starting to make itself known to his classmates. Plus, the whole thing with Bakugo isn’t making him feel any better. That’s just another world of trouble right there as he can feel the mounting pressure still building up, just waiting to explode. Literally.

“Um Deku-kun, are you okay?” Uraraka broaches when Izuku slightly starts hyperventilating while staring at the grip machine in his hand.

“Yeah.” Izuku chokes out, trying to hide his apprehension.

Clearly his teacher sees the near panic attack Izuku is having, making him scowl in concern thinking he may have gone into shock or something. “Midoriya, do you need to go to the nurse for your injury?”

“Nope.” Izuku squeaks out. “Don’t even feel it.”
“Problem Child, don’t lie to me.” Aizawa-sensei growls.

The second that unfortunately familiar nickname comes out, Izuku’s eyes widen in panicked terror as he stares at his teacher anticipating for the pain to come, his breathes hitching even more pronounced as he waits to stifle his screams.

At that exact moment, Izuku grips the crap out of the grip device in his hands, effectively shattering it to pieces. Izuku stares at his hands, them slightly bleeding from the shrapnel but nothing seems like it is broken.

Progress. Next I’ll be jumping over buildings in a single bound!

Izuku notes in glee before realizing his hand is still bleeding and he just destroyed school property. “Oh my gosh I am so sorry! I didn’t even meantobreakthemachine--”

“Midoriya!” Aizawa-sensei cuts off his incoherent rambling making him flinch at the shrillness.

Izuku immediately jumps into action by making himself sit back down on the ground as he whips out his first aid kit again to get to work on fixing everything to not waste time.

So much for sparing my right hand…

Checking the injury carefully, Izuku expertly picks out all of the metal pieces with tweezers that came with his kit. Not even a single hiss comes from he as he starts playing a song in his head he’s had on his mind from last night to distract himself from his current panic about being expelled. Izuku gives his hand a quick look over before wiping clean the cuts with a wipe from his kit.

Wrapping up the cuts with the thin bandages, Izuku flexes his hand a couple times to find it all in working order and still flexible for the later tasks. With a shaky smile, Izuku puts the kit back in his pocket before getting back off the floor.

It’s at this moment that he realizes his whole class and teacher is staring at him as if someone died
or something. Even Bakugo who was previously fuming is looking at him curiously. “Um, hi?”

Aizawa-sensei crosses his arms in deep contemplation, almost as if he's not sure which problem to address first. “First question, why did you bring that first aid kit with you?”

Izuku freezes before giving the excuse he has always given to his teacher with a small dry laugh. “Oh, I’m just super clumsy, so I always keep one on me to fix me up. It happens so often that going to the nurse makes them end up hating me. So, I carry one with me all the time to save time.”

Bakugo winces at that explanation, knowing full well how big of a lie it was.

“You want to try again?” Aizawa-sensei narrows his eyes in annoyance at the obvious deflection. “No one gets to that level of dressing wounds without serious practice. You just picked metal pieces out of your skin like it wasn’t the first time you did that. Your first instinct shouldn’t be to fix it yourself, but to seek out help. On top of that, no one else here nor have I ever had any students in the past bring a first aid kit on the first day.”

Izuku counters carefully so Bakugo won’t be tempted to call him out on his omittance. “My mom worked as a nurse for a while, so she taught me how to dress wounds and proper techniques. I don’t go anywhere without one handy since trouble always follows me. I even have one in my backpack for emergencies.”

The silence is deafening, making Izuku panic as he remembers he destroyed the machine. “I’m really sorry about the machine. I didn’t mean to break it. I can pay to replace it--”

Aizawa-sensei just huffs at his reaction as if it was an irrelevant one. “Midoriya, you aren’t in trouble for that nor do you need to replace it. Instead, I would like to know exactly why your quirk is so damaging to yourself and why you seemingly have zero control.”

Fuck.

Izuku stiffens, not sure what to say. Bakugo seems very intrigued at the question as he has stopped his scowling for a moment, watching Izuku like a hawk. Shaking a bit, Izuku decides to say what is technically the truth without giving away the whole secret quirk thing. “Um, well I’ve only learned about it about a year ago sir.”
Aizawa-sensei mentally stops, giving Izuku a completely indiscernible look. “Excuse me what?”

*Getting expelled on the first day? Check.*

Izuku closes his eyes in his panic, hoping tears won’t fall in his embarrassment. “The first time I learned about it was less than a year ago sir. About eleven months ago to be more specific. I didn’t know I had it before then. I’ve been trying my best to control it, but it well…” Izuku gestures to himself. “Does this.”

“Deku, what do you mean it was a year ago?!” Bakugo looks absolutely pale at this point remembering Izuku’s hands that one day. “Answer me god damn it!”

“I…” Izuku falters, not sure how to answer that.

“Wait, did something happen a year ago?” Iida asks with a confused look on his face.

“Deku, what did you do?!” Bakugo screams with a terrified look on his face, storming over to Izuku. “Tell me you fucking didn’t do something stupid!”

Izuku’s eyes widen in terror as he knows the situation is getting into territory that he can’t talk about just as Bakugo is almost within arm’s length. “Kacchan, I--”

“Okay, everyone stop!” Aizawa-sensei commands while pinching his nose in annoyance, halting Bakugo’s crusade for the truth. “Midoriya, if I’m understanding you correctly, you were thought to be quirkless until a year ago correct?”

Izuku nods reluctantly even though it’s just to keep his original quirk safe as he files away his anxiety for later. Plus, technically his original quirk isn’t offensive at all, more like dealing with the clean up after an incident. “Yes sir. I was diagnosed as quirkless when I was four, so when it manifested, it was a complete surprise.”

*Surprise is putting it lightly though…*

Aizawa-sensei huffs. “And I’m guessing this means you never had quirk counseling before, right?”
That makes Izuku pause. “Quirk counseling?”

Aizawa-sensei simply groans as it’s obvious he’s never even heard of it. “Okay, let’s try something different. How many times have you actually used your quirk?”

Izuku fiddles with his shirt nervously as he notices his classmates absolutely staring at him with wide analyzing eyes. “W-Would you b-be mad i-if I s-said just now w-was number f-four?”

“Oh my god, I’m not paid enough for this.” Aizawa-sensei absolutely face palms, making Izuku flinch and redirect his gaze to the ground in shame. “Okay, Midoriya, go to the infirmary. Once you are fixed up, return to the classroom as we will be joining you there once we finish. After school, we are going to have a very long chat about where we go from here.”

Izuku looks up at his teacher in terror that he’s going to be expelled because he can’t control it yet. “But sir, I can still participate--”

“Midoriya, go see Recovery Girl this instant.” Aizawa-sensei demands in a low growl before offering a slip of paper from his pocket. “You aren’t in trouble nor will you be expelled for this. This test was designed for students who have had years upon years of practice with their quirks. You just said you’ve only used it literally four times and you haven’t even had it for more than a year. I’m honestly surprised you didn’t just now break more bones given your lack of inexperience. You are basically like a four-year-old kid who just manifested a powerful quirk so of course it makes sense why you can’t control it yet. Honestly, if anyone is at fault, it should be me since I had my suspicions something was wrong since seeing your exam results, but I still forced you into a corner that nearly caused you to have a panic attack just now. Don’t give me an excuse that you didn’t because I know what those look like firsthand. I said we would discuss things after school. Do not test my patience any more than you already have.”

Alrighty then…

Izuku nods vigorously as he moves to take the pass Aizawa-sensei is holding out to him. As soon as the slip of paper is in his hand, Izuku basically sprints away towards Recovery Girl’s office to get patched up. As Izuku opens the door to exit the building, he plans for what he is going to come up with to bullshit his way out of this hole he’s just dug himself into.

Chapter End Notes
Avalanche by WALK THE MOON

A/N: You guys have no idea how long I've been wanting to sneak in a Superman reference in here... You're welcome.

Psst...

You should check out these beautiful stories that have me hooked:

- Find Abandoned Hope by GalacticTherapy
- Alas, Quirks are Assholes by ToumeiKyoudai
- When All Hell Breaks Loose by MagicMagie
Izuku is nervous. *Scratch that, I’m freaking the fuck out.*

Izuku sighs as he nervously wiggles in his seat. The visit to Recovery Girl wasn’t exactly pleasant as she chewed him out for already being there despite it being the first day. He profusely apologized, but he had a sneaking suspicion she didn’t believe him despite his sincerity about it. The only good thing that came from that visit was that he actually dealt with the injuries properly. Not really a shocker to him since he’s gotten plenty of practice, but it was nice to be complimented on it. Izuku wanted to say that he figured he’d be much more injured than that when Aizawa-sensei announced the quirk assessment, but he didn’t want to suffer her wrath any more than necessary today.

After a couple minutes of zoning out the window, Izuku feels a sudden feeling of bloodlust that makes him snap to attention to the door. Already defensive, Izuku waits for whoever is waiting on the other side of door with a heavy breath as the aura swells. To his relief, it is his classmates rolling in, but Izuku knows something is up with their down casted faces.

“You should have been expelled! You can’t even control your broken quirk!” The small purple haired boy yells in Izuku’s face once he gets near him, making Izuku immediately stands up and retreat to the window with his back never turning toward the boy, his hand already unlocking the latch if things go south.

Old habits die hard after all.

Izuku stays silent, not giving the guy a second of his time as he controls his breathing to not freak out in case he has to get the hell out of dodge quick because of how malicious the aura the boy is projecting at him. He’d rather be safe than sorry.
Breathe Izuku, don’t give him an inch.

“Leave Deku-kun alone!” Uraraka protests after hearing the altercation. “He didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Would you look at that? You’ve already got all of the girls around your finger, don’t you?” The purple haired kid accuses with angry tears. “You know, I’m surprised you are even still alive. Did you forget to go to the mass suicide pact for those worthless quirkless losers last year or something?! You can’t even kill yourself properly!”

The entire class gasps and have looks of hatred on their face for the angry boy’s comments, but Izuku doesn’t even bat an eye now that he knows he’s not in any danger. Bullies that go straight towards that angle are usually only bark, not bite. His hand returns back from behind him as he sighs a little in relief.

And 563…

“What, got something to say?!” The boy protests with an extra edge in his voice.

Izuku stops mentally as he zeroes on the kid’s face to make sure he wasn’t wrong. Seeing he’s probably safe, Izuku decides to diffuse the situation. “Okay one, God doesn’t want me and you ain’t special enough to ask him for that favor. Two, would it be fair to say that you think quirkless people can’t be heroes? That no one without a quirk could hope to pass the UA entrance exam?”

“Of course they--”

“Of course, they can’t,’ is what you wanted to say, right?” Izuku narrows his eyes trying to hide his pain as it hits too close to home. “What’s your name? My name is Midoriya Izuku.”

“Mineta Minoru. I don’t see why--”

“Mineta, I have something to share with you.” Izuku crosses his arms to hide his shaking as he continues his crusade despite all the eyes on him. “Do you know how I passed the entrance exam?”
Mineta stops as Izuku sees the wheels in his head turn, staring at him with a confused look.

Izuku decides to stop the mystery and get right down to it. “I got sixty-three villain points in the entrance exam not including my rescue points or my espionage points, which constitutes as passing since the threshold is forty-five points. Do you know how many of those points I used my quirk on?”

Mineta snaps back angry. “Of course you used it for all of them! How else would you get in?! You can’t be a hero without a quirk!”

Izuku shakes his head. “I never used it once on any of those robots. I used my brain and a simple pocketknife to come up with a way to stop them. You don’t need a quirk to do that. I only used my quirk on the zero pointer to save someone as a last resort and that was the literal second time I ever used my quirk. You know what that means right?”

Mineta seems confused as if Izuku is lying. Izuku decides to just keep going, not bothering if he believes him or not. “If my quirk never came in late when it did, I would have been the first person who was quirkless that passed the entrance exam. If you think about it, our teacher actually fights quirkless after he erases a person’s quirk and he’s a hero. He actually fights completely quirkless against mutant types as his quirk can’t erase them. There are also support items for a reason. So, tell me, why do you think someone without a quirk can’t be a hero?”

The entire class seems stunned with Izuku’s roundabout way of dealing with the situation. “Mineta, I’m sorry I’m the first person to say this to you, but quirks aren’t everything. There is more to being a hero than having a strong quirk. Sure, it can help to have a strong quirk, but what happens when you are facing someone with a quirk that you are weak against? A quirk is simply a tool you can choose to use out of all the other tools like knives or a gun. It’s not the deciding thing that secures victory. I don’t know why you decided to single me out like this, but if you can’t see past that way of thinking, you should reevaluate why you are trying to become a hero. How can you save people if you are limiting yourself like this?”

The moment the words roll off Izuku’s tongue, he regrets them as he knows he got way too heated. He stutters as he tries to rectify his outburst as the guilt bleeds off him in waves. “I-I’m s-sorry. I didn’t m-mean to s-suggest that y-you couldn’t be a h-hero. I-I was o-out of l-line.”

“No, you weren’t.” Aizawa-sensei growls angrily as he enters the room, making Izuku shudder in realization he was probably listening the entire time. “Mineta, you’ve been dismissed. Go to the principal’s office. The rest of you, sit down and stop wasting time so we can get started.”
Izuku promptly jumps into his desk to get ready for class, ignoring the constant stares at his back. Mineta is lowly cursing up a storm. Just as he is passing by Izuku’s desk to leave, he says one simple thing that makes Izuku tense for a single moment. “You should just kill yourself.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/13, Checked for errors 3/12

the 1 by blackbear

A/N: BTW Mineta is being put in General Ed cause I said so!

In this house, Mineta gets the boot for not respecting women. Even my favorite gremlin has shown character growth in canon, but not this guy. He needs to stop it and get some help. I rest my case.

Also, we all know there is a much better purple child that deserves all the love for this story. :)
“Midoriya, can I speak with you for a moment?” Aizawa-sensei asks as soon as the bell rings for lunch.

Great…

Tense, Izuku nods as he puts away his supplies and procures his packed lunch onto his desk. Slowly, he approaches his teacher, unsure what to really say or if he’s on thin ice.

Thankfully, Aizawa-sensei takes the initiative with a hushed voice since everyone is still in the room. “I’m sorry that I treated you like that. I should have pulled you aside to talk about your quirk instead of making a huge scene in front of everyone. I grossly misunderstood the situation and made a decision that caused you unnecessary grief. For that, I apologize.”

Izuku just shuffles nervously as he doesn’t really understand why his teacher is apologizing to him. It should be the other way around. Regardless, Izuku just simply nods to prompt that he is still listening.

“Midoriya, are you okay?” Aizawa-sensei prompts, noticing Izuku still hasn’t said anything.

“Of course, Aizawa-sensei. Why wouldn’t I?” Izuku looks with a puzzled look on his face.

Aizawa-sensei seems like he is searching Izuku’s face for something, but it just further confuses Izuku, making him feel frustrated given how hyped up he is from earlier. “Aizawa-sensei, is something wrong? Did I do something wrong?”
“Excuse me?”

Izuku shifts his weight to look at the ground and fidgets with his hands now that his teacher is giving him a concerning look. “I’m sorry sir.”

Aizawa-sensei looks flabbergasted. “What are you sorry for?”

Izuku flinches at the sharp tone, feeling like he is going cry. “I don’t know sir. You just seem really upset.”

His teacher sighs, making Izuku meet his eyes once again to see what the problem is. “Midoriya, you did nothing wrong. I’m not upset with you at all. Let’s just put a hold on this conversation until afterschool for now. Go eat lunch with your classmates.”

Izuku give a sharp nod as he rushes to leave with his lunch, ignoring the attention his classmates are giving him. As he heads out of the classroom, he tries to keep a straight face. Underneath, he feels very confused but also hurt about what happened.

*UA should have been different, right?*

The second Izuku exits the classroom, Bakugo ambushes him by dragging him by the arm. “Kacchan??”

“Shut up Deku.” Bakugo growls as he drags him away, most likely to somewhere secluded. “We need to fucking talk.”

Izuku relents as it’s what he wanted to do earlier. “Okay Kacchan, I wanted to talk too. Just please let go of my arm. That hurts.”

To his surprise, Bakugo actually complies as Izuku follows him to wherever they are headed.

Once they are in an area far away from the classroom, Bakugo turns to face Izuku with a
concerned look on his face. Unbeknownst to both of them, Todoroki had been stealthy following them to figure out what was going on between the two.

“Are you okay?”

If Izuku was drinking water, he would have spit it out in shock. “K-Kacchan, I’m fine…”

Bakugo growls at Izuku as if that was the wrong reaction. “I’m not fucking stupid! You may have Teach and every single one of those extras fooled, but that little fucking grape hurt you.”

Izuku analyzes his childhood friend and sees the question he really wants to ask. “Kacchan, you might as well ask the real question you wanted. I’m not stupid either.”

Grimacing, Bakugo grunts out his request. “What happened?”

_Oh, that._

“Specifically? I feel like crap.” Izuku snarks with sad undertones. “I’m such a hypocrite. Anyone can be a hero, but I basically told him he couldn’t. So, great first day overall.”

“Deku.” Bakugo warns as he knows Izuku’s deflecting.

Izuku sighs as he uses the excuse he was going to give his teacher. Technically, it’s all true, just not the quirk everyone saw. “I was attacked by a villain. I almost died. Basically did. I was really lucky because my quirk manifesting is the only reason I’m still here. So, I may have lied a little about being able to take the exam quirkless. Can’t take the test if you’re dead.”

Seeing as Izuku isn’t lying in the slightest, Bakugo curses him. “Shit Deku, why didn’t you tell me anything?”

“That would’ve gone over so well.” Izuku rolls his eyes. “Hey Kacchan! I’ve got a quirk now, but you know I can’t show you it for fear of breaking all the bones in my body every time I use it. I was trying to tell you about it before the ball throw so you wouldn’t freak out since I knew I’d have to use it, but I never got the chance. I tried to tell you at the beach, but I didn’t know how. I was
“That wasn’t what I meant fucknugget.” Bakugo scowls, deeply hurt by the insinuation. “I meant why the fuck didn’t you tell me you got attacked. I saw your fucking hands that day after the stupid sludge motherfucker, but you just waved me off like it was nothing. I’m guessing that’s when it happened. I thought you fucking did something stupid.”

Izuku frowns, not sure what that means. “Stupid?”

“God damn it Deku.” Bakugo grunts in annoyance. “I thought you tried to kill yourself.”

Izuku’s eyes widen like a deer caught in headlights. His breathes become slightly strained as he tries to cover up his panic. Unfortunately, Bakugo sees the shift and assumes the worst. “Deku, tell me you’ve never…”

*Okay, nope!*

“I have to go.” Izuku tries to speed away knowing he can’t lie to him, trying to keep his tears in his eyes and away from falling down.

Bakugo grabs him before he can leave, panicking that he has. “Deku you bastard, did you?!”

Izuku lets a few tears drip down as he faces his friend. “I’m not answering that.”

Seeing the betrayed look in his eyes, Bakugo lets go, watching him run off to be alone.
After drying his eyes, Izuku silently decides to avoid giving the cafeteria a chance entirely as he heads outside to eat. Seeing a nice tree to eat under near the picnic tables, he gets straight to it, trying to avoid his problems swirling around in his head concerning the mess he’s in.

A good chunk of time flies by with Izuku staring off into space as he eats mechanically before Izuku hears the crunching of grass, prompting him to be on high alert to whoever is coming towards him. Preparing his lunch to be taken with him as he’s done many times before, Izuku waits for the person approaching to round the tree.

When they do, Izuku sees the dual colored classmate lock eyes on him. Waiting for him to speak first, Izuku mentally prepares to leave at a moment’s notice if need be. To his surprise, the boy just sits down on the ground with him with his own lunch, just staring at Izuku with cold analyzing eyes.

Waiting for a bit him to speak first, Izuku decides that it won’t happen and that he has to take the plunge. “Um, hi.”

“Well.” The boy replies meekly after taking a bite of his own food.

Looking into his eyes, Izuku sees an underlying expression that has graced his own face before, making him feel extremely sympathetic to his classmate. And the scar on his face is making him uneasy that he might be just like him. Unpacking his lunch again since he doesn’t think the boy is a threat anymore, Izuku takes another bite before he addresses the boy again. “I’m Midoriya Izuku. It’s nice to meet you.”

The boy simply nods, not giving him much hints to his own name. Red flag number one, but that’s okay as Izuku won’t press for answers if it’s sensitive to him. “How do you like classes so far?”

“They are okay.”
“Yeah, same.” Izuku looks again and sees the unspoken look that he has a question on his mind. “So, I’m guessing you have a question you want to ask me. You can ask it; I swear I won’t bite. Sorry if earlier wasn’t exactly the best example to disprove that.”

The mystery boy seems to light up for a moment in his eyes before speaking. “You were quirkless.”

Sighing not in a negative way, Izuku nods. “Yeah.”

“What was it like?”

Izuku looks at the boy and sees genuine interest or maybe longing. He can’t decide on which. “I’m not sure how to answer that question.”

The boy seems disappointed in Izuku honest opinion, prompting him to continue. “If you want to know how I felt without one, I felt normal. Just like everyone else. I don’t really feel any different now that I know I have one. I’m just me. Always have been. I mean, you probably didn’t feel any different when you gained your quirk too. At least I didn’t.”

Looking up to the sky, Izuku continues his rant. “If you want to know how everyone else felt about it, then it’s not so normal I’m afraid.”

“Meaning?” The boy looks back with an eager look.

“I’m not sure I should dump that on you. Not that I don’t trust you or anything. I just don’t want to burden you with my problems.” Izuku honestly replies. “Being considered quirkless wasn’t exactly sunshine and rainbows if that’s what you want to know. People don’t like us.”

The dual haired boy looks conflicted before he speaks. “You trust me?”

Izuku nods. “Well yeah. I mean, I don’t really know you well, but you don’t seem like a bad person. Plus, I know that look in your eyes. I should know. I’ve worn it.”
The boy seems nervous as he sets his chopsticks down. “A look?”

Izuku takes another bite before answering with a shrug. “Self-hatred. I won’t pry as I’m a stranger, but I know exactly how isolating it can make a person. It can drive you to extremes. That’s why I feel like I can trust you or at least understand you. Sorry I can’t give a better reason than that.”

A long drawn out silence passes between the two, the other boy’s face barely shifting from its stoic demeanor despite his obvious deep thinking. It makes Izuku feel anxious that he did something wrong. “Sorry if I said something to offend you, I didn’t mean to. You don’t have to eat with me if you don’t want to.”

The boy simply shakes his head. “You didn’t do anything wrong.”

Izuku exhales in relief. “That’s a relief. I was scared I messed up and crossed a line that would push you away.”

“Why?”

Izuku chuckles nervously as he scratches his face with his finger. “Well, would you be surprised to know that you’d be one of the first people I’ve met today who could be a new friend to me in literally ten years?”

“I’m not here to make friends.” The boy curtly replies as if it was obvious.

“That’s okay, you don’t have to be my friend if you don’t want to.” Izuku backtracks a little disappointed. “We can be classmates first. I didn’t mean to put so much pressure on you.”

“You didn’t ask for my name.” The boy finally points out after taking a long sip from his tea.

Izuku smiles shyly. “Sorry, you just didn’t seem like you wanted to tell me. I didn’t want to make you uncomfortable, so I didn’t pry.”

The boy just stares at Izuku for a long bit, making him feel a little uncomfortable. “Sorry. You can tell me if you want. I’m curious, but I don’t want to overstep a boundary if you don’t want to
“You say sorry a lot.” The boy cocks his head in confusion. “You’re really strange.”

“O-oh.” Izuku stutters, not sure what he means by that. “Well, I’m sor--”

The bell for lunch ending rings, prompting Izuku to start packing up his lunch. “It was nice to talk with you. Maybe we could have lunch together again?”

Izuku smiles back at the boy gives him a noncommittal hum on the ground, still not moving yet to leave. He simply waves goodbye as he makes his way back to the classroom for the next period to start.

“Izuku flinches since he’s still not used to the nickname being said by someone who’s not trying to hurt him. He stops his journey to the classroom alone and looks back to see both Iida and Uraraka try to catch up with him. Stopping for them to catch up, Izuku notices they look really worried.

“Where did you go? We were so worried!” Uraraka whines with a concerned pout.

“Oh, I just went outside to eat like I normally do.” Izuku adds as if it’s no big deal.

“Midoriya, you shouldn’t eat lunch outside. That’s so irresponsible. The cafeteria was made for that exact purpose.” Iida lectures with hand chopping motions.

Izuku rubs the back of his head in embarrassment. “Sorry, I just wanted to be alone for a bit. Besides, it’s really not that big of a deal.”

The two look at each other with concern, making Izuku feel awkward and cornered. “Um, did I do something wrong?”
“Sorry Deku-kun, it’s nothing. Would you like to join us for lunch tomorrow in the cafeteria? We really wanted to ask you before you left today, but you ran off pretty quickly.”

“Oh, um…” Izuku ponders for a moment before seeing the boy walking towards them. “Hey!”

Izuku waves at the boy to get his attention, which prompts him to join them slightly faster. “You can say no if you want, but I figured it wouldn’t hurt to ask. Iida and Uraraka want to eat lunch in the cafeteria together tomorrow. Would you like to join us?”

“Um, maybe.” The boy replies with no emotion.

Regardless, Izuku smiles widely that blinds all those who can see it. “Yeah! We should get to class now though. I don’t want to make us late.”

With a slight pep in his step, Izuku walks to class with his new friends.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/13, Checked for errors 3/12

Don’t Wanna Be Your Friend by ayokay feat. Katie Pearlman

Todoroki: I’m not here to make friends.
Izuku: *starts making friendship bracelets*
Todoroki: What are you doing?
Izuku: *smiling*: Being a good friend
Todoroki: ...
Todoroki: WAIT NO--
The rest of the day goes by pretty well. To Izuku’s relief, most of his classmates have stopped staring at him, but he’s not sure what exactly the reason is for. Regardless, his anxiety has spiked a bit thinking of the coming conversation with his teacher. In his head, he’s gone over the excuses of what he’s going to say for like a million times, every angle covered and accounted for. He’s become an expert at lying when it really counts after all.

The bell rings, breaking Izuku out of his circular thoughts. Putting his stuff away quickly, Izuku heads to the front of the classroom before his teacher can even call him over. Eager to get it over with, Izuku shuffles his weight, waiting for everyone to leave the classroom so they can talk in private.

“Come with me Midoriya, we need to talk.” Aizawa-sensei instructs as he starts towards the exit.

Izuku nods as he follows along. After about a five-minute walk, they appear before a large door that seems pretty fancy. Opening the door for Izuku, he walks into the room. The first thing he sees is a large office with a fancy desk. In the chair is what Izuku assumes is a rat? Dog? Bear? Regardless, beside him is All Might in his small form.

“Yagi, why the hell are you here?” Aizawa-sensei asks in a harsh tone that Izuku immediately realizes must mean he knows that students shouldn’t see that form.

“It’s alright Aizawa-sensei. I know it’s All Might.” Izuku assures while sticking to the script he had already planned on using. “We met when I accidentally used my quirk about eleven months ago. He ran out of time. I’m not going to tell anyone. If I was, I would’ve done it months ago.”
Aizawa-sensei stares at Izuku and then back at All Might who looks surprised he even knows how to lie convincingly. “Is this true All Might?”

All Might chokes on air for a moment before nodding, making Izuku stare at his bumbling mentor with a really look. “Yes Aizawa. It would be best for Young Midoriya to explain though.”

Izuku nods as he goes through his script only tweaking it a bit, thankful they let him choose the story. After all, he’s an expert liar with a veteran status at this point. “I was attacked by a villain about eleven months ago under a bridge while walking home from school. In an attempt to get away, I accidentally used my quirk. I broke my hands in the process. Because of me using my quirk like that, All Might was alerted to the scene. He quickly dealt with the villain, but he was running low on time, so he had to transform back in front of me since I was pretty badly injured. Seeing how volatile my quirk was, he gave me some advice to do some training to build some muscle. Since as I had nothing to lose, I did just that and here we are now.”

Aizawa-sensei hums as he processes the story. “And you didn’t think quirk counseling was a good idea to suggest All Might? He didn’t even know it was a thing.”

All Might slightly shrinks at the death glare as he looks at Izuku warily for help.

“It’s not his fault.” Izuku defends as he quickly covers that avenue of thought. “He didn’t know it was the first time it manifested. I never told him because it never came up. I was too freaked out at the time to mention it. I did update the quirk registry forms before the exam though. It took a while to get accepted and I thought I had covered everything.”

“Midoriya is correct. I pulled his file before this on the request of All Might ever since he talked with you about the situation. He tried three separate times to get his quirk registered throughout those eleven months, only being accepted when I assume, they gave up trying to persuade him otherwise.” The bear or rat admits with a blank observing stare.

*Thank god we are all on the same lying wavelength.*

Aizawa-sensei ruffles his hair in silent deliberation. “Alright, first things first. We need to get you to see a quirk counselor. We have one on staff, so we’ll send you to them by the end of the week. I’m assuming if you pulled his file you already have that paperwork ready to go for his parents to sign, correct?”
“Yup!” The bear replies with a chipper tone while raising some papers from their desk. “Midoriya can bring the paperwork to you once it’s completed. I will set up the quirk counseling appointment for him once it has been approved by his parents.”

Aizawa-sensei considers the rat and All Might for a good minute before asking a question on his mind. “What exactly is your relationship with Midoriya, All Might? You seem to be going to great lengths for him, asking for him after the quirk assessment where he was when he was sent away to the infirmary. You as well Nedzu, which is usually nefarious in itself when someone catches your eye.”

“I simply wish to help my students grow and prosper Aizawa.” The bear replies with a cool unmoving stare. “As for their relationship, All Might simply remembered him from the incident and was worried for his progress with his volatile quirk.”

Izuku looks to the side where his teacher is without moving his head and sees a moment of disbelief pass through his face, making him extremely worried his teacher might figure it out if they aren’t careful.

“I see. Regardless, I think we need to set some ground rules concerning you and your quirk Midoriya.” Izuku nods that he’s listening as his teacher continues. “You aren’t allowed to use your quirk until you see the quirk counselor. After that, we will need to work on figuring out control for you. I know it’s relatively new for you, but here at UA we aren’t going to coddle you because you are behind your peers in that department. That doesn’t mean we aren’t going to support you though. Do you understand?”

“Yes sensei!” Izuku affirms with a determined look.

“Good, take the paperwork from Nedzu and we will call it a day. The adults need to talk about where we go from here.” Aizawa-sensei affirms while giving a stink eye at the two across the room.

Not reading too much into it, Izuku takes the paperwork from the mouse and slips it into his backpack. Once it's secure on his back, Izuku exits the room full of tension before things get out of hand with him in the blast zone.

Shouta growls as soon as he thinks Midoriya is out of ear shot from his journey home. “So, you two want to tell me the real reason why my student was compelled to lie to my face in your presence? You aren’t subtle in the slightest All Might.”
Unposted Bonus Scene:

All Might *searching for student*: Aizawa, where's Midoriya?

Aizawa: Who's Midoriya? I don't have one in my class right now.

All Might *sweating*: You expelled Midoriya!?!

Aizawa: No, he's with Chiyo.

All Might: Oh thank god...

Aizawa *analyzing stare*: So what do you know about the problem child?

All Might: Fuck
Izuku is extremely anxious now. His teacher seems like he knew he was lying and now he wonders when exactly he will piece everything together. He now thinks it will only be a week before he figures it all out since All Might isn’t that great of a liar in his opinion. It’s honestly a miracle his quirk hasn’t been leaked to the masses at this point.

Nearing the gate, Izuku sees his childhood hanging out, obviously waiting on him. Feeling regret, Izuku approaches him cautiously with his eyes on the ground. Once close enough, Izuku returns his gaze to his friend’s face who looks concerned.

*Might as well put down the elephant in the room before things get too out of hand…*

“Hey Kacchan.” Izuku broaches first, seeing as he seems extremely upset for Bakugo. “I wasn’t trying to lie to you, I swear. You were the first person I wanted to tell when I realized I had it, but I just didn’t know how to say it. Technically you are the first person I have told about what happened other than those who were there to tell for me. I knew you’d want to see it, but I couldn’t risk using it without control. If you hate me for not telling you when it appeared, that’s okay. I won’t blame you. I wanted to tell you at the beach. So much that it hurt every second I didn’t. I was even okay with breaking a finger to show you then, but I just couldn’t. I’m sorry.”

“Deku.” Bakugo looks up with a guilty look. “What did the villain that attacked you do?”

*I guess it would be okay to show him the bad scar to put any doubt out of his mind…*

After a silent deliberation, Izuku starts unbuttoning the top part of his shirt and jacket. Exposing only the grotesque stab wound that’s scarred over and none of his other scars that riddle his chest and back, Izuku averts his eyes as he lets his friend take it in.
“They stabbed me with their quirk.” Izuku affirms from when his original quirk emerged so that he can divert attention away from his gifted quirk. “They tried to kill me. It was…pretty bad.”

“I um…broke my hands the first time.” Izuku mentions as its technically true since he punched the zero-point robot. “But they were healed up pretty quickly.”

Rebuttoning his shirt and jacket, Izuku rejoins his friend’s gaze for his response.

“Fucking hell Deku.” Bakugo looks Izuku over with pitying eyes, which is an emotion he didn’t even know his friend had. “I’m mad you didn’t tell me, but not about your stupid broken quirk. Why the fuck did you tell me it was nothing that day? That fucking scar says otherwise.”

Izuku’s eyes prick with tears. “I’m sorry Kacchan. I just didn’t know what to say and we weren’t exactly on good speaking terms then. I really did want to tell you, but I just…”

I’m still not over it honestly…

“Come here you, cry baby.” Bakugo offers after seeing his inner turmoil, allowing Izuku to crash into his friend, sobbing as he relives the memory of his mother’s attack over and over in his mind.

“I’m sorry Kacchan.” Izuku sobs. “I’m so sorry.”

Bakugo murmurs in Izuku’s hair. “It’s okay Deku.”

Izuku continues to mewl his apologies and his inner anguish that he’s never really gotten to get over it with another person present as he wails. After a good long few minutes, Izuku attempts to cool his jets, knowing Bakugo hates anything to do with emotions.

Gaining his composure, Izuku releases the embrace to clear his eyes. “Sorry Kacchan. I didn’t mean to dump this on you like this.”

“Yeah you fucking did Deku.” Bakugo asserts with a knowing smirk. “So, you have a quirk?”
Izuku smiles widely, sniffing and wiping away his remaining tears. “Yeah.”

“Fucking knew it.” Bakugo grabs Izuku’s head and give him a playfully noogie, making him giggle. “You cheeky fucker. Took you long enough.”

*Wait what?*

Izuku pulls back with a despondent look as he’s starting to think he’s just like his mother. “What?”

Bakugo stops his crusade seeing his hurt reaction and immediately backtracks. “I didn’t mean it like that Deku.”

“Then what did you mean?” Izuku whimpers, tears already threatening to come back.

“I don’t know how to fucking say this.” Bakugo ruffles his hair in frustration. “I just always had this feeling you had one. It frustrated the hell out me all the fucking time. I felt like you were either lying to me or you didn’t know what it was. It pissed me off. I didn’t mean to get so pissed from the ball throw either. I just thought it meant you’d lied to me, that you didn’t care to tell me. But you were trying to tell me before then, I was just fucking up my own ass that I didn’t hear you out.”

“I don’t understand.” Izuku mumbles, not sure how to comprehend his friend’s point. “Does this mean you were only my friend because you thought I had a quirk? Or that you wanted me to have one?”

“One, not friends Deku. We’ve been over this.” Bakugo chides playfully with a shove that makes Izuku smile shallowly. “Second, fuck no you moron. It was just a fucking feeling you idiot. I don’t care if you had one or not. I was just mad over the uncertainty because I was an asshole. Besides, did you really forget your own shitty speech from earlier already?”

Izuku groans in embarrassment. “Please don’t remind me. That was so not the way I pictured today going.”

“Get over it, that fucking grape deserved worse. I would’ve decked the bastard for the shit he
spewed if Teach didn’t show up then.” Bakugo retorts with a hint of anger. “Now I know why you changed in the bathroom, that scar is fucking bullshit. While you were in there changing, that purple piece of shit was already talking about groping the girls as a reward for getting accepted. Fucking rapist shit deserved to be expelled.”

Izuku’s eyes widen in shock. “Wait, he did what?! And he was expelled? No wonder he was so mad. God, today has been just the worst.”

“Fuck off Deku, that fucker was a lost cause from the gate. Plus, your scores came above his shit even though you didn’t even finish all the tests.” Bakugo admits with a hint of pride. “That rat bastard was gone no matter what happened.”

“Still…”

“Stop your moping.” Bakugo whacks him on the back of his head, making Izuku push him back. “You gotta tell me everything about it. I bet you’ve got an entire creepy notebook dedicated to it by now.”

“They aren’t creepy! But… I haven’t really written anything about it yet.” Izuku notes while staring at the ground. “I want to, don’t get me wrong. I just didn’t know how to approach it safely without ending up in the hospital. Plus, today was literally the most I’ve used it at once. But I’m happy about my progress! I actually didn’t break anything on the grip strength test, but I’m not sure what’s the difference from the other times…”

Izuku’s admission makes Bakugo shift, plans already spurring to motion. “Alright, then we’re gonna test it out. We’re going to my house.” Already moving, Bakugo grabs his arm to pull him all the way train station to not waste any time in his excitement.

“Kacchan wait!” Izuku pleads as he walks with him. “Aizawa-sensei told me not to use it until I have quirk counseling. I could get expelled if he finds out since I’m going to get hurt. I wouldn’t be able to hide broken bones from them.”

Bakugo halts his crusade, looking back at his friend to figure out what to do since he doesn’t want that to happen either. “When is it?”

“I’m not really sure, but I think sometime this week. I have paperwork I have to get Mom to sign for permission.” Izuku informs quickly. “Once I can use it freely, we can test it out as much as we
“Promise?”

Izuku smiles as he nods in honesty. “Promise.”

Chapter End Notes

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OCD by Fitz and The Tantrums

WHEW! And that was all one day! BUT it's going to be REALLY important later...

...  

*whispering* it's free real estate
Dive

Chapter Notes

(•̀•́)• IT’S GO TIME!

<~~~Battle training arc~~~>

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku elected to getting to class earlier than he normally would for two reasons. One, he really didn’t want to have a repeat of yesterday with not finding the classroom fast enough. Two, Izuku wanted to get the signed papers on his teacher’s desk as soon as possible without suspicion.

Not even Bakugo knows this, but Izuku is actually a lefty by birth. Mom never liked it since it ‘reminded her of dad,’ so he always switched in front of her to not make her mad. That was the only thing she ever told him about him except for his own fragmented memories of him, and Izuku knew better than to push her buttons about him. At the very least, his mention was always a sore spot for the both of them regardless.

It’s why Izuku’s handwriting is so bad all the time since now he primarily uses his right to write in class and stuff. Only in private will he write with his left hand since it was more comfortable. The only time he would do it in class was if his hand was hurt. Because of that, forging his mother’s signature was always a cinch since he was using his left hand to do it. It made it much simpler to say it wasn’t him that made the signature since the two handwritings were obviously different. His left could be much more elegant and refined if he wanted, making it even more believable that it was actually her writing.

Doodling in his notebook with his left as he was alone, Izuku sketches everything he could remember from everyone’s quirks from yesterday. He spent a good chunk of time last night compiling the information and all that was left was the sketches. Izuku only made the frames of his classmate’s bodies though. He was still waiting to see their costumes before committing to their final design. Plus, he couldn’t wait to see what kind of things his classmates could do.

The prospect made Izuku absolutely ecstatic, practically buzzing in his seat that he never noticed a good chunk of his classmates come into the room as he continues his sketches. It’s only until Uraraka comes into his field of vision that he panics that he’s using the wrong hand.

“Good morning Deku-kun!” She cheerfully greets with a wide smile on her face as she peers at Izuku’s notebook. “What’cha doing?”
Izuku immediately slams his notebook closed and puts it away in his bag, trying not to creep out his classmates on the second day of school or give them a reason to destroy it. “Uh, just sketching. It’s nothing special.”

“Oh cool!” Izuku immediately notices Uraraka exaggerates her response, making him nervous to her intentions. “You should show me sometime.”

“Uh, sure.” Izuku mumbles, not trying to be too suspicious about his slip up.

Thankfully, their teacher enters the room, saving him from actually having to talk about it. Aizawa-sensei takes one look at the signed papers on his desk and Izuku before starting class for the day.

“All right class, listen up.” Aizawa-sensei asserts with authority once every student’s eyes were on him, despite looking pretty exasperated by something. “We are going to be doing training today that is going to be headed by a different teacher.”

Before the entire class can erupt in excitement to who the mystery teacher is, a familiar blond comes rushing into the room. “I AM COMING THROUGH THE DOOR LIKE A NORMAL PERSON!”

“Holy crap!”

“It’s All Might!”

So cool! That’s his silver age costume designed by David Shield. Izuku fanboys extensively at the nostalgia. He’s made all of his costumes personally ever since he saved him college due to a fire that broke out in the lab David Shield was working in at the time as a grad student. He debuted it in Sonko just after the battle with the villain Hell Raiser. The fight with Penance was the first major battle he wore it in, and it was right after the water vinegar incident where--

“Wow Midoriya, you really know a lot about All Might huh?” The red-haired boy with spiky hair notes with a cheerful laugh, making Izuku extremely aware he just mumbled that out loud to the whole class.
“S-sorry!” Izuku squeaks out hiding his face with his arms, completely beet red at this point.

_Just kill me now…_

“Nothing to be ashamed of my boy!” All Might booms with a signature smile. “Knowledge is a powerful asset to have as a hero. The more you know, the better you can tip the scales into your favor in battle.”

At this, the class refocuses their attention to front to what they have in store for them.

“Speaking of battle, we are going to be doing combat training!” All Might holds up a card for emphasis to sell home his point after clicking a button that makes the walls open up to cases. “Put on your costumes and let’s head to Ground Beta!”

Chapter End Notes

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Dive by Coast Modern

_A/N: Funny real story about me that inspired this part of my story:_

_I broke my right arm in second grade after being basically yeeted into an oak tree by accident. I was born as a lefty like my mom, but because of how bad the break was, my doctor encouraged me to use it for more menial tasks once it healed because I had a chance of it not working properly. I basically switched the two bones in the elbow, so she was worried I wouldn’t be able to do precise movements if I didn’t work on it. Since I was so young at the time, I ended up using my right hand for writing and other stuff long after it was necessary. I basically became a learned ambidextrous because of it and constantly find myself having to figure out which one is better to use when learning new things._

Okay, story time over. Back to the show (°^ω^) ~~~
Chapter Notes

Jackals are easily in my top ten of my favorite animals. I mean, look at this and tell me you don't want to protect them at all costs. (っ ́▽ ́)っ

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Hiding in the bathroom once again, Izuku admires his costume before he slips it on.

The base is a black and green jumpsuit type of material with a hoodie portion that doubles as a mask. Izuku had specifically asked for thin knee braces and his signature red shoes as they would help out with maximum flexibility and movability. The hoodie was a nod to All Might’s signature bangs of course, but they were only like jackal ears so it wouldn’t be so obvious. Izuku also had a mouth guard that could double as a gas mask if the specs he asked for was approved. Shifting it around in his hands, he smiles as its just as he had designed. He’d have to thank the person who worked on it.

If he didn’t want to be a hero, he feels like he would have gone into the Support Course since making stuff is pretty awesome, especially since he designed his own voice changer to simulate Mom’s voice even though that wasn’t its original intended purpose. He also made the Support Company add some his old support gear he made sans the electrified items. It would probably be suspicious if a student asked for those with his own blueprints after all.

After sorting through all of his support gear to put in the pockets lining his belt, he determines that everything he asked for was provided so he can get to work changing. Finally all suited up with his hoodie down and his mouth guard on his neck, Izuku leaves the locker room to join his classmates, running after them since changing in the bathroom takes a little extra time to do.

“The clothes make the hero as they say!” All Might booms once Izuku catches up with his classmates, just trailing behind them.

“How cool Deku-kun!” Uraraka cheers after seeing Izuku silently walk up behind them to join the group. “What’s with the hoodie?”

Izuku turns slightly red with embarrassment. Fiddling with his hands as a nervous tic, he gives his
answer. “Um, well it’s like a mask in case I need to protect my eyes. It’s got protective airtight clear adhesive and I have my mouth guard for a more effective seal--”

The girl with pink hair that Izuku has found out is named Ashido bounds over to pick at his hoodie, making him still in fear at being touched as he instantly closes his mouth. “Huh… they are like bunny ears! So cute!”

**Bunny ears…?**

“Um, actually, they are jackal ears…” Izuku admits, trying not to freak out since he assumes the girl means well. “It’s um… my favorite animal… Oh Kacchan!”

Izuku breaks away from the girls to admire his friend’s costume now that he sees his costume came with the additions Izuku designed for him. He had suggested to add slits for his feet explosions that were similar to how his gloves worked. Izuku had come up with the idea that he probably could fire them off his feet as the sweat glands are similar as needed, especially in a pinch. It was over all an amazing discovery to say the least. “You took my advice! So cool!”

“Shut up nerd, I would’ve come up with it eventually. You’re just too fucking annoying.” Bakugo scoffs. “You would’ve pestered me to death if I didn’t.”

Izuku takes that with a smile as its prime Bakugo Katsuki for ‘thanks for the suggestion, it’s kick ass.’ Though, his smile disappears when he sees the state of one of his classmates' costumes. Worried, Izuku hopes it doesn't come off weird.

"Um, I don't really know your name, but..." Izuku walks directly in front of the invisible girl with only shoes and gloves on. "A-are you n-naked?"

"Midoriya!" Iida comes in with arm chops as disappointment drips from him under his helmet. "You can't just--"

"Yeah, I am." The bubbly girl notes with her hands on what Izuku assumes is her hips with an edge. "Is that a problem?"

"The Support Company just gave you just shoes and gloves!?!" Izuku shouts in disbelief. "Please tell me they offered you to make a costume and you turned them down!"
Everyone kind of stares at the two as they have no idea what is going on. Izuku goes on full rant as he sees the poor girl not answer in her own shock at the current situation. "Did they not even bother using your own hair as a baseline to make you at least some clothes to wear? This is so dangerous and could be deadly in the right circumstances in the field. What happens if you deal with a disaster zone or even just cold weather--"

"Nerd, stop your fucking rambling." Bakugo pushes him in the shoulder to cut him off. "Speak clearly you fucking idiot."

Finally coming up for air, Izuku blushes a deep red at his classmate. "S-sorry. Um, just request the Support Company to make you clothes using your hair or something. Yeah..."

The girl perks back up as their classmates just stare at them in confusion. "Wait, they can do that?"

Izuku face palms as he groans. "Yes, they can and it's even relevantly simple to do once they have a baseline for your quirk. Who even designed your costume!?! I swear, I just wanna talk."

"Really?!" The girl jumps up and down excited. "That's would be so much better for me! Thank you!"

"I wonder if they would be able to make something similar for me..." The girl with the black pony tail ponders.

Izuku just looks fierce as he looks at the invisible girl. "Please put in that request. If they deny you, I want to speak to them personally. There's no way I'm letting this slide."

"Dude, Midoriya is a Karen." The boy with a lightning highlight in his hair points out as the rest of the class laugh at the altercation.

“Eyes up front, you zygotes!” All Might calls after seeing the divided attention in his class. “We are going to be doing two on two combat simulations. Heroes versus Villains!”

Izuku fidgets in excitement as the instructions roll off of his mentor’s tongue. Izuku only comes back to earth after a particular statement piques his interest. “Please note that if the bomb is
damaged while the heroes are trying to secure it, it will be a loss to the heroes. The objective is to subdue the villains or to touch the bomb to deactivate it after all.”

**Interesting…**

“All right!” All Might claps to signal the end of his extensive lecture. “Everyone come draw lots except for Young Midoriya. We will have the first team to go pick amongst themselves who would like to go against the last team when it comes to it.”

Izuku mentally stops, trying to keep his disappointment in check. “Don’t you mean ‘everyone’ come draw lots?”

All Might gives him a conflicted look before settling back into his normal smile. “Young Midoriya, you haven’t been cleared to use your quirk. Thus, I can’t allow you to participate.”

**Okay, no! Bad All Might! Bad!**

“But I can still participate All Might without using one. You don’t need a quirk to fight.” Izuku argues with pouty eyes to try manipulating him to give in easy. “I can defend myself just fine.”

“I understand but--”

“All Might, you’ve never seen the nerd throat punch a motherfucker like I have. Let me tell you he can fucking take all these extras on quirk or not and win. Except for me of course.” Bakugo asserts with a confident smirk, despite his anger at his idol for underestimating his friend. "You'd be an idiot if you underestimate the little shit.”

“Young Midoriya, you did what?!” All Might cries out in surprise, obviously dripping with disappointment.

**God damn it Kacchan… now dad’s gonna ground me forever…**

Izuku shifts uncomfortably before defending himself in front of his mentor. “It was self-defense All Might… I didn’t want to do it… I didn’t even have a choice… I would’ve…”
“Would’ve what?”

Izuku freezes in fear as he hears Iida asks genuinely in worry, almost sending himself into a panic attack at remembering the memory. Sensing his apprehension, Bakugo realizes he shouldn’t have said that despite trying to defend his friend’s ability.

Trying to rectify the slip up, Bakugo growls back a response to divert attention. “None of your fucking business.”

“But--”

“It doesn't matter.” Izuku asserts lowly, making the entire class tense at Izuku’s shift in attitude. “All Might, I want to participate. Aizawa-sensei said yesterday that I couldn’t use my quirk until we get things figured out so I can use it safely. He never said I couldn’t take part in the exercises. If he didn’t want me doing that, he would’ve made that very clear so at the beginning of class before we got here. I don’t need nor want to be coddled like this.”

“Young Midoriya, I admire your willingness to participate, but it’s not safe without using your quirk.” All Might tries to assert to protect him as well as get himself off of Aizawa’s shit list at the moment. “You could get seriously hurt if you have a handicap like this.”

That never stopped anyone from beating the shit out of me!

“Not having a quirk isn’t a handicap.” Izuku snaps back with a slight edge to his voice without meaning to as it’s a talking point he’s constantly had to face time and time again. “I’m tired of being treated like I’m made of glass. I’m just as capable as any of my classmates, with or without a quirk.”

Izuku shifts awkwardly as he notices all the eyes on him now and All Might’s unwavering smile falter a bit at his points.

After taking a deep breath to not yell at him more, Izuku sets the foundation for his plan. “Look, please don’t get the wrong idea. I’m glad that you care about my wellbeing. But understand that I’ve spent most of my whole life without a quirk. One more fight without one isn’t going to put me in any more danger than my classmates will be in with one.”
All Might pauses at his student’s resolve and concern on the operative word of ‘fight.’

“I propose a wager.” Izuku asserts with confidence now driving him to win. “Let me do this exercise. If I win and I don’t get injured at all, I will be allowed to participate in all exercises from here on out as I will have shown I don’t need a *quirk* to win. If I lose or get hurt, I won’t protest your decision to leave me out of the exercises anymore until I can use my quirk safely.”

“I understand your resolve.” All Might acknowledges with definite wariness. “Then the only thing to do is find you a partner to join you since we have an odd number.”

“No.” Izuku counters as he wants to win properly, on his own merit so there will be no doubt in anyone’s mind about his abilities. “I will be by myself. We have an odd number of students, so it would make sense for me to be alone. Plus, it wouldn’t be a fair wager if I didn’t have an *actual* handicap.”

“I can’t just--” All Might starts to protest.

“Can’t or won’t. There is a difference.” Izuku points out with almost a side of malice that Todoroki picks up on, staring at the two with a conflicted look on his face. In fact, the entire class is noticing they are fighting with familiarity on a touchy subject between them. “The second I get even a single scratch, you can call it off as I would have lost. That way I can’t get seriously injured like you suggest. Then, it would keep me from even further injuries later down the line until I can control my quirk. That would be the best, right?”

“Y’all are fucking doomed.” Bakugo cuts in with a chuckle seeing how much Izuku is dead set in his confidence to win, making the entire class shudder. “Might as well write an obituary at this point while you’ve fucking got the chance.”

“Kacchan!” Izuku whines with cute pout breaking his seriousness to win. “I’m not going to kill anyone!”

“Not with that shitty attitude you won’t.” Bakugo smirks. “Guess there must be another reason why you chose a jackal for your fucking costume then.”

“Kacchan…” Izuku warns.
**Don’t you fucking dare…**

“You told me jackals are loyal as hell.” Bakugo starts with a shit eating grin. “But also, resourceful and cunning.”

“Katsuki, you stop right there.” Izuku warns with his first name as he knows where this is going, but Bakugo keeps going anyway.

**They will never find your body.**

“And how could I forget the most important thing you told me about…” Bakugo drawls out as if he’s ignorant. “They represent the god of death, Anubis.”

“I told you that in confidence you jerk!” Izuku whines as he playfully pushes him on the shoulder even though he’s very pissed.

“Why the fixation on death?” The pony tail girls asks with a questionable lilt to her voice.

Izuku sighs as the cat’s out of the bag and he’d rather not be deemed the creepy emo kid on day two. Plus, it technically has a dual meaning that not even his friend knows. Something that no one can know. “Because it also represents the possibility of rebirth. It means that there is hope in even the darkest places. That there is always a Second Chance for life. Or at least it does to me. I don’t really care about the whole dying part unlike what Kacchan would like you all to believe.”

“You say that but…” Bakugo teases. “You are about to wreck some shit.”

“Kacchan!” Izuku whines with a dangerously cute pout that pulls the heart strings of everyone there.

“What?” Bakugo asks as if he’s the one that’s been hurt. “Are you saying you don’t want to fucking win?”
Izuku glares at him like an angry kitten.

“What a killer baby glare you have there Deku~” Bakugo snarks playfully as he knows Izuku is completely pissed at this point.

“I’m going to destroy you Bakugo. You better hope I’m not against you.” Izuku hits him where it hurts with his mental jousting as pay back. It shuts Bakugo up pretty quick now knowing he went a little too far in his teasing.

“Ahrm.” All Might clears his throat to regain the focus of the class. “Let’s draw the lots now.”

Izuku and the rest of his classmates draw their lots. Team A is what Izuku was put on automatically since he’s alone.

*Now to see who’s the competition so I can tweak plans.*

“Allright, the first teams to go will be these two!” All Might declares as he raises the lots for team A and team D. “The villain team will be Young Midoriya with the heroes being Young Iida and Young Bakugo.”

*Thank you merciful god!!!*

Bakugo starts cackling, making Izuku face his childhood friend with a blinding smirk of his own to not give him even an inch. “Just like when we were kids, huh Deku? Always the villain. You ready to get trashed like usual?”

“Oh Kacchan~” Izuku gives his friend a dangerous grin fitting of a true jackal. “Are you ready to *play*?”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/15, Checked for errors 3/12
A/N: I am that petty so I'm throwing shade at the Support Company who made Hagakure's costume.

Exhibit A: Mirio

NO EXCUSES!
“Midoriya is at a severe disadvantage, isn’t he?” Satou notes. “There’s no way he can defeat both of them at the same time and defend the bomb. Plus, he can’t even use his quirk. There’s simply no way.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure.” Yaoyorozu points out as she points to the screen. “Yes, he’s at a disadvantage in three degrees, but he certainly seems to be the type that is super clever. After all, there must be a purpose for him scouting the outside of the building first. If he wasn’t, the first thing he would’ve done is go secure the area where the bomb is and learn the layout.”

“But what does the outside of the building have to do with anything?” Jiro asks.

“I’m not sure what he’s got planned, but he’s covering all of the bases, which means he’s much more intelligent than we have estimated.” Yaororozu informs with a sense of duty to her classmates. “Even if it doesn’t have a plan around it, he may be looking for possible entry points from the heroes that he would have to deal with. I certainly wouldn’t have even thought of it as important as my first instinct would have been to secure and defend the bomb, then look for those entry points inside the building. Especially if I was under the same level of pressure that he’s currently under with his constraints.”

“Wait, what is he doing with his hands?” Kaminari points out as Izuku reaches for one of his pockets bringing out something thin that they can’t see very well.

“Like any experienced hunter, he’s laying a trap.” Tokoyami informs since he can easily see the wires as the classmates glue their eyes to the screen for what their green haired classmate has in store.

Izuku barely finishes with setting up his traps in the two entrance ways before he has to sprint back downstairs for the first part of his plan. Taking a minute to catch his breath as he knows he won’t
be able to do so soon, Izuku runs through the layout he picked for getting to the roof and the location he’d have to be in soon in his head.

“Ten minutes for prep are over! Heroes, you may enter the building!” All Might booms over the intercom, making Izuku shift into survival mode.

The second Izuku hears their bickering and footsteps, Izuku shifts into a villain role comfortably as he’s done so many times before, but this time with his own personal flare by blaring some music on his personal speaker on his tiny version of his voice changer he had the support company make for him. It’s even got his signature theme song with its own special button! Such good memories.

But he picks a much subtler song for this to make Bakugo pissed.

_Let’s get this party rocking! ;)_

As soon as the heroes turn the corner, Izuku starts howling in laughter that makes Iida get chills after turning off _Barbie Girl_. Izuku only stops when he sees Bakugo give off a warning explosion signaling he’s just about to crack with rage.

First Step: Get them separated.

“Hey firecracker!” Izuku sneers. “How’s being a hero going for you? I’m jealous of you, ya know.”

“Deku.” Bakugo shifts to a shit eating grin at the possibility of driving him into the ground. “I’m gonna destroy you so bad that you’ll need your broken quirk to stop me.”

“Oh Kacchan~” Izuku plays with a hint of sadness. “You were right. Always were.”

That makes Bakugo stop, trying to read his friend as he seems off.

“Bakugo, we need to capture him. He’s right in front of us. We can do it together--”

“Shut up! Deku’s mine. Go make yourself useful and fuck off Four Eyes.” Bakugo orders with a threatening explosion that sends Iida running for the stairwell with a look of defeat.
Must have already had that conversation outside… Good.

“So Deku.” Bakugo sneers with a wicked grin. “You want to give up? If you do, I swear you won’t leave the building in a stretcher.”

Step Two: Bait Kacchan to following you mindlessly.

Izuku giggles to waste a little more time as he has to do this correctly. “Aren’t you happy? I could never be the hero, just like you told me. I was just too deluded to see it. After all, what can a useless Deku do?”

That strikes the right nerve Izuku wanted as Bakugo charges forward with a right hook. Carefully evading it, Izuku grabs his wrist and throws him on the ground with a show of using his weight against him, making his friend lose his breath for a brief moment. Izuku sneers as he grabs out his capture tape. He knows he won’t get him, but it’s to further rile him up.

A control blast comes for him that he predicted, making Izuku skillfully dodge it before it even reaches towards him as he starts to sprint away after restarting his music. “Catch me if you can Kacchan~”

“Get the fuck back here Deku!” Bakugo roars as he uses his explosions to follow after the cackling Izuku.

Step Three: Get to the roof and don’t die.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/15, Checked for errors 3/12

The Optimist by Evie Irie

Run Run Run Run Run ε=ε=ε=ε=ε=Δ(η□□)≥
“Dude, Bakugo is crazy scary.” Kaminari pales after seeing his rage face of going after Midoriya without any hesitation. “I don’t know how Midoriya is facing that laughing…”

“Deku-kun is like a ninja!” Uraraka states with awe as she swings her fist. “Did you see that take down?! It's like a heated fight between two rivals!”

“Sure, but why did he let Iida go?” Tsu asks with a puzzled look. “He should have confronted them or led them both astray to keep them away from the bomb. Now there isn’t anything guarding the bomb. Iida is too fast for time to simply run out.”

“That’s not necessarily true.” Yaoyorozu speaks up after seeing what might be Izuku’s plan to win. “He made those traps, though I am unclear what they specifically do. They may prevent Iida from getting to the bomb right away before he can take down Bakugo. In a way, it covers Midoriya’s lack of a partner. That might be the reason he checked the outside perimeter before going inside…”

“But then why deal with Bakugo first? If he gets hurt, it's game over.” Ashido mentions rhetorically. “He should have picked Iida to confront, not Bakugo.”

“Perhaps he went for the flashy approach like me!” Aoyama smiles as he dramatically flares his cape. “Wouldn’t you agree my costume is super sparkly?”

“Still…” Kirishima notes looking up at the screen with concern. “If one of his explosions hits him, he’s done. What does he intend to do by provoking him like this? It's not very manly at the least with him running away like this…”

"Fumi, I like him! Did ya see what he did!?!" Dark Shadow pops out for a peek as Tokoyami simply rolls his eyes at his giddy partner watching the screen with extreme interest. "Can we keep him!??!"
"No, we can't keep him Dark Shadow." Tokoyami asserts annoyed even though he is sharing his friend's opinion due to what his classmate had attached to the traps. “Though, his ingenuity should be revered. What a mad banquet of darkness...”

Out of breath from running the crap out of himself, Izuku heads over to the exact spot he wants to be at when Bakugo confronts him. Turning to face him after switching off his mini voice changer, Izuku catches his breath as Bakugo blows open the door to the roof.

“Deku.” Bakugo calmly says, despite the rage on his face saying otherwise. “Are you done running so I can beat you up properly you bastard?”

“Yes Barbie girl.” Izuku snickers. “But I wouldn’t count on you beating me if you aren’t going to do your best. You haven’t even gotten a single scratch on me. Are you really going to beat me at this rate? All I’ve seen is you running behind me like a chicken with his head cut off. Or maybe a mutilated barbie doll in your case. Honestly can’t tell the difference at this point!”

**Step Four: Boom.**

“Oh?” Bakugo asks as the silent rage enters his face as his eye twitches. Despite his calm demeanor, Izuku knows better as the death aura coming off his friend is starting to get nauseating. “Tell me Deku. Do you know that my gauntlets aren’t exactly for show? You should since you helped me with my costume. But I wonder, do you know exactly what they do?”

Izuku fakes his fear as he looks at his friend in horror. “Wait Kacchan! You don’t have to—”

Bakugo starts to raise his glowing gauntlet as he grasps the pin. “Guessing by that look, you know that they store up my sweat. Let’s see how big it is.”

“Bakugo! Do not shoot off that! You’ll kill him!” All Might roars in Bakugo’s ear so loud that Izuku can hear it as well.

“I won’t kill him if he dodges!” Bakugo yells back as he releases the pin just as Izuku grins wildly. Immediately, Izuku backflips off the building to safety just as the explosion starts its way towards
him and the wave of death passes over him as a warning.

Expertly, Izuku jumps down a bit on each ledge he planned on when he took his little look around the building until he’s in front of the open window where the bomb is. Not wasting any time, Izuku scampers in and gets situated as soon as Iida rounds the corner to the open door.

“Hi there, little hero~” Izuku giggles manically to soothe his composure despite him being out of breath from his impromptu climbing. “Come to play?”

“Surrender villain!” Iida roleplays, making Izuku giggle for real at his friend’s silly display. “You are outmatched!”

“Oh?” Izuku chides with a fake sneer. “Come and get me then~”

**Final Step: Victory.**

The second Iida charges into the room, he realizes he ran right into something, sending him flying. After another second, Izuku’s flash grenade that he took finally goes off, securing his victory.

In an instant, it destroys the paper bomb from Iida pulling the pin quite literally prompting a winning grin to stretch across Izuku's face as he knows he’s already won. It was pretty clever in his opinion in how he made his friend lower his guard long enough to swipe the components he needed. Izuku was acting pushy around his friend, playfully shoving him back and forth while chatting on the way there, making Bakugo none the wiser when he lingered slightly longer before they parted when the time to prepare for the exercise started.

“Villain team wins!”

Izuku instantly drops his crazed acting and helps Iida to his feet, already fussing over him. “Oh gosh Iida, I’m so sorry about that! I didn’t mean to make you face plant like that. Let me get my kit out to help you.”

Izuku makes a grab for his kit in his left biggest pocket and makes Iida sit down to take care of his bloody nose. Thankfully, it's not broken upon inspection, just scraped.
“Here, keep pressure on it to stop the bleeding.” Izuku instructs with a piece of gauze after he sifts through his kit for the Neosporin and an alcohol wipe to clean it.

“What even happened?” Iida asks in a daze before Bakugo rages through Iida’s comm.

“Four Eyes! Where the hell is Deku!!” Bakugo asks in worry. “Is that asshole hurt? I can’t fucking find him!”

“Bakugo, he’s with me on the fourth floor.” Iida informs as Izuku starts to clean the wound. “He’s totally fine.”

Izuku can clearly hear an unhappy grumble through it as Izuku finishes up with a bandage. “Um, Iida, how many fingers am I holding up?”

Izuku hold up two to check if he’s got a concussion from his stunt. The plan was to not let anyone get hurt other than a possible bruise, but that kind of went out of the window real fast.

“Uh, two. Just not sure what happened really.” Iida ponders confused. “Did we run out of time?”

Izuku smiles brightly. “Nope. You just tripped on my trap. I stole one of Kacchan's grenades just as the preparation for the match started so I could make a homemade stun grenade with my equipment. His grenades need his sweat, so I got creative for the mixture from my first aid kit. Since it was the heroes' support gear and you triggered the initial explosion yourself, the heroes were the one to destroy the bomb.”

Iida gapes at Izuku like a fish out of water. Izuku just simply helps his friend up as he doesn’t want to brag with an ‘I told you so’ since he did get him hurt, which was not part of the plan at all.

“Deku you bastard!” Bakugo roars as he blasts his way into the room before grabbing Izuku by the collar of his costume. “The fuck were you thinking?!!”

Izuku just pouts slightly. “I didn’t mean for Iida to get hurt…”

“Oh my fucking god…” Bakugo groans in annoyance at Izuku’s ignorance. “How the fuck did you
“Oh!” Izuku cheers up instantly as he points to the open window. “Took the easy way in.”

"How the fuck did you even win?" Bakugo questions with a growl, clearly ticked off by the defeat.

Izuku simply points to his friend's belt. "I stole one of your grenades and made my own homemade stun grenade."

Then all of the pieces in Bakugo head shifts into place as he realizes what happened after checking his missing slot. “You sneaky bastard. You even knew I’d use the gauntlets you fucking psychopath.”

Izuku grins. “Yup! I knew you’d use them anyway if you got mad enough since you were itching to use them, so I just used it to my advantage and not let you destroy the whole building.”

“I fucking hate you.” Bakugo grumbles with malice. "Your shitty win doesn't mean shit Deku. You fucking cheated like usual.”

“I know I did, but all I wanted was to be able to participate with the class. I know you want a proper fight after all. We'll have a rematch eventually, don't you worry a thing.” Izuku chides playfully before becoming more serious. “We should probably get back to the observation room before All Might freaks out or something with you holding me like this though.”

"Whatever." Bakugo scoffs as he pushes Izuku back with a little more force than necessary as the group starts their journey back to the group for evaluations.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/15, Checked for errors 3/12

The Spectre by Alan Walker
All Might: Okay, so far so good... This should be over pretty quickly with no mishaps...

Izuku *being a little shit to rile up a wild Katsuki*: Come at me bro

Katsuki *raising death gauntlets*: Imma kill him

All Might: Bakugo no!

Katsuki *pulling the pin*: BAKUGO FUCKING YES!
In My Head

Chapter Notes

A wild Quirk Enthusiast appeared!

Quirk Enthusiast used Ramble!

It was super effective!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Holy crap Midoriya! You’re like a ninja!” Kaminari says with excitement. “You scaled that wall like it was a rock wall. And that flip was ballsy! You made such a scary villain…”

“Hey! I said Deku-kun was a ninja first.” Uraraka pouts with a hidden smile. “Don’t steal ideas that aren’t yours.”

“It’s not really that special…” Izuku nervously trails off at the unwanted attention. “I just did that flip so I could orient myself correctly while falling to grab back onto the building…”

"Fumi! I want him. " Dark Shadow interjects as he whines, nudging Tokoyami rapidly. "Hey Midoriya, can I keep you?"

Izuku doesn't even hear the question as he's already drooling over the sentient quirk in his rapid mumblings.

"Dark Shadow!" Tokoyami chastises. "We talked about this."

"And? " Dark Shadow pouts with his claws crossed. "I'm not listening."

"Your quirk is amazing!" Izuku exclaims as he starts his more vocal outward rambling watching Dark Shadow with absolute fascination without breathing once. "I have so many questions! It's not often I can analyze sentient quirks. I had an idea it was, but I wasn't totally sure from yesterday and I didn't want to be rude as they can be really personal to their partners and--"
"Come up for air..." Shouji offers after Izuku turns considerably red at his current endeavor. "I'm sure you can ask more later since both of you seem interested in the other."

Izuku squeaks in embarrassment once he breathes in more oxygen. "S-sorry..."

“Your movements were so fluid with that flip off the building.” Jiro states with interest as the attention redirects in a different direction. “Where did you learn to do something like that?”

Izuku stills as he remembers his mother’s trainings that for which she set up for him and his constant running to avoid his bullies. Not wanting to make them concerned, Izuku just gives the normal answer that is technically true while averting his eyes. “I took gymnastics and self-defense classes when I was a kid. I just applied that experience to my plan to win. It’s really not that big of a deal. Any one of you would have done the same in my position.”

“You really can’t take compliments, can you?” Jiro notes after a good few seconds of silence between everyone at Izuku’s explanation.

Izuku doesn’t answer that as he’d rather not get into his self-esteem and other mental health issues right now.

Bakugo instead comes to the rescue in his own ‘Bakugo’ kind of way since he’s still very sore about the loss. “Yeah, let’s talk about the idiot with no self-preservation skills who throws himself off buildings for shits and giggles. The same fucking asshole who literally drooled over a hero's quirk for nearly twenty minutes yesterday after tripping on his own goddamn feet just to observe it. For fucks sake Ears, do all of us a fucking favor and shut up.”

"Hey, it was a really cool quirk." Izuku protests with a pout, though everyone basically ignores him in favor for the two warring classmates.

“My name is Jiro.”

“And now it's Ears.”

_Ouch Kacchan_…
The girl looks like she’s about to kill him when Izuku stands between the two. “L-let’s j-just m-move on t-to the o-other m-matches, y-yeah?”

“Yes!” All Might booms to regain order.

Actually forgot he was here to keep the peace… Jeez dad… be a teacher…

“We actually need to do evaluations of the match as a way to reflect. Can someone tell me who is the MVP of the battle?” All Might asks the group, leading Yaoyorozu to raise her hand high for permission to speak.

“Midoriya was the clear MVP of the fight.” She explains quickly and efficiently. “He had a well thought out plan from the beginning of the match. He demonstrated this by clearly taking in his surroundings by checking the building before entering. He then skillfully laid a trap that would guarantee his win as well as distract Bakugo from joining his partner to secure the bomb.”

“I disagree. The one who wins the battle is not the one who wins the war.” Izuku mumbles as one of his mother’s teachings come forth in his mind on reflex, not realizing he spoke out loud for the whole class to hear.

“Would you be willing to elaborate Young Midoriya?” All Might asks after discretely clicking an object to record on a whim concerning the conversation yesterday and everything he’s learned from training with him over those ten months.

“Iida should be the MVP, not me.” Getting a grip, Izuku explains his reasoning as he goes full analysis mode. “I denied access to a partner due to a personal reason to prove a point which should never happen in a real situation. That kind of thinking can get you and others killed if it was a real villain fight even if I played the part of the villain. While I did have a plan before I even entered the building, it was filled with risks and was loosely based on the fact I knew their quirks and personalities beforehand, something that would not be the case in a real situation. The risks I took would have gotten myself and others killed if it wasn’t practice.”

“Really? Are you certain?” Iida asks in confusion. “Your plan was very intricate even though I’m not sure exactly what happened with Bakugo.”

“Yes, I’m dead certain.” Izuku affirms as he continues his explanation. “Iida, you were the only one who stayed on target for the entirety of the exercise, never once wavering. Kacchan came after
me solely for personal reasons and I did the same for him even if it was a part of my plan to separate the two of you. Kacchan even technically compromised the building integrity on the top of the roof, something that if I was a real villain would have let happened inside the building, preferably near the bomb. That would have caused the bomb to detonate, thus failing your objectives. My goal should have been to either protect the bomb or defeat the two of you. I did neither and instead went down the route to trick both of you to win in a roundabout way. Iida, you first tried to cooperate with your partner despite knowing that he wouldn’t work with you. The second you knew it wasn’t going to work out and that you couldn’t work together to take down the villain, you prioritized securing away the weapon. You placed trust in your partner to take the villain down while you ‘saved lives’ by trying to deactivate the bomb. The only thing you did wrong in that entire exercise was not taking inventory to your surroundings when finding the bomb. And the only reason that happened was because I gave you a sight of both objectives in the same room, making you oblivious to the snare wires. You had to focus instead on deciding which one to prioritize, which you chose the villain as I was the most dangerous. That was the correct avenue as if you got a single hit on me, the match would have ended immediately. If I hadn’t gotten there when I did, you may have noticed the trip wires and I would have had to fight you to keep you from the bomb, which would have led me to getting injured, thus losing the match.”

“Thus, even though I won the battle, my tactics would have never won the war. The war being a real situation outside of these walls.” Izuku concludes to explain the lesson so it won’t seem suspicious with his slip up. “Assuming the one who wins under such circumstances is never the best way to go about things, even if their plan seems rock solid at first glance.”

The silence is defeating as Izuku starts to apologies for his ranting. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to ramble on like that. I just felt like it was unfair to Iida if I took credit for something I didn’t earn like he did. I didn’t mean to bore you…”

All Might immediately clicks off the recorder as he tries to reassure his student. “Your observations aren’t boring Young Midoriya. You all are here to learn, so you must voice your opinions to grow. In fact, your honesty has shown me that you are right concerning who should be the MVP. I also owe you an apology. I shouldn’t have doubted you couldn’t handle the exercise.”

*Oh, what a shocker…*

Izuku just shrugs to keep his sass at bay as deep down, he knows All Might was just worried about him getting hurt, though it was overly unnecessary. “It would have happened whether I had a quirk or not given what happened yesterday. It was simply a matter of which teacher and when.”

All Might frowns at that observation for what its underlying meaning is, but technically he isn’t wrong, which is slightly frightening to him. “Well, let’s get the next match started!”
Watching the remaining matches was therapeutic, allowing him to take mental notes about his classmates’ battle styles as well as him committing to memory their costumes.

Izuku can’t wait to see what else his classes had in store for him. After all, they are just getting started.

“Aizawa, Nedzu. I have something you should hear.” All Might procures the listening device in the staff lounge for the two during lunch. “I think I figured out what his quirk is.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/15, Checked for errors 3/12

In My Head by Galantis

A/N: I feel like canon Tokoyami, Dark Shadow, and Izuku should be like the best of friends! I mean come on. 'Sentient quirk.' Izuku, get it together and stop being the awkward cinnamon roll you are. We all know you are secretly drooling over it the entire time and have WAY too many questions for them.

...

I would anyway... ( お ‘ 3○ )
Lunch seems to be going pretty well. It’s been a while since Izuku had even seen a cafeteria, so the sheer amount of bodies in the room makes him feel like he’s five seconds away from an anxiety attack every time a person moves suddenly in his peripheral.

Izuku was sad that the mystery boy who Izuku learned was named Todoroki from the battle training didn’t decide to join them for lunch, but Izuku didn’t want to force him or anything. Halfway through his homemade leftovers, Uraraka waves her hand in front of his face, breaking him out of his thoughts on the boy.

“Hey Deku-kun, you okay?” She asks warily.

“Sorry, I zoned out.” Izuku apologizes immediately, knowing he wasn’t paying any attention to his friends’ conversations due to keeping his emotions at bay. “What’s up?”

“If you say so…” Uraraka trails off. “I was just asking if your mom made you your lunch. It looks super good.”

“Oh.” Izuku puts down his chopsticks. “No, she didn’t.”

“Really?” Uraraka looks skeptical at his lunch. “It just looks like it has a motherly touch though…”

Izuku shrugs to not arouse suspicion. “Mom’s not home right now, so she couldn’t have made it.”

“Then your dad makes your lunch?” Iida asks after taking a bite.
Izuku flinches hard at the mention of his dad. “N-no. I made it.”

The two look at each with a concerned look before settling back on Izuku, making him increasingly worried to their near constant analysis of him. “You know what, I need to go to the bathroom really quick. Watch my food, yeah?”

Izuku basically bolts away even though he doesn’t actually run. Once in the bathroom and checking that no one is in there, Izuku collapses near the window trying to keep his anxiety under control.

_Breathe Izuku… They don’t know… I’m okay… It’s—_

The door to the bathroom slams open, making Izuku jump to his feet in fear, hand already on the window’s latch to get away.

Three boys in what Izuku realizes is the general education uniform enter with dangerous grins, making him actually unlock the window as he knows it’s going to go south now.

_Just my luck…_

“We heard through the grape vine that Class 1-A has a Quirkless.” The larger boy sneers, making Izuku flinch at the term. “How can the hero course let someone useless like you in but deny one of us who actually are worth something?”

“I’m not quirkless.” Izuku retorts in vain. “I have a quirk.”

“Oh, then why don’t you show us your imaginary quirk?” The smallest of the group taunts.

Izuku clams up, not wanting to answer that he can’t, or he would be expelled. That would just be a recipe for disaster. Instead, he discretely inches the window up slowly so he can get the hell out of dodge quickly.
The group bend over as they snicker at Izuku’s silence, allowing him to move the window all the way up without them noticing. “Here’s what’s going to happen…”

“You fight back and we’ll tell the teachers how the hero student suddenly violently attacked us for no reason.”

“And you’ll be expelled. So, just sit there and take it, okay?” The middle boy smirks while licking his lips seductively, sending Izuku into a mini panic attack that it’s going to happen again as their rage auras flare up. “I can’t wait to see you all bloody and crying.”

“Please, I won’t tell anyone if you leave me alone.” Izuku pleads as the boys get closer. “I didn’t do anything to you.”

“Don’t forget to scream, okay?”

Izuku tries to bolt out of the window, but finds hands holding him back. “Let me go!”

Izuku kicks at his attackers to get away from their clutches but finds him unable to get away. They drag him back down to the floor as they punch him in the face. Izuku’s anger flares as they start kicking him over and over again in the ribs by taking turns, sending him into a rage that makes him get back up after a few agonizing minutes of bearing the pain in their attacks. He's tired of constantly being people's punching bag and lets the consequences hang in the back burner in his mind as he punches the two bigger attackers and kick the smaller boy back away from him.

“Stay away from me!”

The boys freeze as if in severe pain, giving Izuku enough time to successfully jump out the window to safety. Izuku lands wrong on the ground due to his sore ribs, possibly twisting his ankle.

Hearing the bell for lunch being over, Izuku limps towards his class despite the unbearable pain in his chest, tears threatening to spill over due to the fear that he’s going to get in trouble for his moment of weakness.

Chapter End Notes
A/N: Mineta strikes again, though indirectly by ranting to his new classmates in Gen Ed about the quirkless green haired kid who kicked him out of the hero course.

While the past doesn't define a person, it definitely can haunt them.

Also, the reason why Izuku gets mad and fights back here is because he's starting to think UA is just the same as his previous school, causing him to lash out. He feels like nothing changed.
Izuku limps into the room, avoiding the stares and gasps of some of his classmates that have already returned as he takes his seat. Thankfully Bakugo hasn’t returned yet or he would have lost a gasket. He never can lie to him.

“Izuku, what happened to your face?” Iida asks once he reaches Izuku’s desk to get a better look at his forming black eye and split lip.

Izuku ignores his concern as he gets his work out of his backpack to start class despite the blaring pain. “I fell down some stairs. I’m clumsy.”

Clearly that was the wrong thing to say as Iida gets angry and continues his interrogation. “Who did this to you?”

“I did this to myself.” Izuku lies like normal without even blinking from his current task, not sparing any of the worrying stares in his direction any mind. “I told you I fell.”

Before Iida can continue, Aizawa-sensei enters the room before taking a double take at the tension. “What happened now--”

The second he sees Izuku’s face, he gets ready to interrogate for himself. “Midoriya, who punched you?”
“No one. I fell down the stairs.” Izuku retorts, not giving him an inch as he grabs a pencil from his bag. “It was a bad fall.”

“Do not lie to me. You were uninjured this morning and from the battle trainings.” Aizawa-sensei threatens. “Problem Child, you tell me what happened right now.”

“Stop pretending you care sensei.” Izuku coolly responds in his anger to the nickname and what had just happened. “You don’t have to fake it to my face. I’d rather be ignored like I don’t even exist than lied to.”

Aizawa-sensei looks stunned for a moment before returning to his normal intense gaze. “Why do you think I don’t care? I’m your teacher.”

You and every single one that never stopped anything…

“Do you want a medal for that?” Izuku snorts unhappily with no filter being held in his voice. “That doesn’t automatically mean you care. Even if you did, you can’t do anything about the stairs hurting a student because they are clumsy.”

The entire group of eyes on the boy seem at an impasse as Izuku starts looking over his notes like nothing happened, ignoring the painful jarring of his sore ribs as he does.

“Aizawa.” A gruff man who looks like a dog enters from the doorway coming to his teacher’s side, whispering to his teacher so lowly that Izuku can barely make it out by reading their snarls. “I have three general education students who came to me saying they were attacked by a hero student from Class 1-A. They are being treated by Recovery Girl right now for their injuries.”

Fuck my life.

Izuku hangs his head slightly, wondering if he should have just let them do it. Then maybe he wouldn’t be expelled.

“Outside.” Aizawa-sensei commands while staring at Izuku with a hardened gaze. “Now.”
Izuku answers only with tears already forming in his frustration as he camps in his seat in protest, not budging an inch.

At that moment, Bakugo enters the room with a few more of his classmates trickling in, his gaze taking a double take on Izuku’s face. His face flares up in rage, making him run straight over to him. Izuku at this point is in hysterics, violently sobbing even though the sound doesn’t come out at all and the only indication is his silent tears falling down. “Deku, what happened?”

Izuku shakes his head.

“God damn it Deku, tell me what the fuck happened!” Bakugo roars as he shakes Izuku to snap him out of his daze, causing the rest of the students entering the room to shrink at their classmate’s shouting.

It was a little too hard as he feels a sharp throb from the jostling of his ribs, making him start hacking. It isn’t until Izuku feels something wet on his chin that he realizes its blood. Bakugo and the rest of the class notice as well before he can wipe it away fast enough, prompting the pair of teachers to realize Izuku’s more injured than they realized.

“Bakugo, move.” Aizawa-sensei orders. “We need to get him to Recovery Girl. Explanations will come later.”

“Explanations?” Bakugo asks incredulously that makes everyone flinch at his shrillness. “It's fucking obvious what happened!”

“’m fine Kacchan.” Izuku chokes out trying not to sound too panicked. “Stairs didn’t hurt me that bad.”

“Don't fucking lie to me Deku!” Bakugo raises his voice in anger as it mixes with his own panic about the situation. “The last fucking time I saw you this bad you weren’t even breathing! If I didn’t find you then, you would’ve fucking died!”

…

Izuku glares at his friend for telling everyone about that. Fucking what the hell Kacchan?!
“Bakugo, what do you mean by that?” Aizawa-sensei broaches carefully seeing Izuku’s panic and anger at the topic.

Bakugo gives him nothing but defiance. “Deku will tell you if he fucking wants to.”

_Thank you Kacchan…_

Izuku’s vision blurs as he falls forward in his seat from exhaustion.

“Oh my god, Deku!”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/16, Checked for errors 3/12

Panic Room by Au/Ra

It only gets worse before it gets better.
Bruises

Chapter Notes

Some secrets never stay in the closet for long...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“The boy was beaten half to death! Five of his ribs were broken or fractured. Five! We are lucky his ribs didn’t actually puncture a lung. You should have brought him here the second you saw him instead of interrogating him.” Recovery Girl huffs, making Izuku stir to consciousness even though he doesn’t open his eyes. “How he even jumped out of a two-story window to safety and got to the classroom without passing out is beyond me.”

“I apologize Recovery Girl. I simply didn’t realize his injuries were that severe.” Aizawa-sensei cuts in. “I had only seen him when he was at his desk, not when he came stumbling into the room as many of his classmates described. He didn’t even make an indication he was under that much pain. The worst injury I could see was a black eye and a split lip at most.”

Mom. Dad. Please stop fighting.

A loud sigh makes Izuku feel nervous for some reason but he can’t discern why just yet. “That’s not the reason I’m worried most about the boy though.”

“What do you mean?” All Might?

“Aizawa dear, you said he freaked out on you when you asked what happened correct? Would you please elaborate what stood out?”

“He doesn’t trust teachers at all.” Aizawa-sensei blandly states. “He was quick to say the injuries weren’t from the students that assaulted him, basically saying that he caused them himself on accident. He didn’t back down on that stance at all.”

Another round of silence passes before his teacher picks back up. “I’m worried that the reason he had that first aid kit wasn’t simply because of his supposed clumsiness.”
“The first time we met, he did have one in his backpack…” All Might trails off. "He was pretty adamant helping me get to medical attention too..."

“I think you both need to see this…” Recovery Girl mentions almost reluctantly as Izuku hears some shuffling in the room.

**See what---!**

Izuku feels his shirt start to move up, making him snap open his eyes, already his hands on his shirt to keep it on without anyone seeing what's hidden underneath.

“Midoriya.” His teacher is burning holes into him with a stern look. “Remove your hands.”

Izuku just stares back in pure terror at the prospect, only able to give a simple shake of his head to try and keep them from seeing what’s underneath.

“Problem Child.” Aizawa-sensei warns, making Izuku flinch at the nickname once again.

“P-please n-noo.” Izuku pleads with a panicked look.

“Midoriya dear, I’ve already seen them to check on your ribs. We just want to help you.” Recovery Girl states, making Izuku’s breathing hitch dangerously.

No longer tired, Izuku tries to bolt off the bed to get away, but instead finds himself wrapped up in his teacher’s capture weapon.

“Please, let me go.” Izuku sobs as he struggles to get free. “I didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Young Midoriya, please.” All Might pleads with a sad look on his face. “We want to help you.”

*You can’t help. You’ll just make things worse...*
“Midoriya, we need to know if you are being abused.” Aizawa-sensei bluntly says, obviously putting the puzzle pieces together despite not yet seeing the scars.

“I’m not!” Izuku roars back as he frantically tears at the fabric trapping him, internally cursing himself for not bringing his pocketknife today. Never again though. “Let me go!”

“Sweetheart, please calm down.” Recovery Girl assures with a soft gaze. “You are safe to tell us what happened. We won’t judge. Just please allow All Might and Aizawa to see them before you do if you feel comfortable showing. We already know you have extensive scaring.”

Izuku pales. “W-what?”

Recovery Girl cocks her head in worry as Izuku silently dissociates in his panic. “Midoriya, are you okay?”

Izuku just stares blankly while underneath he’s completely losing it, not even thrashing around anymore now that they know.

*Why? Why today? Why? WHY?! Just a few more years and NO ONE WOULD’VE KNOWN!* 

“Kid?” Aizawa-sensei asks in worry as he loosens the weapon slightly that goes unnoticed to Izuku who just stands there. “Shit. All Might, text one of the teachers to bring Bakugo in here. I think he’s dissociating. He might be able to calm him down enough for us to talk to him.”

“Of course.” All Might replies with worry dripping from his face as he looks at Izuku not be in the room. He immediately shifts to his larger form as he texts on his phone. “Done.”

Aizawa-sensei very slowly approaches Izuku like a wounded animal. “Kid, you don’t have to show us if you aren’t comfortable doing so. You’re safe here. We just want to talk.”

Izuku flinches violently when his teacher finally gets close enough to reach out to remove the weapon without startling him too much, jumpstarting his tears. Izuku mumbles something under his breath as he starts to calm down.
“What was that?”

“Don’t touch me.” Izuku mumbles a little louder.

“WHERE IS HE?!” A voice roars down the hallway, making Izuku shudder at the intensity of his friend.

The door to the room slams open showing a murderous looking Bakugo. Once his eyes fall on Izuku’s tears, they soften before he demands answers. “Why is he tied up Teach?”

“He freaked out and tried to bolt dear.” Recovery Girl answers.

“You gotta slow down!” Present Mic shouts as he rounds the corner, just in view of Bakugo in the doorway. “Oh, hey Sho! How’s the little listener doing?”

“Mic, please shut up.” Aizawa-sensei growls as he sees Izuku start to shiver at the amount of people watching him. “Bakugo, can you calm him down? We also have some questions to ask you.”

“I am calm.” Izuku cuts in annoyed at being treated like an unruly child at the moment. “And Kacchan doesn’t know anything because there isn’t anything to discuss.”

“Wanna explain why you freaked out about your shirt coming up then?” Aizawa-sensei asks with his arms crossed after he releases Izuku from the tape.

“I was hoping my stripping debut would come later when I’m actually legal.” Izuku smirks, making All Might sputter a bit at the personality shift. Even Bakugo snorts at his angst.

Yeah, I’m actually sassy. So what?! Sue me!

“Deku.” Bakugo basically growls knowing Izuku is deflecting after the humor subsides.

“Fine.” Izuku growls. “I don’t like my scar. Happy?”
“You wanna say how you came by these scars plural that you don’t want others to see?” Aizawa-sensei corrects.

“If I said no, would you drop it?” Izuku gives the puppy dog eyes that make his teacher roll his eyes.

“No, you need to tell us.”

“Worth a shot.” Izuku grumbles. “Too bad. I’m not open for this therapy session. Pretty sure my insurance doesn’t cover this level of depressing stuff.”

“Young Midoriya, we just want to help you.” All Might tries to calm his successor best he can to negotiate. “Let’s all just sit down and talk about this.”

“I don’t want to.” Izuku bluntly states.

“Why the fuck not?” Bakugo asks, obviously pissed at not knowing what’s going on. “Seriously, why the fuck does everyone look like someone kicked a god damn puppy?”

“Bakugo dear, do you know if his parents are abusing him?” Recovery Girl inquires softly.

“The actual fuck is going on?!” Bakugo snarls. “Auntie would never fucking hurt him!”

“Can I go?” Izuku cuts in. “If you’re going to expel me for getting into a fight on the second day, you might as well stop beating around the bush and get this nightmare over with.”

“You’re not being expelled Problem Child.” Aizawa-sensei snaps back, making Izuku tense and shut up. “The ones who attacked you will be dealt with. The real issue is where those scars came from and why you don’t want people seeing them.”

“What, is being self-conscious not reason enough?” Izuku snarks back despite being in total shock he’s not getting kicked out for fighting.
“You mean the scar that he got when he was attacked?” Bakugo asks, clearly confused.

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“Attacked?” Aizawa-sensei questions with narrowed eyes.

**Oh, thank you sweet savior I found my out!**

“Yeah. How else do you think I got my quirk?” Izuku bluffs. “I’ve heard trauma is a great motivator.”

The room goes dead silent as three people look amongst themselves instantly with a serious look that Izuku wasn’t expecting. It weird as compared to the complete surprise and worry on Present Mic, it’s like they are having a serious discussion between them without much speaking. It goes on for a while too, leading to Izuku realizing they all know his secret and are trying to figure out how to discuss it with people who don’t know in the room.

_Huh. Interesting…._

“Zashi.”

“Yeah Sho?”

“Could you take Bakugo back now that Problem Child isn’t about to have a breakdown?”

“Oh shit, was I not supposed to know or something?” Bakugo asks with a concerned look at Izuku when he grimaces at the terrible nickname.

_Roll with it._

“I may have neglected to tell you never to tell anyone I told you for legal reasons.” Izuku dodges convincingly with a mischievous look.
“God damn it Deku, you fucking moron.” Bakugo huffs. “You can never fucking keep a secret, can you?”

“You know I can’t lie to you best buddy!” Izuku waves sarcastically as Izuku’s spirit animal takes him away with the most terrifying scowl on his face at his jab.

As soon as the kids have left the room, the adults have come out to play and Izuku is all business. “So, Aizawa-sensei knows huh? When did that happen might I wonder…? It’s only been like two days! My bet was on at least a week before he figured it out. Should have known Aizawa-sensei would figure it out faster. Did Recovery Girl know already or…”

“Figure out what?” Aizawa-sensei asks with a Cheshire grin.

“Oh, stop playing you.” Izuku coos before hardening his gaze. “You two knew instantly I was lying just like All Might, so don’t play with me. None of you are exactly subtle.”

“Fine.” Aizawa-sensei growls as he breaks his fake ignorance. “Wanna let us see the scars?”

“Nope.” Izuku pops the p. “I’m not showing off my insecurities thank you. If you wanted to see them, you should have taken me to dinner first.”

“Where did this sass come from?” All Might asks worried as Izuku hasn’t really shown this side to him.

“Oh, it’s always been here.” Izuku bluntly answers. “Just never thought the demon would get out this early in the school year. I swear I must have forgot to feed him this morning or something.”

That actually gets him a small snicker out his homeroom teacher.

Izuku laughs internally at his total win. “But nah, this is just what happens when I have to cope with something I don’t want to talk about. Speaking of which, it’s class time. Can I leave or do I need to fight my way out to get a simple humble education?”

“Midoriya dear, I understand that you are reluctant to talk about it, but we need to know that you
“Well, if that’s all you need to know then sure.” Izuku answers honestly. “I’m not being abused”—right now—“and the last scar happened probably about a year ago. Unless I have new ones from today. That enough?”

“And where did they come from?” Aizawa-sensei asks, crossing his arms.

“Have none of you ever heard of bullies?” Izuku questions with an angry face to bluff his way out. “Seriously, if you’ve never seen one, you have now by those jerks who thought it was a great idea to attack me. The only reason those trash cans got the drop on me was because I was busy having a panic attack before they came after me in the bathroom. Otherwise, I would have jumped right out the window easy peasy before things went down.”

That makes the adults shift uncomfortably that means Izuku’s winning this battle. “Panic attack?”

Izuku rolls his eyes to keep up the act. “Yeah. Would it be a surprise to you if today was the first time I’ve been in a cafeteria in literally five years? Excuse me for being nervous.”

The air turns icy at Izuku’s comment as his teacher picks up the slack as All Might looks close to having a complete meltdown at the admission. “Do your parents know you’ve been bullied?”

“Of course she knows. She couldn’t help because we were told over and over that I was clumsy, or I instigated a fight against my classmates.” Izuku bitterly shoot backs to cover his bases. “You really think the schools are going to do anything to help the quirkless kid?”

“They didn’t stop the bullying?” All Might asks, giving him an almost feral look that scares Izuku a lot.

Izuku just scoffs in response as he keeps up his angsty teen act even though the truth is sprinkled in. “Stop it? They encouraged it. You want to know the first thing every single teacher I’ve ever had told the class right after they introduced their own name except for pre-school? ‘By the way, Midoriya is quirkless.’ You learn real fast how to run away and fix your own injuries when everyone around you wants you dead.”

The silence is deafening that even a pin drop would probably sound like a scream.
"Shit, I went too far, didn't I?"

“Look, can I go now? I really didn’t want to have this conversation ever.” Izuku adds tiredly. “I don’t want to miss anymore class than I have. Despite having a fight on the second day of school, I actually want to do well in class. I’m not a delinquent.”

Taking the silence as permission, Izuku opens the window and jumps out to rush off to class since the infirmary is on the first floor as the adults stare at his hasty exit.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/16, Checked for errors 3/12

Bruises by Transviolet

Scars left behind always led to more questions than answers.
Dancing With Your Ghost

Chapter Notes

It was just a prank bro. (≧≦)ノシ

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku usually jumps out of windows, not climbing up to one. Given how freaked out his classmates were, he kinda wanted to ‘lift up their spirits.’ Thus, a brilliant idea came to fruition.

Scaling the wall, Izuku climbs up to the window with his class that he had previously unlocked when he got scared by that Mineta kid.

**Show time!**

Stifling a laugh, Izuku quickly knocks on the window, careful to stay out of sight. Izuku could almost literally feel the confusion rolling off his classmates with their murmurs as he waits a minute before knocking again. Izuku could probably stay up there for a while and draw it out, but Izuku didn’t want to end up in the infirmary again because of a prank. Recovery Girl would probably kill him for that.

After another good minute, Izuku this time basically bangs the window, causing someone inside to lose their shit as a huge bang is echoed.

“Bakugo, please don’t throw your textbook around like that.” Present Mic says with an annoyed tone.

Holding in his laughter, he basically bangs the crap out of the window again but not so much that it breaks.

“Okay, which one of you fucks is messing with me?!?” Bakugo roars inside.

“Pay attention listener!”
Alright! Final phase.

Little by little the window is pulled down so no one would notice. Once it’s all the way down, Izuku bangs it again like the little shit he is.

“Alright, whoever that is, you’re dead!”

Just as Bakugo stomps towards the window, Izuku jumps up to meet him. “I LIVED!”

Bakugo would vehemently deny it, but Izuku definitely heard a slight noise that could have constituted being a scream or a laugh as he flinched backwards. Too bad that was overshadowed by his overwhelming rage as he pulls Izuku into the room by his collar of his shirt while he’s giggling like a little bitch at his superb prank.

“Oh man Kacchan! You should’ve seen your face!” Izuku laughs before he gives the punch line. “It was like you saw a ghost or something!”

“You cheeky little fuck! You think this is fucking funny?!” Bakugo screeches in his blinding rage.

“Of course I do.” Izuku retorts with a playful grin as he sets up his next joke. “I wanted to lift up everyone’s spirits. Did it work?”

After that joke, everyone howls in laughter as they start to see Izuku’s angle making him smile. Even Present Mic can’t contain his laughter. Except for Todoroki who looks as amused as emotionally stunted toaster.

Darn.

“I’m gonna kill you Deku!” Bakugo yells in his face, breaking him from his disappointment.

Oh, right. Should probably deal with the bomb.
“Can’t kill someone who already came back from the dead now can you?” Izuku smirks as it’s a slight inside joke between the two of them.

His friend stills from that, but Izuku doesn’t miss a beat as he reaches his seat after detangling himself from his friend’s grasp. “So, while I was six feet under, what did I miss?”

“When the fuck are you going to stop going through windows and fucking take the door like a normal person!?!?” Bakugo growls as he stalks over to Izuku’s desk as he takes out his supplies.

“As soon as stairs stop trying to kill me for no reason.” Izuku retorts happily. “Seriously, I’ve had to resort to taking the easiest exit way too many times just to avoid talking with death so often. She’s not exactly a happy camper with me after all. Probably sick of seeing me at this point.”

“You were fucking passed out nearly dead not even forty minutes ago.” Bakugo rolls his eyes as he drops into his own seat in front of Izuku. “God you’re insufferable when you’re cranky.”

“Aww! You do care!” Izuku chastises playfully as he starts writing down the notes on the board. “Plus, that bone hurting juice works wonders. Third time since school started baby! I think I’m going for a new record.”

“If your quirk didn’t break every fucking bone in your body, I would swear to fuck it was being a trouble magnet.”

Izuku’s eyes glisten with excitement. “Actually, that would make so much sense! I’ve got to test this out as soon as possible! Maybe I have two like Todoroki!”

Izuku feels the air turn slightly colder, making him think that he shouldn’t have said that even though Todoroki only has one technically.

**Sorry…**

“I hate you.” Bakugo scowls as the rest of the class just stares at the two, stifling their giggles.

“Wouldn’t expect anything less.” Izuku sighs as he finishes his act. “You wouldn’t be caught dead
any other way.”

Izuku may have more than deserved that explosion.

*This is going to be a great year!*

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/17, Checked for errors 3/12
Dancing With Your Ghost by Sasha Sloan

Izuku: *annoys the crap out of Bakugo*
Kastuki: Am I a fucking joke to you?
Izuku *smiling*: Yes
Katsuki: ...
Izuku: *still smiling*
Katsuki: RAAAAAAAGGGGGG!!!!
Izuku had gone the rest of classes without a single person asking him about it. And of course, that gorgeous streak was tainted the second school ended by his favorite teacher coming into the room dramatically like Jesus rising from the dead, making even Present Mic scurry out of the room with a loud yelp as even he was terrified by the aura his homeroom teacher was giving off.

“Midoriya, can I have a word with you privately?” Aizawa-sensei asserts after the final bell of the day dismisses the class to start putting away their things.

Okay, I am NEVER having this conversation.

“You know, I don’t think I will.” Izuku snidely remarks as he puts his things in his backpack to leave, getting a few giggles but also a few appalled looks from his classmates at his cheeky reference.

Aizawa-sensei does not seem to be in a laughing manner though. “Midoriya, it’s not up for debate.”

“Yeah, well last time I checked, neither was tripping over my feet, but I think I did pretty okay given the situation.” Izuku retorts as he slings his backpack onto his shoulders, trying to keep his boiling rage under control and wiped from showing on his face.

“Problem Child, stop making this difficult.” Aizawa-sensei snaps back with a very pissed off look. Izuku’s classmates are looking at him with extreme concern now, that makes him want to leave the room even faster.
Izuku doesn't even flinch at his teacher's unknowing scarring words triggering some VERY bad memories. Instead, he snarls back at him with a look of pure hate with some fear hidden deep underneath. “You know, I'm pretty sure heard that same _fucking excuse_ once before and if I'm remembering correctly, that ended up being the worst day of my life. So excuse me if I'm being _so_ difficult about having an impromptu making out session with the stairs.”

“Jesus Deku! Why the hell aren’t you being serious about this?!” Bakugo chastises, concerned for his weird outburst since Izuku had been totally fine before this terrible interaction from earlier.

“I am being completely serious about this.” Izuku plays dumb, his pissed off state of basically ten years of pent up feelings bursting at the seams, radiating heavily throughout the room. “Did you know 12,000 people a year die from stairs? I have a right to feel nervous when they are targeting innocent students like me who are just trying to get a humble education.”

The second those words came out of his mouth, Izuku came to regret them immediately as Aizawa-sensei spares no more seconds playing around, encasing him in his capture weapon. “Everyone, leave the room _now._”

His classmates all scurry out of the room at their teacher’s nonnegotiable request, with even Bakugo giving him both a concerned yet very much a death glare from his earlier prank as he leaves the room with them.

_Just great Izuku, can’t shut your stupid mouth when you are angry, can you?_

“As much as I enjoy this heartwarming embrace, I’m going to have to say I’m very uncomfortable as I _hate_ being touched.” Izuku snarks, trying to deflect hopefully from his previous statement with no such luck. “Very hard pass.”

Before Izuku let’s Aizawa-sensei give a reply, Izuku decides to deal with the eavesdroppers with an angry huff. “You know, I know all of you are listening just outside that door. As much as you all are dying to know what happened when I got intimate with the stairs earlier, I’d rather not deal with any of this today. Or ever again if I’m lucky.”

Aizawa-sensei just growls lowly for a moment, knowing Izuku is completely right. “Are you going to behave yourself now so we can go somewhere private to talk?”

Huffing to fake it till Izuku makes its, he ‘relents.’ “Fine. Clearly no one is on my side today.
Might as well rip this band-aid off before it becomes contagious. Maybe UA will install ramps in the stairwells just for me.”

“Are you always this snarky or is it because you are pissed?” Aizawa-sensei rhetorically asks as he releases Izuku from the awkward restraints.

“Absolutely livid.” Izuku pops out with a cheery smile on his face, obviously dripping with venomous sarcasm as he tightens his backpack straps in preparation for his daring escape.

*He’ll never know what hit him ;)*

The second they are in the hallway with his nosy classmates, Izuku grins wickedly as he rushes to the open window he noticed earlier being fixed for repairs or something that morning. Aizawa-sensei is completely pissed at his not so subtle retreat and rushes after him, leaving his classmates completely stunned by the whole kerfuffle.

With a peace sign and a shit eating grin, Izuku backflips right out the window like he’s done so many times before, grabbing to the ledge as he jumps down periodically until he’s on solid ground again. Looking up to his confused classmates and his absolutely fuming teacher, Izuku blows a kiss in his sass and pettiness.

“If it’s any consolation, you’re technically the first teacher I ever did that to!”

After that, Izuku absolutely speeds away like a mad demon towards the gates to escape, knowing if he doesn’t, Aizawa-sensei will drag him back within an inch of his life at this point in spite for his little stunt.

Nedzu is enjoying his freshly brewed cup of tea when Shouta storms into the room. All Might almost drops his own cup with how murderous he looks.

“I’m going to kill that Problem Child.”
Updated 12/17, Checked for errors 3/12

Crosses by José González

"Have a problem or something causing you grief that you want to avoid like the plague? Throwing yourself out windows always works for me." --Izuku
Lying To You

Chapter Notes

Tantrum?
Yuppies.
Trauma does that to a person I hear.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The second Izuku gets home, he dives into his room to find his personal voice changer from his vigilante days that he commandeered for situations like this and his burner phone that he set for his ‘Mom’ on the contact list for his school contacts. Clipping it on and giving it a test run to switch between the two settings, Izuku presses the call button to call back who he assumes was the school, who, apparently has already called three times.

**Fantastic.**

“Hello this is Midoriya Inko. You called me earlier, but I was unavailable to the phone. To whom am I speaking with?” Izuku asks as formally as possible in his ‘mother’s voice.’

“Hello Ma’am. My name is Aizawa Shouta and I’m Midoriya’s homeroom teacher. There are a few things I wanted to talk to you about today concerning your son.”

“He got into a fight, didn’t he?” Izuku hesitantly asks as if she expected it.

“Midoriya-san, he did get into a fight, but that’s not what we wanted to discuss with you as the most important topic.” Aizawa-sensei replies as if he’s going to have an aneurism. “Are you aware of your son being previously bullied?”

Izuku fakes a choke as if he’s being emotional. “Yes, I am. Izuku he… doesn’t like to talk to anyone about it, but I know it’s been an ongoing problem. I think he just wants to spare my feelings about it and not make me worry. Tell me, what happened today.”

“Midoriya-san your son was cornered by three students today and they proceeded to attack him unprovoked. He got a black eye, several cracked ribs, and a twisted ankle. Our nurse healed him
up, so please make no mistake that he’s in top shape now. The students that attacked him will be
punished for their transgressions and your son will not be punished for defending himself.”

“Are… are you telling the truth?” Izuku hesitantly broaches, not really believing what he’s hearing.

“Here at UA, we take bullying very seriously as we have a zero-tolerance policy.” Aizawa-sensei
affirms almost with slight anger. “Is there a reason we should be worried?”

Izuku starts silently sobbing. “I-It’s just t-that n-no one would help h-him before. He’s come h-
home with so m-many injuries that I’ve lost count. He always says he’s okay with a smile, but I’ve
been so afraid for him. I’ve tried to talk to teachers before and they always assured me everything
was alright, or they misdirected the blame onto Izuku.”

“Did you go to the police to report the bullying?”

“I’ve wanted too, but Izuku never wants to.” Izuku gives reluctantly. “He’s a very kind boy. He
always thought about the best of even those bullying him. He said he never wanted them to ever be
arrested and their futures be taken away from them. He always blamed the teachers, not his peers.
We made a compromise long ago that if he talked to me about it, I wouldn’t force him to go report
it. It’s been good for him.”

_Talking meaning my own version of ‘self-care’… that I don’t do anymore…_

“I understand, but he has scars that aren’t normal.” Aizawa-sensei protests. “There is one scar I am
particularly worried about. Did you know there is a scar that looks like a stab wound over his
heart?”

Izuku deadpans as he 'acts' shocked. “Excuse me what?”

“Midoriya-san, there is a possibility that he’s was almost killed from that injury.” Aizawa-sensei
returns almost with anger directed towards him. “Did you not know?”

Izuku acts with anger to keep up an act to not be discovered. “No, I did not know his bullying went
that far. The most I’ve seen is burns, scrapes, and other quirk related injuries. Izuku’s never let
anyone see himself shirtless. He’s very self-conscious, even around me…How bad is bad Aizawa-
san?”
“Recovery Girl, our health resident expert who treated your son today, said there was a very low chance of him surviving that attack without medical assistance.”

I didn’t…

Izuku gives a few moments of silence to add for effect. “I understand. Is there anything else you need to tell me about? I need to have a long talk with Izuku.”

“Izuku! I need to speak with you!” Izuku shouts by covering the phone.

“No Midoriya-san, that’s everything for now. I do think we need to plan to meet soon though. I’m concerned for your son’s wellbeing.”

“I understand.” Izuku reluctantly admits as he switches off the voice receiver to switch to his real voice. Taking a few steps towards the door, he opens it as if it’s him entering. “Mom?”

Switching back, she addresses him. “Izuku give me a moment, I’m almost done.”

“When would you want to meet?” Izuku asks into the phone trying not to panic.

“Preferably within the next week. Let us know your earliest convenience. Have a good day Midoriya-san.”

“You too.” Izuku clicks off the voice changer and ends the call.

FUCK!

As Shouta ends the conference call, he looks at Nedzu and All Might with a look that is seeded in hate.
“What do you think?” Shouta broaches the rat carefully to keep his emotions in check in case he’s wrong in his assumptions.

“She never referred to Midoriya as her son once.” The bear takes a careful sip of his warm tea. “And what’s more worrying is that she seemed not used to using his first name, which is highly irregular. I also highly doubt she had no idea her son had a stab wound like that unless her son is exceptional at hiding high risk injuries.”

“Then…” All Might contemplates, worried for his successor.

“It’s possible.” The dog puts down the cup. “I suggest that we back off for now and try to gain Midoriya’s trust if we can. Right now, it seems he doesn’t trust us at all due to bad experiences with teachers.”

“You can’t be serious.” Shouta almost shouts, nearly losing his composure. “Recovery Girl said that scar was probably only about a year old. Some of those other scars are at most ten years old. There is no way bullies did that type of damage at that age, even if they used their quirks.”

Nedzu gives him a contemplative look. “I understand your concerns Aizawa. It’s also equally possible that the aggressor is the father given that he never mentioned him to you and the fact he’s not an emergency contact. We need to play the long game if we are going to help him. We don’t hold all of the cards and I feel like even now, we don’t have even the whole deck.”

“I’ll talk to him tomorrow. I’ve known him for the longest.” All Might suggests with a determined look. “He might trust me enough to talk and tell me.”

“All Might, please. If he was willing to tell you, he would have already done so. He clearly doesn't trust adult figures at the moment.” The dog shoots a look at him when All Might attempts a rebuttal. “Let us wait for his meeting with his mother first. We can have Recovery Girl check up on him tomorrow just in case she did anything. If she did, we would have evidence to remove him from his home. If he doesn’t come to school tomorrow, then we can get an officer to check up on his wellbeing. We must deal with this with professionalism or we will fail our student.”

“I understand.” All Might backs off reluctantly. “But if I even see a single bruise on him, I won’t hesitate to help him. He deserves better.”
“Don’t worry All Might.” Shouta reassures with a dangerous glint. “The sentiment is mutual.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/17, Checked for errors 3/12

Lying To You by Goldroom

A/N: I really like this chapter because it gives Izuku the first glimpse that maybe he can actually trust his teachers.

Onward Ladies and Gents and all in-between or not!
Izuku spent a lot of last night venting his frustrations out on his punching bag in his Mom’s old room. Since she ‘moved out,’ Izuku sold the bed and transformed it into his own small personal gym. There’s still the guest room, but it’s not like anyone would ever come over anyway. He may have gone a little overboard with the workout where he needed to wrap up his knuckles, but at least he’s not too sleep deprived as he did actually go to bed. Didn’t do much good as he does have slight bags under his eyes though. Thankfully, it’s still slightly cold outside, so he wears thin gloves to cover up his bandages.

*What I am supposed to do now? They aren’t stupid. Of course, they want to meet mom. Maybe I could hire someone to be my mom for a day or something…*

Despite his excitement to work on his notebook, his mood is very low as he sits in the classroom drawing his classmate’s costumes, waiting for class to start. He got there even before Iida again, actually being an hour early as he wanted to apologize to his teacher without everyone being there to watch. He felt extremely guilty since they actually seemed like they genuinely wanted to help over the phone. It was at least more than he’s ever gotten previously anyway. The door finally opens after a good ten minutes upon arriving, revealing his teacher that he ditched yesterday.

*Speak of the devil and he shall appear. At least he doesn’t look like he’s going to rip my head off…*

Izuku closes his notebook and gets ready to apologize.

“*I--*”

“*Why--*”

Izuku closes his mouth, waiting for his teacher to go first.
“You first Midoriya.”

Izuku nods. “I’m sorry Aizawa-sensei. I shouldn’t have treated you like that. I’m mad that you tried to drag an interrogation out of me, but I understand why. I just wanted to formally apologize for my behavior. While I would do it again in the same setting, I still regret it deeply. Please excuse my rude behavior.”

“Next time, don’t jump out windows to solve your problems.” Aizawa-sensei gruffly replies.

Izuku smirks mischievously. “No promises!”


“That, I can get behind.” Izuku giggles. “I don’t want that.”

“What’s up with the gloves kid?” Aizawa-sensei asks after eyeing them for a good minute.

Izuku grimaces. “Training. I went a little overboard.”

Aizawa-sensei tenses while looking him over for some reason he doesn’t know, spurring him to just explain. “Yesterday was kickboxing, so I may have vented my frustrations a little too much on the bag. It’s not bad, I just wanted to avoid the questions my classmates would have. Plus, it’s cold today anyway.”

He raises an eyebrow at Izuku. “Kickboxing?”

Izuku nods. “Yeah, I have a menu. I’m not actually sparring though. I’m learning on the bag right now.”

“Would you like Recovery Girl to have a look? You wouldn’t have to wear the gloves all day then.” Aizawa-sensei offers.
Izuku frowns at his teacher, reading that he’s got an ulterior motive for some reason given how tense that question was. “Um...sure?”

“Come on kid, let’s get you patched up.” Aizawa-sensei starts for the door, leading Izuku to join him.

Checking their surroundings, Izuku asks the question on his mind in a hushed whisper. “So, how much did they tell you about me?”

“Who do you mean?” Aizawa-sensei asks after narrowing his eyes.

“All Might. Who else?” Izuku asks with a confused look on his face.

“Oh.” He pauses their walk for a moment. “We’ll talk in the nurse’s office. I’m guessing he neglected to tell me somethings then.”

“You and me both.” Izuku admits quietly that cause his teacher to look at him with a concerned look as they continue their walk.

“Midoriya, what do you mean by that?”

“It’s obvious.” Izuku states as a matter of fact. “It’s obvious that All Might hasn’t told me some things just as obvious that you have a dual motive to taking me to the infirmary. Don’t worry, I’m not sure why nor am I going to run away, just wanted to point it out that I’m not oblivious. I just wanted to know at which level you are with this whole thing since I don’t want to tell you something I shouldn’t on accident. Honestly, I'm not even totally sure who all knows at this point, though I'm guessing that you, Recovery Girl, and Nedzu know.”

“I’m going to kill All Might, I swear.” His teacher growls with a scowl. “If he hasn’t told you or me everything, he’s more of an idiot than I thought.”

“I wouldn’t.” Izuku defends as he remembers their time on the beach training together. “The things he hasn’t told me are personal, I think. It makes him really sad. It’s why I haven’t pushed him about it. I think he’s just trying to come to terms with how to tell me.”
“Let’s just get you patched up.” Aizawa-sensei relents as he opens the door for Izuku to step through to the infirmary.

Once he sees Recovery Girl peek her head out her office, Izuku gives her a sheepish look with a wave. “Did you miss me?”

“I was expecting you.” She responds with her arms crossed.

“Oh.” Suddenly really want to jump out a window right now…

“Don’t give me that look mister. I need to check on your ribs again to make sure there wasn’t any internal bleeding I missed.”

“He hurt his hands from ‘training’ as well.” Aizawa-sensei air quotes without actually moving his hands that makes Recovery Girl’s visage shift harshly for a split second.

“Alright dear, let’s get you checked out.” Recovery Girl motions Izuku to follow her into her office. There, she pats one of the beds where Izuku complies as he sits down.

“Take off your top dear.” Izuku complies hesitantly, avoiding eye contact as he really doesn’t want to look at others seeing his scars, though he doesn’t miss the harsh intake of breath from his teacher at the sight of them. She pokes and prods, asking if it hurts or anything. Izuku gives the same answers as nothing seems to hurt. As soon as she’s done, he quickly puts it back on, the cloth a comforting thing that grounds him. The tie is always a fickle thing, but he manages.

Once he’s done, he removes his gloves as he knows he’s not going to get out of it.

“Let’s see those hands then.” Recovery Girl hums as she removes Izuku’s perfect wraps exposing his bruised knuckles. Thankfully the breaks in his skin don’t look as bad as they did last night when he initially cleaned them up.

“You shouldn’t train like this. It’s unhealthy.” She clicks her tongue as she moves his hands about for a better look of the damage. “I swear, you’ve already been here four times for your injuries and it’s not even past the first week yet.”
“I know.” Izuku softly admits. “Sorry.”

“Something specific that made you need to vent?” Recovery Girl inquires as she cleans his hands with an alcohol wipe for any extra germs.

“Bullies.” Izuku basically growls. Bastards…

“You don’t have to worry about them again.” Aizawa-sensei assures. “We took care of them.”

“You didn’t expel them, did you?” Izuku asks hesitantly in worry. “They don’t deserve that.”

“Midoriya.”

“Oh.” Izuku may have lost a tear at that.

“Cut out the dramatics Aizawa.” Recovery Girl swats at his teacher with her cane after seeing Izuku’s distress. “They aren’t expelled, but they have been punished.”

“Oh?” Izuku brightens, wiping his discrete tear away.

“They have been forced to take anger management therapy or they will be expelled immediately. We suspended them for a week as their behavior was unacceptable.” Aizawa-sensei explains thoroughly. “They have also been revoked their privileges to participate in the Sports Festival. In fact, there will be an announcement in all classes today regarding our bullying policy and what will happen if something like this happens again.”

“You didn’t have to do that.” Izuku admits honestly, causing his teacher to scowl. “But I’m glad you did something. Thank you.”

“Okay dear. Let’s get you all healed up.” Recovery gives Izuku a small kiss, making his hands heal. For once, he feels really tired from it, making his eyes droop so much that she notices. “Are you okay sweetheart?”
Izuku rubs his eyes. “I’m tired.”

“Strange.” She admits with an analyzing gaze. “You didn’t have any problems with being tired before when I healed you, despite that supposed to be the norm with literally ever patient I’ve ever treated.”

That wakes Izuku up. “Your quirk is healing. Could you tell me about it? It’s rare that I get to ask someone with one.”

“My quirk allows me to speed up the body’s normal recovery process, but that takes a lot of energy out of a person.” She explains with a laugh. “It’s supposed to make them tired. The first time I healed you with your broken bones, you should have been knocked out for at least three solid hours. Yet you just jumped right up like nothing.”

“Huh.” Izuku just contemplates for a solid minute. “Maybe my quirk gives me extra energy or something.”

“Midoriya, I know about One for All.” Aizawa-sensei informs. “I don’t think it works like that given what Recovery Girl and All Might have told me.”

Izuku scowls realizing he talked out loud, now needing to cover it up. “I meant the other one I can’t ever figure out whether I have it or not. Though extra energy wouldn’t work since I still get tired and go to bed normally. Maybe it’s just because I’m too used to running away with injuries that it increased my stamina. Recovery Girl, you said it makes people tired, right? Then it must deal with a person’s stamina since it’s using the body’s natural healing processes but accelerated. Maybe my threshold is just higher because of that. I still felt tired the other times too, just not like this.”

“You really are a smart cookie.” Recovery Girl chuckles. “I never said anything about stamina, yet you arrived right at it with no extra information and just a few times watching it in action. To answer your question young man, it’s possible. But then the question begs is why your current stamina is so low to make you this tired.”

“You are less of a brat today.” Aizawa-sensei observes with slight smug smirk.
“S-sorry.” Izuku looks down, embarrassed.

“How about you take a nap for a bit dear?” Recovery Girl suggests bringing back up the mood. “I’ll wake you back up before class starts, don’t you worry.”

“Um, sure.” Izuku watches as they leave the room, allowing Izuku to get comfortable to take a nap. Closing his eyes, he drifts off.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/17, Checked for errors 3/12
Blame It On The Kids by AViVA

Venting through training?
Izuku!
Bad! You know better! >:( 
Freaking Out

Chapter Notes

The class is about to figure out how far the rabbit hole goes with Izuku's hobbies :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Wake up dear. Your class starts in ten minutes.”

“N-nooooo…” Groaning as he snuggles tighter in the sheets, Izuku reluctantly opens his eyes as he sits up on the bed, blinking in a daze for a moment before sliding off. “Thanks Recovery Girl.”

“No problem dear. If you need another nap during lunch time, don’t hesitate to seek me out.” She offers with a warm smile. “Now get your butt out of here before Aizawa gives me a lecture.”

“Right. Right.”

Rubbing his eyes, Izuku leaves the infirmary to head out to class. The walk back isn’t too long, but once he’s outside the door, he can hear some commotion going on inside.

Wonder what’s got everyone so excited…

Shrugging, Izuku enters the room.

“You stupid fucks shouldn’t be snooping!”

“But Bakugo, it’s so cool!” Uraraka whines. “I just learned something new from it that I want to try out right away!”

“Yeah Bakubro! How can we not? It’s so detailed!”
“Don’t fucking call me that Shitty Hair!”

“Bro, my name is Kirishima.”

“Now it’s Shitty Hair.”

“What are you guys fighting over?” Izuku sleepily asks as he yawns.

“Midoriya!”

Izuku feels cornered as his classmates basically swamp him, making him wake up a bit. “Um, what’s up?”

“You have to teach us your ways!” Ashido beams, getting a little too close for comfort.

“What?”

“Your notebook.”

Izuku blanks. And then proceeds to freak out.

“Oh my god I am so sorry I didn’t mean to write about you guys in my notebook! You all just have such amazing quirks that I couldn’t help it. Please forgive me!”

“Woah dude, take a breath.” Kirishima says after seeing Izuku freak. “What did you even say?”

Taking a shaky breath, Izuku tries again as he bows to apologize. “I’m really sorry for writing about you guys in my notebook. You all just have such fascinating quirks that I couldn’t help it. It’s just a stupid hobby I have. I swear I didn’t mean to do it in a weird way. Just please don’t destroy it. I worked really hard on it…”
Once he raises his head, he sees very conflicted looks on their faces, prompting him to freak out even more on the verge of tears. “P-please, I w-won’t d-do it a-again. Just don’t get rid of it. Is there anything I can do to change your minds?”

Their silence makes him even more worried as he bows further for their forgiveness. “Look, I’ll tear out your pages and you can get rid of them if that’s better. I already have them mostly memorized in case it gets damaged. Just please don’t get rid of the entire thing. I have other heroes and villains in there. Rewriting takes a large chunk of time to complete. Please, I beg you.”

“Nerd, you’re fucking overreacting to your hero fight stalker tendencies.”

“W-what?” Izuku looks over his classmates and sees remorse and pity in their eyes.

Uraraka comes forward with his notebook in her hands, making him increasingly worried. “I’m sorry Deku-kun. We didn’t mean to look at it if it upset you. But we don’t hate what you wrote. In fact, we are all really impressed!”

She hands him the #14 notebook, which Izuku immediately grabs for, inspecting each page carefully for any damage. Thankfully, it’s intact.

“You don’t think it’s weird?” Izuku broaches carefully as he gauges his classmates for deception. The last time someone said it was interesting, his notebook got mysteriously chucked in the water on a school field trip when he was away from his school bag. Drying it took forever so he could rewrite it.

“While I don’t agree with how Uraraka obtained the information, everything you wrote about us was certainly eye-opening. It is simply extraordinary how fast you’ve come up with that information with only seeing our quirks in action twice.” Iida stoically declares as the rest of the class nods in agreement. “In fact, I think the feeling is mutual that we’d love to hear your ideas about our quirks.”

“R-really?” Izuku’s eyes sparkle with excitement at the prospect of it. “I can ask you anything about your quirks and you wouldn’t hate me for it? I have so many questions!”

“Why would we hate you for helping us get better?” Yaoyorozu questions with a worried look.
Izuku excitement instantly dies as he pales, thinking it might be a trick to lull him into a false sense of security for a moment.

“Social hour is over. Go to your seats.” Aizawa-sensei growls, obviously looking very pissed off from something.

Regardless of his tiredness, Izuku rushed to his desk to get ready for class just as fast as the rest of his classmates.

“Alright. Today, we have something important to do.” Aizawa-sensei projects, giving everyone a stern look.

“I wonder what it is…”

“I hope it’s not like the first test…”

Whispers spread across the room as it tests their teacher’s patience. “Silence!”

Izuku feels a terrible headache spilt through his head as he bears with it in his agony. “Ugh…”

“Problem Midoriya?” Aizawa-sensei drills holes into him as the pain subsides.

“Sorry sir, too loud and I’m tired.” Izuku deflects with another yawn as he feels even more tired from whatever that headache was.

*Sleep hangover much…*

“Then next time get proper sleep.” Izuku gives him a noncommittal hum as his teacher continues, discretely wiping away blood that leaks out from his nose for some reason. “As I was saying, we have something important to do today. We are choosing class representatives. Do whatever you want, I’m going to take a nap while you figure it out.”

Their teacher slinks into his sleeping bag, already in the process of taking his much-needed nap.
“Pick me, I want to be the representative!”

“No way, I’m the best suited for the job!”

“You extras should just pick me and be done with it! I’m the best, so of course I’d be the leader!”

Izuku just puts his head down as his classmates try to duke it out as he just wants to drown out the shouting.

“Everyone please!” Iida projects, catching everyone’s attention. “We should do a vote. That way the right person can be chosen for the position.”

“Wouldn’t everyone just vote for themselves?” Asui points out.

“Not necessarily.” Izuku mentions, drawing his attention to himself with his head turned towards his classmates even though his head never leaves his desk. “There’s bound to be at least one of us who trusts someone else in the room. Even if the votes aren’t high in numbers, there’s still that. If that doesn’t work, rock paper scissors works if no one can agree or if there is a tie.”

“I agree with Deku-kun. Let’s get the vote underway!” Uraraka cheers.

Izuku is handed a slip of paper which doesn’t take long for him to write his answer. Iida is certainly the best choice for the job. He’s earnest to a fault, but that is a good quality in a leader role. He also knows how to prioritize for the sake and wellbeing of the team. Plus, if he needs to explain past that, he saved Izuku from a worse headache due to all the yelling. Discretely placing his vote in the hat, Izuku slumps back into his chair to rest his eyes for bit. Which doesn’t last too long.

“WHO THE FUCK VOTED FOR HIM?!”
Certainly not you. Izuku grumbles at his friend as he raises his head to see the results.

“…”

Izuku promptly bangs his head against his desk hard and groans in his frustration. “Why…”

“Well, it seems like you have all chosen your class representatives now. Yaoyorozu is the vice and Midoriya is the class rep. Now, stop wasting time and let’s begin class.”

Izuku jumps straight into taking notes, but he can’t help but notice the cat grin his teacher has worn the entire time once the results had been posted. Almost as if he knows Izuku’s suffering.

Traitor.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/18, Checked for errors 3/12

Freaking Out by A R I Z O N A

Izuku *attempting to nap*: I'm just a tired bean and want to sleep like our teacher. Figure it out and peace.

Class *impressed with his antics and leadership skills*: Midoriya is our perfect candidate for class rep.

Izuku: ...

Izuku: WHYYYYYYYYYYYYY???????????????
“Hey Deku-kun?”

Izuku raises his head from staring at his food in his chopsticks. “Yeah Uraraka?"

She seems to mentally stumble before sticking with a sweet smile. “Being the class representative must be great, right?”

“Oh. That.” Izuku picks at his food.

Her face falls. “You don’t like it?”

Izuku shakes his tired head. “I didn’t want to be the class representative.”

Iida swallows his current bite with a concerned look. “Why? You are a perfect fit for the position. It’s why I voted for you.”

“I never said I wouldn’t do it.” Izuku admits while taking a sip of his tea he purchased to help get some caffeine in him. “I just didn’t vote for myself because I thought someone else was better suited for the job.”

“Oh, who’d you pick?” Uraraka straightens her back as if intrigued for his answer.
“Iida.” Izuku scoots a bit of his rice around in his bento as Iida looks at his friend with eyes that are about to start bawling because he was his singular vote. “He’s shown me through our battle trial together as well as before the vote took place that he’s better suited for it. He knows how to bring us together and works past everyone’s different personalities to complete a task at hand. That’s what a leader does.”

“Yeah, I can totally see what you mean about--”

A loud sound rings throughout the cafeteria with an ominous message, sending everyone around them to panic. Izuku controls his breathing as he shifts into survival mode, searching the crowd for answers.

“A level three security breach? What does that mean?” Iida asks as an upperclassman rushes past.

“It means someone has infiltrated the campus! We need to get out of here!”

His friends rush forward, but Izuku hangs back, the feeling in the air chilling.

_Somethings wrong…_

Izuku approaches the window carefully, looking out to see the media yelling at some of the teachers. “Hey, it’s just the--”

Izuku stops his train of thought the second a wave of death comes over him, sending him into panic mode to figure out where it is coming from and why. Izuku spots someone in a black hoodie standing a bit farther away from the media, the vultures. It’s only after a few seconds of staring at the figure does he see him turn towards him with a wide grin that creeps him out to the bone, his irritated skin making him look dead. Looking closer, Izuku notices some type of dust on his hands.

_What the fuck?_

“EVERYONE!”

Izuku jerks his attention back towards the panicking students to see Iida on the ceiling getting
everyone’s attention.

“IT’S JUST THE MEDIA! THERE IS NO REASON TO PANIC! WE ARE UA STUDENTS, SO ACT LIKE IT!”

By the time Izuku turns back, the mystery man is gone, leaving only a pool of dread behind.

Izuku basically abandons his food, electing to head to the classroom despite his friends’ adamant protests to stay. Given what happened yesterday, he doesn’t blame them for worrying as they probably have an idea what happened despite Izuku’s attempts to shelter them from it. But the feeling of doom hasn’t left him, leading him to seek out his notebook for comfort in his uneasiness of the situation.

Without really meaning to, Izuku ends up drawing the strange man on his next blank page, sending him in a downward spiral on what to do.

_I should tell someone right? But how can I frame it where I don’t say I have a quirk? Weird vibes maybe?_

Finishing the final touches on his drawing, Izuku hears his classmates start to return just outside the room before he can start putting down his analysis of what the mystery person's quirk could be. Deciding not to deal with their questions, Izuku puts his notebook away as he readies for their afternoon classes even though his mind is racing through the possibilities for why they were here on campus.

As soon as everyone is back in the classroom, Izuku can’t help but feel all of the eyes on him.

_That’s super creepy…if being the class rep is like this too, I might actually try to figure out how to kill myself—_

“Deku, stop fucking mumbling like a creep.”

Izuku instantly turns red, clamping down his mouth, looking around if someone actually heard
what his word vomit entailed. To his relief, no one seems to have noticed, so it must have just been Bakugo. Thankfully, he didn’t understand it or simply ignored it, otherwise that would’ve been super awkward.

“S-sorry.”

Izuku diverts his attention to one of his classmates’ conversations to distract himself from his embarrassment as he finishes the final touches to his notes in his head, coming up with the idea that the quirk the person had was related to the dust he saw as well as the irritated skin.

He only breaks out of his circular thoughts on the matter when he overhears them talking about Iida’s actions to stop the stampede. The praise coming out of their mouths makes him internally grin as it gives him the perfect excuse to get rid of the unnecessary responsibilities he never wanted and give it to someone he knows would uphold the office with vigor.

Perfect!

The second Aizawa-sensei enters the room, Izuku enacts his plan with a hidden smirk.

“Aizawa-sensei?” Izuku prompts with a hand raised before his teacher can address the class.

“What is it Midoriya?” His teacher basically grumbles back.

“I think I should step down from being the Class Representative. I think I am not fit to do it.” Izuku innocently mentions. “I believe someone else is better suited for the job than me.”

Of course, the class riots at Izuku's declaration before Iida calms everyone down, giving Izuku even more ammo to make this go down how he wants.

“I’ve been thinking about it since the moment we held the vote.” Izuku adds the match to the wood, allowing his classmates to come to the conclusion he wants. “I’m sorry guys, it’s just that I feel like Iida is better suited for it. It’s why I voted for him anyway.”

“You know, Iida did a good job getting everyone’s attention earlier.”
“Yeah! Iida looked like the Exit Sign man.”

“Exit Sign Iida!”

Izuku then enacts his final nail in the coffin. “Aizawa-sensei, it’s within the class representative’s powers to elect and appoint other class officers, correct?”

Aizawa-sensei grumbles. “I don’t really care how you do this. I just want it to be over.”

Izuku nods understanding the underlying message to hurry it along if he wants to do something. “Then as my first and last act as the class rep, I appoint Iida as the new class rep. Of course, if the majority agrees and Iida wants to.”

Iida looks close to tears to Izuku’s declaration. “If the class would have me, then I humbly accept the position.”

Izuku gives a sigh of relief when his classmates agree, prompting him to notice the holes his teacher is burning at him with… concern? Izuku just flashes him a simple smile to show it was his plan all along.

“If that’s over with, we have class to do.” Aizawa-sensei clears his throat as he continues. “We are going to be doing sparing today. Head over to Gym Gamma after putting on your gym uniforms. You have ten minutes, don’t waste my time any more than you have.”

The death glare directed straight at Izuku is not missed in the slightest.

**Ouch, salty much?**

Chapter End Notes

*Updated 12/18, Checked for errors 3/12*
So, I found this ABSOLUTE gem of a fan fic that you totes should check out (spoilers, many tears incoming):

- [Trial by Fire](https://example.com)  by Glon_Morski

Also currently binging this one which is great in its own right:

- [Out Of Darkness](https://example.com)  by Arrival_Of_Dawn
Izuku being the weird bean he is... until panic ensues...

*Warning*
Panic Attack, PTSD Attack

Izuku speed demons through dressing in the bathroom in his excitement, being the first one done way before everyone else. Clearly Bakugo notices with a raised eyebrow as he changes his shirt and Izuku just gives a simple shrug as a response as he steps out of the locker room.

**What? I’m excited to spar, okay?**

Despite his exhaustion setting in full swing, Izuku is rocking on his feet with a smile on his face as he waits for his classmates to arrive. His teacher is studying him per usual as he vibrates with anticipation.

Sighing, his teacher decides to speak since they have a free minute or two before the rest of the bandwagon joins them, “I can’t tell if you are actually energized, or so tired that you’ve come full circle to a jittery mess.”

Izuku snorts with a sad sigh. “To be honest, I wish I had coffee right about now because I feel pretty dead. Tea can only take you so far.”

“Hmm…”

“So, no quirks, huh?” Izuku inquires mischievously.

“Who told you?” His teacher looks at him curiously with an air of caution.

Izuku smirks. “You just did.”
That gets a genuine laugh out of his teacher, making Izuku smile honestly. “I can’t get a good read on you kid.”

*Oh, going for the low shots then huh?*

“That’s okay. No one ever does.” Izuku shrugs. “Or wants to for that matter.”

His teacher shifts back to concern.

*Aaaaannnnddd instant mood killer. Damn.*

“How do you like school so far kid?”

“It’s been great.” Izuku admits honestly. “Yesterday doesn’t count though.”

Aizawa-sensei cocks an eyebrow. “Doesn’t count?”

“Well, for one All Might underestimated me again. Not a big shocker there though. He means well. If not him, it would’ve been another teacher anyway. Second, bullies. Third…” Izuku trails off, not wanting to get into the whole mess with not having parents.

“Third?”

“Oh, would you look at the time, everyone’s here hahaha…” Izuku chuckles nervously as his classmates start to trickle in.

Izuku may be sweating to death from his teacher’s harsh glare, but damn is he not touching that with a ten-foot pole.

*Big nope. Thank god for distractions!*
Izuku smiles sweetly as his friends bound up to him. Izuku also notices Todoroki silently observing him from afar, but he’s not sure where they are at since their first conversation. His joke yesterday did not have the intended effect, but instead made him seem more distant and colder.

**Ha. Colder.** Izuku instantly cringes from his own thoughts. **Okay I’ll just die now.**

“Alright, listen up.” Aizawa-sensei grumbles as he removes his sleeping bag from his person. “Since a certain someone thought it was a good idea to jump straight into combat training without any basic training, I’m going to be picking up his slack.”

**Hey! Don’t call out my dad like this!**

Izuku zones out as his teacher shows them proper techniques to capture your opponent and various other stuff on a basic level. Izuku only comes back to the discussion when he’s being called on.

“Midoriya, what do you do when someone is attempting to grab you from the front?” Aizawa-sensei questions, noticing Izuku in his own little world.

“Pirouette roundhouse kick.” Izuku automatically responds before realizing he was even answering the question. “I-I m-mean…d-dodge t-to t-their blind spot?”

His teacher shifts as the technique is very advanced, yet not the correct one for most forms of combat. “A pirouette roundhouse kick… How did you come to that observation?”

Izuku sweats nervously as he prepares to lie. “Um, I just said the first thing that came to mind? I wasn’t really paying attention. S-sorry…”

“Midoriya, step into the ring.” His teacher commands after a moment of silence.

Izuku freezes. “What?”

“We are going to spar.” Aizawa-sensei states with a contemplative grin. “Since you didn’t pay
attention, you’ve got to last five minutes with me or you’ll be running five miles as punishment.”

Izuku gulps anxiously as something tells him choosing the five easy miles off the bat will lead to severe consequences. “S-sure.”

Stiff as a board, Izuku enters the sparring ring. Izuku takes a deep breath and assumes a defensive stance much more fit for dodging as he relaxes the tension away. His teacher cocks an eyebrow, obviously seeing his apprehension to attacking. The first lesson his mother’s trainers made him learn from experience was never attack first unless you want to hurt worse. It’s better to observe your opponent’s quirk and fighting style first before you go for the kill.

“Five minutes. Go.”

Aizawa-sensei charges forward without mercy, making Izuku look for openings to dodge as his form turns into a blur. Every swipe at him misses as he imagines each one as a knife going for the kill just as his mother always instructed. Dying is the best motivator after all.

Izuku breathes evenly as he analyzes his teacher as he jumps back for distance. A smirk is given back to him as he realizes his teacher was just toying with him. Preparing for the next attack, Izuku shifts to a more kick related stance to kick into high gear, obviously seeing where his teacher might go with his ‘teaching.’

His teacher comes back at him, obviously going for a grab that’s way too fast for Izuku to simply dodge. The answer is quite simple: parry. Relying on his training, Izuku performs a perfect pirouette roundhouse kick that hits his teacher square in the face, sending him back a few paces. Izuku didn’t even have to put much power into it as gravity and his teacher’s momentum did most of the work for him.

His teacher rubs his face, probably since he got dirt in his face. Izuku hopes it’s not in his eyes though. That would just be cruel since it’s just sparing and not a death match.

“Interesting. Your first instinct is to actually parry, not dodge when someone tries to grab you as you used my own attack on myself. The correct answer was actually to get into your opponent’s blind spot for a take down like you said afterwards, but you instead worked around it to get the upper hand with a parry as you said with your first answer. Why is that?”

Izuku doesn’t speak in case it’s a ruse to catch him off guard. Instead, Izuku waits for his teacher to
make the next move. Never talk in a fight as it distracts you and you will suffer for it. He got many
bruises for him to never forget that lesson. Noticing he’s not getting an answer from his hyper
focused student, his teacher kicks it up a gear as he uses his capture weapon to make a swipe at
him. Not missing a beat, Izuku expertly dodges until he slips on a rock that makes him fall forward.

Aizawa-sensei drives his knee into Izuku’s back as he doesn’t waste the opportunity, making Izuku
flash back to when that boy had him pinned down as his teacher grabs his right wrist. Lost to his
panic, Izuku jabs his teacher in the kidney with his free arm, allowing him enough time to get back
up and throat punch him, even though it misses its mark.

Izuku doesn’t stop his assault as he continues to attack his attacker as he completely switches his
style to an offensive to take down the boy sneering in his ear, their collective jeers filling him up. It
isn’t until he’s thrashing around in his teacher’s capture weapon that he realizes he’s not breathing
right to fight them off properly anymore.

“Kid, calm down.” A voice instructs as he panics. “Just breathe.”

“Stay away.” Izuku lowly threatens as he reaches for his knife in his pocket that he never goes
without now as he doesn’t trust UA anymore since the bathroom incident. Discretely, Izuku cuts at
the tape with the wire cutter setting as the boys’ snicker at him.

“Problem Child seriously breathe. You are having a panic attack.”

Izuku doesn’t respond as he tries his best to soothe his nerves as he sees himself back in his mom’s
training room. His mother’s commanding instructions hitting his ears, making him realize it’s not
real, just him being lost to his panic. The second he feels the cloth give, Izuku drops his knife back
into his pocket as he tears at the weapon, ripping it to pieces.

Jumping back, he slows his breathes as he finally sees the concerned visage of his teacher looking
on at him worriedly instead of the boy. Assuming a defensive stance once again, Izuku readies
himself for another attack. His teacher hesitates, making Izuku angry given how hyped up he is.

“We have two minutes left.” Izuku warns as he continues his mental count. “Are you sure you
should be standing there? I thought you wanted to make a point.”

His teacher still doesn’t move, annoying Izuku with a small scowl for not being taken seriously.
“To answer your question from earlier, it’s better to parry than take down your opponent by getting
up close and personal. You have to observe them first, never attack. What if they had a quirk based
on touch? You would die. It’s better to keep your distance and strike sparingly, even if you know
their quirk. They could have had someone else use their quirk on them that you don’t know about.
Parrying gives you the best chance for survival.”

Izuku impatiently waits for his teacher to continue as he looks over him with concern at his
wording. “Man, I wish we had some music because the silence is killing me. Maybe some Panic!
at the Disco would really get this party started.”

That is the final straw that breaks his teacher out of his funk, sending Izuku reeling back as a punch
threatens to connect. Izuku smirks as if it was his plan from the beginning, playing his teacher like
a fiddle despite him just hiding behind his real feelings.

He jerks away from his teacher’s incoming fist as he stares in the direction of the new presence of
death washing over him. A faint cry of pain is heard, sending Izuku sprinting towards it, leaving
behind his confused classmates and teacher staring at him as he rushes to whatever’s aid,
regardless of the consequences.

Five miles is nothing after all.

Izuku vaults over a barrier to see a small black cat curled in a ball on the ground, eyes closed and
twitching in pain.

Izuku inspects the poor silky kitty for injures but find none visible at the moment. Carefully, Izuku
picks him or her up to get help as he feels it start to slip. Panicked that he’s running out of time to
save them, Izuku rushes back to his confused class with them in his arms cradling them softly.

“Aizawa-sensei! We gotta help them!” Izuku pleads with tears starting to set in. “Something’s
wrong with them! Koda, can you ask them what’s wrong?”

The boy starts speaking to the cat after he gets over his shock of Izuku knowing his quirk so easily
since he hasn’t used it much or even talked really. Izuku pets them gently to soothe them as their
pained cries intensify. His teacher seems to be on the phone as his classmates gather round him
while the cat meowls softly to his classmate, possibly in pain as well.

“She says someone hurt her.” Koda informs the group with regret. “She came here to rest where it
was warmer.”
Izuku may have lost a few tears at that as he hopes he wasn’t too late to help.

Koda snickers as he listens to the cat more. “Midoriya, she calls you her moon child.”

Izuku blushes hard. “M-moon ch-child?”

“She can’t believe you found her in her time of need when everyone else ignored her.” Koda nods as his face shifts to a sadder tone when she meowls again. “Someone kicked her after she tried to get something to eat.”

Izuku flinches as he gets a few worried glances at him but decides to divert attention while help is on the way. “D-does s-she h-have a n-name?”

Koda sighs sadly. “She says everyone called her a demon or a monster.”

The cat opens her eyes, revealing two beautiful milky white saucers.

*She’s probably blind.*

“Tsuki-chan, I’m so sorry. You deserve better.” Izuku mumbles in despair. The cat looks up and blinks slowly, as if acknowledging herself. “You are safe now. Why? Because you’re not alone anymore.”

“Tsuki-chan?”

Izuku looks up to his classmates as tears continue to trail down his face. “She deserves a proper name.”

Sighing, Izuku gives his reasoning as he continues to soothe the poor cat’s painful cries. “If I’m her Moon Child, then she must be the Moon.”
“Midoriya, how’d you know she was in trouble?” Koda speaks softly. “She’s confused.”

“I heard her crying.” Izuku diverts attention away from his hidden quirk as it’s technically the truth. “I barely heard it, but I knew something was wrong. I couldn’t just let her suffer alone. I don’t care about running five miles as sparring isn’t that important. I would never forgive myself if I just sat idly by while someone suffered alone.”

The cat looks back up at Izuku as if she knows he’s partially lying but gives him a slow blink as if she understands his plight and will keep his secret. Izuku gives her a sad smile in return, even though he’s pretty sure she can’t see it at all.

“Midoriya, take her to Recovery Girl to see if she can help. She’s expecting you.” Aizawa-sensei instructs. “You also need to get that wrist checked out.”

Izuku looks down and sees a dark bruise forming on it.

**Must have bruised it when he grabbed me. Shit.**

Izuku nods as he sprints away to save the poor suffering baby in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/18, Checked for errors 3/12

False Confidence by Noah Kahan

*A/N: TSUKI IS FINALLY HERE!*

*Tsuki literally translates to Moon btw*

*(Tsuki-chan is like low key my favorite OC for this story)*

*Also, cat!!!!! You're welcome. :)*
Did I mention PTSD would be a thing now?

Oh I didn't?

Silly me....

*writing and editing tags*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Midoriya.

Shoto can’t make heads or tails of his classmate. One second he’s deadly serious when fighting like his life depends on it. The next he’s like a god damn puppy and overly emotional.

It’s honestly jarring how quickly he can switch between emotions, especially with how he treated the cat. If he didn't know his quirk was a powerful boost quirk or maybe strength enhancer, he'd think he'd have a sensory quirk like an empath. But that's not really important in the long term.

One thing is certain and very concerning. He’s been trained. Extensively. And it shows with both the battle training as well as just now. His movements, they are the making of years and years of intense training and fighting, just as many as himself even though his classmate seems to have a mixed form that he shifts between instead a singular one. More worrying, his training must have been worse than Shoto’s. Much, much worse.

Those dodges were of someone expecting to die the second he was touched. He even said so himself. He called it survival instead of trying to subdue the enemy after all.

His panic attack near the end made himself shudder. The pure fear made Shoto see himself in him. Every time he’s ever come out of his father’s training sessions, he’s worn that same expression in the mirror. It’s would have been impressive to think he was still fighting during it if the implications of that weren’t glaring him in the face. Given the fact he kept mental count of the time transpired during it with relative ease despite his panic attack, his classmate has needed to do that during his training.
It's an absolute certainty.

Shoto had been suspicious of the boy for several reasons since the beginning of school. The first was the time he learned about his supposed quirklessness. At first, it was because of a slight admiration of never having a quirk, something he himself is cursed with having. However, their conversation was not what he expected. There was so much pain under his shining smile concerning the topic, kind of like he hated his quirk. It was like he could relate to him in more ways than one, but it didn't make much sense at the time.

**Why would someone hate their quirk if they were previously discriminated against for not having one?**

That's where the second red flag made itself known. Midoriya *always* avoided changing in the locker room in front of everyone. Every single time, he went to the bathroom like clockwork without batting an eye. Before, he thought he was simply self-conscious or was just shy given his personality the first day. He seemed like a nervous wreck the entire time he's known him, sort of like a timid rabbit, especially during the quirk apprehension test.

Now, he’s not sure he wants to be right.

At least his father had the decency not to scar his perfect masterpiece even though bruises and broken bones were always fair game. Burns would probably be more likely if his father's quirk didn't make him mostly fire proof, but that doesn't mean they don't sting like fire ants after a sparring match with him.

The third was the conversation with Bakugo. Apparently, Midoriya was attacked by a villain that almost killed him. Strangely, he gave no reason why they came for him nor how his quirk miraculously came in. Quirks don’t just appear out of thin air, which means he might have been hiding it. Those implications make it seem likely he had to hide it for fear of something, only showing it when he was in true mortal danger. Given Bakugo's outburst from yesterday when Midoriya came back beat up like he was in a fight, perhaps he did see the moment when it did come out, but never saw it directly.

That's another thing that got him puzzled, but also dreading the true answer. Strangely, Midoriya's quirk feels just as powerful as All Might’s when the pressure from the ball throw hit them. Shoto would recognize that power anywhere, especially when his father literally drags him to some of his fights to observe how to beat him in the future. The hiding his quirk makes much more sense if he was trying to spite whoever he was hiding it from, making Shoto utterly convinced his classmate is exactly like him. Especially with that argument the two of them had before the battle training started.
Midoriya may have been angry about being underestimated, but it seemed much deeper than that. It was like he had to prove he didn't need a strong quirk like he had to be a hero. If it’s true, well… All Might is not as much of a hero as he thought. The implication that All Might would breed for a worthy successor just like his father is simply revolting. And train his supposed son to the point of having scars? It just seems insane to think about given how All Might has presented himself to the public. Though, his father certainly fits that category in more ways than one and he's the Number Two Hero.

*Are all top heroes truly monsters…?*

The whole situation gives him chills for his mysterious classmate who sort of seems like he's crying out for help in his supposed 'pranks,' constantly vying for attention in the class in his own way. It honestly makes him feel hopeless about the whole situation, almost to the point of tears. He shouldn’t though. Shoto hasn’t cried since he was a small child. Tears never solve anything after all. But regardless, he feels a strong kinship with his classmate as he might be the only one who could truly understand him.

“Bakugo, I need to talk with you. Everyone else, pair up and spar. No quirks or I’ll make you run extra.”

Aizawa-sensei breaks Shoto out of his thoughts about his fellow classmate as he watches the two start to walk to a more private area farther away from the group.

One thing is apparent to him that is clear as day.

*I need to talk to Midoriya alone.*

Shouta is completely blindsided by what happened. While his class seems spooked by the altercation, they seem more worried about him freaking out than knowing the signs of what is truly going on with their classmate. He’s not sure where to start to dissect how many things went wrong with that spar, but somethings are clear.

Bakugo might be the key to figuring out what is up with his Problem Child because what he’s seen so far, the implications have been terrifying to say the least.
He’s honestly two seconds away from slapping All Might for not noticing the blaring signs earlier. He had a full ten months on him, yet he was just as surprised about the current situation. No wonder the kid hadn't opened up yet when his supposed mentor was a complete imbecile. Any hero worth their metal could tell within five seconds of meeting the kid something was obviously wrong, whether it be home or school related. Unfortunately, it's both from what he can see, despite there not being concrete evidence for either yet other than the boy’s scars.

*And gods those scars.*

Chiyo wasn't kidding on the severity. He honestly felt like throwing up seeing them earlier and probably would have if she didn't finish up checking on him quickly.

The boy's training regiment is obviously not healthy in more ways than one. First, he literally punched a bag until his knuckles bled and lost sleep because of it. Whether it was willing or not has yet to be seen. On top of that, he seemed pretty skilled with his fighting techniques, but the kid's wording was just so wrong on so many levels. It's honestly like his Problem Child was prepared for war and literally just came back from it to attend UA to train to be a hero. Whether it was his parents that have forced the training or it was born from a necessity to survive the bullies, only time will tell.

*Things for later, I suppose…Let's deal with Problem Child 2...*

Once they are a good distance away from everyone, he starts with his concerns. “Bakugo, we didn’t get a chance to talk yesterday, but I wanted to ask you a few things about Midoriya. I understand you came from the same middle school, so you must know each other better than the rest of your classmates.”

Bakugo narrows his eyes at his teacher. “And I should care why?”

That makes Shouta stop as he mentally processes what his student said. He decides to test the waters first just in case to see if he’s even willing to talk. “Bakugo, we are worried for Midoriya’s wellbeing.”

Bakugo crosses his arms in defiance. “Then why aren’t you asking the nerd?”
“We have tried.” Shouta defends with a deadpan look. “He ran away yesterday before we could ask more questions. Twice in fact.”

That makes Bakugo stop, obviously contemplating something deeply. “Why did you ask if Auntie hurt Deku?”

Shouta shifts into business mode now that his student seems to be in a mood to talk. “We aren’t sure exactly, but Midoriya has extensive scarring on his torso. These scars include burns and stab wounds as well as various quirk related injuries of various unknown sources. There are probably more in other locations, but those are the ones we know of at this moment in time.”

Bakugo stiffens at the news with slightly wide eyes. “How bad?”

Shouta sighs as he’s pretty sure Bakugo is a dead end if this is such a surprise. “Let’s just say one of those scars was from an injury that Recovery Girl said he had a low chance of surviving, given how it was treated. He never went to the hospital for that wound. This is why we are worried he may be being abused. We are not trying to throw blame around, but we are worried that if the abuse he suffers continues, then he may die. That’s what we are trying to prevent.”

“Fuck!” Bakugo growls as he loses a few explosions in frustration. “Those fuckers!”

_Sigh... We really need to work on those anger tendencies...

“Who specifically Bakugo?” Shouta prods for more information.

“It’s not Auntie. Knowing him, she doesn’t know anything as he didn’t want her to worry.” Bakugo sighs as he looks super guilty now and sick. “Let’s just say his middle school time was even worse than I fucking thought. I’m gonna kill that nerd for lying to me. Not worse my ass!”

_It’s not just us then that he’s lying to…that’s not a good sign…_

“Bakugo, I hate to involve you on such a delicate matter, but is there any way we can get Midoriya to open up with us? I’m not saying that you are wrong or anything, but we really need to know if he’s safe or not. If it is bullies, there is a possibility they are still going after him. But as it stands right now, he won’t even give us more than a few words without ditching us.”
“His shitty notebooks.” Bakugo mentions as he shifts awkwardly. “He’s always writing in them. If you ask about them to talk about it, he may follow you or whatever.”

Shouta tries to make sense of what his student is saying. “Notebooks?”

“Yeah.” Bakugo shrugs. “He’s always writing in them and shit. He likes to analyze quirks.”

So that’s what that notebook was on. I should’ve taken a look before I went to deal with the vultures…

“I see.” Shouta glances behind Bakugo, seeing the impatient red head student waiting for his partner. “Join your classmates to spar. I need to make a call. Let me know right away if Midoriya tells you anything at any time, especially if it puts him in danger. You might be the only one he trusts enough to say something, even if it is in passing.”

Bakugo grunts and turns to go do just that as he takes out his phone again to make a call.

“Nedzu, I have an idea.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/19, Checked for errors 3/12

Unfortunate Soul by Kailee Morgue

No one:
Literally no one:
Me *sliding a note to Izuku*: This is for you! Enjoy :)
Izuku *reading enthusiastically*: I have PTSD
Izuku: ...
Izuku: Wait--
The Mystic

Chapter Notes

Izuku antics ensue ψ(´∇´)ψ

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To Izuku extreme relief, Recovery Girl was able to save Tsuki. She had broken ribs that healed up nicely since the breaks were clean and didn’t need any type of surgery to place them back properly. His wrist wasn’t much of an issue either. Izuku didn’t really care about a sprain that needed to be wrapped up since he was apparently too drained for her to use her quirk. He was just grateful he was fast enough to save her before it was too late.

Recovery Girl tried to keep her in the infirmary because pets weren’t really allowed on campus, but the vixen had other plans. She kept following Izuku despite being tired herself, making Recovery Girl just shoo them both along back to class. Plus, she was kind of giving Izuku a death glare after he told her the infirmary was his new home now as a joke, so he was more than willing to actually get out of there alive.

Izuku just grabbed his uniform from his locker to put in his bag, not bothering to change back. School was basically over and he just wanted to take a nap while he could. So, that’s what he did while his new friend lovingly watched over him on his desk.

“Moon Child.”

Izuku grumbles as he continues his snooze. A nose brushes his hair, but Izuku doesn’t stir.

“Moon Child. Wake up. Your friends are here.”

“Ugh…fine.” Izuku wearily opens his eyes to see his a group of his classmates around him smiling with their cameras out. “Who woke me?”

Uraraka giggles as she points at the black fluff ball curling in front of Izuku face trying to get his attention. That makes Izuku shoot straight up as he realizes who was speaking. “Tsuki-chan?”
“Yes, Moon Child?” The cat asks with a head tilt.

Izuku giggles as he realizes she must have a telepathy quirk. Animals with quirks were super rare and telepathy is a very personal one. If she was talking to him, she must really trust him. Picking her up carefully, he pets her fondly.

“You have one.” He murmurs in her fur. “Such a wonderful girl.”

The cat feels nervous in his hands. “Don’t tell. Your kind doesn’t like it when I speak.”

Izuku pales as he realizes now why she was hurt in the first place. Hiding his shock, he gives her his answer in her fur. “Don’t worry. I’ll protect you.”

The kitty gives a cheerful purr of approval as he cradles his new friend with fondness.

“Wow Midoriya, I’ve never seen you this cuddly before.” Asui points out as Izuku continues his affection. “You’re like a puppy.”

Izuku blushes as he looks back up at his classmates. “S-sorry. Tsuki-chan deserves the world. She’s wonderful. I’m just so happy she’s okay.”

“Awww Midori.” Ashido coos as she snags a few more photos. “Are you going to adopt her? She’s so cute.”

“M-midori?” Izuku questions worriedly.

“Do you not like it? I thought it was clever.” She huffs.

“Ah, no it’s fine!” Izuku assures seeing as she seems genuine and doesn't seem like an insult. “Um, well I don’t think I’m going to let Tsuki-chan go back to wherever she was before. I’m going to have to go shopping tonight to get stuff for her though…”
Izuku shifts as he looks onto his new companion. “What do you think girl? Think you can you tolerate me?”

Tsuki meows affectionately. “*Now whose taking care of who.*”

Izuku laughs softly at her response. “I swear I’ll do my best.”

“So, where’s Aizawa-sensei?” Izuku asks as he realizes the class has returned, but no teachers are present.

“Aizawa-sensei told us that the teachers are holding a meeting right now and this is a free period.” Iida dutifully replies from his desk.

Izuku tenses, thinking over the possibilities that meeting is about him. Iida notices his apprehension and spurs him to inform his classmate more about the current situation to the best of his knowledge. “I think it is just to decide what to do about your cat. Pets aren’t normally allowed on school premises as it’s against the rules. Also the fact that she snuck onto campus without anyone knowing. She probably slipped in during the whole media break in this morning.”

“T-that would make sense.” Izuku discreetly breathes easy now as he continues to shower his girl with love that she accepts in stride.

“Midoriya, I don’t mean to be rude, but you were sleeping in class even though it is technically a free period. Is there a reason why?” Iida questions with concern dripping from his voice as the entire class seems to zero in on him at the same time.

Izuku just rolls with it with a simple shrug to try and get the attention off of him. “I uh, trained late last night. I didn’t get much sleep. Sorry.”

Izuku feels the air shift a couple of degrees down at his admission, making him confused with his classmate’s mood swings.

*Seriously, what did I do?*
“Oh, what type of training?” Uraraka questions curiously.

“Just some kickboxing. It’s nothing special.” Izuku carefully informs, not sure why his classmates are so questioning around him. “So, uh…while I was out…anything cool happen?”

“No, but can we talk about how you went toe to toe with Sensei?!” Kaminari basically shrieks in excitement. “You really are like a ninja. Are you like a vigilante or something?”

Izuku internally smiles as he remembers the year he spent as the vigilante Switch to deal with a quirkless human trafficking group that tried to take him when he was ten after coming home from school one day. He didn’t get to do much after catching them because he didn’t want to actually get caught and jeopardize his chance for being a hero. Technically, he never did anything wrong because he never even used his quirk and if he was ever caught, well... the rules don’t apply to him. Funny how the government forget quirkless people can actually fight back and that vigilantism doesn’t count unless you use your quirk given how the rules were originally written.

As long as he never killed anyone, he would be home free with only a stern lecture about his life choices. A slap on the wrist really.

The whole reason he even made that persona is because he wanted to get the bastards and stop them from hurting people like him. He made sure to spray the trashcans with glitter after capturing them for the cops to clean up. He even left notes too that basically said, “Switch was here to brighten up your day!” The cops looked for him for that whole year as he was cleaning up the trash and nothing ever came up. For a time though, he had continued even after those jerks were all taken care of because he really liked helping people, but he decided to stop for a very good reason. Switch disappeared after he learned UA had changed their policy about finally allowing quirkless people to attend. The cops soon forgot him when he hung up the hoodie because of the fact he was untraceable and left nothing for them to go on.

Those were the good old days. He still has the black hoodie that was spray painted with his iconic arrow switch even though it doesn’t fit him anymore. It’s technically the original reason why he needed the voice changer he made as well as the support items he built for himself. He threw out his support tools since they broke down pretty early on after disuse. The voice changer, however, was still working beautifully as he kept it chugging along for emergencies.

Coming back to earth, Izuku realizes his friends are still waiting for his answer, which he gives cryptically to mess with them with the most innocent look on his face. “I mean, if I was once one, you technically can’t be a vigilante if you are quirkless. The law literally exempts those without quirks.”
Bakugo completely chokes on air as his classmates still at his subtle confession, looking at him with concern as Iida opens his mouth about to give him a stern lecture before Izuku doubles over laughing to cover his tracks. “I can’t believe you think I was being serious. I mean, I’m not wrong, but still!”

“Really dude…How can you joke about that?” Sato scratches his head in confusion to Izuku’s outburst and attempt at humor as Bakugo stares at him pretty hard since he knows he didn’t exactly lie.

Izuku just winks at him like a little shit that makes him turn away from him in anger as he knows he can’t do anything about it, even if he wanted to.

“Midoriya is truly one with the chaos it seems.” Tokoyami notes with a small smirk as he definitely caught his subtle gesture, Dark Shadow popping out for a visit with a pout. "This is why I wanted to keep him Fumi."

“But seriously, where did you learn to do that stuff?” Jiro perks back up the fastest while Iida is having an aneurysm over the totally not a joke. "It’s pretty badass."

Izuku nervously pets his beautiful girl for comfort thinking about his mother’s trainings. “You know, I just picked stuff up from my classes when I was younger.”

“Oh yeah, you said you took gymnastics and self-defense, right?” Yaoyorozu brings up with a particular interest.

“Um, yeah.” Izuku quietly notes before an idea pops in his head to divert attention from more questions of his past. “I could show you guys a few flips and stuff if you want? I’m a bit rusty, but I should be fine.”

“YASS!” Ashido screams, making both Tsuki and Izuku flinch at the intensity.

“Okay, okay.” Izuku stands up to go to the front of the classroom to perform his favorite act, an aerial walkover.

Izuku gives himself enough room in the front of the class and starts his movement as he twists in the air, never touching the ground until he lands, which he ends with his own flair: a split.
“Holy crap bro, you did a split!” Kirishima says in awe as Izuku expertly picks himself back up. “That was so manly! What was that?”

“It’s an aerial walkover.” Izuku informs as he returns to his previous position with a grin. “I just like to add the split at the end as it’s pretty fun.”

Izuku prepares for his second favorite: the aerial cartwheel. He twists in the air while his hands never touch the ground as he cartwheels. He ends it with a backflip for extra measure.

Izuku startles as the door slams open, making him tumble forward in surprise.

“What are you all doing?” Aizawa-sensei grumbles as he sees the class in disarray and Izuku on the floor. “Problem Child…”

Izuku turns red as he dies from embarrassment. “I am so sorry Aizawa-sensei.”

His teacher groans in annoyance instead of accepting the apology. “Kid, Nedzu wants to see you.”

Izuku frowns as he searches his teacher for answers. “Why?”

“He’s learned about your hobby.” Aizawa-sensei reluctantly responds. “He is eager to talk to you about your notebooks.”

*Something’s wrong…*

“You’re lying.” Izuku points out with a hardened gaze. “That’s not all is it?”

His classmates freeze along with his teacher, analyzing the situation before them. The tension is intense, neither Izuku nor their teacher breaking their gazes.

“*Moon Child. At least hear them out before you cast judgement.*” Tsuki softly encourages.
Izuku turns back to his cat as she meows knowingly. Izuku sighs as he goes over to grab his notebook from his backpack, ignoring his staring classmates. Once he’s got it, he goes over to where his teacher is. “Let’s just get this over with, yeah? Tsuki-chan, you can come if you want.”

The cat purrs as she bounds over a couple desks to join Izuku, jumping on his shoulder. It only takes a second for her to find a comfortable position nestled by Izuku’s neck that he rewards with a nice head scratch.

Koda breaks the awkward silence. “Can you talk to animals like me?”

Izuku stares at his classmate with a confused look. “No, she just won’t stop following me since I saved her. I don’t mind though. I just assumed she can understand what we are saying since you can talk to her just fine in Japanese with your quirk.”

Tsuki meows at his classmate as he translates for her. “Uh, she says she can, and she appreciates it.”

Izuku nods and turns to his confused teacher. “So, are we gonna go talk about my hobby or what?”

The sarcasm dripping from Izuku is not missed by anyone in the room as his teacher simply motions for him to follow him out of the room, which he does to figure out what is going on.

The second Deku left the room, everyone converged on Katsuki with so many questions about the nerd.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU EXTRAS!” Katsuki rages after having enough of their incessant blabbing.

Iida somehow calms the storm and saves him from a terrible headache, gaining a slight bit of his respect that he can control the fuckers.
“Alright you fucks, what the hell is wrong with you idiots?” Katsuki growls, annoyed by the attention.

Someone no one thought would even speak gets the first dibs as he hasn't really talked in class except for short replies. “Bakugo, you two are friends, correct?”

“Fuck off IcyHot.” Katsuki growls. “We fucking aren’t friends. We just fucking grew up together. Literally known that shit since we were in diapers.”

“Fine.” Todoroki sternly counters. “What’s up with Midoriya?”

“I don’t know.” Katsuki basically whispers as he frowns.

Todoroki perks an eyebrow up at that. “Really?”

“Look, why don’t you fuckers mind your own fucking business and let Teach deal with it?” Katsuki counters. “I don’t know shit. Coming to me whining is just a waste of fucking time.”

Katsuki just tunes out their protests, opting to glare out the window as he thinks back on what may be wrong with his friend and the cryptic hint he so generously handed them.

**When the hell did Deku become a vigilante? And why? What the actual fuck is going on?!**

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/19, Checked for errors 3/12

The Mystic by Adam Jensen

Kaminari: You a vigilante?

Izuku *whips out the law to educate the masses*: I mean, technically according to section 4b, quirkless people can't be a vigilante as they don't have a quirk to use. I
literally couldn't be one according to the government at the time...

Class: *surprised pikachu meme face*

Bakugo: *forgets to breathe as he chokes*

Iida *disappointed dad face*: I'm like five seconds away from giving you the worst lecture of your life about your poor life choices

Izuku *winks to his struggling friend*: Not my fault the government is dumb.
Izuku glides into the room with his game face on, expecting the worse. His anxieties just double as he is graced with the faces of All Might, Nedzu, and a stranger that honestly looks like a detective. Regardless of his apprehension, Izuku simply pastes on a smile as he sits in the seat before them.

“Hi again Nedzu.” Izuku chirps. “Something I can help you with?”

The rat sips his tea before answering. “Hello Midoriya. I hope your journey here was pleasant. Would you like some tea?”

“No need to be formal.” Izuku brushes aside as he adjusts Tsuki to his lap to pet. “What do you need?”

The rat folds his paws in thought before speaking. “Could I look at your notebook? I’ve heard great things about it.”

That reminds me…

“I think I should tell you something before I give it to you to look at.” Izuku opens it to the recent page with the weird man. Izuku places it on the desk for him to view. “I’m worried about this person.”

The principal’s visage shifts to concern after looking at the drawing. “And who is this?”

“I don’t know.” Izuku states calmly as he eyes the detective looking at him strongly. “I saw him when the media broke in. I’m worried he might be involved with what happened. He was… creepy.”
“May I take this page out?” The principal asks gingerly. “We actually are doing an investigation about the break-in since it was…unprecedented.”

Izuku shrugs. “Sure, I don’t need it. I was actually trying to figure out how to share it with you. It’s not exactly hard evidence to suspect someone when all they do is give you a creepy vibe.”

Izuku eyes the detective as his noticeably flinches at Izuku word choice, sending his gears into motion to figure out why.

*What is his quirk? It's not physical since he doesn’t have the physical quirk markers for that. He looks like a detective, so it’s probably not offensive or it’s a weak quirk. Did he flinch at my word choice because it was a —*

Izuku goes on red alert as he realizes immediately what his quirk must be and why exactly they are here.

*Lie detection.*

Izuku is now even more afraid and nervous with him in the room. Tsuki obviously feels Izuku’s distress as she tries to rub against him, prompting him to pet her to calm down.

“*Are you okay Moon Child?”* She asks with a concerned lilt.

Izuku slightly nods his head once as the detective looks over the shoulder of the principal as he tears the page free to give it to him.

*This is good that I caught it this early. I can work with this…*

Izuku waits as the principal reads over his classmates’ pages, leaving only him to pet Tsuki to keep his mind occupied. Izuku silently observes All Might who wears his heart on his sleeve. It’s drenched in worry and concern as he looks at the ripped-out page with the detective.
To his genuine surprise, the principal looks up with an expression of extreme interest, making Izuku confused since he’s pretty sure that detective isn’t here for show.

“These notes are wonderful Midoriya. You’ve only seen your fellow peers for only a couple days and you already have highly detailed profiles on them concerning a variety of factors.” Nedzu praises.

“Um…okay…?” Izuku pauses as he tries to read the room but comes up empty. “Am I in trouble?”

“Trouble? Oh goodness no.” Nedzu assures almost too happily. “We actually wanted to talk to about a few things.”

Izuku doubts very hard but it doesn’t show. “Okay…then…?”

All Might takes center stage with a blinding smile. “Actually, Young Midoriya, we have possibly good news.”

“Good news?”

“I think we have figured out what your quirk is.”

Izuku mentally halts in a panic. “W-What?”

Nedzu gestures to his notebook. “This is your original quirk. I’m certain of it now.”

Izuku stares at him skeptically. “What?”

“Nedzu, stop confusing the kid.” Aizawa-sensei picks up from beside him. “Midoriya, we think you originally had an analysis quirk.”

Izuku laughs very hard now that the panic is over at the stupid guess of what his quirk is. Wheezing, Izuku struggles to speak. “Y-You can’t b-be s-serious. A-an analysis q-quirk. April f-fools was l-last week N-nedzu.”
“We are quite serious, I assure you.” Nedzu counters with a questioning look, making Izuku cease his laughter to hear him out. “But the question is what are the parameters. Beside me is Detective Tsukauchi. He is working on the break in case and knows of your particular circumstances concerning your other quirk. Since you haven’t ever met before, we wanted to see if you can figure out his quirk.”

Izuku slightly pales as he realizes he’s already figured it out because of his white lie. Izuku has never cursed his over observant nature more than he does right now as he nervously sweats in his seat. “Um…okay?”

“Hi Midoriya, it’s very nice to meet you.” Tsukauchi greets with a smile. “Do you know what my quirk might be?”

Izuku decides to see if he can get around his quirk as his first order of business. “Not really”-because I don’t know everything about it yet.

The detective’s smile falters a bit. “I see. You don’t automatically know what a person quirk is.”

Holy fucking shit! YES!

“Sorry.” Izuku sheepishly apologizes to keep his giddiness at the discovery under wraps just in case he needs it. After all, it’s not a lie if he finishes the sentence in his head that makes it true.

“No need to apologize. Any guesses though?” Nedzu asks with an eager glint in his eye.

“Yes.” Izuku answers truthfully to divert attention from his real quirk as well as his new discovery.

“Really?” All Might looks like he’s literally vibrating in excitement. “Would you like to share?”

“Um, well I think it might be a mental one given you don’t exhibit any of the typical physical markers of quirk that are emitters or mutant.” Izuku tests the waters as he rambles. “Since you are a detective, your quirk could help with investigations. Typically, people gravitate towards things dealing with their quirk, but not always. But in your case, I think it’s safe to say it does help you with investigations itself. You seemed pretty sure I didn’t lie based on the way you worded your
reaction to my answer. It was like you knew it was the truth with absolute certainty.”

Nedzu looks intrigued at Izuku’s observations. “What’s the first quirk that comes to mind for the detective?”

“Um…maybe lie detection?” Izuku offers as if he’s uncertain to throw off suspicion of figuring it out earlier. “Like you can feel when someone lies. But I feel like it’s not really like a yes or no that you know when someone lies or not, but more like a subtle feeling that’s like a hint. Like a ping?”

“All Might?” Izuku asks worriedly for real since it’s rare for him to cuss in English and when he does it’s usually important. “D-did I do something wrong?”

“Goodness no Young Midoriya!” All Might assures quickly.

“I think what All Might here is trying to say is that you are indeed correct. You actually figured out a big part of it too that I usually don’t tell others often as well.” Tsukauchi explains with a growing frown. “Though, now I am confused. Did you actually figure out what my quirk was the moment you saw me, but didn’t realize it?”

Izuku pales even more now that they are on his trail. “Um…?”

“Let’s try the person you saw. What do you think their quirk is? First thing that comes to mind.” Nedzu assures happily.

Izuku thinks back to the creepy man and blurts out the first thing he thinks of given what he saw. “Disintegration. Like, he touches stuff and it turns to dust maybe?”

Based on the darkening faces in the room, Izuku realizes pretty quickly that he must have been completely right. But why they know he’s right is still a big mystery and makes him really confused.

“This is quite a rare find Midoriya.” Nedzu looks absolutely ecstatic at the moment that makes him
uneasy as he rubs his paws together. “It’s a great quirk to identify quirks. I can certainly see how it flew under the radar until now.”

“Um, okay.” Izuku fidgets as he waits for whatever they really want to talk about with him to start. “But I think you are stupid to believe that’s my quirk. I’m just really observant. I’ve had many ways of refining those skills with the hero fights I’ve watched and analyzed for years now. Plus, the detective flinched when I told a white lie, so it had to be a physical response which is where I got the ping from. The lie I told wasn’t only because I felt the person was creepy, but also that I got a really bad feeling from him, like he was a killer. Given how the detective reacted to my answer about if I knew what his quirk was, it was almost like he knew it was absolutely true without questioning once if I was lying. He would’ve have used different wording, like ‘probably’ or ‘possible’ in his response. Those are the reasons how I figured it out, not a quirk telling me that was his quirk.”

“I disagree. How did you come to the conclusion to the person in your drawing has the quirk decay?” Nedzu asks with a particular glint in his eye.

“Um…well he kinda looked like he had really itchy skin that was red and irritated. Being around dust particulars all the time from his quirk would cause that specific type of irritation I saw as well as the dust I saw on his hands--” Izuku mentally stumbles as he grasps at straws before he realizes he has a better question to ask them. “Wait, why are you acting like I’m completely right about that? You don’t even know it as you asked me.”

The detective sighs, diverting Izuku attention to him with a concerned gaze. “Midoriya, the press got access to the campus this morning. Can you give me a guess to how?”

“Well…” Izuku looks to the ground as he goes full analysis mode. “The gates are programmed to close immediately upon a person without an authorized UA id walking into the campus. That means since the civilians could get in, the gate must have been the part that was destroyed since it is the weakest portion of the campus and the easiest entry point for them. Plus, that’s where the media would’ve been located for a story anyway since everyone would’ve had to walk though there on their way to work or class. It couldn’t be an explosion or a melting quirk that took out the gate because that would’ve hurt the press or obstructed the path. Plus, it would’ve caused a lot of noise, which it never did given how they didn’t seem panicked about anything other than getting a story. That means that the quirk used must have been something like…”

Nedzu simply smiles smugly as the realization comes over his student. Izuku stills as he stops petting Tsuki, not wanting to touch what they are currently thinking about him with a ten-foot-pole. After all, he knows what his quirk is. All this is them trying to figure it out, so now he’d rather play along now with his disbelief instead of agreeing. Them learning his original may prove disastrous in more ways than one if they are this willing to go this far to try and figure it out.
“That level of observant behavior gives me a hint that it’s probably not directly tied with knowing quirks though like I thought but instead is more like being hyper aware and observant. Either way, I propose making you my personal student during your free period.” Nedzu suggests with glee as he puts his paws together in a tent. “That way, we can work on it together and see what else you are capable of, regardless of it being your quirk or not.”

Izuku just simply ignores him, increasingly becoming nervous about what they are all holding out on him. “So, is that all or…”

“Sadly, not quite.” Nedzu informs with a darker presence. Everyone in the room also shifts, making Izuku honestly want to curl up in a ball and hide from the aura they are now giving off. “We have some questions for you that we need answers to.”

Izuku just waits for him to start asking away, feeling a little better he found a way around the detective’s quirk that shouldn’t arouse suspicion as long as he keeps his answers believable and within reason.

The detective opens up a sketch pad and gets ready to write. “Midoriya, I’ve been told about your scars. Can you tell me where you got them?”

Izuku gulps as didn’t want to touch that with a ten-foot pole. “Do I have to?”

“Yes.” The dog responds almost a little too harshly, almost like he’s mad at someone not in the room. Izuku notes to never make him mad on purpose as he thinks it would prove to be a huge mistake.

“O-okay.” Izuku psyches himself up to lie by omission. “Bullies”--and other various places.

“What are their names?”

“I’m not telling anyone anything about them and what they did.” Izuku asserts harshly. “If you need to blame anyone, try the teachers. I’m not taking their futures away because no one told them no.”
The detective nods as he writes down his answers. The desperate expressions of his teachers and the feral look the principal is making lets him know they aren’t going to simply give up on that notion so easily to Izuku’s dismay. But it almost looks like they have something else in mind that holds more precedence that they are after answers for, so he’ll take what he can at this point.

“Have your parents ever harmed you?”

*And there it is…*

“No”—my dad never hurt me.

The detective stops, making Izuku realize that is exactly what they are after. “Let me rephrase that since it was too vague. Has one of your parents ever injured you on purpose to hurt you?”

Izuku suddenly doesn’t want to be in the room. “No,”—not outside of training or trying to get my quirk to manifest.

Tsukauchi nods, honestly looking relieved. “I see. Can you tell me who gave you the scar on your chest over your heart that Chiyo told us about?”

Izuku draws the line in the sand at that. “No.”

“No…?” The detective looks up as he knows it’s technically not a lie. “Do you not know who gave it to you?”

“I don’t want to ruin someone’s future.” Izuku clarifies as a divergent thought even though it’s his own future he’s most worried about. “I literally can’t tell you.”

“Problem Child.” Izuku instinctively flinches at the name that doesn’t go unnoticed by those in the room. “You need to tell us. That was clear attempted murder, no matter if the original attempt was just to cause injury. You do realize you could have died from that wound, right?”

“I know exactly how bad the wound was.” Izuku retorts carefully. “And I’m not incriminating someone because it was a mistake.”
“So, it was an accident?” Tsukauchi looks at Izuku inquisitively.

“Yes, it was”—because I survived.

“Can you tell me what happened? You don’t have to name names.”

“I’d rather not.” Izuku admits with a hardened gaze.

“Let’s come back to that then.” The detective shifts to another page blank, but his frustration as well as everyone’s in the room is pungent at this point at Izuku’s clear apprehension to talking about that stuff. “What is your relationship with your father?”

“Nonexistent now.”

The detective looks up from his notepad. “Oh?”

“He’s dead.” Izuku offers with sadness that makes the whole room feel his emotions. “He died right before I turned four.”

“I’m sorry Moon Child.” Tsuki offers.

Izuku pets her affectionately to tell her he’s fine.

“Moving on. What is your relationship with your mother?”

“She loves me if that’s what you are asking.” Izuku responds efficiently to beat around the bush. “I don’t like that you are insinuating my mom would hurt me.”

The detective only winces at the curt answer, only electing to scribble a bit before moving on. “Are you aware we want to talk to your mother concerning your previous bullying problems?”
“Yes.”

“Is she home right now for us to talk to?”

“No, she isn’t.” Izuku responds, looking at his teachers for their reactions.

The detective looks up with concern. “Is there a reason?”

“Mom is on a business trip right now. So, you will have to wait until she returns home.”

“And that will be?”

“I don’t know as I didn’t ask her when she left. She should be back soon.”

*If I’m lucky…*

“I understand.” Tsukauchi scratches his head, obviously thinking over Izuku’s one off answers. “Are you safe at home?”

“Yes.” Izuku responds automatically.

“Final question. Have you come across a way to lie without me knowing since you’ve learned about my quirk?”

Izuku frowns as he gives his honest response to that type of question. “Detective, you know that if I did, I wouldn’t tell you. No one would.”

That makes him falter a bit and everyone in the room to shift. “C-could you still answer the question?”
“I did not lie to any of your questions.”

*But omit and deflect, sure did weather boy.*

“Are you certain?”

Izuku glares at the detective when his emotions on the topic flare to the surface. “Can I go now, or do you want to interrogate me more? You know, I know all of you know you can’t talk to a minor in this type of setting without parental consent when it comes to things like this unless I come to you first. Yet, you did it anyway. If you are doubting my answers because of a quirk that you are just saying I have that I don’t believe for a second is real, just be happy I didn’t ignore you from the start.”

“Young Midoriya, we--”

“All Might don’t.” Izuku loses a couple tears in frustration. “I know you are doing this for my sake to make sure I’m okay. I would probably have done the same in your shoes. But you all are grossly making things seem much worse than they actually are. I was bullied. I’m insecure about my scars. Big deal. I don’t hate you, but you’ve lost my trust at the moment with that question since you obviously don’t trust me at all. So please, just let me go back to class now. I would like to get some proper sleep and be able to take care of Tsuki-chan properly when I go home.”

“You still haven’t agreed to work with me as my personal student.” Nedzu points out as Izuku dries his fruitless tears. “And you most definitely have that quirk. What it entails though... Well, I can help you find out.”

“What benefit would I get out of it?” Izuku decides while being bold. “As I see it, I possibly have a new quirk to learn about that I think is just as likely as unicorns existing. I already have a hobby that helps me work on my analyzing skills whether it's real or not. If I’ve come this far alone, why would I need to have your help? Especially when you’ve just broken my trust. All I see is how you’d benefit.”

Nedzu gives him a maniacal smile at his observation. “What would convince you?”

Izuku honestly didn’t think that far. Izuku just continues to pet his beautiful girl as he thinks.
“You are thinking too hard Moon Child.” Tsuki purrs as she nudges Izuku’s hand after a very long moment of silence.

A brilliant idea hits him, making him give a blinding smile. “I want two things.”

“And what would that be?” The principal sips his tea loudly.

“I want Tsuki-chan to be registered as my emotional support companion as soon as we leave your office. You can send me the paperwork when it comes in if I need to do something.” Izuku explains as he points at his new companion. “And I want to be able to bring her to school whenever she feels like joining me. I don’t want her getting hurt in training, so she doesn’t join me then. Only like in the classroom and other non-combat areas. That’s it.”

The detective laughs heartily at Izuku’s conditions. “You have the Principal of UA at your whims and you just want to bring a pet to school?”

“She’s not a pet to me.” Izuku clarifies before settling back down in his voice. “I don’t want anything. I don’t actually care either way. But I don’t want Tsuki-chan to get in trouble if she wants to follow me around, so I’m just trying to make this easier for her. If it makes her happy, I’m content. I did say it would be up to her if she wanted to come.”

Nedzu smiles widely, almost in thanks for something that Izuku notes to ask about later. “Then we have come to an agreement then? My lessons for world domination for your new companion’s luxury.”

Izuku squeaks in object horror as he almost falls off the couch, taking poor Tsuki with him. “World domination??!”

“Ah, I see it’s a little too early for that mode of thinking. I shall ease you into it.” Nedzu grins happily.

“…”
“I may have a third request.” Izuku broaches carefully.

“Nope!” Nedzu waves him away to his dismay. “Accept your fate young one.”

“Oh, okay. I agree…but that’s never going to happen, just so we are on the same page.” Izuku gives him the stink eye like a toddler.

“Don’t worry, I’ll convince you soon.” Nedzu cackles after taking a brief look down. “Now, head back to your classmates. They are very worried for you.”

“…”

“You have a personal monitor for the camera system on your desk, don’t you?” Izuku points out.

“It’s quite terrifying.” All Might sweat drops.

“Okay, and I am totally gone.” Izuku allows Tsuki to climb back up on his shoulder before he rushes for the door after snatching his notebook off the desk. “Oh, and detective?”

“Um, yes Midoriya?”

Izuku smiles as he gains a sparkle in his eyes about the unique quirk in front of him. “Next time we meet, could I ask you questions about how your quirk works? Also, you should be more specific in your questions. A criminal could exploit that if they figure out a way around it if you are vague too often by testing the waters with how far they can stretch the truth before it becomes a lie. You should also ask your questions in several different ways. That way, the person can’t lie by simple omittance. I wonder if you can detect the subtle difference between half-truths and lies. Does that cause a different feeling or--?”

“Slow down Problem Child.” Aizawa-sensei scolds as Izuku comes back up for air.

Izuku squeaks as color flushes his face. “S-sorry… I’ll just…go.”
Izuku basically rushes out of the room as the embarrassment proves too much to handle. As soon as they are alone, Nedzu adopts a Cheshire grin. “I call first dibs.”

“Nedzu, he’s not a pet. He’s a child. Plus, you have to get in line and let the kid choose himself if it needs to come to that.” Aizawa sighs. “Where the heck did you even find that kid All Might?”

“Under a bridge.” All Might replies quickly. “To be fair though, he was very insistent to talking to me after I had defeated the villain even though I really had to leave. Literally grabbed my pants leg after I took off just to get a chance to talk.”

“…”

“Oh god you are serious, aren’t you?” Tsukauchi stares at his oblivious friend.

“Y-yes? Is that a problem?” All Might asks uncertain that is only returned with annoyed stares.

“…”

“Detective?”

“Yes Nedzu?”

“I need the file for Midoriya Inko.”

“Is there a reason I should be worried? He didn’t lie even though it is possible he got past my quirk.” Tsukauchi composes himself. “He doesn’t seem like a bad kid in all honesty, though. A little excited perhaps, but he doesn’t seem like a liar truthfully.”

“He didn’t lie, I know that for certain as his body language showed he was being honest. But I do know body language a little too well and the fact that the truth for one person may be a lie to another.” Nedzu sips gingerly. “He was terrified of something. And it wasn’t the bullies surprisingly. It was only around his mother being mentioned.”
“Terrified?” Aizawa echoes with a growing frown.

“I guess timorous is a better word for it.” Nedzu contemplates as he rests his cup. “It's like he’s hiding something very big and it's almost as if the thing he’s hiding would put his current wellbeing in jeopardy if it was found out. This is very worrisome to say the least.”

“So, you think it’s his mother who’s the aggressor and that he figured out a way around Tsukauchi’s quirk to lie or at least omit the truth regarding her?” Aizawa puts together.

“Yes and no.” Nedzu puts his paws together. “Definitely she’s a problem, but not the way we think I believe. I feel confident that’s he’s not being hurt right now as I do think it is possible the bullies hurt him physically, but I don’t trust her at all. The father might not be in the picture, but it’s possible he still got around Tsukauchi’s quirk with possible half-truths regarding his mother. From what I’ve seen so far, his mother seems cold, resigned, and honestly like she’s neglecting him. It could be possible that because he was quirkless in her eyes, she didn’t see the use in catering to his needs. If you didn’t notice, Midoriya solved this problem all on his own. It’s like it never crossed his mind for him to seek an adult for help. Any of your other children would have at least asked for a parent or someone they trusted to be here with them. Even adults will seek out a lawyer in this type of setting. And yet, he never came to the conclusion that was even an option. This concerns me greatly as from what I’ve seen so far, his independence streak seems way too large for someone his age for my taste. Even for some adults as well.”

…”

“Anything else I can help with?” Tsukauchi breaks the silence.

“Yes.” Nedzu emotes a little too cheerful. “I want to sue a school district.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/20, Checked for errors 3/12

People Watching by Smallpools

A/N: Yes, Hisashi is actually dead before all you conspiracy theorists out there go bananas. This will be expanded upon later on though, so don't worry! :)

Izuku: I was abused by my peers, but don't blame it on them. No one exactly told them no, so it's not their fault.

Nedzu *smiles*: Of course. I won't go after your bullies.

Izuku: Cool. Since we are in agreement with that, I'll just go then *leaves the room contemplating his life choices*

Nedzu *grins widely*: Detective.

Tsukauchi *sweats nervously*: Yes Nedzu?

Nedzu: Do you wanna annihilate a school district?
Say Thanks To Kaminari

Chapter Notes

Kaminari you dumb, dumb summer child...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Moon Child.”

“Yeah Tsuki-chan?” Izuku whispers as he makes his way down the hall back to his classroom.

“Thank you for what you did back there.” She nuzzles his neck affectionately. “Also, I have a surprise.”

“A surprise?”

“More like a present. But I had to be sure.” She pauses. “You can respond to me by thinking with me in mind.”

“I can?!” Izuku almost yells in surprise. “C-can you hear me?”

“Stutter and everything.” Izuku feels like she’s smiling. “I trust you. Plus, I’d rather talk to you more frequently rather than having to deal with your classmates wondering why you are talking to a cat. They were already starting to catch on earlier. I'd rather not any of them learn of it if I can avoid it.”

“That makes sense.” Izuku pauses. “I have a secret too, but I can’t tell you until we get home.”

“I figured as much given how your teachers were talking to you.” She purrs in his neck. “Don’t worry Moon Child. I’ll protect you.”

Izuku smiles as he gives her a knowing pat. “We’ll look out for each other.”
Izuku drops his hand as he reaches to open the door, only hesitating when he hears the scurrying of his classmates. Ignoring it, Izuku pushes inside.

“M-Midoriya, you are back.” Iida stutters for the first time, making Izuku suspicious to his classmates’ nervous air.

“Yeah.” Izuku walks over to his bag to put up his notebook.

“What did the principal want with you?” Asui bluntly asks with a blank face.

Izuku shivers thinking of it as his face morphs to one of pure dread. “He wants me to be his personal student during my free period.”

“Really? That’s amazing!” Uraraka cheers before seeing his panicked face. “That’s good, right?”

“Should I be worried that he called it training for world domination?” Izuku inquires carefully. “I’m asking for a friend.”

The class bursts out laughing, their tension receding.

“Deku-kun you worry too much!” Uraraka giggles. “He probably just liked your notes. We sure did.”

“I think I’m being completely reasonable.” Izuku blankly counters. “Making deals with him are terrifying.”

“You made a deal with him?” Hagakure questions.

Izuku smirks playfully. “You’ll find out what it was soon. After all, world domination always has its price.”
“Has anyone ever told you that you’d make a terrifying villain?” Kaminari blurts out as he literally has no filter.

*And that is my cue to leave.*

Izuku adopts a look of resigned betrayal as everything that has happened in the last 48 hours slams him in the face at once. He simply checks the clock, noticing there is only really one-minute left for school.

“Dude, not cool bro…” Kirishima points out after seeing Izuku’s silence after looking like a kicked puppy. “You okay Midoriya?”

Izuku grabs his backpack and attempts to flee the room, ignoring the question. Iida is not pleased though as he blocks the way. “Midoriya, you can’t leave! School is still--”

“Iida.” Izuku’s voice breaks it betrays his silent storm brewing underneath. “Please. Let me go home.”

The bell rings, allowing Izuku to rush past his friend, leaving them alone in the chaos that erupts shortly after his departure.

Izuku dries his tears that slipped out momentarily as he crosses the gates to head to the train station.

“**Hey Tsuki-chan?**”

“Yes, my *Moon Child*?”

“I need to head home now to change. Do you want to go shopping after or do you want to wait till tomorrow? It’s your choice, so don’t feel pressured either way. When we do go, you get to pick
everything you want. I want you to be comfortable and feel like you belong. Also, please don’t consider yourself my pet. In my eyes, you’re my family.”

“You’re such a kind child.” Tsuki whispers softly. “Why did your kind hurt you?”

Izuku sighs. “I didn’t have a quirk at first. When you are quirkless, you aren’t even considered human. But I’ll tell you all about it later. Fun stuff first. What do you want to do?”

“Shopping sounds pleasant.”

“Shopping it is.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/20, Checked for errors 3/12

Loser by Jagwar Twin

A/N: Shopping trip is incoming! I repeat! This is NOT a drill!
Izuku unlocks the door as he enters the apartment. “It’s not much, but it’s home.”

“It’s more than enough Moon Child.” Tsuki jumps off his shoulder as Izuku gives a tour of the place.

“This is the living room.” Izuku gestures in front of him where a simple couch and tv is set up for his movie nights. “And that is the kitchen.”

Izuku shifts over to the rooms. “This is my room.” Izuku points at his name plate. “That room over there is my mini-gym and the other one is the guest room.”

“And your mother’s room?” The cat looks up with a sad gaze.

“Mom’s…she’s…” Izuku stumbles over his words. “I’ll tell you later. But she’s not here. I’m not sure if she’s coming back ever.”

“I’m sorry my Moon Child.”

Izuku wipes his eyes when they become wet. “It’s fine. I’m just gonna change really quick and then we can go get you your stuff. Don’t worry about money though. I’ve saved plenty, so I’m glad I can use it on someone else for a change.”

“Thank you.”

Izuku nods as he takes a minute to change. It doesn’t take him long to grab his card to go shopping.
Izuku had set up a bank account fairly recently for himself under his name using his mother’s voice, so he didn’t have to worry about carrying cash around and getting jumped. Plus, he’s put most of the spare stuff in his savings for when he becomes a hero and needs a place to stay. That is also a precaution if the money he keeps being sent suddenly dries up. He’s got at least five years of money to live on saved up now, so he’s confident he can keep himself afloat till then regardless of what happens.

Izuku eyes the envelope on the table that he’s guarded for so many years, clinging to the hope she would come back and read his letter. Izuku approaches it, looking it over and over. Deep sadness washes over him as he tears it up into smaller and smaller pieces.

*I’m sorry Mom, but I don’t think I can wait any longer.*

Izuku discards his past in the trash, replacing his sorrow with a blinding smile as he faces the future with his new family of his own choosing. “Come on Tsuki-chan. Let’s go get you everything you need.”

Toshinori is not usually a worrier when it comes to most things. But ever since he met the boy who could light up the world with even one of his most simple smiles, he’s constantly finding himself fussing over even the slightest thing when it came to Midoriya.

During their training together, he almost freaked out and took him to a hospital when he fell down from simply overworking himself. Looking back, he may have collapsed from more than just overwork. Hearing about the scars his successor carried for months with him even having a suspicion something was even remotely wrong terrified him. Just as much as seeing All for One again would. Honestly, it makes so much sense now why the boy wanted to rush him to a hospital when they first met.

He probably actually thought he was dying.

Hearing Chiyo talk about how his boy never went to the hospital for such an injury that could have killed him made him realize how much he is shouldering alone. The situation just didn’t make much sense, which also wasn’t helping his anxiety. Even if it bullies like he said in the meeting that caused his scars, his instincts were screaming at him that he was suffering in silence from something more.
Even Nedzu felt so. So much so that he wanted a profile pulled for Midoriya’s mother. He knows he can’t just bust into there and save him like he would like to. Thus, he wants to protect him from the shadows tonight, observing him from afar. Going to your student’s neighborhood to patrol may be extreme, but he can’t help his gut feeling telling him something is dreadfully wrong.

If All Might somehow was nearby to hear a cry for help, well, he wouldn’t simply stand by and let it happen. He may have been blissfully ignorant before, but he will not make the same mistake twice. Now, he’s going to protect the boy who’s basically become his son with his life, even if it kills him.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/20, Checked for errors 3/12

Holding On by Nightly

*A/N: My baby boy is GROWING! *sniffs* I'm so proud.*

*Shameless plug, but it's my birthday today!*

*Thanks so much for the love and support for my little fic!* :D
Izuku bounces the whole way to the nearest pet store with Tsuki on his shoulder, simply enjoying the ride.

“Hey Tsuki-chan?”

“Yes little one?”

“I hope this isn’t sensitive, but are you blind?” Izuku broaches carefully.

The cat almost stills on his shoulder, making him fear the worst for her. “No, why do you inquire such a peculiar question?”

“Really?!” Izuku shouts in his relief before noticing her wince. “Oops. Sorry Tsuki-chan. Well, I thought you were blind because of your eyes. It’s probably because of your quirk then. Not that I care either way, I just wanted to know if I needed to help you with stuff.”

“My eyes?”

“They are milky white. It usually is common in those who are blind. Not that I mind it. I think your eyes are really beautiful.”

“I see. Well, I’m not blind. I can see your unruly hair clear as day.”

Izuku giggles. “You’ll have to get used to it. Unfortunately, it’s here to stay. But I’m glad. I was worrying about how I could help you pick stuff out if you couldn’t see.”
“I would trust your judgement.” She dutifully replies as if it was obvious. “You’ve done more for me in the past few hours than anyone else. I don’t deserve someone as kind as you to be my friend.”

Izuku loses a happy tear at that. “I’m glad we’re friends too. But I also feel like you are family, so don’t hesitate to ask me for stuff you need. Your happiness is mine too.”

“Family, huh?” Tsuki almost smirks in Izuku’s eyes when he pets her head fondly. “Then I guess you really are my child then.”

“I would be most honored.” Izuku jokes as he imitates his new surrogate mom.

“Oh, stop you kit.” Tsuki bats his shirt collar playfully, that makes Izuku chuckle as he enters the store.

“Welcome to our shop!” The girl behind the desk cheerfully greets. “You have such a cutie there. Let me know if the two of you need any help.”

Izuku gives his thanks as he grabs a cart to get started. “Let’s get the essentials first, then we can get some fun stuff you’d like.”

Izuku lets her pick out her preferred food, only stepping in to give her some variety in the flavors. She preferred the green food bowls, saying it reminded her of him. If he lost a few happy tears from that, she never pointed it out.

Izuku even helped her pick the cat bed that she felt was the best one, letting her sit on it one by one until she found the perfect one. She picked the soft baby blue one that made even Izuku jealous of.

Izuku also discreetly placed a few different types of treats in the basket, hoping she won’t notice when they picked out some toys. She’s not terribly picky, but Izuku still wants to shower her with whatever she wants. After all, she’s the first person he’s ever bought anything for. Izuku makes it a priority to avoid the collar section at all costs.

The trip home is less than ideal. Internally, Izuku is anxious to tell her everything. He knows he
can probably trust her, but after holding it close to his heart for so long, Izuku doesn’t know how to say the things that have always needed to be said. Silently, Izuku sets everything up, even giving her dinner before himself, giving her extra chicken from his own dinner when it’s finished.

Once the dishes are washed and put away, Izuku sits down in front of his girl to get started explaining. “Tsuki-chan, I…”

“Moon Child let’s wait till tomorrow. You are tired. Plus, it’s already late. You have class tomorrow I assume from your friends’ discussions. I won’t be mad if we wait a day.” Tsuki assures soothingly.

“O-okay. I’ll tell you everything tomorrow.” Izuku yawns, rubbing at his deep eye bags. “Just so you know, you can sleep in my bed. I don’t hold a monopoly on it, but I have to warn you, I have terrible nightmares. I don’t want to hurt you if one happens.”

“I see. I’m sorry little one.”

“Don’t be sorry. Anyway, we should go to bed.” Izuku pauses, thinking about what happened today. The creepy man just left a bad taste in his mouth and he just simply couldn’t get over it.

“Tsuki-chan, if anything happens to me, you can trust All Might. He was the blond person from today in the office.”

“You trust that human?”

“I know I was mad earlier, but honestly, I trust him with my life. Also I guess Aizawa-sensei. Though, he’s pretty grumpy a lot of the time.” Izuku fondly scratches her head. “If you ever are in danger, let them help you. I certain they won’t judge you for your quirk. I know it. I think they’d find it as beautiful as I do.”

“I believe you Moon Child.” Tsuki sighs internally. “Now go to bed young man!”

Izuku giggles. “You’re just like a mom.”
“Shoo you!”

“Okay mom!” Izuku continues his cackling as he races off to get ready for bed.

*Tomorrow is a new day after all.*

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/20, Checked for errors 3/12

Infinity by Jaymes Young

_A/N: Two precious cinnamon rolls..._

_(I'm not crying, you're crying. Shut up!)_
“Izuku dear, come help me with dinner!”

“Coming mommy!” Izuku giggles as he finishes his drawing in his notebook. Bringing it with him, he scampers into the living room. Inko is cooking at the stove, currently chopping up vegetables to put into the curry.

“There you are dear.” Inko smiles weirdly that makes Izuku shiver a bit before joining his mother at her side.

After a few moments of silence, Izuku looks up at his mother expectantly. “Mommy, can I help?”

Looking down, his mother frowns. “Has your quirk appeared yet dear?”

Izuku flinches at the question, making him want to cry. Choking down his emotions, he shakes his head. “No mom.”

The knife cuts into the board sharply, making Izuku tense as he waits for his mom to respond. “I see.”

Izuku loses a few tears as he can’t hold them back anymore. “I’m sorry mom, I’ll try harder--”

“Izuku.”

Izuku looks up at his mother’s face, seeing an angry visage that makes Izuku’s blood turn to ice, making him drop his notebook. “Mommy?”
His mother softly laughs. “I guess I haven’t been fair to you, have I?”

The knife raises off the cutting board as Inko’s face twists into a manic expression. Izuku backs away in pure fear, not trusting the person in front of him. “Mommy, what’s going on? You’re scaring me!”

“Problem Child, why are you making this so difficult for me?” Inko raises her hand as Izuku feels something moist fall from his nose as he stills, being controlled like a puppet by her quirk and unable to move on his own due to the pain.

"I'm s-sorry m-mommy...” Izuku whimpers when the pain surging in his head like a severe headache starts to cease, locking himself in place for disobeying his mother, even though he's not sure what he did.

“Don’t worry sweetie.” Izuku feels a weird feeling rush over him as his mother raises her other hand again as the knife follows suit, pointing towards his small chest. “You’ll have your quirk soon.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/21, Checked for errors 3/12

Blood // Water by grandson

So yeah... that happened... Get your pitch forks ready. It's time for a fucking crusade!

A/N for clarification: Inko was pulling on Izuku's cranial nerves (specifically the motor ones) btw which temporarily ceased his movement so he couldn't run away from the pain or risk major damage. She was a nurse and she learned where it was located to do it when he disobeyed her. All it does is temporarily make him stand still like she controlling him.

When Aizawa cancels his quirk, it aggravates his damaged nerves without his quirk active since he has an extra type of nerve set unique to him alone in the set of cranial nerves in the brain (some of the cranial nerves help with the senses like taste, smell, and sight). When Aizawa cancels his quirk, it causes the nasal cavity to release the excess blood from the area. And no, Izuku can't die from it if it is prolonged, but it still hurts him because it is still damaged leading to the fluid discharge. Yes, I went there.
I'm not sorry, but also FUCK my brain coming up with this shit.

Also, Izuku had that letter for the longest time detailing his quirk for his mother to find btw. He still felt like it was all his fault for driving his mother away deep down by not being able to show off his quirk to her, especially with his dad being dead, even though he knows she abused him. (it's kind of like a weird version of survivor's guilt)

Also also, very important, he was quirkless until this event awakened his dormant quirk. There was nothing to show anyone until then.
Izuku jolts awake after feeling like he got run-over by a truck from his nightmare, his closed eyes already drenched in tears. Eyes finally open in his panic, he sits up to look around the room to see where he is to see if he’s okay, if he’s safe. He tears at his shirt to stop the bleeding. To his relief, the scar over his heart isn’t open, but his panic still doesn’t cease in the slightest. The bed moves as Izuku is unable to keep his breathing under control any longer.

“Izuku, are you okay?”

Izuku wipes at his eyes as he tries to calm his shudders. Unable to talk, Izuku tries the next best thing. “Um, just a nightmare. Sorry. I’ll be okay.”

“Would you like to talk about it?” Tsuki nuzzles his hand that’s gripping the bed like it would get away from him.

Izuku blinks away his blurry eyes to see the time on his old All Might clock from when he was a kid. After a sigh, Izuku nods. “It was about when I first learned about my quirk.”

Tsuki seems to pause for a bit before speaking again. “How about we start from the beginning? I feel like you have a lot on your mind.”

Izuku nods as he readies himself to speak. “You have to promise never to tell anyone unless I say you can. I wouldn’t be able to stay here with you in our apartment alone if you did tell is why it’s so important. I would probably be put in the foster system and you would probably be taken away from me since I don’t have a guardian taking care of me.”

“I understand.” Tsuki purrs against his leg as if it’s confirmation. “I owe you that much.”
“It all started when I was a four year old.” Izuku grips his knees as he prepares for everything. “My quirk hadn’t come in yet, so my mom took me to the doctor. He told me I was quirkless and I should give up. Once we came home, Mom freaked out that her baby boy didn’t have a quirk. She knew how much I wanted to be a hero and we had just lost Dad, so it probably didn’t help her reaction. So, the next day she took me to a different doctor. He said I had a dormant or hidden quirk. He was honestly appalled the previous doctor said I was quirkless. After that, it’s when…”

“When what?”

“When the t-trainings started.” Izuku shakes as the air feels way too cold now. “She enrolled me in gymnastics and self-defense classes sure, but she also took me to other places too. They hurt me there. Mom always said she just wanted to help me find my quirk. She was convinced if I kept at it, it would show eventually. For a time, I truly believed her.”

Tsuki nudges her way into Izuku’s lap, allowing him to pet her more directly as he pours out his heart. “School was just as bad. When I told Kacchan that I was quirkless, the entire school basically had a gravestone with my name on it prepared. In retrospect, how ironic. But they didn’t get as bad as the trainings until middle school. Before then, it was just name calling, hair pulling, etc.…”

“When I turned five, I had enough.” Izuku shifts as his tone made her flinch to its intensity. “I was so done with trying to find a quirk that I didn’t have. I was just so stressed at that point. Between the intense trainings and bullying, I just needed to do something else. Something that I wanted, not what everyone else wanted. So, I turned to writing in my notebooks. I tricked mom into thinking they were just for analyzing fights so I could find my own quirk. I did it because I still wanted to be a hero, but I knew I would have to work harder than everyone else as I didn’t have one. Dad told me that once too, so it encouraged me to keep fighting. So, I kept analyzing. I know the principal thinks I may have that as my quirk before. I think that it’s just because of how good I am at reading people now. Plus, quirks have a telltale signs in their users that are pretty easy to spot out once you’ve done it long enough. Also, it’s not possible for me to have that quirk.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Because I know what my original is.” Izuku admits as he starts to go full analysis mode to calm down more. “Also, you can’t have two quirks from birth alone. Take Todoroki for example. He’s the boy with red and white hair. From an outside perspective, it would seem that he has two quirks: fire and ice. But actually, his quirk is more akin to changing the temperature around him. The ice forms because his temperature control makes the water in the air around him freeze. The fire comes out when the air is heated to the point of combustion of the dust particles around him catching on fire. Or at least that’s my current working theory on his quirk. I know it’s the case with his ice at
least because when he uses his ice, it freezes him as well. If he was simply creating ice from his body, it wouldn’t do that unless it was temperature manipulation, meaning he doesn’t have a protection from the cold. It would never hurt him because it would be ejected from his body, meaning it wouldn’t form on him and freeze his cells. Even though I haven’t seen his flames, I know he’s probably fireproofed since his father does have a fire emitter type quirk. It’s more like a passive buff that’s typical with fire quirks, so he’s got a high chance of inheriting it. If the principal wants to think it is my quirk to analyze, by all means let him. I just can’t let anyone know about my real one.”

“What’s your original quirk? I’m guessing this means you have more than one.”


“What does it do little one?”

“Well, it’s a little fickle.” Izuku notes. “But I think I should tell you about when it manifested first before I tell you exactly what it does. It would make more sense that way anyway.”

Izuku clears his face of stray tears that have fallen. “When I was seven, Mom’s trainings got more intense. I think she was really desperate, just lying to herself that I had one. I mean, technically, she was right. But…”

Izuku trails off, staring into the darkness of his room.

“It’s okay Moon Child. If you don’t want to talk, you don’t have to.”

“I-it’s fine.” Izuku psyches himself back up to continue. “I was seven. I came home from school one day and went to work on my notebooks like usual. She, um called me to dinner and… I think she just...snapped.”

Izuku puts on a brave face even though his voice cracks. “S-he asked m-me i-if my quirk c-came in. It didn’t. S-so she…”

“She used her quirk on me.” Izuku’s sobs, no longer able to speak out loud anymore. ‘That’s what my nightmare was about.”
“I’m so sorry child.” Tsuki purrs to calm Izuku, which helps a bit.

“Once it happened, I basically bled out on the floor from what she did. I think she thought it would show itself if I was about to die. But it didn’t. I was so cold. So, so cold. I knew I was dead. When I woke up, she was already gone.” Izuku wipes his shame off his face. “She left a note about how she couldn’t bear being here any longer that she needed a break from me. A trip she said for work came up. So, that’s when I realized I had a quirk. I haven’t seen her since.”

Izuku spends the next few minutes hugging the soothing purring cat in his arms as his own cries echo throughout his room. “It’s okay Tsuki-chan. I’m okay.”

“Second Chance. What exactly does it do?” Tsuki inquires as her desperate purrs start to cease.

“Well, there’s two parts.” Izuku clears his throat. “I can sense death so to speak. Like when I found you. I could feel the dread I associate with that coming from you. I can sometimes feel the intentions that someone wants to kill if it’s strong enough, which is what I felt from that stranger that I drew for the principal. The second part allows me to heal from injuries that kill me. But only those injuries. Everything else is left untouched.”

“Does that mean you can’t die?”

“I don’t think so.” Izuku admits. “I mean, I’ve never really tested it out fully as I’m kind of scared to do so, but I have a funny feeling that if I keep dying within a short duration…”

“You probably wouldn’t get a second chance.” Tsuki finishes for him.

“That’s one of the reasons why I picked the name after all.” Izuku chuckles with sad morbidity. “That’s why I can’t tell anyone. One, they could torture or experiment on me to find its limits. Two, it hurts a lot to die. Three, if they knew what really happened for it to manifest, I would be sent away to a foster family. And no one wants a seemingly quirkless child. They’d never let me be a hero. I’d rather die for real than give up my chance for being a hero. I just want to save people.”

“How many times have you died child?”
“I don’t know. I didn’t keep track.” Izuku automatically answers. “But I haven’t died for a year now, though that time wasn’t exactly my fault.”

“Please don’t die again.”


“Take care of yourself my Moon Child.” Tsuki yowls. “You are a light that I would mourn deeply if you went out.”

“Thank you.” Izuku wails in happiness. “Thank you so much.”

“Says the one who saved me.” Tsuki chuckles. “My plights seem trivial in comparison.”

“Don’t say that Tsuki-chan. No one’s problems should be ignored because another’s is worse.” Izuku softly replies. “Do you want to talk about yours? Other than the main stuff I’ve said, there’s not much else for me I’m afraid.”

“Another time child. You’ve seen enough distress today for a lifetime. Humans are cruel after all. Mine is as simple as your kind hurting me due to my quirk. The world is never kind to those who lie outside its conventions.” Tsuki notes sadly. “You have more than one quirk, yes?”

“Yes, but you can’t tell anyone about it either.” Izuku states sternly. “It was a gift, but I can’t tell you from who. It’s a strength quirk. It makes me really strong.”

“I understand. Your secret is safe with me.”

Izuku nods, looking back over at the time to see how much has passed. “I should get ready for school. What would you like for breakfast? My treat.”

“I’ve heard of this thing called bacon.”
Izuku smirks as he rubs his face clean. “You got it.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/21, Checked for errors 3/12

Nightmare by Halsey

THE QUIRK HAS BEEN REVEALED! I REPEAT! THE QUIRK HAS BEEN REVEALED!

A/N: Also, don’t get your pitch forks out just yet those of you who say his quirk is impossible given his parentage. I will reveal how he got his, but hint: traits are passed down from generation to generation, sometimes skipping a person or two.
"Endeavor, more like Endeawhore." --Todoroki

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After returning his gym uniform to the locker room, Izuku makes his way to the classroom with Tsuki in tow. Once he reaches the classroom, he sees a vest for Tsuki on his desk neatly folded and pressed.

“Hey Tsuki-chan, I think the principal gave you a present.” Izuku brightens as he scratches her head. “Do you want to wear it?”

“What is it exactly?” Tsuki asks as she bounds onto his desk to sniff the foreign object that has her name embroider on the flap portion.

“It’s a service vest. It’s for emotional service animals and allows me to take you wherever I want.” Izuku informs. “But you don’t have to wear it if you don’t want it.”

“Kind of looks like a cape.”

Izuku laughs as she rubs against it. “Then you’d be my hero. And it would be your costume when you are saving me.”

Tsuki looks up as if she’s smirking. “Then I would be proud to wear it for my Moon Child.”

Izuku nods. “Whatever you want. If you don’t like it, tell me at any time and I’ll take it off. With or without it, you’ll still be my hero.”

“I would like to try it.”

Izuku smirks as he helps her into it. “There, now you look like a proper hero.”
Tsuki purrs as Izuku sets down his stuff to start writing about a hero fight he saw on his phone on his morning commute with her. Izuku just barely finishes his new entry before the classroom door opens, revealing Todoroki in the doorway.

Todoroki opens his eyes slightly larger than normal before resuming what he was doing to walk into the classroom.

“Good morning Todoroki!” Izuku cheerfully greets with a genuine smile.

“Morning Midoriya.” Todoroki pauses at his desk, his eyes never leaving the new addition to Class 1-A.

Izuku gets the hint and sets straight into explaining. “This is Tsuki-chan. You met her yesterday, but today she’s officially my emotional support companion.”

Todoroki simply nods while something conflicting comes across his face that makes Izuku hypervigilant to what his classmate may need.

Once he seems to have gotten his bearings, he attempts to speak. “Midoriya, if it’s not too much trouble, could we speak privately after school?”

Izuku tilts his head in confusion. “I mean, I don’t mind, so sure, but is there a reason why? Oh, is it about the joke I made about your quirk? I really didn’t mean it and I’m really sorry about it. I was just simplifying it for the joke since most people don’t know that you can only have one quirk.”

That makes Todoroki snap to attention. “What?”

Izuku nervously plays with his pencil to keep his attention focused. “What I mean is, there can be different attributes to a quirk, but it’s always a single quirk. Like, your two outputs fire and ice may seem like two distinct quirks, but that’s simply not true. It’s the same with Kacchan. He has a mixture of his mother’s glycerin and father’s acid sweat that makes up the two outputs, but ultimately, it’s still a single quirk. If it wasn’t, he’d have both quirks separately and he wouldn’t be able to make explosions as easy as he does. I read a lot of studies about it and–”
“Wait.” Todoroki cuts him off with a serious look. “You think I have only one quirk?”

“Well yeah.” Izuku turns to his page to show his classmate. “I think your quirk isn’t two separate emitter quirks of fire and ice, but in actuality a temperature manipulation emitter.”

Izuku points to the ice side as Todoroki leans in to read better. “Your right-side forms ice because you lower the temperature of the air around you, causing the water in the air around you to freeze. It’s actually pretty cool because that means you have amazing fine control when making it. The reason why you freeze up is because you are indirectly causing the air around you to get too cold, freezing the water in your body if you do it too much.”

“You noticed that I freeze?” Todoroki eyes him suspiciously.

“Yeah, I mean it’s not hard to notice when your breath puffs out cold air and your limbs collect ice crystals after using it extensively.” Izuku shifts his finger to the left side of his diagram. “I haven’t seen it yet, but your left side forms fire by heating up the air so much that the dust particles around you catch fire, giving you a basically limitless fuel source, just like the water in the air. While most fire quirks already have a passive buff for being flame resistant, I don’t think that means you are resistant to extreme heat. You’d overheat if used too much, similar to how you’d freeze to death if you used your ice too much.”

“How do you know my quirk is temperature manipulation?” Todoroki inquires as he’s not convinced. “As far as I can see, I have two. Which I’m surprised you even noticed as I haven’t used both of them.”

“Well, the way you melted your ice without bringing out your flames proves it.” Izuku notes with a smile. “I think that the reason why your quirk seems like it’s two is because either side of your body has a better affinity with a certain type of temperature control. It’s kind of like handiness. I think if you keep practicing, you could one day make ice from your left side and fire from your right. It’s kind of like when someone trains themselves to be ambidextrous, but in your case, it would be concerning your quirk.”

“You really think I can use my ice on my left side?”

Izuku’s face drops when he sees the hopeful look on his face with no clear regard to his fire side. The notion makes Izuku start to question what kind of person Endeavor really is behind closed doors for him to hate it so vehemently that he would reject a piece of himself. But, he kind of knows the feeling, which makes him scrunch up his face in worry. “Todoroki…“
The door opens, bringing the two to attention to their classmate in the doorway.

Iida comes in hand chopping once he sees Tsuki. “Midoriya, I thought we talked about this--”

Izuku stands up to stop the accusation quickly for his friend’s sake. “Iida, she’s my emotional support animal. Nedzu approved her for me. She has a vest, see.”

Izuku points to her cape like vest that she flaunts like a runway model that almost causes him to snort at her purposeful dramatics.

Iida seems to stumble in embarrassment as he likely knows a lot about it since his family are heroes. “I am so sorry Midoriya! I didn’t mean to--”

Izuku smiles as he interrupts him. “It’s totally fine Iida. You were just looking out for me and making sure I didn’t get in trouble. Plus, she’s new, so I can’t blame you at all for thinking that given yesterday. I appreciate your help.”

Iida readjusts his glasses as he starts to head to his assigned seat. “I see. I wish you both well.”

Looking back to Todoroki, Izuku notices that he’s basically shut down again that makes his smile become a bit strained. He has a feeling that Izuku himself has been the only to get more than a few words out of him and even that has been pretty minimal at best. “Well, we can talk later if you want Todoroki. When would you like to meet up?”

“Meet me at the gates after school. We can go somewhere to talk then.” Todoroki basically whispers as he passes Izuku to sit in his seat.

Izuku simply nods as he stares back at his notebook, getting an ominous feeling about his classmate’s father that makes him sick to his stomach. Flipping back to the hero fight from this morning, Izuku starts back up his writing until class begins.
Izuku is so focused in his own little world that he fails to notice his hovering classmates with their cameras out, taking pictures of his proud girl that is more than happy to strut her stuff like the queen she is while he works on his scribbling, deep in his mumblings and thoughts.

It isn’t until Iida’s voice that Izuku snaps out of it with a shudder since they are too close for comfort.

“Please stop crowding Midoriya and his emotional support animal. It is rude to treat emotional support animals like pets!” Iida corrects as the group doesn’t seem to cease their actions despite his first attempt.

“Wait, so why do you have an emotional support what’s it?” Kirishima points out as the rest of the class who wasn’t there earlier don’t know either.

“Oh, that’s simple.” Izuku perks up once everyone backs up a bit. “I told you world domination always has its price. I just asked Nedzu to register her and he was more than happy to do so if I became his student during my free period. She likes being with me, so I figured I would help her out with it.”

…

“Midori is such a cinnamon roll.” Ashido pouts as she jabs Kaminari in the stomach, causing him to groan in pain. “No wonder he was so devastated yesterday to be called a villain by you!”

Izuku blinks at her confused. “I’m…not food?”

“Oh my god, he’s so innocent.” Ashido points out with a weird glee. “We need to protect him at all costs.”

Izuku frowns. “Why? I can take care of myself.”

His only response is laughter from the girl who honestly seems like she’s on drugs or something.

“Sure you can Deku.” Bakugo rolls his eyes. “You trip over your own damn feet like an idiot all
“Shut up Kacchan.” Izuku pouts despite him not really being wrong.

The door to the classroom slams open, revealing their clearly disgruntled teacher. “I know the vultures outside are very tempting to talk to, but please refrain from indulging them further if they try to talk to you.”

Izuku looks up with confusion. “Vultures, sir?”

“The media.” Iida supplies with a troubled look. “They were asking this morning about the rumors about a quirkless student being enrolled in the hero course.”

Izuku’s heart drops that causes him to avert his eyes away from his classmates. He knows it’s all his fault they are being hounded and he doesn’t have to think too hard on what they are saying about him, even though it’s not true.

“Hey, chin up bro.” Kirishima tries to reassure Izuku when he looks dejected in the window for all of their classmates to see. “You aren’t quirkless—”

“Anymore.” Izuku finishes for him. “You’re right. It doesn’t matter.”

⋯

“Midoriya, we are going to have a talk later.” Aizawa-sensei breaks the tension seeing his mood drop. “But for now, we are going on a field trip.”

Everyone’s mood perks back up at the mention of a field trip.

“Today, we are going to be doing rescue training at an off-campus training facility.” Aizawa-sensei pushes a button that dispenses their costumes from the wall. “You can go in your costumes or in your gym clothes, whatever works best for you. Midoriya, your cat won’t be permitted to come along, so could you send her to the Teacher’s Lounge?”
Izuku nods as he gets up with the rest of the class to change. “Come on Tsuki-chan. Let’s get you where you need to go.”

She jumps on his shoulder as he heads to the teacher’s lounge to get ready for the field trip.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/21, Checked for errors 3/12

Vicodin by CVBZ

A/N: USJ incoming! Let's GO!!!
Mind Is A Prison

Chapter Notes

Class 1-A is worried about their tired, chaotic bean.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Turns out All Might did a little too much hero-ing today and yesterday, so he’s been stuck with cat duty to not strain too much on his time limit. Or that’s what he told Izuku anyway with a smile even though he seemed really depressed about not being able to come with them underneath it.

Though, that quickly changed as he was in such high spirits when Tsuki managed to nestle her way into his mentor's lap for some free head scratches. Honestly, Izuku feels like All Might really needs more people in his life who knows about his other form, but he's not sure how to engage that type of scenario. He feels like not many people know or support the person behind All Might and it clearly shows.

But how to go about it...?

Sighing, Izuku pushes into the locker room, not really noticing the tension rise as his classmates’ stare at him while he's focused on his own thoughts. Gathering up his gym clothes, Izuku mindlessly heads towards the bathroom stalls.

It’s only then that he notices his classmates are basically blocking the way to the bathroom sans Bakugo given their formation, making him nervous that this is some type of intervention. For what reason, Izuku is unsure and he really hopes its not to beat him up, especially since they've all seemed really nice to him so far.

“I need to change.” Izuku softly points out as he waits for a chance to do so, electing to not make them mad if they are going to do what he fears.

“Midoriya, we are extremely concerned about you.” Iida broaches carefully that makes Izuku tense.

Yup, intervention. Thank god I hid all my drugs and alcohol this morning…
“Why do you not change in front of everyone?”

Izuku blankly stares at Iida trying to read what it is they want. He hopes it not like middle school because showing an ounce of weakness was always preyed upon heavily. “Is it against the rules to do so?”

“Dude, are you being hurt or something?” Kirishima whispers with a frown. “We saw how badly you freaked out with Sensei yesterday.”

Izuku bristles a bit to that question. “Is being self-conscious enough of a reason to change in the bathroom?”

“We aren’t going to judge you. We’re all guys here.” Sato assures that everyone acknowledges with nods of agreement, even Dark Shadow who came out for a small peek at the commotion. “You don’t have anything to be ashamed of.”

“He gave you fuckers a reason, so piss off.” Bakugo knowingly looks at him as he shrugs on the front of his costume. "Fucking nosy extras..."

Thanks Kacchan.

While the group scowls at their resident angry man, Izuku nervously fiddles with his gym clothes as it seems they are still at an impasse.

“Midoriya, it is our duty as heroes to help those who are in need. As heroes and as your classmates, we can’t simply stand by and let you get hurt willingly.” Iida asserts strongly with diligence, finally breaking up the long awkward bout of silence. “You can trust us. We can get you the help you need.”

Izuku doesn’t miss the subtle flinch from Todoroki, making himself even more concerned than fearful at this point as he searches his classmate's face for answers. Apparently, that lapse of emotion has already faded away under Todoroki's new unfazed gaze, but that doesn't stop Izuku from starting a plan in motion as now he's very upset about a certain flame hero.
Noticing his classmates are still watching him closely, he realizes he didn't actually deny what Iida's speech entailed. Sighing, Izuku gives a vanilla answer that will hopefully placate them. “I appreciate your concern, but I'm not being hurt. If you doubt me, go to Aizawa-sensei and bring it to his attention. I really do need to change now, though…”

Clearly, his classmates don't believe him as they seemingly start to protest. “Midoriya, can we at least see you change once…”

Izuku denies their request with a simple shake of his head, though the pure fear flashing from his eyes at the prospect of any of them seeing the scars that riddle his body isn't lost on them. His classmates' all adopt resigned and pitying expressions after his clear opinion to that option as it's like they've already made up their mind he is currently being hurt and is trying to hide it.

_God damn it Izuku…_

“I...Y-you were just... I can't...” Izuku can't seem to make up his mind on how to react, now favoring just getting away as soon as possible to not start having a panic attack or saying something to make it all worse. "I'm sorry, I'll just...go."

Exhaling in defeat as he doesn’t have it in him to lie his way out of it, Izuku unceremoniously makes his way out of the room to change in another bathroom, playing in his head over and over what he wanted to say to stop their questions, but was unable to the first go around. His tears don’t hide anymore now that he’s all alone to his harsh thoughts.

Izuku eases up on his silent turmoil as he changes into his gym clothes, no longer feeling very heroic today. Once finished, he pauses at the doorway to wipe away his tears to hide his shame, the guilt radiating off of him at this point for running from his friends. Izuku has never been happier to have brought his headphones to listen to on the way to school as he heads back to the classroom to shut out some of the noise of the world.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/22, Checked for errors 3/12
Mind Is A Prison by Alec Benjamin

Sometimes, reaching out for help is the hardest thing. Especially when everything from your past is keeping you from getting better.
Finally loaded onto the bus, Izuku takes one of the side seats before sliding his wireless headphones out of his backpack again to relax on the bus. Completely submerged in his thoughts and his music, Izuku almost misses Asui wave at him to get his attention. Taking off his headphones and pausing his music, Izuku gives her a small smile. “Hi Asui.”

“Call me Tsu.” Tsu corrects before getting straight into her original question. “Sorry if I’m blunt, Midoriya-chan, but what music are you listening to? I’m curious.”

“Oh, um do you want to hear it?” Izuku innocently asks as an idea pops into his head that he has always wanted to do in person.

After what happened in the locker room, he kind of wants to bring back up the mood anyway since all the boys have been giving him mixed signals between worry and fear. They must have talked to Aizawa-sensei too because they have also been staring pretty hard between the two of them, something that Izuku has ignored with gusto.

“Sure.”

With the go ahead, Izuku enters his special playlist and changes to his phone’s speaker, struggling to keep a straight face.

_Never gonna give you!  
Never gonna let you down!

After the second verse in the troll version, Izuku can’t contain his laughter as the whole class basically bursts at the seams with him at his Rick Roll.
“Midoriya! Did you really just Rick Roll us?” Kaminari bursts out between his laughs.

Izuku tries desperately to stifle his laughs as he tries to plead his case. “Sorry. Sorry. I couldn’t resist.”

“Fuck off Deku.” Bakugo grumbles from the back, clearly not sparing a moment of his time laughing at the occurrence. His bad mood is not going unnoticed and Izuku feels extremely guilty about causing it. The ‘extras’ probably hounded him extensively about Izuku when he left.

“You’re such a jokester Deku-kun.” Uraraka notes as her giggles start to slow.

“Sorry. Sorry.” Izuku apologizes sincerely as his gaze drops a little at the realization he technically lied to his classmates. “I just never got a chance to ever do that, so I took it. I didn’t mean to trick you guys. I can still play what I was listening to if you want As- I mean Tsu, but it’s really not that interesting.”

“Please do.” Tsu affirms, clearly not too rattled by Izuku’s prank to his relief.

Izuku nods as he switches back to his learning playlist and finds the song he was on. Pressing play, he wonders if they will like it or not.

\[
\textit{Te digo claro claro} \\
\textit{No es nada raro raro} \\
\textit{Así se puede amor}
\]

Izuku pauses the music when his classmates’ eyes widen at the music. “Um…”

“Wow Midoriya-chan, I didn’t think you’d like Spanish music.” Tsu points out.

“Um, well it’s more of for keeping fresh with my verbal skills.” Izuku explains, trying to keep himself from going on a tangent about it.
“Wait, so you like know Spanish?!” Hagakure asks excitedly as her gloves wave wildly in the air.

“¡Claro que sí! Pero todavía estoy aprendiendo.” Izuku accentuates with perfect pitch and inflection.

His classmates just stare at him for a long moment, causing him to shrink in on himself at their reaction thinking he did something wrong. “Ah sorry, I shouldn’t have said anything. Sorry if it made you guys uncomfortable or something...”

“Are you kidding?! That was super cool!” Ashido exclaims in pure glee at the discovery. “What did you say huh? Tell us!”

Beet red from embarrassment, Izuku sets straight to explaining while twiddling his hands as a nervous tick to calm him down. “I just simply said ‘of course but I am still learning.’”

“That was perfect Spanish. Is one of your parent’s Spanish or something?” Tsu asks bluntly.

Izuku tenses a bit but it doesn’t follow suit in his expression. “Oh, no they aren’t. I’m just learning as it’s a small hobby of mine.”

“What do you mean by that Midoriya?” Iida asks enthusiastically at the notion that another student like him actually studies as one of their hobbies.

“Well, I have always really liked languages.” Izuku explains nervously while rubbing the back of his head, unsure why he is getting so much attention on him from the entire class. “I’ve just kinda pick up new languages as I go along. Originally, I felt like there might be situation in the future where I would need to communicate with someone who didn’t know Japanese well as a hero. Or I may go to other countries for special team ups in troubling villain cases. It basically sent me on a tangent of learning as much as I could as I have a slight problem with obsessing over stuff when I really get into it. So yeah...”

“That’s like super manly man!” Kirishima asks with a gleam in his eye so genuine that makes Izuku feel like everything is back to normal again as he smiles at his classmate's enthusiasm. “How many do you know right now?”

“Um, well not as many as I would like to.” Izuku admits with a slightly disappointed manner in his
tone. “It’s not like I’ve mastered all of them or anything, but right now I can hold a conversation in Japanese which is obvious, Japanese Sign Language, English, and Spanish. That’s basically it so far. I’m hoping I can work on adding Korean soon though.”

Koda shoots his head up at the discussion, causing Izuku to notice and recognize his frantic hand gestures. "Hi M-I-D-O-R-I-Y-A. My name is K-O-D-A. How are you doing today?"

Izuku smiles as he signs his reply in front of his curious classmates. "Hi K-O-D-A. It’s nice to meet you as well. I’m doing well. I didn’t know you knew sign language as well. It’s a nice surprise."

For the first time in the time that the class has known him, Koda gives a huge smile at Izuku’s fluid signing. Izuku pretty happy he was able to be the one to do that, especially since Koda was one of the more shy people of the class.

Putting two and two together, Yaoyorozu adopts a gleeful gaze at the two’s interaction. “Midoriya, you must tell me the names of your tutors. I would absolutely love to learn from them!”

Izuku flinches at her insulation, causing his classmates to get a little worried at his negative reaction to her comment, especially the boys. “No Yaoyorozu, I’m self--”

“Deku’s not fucking rich Pony Tail.” Bakugo huffs angrily, cutting off Izuku’s attempt to explain. “Why don’t you fuckers stop fawning over the stupid idiot anyway. It’s fucking annoying.”

Izuku’s gaze drops to the floor, silently deciding to slide his wireless headphones back on to block out the sound of Bakugo in case he goes into full rage mode. Switching them back on, Izuku ignores the ensuing chaos he sees being thrown around by his classmates.

With a sigh, Izuku decides to just close his eyes until they get there.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/22, Checked for errors 3/12

El Mismo Sol by Alvaro Soler, Jennifer Lopez
*snickers* Did I get you?

Per request, here is the actual link to the music video:
[Alvaro Soler - El Mismo Sol (Video Oficial)]

Next time! Universal Studios Japan gets chaotic!
“Welcome to the Unforeseen Simulation Joint or USJ for short!” Thirteen chirps as she describes the different locations of the facility.

Izuku feels pretty bummed that All Might wasn’t going to be there for rescue training, but saving people can’t be helped. It takes priority after all. Izuku would’ve done the same in a heartbeat after all, so he can’t really judge.

Sighing, Izuku stares off into space, observing the different terrains of the facility they will have to work with soon. Izuku isn't looking forward to the inferno looking one if he's being honest. Not that he's scared of fire per say, but the smoke getting in his eyes would be hard to deal with as he didn't bring his entire costume with him, opting for his gym clothes. At least he's still got his mask to protect him from smoke inhalation.

A weird fluctuation of something that resembles a wave near the center fountain catches his eye, making Izuku squint to figure out if it was a trick of the light. Before Izuku can figure it out, a huge wave of death hits him as it forces him to double over, barely able to keep himself from throwing up with his hand covering his mouth as his nausea keeps growing. It’s bigger than any sensation he’s ever felt before and he honestly feels like it might be sensory overload at this point making him this sick as the ringing in his head spreads like a migraine.

“Midoriya-chan, is something wrong? You look green.” Tsu starts, noticing Izuku’s pained expression as he starts sweating in his battle to keep down his breakfast.

The feeling of death constricts his whole being as it flares, causing Izuku to retch as he can’t keep it contained any longer. He hears some gasps around him at his actions, concerned for his wellbeing. Even his teachers seem concerned in his peripheral, but Izuku isn't worried about that as much as he is with the cause of the death auras around him.

“Dude, are you okay?” Kirishima asks as he pats Izuku on the back as he shudders. Izuku struggles
to keep himself sane in the waves of pure death pouring over him as they crash over him again.

Izuku shakes his head as tears prick at his eyes in pain, coughing to get his throat clear.

“Something is wrong. By the fountain.” Izuku barely chokes out as a warning as he tries to keep himself breathing okay, his panic already getting worse.

The second Izuku wipes his mouth to shakily look back, a dark purple portal starts to emerge in the place of the weird ripple over the fountain. Fear grips Izuku as his teachers stiffen, obviously gearing up for a fight.

An idea comes to mind, spurring Izuku to send for help as he has a terrible feeling about this.

“Tsuki-chan. If you can hear me, villains have attacked us at USJ! Please, tell All Might. We need help!”

“Thirteen, get the students out of here.” Aizawa-sensei commands as he slips on his googles, his classmates becoming increasingly uneasy around him at the dire situation in front of them.

Izuku readies himself for a fight despite the pit in his stomach from the feeling permeating through him.

“Sensei, what is going on?” Ashido asks worriedly, unsure what is even happening just like the rest of her classmates’ sans Izuku.

"Is this a part of the training?" Kirishima inquires with clear confusion.

Izuku answers for them as a hand starts to come through the portal, already gearing up for the battle ahead as given the vibes he's getting from the villains as this is clearly life and death. “We all need to get out of here. Don't let your guards down as these are real villains.”

The group retreats as fast as they can with Thirteen towards the exit upon his explanation, Izuku slightly lagging behind due to his panic starting to take over from the overwhelming feelings that have come over him from the villains projecting their desire to kill.
“Midoriya, how did you know something was wrong?” Kirishima asks with a concerned look as he tries to keep Izuku's pace up with the rest of the class.

Izuku lies by omittance as he can’t tell them the truth as they rush towards the exit. “Saw a weird ripple over the fountain. It made me really sick looking at it, so I knew something was very wrong. We need to get out of here as soon as possible.”

“How strange.” A purple mist man with a metal collar looking device on his neck warps before the group blocking their only exit, halting their hasty retreat. “You already started retreating before we had properly warped in. Which one of you was alerted to our presence?”

Izuku’s blood turns to ice as his classmates start panicking, but no one seemingly gives any indication of who said something as they seem to be drowning in their own panic about the situation from what he can tell. The purple mist looks over the group and Izuku struggles to keep a straight face to not give anything away to the enemy as he thinks up about ways to get away from the warper.

**Think Izuku! What can I do to raise our chances?**

Looking over the villain again for weaknesses, he sees the mist fluctuate. Given how the man warped in front of them, he’s probably the one with the portals bringing the villains in the first place.

**So maybe he isn’t solid? Then what is with that collar—**

Seeing Bakugo start to get antsy to the point he can start to feel the animosity radiating off him, Izuku relays his new information on the villain ignoring his panic as he has shifted fully into survival mode despite the vibes around him. “His quirk allows him to make portals! He is fluctuating, so he’s not solid! Aim for the metal thing! That’s probably where his real body is or at least something that can be hurt!”

Izuku could use some of his gadgets on his belt since he knows the villains weakness, but he knows his friend would never stay still enough for that given the situation. It would just cause his friend to get caught in the crossfire instead.
The purple mist’s eyes narrow as they zero in straight at Izuku. “It was you, wasn’t it? Do you have an analysis quirk? Aren’t you a clever--”

To Izuku’s relief, both Kirishima and Bakugo attack the mist man where Izuku had specified, making the mist man groan in pain as he is flung away from the group.

“That was extremely risky! Keep moving, we need to get you all out of here.” Thirteen directs as the group continues to move. “Kaminari, try to contact the school with your quirk. The alarms aren’t going off, so they probably don’t know we’ve been attacked yet.”

“On it!” Kaminari gives a thumbs up as the whole group resumes their escape now that they are only fifty meters away from the door. Izuku looks behind him as he realizes Aizawa-sensei isn’t with them.

“We can’t leave Aizawa-sensei. His quirk works best on ambushes and stealth. He can’t handle a full-on brawl with multiple opponents like this.” Izuku voices as he’s nervous about the safety of his teacher. “His blink time reduces dramatically when straining like this. If we had someone sent back to support him, then he could--”

“You really are a golden egg, aren’t you?” The mist villain voices behind Izuku, making him go cold in fear. Izuku turns to face him in a defensive stance, but only is able to jump back away from the purple mist attempting to swipe at him.

“Midoriya, get back!” Thirteen commands as she starts to use her quirk to subdue the villain which looks like it would work at first glance.

A chill of death runs down Izuku back and he spurs himself into action towards her as he sees the portal form behind the pro hero. “Wait! Your quirk is--”

Thirteen cries out in pain as the back of her suit disintegrates, prompting her to shut off her quirk in order to not hurt herself more. Izuku’s fury runs red as he faces down the villain with an angry visage, thinking she might die from her wounds if not treated soon. In an attempt to stall for time, Izuku calms himself to think rationally to increase their survival rate and to protect his classmates as he doubts any of them have ever faced real villains before. With his teacher down, the vigilante in Izuku is forced to the forefront to protect them, especially since he doesn't yet know their intentions.
“Why are you here?” Izuku accuses with newfound determination to the apprehension of his classmates as he takes control of the situation with zero hesitation.

The mist man chuckles darkly that almost makes Izuku roll his eyes as that's such an overused dramatic power play move. “I apologize for our rude intrusion, but we are the League of Villains. We have come here to kill All Might, but I can see that he isn’t here. Why is that?”

Izuku bullshits out his ass to keep the villain talking as he motions for his classmates to run behind him, hoping they get the message. “He is still on the bus we came here on. He got a call from the Principal about something and waved us on to start without him. If you want, we could go send someone outside to fetch him for you really quick.”

The villain seems to believe him for moment before he looks over the frightened looks of his frozen classmates, seeing that it couldn’t possibly true. “You are a strange one. If your classmates didn’t just give away that what you said was a lie, I would have considered your proposal. You are too clever for your own good.”

Izuku’s face shifts to horror as the blackness of the mist moves to envelope him again. Izuku expertly dodges the villain's swipes, even pushing Hagakure out of the way when the villain decides to change tactics to get him. "MOVE!"

Izuku barely has enough time to recover from his save that he doesn't quite notice the next wave of black mist. Fearing he's not going to get away fast enough, Izuku reflexively grabs a smoke bomb from his back pocket on his belt.

“Midoriya!”

The last thing Izuku sees as he turns to run away is the terrified looks on his classmates as he slips into the darkness, giving them one last piece of advice as he throws his smoke bomb to hopefully give them all a chance to get away safely. “SCATTER!”
It's safe now. Why? Because vigilante Izuku is HERE!
Izuku falls downward until he hits the ground in an unceremonious heap.

Groaning, Izuku picks himself up to figure out where he is as quickly as possible to not get injured from a surprise attack due to a villain. Izuku’s eyes bug out the moment he spots the monster beside the villain from his drawing only a few meters away from him as a terrifying realization hits him.

“He… He…”

**He’s the weapon to kill All Might.**

“What, is your dialogue box broken?” The villain with the hands cocks his head at Izuku’s dread towards the monster as the mist villain appears beside the villain. “Kurogiri, who might this NPC be?”

**Seriously? Why is he making video game references at a time like this?!!**

“Shigaraki Tomura, this child has an analysis quirk I believe. It seems that the rumors about a quirkless student being in the hero course were misleading. He quickly deduced my quirk as well as my weaknesses within seconds of seeing me. I wonder what’s its limitations are though…” The mist man almost squints at Izuku, making him feel sick as he feels violated from that look alone. “It’s also possible he was the one who alerted the heroes to our presence.”

“Oh?” Shigaraki focuses his attention at Izuku with extreme interest that makes him cringe. “Is he a mini boss then? Or a Rogue?”

The death feeling rolling off the single villain makes Izuku blurt out the first thing that comes to
mind due to dealing with the added stress. “ Personally, I usually main as a Cleric, but I feel like I’m probably more of a Paladin deep down.”

The villains stop and… stare.

“What?” Handsy asks completely blindsided, his death aura finally fading away to Izuku’s instant relief.

_Alrighty then, time to make friends! Go bubbly Izuku! I choose you!_

“Recently I’ve been playing some Overwatch, but I always have had a sweet tooth for horror games. They always make me laugh with how cheap the scares are.” Izuku keeps talking as he comes up with ideas how to deal with each of their separate quirks and get away as soon as possible. But if he can keep them from hurting anyone in the process as they are definitely the biggest threats on the board, then by all means he’s gonna keep talking. “What’s your favorite video game?”

Handsy narrows his eyes as if skeptical to Izuku’s nonchalant attitude. “You realize the only reason why you are even breathing right now is because I find you mildly entertaining. And the only thing you want to know is what video game is my favorite?”

Izuku smiles brightly as he’s pretty good at faking his emotions to the point they are real in the face of villains and bullies alike, especially if he needs to mess with them. “Yup. I had you pegged as a fan of video games, so I was curious as a fellow lover of games. My favorite is Outlast.”

“You aren’t scared at all, are you.” Shigaraki concludes as Izuku’s tension has rolled away ever since the death aura went away. “Do you have a death wish?”

“Not really, but…” Izuku grins like a madman as he lets some of his inner misery come out in his face to keep them from attacking him. He’d rather not be disintegrated today and find out if he can come back from that. Plus, intimidation sometimes works on scaring off some villains, so it’s time to figure out exactly what type they are.

“Why would I be scared of you when I’ve had to face worse.”

Izuku may have gone a little overboard with his flawless acting because the villains actually flinch
hard at his performance. Either way, he's going to parrot back a taunt to keep their attention in case they try to lash out suddenly to catch them off guard. "What, is your dialogue box broken?"

Clearly, the corpse handler is a little pissed at that dig, but Kurogiri shoots him a look that stops him for a moment to analyze the situation better. The fact that they are eyeing him like he's a potential ally makes him want to scream from the top of his lungs how wrong they are, but if it keeps them away from his classmates, then so be it.

Izuku will play the part.

“You do realize we are here to kill All Might, one of your teachers, correct?” Kurogiri points out nervously as the confusion on both of them is coming off pretty heavy to Izuku of what his intentions are.

*Clearly they respond better to this then. Carry on chaotic neutral Izuku.*

“Okay.” Izuku like the little shit he is encourages them a little to keep them off topic and from hurting everyone despite wanting to wash his mouth out with soap with the crap he is spouting to the villains. “Need some help finding him? You know he's not actually here right? You didn't plan very far with this, did you?”

Izuku swears he might be traumatizing the villains at this point with how confused and worried they are that they stumbled into a truly crazy person, but oh well. You reap what you sow. “Is your silence a yes? You know, I won't judge you guys. Everyone makes mistakes once and awhile. Unseen variables can be a pain in the ass.”

“Are you even a hero?” Shigaraki questions curiously, as if he’s assessing whether Izuku is the right material to join them given his creepy expression. Too bad the whole notion makes him want to vomit again.

Izuku vaguely shrugs so he’s not caught lying. Lying to a villain is basically a death sentence because they won't hesitate to kill you on site when they figure it out. And Izuku would REALLY rather not let anyone know about his first quirk or traumatize anyone if it comes down to it. “I mean, technically, there’s just one type of person I can’t stand.”

“And that would be?” Kurogiri inquires with a narrowed gaze.
“People who treat others like trash simply because they can. Who hurt simply for kicks.” Izuku replies quickly as he doesn’t ever have to fake this with them as he hopes these killers are more sympathetic to his conviction. “The people I want to keep safe most are those who are ignored, cast aside, and who are never saved unless they do it themselves.”

“That’s a lot of hot air you are spewing little hero.” Shigaraki spits as if he was burned. "You're just like all of those other fake heroes, aren't you?"

Shit. Apparently, that’s a hot button topic for handsy…

"I mean, if you are talking about the heroes that do it for show boating, then nope. " Izuku pops the p. "Those guys are literally the worst. I just want to save and protect people who need it. That's literally it for me. Always has been."

"So you'd protect anyone?" Kurogiri inquires, analyzing Izuku's face for deception as he nods to keep up the facade. Handy man looks like he's torn between having a tantrum and being completely intrigued with him. Either way, gross. "You aren't really a hero, are you?"

"If you say so..." Izuku just tries to bring back up the mood with a simple smile as if he never noticed the villains' shift in attitude. “So, favorite video game?"

“Problem Child, what the hell are you doing here?!" Aizawa-sensei roars a few paces behind Izuku. “I told you all to get out!”

“Sensei… I…” Izuku’s tongue doesn’t work as he isn’t sure how to change his approach now with his teacher entering the fray.

Izuku jumpstarts himself to run, knowing he’s a liability for his fighting teacher with him there as his goal has to change to keep his teacher safe. “Sensei stay away from the black monster! He’s--”

Before Izuku can even react properly, he stumbles into another black portal unintentionally, plopping him down right in front of the terrifying villains.

“He’s what?” Shigaraki looks at him like he’s a cat that’s caught the canary.
“H-he l-looks l-like h-he c-can take o-on All M-might.” Izuku stutters to not give them anything and pretend he’s scared out of his mind with him this close to him. A villain underestimating him is an easy target after all and what he wouldn’t give to wipe that smug look off the bastard when he does.

“Flattery is it?” Shigaraki laughs as he outstretches a hand to get him off his butt. “Or are you hiding your quirk? There’s no reason to be shy. After all, you have my attention. Trust me, that’s a hard thing to come by.”

Please don’t touch me. Please don’t touch me. Please--

Izuku gulps nervously as he picks himself up, knowing he can’t fake away the horror on his face when he saw the villain offer it. “I don’t have an analysis quirk.”

“It’s not proper for heroes to lie little one. Based on that face you just made, you know exactly what Tomura’s quirk is, don’t you?” The mist man almost sounds like he was pouting at him, making him feel chills down his spine. “You’d be a much better fit for our line of work. Wouldn’t you agree, Tomura?”

“You’ve found us quite the rare item Kurogiri.” Shigaraki flashes a deadly smile underneath the hand on his face. "Now all we have to do is retrieve it."

Oh fuck no!

“I’m not an item for you to play with.” Izuku growls as he assumes a fighting stance as the tide of his conversation has lost its effectiveness now. “And I’m not lying. I actually hate being touched. You’d know that if you unlocked my tragic backstory. Instead, you barely got offered the favorite video game option and you threw it in my face. Thanks for the free information to never touch you though. Must have something to do with your hands then.”

Izuku grins as Acne Child scowls at him, leading him to believe his handy theory was indeed correct. As Izuku gets ready to throw down with Hand Job to bring him down a few pegs now that he knows crucial information, he feels something come across his waist, pulling him away from the villains in question before he can.

“Get out of here now!” Aizawa-sensei hisses at him once he lands beside him safely.
Izuku nods as he knows he’d only hold him back as he gets ready to run. Barely above a whisper, he gives his teacher help rapid fire. “Sensei, Misty has a warp quirk with the metal hiding his real body. Handsy has decay so don’t let him touch you as it is hand activated, possibly five point contact like Uraraka’s quirk or its just skin contact. The black monster probably can kill All Might, don’t get near him at all costs.”

He takes off the second his teacher stares at the mist man to stop his quirk from capturing him again as he’s definitely the biggest threat at the moment.

Izuku punches the crap out of the villains in his path, mowing them down to lighten his teacher’s load if he has to deal with the big guns behind him. They are just simply a rag team of villains that never come close to touching him at all and he doesn’t even really need his equipment to take them out with deadly precision. The blow a lot of hot air while yelling at him since he hasn’t used his quirk once, but technically it’s not true since he’s using it to evade their attack with gusto to knock them flat on their asses.

Honestly, Izuku’s ten-year-old self would wipe the floor with how pathetic they all fight blindfolded, almost like none of them had any proper training for their quirks or anything thereof. Regardless, Izuku strikes first and true each time as he mows down the cannon fodder to relieve his teacher of some of his duties to protect his classmates from the head honchos.

Izuku freezes from his retreat to find his other classmates after dropping the last villain when he hears a resounding crack on the ground and a wave of death wash over him that makes his heart drop straight through the floor.

Shakily, Izuku looks back and sees his teacher being pinned to the ground by the weapon that must be what they intend to kill All Might with. Without much warning, the black monster villain grabs his arm and breaks it like a twig to his horror, making Izuku feel sick as his stomach lurches again.

“SENSEI!” Izuku bolts straight towards them, not even hesitating once as adrenaline makes him much faster than normal in his panic.

“STAY AWAY FROM HIM!” Izuku shrieks as he rears back with a punch at the monster that seems to screech in pain way before he even makes contact.

The punch connects as it hits the monster. It’s only at this moment that Izuku realizes what the monster's quirk is as the punch rolls throughout its body.
“Shock Absorption.” Izuku whispers with dread looking up as the monster doesn’t even move an inch. The only good is that his arm isn’t broken, so at least he has a chance to hit the bastard again. His only hope at the moment is that the monster can’t reflect his blows back at him, but he’s pretty sure they can given its not nullification. All he can pray for is that the monster doesn't actually use that aspect of his quirk.

“Oi, Kurogiri I thought you said his quirk was analysis.” Tomura asks as if he’s going to have a tantrum.

“Perhaps he was telling the truth…” Kurogiri ponders. “It’s possible he’s just extremely intelligent and observant… But that power is remarkable…”

Izuku doesn’t wait for an invitation as he continues to punch the monster over and over again, keeping him from hearing the villains converse about him, even though he sees their lips flapping in his peripheral. After a desperate push, Izuku punches it harder than he thought possible, sending the monster flying back a couple paces with his hand probably broken given how purple it is. Though, Izuku doesn't stop as the pain can wait for later when everyone is safe. Izuku carefully picks up his teacher and tries to run with his newfound speed disregarding the state his hand is in as he uses it to get them to safety.

Izuku finally notices Tsu standing near the water’s edge with wide eyes as he hears the villain behind him tell the monster to grab him. As a last-ditch attempt, Izuku pushes his teacher into her hands just before he dashes away from her as fast as he can. “Get him medical help quickly! GO!”

It doesn’t take long for the fast monster to catch up to him after he sprints as fast as he can away from the two, dodging the fallen trail of villains that were left behind in his wake. To his disappoint, the monster grabs his right arm to keep him from leaving despite his initial dodge from the swipe at him. Already in panic mode, Izuku grabs his collapsable staff out of his left pocket as he tries to pry himself out of the monster's grip, already praying that the support company didn't actually remove his panic button in his designed staff.

To his horror, the panic button isn't there at all as the staff is knocked out of his hands by the monster who opts to grab him again, but around his neck to stop his incessant thrashing as it releases his other arm. Flailing about, Izuku tries to get out of the monster’s choking grasp as he knows he's a liability to his classmates if he's captured and used as a hostage.

*Let me go!*
“Nomu, bring him to me.” Tomura commands.

“Tsuki-chan! If you can hear me get help! Please!” Izuku screams as tears flow down his face from the monster’s painful grip as he struggles to breathe freely again by desperately clawing at the black hand until his nail beds start bleeding from the overuse.

The monster moves to rejoin the villains by the fountain, but Izuku moves on to a different tactic as he tries to punch the monster’s arm behind him repeatedly until the lack of oxygen starts to burn to stop them from getting ahold of him. After a few more seconds, Izuku can barely raise his arm due to the crushing pressure that honestly feels like it is cutting off his blood flow as well.

_Please, I can't die here! Please, please no--!_

He barely notices the ice forming on the ground, causing the monster to stop its march as Izuku struggles to breathe to keep everyone from knowing his darkest secret, the world buzzing in its harsh silence as black dots appear in his vision. Izuku feels himself suddenly drop to the ground, spurring him to gasp and gag for breathes to stay alive, his throat thoroughly bruised from the encounter.

“Midoriya, are you okay?”

Izuku gurgles as he tries to speak while Todoroki half drags him away a few paces, both of them watching in silent horror as the monster starts to regenerate his lost limbs. Finally getting enough oxygen, Izuku relays his information as he stands back up on his own with a strained hushed voice. “Monster. Regenerate. Strength. Shock Absorption.”

“The monster has multiple quirks?” Todoroki asks lowly as he keeps an eye on it with another wave of ice.

Izuku tries to nod as best he can without pain as he continues to relay information. “Hands. Decay. Don’t touch hands. Purple. Warp. Go for metal.”

“How do you know?” Todoroki asks, obviously trying to fact check in case they are assumptions.

“Watched.” Izuku supplies as his breathing becomes more normal, his throat not threatening to close up anymore. “They hurt Sensei. He’s with Tsu. They are after me now. They think I have an
“Midoriya, do you have two quirks?” Todoroki suspiciously inquires.

Izuku shakes his head as his answer to save his voice for when it’s needed.

“NOMU! GRAB THE ROGUE!” Shigaraki screeches, scratching his neck wildly.

*I prefer Paladin!* Izuku snarks internally as stands up to fight beside his classmate.

Izuku pushes away from Todoroki when it's clear the black monster is moving too fast towards them to evade when they start retreating, its claws digging into Izuku’s abdomen to restrain him when it catches him again. Izuku suppresses a scream as he kicks at the monster as hard as he can to get away. Despite Todoroki’s attempts to set him free again with his ice, the monster just evades them as it makes its way back to the villains. Izuku tears at the crushing claws to get away to no avail.

*God damn it please! I need to save them! I have to--!*  

It’s only then that Izuku hears a resounding bang, bringing everyone’s attention to the front of the training center. Izuku has never been so happy to see his idol carrying his teachers with him. And he’s not even smiling.

Stifling his pain, Izuku starts to kick over and over rapidly to get free with his quirk during the distraction as being a hostage can prevent the success of the teacher’s winning against the villains. Plus, he needs to help find the rest of his classmates and save them from being killed as he can't tell who's who with all of the vibes being tossed around. All he can hope for is that it's not too late for any of them and that he didn't save them in their time of need.

Finally, one of his hits breaks him from the monster’s grip, but at the cost of breaking his leg sending him straight to the ground in an unceremonious heap under the monster.

*Crap! I need to get--*
“Nomu! Bring me the green haired one!” Shigaraki panics, seeing all of the reinforcements as Izuku tries to drag himself away on the ground using his unbroken hand to guide himself.

Bracing to become a hostage again when the air pressure behind him shifts, Izuku is surprised when nothing actually happens. Reopening his eyes, all Izuku sees is a blur of black and white as the Nomu is continually punched until it goes straight out of the stadium after a big one connects from his mentor. Once the steam clears, Izuku is treated to a very feral looking All Might, making Izuku shudder at the pure hate coming off of him in waves. And it's not the steam that's doing most of the talking.

“You come here.” All Might stomps straight into the concrete as he takes a step forward. “And hurt my students.”

Izuku has never felt more pity for someone in his whole life who was trying to steal him away just a few seconds earlier as he lays on the ground in pain as the blood starts to pool in a small puddle on the ground around him. While they talk, Izuku attempts to sit up to make sure he can fight if needed, but he's disappointed because of his broken leg that is bent in a weird angle, preventing him from getting upright properly. the most he can do is drag himself away to get out of the blast range, which is what he starts to do as the two converse beside him a few meters away.

“What do you have to say for yourself villain?” All Might roars.

“This wasn’t supposed to happen.”

Shigaraki scratches once that makes Izuku wince as it's clearly a type of self harm coping mechanism.

He would know, he's had them.

“You were supposed to be here alone.”

He scratches again.

“NO! I REFUSE TO--”
Izuku shudders from the sound the bullets make as they strike true into the villain's limbs, prompting the warp villain to protect him.

“Stay away from my friends.” Izuku warns maliciously as he notices them obviously trying to flee despite his croaking voice.

As Izuku had suspected, the mist man portals them away to safety but not without Shigaraki giving him a satisfying dose of pure rage at his declaration of war. That or it’s because he was having a temper tantrum from things not going his way. Probably both if Izuku is being honest given how childish he seems despite being the one in charge. Things to analyze for later though. The second they are gone, Izuku sighs in relief as he attempts to sit up again to see if everyone is okay from the encounter. But the pain is too much in his broken hand and leg that he simply lays there to not aggravate his wounds as he turns his head to face the entrance.

“Midoriya!” Todoroki calls out as he rushes forward to help Izuku.

Izuku tries to choke out a reply that he’s okay despite the croaking of his sore throat. “Todoroki…”

In his peripheral, a concrete wall comes between them, cutting him off from his friend.

“Please evacuate to the entrance. We will deal with the injured.” Cementoss-sensei asserts with absolute authority despite his classmate’s adamant protests from behind the wall.

“Young Midoriya, are you okay?” All Might asks in his deflated form as he walks into Izuku’s new line of vision.

“I’m fine.” Izuku chokes out in worry as his eyes roam over his mentor's skeletal frame. “H-how are you? D-did the m-monster hurt y-you?”

“I’m fine Young Midoriya. What happened?” All Might inquires softly, obviously wracked with guilt underneath his worried expression.

“They attacked us.” Izuku grunts out in his wracking pain. “I wanted to distract him from Sensei and everyone. Is he okay? Is everyone safe?”
“He’s being treated as we speak. I’m sure your classmates will be fine.” All Might assures with a smile as Izuku hears a stretcher being brought for him. “You saved them my boy, I promise you.”

Izuku gives him a weak smile before his exhaustion hits hard, causing him to slip from the realm of consciousness.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/23, Checked for errors 3/12

Choke by I DON’T KNOW HOW BUT THEY FOUND ME

DADZAWA is DOWN! Poor Izuku...

NEXT: The aftermath of USJ!
Happy Holidays everyone!

And for those who celebrate Christmas as today is Christmas Eve:
✧・゚✧・*:・*:・*

*Warning*
Panic Attack

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The moment Izuku stirs, he feels the heaviness in his body all encompassing. With a groan, he shifts to a more comfortable position before opening his eyes. Staring back at him is a white ceiling. The world feels weird and fuzzy, something that he can’t quite place why it’s so weird.

“That’s good. I’ll go get your visitors then.” The male nurse smiles as he turns to leave the room.

Izuku turns his head to see a young black-haired man in a nurse’s uniform watching him with a notepad in hand. Izuku tries to speak, but finds his throat extremely dry, making him resort to just nodding his head to give his answer.

“A simple shake is given as Izuku studies the stranger more closely in his boredom. The nurse is very clean shaven, with long black hair styled to one side of his head as the other side is much shorter. It makes him giggle because it looks really silly even though it comes out pretty garbled.

“That’s good. I’ll go get your visitors then.” The male nurse smiles as he turns to leave the room.

Izuku returns his gaze to the ceiling as he tries to sit up more on the slightly tilted bed as he floats in the bubbly feeling. He tries to look himself over but doesn’t find any blaring injures to suggest why he is in the hospital other than the bandages over his left arm and right leg. At that moment, the memories of USJ flood back to him, making his heart rate speed up slightly in his panic.
Is everyone okay? No one died right? Oh god, please tell me no one--

The door to the room opens abruptly, shaking Izuku out of his panicked thoughts. Izuku diverts his attention back to his visitors, seeing All Might, Nedzu, and the detective.

Even though he’s nervous with them all there, Izuku giggles internally to himself again, feeling high as a kite.

“Young Midoriya, do you feel okay?” All Might asks with genuine worry on his face.

Izuku nods to his question, relief flooding him that he was alright despite everything that happened as his eyes roam over him, looking for any injuries. If All Might died, well, Izuku doesn’t want to think about it. The only question now is how everyone else was doing.

All Might gives him a puzzled look as if in thought about something. “Young Midoriya, can you talk right now? You seem awfully quiet."

Izuku shakes his head, hoping he understands why.

“Is there a reason why not?” All Might broaches carefully.

Izuku nods and decides he only has one option to communicate. “I need water.”

“All…” All Might looks to the detective as if he was trying to figure out what that was. All of them seem confused at the action, leading Izuku to realize none of them know sign language or at least they don’t know it well enough to understand him with his shaking.

Izuku decides to risk scratching his throat if they will understand his simple request. “W-wa-a-te-e-r.”

“Oh, my goodness. Of course, my boy!” All Might assures, now understanding the issue. “We’ll call the nurse to get some for you right away.”
After Izuku drinks the water greedily for a minute, he sets straight into finding out more about the condition of his classmates and teachers. “I-is everyone o-okay?”

All Might nods at his request with a smile. “Yes, all of your classmates came out with less than a few scrapes, except for you of course. Aizawa and Thirteen are both stable and will come out of their injures just fine. You did well protecting them.”

Izuku sighs in relief that everyone is okay and will recover just fine. “Um, s-so what happened while I w-was out?”

“All?” All Might informs. “You’ve been out for more than a day now. You had taken a beating, but nothing Recovery Girl couldn’t heal given some time between sessions. It just exhausted you quite a bit, so you just needed a lot of bed rest.”

Izuku nods at the information, feeling like he’s floating at the moment. “I feel w-weird.”

“ Weird? Are you in pain? Do you need us to get a doctor—!”

“I-I don’t t-think I’ve ever b-been this h-happy.” Izuku laughs at All Might’s panicked expression. “You’re so f-funny All M-might.”

“I think I see the problem.” Tsukauchi smiles. “He’s probably high on his pain killers at the moment.”

“The nurse informed me it was one of the medium dosages though. That it would be okay to talk to him as he shouldn’t be this bad off by now?” Nedzu points out with a concerned expression as he analyzes Izuku's behavior closely.

Izuku snickers at the seemingly silly faces they are making in his point of view. “W-what are pain killers? Do they k-kill pain like a v-villain? That’s p-pretty funny N-nedzu.”

The blood drains from everyone’s faces as Izuku blissfully looks at his hands, noticing the iv sticking in his hand over his bandages, poking it with interest as he floats between moments of lucidity.
“Young Midoriya, have you never taken something to deal with lessening pain before?” All Might broaches carefully, extremely worried for the answer.

“W-was I s-supposed to?” Izuku looks up with a frown. “Did I g-get the wrong k-kits?”

“Midoriya, how did you normally treat your previous injuries?” Tsukauchi asks, seeing an opportunity with Izuku's inhibitions lowered.

“O-oh that’s e-easy.” Izuku giggles softly. “I f-fix m-myself up real g-good. N-needles are h-hard though. Too m-much blood.”

All Might’s rage runs high as the implication is evident that Izuku took care of his own injuries, so much so that Tsukauchi gives him a look to cool his jets.

“Midoriya, did your mother never help you?” Tsukauchi inquires innocently.

Izuku’s eyes start to water as he thinks of his surrogate mom. How worried and scared she must be right now, especially given that her secret is now out in the open. “S-she knows I-I’m okay, r-right? C-can I s-see her? S-she must be…”

Their faces drop due to the fact that they still hadn’t gotten through to his mother about his condition, making Izuku think the worst about his new family having to compromise her safety in return for saving them from the villains.

“S-she t-told me n-not to t-tell. I s-should h-have listened to h-her.” Izuku wails as he cries in his hands. “It’s a-all m-my f-fault.”

“What exactly did your mother tell you not to tell?” Nedzu stares with a blank gaze, determined to find out the root of this outburst. “We won’t tell her, I promise.”

Izuku ignores them as he sobs. “She w-was s-so scared a-and I…she m-must hate m-me now.”
The adults share confused glances, obviously not sure where this was going. “Midoriya, I’m not sure we follow.”

Izuku stares at his teachers, ceasing his wailing for the moment in confusion. “W-what?”

“I guess I should take your advice from the first time we met.” The detective sighs. “Midoriya, where is your mother?”

Izuku freezes as the dread sets in. “I…don’t k-know?”

“And why is that?” The detective grills, hoping it’s not what every adult in the room is thinking.

“I don’t know…” Izuku meekly whispers, feeling so doped up and lost in his muddle of emotions, especially since the feeling of death starts to make itself known around him, making him nervous. But, the feelings are distant and fluctuating in and out as his mind races trying to figure out what to do.

The detective flinches, making Izuku know instantly what the result was. “Midoriya, whatever you just said, you lied.”

Izuku simply nods as he averts his eyes away, honestly feeling like the life has drained away from him.

“W-would y-you b-be w-willing t-to j-just…” Izuku trails off, the tears already set in. “C-can I j-just t-talk w-with Tsuki-chan?”

“Midoriya, when was the last time you saw your mother?” Tsukauchi asks gingerly, obviously already seeing where this is going to Izuku’s dismay. “We need to inform her of your condition.”

Izuku shakes his head, not wanting to continue the conversation anymore. His tears make him turn away from them as he drowns in his guilt with soft whimpers. “I-I want T-tsuki.”

Izuku can’t see their expressions, but the worry drips from All Might’s voice. “My boy, we need to know how to contact your mother to inform her about your condition so you can see her. Please tell
Izuku shakes his head as his panic starts to make itself known in his chest spasms. “I just want my mom here.”

The silence is deafening to Izuku as he waits for the other shoe to drop, that he has to be taken away because he was abandoned. The fear of being put into the foster system and him having to give up his dream to be a hero is suffocating as it has haunted him for as long as he can remember.

*I need to see Tsuki-chan. I need to see Tsuki-chan. I need--*

“Midoriya, I’ll ask again if you don’t mind.” Tsukauchi softly speaks, obviously seeing where this was headed. “Where is your mother?

“P-please!” Izuku’s breathes turn haggard. “I j-just…”

Izuku can’t breathe. He can’t breathe.

*I can’t--*

“Sshh…” All Might rushes into a bear hug with Izuku, allowing his breathes to cease from being so desperate. The warm feeling of a hug grounds him despite his apprehension to being touched, allowing the bubbly feeling to start to come back to the fore front. “You’re okay. You don’t have to answer. We’ll bring her in soon, just wait a bit, okay?”

Izuku just nods as his head as he focuses on not freaking out and making things worse, just allowing his tears to soak his mentor’s shirt as he leans into his teacher’s bony frame, accepting the warm hug.

“Young Midoriya, we still need to go see the condition of Aizawa.” All Might asserts after a few minutes of consideration, obviously due to his panic attack. “Young Midoriya, will you be okay for a few minutes while we are gone?”

“Y-yeah.” Izuku barely chokes out, his panic mixing heavily with his anxiety and sorrow basically
a decade in the making as he releases himself away from the warmth. “I-I’m o-okay.”

The second they leave the room, the rest of Izuku’s emotions flow forth onto the pillow beneath him with no end in sight as he waits for his one true fear that has become a reality to destroy all of his hard work, one that he must now face. And he can't even imagine how scared Tsuki is right now. He can only hope she's alright so he can apologize properly for breaking her trust.

Izuku curls into himself as he cries himself to sleep to avoid the emotions and the feelings of death surrounding him, hoping for a better tomorrow.

As soon as the group exits the room, a feral All Might appears as they walk, making them all cower slightly at the intensity.

“Oh dear…” Nedzu sighs as the reality of the situation has really sunk in. “Yagi, please calm down and let’s all go somewhere private to talk about this. I think we may be jumping to conclusions.”

“You think?” All Might growls. “It’s been two days Nedzu. Not a single call back and Young Midoriya freaking out like that? There’s no way she doesn’t know he’s been hurt, even if she’s out of the country at the moment since it was on the international news. It doesn’t matter if she’s just simply busy with work, she doesn’t deserve to call him her son if she doesn’t even answer the phone.”

“Yagi, he just went through something traumatic.” Nedzu assures with a hidden feral look of his own that he knows he’s probably right, but he wants to play the devil’s advocate just in case. “He was doped up on pain medication, so he’s probably really disoriented. Of course he wants to see his new friend also to calm down if his mother isn’t--”

“HEY WAIT UP!”

Present Mic rounds the corner with an exaggerated wave that makes the group stop their march to a more private area.

“So, how’s the little listener doing?”
It’s at this moment that he realizes how feral All Might looks even though he’s not in his buff form. “Whoa, you look like someone killed a puppy. Is he not alright? Did he not wake up yet or something? I thought he was all healed up now.”

“Midoriya is awake, but…” Tsukauchi trails off, not wanting to remind the brewing bear. “I think we may have a bigger problem if our suspicions are correct.”

“L-like what?” Hizashi cautiously asks, his gaze thoroughly fixed to the fuming man looking like he’s about to murder someone.

“How is Aizawa doing?” Nedzu asks to deflect from mentioning it with All Might seemingly looking like he might burst at the seams. “Is he awake right now?”

“Yeah, he’s awake. That’s why I’m here. Shouta wanted me to come check on the little listener.” Hizashi asserts with a laugh. “He was absolutely furious when I told him what he did, saying the first thing he should do once he gets out of bed is expel him for his recklessness. But between me and you, he was pretty proud of the little green bean for helping out. He was so worried about him too that I had to talk him out of getting out of his bed to see the kid himself despite it being physically impossible for him right now. Don’t tell him I told you that though. He might actually kill me for that.”

“Your husband sure is one of a kind.” Nedzu concludes with a sigh. “Regardless, I think it might be best to include him in the current discussion about how we go about this and get in contact with his mother. Let’s go to his room.”

Unceremoniously, the group makes their way to inform their colleague of the situation.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/24, Checked for errors 3/12

1000 Nights by FRENSHIP

TSUKI IS IZUKU’S MOM IS CONFIRMED! (๑•̀ㅂ•́)و ๑(๑•̀ㅁ•́ฅ)
The next time Izuku wakes up, his head is much clearer, but he thinks he must be hallucinating because his mother is sitting in the far chair along with his teachers, making him completely ignore the subtle death feelings coming from random places around him.

“Izuku honey!” His mother flies to his bedside, with a hidden coldness to her that Izuku doesn’t ignore in the slightest. “I was so worried when I was told what happened.”

Izuku flinches away as she tries to hug him. He doesn’t like the very cold look in her eyes she gives him in response to his fear of her. His teachers clearly notice and he quickly tries to give an excuse that is truthful, especially since the detective is in the room. “Sorry, there was a villain with a touch related quirk. I’m just a little jumpy right now.”

“Oh course dear.” Inko relaxes into a fake smile. Her demeanor screams she has a hidden agenda that Izuku doesn’t know yet and it makes him increasingly nervous. “How do you feel sweetie?”

“I’m fine.” Izuku churns out, almost a little too bitterly for his taste given their audience. “When did you get back?”

“This morning dear.” Inko smiles a cruel smile that seems a little too happy. “The police came by my work to let me know what happened since you probably forgot to give them my new number in your contact list. I came as fast as I could when I heard what happened.”

“O-okay.” Izuku severely doubts that as he never had her number to begin with and as much as he had wanted to see her after all these years, he feels like there is something she wants from him.
instead of just being there for him. But he doesn’t want to alert his teachers to something being wrong if he needs to get away from her later. “W-when can I l-leave?”

His mother just charges ahead, not even noticing his apprehension to his own question. “They already took out your IV drip and I’ve signed you out already. We were just waiting for you to wake up again.”

“O-okay.” Izuku states as he tries to read his teachers’ body languages, which look apprehensive around his mother at best. It’s not like he can’t sympathize with them either as he’s trembling with her in the room as he doesn’t know where they stand right now. “C-can we go?”

“Right away Izuku.” His mother goes to grab her purse as Izuku moves to sit off the bed to follow her before something crosses his mind.

“Um, c-can I talk to m-my teachers r-really quick about s-something?”

Izuku does not miss the tense each one of them perform at Izuku’s simple question.

His mother looks back with a confused look. “And why would you need to do that dear?”

Izuku’s eyes narrow at her as everything seems so wrong with that question. Though, he stores away his anxiety for later even though his shaking persists. “I still need to give them my statement for the police. Surely they told you that much. Plus, I don't know when school is supposed to be back on.”

His mother brightens slightly. “Of course they did. School starts back up on Monday and today is Saturday sweetheart. They just told me they would come by the apartment later to talk.”

Shit.

“Actually, I would like to give it right now if that’s okay with you while it is still fresh.” Izuku asserts strongly. “I’d rather not bother them later to go out of their way. Plus, we have so much ‘catching up’ to do since your trip, right?”
Inko purses her lips into a fine line at Izuku’s deliberate jab. “If that’s what you would like, then so be it. I’ll be in the lobby when you are ready to leave.”

Izuku turns his attention back to his teachers after his mother leaves, his trembling finally ceasing. “Is Tsuki-chan safe?”

The detective seems worried at his question, but Nedzu answers the question for them all first with an observing unblinking stare. “She is currently on campus until you can come pick her up at a later date. Why?”

“When some people treated her bad because of her quirk. She trusted me with her secret and I forced her in a position to reveal it.” Izuku explains quickly after a sigh of relief that she's okay. “I wanted to know if she was in good hands and wasn’t in trouble for what happened. She risked everything by helping me and I don’t want her to suffer for it.”

“There is nothing to worry about Young Midoriya. She’s being given the best care since she helped us with USJ.” All Might assures before a small frown appears. “Is that really your mother my boy?”

Izuku contemplates the question carefully before answering. “Y-yes. Is that a problem?”

“Of course not!” All Might basically backtracks. “She just seemed…”

“She’s like that around strangers.” Izuku supplies trying to save time before he notices his current dilemma with his clothes situation. “Can we do the interview after I change really quick?”

With a nod of approval, Izuku changes in the bathroom and then recounts everything that happened in USJ, including his in-depth analysis of the villains and how it seems like there must be someone in the background pulling the strings since Shigaraki was way too childish to survive in the underworld with the type of resources he had access to to break into UA. Once finished, Izuku prepares himself mentally to confront his mother after this being the first time he’s seen her in years. He just has a bad taste in his mouth that it’s not going to end well, but he has to give her the benefit of the doubt. Maybe she has changed despite her cold exterior and is trying to make amends for it, but only time will tell in that department.

“Young Midoriya.” All Might calls as Izuku grabs the handle of the door after putting his backpack on. “You know if anything is wrong, you are always welcome to come talk to me about it, right?”
Izuku grimaces before turning back to flash a fake smile. “Thank you All Might. But I assure you, I know how to take care of myself.”

With that, Izuku leaves to go face his mother and whatever reason she’s finally returned for, leaving behind his conflicted teachers.

“He never said anything wasn’t wrong,” All Might points out with malice. “This has too many red flags for something to not be okay. She’s the problem. Did you even see that flinch? He almost jumped out of that bed in pure fear. He was even shaking until she left the room. He wasn’t even like that against those villains who were trying to kill him.”

The detective sighs. “All Might, as much as I agree with you, we still have no evidence at this moment to remove him from her care. It’s not a crime for a single parent to be working away from her child when he goes to high school in a different area.”

“Then we are going to get evidence.” All Might declares. “And I’m going to have a long chat with Young Midoriya once we return for class about healthy relationships because nothing I just saw was okay.”

“I have to agree with All Might. That is certainly not normal at all.” Nedzu sighs. “Let’s just hope the boy will open up before things escalate too far.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/24, Checked for errors 3/12

Stupid Deep by Jon Bellion

Conversations are incoming... (ง •̀_•́)ง (next chapter)
Izuku spots his mother in the lounge, looking at her phone in annoyance. Taking a deep breath, Izuku fakes a smile as he goes up to greet her. “Hi mother, sorry for the wait.”

She flashes him a small fake smile in return. “It’s no problem Izuku. Let’s go home.”

Izuku follows her out to a black car that’s pretty fancy in his opinion. Getting in, Izuku waits for the other shoe to drop for what she wants after all this time.

After a few minutes of silent driving, she breaks the silence. “So, how’s school been sweetheart?”

Izuku fidgets. “It’s fine. Other than being attacked, everything has been pretty great.”

His mother points to the glove box, making Izuku open it to find whatever she wants to show him. Inside is an envelope. Peering inside, he sees at least ten million yen that makes his stomach drop in fear. “W-what’s this for?”

“It’s for you dear as a celebration of all your birthday’s I’ve missed due to work.” She assures as she never took her eyes off the road. “I’m so proud of you, kiddo.”

Izuku narrows his eyes as he discretely places it in his backpack. “Proud of what exactly?”

She laughs to Izuku’s discomfort. “For getting your quirk silly.”
Izuku freezes.

*That’s what she…Oh no…*

Izuku stares at her with cold anger as he tries to lie. “I don’t have a *quirk*.”

She purses her lips, not taking her eyes off the road. “Sweetie, I know I left a little too soon, but you have a quirk now. You can’t get into UA without one. I knew my little boy was worthy to get into such a prestigious academy.”

Izuku counters with anger, not leaving her dismissive gaze. “They got rid of that rule when I was twelve.”

His mother stops a little too harshly at a red light. “Are you saying you got into the hero program without a quirk?”

Izuku fears the ice in her voice that he had long forgotten was there, but he’s not a seven-year-old anymore. He can fight and win his own battles now. “I did. Haven’t you seen the rumors in the news? There’s a quirkless kid in the heroics course at UA. Wonder who that could be.”

His mother purses her lips harshly as she waits for light to turn green as a feeling of pure malice and death comes from her, directed straight at him. Seeing where this is going, Izuku makes the smart decision to get out of the car.

“Wait, what are you doing Izuku?” His mother sounds panicked despite her hidden anger just boiling right under the surface of her unchanging cool visage.

“I’m going home. If you follow me, I will personally go to my teachers and tell them exactly what you did to me.” Izuku threatens as he tightens up his backpack to run home. “The police will hunt you down and won’t rest until you are behind bars.”

“Midoriya Izuku, you get back into this car this instant. You are just overreacting. I can help you get your quirk if it hasn’t come in. I’m sure of it, baby.” Inko pleads like she's hurt, but her malice just keeps growing contrary to her words. “You know I love you, right?”
“Leave and don’t come back. It’s what you are good at.” Izuku declares with anger, slamming the door in her face as he takes off down a street to get home as fast as he can to grab his stuff and get the hell out of there before she can sink her claws into him again.

Thankfully, Izuku makes it to the apartment before her. Grabbing his largest suitcase, Izuku piles in his clothes, his small collection of All Might gear that he had gotten when he was younger because he didn’t have the heart to buy any more since his mother left, his remaining gear from when he was Switch, and all of Tsuki’s stuff. Lastly, he gets all of his personal information along with his notebooks.

On a time-crunch, Izuku leaves the apartment with his two bags, hurrying to the front desk to return his key.

“Hi Monoka-san.” Izuku greets with a sad smile as he places his keys on the counter. “I’m checking out.”

The elderly lady that's basically his unofficial grandma to him looks at him in sad confusion. “Sweetheart, what happened?”

Izuku only ever told her a little bit of what happened after a bad episode disturbed the neighbors and sent her to check on him, so he keeps it brief. “Mom’s back.”

Izuku dries a few tears as his voice shakes. “I’m sorry, but I can’t stay. If she comes by, tell her I left a long time ago.”

Tears in her eyes, she nods at his last request. As a gift, Izuku reaches into his backpack to give her the money his mother gave him. “Please take this. It’s the least I can do for all you’ve done for me.”

“Oh sweetheart.” Monoka looks at him as she takes the envelope with her bony hands. “I can’t.”

Izuku smiles despite his tears. “It’s okay. I have a few things still left up there, so you have my permission to sell them. Take care of yourself, yeah?”
“Half.” She compromises as she divides the money in half as she sneakily gives him the significantly larger one, returning the envelope to his hands. “Be good child, won't you?”

Izuku voice breaks as he is leaving the only home he’s ever really known. “Okay, I will. I’ll miss you. So much...”

Monoka place the money on the counter before opening her arms that Izuku crashes into, already sobbing. "There there child. It'll be okay. You'll see..."

Leaving the front desk hurt him so much, having to peel himself away from her and possibly never being able to see her again, but he knows he has to get out fast or she may come after him. He simply can't go through that again, especially with Tsuki in the picture. He can't let anyone hurt his actual family. His first stop on the run, the library. After a few hours of apartment searching, Izuku finds one closer to UA with pretty much the same layout, but with much better furniture and more up to date living conditions.

Sending his electronic payment and getting the confirmation to move in tonight using his mother’s voice, putting the apartment under his dead father's name to cover his trail, Izuku gathers his things to exit out the back of the library to shake off his mother in case she followed him. After a few hours of mindless wandering, Izuku feels confident enough to head to the apartment to check in.

Once he grabbed his new key, he puts his suitcase in his room as he goes to get a few amenities to last the night. Grabbing new bed sheets, bathroom stuff, and a few quick microwavable meals, Izuku returns to his new home, constantly looking over his shoulder to see if she’s following him. To his relief, nothing is coming up and he doesn’t feel her rage that she had in the car.

With tears in his eyes, Izuku crashes on his newly made bed, not even bothering to eat dinner as he feels too sick from feeling that same sense of death coming that he dreads coming from his mother.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/25, Checked for errors 3/14

The Wolf by SIAMES
A/N: Izuku is now a runaway. Just going to add that to the list of problems (and tags).
Fantastic.
I bring you brief fluff! Happy Christmas Update everyone!

Also, happy holidays!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Izu.”

Izuku feels a nudge to his ribs as he blinks blearily awake. Once his vision finally focuses, Izuku squeals in joy as he jumps his dad. “Pappy! You’re home a-again!”

“There’s my little bean.” His dad tickles him profusely that makes him giggle uncontrollably. “My work’s got me running around crazy, ya know. I tell you, running a company is hard work. But I’ll be sure to make it up to ya.”

“Izuku…”

Izuku puffs up his cheeks as he sits back down on his bed, tears threatening to come forth. “N-no.”

“You sure? Mom told me couldn’t stop crying when you came home today.” Hisashi sits down on the edge of the bed when Izuku shakes his tiny head in protest. “Bottling things up isn’t good Izu.”

Izuku sniffs as he recalls watching with awe as his friend’s quirk show up for the first time in class that day and then the dreaded conversation that came after on the playground. “I’m f-fine.”

Hisashi sighs as he rubs Izuku’s back, making him seek out the warmth of his father’s side. “I know you aren’t fine my little bean.”
“B-but…” Izuku’s lip wobbles as tears threaten to spill. “H-heroes don’t c-cry…”

“Heroes Izu.” Hisashi corrects. “Can you say heroes?”

“Hewos.” Izuku’s face contorts into a frown as he tries again. “H-heroes.”

“That’s my boy.” His father smiles softly as he rubs circles into his back that Izuku leans into. “Though, heroes are always allowed to cry. You want to know why?”

Izuku looks up with his puffy green eyes with confusion written all over his face as he meets his father’s soft brown ones.

“Because you are already my hero.” Hisashi boops his nose that makes him give back a shaky smile. “But to be a great hero, first you must let others help you. You want to be a great hero, don’t you?”

Izuku nods as his tears finally trail down. “I wanna be the gweatest h-hero.”

“Greatest.”

“G-greatest.” Izuku corrects with a sheepish smile. “I wanna save people.”

“As such a great hero as yourself…” Hisashi mirrors the gleam in Izuku’s eyes at the admission. “You wanna tell me what’s wrong?”

Izuku sniffs hard before answering. “D-do you…”

“Do I what Izu?”

“Do…” Izuku rubs his nose clean. “If I w-was qwirkless, do y-you thwink I c-could be a hero?”
“Yes Izu, if that’s what you want, who am I to stop you.” His dad answers automatically with a small smile. “But the world isn’t fair to those who are different. You’d have to be willing to do more than those around you to keep up.”

“I c-can dwo it.” Izuku asserts but falters as tears gather in his eyes again, making him slump further into the mattress. “Pappy, do you…thwink I’m…”

“No Izu. I think you are going to have a wonderful quirk. Even if you didn't, your quirk would always be making other smile to me. No one would ever convince me otherwise.” Hisashi wraps his arm around him, side hugging him with a mischievous grin as Izuku giggles at his dad's silliness. “Would you like to hear about the options?”

“O-options?” Izuku looks up confused.

“Yup. Now, what I’m about to tell you Izu you shouldn’t tell your mother.” Hisashi squeezes him slightly. “It’ll be out little secret. You can keep a secret, right?”

“Yeah! I'm t-the bwest at keeping secrets!” Izuku brightens with excitement at the anticipation. “Tell m-me Pappy.”

“Alright.” Hisashi smiles. “So, we have your mother’s telekinesis. What do you think about it?”

Izuku pauses as he thinks it over. “M-making thingies float is c-cool.”

“Indeed. And I’ve got fire breathing.” Izuku’s eyes sparkle as his father lets out a small soft black flame that illuminates his father’s own black curls in the dark.

“Kacchan’s quirk is expwosions! They go b-bang like t-this!” Izuku giggles back in response as he imitates the tiny explosions with his hands. “Fire is s-so cwool.”

“Katsuki huh? That’s some quirk there. But I think you got something even more cool.” Hisashi responds with poking Izuku's cheek. “You’ve got your grandmother’s freckles ya know?”

“Gwammy?”
“Yup.” Hisashi smiles sadly. “Mum’s quirk was a simple healing one. She could heal others when she touched them. Isn’t that cool?”

Izuku brightens considerably. “You think I can heal people?! That’s so rare! I could help so many people with that.”

“What better way to save people, am I right?” His father offers with a grin. “It’s the perfect quirk for such an amazing hero like you.”

“I want to heal you first Pappy.” Izuku promises with a determined look. “And once I get my quirk, me and Kacchan are gonna be the greatest hero duo ever!”

“You sure will kiddo. You sure will.”

Izuku awakes with a start as tears cloud his vision from the dream of when things were simpler. In a strange way, his father was right all those years ago about how rare his quirk was, but he never got a chance to see him help others with it. Sitting up, Izuku shrugs off his new comforter, getting everything all together before he goes shopping for all the essentials again.

Taking the money his mother, no Inko, gave him, Izuku heads out to go shopping again in a black hoodie hiding his distinctive green curls, just in case she decides to confront him. Breathing deeply into the cold morning air, Izuku locks his new apartment to keep the negative thoughts and feelings inside his head at bay.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/25, Checked for errors 3/14

7 years by Lukas Graham

A/N: Izuku needs a good nap, Tsuki to cuddle with, and some hot cocoa.
“Hi Monoka-san. I’m Detective Tsukauchi and this is my partner-in-training Yagi.” He gestures to All Might in his skeletal form after flashing her his own badge. “We are here today to check in on the Midoriya’s concerning a follow up on a low profile pending investigation. Can we go up to see them?”

Monoka grimaces slightly. “I’m sorry, but no Midoriya’s live here.” Truth.

All Might chokes before he cleans up his blood with his handkerchief in a panic.

“Are you certain?” Naomasa asks in complete surprise since she’s telling the truth, already thinking the situation is even more dire than he previously assumed.

“Yes.” The frail woman asserts strongly. “I’m sorry, but if there is nothing else, you’ll have to leave.”

“Wait.” All Might pleads as he finally gains his composure. “Midoriya Izuku did live here, right? Do you know where he could have gone?”

“Midoriya Izuku did live here, yes.” Monoka eyes the two suspiciously. “But he simply did not tell me where he moved to.” Truth.

“What about his mother, Midoriya Inko?” Naomasa asks gingerly.

“His mother frequently took long trips away from home. He told me it was for work.” Truth.

“When was the last time you saw Midoriya Izuku?” Naomasa asks as he opens his sketch pad.
“Last night. He returned his keys then.” *Truth.*

“Was his mother with him?” All Might asks quickly as his anxiety has shot through the roof at the revelation.

“No. The boy was alone.” *Truth.*

“Do you know why he left his apartment?”

Monoka hesitates for a moment as if thinking about something before giving her answer to his question. “I’m not completely certain. It’s possible that he left because of the bad piping that’s getting replaced right now. It’s been affecting a lot of the apartments in the area right now and has caused the water to become tainted in some areas. It’s only really bad for drinking, but I’ve still lost a lot of customers while it’s been getting fixed.” *Truth.*

“When was the last time you saw Midoriya Inko?” Naomasa inquires after short-handing all of her comments and answers.

“Inko doesn’t come by my office as often as her son.” Monoka fidgets with papers to sort them. “If I remember correctly, the last time I saw her was when she checked in initially. But I’m not a hundred percent sure as my memory decides to come and go sometimes, especially with tenants that don’t frequent me like Izu-tan.” *Truth.*

“Do you know anything about the relationship between the two?” Naomasa picks at as he’s grasping at straws at this point.

“I don’t know very many details as I’ve never seen them interact together except when little Izu-tan was just a babe in her arms.” *Truth.*

“Would it surprise you if they had an abusive relationship?” All Might cuts in without warning.

“Yagi, that’s highly inappropriate.” Naomasa scolds him despite his own angry scowl on the subject as its outside protocol and has emotions tied to it. “I apologize Monoka-san. Yagi is fairly new to our precinct and is still learning the ropes.”
“It’s no trouble detective. I’m worried for the boy like a son. Or a grandson given my age.”
Monoka mentions after a short moment of reprieve. “You know he’s quirkless right? If his mother was abusive, it would probably break my old heart. You see, he’s such a kind boy, always thinking of others first. One time, he paid his rent two months in advance because he knew the loss of my husband almost tanked my business due to the funeral costs. Heck, I wouldn’t be standing here right now if the boy didn’t come check in on me at least once a week to make sure I was still kicking. And I mean it. I had a heart attack about five weeks ago and I’m only here because of his weekly visits with me. Strangely though, that week he would’ve ended up visiting me twice for the very first time ever if I didn't scare the poor boy half to death from how loud my fall when he came to check on me again. I wouldn’t be surprised if he has nightmares from it since I certainly do.”

Is there something I’m missing? A change in behavior seems weird if she’s known him for years, even if he saved her life… It might be worth to figure out if there is something more to it...

“Monoka-san, where exactly were you when you fell?” Naomasa asks on a whim.

“Oh, I was in here.” Monoka responds quickly with a simple wave of her hand. “I was working on my filing for my contracts with the newest residents at the time. Everything is digital now, but I always like to keep a physical copy in case the server I contain my listings on goes down temporarily. Call me old fashion, but it gives me peace of mind.”

Naomasa nods to agree with her as he continues his probing. “And where was Midoriya’s apartment located? I understand that this area is not exactly near the apartments except for the ones on the end from what I could see when we came in.”

Monoka looks up with a frown. “Well, his was on the other side on the second floor. It’s possible he simply had a bad day and came to talk to me about it, though he never seemed to do that before…Everything happened so fast, so we never really got to talk about it. Though, afterwards he would drop by at least three times a week for about two weeks or so, always bringing some hot tea for me. I think the poor boy got really spooked from it, but now he seemed to return to his normal routine until he checked out yesterday.”

So, something must have happened about five weeks ago that was bad enough to make him visit her twice… I wonder what it was specifically...

Out of the corner of his eyes, All Might flinches as if he was burned, obviously guilt eating at him that he never even knew something was wrong then.
Monoka’s old eyes become drenched in tears as the two stare on as she continues her thoughts on the situation. “I know the boy is safe, wherever he is. He’s a survivor that one. He holds the world on his shoulders as he wears his heart on his sleeves. I’m going to miss seeing his bright smile around here dearly.” Truth.

“Is there any additional information you can give us that might help us find his new residence?” Naomasa tries again, just in case. ”We really need to speak to them.”

“I’m sorry, I don’t.” Monoka dries her tears after pulling a tissue from under the counter. “The boy and I were close like two peas in a pod, but he never talked about himself honestly. The boy was clearly guarded or at least had his head in the clouds with his cute mumbling all the time. Your guess is as good as mine as to where Izu-tan decided to move to. He was always much more interested in how I was doing than even telling me his favorite food or color. You know, he would always bake a quiche for my birthday once he figured out it was my favorite, the little rascal.” Truth.

“Sorry if this is out of turn, but how old was he when he baked the first quiche for you?” All Might inquires to try and get something other than vague or long winded answers that lead nowhere.

“Hmm…” Monoka tries to think back. “Maybe eight or nine? It was really good you know even though he apologized profusely to me about it if it wasn't any good since he told me it was his first try at making one. Honestly made me think he’d been cooking it for years at that point, but I still gave the scamp a couple pointers that he took to heart for the next ones he made for me. He's a master now and not even mine can compare at this point.” Truth.

*The neglect must have been happening when he was even younger than eight or nine then. Shit.*

“Was there any indication that Midoriya Izuku was in danger and had to leave because of it?” Naomasa asks after noting the time frame down, already kind of given up at this point to be able to get anything else from her since she seems like an outsider for the most part when it comes to Midoriya exclusively but not necessarily the other way around.

Monoka purses her lips. “That boy doesn’t seek trouble, but it always finds him. If he left because he was in danger, I know that boy has years of experience of getting out it.” Truth.

Naomasa pauses his scribbling at the weird wording, hoping it might lead somewhere. “Years of experience?”
She nods her head. “I’ve known the kid since he was a babe. I’ve seen probably every single injury he’s shouldered over the years, whether he knows I knew or not. Children can be so cruel to him when they played with him, using their quirks on him, probably on accident but still. But he never let it get to him, so I would sneak in a few first aid kits with my cookies whenever he would visit me. He could never say no to this old coot. You know, he was always the only kid here in the complex that fully enjoyed my oatmeal raisin cookies? Even when I baked others, he always would ask about those. He never said it, but I bet my bottom dollar those were the boy's favorites.” *Truth.*

**Damn, the injuries were that severe and frequent he needed first aid kits alongside treats? Kids can't do that type of extensive damage that young. Fucking hell...**

“How old was he when the injuries started appearing?” All Might asks cautiously, Naomasa already seeing the hidden anger to that revelation under his friend's convincing smile. "And how bad did they seem?"

Monoka’s face shifts from nostalgia to intense worry for a single second before resuming its previous state as she eyes the two suspiciously. “I think it started around when he turned ten. You know, when he got to Middle School. No earlier than that. And the injuries seemed like accidents you know. A couple bruises and scraps here and there.” *Lie.*

Naomasa flinches as the lie registers each time, causing his friend to notice, worry already starting to set in for the both of them. Slapping close his notepad as if content, he decides to end the interview early with a friendly smile. “I see. Well, that’s all the questions we have for you really. Thank you for your time Monoka-san. If you see the Midoriya's or something else pops in your mind you’d want us to know about, please don't hesitate to give us a call with my number. I hope you have a pleasant rest of your weekend.”

Naomasa basically drags All Might away from the woman after giving her his card to talk privately in the squad car. Once seated in the car, All Might’s cheerful fake smile drops as Naomasa himself rubs his eyes from both frustration and lack of sleep due to the amount of cases he's on right now. Starting with the UA media break-in, Midoriya's personal case curtesy of Nedzu's intervention, and now the USJ case has got him running ragged and the new bombshells concerning Midoriya's case aren't doing his already foul mood any favors.

“She lied, didn’t she? I would have never noticed that you flinch when a lie registers until Young Midoriya pointed it out the other day.” All Might basically growls out as he clips on his seat belt.

He nods as he starts to pull out of the apartment complex's parking lot to start driving back to the station, not noticing a fancy black car driving in from the opposite direction. “Everything before
that point was the truth, but the last stuff was a complete and utter lie. I’m certain the injuries were much older than just middle school given both her lie and what Chiyo said about Midoriya’s scars. She might have been trying to protect him in case he told her something about where he got them or she feared getting in trouble for child neglect for not saying anything about it earlier.”

“Then we should go back and ask her!”

Naomasa sighs as he shakes his head at his friend’s naivety. “Toshinori, once a willing person starts to lie, they won’t stop even if they know my quirk. It would also be pointless if she kicks us out before I can sort through the truth hidden within the lies. Especially since she really saw Midoriya as unofficial family, she would probably try to protect him as much as she could.”

All Might slightly deflates his stature in his seat. “Then how do we find him now? For all we know, his mother could remove him from school next if she’s onto us, and we wouldn’t be able to do anything about it. We can’t just use police and hero resources on pure speculation, or we would’ve already done so. This was already our best shot to get evidence by using the USJ incident to our advantage legally.”

Naomasa frowns. “You’ve known Midoriya for a while, right?”

“Almost a year, why?”

“Was there a way you got in contact with each other? Or any places he might frequent that you were aware of?”

…

All Might immediately whips out his phone, already dialing his successor’s phone number as he mentally curses himself for being so short sighted.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/26, Checked for errors 3/14

She Wants Me Dead by CAZZETTE vs. AronChupa feat. The High
A/N: I apologize for the slower updates right now, but they will pick up again soon. We are getting closer to the end of this arc of the story and entering the next major one. I hope everyone is doing well this holiday season! 2019 is almost over guys :D

Also, Story Time!

I absolutely love oatmeal raisin cookies in real life (I know all of you judgers are looking at me like a heathen) and I felt like Izuku was kind of that kid that would always like foods that his elders liked because he was super sweet and nice about it, unlike an unruly teenager rebelling. Anyway, back to the actual story!
East of Eden

Chapter Notes

The one in the shadows has made their first moves...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Izuku was in the middle of picking between which type of rice cooker he wanted when his phone goes off, making him almost drop the merchandise on the ground. After a sigh, Izuku picks up his phone without looking at it to figure out who was calling as he places the item back on the shelf. “Hello?”

“All Might, I’m a grocery store right now, so please don’t yell.” Izuku whispers in the phone before his mind goes fast, trying to figure out what is going on since All Might has never called him before. “Is something wrong? Did something happen or do you need me to tell you more about what happened? I swear I said everything I knew, but if you need more analysis about their quirks, I can--”

“Young Midoriya, it’s not that. I was just extremely worried about you.”

“Um, okay.” Izuku nervously fidgets with his shirt, not sure if this is about Inko or not. “Why?”

“Detective Tsukauchi and I went by your home this morning to check up on you. We are doing it for all of the students as a follow-up from the villain attack on USJ, but your landlady told us that you moved out last night. Did something happen?”

Izuku chews on his lip as he tries to come up with an excuse that would be the truth until one hits him in the face. “The pipes. Mine have been acting up for a couple weeks now and Monoka-san told me about tainted water. What happened because of the villain attack was just the last straw to move to a safer place that’s closer to UA. Sorry if it was bad timing and inconvenienced you.”

“I see.” All Might seems to get quiet for a minute, not helping Izuku’s anxiety in the least. “What about your mother? Is she with you?”
Fuck…

Izuku nervously sweats. “She’s already left.”

“What?”

Izuku explains carefully as he has a suspicion the detective is present, and he doesn’t want to be caught lying if it does work over the phone. “She has to work to support us, so she’s gone a lot. She came to pick me up to check on me, but ultimately she had to leave.”

“…”

“All Might, are you still there?” Izuku asks nervously after a long pause.

“Yes, Young Midoriya. I was wondering if you would like some help moving in.” All Might offers. “We still need to check up on you like I said, but we wouldn’t mind giving you a hand with moving in as well. I know how stressful a move can be, especially if you are doing it alone.”

“Oh, um…” Izuku fidgets as he tries to figure out what to do. “I’ll send you my new address once I get home. I appreciate the offer, but I can totally handle getting stuff together. I don’t want to inconvenience you or anything.”

“Nonsense my boy!” All Might assures. “Send me the details as soon as you can, and we will be there. We are happy to help.”

“Okay, I’ll send it to you after I’m done here. I could make dinner since I’m going to be awhile with my shopping.” Izuku smiles as he plans what to cook for the meal. “How many should I expect?”

“Just two. Does 4:00 pm work for you then if you need some time to finish up your shopping?”

“Yup, it does. Okay, well, see you then All Might.”
"Of course, my boy. Good luck with your shopping. Let me know if you need help or anything in meantime."

"Thanks All Might. Bye." Izuku clicks off his phone as he jumps into high gear on getting everything he needs for his guests, only stopping on his way home at the electronics portion of a different store to get a new external hard drive to pair with his old Switch laptop for a certain classmate he wants to help out.

Almost to the precinct, Naomasa feels like given the whole situation with the successor situation, his friend has neglected to look at certain clues that he’s back. "Toshi, I think we need to talk about something."

"About what specifically my friend?" All Might looks up after reading his successor’s cheerful message about his new residence.

"You heard what Midoriya said about that Nomu yesterday." Naomasa gives him a knowing look. "It had several quirks and none of them looked like they were made for it."

"He’s dead." All Might growls adamantly. "You didn’t see him like I did. For god’s sake, his face was missing. There is no coming back from that. That Nomu is probably just a remnant of his arsenal."

"I’m not discounting what you are saying, but I have a very bad feeling he’s out there still kicking." He sighs as they pull into the parking lot. "Midoriya specifically came up with high detail profiles of each of the villains he encountered, and I actually agree with his observations. He said the Shigaraki guy was in charge but was like a toddler playing with his toys and threw a tantrum when he didn’t get his way. The Kurogiri guy was the most in charge, but he seemed more like a pawn that was supposed to shape Shigaraki like a parent by making logical decisions about increasing their numbers. That means that neither of them is the actual boss. I highly doubt they just so happened to stumble across some of All for One’s toys and came after you for no reason. He might be critically injured like you said, having to let his pieces play the game as he’s sitting back as the chess master."

"Young Midoriya is just a child--"
“An extremely intelligent child who probably has a powerful analysis quirk.” Naomasa corrects his friend’s denial. “He correctly figured out my quirk and what it can do within the short time we met with only a few clues that not even Nedzu himself said he could have figured out given the time frame Midoriya achieved it in with his High Specs. And what I hear from his classmates’ statements, the same thing happened in USJ that potentially and indirectly saved their lives. Within literal seconds, he figured out Kurogiri’s quirk and weakness in the midst of being scared for his life just like the rest of his classmates. Same thing happened with the Nomu from what Todoroki told me as well as Aizawa during his statement. That is something we need to acknowledge with the utmost respect in case the worst is to come to pass.”

“H-he can’t be back.” All Might’s face morphs to shock as the evidence is starting to stack against him. “It was supposed to end with me. I killed him. I avenged Nana and her legacy.”

“Toshinori, it’s just a possibility as we still have yet to run tests on the villain’s weapon in the lab to confirm this as someone could have used their quirk on the Nomu to make it seem like that as Midoriya suggested as a possibility. This is purely speculation at this point.” Naomasa assures. “It could also be one of his upper underlings trying to get revenge for his death, using his tools that were leftovers after his passing. According to Midoriya, the whole endeavor seemed half-baked at best except for the weapon and the obtaining of the school schedule, so it’s possible that it’s not him, but someone like him hiding in the shadows waiting to strike. I just think you may need to tell him about it sooner rather than later in case he is back. Midoriya deserves to know what he might have to face.”

“If he’s back, I’m going to make sure I put him down for good. Young Midoriya should never have to face that vile man.” All Might clears the sweat from his brow as they exit the car. “But first we need to make sure Young Midoriya is safe. I can’t just dump something like this on him if his mother has been physically abusive and is even currently hurting him.”

Naomasa sighs as they enter the building. “Just understand that the longer you keep him in the dark, the more danger he could be put in down the line. If you need help explaining, I’m here for you.”

“Thank you my friend. I’ll tell him today when we seem him, but I still feel like he’s not here with us.” All Might concedes with reservations as he tries to come to terms that the monster may be showing his colors again.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/27, Checked for errors 3/14
All for One is ALIVE!??! More drama to come as I start to wrap this arc up and gear up for the roaring Sports Festival!

If you want more reading material, here's some great fics I've binged on. They are absolutely AMAZING!!! Go show them some love too:

- [Trial by Fire](#) by Glon_Morski
- [Find Abandoned Hope](#) by GalacticTherapy
- [Alas, Quirks are Assholes](#) by ToumeiKyoudai
- [When All Hell Breaks Loose](#) by MagicMagie

A/N: Updates will be approximately one chapter per day from here on out unless its a very short one until after Jan 2nd.
Chapter Notes

!!!MEGA CELEBRATION UPDATE!!!

Also, kudos to all the wonderful people (yes, you) who’ve come by to visit my story!

*(◦sworthy◦)* \( \geq \leq 7000 \) hits and counting! PLUS ULTRA! *.*\( \bowtie \) \( \bowtie \)

*Warning*

Death mentioned

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku rushes back home in a panic to make his new apartment look at least semi livable like he actually just moved in instead of fleeing from his mother. The last thing he wants is them thinking he’s a runaway or been abandoned by his mother. Technically, Izuku doesn’t know which one makes more sense at the moment since they are both true, but he’s not one to complain since he has no time.

Putting away the groceries in a hurry, Izuku starts to put together some of the kitchen appliances like the coffee machine together so at least that looks all good. Once the kitchen is all set up and ready to go, Izuku jumps to getting the new tv set up even though its more for show at the moment.

After getting the tv set up and some of his streaming services back online, Izuku gathers all of the boxing to take to the dumpster. He regrets not being able to take his old gaming consoles with him, but perhaps he can browse the internet a bit and find a willing seller who’s wanting to part with them. He could dip back to see Monoka-san, but he doesn’t want to do that anytime yet as his mother may be waiting for him to return. It’s only after he recycles the cardboard that he realizes the time.

With no time to spare, Izuku rushes back upstairs to start working on dinner, hoping it will all be enough to fool them for now.
As Naomasa is driving the two of them to the address his friend gave him, there’s been another thing on his mind and it’s concerning what Monoka-san had said.

Now that he thinks about it, a couple things aren’t making sense and strangely it isn’t the boy’s mother that he’s worried about. It’s the boy himself. Not in a bad way he hopes, but it feels like he’s hiding something about himself from everyone and is desperate to keep it that way. That same air that he gave off during his retelling of USJ could be felt with Monoka-san’s description of retelling recent events. It’s concerning to say the least, especially when the second source wasn’t even from the boy’s own mouth.

The first time they met, Naomasa knew instantly the boy had been abused in some way. The nervous glances around the room keeping an eye on everyone at all times as if trying to make sure they weren’t going to attack him, the flinches that would happen in certain moments as if flashbacks or triggers were affecting him, his mind seemingly racing at all times while carefully planning his words as if he expected to be punished for speaking them at the beginning and throughout the interview, and the list unfortunately just goes on.

He didn’t even need to see the scars themselves to know, but hearing about them beforehand was one of the hardest things he’s had to deal with in a while. The poor kid sounded like he was a soldier who just came home after surviving several wars. According to Chiyo, he had more scars than most pro heroes he’s had the pleasure of working with over the years. That prospect is terrifying since he always gets queasy seeing those. But he did see what his friend saw in him as a successor.

Despite all the pain and the torture the boy surely endured whether it was solely due to bullies, his family, or both, the boy had a blinding smile that seemed to light up the room. If he had never seen the kid in person, he would have never suspected a single bad thing had ever happened to him. To his shame, he would’ve just thought the poor boy was skittish and shy, especially in front of the camera. The fact that the kid still smiles like that is a testament to how special the boy is, that he would face the adversity life threw at him and still stand up bright and happy as the previous day.

But there is definitely something the boy was guarding. Something that was a part of him and is definitely causing him internal turmoil. His friend may be dense about it, but it’s not the scars or his mother. The question is what exactly it is. All Naomasa can think is that Monoka-san gave them the key to figure it out, but they need to find the lock first to get the contents of the closet out in the open. Given how guarded the boy seems with even a seemingly close family friend, it might be impossible to do until he’s completely out of whatever situation he is currently in. His mother may be the reason why he’s holding himself back. And the previous bullying problem is probably not doing him any favors.
So, while tonight might be a simple dinner on the surface, it’s going to be a battle of wits to see when the boy slips up first to give him the excuse to step in and let them help him. Especially with how strange the boy’s moving places abruptly was.

“You seem to be in deep thought. Need to vent?” All Might broaches as they turn into the apartment complex.

“I’m worried that there is something Midoriya isn’t telling us.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s not the scars or his bullies or his mother I think.” Naomasa frowns. “Don’t you find it strange that he didn’t seem to open up to what I assume was a good family friend? Like at all. No favorite color or anything.”

All Might stills as he thinks over his time with the boy as Naomasa finds a visitor spot to park. “Maybe he just doesn’t like talking about himself? As much as I don’t want to admit it, I don’t even know his favorite color, but I don’t think he knows mine to be fair. With Midoriya, he always seems more interested in others rather than himself, so he may forget to give back his own responses to questions like that.”

“Perhaps…” Naomasa muses as they both exit the car to head to the apartment complex. “Tonight though, I want you to talk to him how you normally do. If he catches on we are trying to get him to talk to give us something to work with, he may clam up. I should basically play bad cop in this situation if needed as he’s more familiar with you and may seek comfort from you as such. He’s definitely going to be more wary with me there to begin with, so he will need a person in his court to balance the two of us out.”

“I understand. I’m just deeply worried for the boy.” All Might looks down with deep sadness in his eyes for a moment before returning his gaze to his friend. “I just feel like I didn’t even recognize the signs something was wrong until it came to this. The fact that he got that awful wound about a year ago and I didn’t even know? Perhaps it was before I came along, but if it wasn’t…”

“Don’t beat yourself up over this.” Naomasa reassures with a smile as they start to climb the stairs to the fourth floor where Midoriya lives now. “The Midoriya I’ve seen so far is wicked smart. Just think about it, he’s been fooling a lot of people nothing was wrong for years and probably wanted it that way for better or worse. I wouldn’t blame yourself for not knowing or for him not coming to
you. I would instead look to what we are going to do about it to make it better for him.”

“You’re right. This isn’t about me or the past.” All Might nods as they finish the last of the steps to find room 426. “I just have to be there for him.”

Naomasa subconsciously nods as he stares at the seemingly newly printed Midoriya family nameplate just below the apartment number. His friend takes up the mantle of ringing the doorbell, that of which is echoed with a small crashing sound from inside. Tense, Naomasa is about to put his hand on his gun as something might be wrong but is stopped when a very red and out of breath Midoriya opens the door abruptly.

“Sorry!” Midoriya squeaks out, flushed with sweat and embarrassment. “I’ve been trying to get everything together and I was cooking dinner right now and I’m just so clumsy and--”

“Slow down my prince of nonsense.” All Might assures with a grin as Midoriya parrots back the gesture, albeit a little shakier than the original. “There is no rush to be seen here my boy.”

“Right.” Midoriya opens the door wider to invite the two in. “Um, well everything is basically in its right places now and I’m putting the finishing touches on the Katsudon. You can take off your shoes here and put your coats on the rack near the door. Make yourselves at home.”

Naomasa takes a deep breath in and smells the wonderful meal coming from the kitchen as he puts his stuff away, including his hat and coat. “You made Katsudon, huh? It smells wonderful.”

“Indeed!” All Might booms beside him stiffly as the two take in the scenery of the apartment. Naomasa frowns as it looks like the bare minimum of stuff, but he doesn’t elect to comment on it as they all shift towards the kitchen. “Where did you learn to make such a great smelling meal?”

_Really Toshi? Can you be any more awkward…_

Midoriya hesitates in his stride for a single moment before he continues in his journey back to the stove top. “Um, well Mom’s gone a lot, so I naturally picked it up as I went.” _Truth._

“Yeah, we heard the same from Monoka-san.” Naomasa supplies the conversation as Midoriya’s eyes go wide at the admission. “She really is such a sweet old lady. She had only good things to say about you when we went by this morning. She basically told us you were her grandson in more
“I am?” Midoriya’s eyes seem to turn slightly red at the admission as he halts his hand from grabbing the spatula to flip over the pork over the stove. “Wow. Her grandson…”

“Something on your mind my boy?” All Might prods with concern as a long period of silence comes over the teenager staring at the food.

“N-no, not really…” Lie.

Naomasa flinches as Midoriya’s shock becomes clear in his eyes as he waves his hands in a panic. “S-sorry, I didn’t mean--”

“It’s fine Midoriya.” Naomasa smiles reassuringly. “You don’t have to mind me. A small white lie isn’t a bother. My quirk is mostly involuntary you know unless I concentrate. And I’m off the clock right now for the most part, so it’s going to come and go on its own.”

“Oh.” Midoriya seemingly opens a little in his stance as he sighs, almost in relief as he continues putting the final touches on the cooking meal before them. “I was just surprised Monoka-san saw me like that is all.” Truth.

“Well, she seemed really fond of you.” All Might notes with a matching smile. “Told us all about her favorite grandchild bringing her a birthday quiche you know.”

Midoriya sputters furiously at that admission. “Well…you see…I…”

“It was really sweet of you.” Naomasa assures as the kid relaxes a bit, getting more into the groove to finish their dinner. “You two seemed really close.”

“We are.” Midoriya nods before he shifts his gaze again. “Um, so I have water or coffee if you want…? I’m almost done here and the rice cooker behind me should be done in a minute or two.”

“Water for me, my boy.” All Might informs with a small smirk that Naomasa recognizes is usually what he does before he attempts to make a smart joke, even though they are usually awkward at
best meaning most take it at face value. “Coffee is too harsh and my stomach isn’t exactly as it used to be.”

“Oh gosh All Might.” Midoriya looks worried as if he forgot something as the boy rambles, only being able to pick up a few words here and there. “Can you even… Oh man, I didn’t even ask if you could eat what I made… I’m such a bad host—”

“Don’t worry Young Midoriya, I can eat it.” All Might assures with a fond warm smile. “Though, I will only be able to eat a small portion, so you’ll have to forgive me for that.”

“That’s totally fine!” Midoriya assures frantically in relief as he removes the pork from the heat before filling a glass with ice and water. “You don’t even have to eat or anything if you don’t want to or can’t. I wouldn’t be upset or anything. I just wanted to…”

“Wanted to?” All Might offers as if that wasn’t the first time the kid has trailed off like that and forgot to elaborate as he takes the offered glass.

“Oh, sorry All Might.” Midoriya sheepishly smiles as he focuses back on the food. “It’s just… I wanted you to share my favorite meal as a celebration for successfully moving in today and having you all here with me…” Truth.

…

Naomasa gives his friend a knowing look that if he doesn’t adopt the kid, he’s willing to fight for him as that was just too precious. A rare burn of protectiveness and determination comes from his friend that disappears as Midoriya looks back up at Naomasa as if expecting something from him.

“Um, Tsukauchi-san, would you prefer coffee?” Midoriya’s eyes wander a bit as if he’s worried for him. “You look really tired…”

“That would be lovely.” Naomasa yawns tiredly as he is reminded of his persistent exhaustion as he can only imagine how bad his eye bags must look now if the kid picked up on it with only a simple look. “My cases have been running me quite ragged right now.”

“What cases are you working on? If you don’t mind me asking of course…”
“Well…” Naomasa muses as he watches Midoriya start up the coffee machine. “It is technically three cases, but two of them have now melted together. You should already be familiar with those two. The other one is classified right now, but it does relate with a personal matter Nedzu asked of me.”

“Oh, I see.” Midoriya pauses as he looks back. “Um, would you like milk in it?”

“Yes please.” Naomasa answers. “No sugar though. My doctor isn’t exactly happy with me on that front you know.”

Midoriya giggles softly as he presses a few buttons for his preference. “Yeah, well, don’t work yourself too hard on those two cases. I know how…crazy they are honestly. Plus, Nedzu is really scary when he’s mad, though I can’t really blame him too much. I can tell he’s basically foaming at the mouth with the villains who came into his school uninvited from when he saw me at the hospital, though he’s having to cover it up probably due to all the media coverage. I can only imagine the stress…”

“How are you doing?” All Might broaches. “Given everything that happened of course…”

“Oh, I’m fine now.” Midoriya assures confidently that Naomasa is glad to see is the truth. “Tired of course and a little achy, but fine. I should be able to do my workout schedule starting tomorrow again. Though, I miss Tsuki-chan a lot. Do you know when I could…?”

“Tsuki is at UA under Nedzu’s care.” Naomasa affirms softly. “You will be allowed to see her tomorrow during school so you can bring her home. I would be willing to take you to go see her after dinner to pick her up, but Nedzu has the entire campus on lockdown with only a few police officers and other personal on campus right now as an extra safety measure. I’m sure she misses you as well.”

Midoriya’s eyes turn solemn. “So, you two know her…?”

“Yes, she told me you were asking for help during USJ with her quirk.” All Might answers for Naomasa. “She said she could barely hear you, but I’m glad she could. I was so worried for you and your classmates when she told me…”

“Huh, so there is a distance limit…” Midoriya muses curiously. “I’m glad it was in range, but I
should probably figure out what the true distance is when I see her again… I wonder…”

He smiles as he recognizes that fire in his friend’s successor. “Always analyzing quirks, I see.”

Midoriya blushes a dark red in embarrassment as he focuses back on getting bowls out of the cabinets and chopsticks out of the drawers to eat with urgency. “S-sorry, I just really can’t help myself with it. They are all so unique and fascinating that I… lose myself thinking about them?”

“It’s not a bother Young Midoriya. It makes you, you and that’s certainly nothing to be sorry for.” All Might praises that the kid returns with a blushing smile. “I’m glad you have such a wonderful friend in Tsuki.”

“Yeah, she’s a good friend.” Lie.

Midoriya stiffens at his flinch before explaining. “Sorry, I guess she’s more like family to me now than simply a good friend. She literally acts like she’s my mom sometimes.” Truth.

“She did seem really motherly given how she was literally five seconds from scratching me if I didn’t hurry to get Nedzu and the other teacher fast enough.” All Might chuckles before full out laughing at Midoriya’s growing mortified look. “Don’t worry my boy, she didn’t, but I’d hate to be between her and those who messed with her kid.”

“Please never tell her I was injured or what I did.” Midoriya finally wheezes out in response as the desperation in his face looks well deserved. “She’ll literally kill me if she knows.” Truth.

This poor kid…

“I hate to be the bearer of bad news…” Midoriya pales considerably. “But I’m pretty certain she knows everything because Nedzu really likes to rant with her about the case. Possibly not the extent of your injuries, but definitely that you were in the hospital recovering from them. Or at least that’s what I’ve gathered is what happening when I’ve check up on Nedzu to brief him on case updates. There’s been plenty of time when he gets really silent for a long period of time as if those two are conspiring against me or something.”

“I’m a dead man.” Midoriya asserts as if it’s a certainty.
“No, you aren’t. Don’t exaggerate so much, my boy.”

Midoriya gives him the most teenager 'I’m done with life' look to both of their genuine surprise. “I will literally be lucky if she lets me out of her sight after this. And that’s if she lets me go back to UA.”

“I’m certain you’ll be fine.”

“Famous last words, All Might.” Midoriya chastises as the coffee marker alarm goes off, sending the devastated boy to get Naomasa’s cup. “Famous last words.”

Midoriya opens a cabinet as he claims a cup, sprinkling a few dashes of some small container in the bottom of the mug before allowing the brew to appear.

“What did you add?” Naomasa asks in curiosity.

Midoriya just smirks a little as he stirs the mixture well. “Oh, just some special sugared cinnamon I got from the market today to give it a little kick. Technically, I didn’t add sugar in your cup if it was already in the mixture to begin with. It was how Pappy liked his coffee, so you have to try it. I usually prefer it in my hot cocoa though. Midoriya family recipe you see.”

Truth.

This kid…My doctor would absolute hate him…

“Pappy?” All Might raises his eyebrow at the nickname.

“Ah yeah, My dad.” Midoriya’s face drops slightly as he hands the mug to him to try. “It was what I called him since I had a stutter and words were hard at the time, so the name has always stuck. It’s the same with Kacchan you know.”

Naomasa takes a tender sip of the delicious concoction, not wanting to address the elephant in the room as he read up on how his father had died tragically in a car crash caused by a villain fight too close to the highway as a part of his investigation on the boy. “The coffee is phenomenal. Thank you Midoriya.”
“I’m glad you like it.” Midoriya brightens again. “Anyway, the rice should be done soo--”

A warning alert beeps and Midoriya gestures to the table as he makes his way over to the machine with the bowls. “You can sit at the table while I get it all dished out. It’ll only take a second.”

The two comply as Naomasa looks around the room, on the search for any type of photographs, but his search ends up coming dry on that front. Honestly, the entire apartment looks depersonalized and barren except for the essentials and Tsuki’s supplies near the barstools and toys laid about in the living room. It’s quite concerning since the boy had said he got mostly everything set up before and if there really isn’t anything left to put up, then it speaks volumes to the true relationship between the boy and his mother. It would be truly tragic if the only present parental figure in his life that he could trust was his new companion. If he really saw her as his real mother, then it would make sense why the two of them seem utterly dependent on the other given the vixen’s constant chastising about not getting to see her ‘Moon Child’ sooner. Perhaps his room is more decorated instead since he seems very private in most senses. After all, a man’s cave is his kingdom.

Midoriya’s movement returning from the kitchen breaks his thoughts as the boy gently places the food in front of them. “You guys can get started. I’m just getting some water. Let me know what you think, I’m always up for criticism to make it even better.”

Both of them dig into the feast before them while Midoriya goes back for his own cup of water for the meal.

“The katsudon is exquisite Young Midoriya!” All Might calls towards the kitchen between bites. “I think this is my best bowl yet and I’ve to a fair number of restaurants over the years.”

“Yes, I agree. Great job kid.” Naomasa smiles when he hears Midoriya fumble over the compliments on the way back.

“So, how’s school been for you so far?” Naomasa breaks the silence between bites once Midoriya sits down, placing everything down to for him to eat as well. “Other than the villain attack, of course.”

“It’s really been great!” Midoriya smiles softly as he recounts his experience, taking a few tentative bites before he starts in earnest. “I really like Ectoplasm’s algebra class the best so far and I can’t wait to work on geometry next session. He’s really quiet with his lectures, but when you ask
questions, he gets so animated about it. And Present Mic’s English class is always entertaining and never fails to make me laugh, even though the subject matter is a little boring since I learned most of that stuff before.”

“Got a favorite teacher yet?” All Might chides playfully.

Midoriya flushes deeply, averting his eyes bashfully. “Well…um…you see…”

“No lying now.” Naomasa advises with a knowing wink.

Midoriya nods with a smirk of his own after a long sip of water, obviously drawing it out as long as possible. “Well, it’s always going to be All Might, but Aizawa-sensei is a very close second. He’s rough around the edges and scares us regularly, but I think he really cares about all of us deep down. Speaking of Aizawa-sensei, how…?” Truth.

“He’s recovering well.” All Might assures with a slight faltered smile after the stars in his eyes fade from hearing he was his pupil’s favorite. “He got out today from his injuries. It took him a little longer than you because his stamina was very low after the fight. Most of the damage was to his elbow and face.”

Midoriya’s eyes seem worried at that admission. “Is his quirk… I mean is he…”

“Eraserhead will be fine, though his blink time might be affected.” Naomasa picks up the slack that his friend didn’t want to say after a tentative bite. “It’s too early to say for certain though as he did just get out, but his quirk does indeed still work. Though I think you should be more worried about his incoming lecture. I’ve had the privilege of hearing a portion of it and it’s probably going to be first thing tomorrow since I have no doubt he’ll be teaching given how stubborn he is.”

“Oh, that’s right…” Midoriya pauses his meal. “I ended up using One for All in that fight twice…”

“Any progress on control?” All Might broaches. “I know we haven’t gotten a chance for you to see a quirk counselor yet for either of your quirks, but maybe something has changed?”

“I mean…” Midoriya fidgets with his chopsticks for a moment. “I didn’t break my arms and legs the first couple hits, but I think it was because the Nomu had shock absorption as a quirk in its arsenal, so he basically displaced the force for me. Though, I still broke them in the end when I
pushed it. But you already knew that from my statement.”

All Might rubs his chin for a moment as if thinking. “Did the initial hits feel different? I don’t think you can access more than a hundred percent yet given how short of a time it’s been since you received One for All. Especially since you break your bones using it at max power right now…”

“I don’t really know. I mean, maybe? I guess they felt much weaker, but at the time I was really scared of…” Midoriya trails off, as if he’s feeling guilty of something.

“Ah. I see.” All Might nods as if knowing what that something is. “I think this means that you subconsciously didn’t want to hurt someone too badly with your quirk, so you held back. That’s a big step forward since it means control is obtainable for you.”

“Yeah, that’s good—Hey wait a minute…” Midoriya scrunches up his face in confusion. “Did you not think I could control it at all?”

“Nothing like that my boy!” All Might backtracks to dispel his successor’s fears. “I was just really concerned for you because you were breaking bones right off the bat when using One for All.”

Midoriya sips loudly as he ponders that nugget of information. “So, you didn’t break anything the first time?”

“Nope!” All Might cheerfully informs. “I actually could use One for All at a hundred percent from the get-go. Most of my training was field work, but I’m certain you’ll get past your learning curve in no time with our help.”

…

“Of course you got it on the first try. You’re All Might.” Midoriya muses more for himself than the two in front of him with depressed skeptical eyes.

“Err…” His friend turns to Naomasa as if asking for help to get out of the hole he dug himself that he quickly shakes his head to deny that request before it gets messy. “Well, let’s focus on one thing at a time my boy. I’m sure it’s just different for those with a quirk to start after all.”
Midoriya’s head snaps back up instantly. “What?”

“I was quirkless you know.” All Might offers as an olive branch that Midoriya takes in with wide eyes at the news before it turns skeptical.

“Are you… sure?” Midoriya tilts his head as if in confusion. “I swear you had one…”

All Might’s smile drops instantly. “W-what?”

Midoriya keeps pressing. “Do you have the joints in each pinky toe?”

“Well yes I do, but--”

“Really?” Midoriya looks thoroughly puzzled by the news. “Huh. I always assumed your original quirk allowed you to revert to a previous state of your body of your choosing as long as you had the stamina available to maintain it ever since I saw your true form… One for All is more unique than I thought then. I wonder if I could do that when I finally can control it fully in the middle of battle for an extra edge if I’m injured… Though, I’d have to do it really quickly since a loss of stamina can drop instantly if the injury is serious enough…”

“I… what?”

Naomasa notices his friend looking like he’s going through an existential crisis and decides to change the attention to a different light as he’s almost 90% sure is unfounded since his friend’s quirk is all sorts of weird to begin with. “What about your original quirk Midoriya? Any progress with it?”

Midoriya instantly tenses at that and looks positively scared for some reason for a single second before returning to his normal resting expression. “I uh… Don’t know really?”

“I’m certain you used your quirk during USJ, did you not?”

“And you used it right now, correct?” Naomasa points out quickly since surely that much was true given the boy’s analysis of his friend, even though it’s surely inaccurate.

Midoriya simply nods. “Yeah.” Lie. “But nothing’s really shown up with it recently or anything as far as I can tell.” Truth. “I’m just as in the dark about it as you two are about what it is anyway.” Lie.

It takes everything in Naomasa to not flinch to each lie. Midoriya zeroes in on him in worry literally a second later as if he didn’t mean to lie and did it on pure instinct without thinking because of the leeway he gave him earlier. It only confirms something he had a feeling on ever since the talk with Monoka-san. They must be wrong about the kid’s quirk. Extremely off the mark. Midoriya just might be that smart in his own right to figure out those quirks and he doesn’t know if that’s truly a good thing or not. But now the real problem still stands.

What is Midoriya’s real quirk? And why is he so quick to hide it? Is it because of his mother or the previous bullying? Or perhaps a taboo quirk that many would see as villainous? Questions for later...

“I see. Well, I hope your time with Nedzu will help you figure out more about it.”

“Yeah, maybe.” Midoriya nervously adds, still kind of looking for the ‘gotcha’ moment before relaxing a bit when it doesn’t actually come.

Naomasa doesn’t know yet what it means because perhaps he’s overthinking this whole thing, but it seems like the boy was terrified of being found out, like he expected he would be hurt because of it given the panic in his eyes. But what was the cause of this raw fear about others knowing about it? A bad experience or something worse? He told the truth he used his quirk in USJ, but it’s clearly not a physical one because his classmates would have said something… Perhaps it is technically still a mental one, but not the one Nedzu prides himself so heavily on finding. The dog has been absolutely giddy of the prospect of having the boy as his own prodigy since not many can match the rat’s own intelligence quirk. If it was simply brain power alone, it would probably give the bear even more reason to be ecstatic. Thinking on it, Midoriya would be such a monster when he’s finally a pro hero, having both the brawn to get the job done and the brain to figure out the best plan of attack. It would be like Nedzu and All Might in one person combine. But that not important at the moment as figuring out what’s really going on with the kid. There are so many leads to explore now, but not many answers found just yet for a definitive conclusion to be drawn.

I wonder if I could keep pressing, maybe he would…
“Young Midoriya…” All Might coughs as the conversation seems to take a completely different turn as his friend returns back from his mental vacation overthinking things. “There is something of great importance that I—I mean we—need to tell you about One for--”

A phone goes off, interrupting his friend’s shaky nervous voice. Reaching down, Naomasa answers it since it was his work one, already preparing to have to leave as he’s still technically on call at the moment for any special developments in his assigned cases or emergencies. “Excuse me for a moment.”

The two of them silently stare on at Naomasa as his own face goes through multiple emotions of shock, worry, and concern as he would have to be the one to inform them of the bad news he’s being told about on the other side of his phone.

After a few more tense moments, the call is finally dropped as his pitying eyes wander more directly over to Midoriya, already regretting to have to be the one to tell him of the most likely devastating news. “I just got a call from my department… Monoka-san died of a heart attack earlier today and was found about an hour ago by her daughter checking up on her. They don’t suspect foul play at the moment since she has a previous history of it, but I still have to go check it out just in case the villains are targeting students and their families now. I’m truly sorry…for your loss, Midoriya.”

The kid just stares for a good whole minute before enviably the crocodile tears come forth as he crumbles, shaking as the truth settles in that he just lost someone he clearly loved and regarded highly. Naomasa doesn’t know if it is a good thing that the boy isn’t making a single sound yet or not as he prepares to leave reluctantly to go do the hardest part of his job. Dealing with grieving loved ones has always been a sore spot for him in the cases he takes on. Interacting with the deceased personally always leaves a more lasting impact on him though, and it never really gets any easier every time it happens. It just leaves holes in his heart that contort and hemorrhage at the most inopportune times, more than he would like to ever admit.

What a day…I’m not sleeping tonight, am I?

“Dinner was lovely Midoriya. I hope to be able to enjoy it again soon. I’m deeply sorry I have to leave on such a depressing note.” Naomasa continues regrettably as he moves to get up to leave to put back on his hat and coat at the door, hoping his dear friend can comfort the kid in his absence as the almost silent hiccups start behind him. “I’ll see my way out for now. Toshi, please let me know if you need a ride home when I’m done. I’ll tell you what I learn when I get to the scene.”

All Might gives a stiff confirmation to his request, but his eyes are already on the grieving child,
preparing to comfort the boy who’s clearly trying desperately not to completely break down in front of the two of them even though his tears are already betraying him.

“Please take care of him Toshi.” Naomasa whispers as a silent prayer after reaching the door, picking up his coat and hat. “That poor kid…He can’t get a break, can he?”

After all, while death is a constant at the end of everyone’s journey, it always cuts deep wounds in those who are left behind to grieve the souls lost to eternity.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/28, Checked for errors 3/14

Crashing by ILLENIUM feat. Bahari

A/N: Recently had my own grandma on my dad's side die, so this really hit me in all the hard places when writing this. I may have based Monoka-san's personality on her for the most part when I was planning her out in my time line. Brief sadness fluff coming next chapter to balance out all the angst y'all. It's gonna get better soon as SPORTS FESTIVAL is on the way! :D

Also, check out the Hymnals - RAC Mix by Grizfolk because it's my favorite version of the song if you want a bonus song as it was the runner up for this chapter...

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The only thing I want to say is that the consequences for previous choices have started to rear their ugly heads for the story. Good luck my favorite bean! I'm rooting for ya! [*sob* I'm so fucking sorry Izuku]
Defeated

Chapter Notes

I give you brief sad fluff! ENJOY :D

*Warning*
Themes of grieving

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku just stares at his mocking food as his hiccups burn in his chest, screaming for release from the pressure building in his gut.

*It’s my fault, right? If I didn’t leave, then I could have saved her, right? If I wasn’t selfish and didn’t leave, then Monoka-san would still be alive, right? It’s all my fault. I should have stayed and I would’ve saved her again. It’s all my fault she’s dead… It’s all my--*

“Young Midoriya, it’s not your fault, my boy.” All Might breaks him out of his circular thinking as he rounds the table. “Please don’t ever blame yourself for this. These things happen my boy.”

“I-it is m-my fault.” Izuku protests with a shaky smile to not break face in front of his mentor and idol. “I l-left her b-behind for such a s-stupid s-selfish reason a-and n-now…”

“C-can I hug you my boy?”

Izuku almost startles at the question before nodding feverishly, feeling like at any time he might throw up as the news really settles in fully. The warmth cradling him grounds him as his shudders become more prevalent, his tears not ceasing in the slightest.

“I j-just…” Izuku sobs into his teacher’s shoulder. “I s-should h-have stayed.”

“My boy, you have to do what’s better for you. This is not your fault.” All Might assures as he tightens the embrace, rubbing large circles behind his back just like his dad had long ago.
But it is… Izuku thinks bitterly as he cries into his mentor’s shoulder. All Might, I could have saved her and…I probably broke her heart by leaving… Literally.

“I know how you feel my boy… Truly... I had lost greatly when I was not only a little older than you now. Her death hurt me the most, more than any of the other’s I’ve had to shoulder over the years. It’s never easy losing the ones you hold dear my boy, so I won't lie to you. The pain will simply never really goes away totally.” All Might notes with his own sadness hidden under his low reassuring tone. “But, remembering the good times always helps cheer me up when I'm feeling down. Would you like to hear more about the wonderful person I lost so long ago?”

Izuku nods slightly as he tries to still his involuntary hiccups.

“Her name was Nana. She was basically my mother even though we shared no blood relation.” All Might continues as he rocks Izuku slightly to calm him down. “She always had such a blinding smile that could light up the room. In fact, you share that aspect with her. So much so that I sometimes need to take a double take because you are both very similar. If the two of you could have met, I have no doubt she would have loved you like a son.”

All Might laughs a bit, his booming shakes reverberating throughout his body, shaking Izuku a bit as he holds on tight. "She'd probably have adopted you in a heartbeat and fought your mother over custody for no reason more than to be able to spoil you rotten..."

Izuku smiles slightly into the shirt even though his tears are still in full force.

“She used to tell me all kinds of dorky emotional and funky stuff all the time to motivate me, you know. There never was a dull moment to be found when she was there. She always caught me off guard with her unique humor after all.” All Might chuckles, reminiscing a bit of his training days. "She used to tell me I looked like a rabbit all the time with my funky hair bobbing around in the wind. One time, she caught me napping and put hair gel in my bangs to make them stand up straighter. When I woke up, she acted like I had finally sprouted my missing bunny ears. She hounded me for a week afterward with a fake bunny's tail to my utter embarrassment. I never had a clue where she kept the darn thing hidden on her as she would just whip it out at random times."

Izuku giggles soft hiccups at the story. "Is that why you make your hair do that? Who would have thought All Might was a furry..."

"I have no idea what you are talking about, but sure kid. I guess I am a furry." All Might smiles fondly while Izuku chokes a bit on the air at the clearly blissfully innocent adult in the room. "But there was always one thing she engrained into me that I hold dear to my heart even to this day. Do
you know what it is?"

Izuku simply shakes his head as he continues to listen with great interest to his mentor's past as it’s a topic that is rarely visited, even though it’s under less than ideal circumstances and he knows he’s a complete mess at the moment. “She used to believe that as a hero, saving a person is not as simple as just saving their life. That you also have to be willing to save their heart too. So, she always told me to make sure to smile to reassure those around you that everything is going to be fine now that you are here to help. After all, the ones who smile unwavering in the face of adversity are truly the strongest of all.”

“Is t-that why y-you smile all the t-time?” Izuku inquires innocently. “B-because you a-are paying homage to Nana’s m-memory?”

“Yes and no.” All Might muses a bit. “At first, I did I suppose. But somewhere along the way, I used it to hide the pain inside instead.”

Izuku tenses a bit at that since it hits a little too close to home.

“But then I met you.” Izuku tilts his head a bit for a moment to analyze his mentor’s expression, where he finds his smiling face sporting just as many tears as him. “That day, you, a simple fanboy, proudly stood your ground to ask me a simple question with unwavering determination. In retrospect, it was kind of like a wakeup call for me.”

"Technically, I flew quite a large distance after making an almost fatal split second decision that was pretty selfish at best." Izuku corrects with a laugh at the memory of them meeting for the first time. "I swore that was going to be the end of me. The media would've ate it up... 'Crazy obsessed All Might fan dies by falling.'"

"You would have been fine. I was there to save you if it came to it, was I not?" All Might smirks at Izuku's deadpan look as they both know he was trying to get him off of him at first. All Might simply ignores his antics as he rocks him more as proof. "See, you are still in perfect condition, are you not?"

"Yeah, okay." Izuku sniffs with small smile, not salty about that at all.

All Might frowns though after a moment of silence. "Young Midoriya, I hope you know I deeply regret my initial answer to your question, the most out of any decision I’ve ever made actually. It
sometimes haunts me even. I was terribly wrong about you, quirk or not.”

Izuku lets All Might have the floor instead of commenting on it as he sees his mentor go through multiple emotions, almost seemingly at once.

"I think in a way, I was still grieving Nana and it caused me to look right past such an amazing and talented person because I was afraid of seeing you suffering a similar fate as her." All Might shifts a bit as he embraces him more tightly in the hug once again. "If I could go back, I would throttle the man who stood on those rooftops who told you such things and give him a piece of my mind because there is no doubt in my mind you are going to be a great hero. You would have been a great hero without me, I am dead certain of this now.”

“All Might…” Izuku whines, already thoroughly embarrassed to no end from the compliments despite the tears.

“When I saw you save your friend that day, it reminded me of something I had long forgotten.” All Might smiles nostalgically. “It reminded me what being a true hero is all about. Because that day, my boy, you didn’t simply save a life in your friend with your selflessness and desire to save, but you saved my heart as well. It gave me strength to help when I had already given up and ran out of time. When I had already accepted defeat, you reawakened the optimist in me that I could still be a hero and save those who needed it, regardless of my limitations. That I still had what it takes to save the people within in my reach. You, my boy, have that true strength Nana always lectured me on and I was a fool not to see it the first time.”

"All Might." Izuku whispers into his shirt as more tears come forth with fervor. "I just...feel like I a-abandoned her w-when..."

"Young Midoriya, indulge me with this." All Might rocks him back and forth in succession more. "Do you think I can be everywhere at once?"

Izuku shakes his head. "N-no..."

That's literally impossible...

"As much as it pains me to say...” All Might trails off as he runs his hands through Izuku's messy curls gently to soothe his pained sniffles. "There is probably someone in the world right now, crying out for my help and I'd never be there to help. Would you blame me for their deaths or
suffering?"

"No, but...!" Izuku protests as he knows his case is literally different than that.

_I have a quirk that could've saved--!

"All of the people that potentially could have helped Monoka-san tonight also have quirks that could have saved her life... But it doesn't change the fact that no one came..." All Might explains as Izuku turns slightly red at his mumbled slip up. "The harsh reality is that no one can save those who are out of our reach, whether it be physically or mentally. You may have your quirks to help save people, but you can't blame yourself on that fact alone when you fail to be there simply because you didn't know."

"S-sorry..." Izuku barely croaks out as he buries himself more in the shirt, now wanting a change of topic less he confesses his darkest secret. "How did N-nana..."

Thankfully, his teacher gets the hint as he starts to explain without further explanation. "She was killed by a villain while protecting me. She had a smile on her face, even right to the end."

“She s-sounds like a t-true hero.” Izuku notes after sinking into his mentor’s hug more given how broken he sounded about talking about her. “I’m s-sorry she’s...”

“I am too, my boy.” All Might echoes. “There is not a day that goes by that I don’t think of her and her sacrifice. Or what I could have done differently to save her. But I simply can’t change the past no matter how much I wish for it. Though, I’m sure she’s proud of me regardless and she would be honored to meet you as my successor if she was still here with us. After all, she was my mentor. One of the predecessors of One for All, in fact.”

“S-she was?” Izuku shifts in his mentor’s arms to a more comfortable position. “I bet s-she was an incredible h-hero then.”

“That she was Young Midoriya.” All Might murmurs. “That she was...”

_All Might must have really loved Nana..._ Izuku notes as he feels his mentor rub more circles into his back as he feels heavy wet tears hit his own shirt. _Perhaps this was what he wanted to tell me_
The two of them just sit there for awhile as they silently cry and think about the kindred souls they have lost.

Izuku pauses in his own depressing thoughts on Monoka-san as an idea comes to the forefront. He doesn’t really want to be alone tonight as he fears he might do something stupid again and that would just make him feel even worse afterwards. Plus, All Might is also hurting because of him right now, and he doesn’t want him to suffer alone as well.

“C-could you… I mean, only if y-you want…” Izuku starts, very unsure of himself.

“Something on your mind, my boy?”

Izuku takes a deep breath. “W-would you l-like to stay the n-night? We could h-have some hot cocoa and…”

“Watch cheesy movies till we are sick of being sad?” All Might offers with a smile after Izuku trails off. “Or build a pillow fort of sorts if that's more up your alley?”

“Movies please.” Izuku agrees behind a watery smile. “I d-don’t wanna be sad a-anymore.”

“You got it kiddo.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/29, Checked for errors 3/14

Defeated by Bad Suns

A/N: All Might bonding with his kid over losing someone dear. Check.
Naomasa is not usually one to be a conspiracy theorist, but sometimes whims more than often can lead to something groundbreaking. Though with this case, something bizarre is afoot and it just keeps nagging him, especially ever since their dinner together. And it's not the good kind since the whole thing just feels like a train wreck that already has happened or maybe he's also watching it happen in slow motion right before his eyes? He can't figure out which makes more sense at this point.

_God, I'm exhausted..._

While the Monoka case left a sour taste in his mouth, his job tonight was far from being over. From the gathered evidence at the scene and the medics on call, it was deemed that the poor lady's heart simply gave out from stress. He doesn't know if it was a blessing or not that there wasn't any cameras in the office space itself as watching people die sucks, but the cameras outside the apartment front office showed no real suspicious looking activities from what the newer officer to their precinct who reviewed the footage told him. There wasn't any signs of a struggle or any type of indication that foul play was afoot in the room, so it was deemed the lady simply had a heart attack and it wasn't a direct attack on Midoriya by the villains who attack USJ. That fact was probably the only good thing to come out of the entire mess. After all, many heart attack sufferers end up having relapses, especially given the woman's age, so it was probably inevitable.

His only closure and peace of mind with the whole ordeal is that Toshi is having an impromptu sleepover with the kid, who apparently conked out in the middle of the third movie from the texts he got updating him on how the kid was faring while on the scene covering his bases. The sneaky picture his friend took of the kid snuggling into his blankets like a little fluff ball was a precious sight to behold in the midst of his absolute chaotic night. And he's got a pretty good guess of what his friend's new phone wallpaper is. The poor kid sure has had a rough couple of days, that's for sure and deserves the rest, especially with class back in session the next day. He can only begin to imagine the weight behind the boy's loss and only hopes he can bounce back to his normal self soon. Grief can sometimes do weird things to people, but given what Naomasa learned about the boy's father, the kid isn't a stranger to losing people he dearly loves. So hopefully, he won't take it too hard. At least he can hope for that anyway.

Chugging another swig of his coffee, he adds another stupid incident to his checked list from their database that apparently Midoriya got involved with at a young age. His conversations with both
the now deceased Monoka-san and the boy himself just feels like there are holes and he wants to make sense of them to help the poor kid out. That led him down a rabbit hole of thinking, which in turn led him to checking old police records through their data base just in case he found something in the kid's past that bypassed his first pass through. Unsurprising, the initial search part was easy since there wasn't anything to find there at all as the kid had a clean record, though he didn't give up so easily. What a strange gold mine he's found now by cross referencing the kid's personal phone number from his UA application and the anonymous 119 calls database. All he's done now is pose more infuriating questions about what the hell is going on with the kid, especially given the sheer number of them. The worst part is having to read through each incident report individually to get a sense of what happened with them to see if he can find a link. It is absolute torture to say the least.

“Working late?” Sansa asks as he peeks his head into the door.

“Yeah.” Naomasa replies dryly. “I’m working on that case for the Midoriya kid that’s been personally requested by Nedzu.”

“Oof. That’s rough. Nedzu is one scary guy. I’d hate to be on his shit list.” Naomasa gives an agreeing hum. “Any leads?”

“I have something alright, but nothing makes sense.” He informs with a defeated shake of his head.

Sansa shifts with a contemplative look before inviting himself into his office fully. “Need a ‘cat’s eye’ view?”

Naomasa chuckles slightly at the joke before nodding as he rubs his forehead, pulling up his digital board to show all of the incidents the little trouble magnet has gotten into for him to view. “Basically, this kid has been all over the place. I swear being a trouble magnet is his actual second quirk or something. He’s consistently called in incidents that he just happens to stumble into ever since he was seven. I just don’t know why yet other than it being extremely bad luck… At least the kid didn’t actually go vigilante with one of the cases at some point or something given the sheer number of them.”

Sansa blinks owlishly for a moment in surprise since it’s a pretty rare trait to have. “Kid has two quirks?”

Naomasa sighs as he comes up with a small omission that is technically not far from the truth from an objective standpoint. “Nedzu suspects Midoriya has been neglected for being previous quirkless by his mother even though he was just a late bloomer, which is the whole reason we started this
thing. We think Midoriya has two quirks like Endeavor’s son, one that we know as a strength enhancer as that’s obvious. The second one is a complete mystery. Nedzu thinks it’s like being super observant or something given how crazy smart the kid is for analyzing quirks, but the kid literally laughed in his face like he was an idiot the first time he told him that. And I got a possible indirect confirmation that the second quirk isn’t that at all too. At this point, either the kid is laughing behind our backs for getting it so wrong or he’s hiding it because of whatever abusive crap his mother has done to him, not to mention how much of a fucking shit hole the schools he went to were to him. I’ve been leaning towards the latter ever since I saw that terrified look in his eyes of potentially being found out this evening. And trust me when I say 'shit hole' because scrubbing through those security feeds have been downright tortuous to build Nedzu’s case against them. I swear I can’t stand seeing another kid slammed into a locker while a teacher just looks on without a care in the world for a month at least. And some of those feeds have been as recent as of a week ago. I haven't even gotten to Midoriya's ones yet and I'm scared for what I might find. I am honestly going mad from going in circles with all this depressing shit…”

“You done?” Sansa deadpans at the end of his rant.

Naomasa sighs. “Sure.”

“Good.” Sansa looks over the board for a good minute while Naomasa waits for a miracle to be handed to him on a silver platter. “Huh. That’s weird.”

Naomasa’s gaze shoots up as he looks over the board again to figure out what’s got his partner’s attention in his frustration. “What’s not weird about it? The kid literally is a trouble magnet. Most low time heroes experience this amount of action in their entire career, not before they even reach the ripe of old of eighteen. The kid is only fourteen for god’s sake…”

Sansa points at the board. “It’s just...isn’t it weird that almost every single case he called in that you've combed through so far was where the victim was at risk of dying or was attacked physically in some way? It’s kinda similar to what happens to a lot of people with empathy quirks ya know. Kyokan-san downstairs in records constantly complains about how annoying it is when her quirk leads her to feeling bad stuff happening around her all the time. She has a ridiculously long list of incidents just like this. If this trend continues with the rest of the incidents, then…”

Naomasa stares between his colleague and the board a couple times before it hits him. Hard. “Oh my fucking god, we are all complete idiots.”

“Glad I could help you realize that.” Sansa offers with a Cheshire grin.
“Shut up, not talking about that. But god does it make so much damn sense.” Naomasa taps his pen reflexively as the random dots start to make sense from its trend line. “That’s why the kid threw up during the USJ incident before the villains even physically got there. At the time, I was suspicious since his peers looked at the portal forming and didn’t get sick like he did. But it would make a whole lot of sense if he got sensory overload from the villains inside the portal, but not the portal visibly itself. He even technically didn’t lie to me with the way he worded it by keeping it vague and saying the portal forming was what made him sick. God, he’s so clever at evading my quirk already… If that’s really what happened, we are so fucking lucky he didn’t go into emotional shutdown or even closedown from that. There were 120 villains there, sans the two we failed to capture and the Nomu we are currently analyzing. I can’t imagine feeling the sheer amount of blood lust coming off them if his empathy quirk deals directly with feeling other’s emotions. But…”

“But…?”

“Why seven?” Naomasa taps the pen again.

Sansa scrunches his feline features in confusion. “What about the number?”

“These little incidents started when he was seven, soon to be eight. In early May more specifically…” He draws a circle around the first instance in red with his finger. “So, what prompted the change?”

“You said he had a late quirk, so maybe that’s your answer. Or maybe his parents kept a close leash on him, so possibly the first time he encountered it alone to report it in the first place?”

Naomasa shakes his head tiredly not even hearing his friend’s points. “It just doesn’t make any sense…”

“I’m sure you are just overthinking it.”

“I’m not though. This is a serious deal. And to think the kid has some type of empathy quirk on top of this…? Damn...” Naomasa shakes his head as he starts to pull up an email. “This is such a mess...I need to tell Nedzu my findings right away.”

“Okay, no. I’m cutting you off. It’s bedtime. You’ve run yourself into the ground.” Sansa turns off the bulletin board display. “It’s almost 4 AM already.”
“No, I just got this far. I can’t just--!”

“Tsukauchi, you need to sleep. I’m only here right now because I’m on the night shift this week.” Sansa persists as he points at the growing pile of coffee cups from the last couple days as evidence. “You can inform Nedzu your suspicions in the morning after taking a short nap. Let’s take a brief ‘paws,’ okay?”

“…”

“Okay, you can stop the death glare, I get it. All joking aside, if you don’t go sleep, I swear I will tell the Chief and cut you off for real.” He warns with a serious frown at his friend. “You’ve barely gotten any sleep the last couple of days and it’s really starting to show.”

“Okay fine.” Naomasa grumbles frustrated. “I just…”

“Wanna help the kid.” Sansa smiles as he pats his friend on the shoulder. “I know. So, the best thing you can do right now is go to bed so you can actually help him out. You don’t have to figure everything out at this very moment, now do you?”

“No…” Naomasa sighs hard as the exhaustion hits him again in another wave. “Thanks Sansa.”

“Someone has to keep you chugging along and who better than me who knows how beneficial a good ‘cat nap’ can be.” Sansa jokes again with a slight chuckle. “Now, get going.”

“Yeah. Yeah. Whatever…” Naomasa grumbles before taking one last look at his computer screen before shutting it all down with a reluctant sigh. He may be throwing in the towel for a little bit, but he’s already mentally planning his email to be sent out once he gets home to both Nedzu and his friend in case the kid starts showing signs of being emotionally overwhelmed from his quirk when they finally wake up.

_Hopefully, Sansa is right about the kid’s quirk…_
Updated 12/30, Checked for errors 3/14

Mr. Telephone by The Mowgli’s

Sansa is out here calling the shots like a boss...

( •_•)

( •_•)>⌐■-■

(⌐■_■)

And Naomasa is low-key pulling a Todoroki over here. God rest his poor tired soul...
Izuku blinks awake when his All Might alarm goes off beside him. Groggy, Izuku reaches for it to turn it off before snuggling back under his fluffy All Might comforter to sleep for at least ten more minutes before getting up to get ready to go school with All Might.

Izuku bolts up in a frenzy as he almost trips on his way out of his room to the living room in utter disbelief by his brain's memories of the night before, finding the soft snores of his mentor coming from the couch in confirmation.

**OH MY GOD!!! All Might slept on my couch! I’m never cleaning it again!!**

Izuku pauses for a second.

**Okay, that’s a little extreme. I’ll get a blanket cover and wash that so I never have to clean it again… It could even be All Might themed to commemorate the occurrence… Perfect.**

Izuku shuffles over to the kitchen with a yawn to get started on breakfast for the two of them while the fanboy inside is still screeching over the fact that the number one hero had not only came over to his apartment for dinner, but had a sleep over with him. He was so rushed and scared out of his mind yesterday he didn't even get a chance to let that reality sink in. He doesn't even care at the moment the ending circumstances were not so ideal.

He feels something wet traitorously prick at his lashes that he tries to ignore it with a passion as he places the pan on the stove, already prepping it with butter to make simple scrambled eggs and toast since he doesn’t have much normal breakfast food at the moment. He just needs to get it done quickly so the two of them will have a nice breakfast. Plus, he’s going to have to make sure the left over Katsudon is enough for lunch and possibly a second serving if All Might needs some since he spent the night. If it's not, he will have to cook another serving, that of which will go to All Might since he's got a special needs with his stomach and left overs might be too harsh on him. Things for
later though as he reaches for the block mass in his pocket to see if it’s even still alive at this point since he definitely didn’t charge it last night. Confirming his fears, he pockets the dead phone again to continue cooking for the two of them in the harsh silence as he waits for the pan to heat up fully before putting in the beaten eggs in.

He simply wipes away the growing wetness in an attempt to quell it before it starts up again as he cooks. He knows it’s his fault he didn’t save her when she needed him most, but he can’t break in front of All Might again. Once was already more than he should have done, especially since he almost accidentally told him what his quirk in what was in a moment of vulnerability. He just can’t stop thinking of how he could have saved her. He already saved her once, he could’ve done it again. If only Inko didn't show back up again and ruin everything... If only he was there—

“Young Midoriya?”

Izuku startles for a moment before looking up with a fake smile. “Oh, hey All Might. Good morning. Did you sleep well? Sorry about you taking the couch last night. I haven’t gotten any stuff for the guest room yet. I hope you like scrambled eggs and toast. Sorry it’s not fancy, but I only got enough groceries for a few days, so I’ll need to go again probably tonight and get more of the stuff I--”

“My boy?”

“Ah, s-sorry for rambling...” Izuku frowns when All Might doesn’t give his usual response to that and instead looks increasingly worried. “Is something wrong All Might?”

All Might nods with a sad gaze. “You’re crying, my boy.”

“...”

Izuku touches his cheek and finds it really wet. “Oh.”

All Might shifts in his peripheral as Izuku resumes cooking as if that wasn’t happening right now. “If you don’t want to go to school today, I’m sure that--”

“No, please!” Izuku pleads as he furiously wipes at his traitorous face to clear it of his shame. “I’m fine, I swear. I just--”
“My boy, it’s normal to grieve.” All Might points out as he sits on one of the barstools in surrender to not poke the upset teenager more than necessary. “If you need a few days to recuperate, I can get you your notes and the possible homework for this week for you. It would be no bother, I swear.”

“I’m sorry All Might but…” Izuku shakes his head as he removes the scrambled eggs from the heat as he starts on the toast. “I want to go back. I need to. I want to see everyone and make sure they are okay.”

“And you?”

Izuku looks up in confusion. “What about me?”

“Are you okay?”

Izuku grips the pan’s handle hard as he flips the piece of toast to the other side. “I’m fine.”

“My boy…”

“I’m okay.” Izuku lies in anger as a silent prayer. “I swear.”

"Okay, I believe you..." All Might shifts a bit in his seat before looking at the food already done on the counter. “Breakfast smells wonderful.”

Izuku nods as he relaxes a bit. “Yeah. Almost done.”

“I see.”

…”

Izuku focuses solely on the pan in front of him, making to flip the last piece of toast so it doesn’t burn at the right interval of time in total silence. While it cooks, he grabs two plates out of the
Wordlessly, Izuku gives his mentor the filled plate and a cup of water to boot as he scarfs down his own standing up. Once it's all done, Izuku puts his dirty dish in the sink along with the pans he used for the meal. He usually cleans them right afterward, but the ever watchful gaze of All Might makes him want to hide in his room and never come out because he has a sneaking suspicion his mentor knows he's still not okay. But Izuku has had to deal with much worse with less support, so he just needs to keep chugging along to get out of this rut. If he can trick his brain for a little bit that everything is normal, then maybe he can trick everyone else to not see how much he is breaking inside over what happened.

*I'll be fine. It's just a bad day. You've had worse Izuku. It's okay. I'm okay. Everything is--*

"Young Midoriya?"

Izuku blinks, realizing he was kind of just staring at the sink and dirty dishes for who knows how long. Jumping into high gear, Izuku pulls out the left overs to place in his bento boxes. "Sorry All Might, I was just thinking about what I'd do for lunch. Would you also like a bento of the Kastudon from last night?"

All Might sighs. "Yes please. That would be lovely, my boy."

Izuku freezes at the disappointment that seems to be contained in that one sigh. "A-are you m-mad?"

"Of course not my boy!" All Might protests that Izuku doubts with a look that makes his mentor deflate at his feeble attempt to lie. "Yes, I am. But not at you..."

"Then...?"

"I wish you didn't have to lose someone so precious to you so soon is all." All Might notes solemnly, taking a swig of his water. "It's one of the hardest things to go through..."

"I'll be okay All Might. I know maybe right now it doesn't look like it but..." Izuku trails off as he starts packing their lunches. "I um... lost my Pappy right before I turned four, so..."
All Might shifts in his seat. "Were the two of you close?"

"Yes." Izuku doesn't even hesitate as he silently decides to start cleaning the dishes anyway if they are going to talk for a bit after finishing the bentos. "Pappy was my whole world at the time. He believed in me before anyone else had..."

"I'm sorry you lost him so young..."

"It's okay. Pappy would have wanted me to keep smiling even though he's gone..." Izuku reminisces with a shaky smile, starting on the dishes. "He told me constantly I was already his number one hero before I had even gotten a quirk, mind you."

"I think all parents feel like that..." His mentor smiles fondly. "What did your father do as a profession?"

"Ah that." Izuku shakes the current pan dry before putting it on the rack. "He ran a small support company at the time, though now my mother runs it now. Have you heard of Kibou Studios?"

"No, I haven't."

Izuku simply nods as he tries to distract himself from his inner turmoil. "I figured probably not since you always use the support gear from David Shield's support company. But that's okay. Kibou Studios was named that because Pappy wanted to not only help the heroes protecting us, but also the victims of the villains they fought. In the company's bylaws, Pappy made sure to pledge half of all sales made to be sent to the victims of villain attacks. That's why it's probably not a huge company at this point anyway. It's always in the top hundred at best in any fiscal year, though Pappy never really cared about rankings."

"He sounds like he was a great man." All Might offers at Izuku's small smile. "You miss him a lot, don't you?"

"Yeah..." Izuku sniffs a bit as he puts the remaining pan on the drying rack. "He wasn't always home often because of his work, but when he was, he basically held up the world in my eyes."
"I found some of his old blue prints in the house that he had made specifically for me when I became a hero you know. He was always running straight for the future..." Izuku brings up as he moves on to his used plate and cup to wash as his mentor elects to listen to him ramble a bit. "I actually used them to design my current costume you know... The main base is all his after all... You know, the suit portion with the hoodie, though I added that hoodie part myself."

The complete set with a few modifications was actually what he used for his first prototype Switch vigilante costume, but he omits that little detail as All Might might freak from that admission.

"Even as a kid, he was already looking towards the future and was willing to give me everything." Izuku sniffles, his eyes feeling a little itchy and puffy from his crying. "I don't think he ever doubted I wouldn't be one... Even when I was quirkless..."

Izuku stifles a sob from erupting from his throat due to reopening his old wounds that he had thought were long healed. Sighing, Izuku continues to let his inner thoughts flow out.

"I think he was trying to make sure I'd be safe by giving me my support costume as a gift. Or at least that's what I gathered from his notes..." Izuku mentions as tears start to gather again. "I know that right now it probably doesn't look like it, but I'll be okay. I'm just..."

"In shock?" All Might offers as he stands up to relinquish his own stuff to be cleaned.

"Yeah, I guess..." Izuku shrugs as he tears at the stupid tears in his eyes. "I'll be back to normal soon anyway..."

"You know..." All Might starts as he places his stuff in the sink after scraping away the excess food he couldn't eat in the trash. "Heroes are always allowed to cry. You know that, right?"

Izuku startles at the familiar sentence as he stares at All Might with wide eyes. "I..."

"Don't worry so much my boy and go at your own pace with this." All Might pats his arm reassuringly. "If you need me, all you ever need to do is ask. I'll be there in a heart beat."

"Thanks dad..." Izuku barely whispers with a smile on his lips.
"What was that my boy?" All Might inquires as Izuku sputters after realizing what he called his mentor out loud. "You were mumbling again."

"It's nothing!" Izuku squeaks in embarrassment as he furiously starts scrubbing the dishes given to him, trying desperately to hide the increasing red painting his freckles. "I just said t-thank you All Might. F-for everything... I really a-appreciate it."

"Nonsense my boy." All Might claps him on the back a loud booming laugh. "Just take it easy today, okay?"

"Okay, I will." Izuku smiles as he finishes up the dishes as he mentor returns to the bar stool, browsing on his phone or something.

Once they are all on the drying rack, Izuku rushes back to his room to get his uniform and his wireless charger for his phone to charge in the bathroom while he showers so it will be at least usable for a little bit at school.

"I'm going to take a shower real quick!" Izuku shouts quickly before locking himself in, not bothering to wait for a response since All Might seemed really engrossed with whatever he was doing on his phone.

Finally alone in the bathroom, Izuku real emotions truly come out as he lets the cold water run down his back as he cries, allowing the water hitting the drain below to cover up his sniffles in case his mentor was listening in to check in on him. Trying not to take up too much time in case All Might needs it too, Izuku tries to limit his time in the shower even though its definitely a much longer duration of time than normal. He just wants to get all the tears out now before he faces his classmates later today. He can't wait to see them again and see if they are all really okay. That and he'll be able to see Tsuki again. He truly didn't know how ingrained his little vixen had become in his life until he's had to be without her for a weekend. It almost makes him wonder if he was even living before she came into his life.

After getting out of the shower with a fresh towel, Izuku briefly checks his phone for notifications before seeing a good amount of texts spanning the last couple days and 5 separate calls from Bakugo from late last night alone. Tense, he opens the messages to assess the damage since he hadn't even checked his messages in a few days. He only picked up All Might's call because he called him directly before everything went to shit last night. He had temporarily blocked incoming text message notifications in case his mother somehow got his number for a short time because he just couldn't deal with that. If she called him, he would've just hung up immediately and blocked her. He just didn't want to cut off his incoming calls in case something came up with the school and they needed to reach out to him about it. Everything with USJ and his mother just caused him to throw everything to the way side and he ended up ignoring his friend's attempts to reach out
unintentionally. Now, the only thing he can hope is that the blond isn't busy razing the whole country down in a frenzy looking for him.

**Kacchan:**

deku, you okay? my hag heard you were moved to the hospital or whatever from auntie. don't do this shit again or i'll kill your ass.

**Kacchan:**

oi, you still fucking out of it? answer me damn it.

**Kacchan:**

are you fucking ignoring me shitty nerd?! fuck you!

**Kacchan:**

deku?

**Kacchan:**

deku, stop fucking ignoring me! shitty ass nerd…
Kacchan:

deki, I heard about the landlady and that you moved or some shit. is it because of the villains? talk to me.

Kacchan:

are you in danger or something? read my fucking messages damn it!

Kacchan:

izuku please talk to me

Izuku drops his phone to the floor in complete shock, especially since his friend actually used the word please in a sentence. “Oh my god, Kacchan is going to kill me. How the fuck did I miss this?”

“Are you okay in there, Young Midoriya? Did you fall or something--?”

“Perfectly fine!” Izuku squeaks, flushing hard as he’s still in his towel. “Please don’t come in!”

“Alright.” All Might calls through the door. “Let me know if need anything…”

“Okay, thank you!” Izuku picks up his abused phone from the ground, inspecting it for cracks. To his relief, the linoleum tiles didn’t take out his phone, but now a worse problem has arrived. How to tame the flame before it rages out of control. Biting his lip, he tries to be vague so he can explain in person by only giving him enough to not kill him on sight.
I’m okay, but right now is probably not the best time to talk. I’m sorry for not seeing your texts earlier. I’ll see you in class today.

Izuku clicks off his phone’s notifications again as he’d rather let his friend stew about it for a bit. If he got them now, he’d probably get super anxious over it and freak out even more than he can honestly handle right now. Hoping to have the chance to catch his friend before class so things don’t go any further south than they already have, Izuku leaves his current melancholy behind to get to school as fast possible as he can to defuse the ticking time bomb.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 12/31, Checked for errors 3/14

Million Pieces by Bastille

Last update for 2019. Here we come 2020! Happy New Years everyone!!

Izuku *lying out his teeth*: ALRIGHT, I'm totally fine now. Let's check out what the rest of the world has been up to in my absence.

*several missed messages and calls from a certain angry pomeranian*

Izuku: Well, if I wasn't fucked enough by this week, I am now.
Izuku races to his classroom with absolute urgency as he can almost taste his impending doom. All Might had to take a few pit stops with saving some people while walking with him to school. There was even that one criminal that just so happened to accidentally run right into Izuku's outstretched leg when he ran out of the store. Izuku may have felt the bastard threatening a lady with his knife through the building beforehand, but he didn't even plan that level of absurdity at the criminal's expense. All Might took care of him real quick after ducking into an alley for the police, but Izuku couldn’t stop the feeling that All Might was watching him even more closely after that occurrence, even though he praised him for his quick thinking. Izuku insisted profusely it was an accident, but his mentor just laughed as if he said it as a joke. Once they were safely on campus after avoiding the media camped out in front by taking the teacher entrance, Izuku took off after one second of checking his phone's time. He pledged to find Tsuki during lunch after he dealt with the demon.

Taking a deep breath, Izuku carefully opens the door to his classroom, hoping he didn't look as messed up as he felt with all of his rushing. It only takes Izuku a moment to lock eyes with red to immediately regret existing today.

“MIDORIYA IZUKU! YOU SON OF A BITCH!”

SHIIIIITTTT!

Izuku immediately dives behind the door in pure terror to the fact that his best friend used his full name for the first time in forever. Plus, he has a feeling the rage coming off his friend will be very fatal even though he’s pretty sure what’s he’s done to warrant such a reaction as he peeks over the door frame. He may have neglected texting back last night, but he still texted back this morning, so it couldn’t be that bad…Right?

“Oh, hey Kacchan, nice to see you here. Do you come here often or--”
“You fucking suicidal martyr!” Bakugo just bulldozes straight to him and grabs Izuku by the collar as he pops off a few warning explosions in his opposite palm.

His classmates near the door backs off considerably as his friend's attempt to drag him into the room more fully, not wanting to have anything to do with the rampaging heathen from hell. After all, none of them have ever seen Bakugo's true anger. Everything else they have seen at this point has been an appetizer to the full course. “What the fuck were you thinking holding off those shitty ass villains?!”

Oh shit.

Izuku starts involuntarily sweating as he prays for his life to be normal after this. “Well, you see Kacchan I--”

“Don’t fucking ‘Kacchan’ me asshole!” Bakguo snarls back as the entire class kind of just stares at the two, unsure if they should step in to stop them or if that would just be a worse fire hazard. “Do you even know how fucking Auntie must feel right now about your stupid ass?!”

Izuku flinches at that as it’s still a very sore spot for him right now. “I’m sorry Kacch--”

“Don’t fucking apologize!” Bakugo roars back as Izuku winces at the volume. “You can’t even fucking use your broken quirk and the first thing you do is try to fucking play the hero? You could’ve fucking died!”

Izuku’s face darkens as he raises his own voice as he grabs his friend’s hand to get him off him. “I didn’t have a choice Kacchan! What, did you want me to let everyone else die? I couldn’t just stand by and let that happen!”

“We have fucking quirks Deku! You on the other hand didn’t have one rearing and ready to go without blowing your own limbs off!” Bakugo explains with a dark expression of his own.

Izuku scowls at that remark. “Okay Kacchan, we’ve been over this, I don’t need a--”

“Not the point you fucking asshat!” Bakugo snips back, cutting him off abruptly with a jerk. “We
could have worked together instead of you going fucking Rambo the entire time!"

“Kacchan, I didn’t ask to be teleported away.” Izuku pouts as tears start forming as a reflex to the smoke from his friend’s palms getting in his eyes in small plumes. “I just didn’t want anyone hurt.”

“And somehow you were more qualified Deku?” Bakugo growls as a challenge, thinking he would win that argument. “That you have more experience dealing with villains?”

“Yes, actually, I do.” Izuku glares right back not even phased as Bakugo’s eyes widen in surprise as he stares at him, looking for a lie in his friend’s face. Too bad for him because he doesn’t find one.

“I’ve always had back luck with running into them, so I’m no stranger to it.” Izuku purposefully doesn’t mention his quirk or lack thereof are always to blame. “That wasn’t my first rodeo, but it was the first time I was actually scared because I thought none of you would make it out of there. It doesn’t matter if my quirk is broken, I couldn’t just stand there and do nothing. I may have made things worse, but at least I tried to do something!”

Recognition flows through the room as they all remembered that one interview on the day of the sludge villain incident picking up the audio in the background of the quirkless kid who rushed in to save their friend ranting to the heroes at the scene. They knew Bakugo had been the victim because his name was plastered everywhere despite his face not being shown clearly. The news station had omitted the faces of the two due to them both being minors, so no one really knew who the mystery green haired kid was as the only footage of him was the blurry camera videos taken by civilians who were at the scene. Izuku just ignores the wide eyes of everyone in the room as he starts his own rant about USJ.

“You seriously can’t sit here and say that what I did was wrong. What if they killed you? Or any of our friends? I can’t live with that. I would never forgive myself if I just stood by and watched it happen. You can’t stop me from wanting to save people Kacchan, especially when it’s the right thing to do.” Izuku protests as he continues. “If all of them were just normal villains that were purse snatchers or low time thugs, it would have been fine. We are all strong enough against that. They would have been easy and wouldn’t have stood a chance. But they weren’t alone. Hand Job and Misty Man plus that Lab Experiment were the only real players on the board to be scared of. They could have killed everyone without lifting a finger!”

“What, now are you fucking bragging that you faced them down and lived Deku?!” Bakugo growls back. “Did you even remember being pulled out of there on a fucking stretcher?!”

“Technically, I remember passing out way before that so no…but that’s not the point right now!”
Izuku protests as he wriggles a bit to get out of his feral classmate’s hold. “I did what I could to save Aizawa-sensei or lighten his load, nothing more. I didn’t purposefully pick a fight with them like you probably think because I knew they could kill us without a second thought if their leader even had a brain. Good thing he was a big baby though, throwing a tantrum when he didn’t get his way like a two--”

“I don’t want a play-by-play dipshit.” Bakugo snips back, cutting his rambling off. “You fucking got the shit beaten out of you because you were a god damn mutt sticking your nose where it didn’t belong!”

Izuku huffs at his friend in frustration. “Look, I didn’t even mean to get hurt that badly either! It’s not my fault they were doing a terrible job of trying to kidnap me or something, okay?”

Bakugo stills. “They fucking did what?”

Izuku fidgets in his hold, unsure what to do as it’s pretty obvious that the whole class doesn’t know aside from Todoroki and possibly Tsu. He’d rather not have that discussion any time soon if Izuku’s getting thrown through the ringer from simply trying to protect them.

“Explain.” Bakugo demands with a deadly air of calm that Izuku knows is far from the truth given how he literally can feel how much his best friend wants to strangle him to death at that moment.

“Yeah, okay.” Izuku yelps as the red infernos burn directly into his soul waiting for his answer. “They thought I had an analysis quirk, so they kind of wanted to capture me. I swear I don’t actually have one, but they just wouldn’t listen when I told them I didn’t. I just can’t help with analyzing their quirks, so I knew what they were and their possible weaknesses. It made it look like I have that quirk when I actually don’t. Just please don’t kill me Kacchan.”

“Dude, did you even breathe for that?” Kirishima asks as Izuku vehemently shakes his head in pure fear as he never likes a deadly calm Bakugo Katsuki. There is nothing worse in his opinion, and he’s pretty certain not even his quirk will be able to bring him back from that unforgiving abyss.

Izuku sweat drops as the rage boiling underneath has clearly reached critical mass with even Bakugo’s eye twitching to try and keep it contained. “Speak clearly shithead.”

“They wanted him because they assumed he had an analysis quirk.” Todoroki informs the group to Izuku’s instant relief as Bakugo whips his head towards him. “Midoriya said at the time he doesn’t
have one, but I’m not so sure that’s the case given the circumstances…”

“The fuck Icy-Hot? You can’t have two motherfucking quirks you dumbass! Not even your pompous ass got two. You got two outputs like me you complete fuckface. And this idiot is just a stupid ass stalker who can’t keep his filthy nose out of shit!” Bakugo snarls back with rage that turns Todoroki’s slightly concerned look cold before turning back on Izuku. “And speaking about this little shit—!”

Izuku instantly puts his hands up to protect himself. “Kacchan, please I--!”

“Where the actual fuck did you go?!” Bakugo shakes him for an answer. “I went by your stupid place with my old hag to check up on you and the shitty landowner’s daughter told us you skipped town after the old one apparently croaked! Then you fucking go silent when I try to talk to you over the phone. The fuck is that about, huh?!”

Izuku pales considerably as that was not something he wanted to discuss yet as he’s still grieving. “I…uh…”

“Well?!” Bakugo huffs, waiting for an answer.

“I moved.” Izuku explains carefully as tears start to pool more dangerously in his lids at the mention of it. “I moved closer to UA the day I got out of the hospital. It was for my safety given what happened. I’m sorry I didn’t say anything, but…I didn’t really have a choice…I can give you my new address if you want but…”

“Oh.” Bakugo’s grip loosens as he looks over Izuku’s depressed demeanor at the subject. “Are you…?”

Izuku sniffs as real grieving tears start coming out as his friend is probably the only one he can say he’s not alright about it. “N-no. I m-miss M-monoka-san…”

“Why the fuck do you even care about the old lady right now?” Bakugo scoffs angrily, not even noticing Izuku’s continued dropping mood over the subject. “You have your own shit to worry about if they are still fucking coming after your ass! How’s Auntie handling this shit?”

Izuku freezes as he runs over the possibilities to not lie in front of him, especially since he’s still
unsure about the whole situation. “I…umm…Uh…I mean…”

“What are you two Problem Children doing?”

Izuku absolutely screeches in terror as he flings himself away from the absolute dead sounding voice that had snuck up on him due to dealing with the bomb, disregarding his friend’s hold entirely as he rips away easily to defend himself from the threat.

Once his breathing finally regains his composure, he squeaks out his concern upon seeing his teacher look like a mummy. “Aizawa-sensei, why? I know you can’t take a break to save your life and I kinda expected this because of what the detective told me, but seriously why do you think that was necessary to--”

“Halt your questions before you pass out from oxygen deprivation Problem Child.” Izuku closes his mouth instantly at the glare of his furious teacher, no doubt mad at his actions during USJ as he takes deep breathes to go back to normal. “Good, now everyone to their seats.”

The only noise in the room that is heard is the desperate rush to sit down before their clearly disgruntled teacher shows them the classroom exit permanently. With everyone comfortably in their seats, their teacher shuffles his way towards the front desk in the room. Izuku does not miss the clear red stare of his friend as they march, leading him to know that this is far from being over in a long shot.

“Alright.” Aizawa-sensei glances over to the fervently raised hand of Iida before sighing loudly. “What is it Iida?”

“Sir!” Iida stands up and bows dramatically to their teacher. “I mean no disrespect about this as I can vouch for our entire class how grateful we are concerning your actions during the villain attack. I am glad that you are well, but are you certain you should be pushing yourself during your recovery period?”

“Yeah.” Tsu speaks up with a puzzled look. “Both you and Midoriya-chan took the brunt of the attack along with Thirteen-san. Are you sure all of you are okay?”

“None of you need to worry about me.” Aizawa-sensei’s pointed glare at Izuku makes him gulp. “But Midoriya, I thought I told you before you weren’t authorized to use your quirk.”
Izuku visibly pales as he turns his gaze to his desk in shame, wanting to use an excuse, but running dry as his teacher would probably expel him for doing so. “Aizawa-sensei, I have no excuse as I shouldn’t have done that. For that, I apologize for breaking your trust in me.”

“You are right Problem Child. There is no excuse.” Aizawa-sensei parrots as Izuku flinches to his teacher’s unfortunate nickname for him.

“Wait Sensei!” Yaoyorozu stands up out of turn to everyone’s surprise. “You can’t seriously punish Midoriya for this. It’s not his fault--”

“You are wrong.” Izuku asserts that cuts her off as he continues to stare at his desk without looking up to see his teacher’s growing frown. “It is my fault as I chose to use it. I didn’t have to. It doesn’t matter if they were villains. I could have worked around it. What if I killed one of them on accident or maimed them while using it? I needed control, which I still don’t have. Plus, I engaged in combat without a provisional license with a quirk. In any other circumstance, I would have been arrested for vigilantism.”

“You were only defending yourself.” Todoroki supplies from behind as if it was obvious. “The villain that caught you wasn’t normal.”

“It doesn’t work that way Todoroki. The law is still the law. The one of the few exceptions to using your quirk in self-defense without a license is if the quirk is constantly activated or the quirk works without the user’s explicit consent like a healing quirk. Even for those cases, a temp license is required beforehand. I should have been arrested for what I did and I have no right to use that excuse that I was only defending myself.” Izuku shakes in seat in fear. “Villains can use the same argument for a busted drug deal. They were simply protecting themselves from the big bad cops. The intentions do not justify the means.”

“We used our quirks too!” Hagakure protests as Izuku’s mood doesn’t change to the news to her disappointment. “You weren’t the only one who…”

“I know, but I was the only one forbidden from using it. That’s the difference between me and all of you.” Izuku counters as he grips his pants with a death grip. “Since Aizawa-sensei had given me explicit instructions to not to use it beforehand, I might as well have committed vigilantism in the eyes of UA, regardless of the law being waived in this instance. That’s why I should be punished.”
Aizawa-sensei sighs, prompting Izuku to look up at his teacher to learn his verdict. “I was going to say there was no excuse for me to put you in a situation where you were forced to use it, but apparently you prefer giving the class a lesson on quirk laws instead.”

Izuku’s mouth drops as he strains out a response that almost sounds more like a drowning cat screech. “Are you kidding?”

“You still broke our trust, that much is true.” Izuku closes his mouth instantly. “But it was my duty to protect all of you. It caused you to be in a situation to where you had to make that choice.”

Izuku recognizes the unspoken ‘I failed’ in his teacher’s voice, but not his unamused expression under the bandages. “Aizawa-sensei, you can’t beat yourself up over this. You didn’t know--”

“Problem Child, you gave us evidence of the villain Shigaraki on our campus the day of the media break in.” The entire class adopts wide eyes at the news as they turn in surprise to their green classmate. “We should have postponed that field trip until we had more evidence of why. If this is anyone’s fault, it is the staff of UA and your teachers who failed to protect you. For that, I apologize to everyone in this room for our failure to act.”

Izuku stands up, slamming his palms into his desk in anger as his emotions have reached an all-time high as he’s so done with today, startling his classmates. “You can’t be expected to know everything! Just because I sketched a weird dude lurking around the media that just so happened to be Shigaraki that day doesn’t mean I knew what they were planning! It could have been a false positive and you can’t just stop special campus programs for that! If I didn’t know what they were going to do anymore than you all did, then you can’t blame yourself for this. You protected us with your life. You already did more than enough. I’m sorry that I jumped in, but--!”

“Stop Midoriya.” Aizawa-sensei silences him with a raised hand. “We can spend all day throwing the blame around but it won’t change what happened.”

Izuku sits back down, though an angry pout is definitely still there on his face as he’s not convinced his teacher actually believe he did everything right to protect them.

“Now, before we get started, there is going to be an announcement tomorrow about the Sports Festival.”

The entire class hollers in excitement as Izuku curls into himself at all the noise as it’s just too
much with his emotions being on a rollercoaster given the past couple days. Just the shrillness alone is enough to send him spiraling if his teacher was a fan of the celebrations.

“Silence!” Aizawa-sensei scolds as his teacher’s intimidation tactic comes into play again, making Izuku smile at the normalcy for a second before a terrible headache hits him again as he squeezes his eyes shut from the jarring pain. “I said it would be tomorrow because…”

Izuku can feel his teacher’s red eyes bore into him for a second of concern before another red thing starts to drip from his nose, making his heart rate skyrocket as it feels eerily similar to what happened when his mother controlled him. Izuku only feels his panic grow as he starts to hear his mother’s voice in his ears, taunting over him, forcing him to cradle his screaming head in pain as feelings of death starts to flare all around him once the initial migraine-like pain stops. The pain from the death auras just grows and grows as it starts to feel like his mother is controlling him right before she stabbed him the first time.


“Midoriya.”

Izuku feels a tightness in his chest as he struggles to breathe, not hearing anything but her cold voice yelling in his ears as she controls him yet again, the feeling of death only ceasing for a short moment of reprieve. Her knife raises as Izuku screams internally for her to not do it as the death feeling resurfaces again.

_Please. Not again. I can’t_--

“Please no. Stop. Please don’t. Stop. Stop! Stop--!” Izuku pleads as tears drench his face more than the blood. “I don’t want a--!”

“Midoriya!”

Izuku snaps his eyes open at the voice of his teacher, taking in the concerned looks of his classmates in his peripheral. It’s at that moment he sees the tiny green sparks coming off of his arms that have a slight flame-like flare to them, making him forget the painful feelings of death radiating around him for a second.
Completely and utterly terrified of them, Izuku literally jumps out of his seat with a yelp, managing to hit the ceiling on his way up in his surprise as he’s unaccustomed to the new surge in power. Once he falls back down on his butt with a groan, he tries to calm his breathing as he tries to get rid of the sparks by rubbing his arms to make them go away.

To his relief, they dissipate, but his headache comes back in full force, prompting him to shakily grab at his booming head. Once it goes away, he fumbles with his portable first aid kit in his pocket to clean up the new drips of blood coming from his nose with a thin piece of gauze to not potentially ruin his uniform. He always buys many spares as he expects them to be destroyed, but still.

“Kid, what happened?” Aizawa-sensei asks softly as he kneels down at Izuku’s level while he’s cleaning away the blood.

Izuku looks up trembling from his panic as the feeling of death still lulls in the background, almost shrieking at him without any reprieve. His tongue fails to work for the first couple attempts at speech before he finally gets it to work with him. “I don’t... I think…I…Panicked?”

“Recovery Girl.” Aizawa-sensei declares with absolute urgency as he helps Izuku up on his unstable feet to guide him. “Now.”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/1, Checked for errors 3/14
Raincoat by Timeflies

Izuku *literally a mess from grieving and previous sensory overload and mommy issues*: Just one normal day.... Just one normal--

Katsuki *being a chaotic bean*: AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH! YOU FUCKING MARTYR!

Aizawa *disappointed dad look*: Problem Child.....You used your quirk... (and I failed)

Izuku: ...

Izuku *flips desk*: I guess I'm having a panic attack now. Perfect.
A/N: WELCOME TO 2020 BITCHES! Time sure flies....
Novocaine

Chapter Notes

What a rollercoaster this is...

AND IT'S NOT OVER YET FOLKS!

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Also, last chapter we got to 100,444 words. Celebration is in order because I was a doofus and didn't count before to check if we made it. ♪

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Sensory overload.”

“Excuse me *what?*” Aizawa-sensei hisses as Izuku sits on the bed, trembling from the pain of his original quirk is giving off at random intervals as he tries to stop the bleeding from getting everywhere. At this point he's silently accepted whatever he's feeling as it can't be real since nothing has come and attacked him yet. That or someone attempting to burn down the school and is taking their sweet time in indecision. All Izuku can accept with a hundred percent certainty is that he's overwhelmed and just wishes he could see Tsuki. She may not be able to do anything about the pain, but at least she makes him less stressed out when she's in the room. That's all he really wants at the moment, but he doesn't have it in his heart to interrupt the arguing adults in the room for his request to see his girl.

Recovery Girl looks up from her charts. “I need to do an MRI as soon as possible to confirm, but I strongly suspect Midoriya has sensory overload from a mental type quirk that is going off right now, which is causing the migraine like pain and possibly the blood loss. The panic attack most likely was the start of the symptoms though. Do you know specifically what triggered it?”

Aizawa-sensei groans as Izuku shakes in fear from them knowing what his original quirk is. “I simply erased his quirk and he got a nosebleed that spiraled into a full-blown panic attack. It’s not the first time he's gotten one though. The first one I saw was the first day, but he didn’t seem bothered by it much unlike this instance. And that doesn’t even begin to explain the green sparks coming off of him when he became panicked like that. Mental quirks don’t do that Chiyo. And as far as I know, neither does One for All.”

“I’m not certain at this moment to give a full explanation.” Recovery Girl hums as she looks over him from a distance while Izuku flinches away at the observational gaze directed at him. “I really think we need to do further tests to eliminate--”
The door opens suddenly, diverting everyone attention to a very disgruntled looking detective, Nedzu, and All Might holding the very proud but extremely agitated Tsuki.

“Aizawa, we came as soon as we could--”

“Tsuki-chan!” Izuku cries out in relief as he was so very worried about his surrogate mother’s wellbeing as he basically jumps off the bed, disregarding his bleeding nose and booming headache. If he lost a few tears at her sight, no one pointed it out.

“Moon Child!” Tsuki returns with fervor and she bounds out of All Might’s arms and into his own arms.

After a moment of snuggling his precious, precious girl, he checks on her as he was super worried as protective Izuku flares to forefront. “Are you okay? Did they feed you well? No one judged you for your quirk right? Tell me if someone did and I’ll--”

“No, no child. I’m in perfect health and no one bothered me to my genuine surprise. In fact, they were quite grateful for my help in the matter.” Tsuki assures with a loud affectionate purr as she rubs her scent all over Izuku’s upper chest and hands. “In fact, once the initial tensions with Nedzu was over, he was such a delight to talk with. Did you know he’s planning to take down a corrupt school district?”

“He’s what?!” Izuku squeaks as he’s visibly distressed for that poor school district that caused to get on Nedzu’s naughty list. “Which one!?”

“He wouldn’t say, but he was certainly very enthusiastic and proud about the endeavor. It was such a joy to help him with coming up with suitable punishments and creating some talking points for the trial, that’s for sure. The legal system for humans is truly fascinating...” Tsuki looks over Izuku for a moment before her cheerful demeanor dropping a tad. “Moon Child, why are you bleeding? Is it from those villains that so maliciously attacked you? Why are you smelling so distressed?”

“Ah, no I’m not bleeding from the villains. I had a…you know…”

"Panic attack..." Izuku admits privately while grabbing the tissue again to wipe his face again while keeping Tsuki steady in his other arm. “I’m okay now I think…”
“What did those villains do to you? I know you were injured, but not to what degree.” Tsuki burns with a death aura that seems laced with a very protective feeling, making Izuku flinch a bit from its intensity as his head still hurts a lot. “I swear if they gave you permanent injuries, then I’ll--”

“Tsuki-chan, I’m okay. It was nothing really. They didn’t even--” Izuku pauses when he watches as Recovery Girl makes a face before it dawns on him what his little vixen is doing. “Wait. Tsuki-chan no--!”

“This young man broke his left arm and right leg from using his troublesome quirk without permission.” Recovery Girl huffs out as Izuku visibly watches on in object horror at the absolute train wreck about to happen in slow motion. “Lacerations on his abdomen from claw wounds. Multiple scrapes and bruises from collisions with the concrete and fighting various villains. And don’t get me start on the neck bruising from nearly being choked to death given how his windpipe was almost crushed entirely. I swear, he’s just too much trouble…”

“Why…?” Izuku whines as he feels his kitten bristle before swatting him hard in the face for his white lie, though she graciously spares him her claws for the time being.

“Moon Child! That’s not nothing!” Tsuki huffs as Izuku mentally prepares for his funeral. “If you tell me that you actually died during that, I swear I’ll--”

“No, I didn’t! I swear Tsuki-chan!” Izuku retorts in a panic as he forgets to hide his response from those in the room. “I didn’t mean to get so banged up. I’m really sorry! I didn’t--”

A cough from Aizawa-sensei stops Izuku freak out session as he redirects his attention back to the group. “S-sorry Aizawa-sensei…”

“So, as you were saying Recovery Girl before the distractions?”

“Yes.” Recovery Girl shuffles towards Izuku as she pats the bed again for him to sit down, which he does, careful not to jostle Tsuki too much on the way down as he pets her lovingly, some of his pain starting to fade away from her simply being there to calm him down. His quirk is still angry at him, but at least he doesn’t feel like he’s five seconds from being suffocated to death. “I have a theory the troublemaker over here has gotten sensory overload from his mental quirk. But it simply doesn’t make any sense given what happened. Now the boy apparently had green sparks coming off him that I have no idea how to explain…”
Izuku sweats a little but stays unfazed as he tries to calm down. He’s about eighty percent sure those green sparks were from One for All now that the panics over since it was the same buzz when he uses it normally, but it could be a new thing with his original that he didn't know about. Plus, there’s no way they know about his original quirk anyway after all for them to suspect that remaining twenty percent that is unsure in him, so he'll go with it being that if questioned over it.

“First, we were totally wrong about Midoriya’s quirk.” Tsukauchi offers to Izuku’s instant dread as his stomach starts to rebel against him by doing somersaults. “So, it makes sense what just happened if he’s having sensory overload actually. It’s honestly a surprise this didn’t happen in the hospital, though I guess it’s probably just bubbling over to now given what happened yesterday. Also, I’m sure those green sparks were probably One for All as it’s always showed itself differently in every user from what Toshi told me once. That quirk has always been quirky if I do say so myself.”

“What?” Izuku barely squawks out in nervous fashion, ignoring the pun in his panic.

All Might nods. “Nedzu, my friend, and I were actually having a meeting together about this before we got your call Aizawa. It makes so much sense in hindsight actually, especially if the sensory overload is true from Chiyo. Midoriya did seem oversensitive this morning and quite possibly showed some of the signs that Naomasa emailed me about. It probably bubbled over this morning leading to this happening when he was in a room with more than a few people in it. Also, green sparks shouldn’t be a bad thing I wouldn’t think. I sometimes spark if I use too much power, but mine have been yellow.”

“Can you stop being cryptic?” Aizawa-sensei drawls lazily that Izuku agrees wholeheartedly since his neck is on the line if they truly know what it is. “I have my student here who just went through a panic attack and god knows what else in the middle of homeroom, so I have eighteen more problem children with meddlesome questions to deal with once I get back. Get to the point.”

The detective straightens. “Okay so, I spent all last night working on Midoriya’s case.”

There’s a case on me?! When and why and how?!?!? Was I the mysterious third case?!

“Did you know there are over 453 anonymous 119 calls that Midoriya has initiated since he was seven? Over 98% of the ones I’ve gleaned through so far involved some type of physical trauma occurring between the victim or perpetrator.” Tsukauchi looks almost radiant at that observation, like he discovered a possible nuclear energy source the size of a pencil while Recovery Girl simply shakes her head murmuring something Izuku can’t quite catch. “And my genius of a partner Sansa helped me figure out exactly why early this morning.”
Fuck. Fuck. Oh fuck. Izuku pales considerably as he drowns in worry. Here is comes. I'm going to be shipped off and experimented on for the rest of my life because I was a no-good nosy person and didn't carry my Switch burner phone with me everywhere. I'll never be a hero and—

“It’s an empathy quirk!” Tsukauchi chirps before taking a victory chug of his fresh coffee cup.

Izuku forcibly has to make himself not throw up with his free hand from his previous building anxiety being released all at once in relief he didn't say what he thought he was going to say. But now poses a different problem he really doesn’t want to prove them wrong at this point. To everyone else, it looks like Izuku is about to go into a panic attack at the accusation, which technically isn’t far from the truth as he’s still reeling from the possibility they will still figure it out if they ask the right questions.

They don’t know…right? Please tell me he doesn’t--

“An empathy quirk? Midoriya doesn’t even show the signs of...” Aizawa-sensei drops his unamused expression when he sees the state of Izuku incoming wide eye tears and all the incurring evidence against his instinctive pessimism. Especially since one of those pieces of possible evidence is sitting proudly in Izuku’s hands.

“What type of empathy quirk?” Recovery Girl prompts impatiently. “Those are very finicky you know and I need to know how to best help my patient after his panic attack mind you.”

“I have no idea.” Tsukauchi downs another swig of coffee like a shot. “I think only Midoriya here would know that answer.”

Izuku has never seen a shift of attention on him occur so fast before that it’s giving him slight whiplash. He removes his shaking hand, but his mouth fumbles trying to form words to challenge their observations. All that comes out is the desperate squawks of a dying bird.

“I know as well.”

Izuku watches as the adults in the room shift their attention to his smug cat in his arms in contemplation. A broken and desperate “Tsuki!” is all that graces his lips in horror while the adults start having a mostly hushed conversation at the new knowledge while Izuku starts planning his
last rights as a human being before becoming a test subject to see how far one can push the human body before it croaks. That or a glorified car crash test dummy. He can’t tell which would be more plausible or worse at the height of his new panic attack just seconds away from ripping him a new one.

“The detective can’t tell when I lie.” Izuku raises a shaky brow at that admission and when she must have figured it out. She clearly catches on and explains quickly before the adults notice her speaking specifically to him as they fuss to each other. “It seems his quirk doesn’t work on nonverbal versions of communication. I lied a couple times during his questioning of me about you. He was none the wiser and as you can see” – Tsuki gestures a paw – “He still thinks I was telling the truth then and isn’t questioning my motives in the slightest. I won’t tell them anything about your real quirk if you promise me one thing.”

“Okay—” Izuku automatically agrees as he puts on his acting hat to get out of this sticky situation.

“In return, I want a full report of what occurred with the villains or else.”

“Tsuki?” Izuku protests before seeing the dangerous gleam in her eye meaning she’s dead serious with that threat. “Okay, okay, I get it. I agree. Just…please don’t…”

“Excellent.” Tsuki turns her attention back to the clearly squabbling adults over the news. “Would you all like to know what it is?”

“Tsuki-chan…” Izuku whines in character.

“What is the Problem Child’s quirk?” Aizawa-sensei sighs as he takes the forefront of the discussion.

“I can’t tell you the impossible. My Moon Child simply doesn’t have one.” Izuku chokes on air as that was DEFINITELY not the plan he agreed to as the adults stare at the cat in confusion.

“Tsuki-chan, what the hell?!” Izuku growls as that is literally the worst angle they can go. “That’s literally not going to work!”

“Shush. Not finished. Let me work my magic. I’ve picked up a few new tricks from being around your principal for a weekend after all…” Tsuki regains her eye contact with the worried shifting
Izuku wants to die from the dying breathing noises he’s making during rethinking all of his life choices up to this point in his life as he zones out a bit. He ponders if it’s still a viable option to jump out the window and migrate to the US or Canada to live in the woods for the rest of his life like a hermit. He could make Tsuki a cat playground out of the spare logs from building the log cabin. It would have to be near a nice stream so he could make a mill. If he plans it right, he could even make a primitive water flow system from it so he could have running water almost year-round. And if he went by a nearby junk yard, perhaps he could find some scraped solar panels and other electronics so he could have power. If he gets that all set up, then it’s possible to upgrade the water system to year-round. All in all, it’s pretty feasible if--

“And I just want to talk to the person who thought it was a great idea to the two of us separated for so long. I’m certain my Moon Child requested my presence as much as I did. I’m literally a cat. I could leave to see him in the hospital as my presence isn’t an issue there.” Tsuki hisses at Izuku when he opens his mouth to correct that assumption. Thankfully, he politely closes it once again for her to continue. “Because from what I can see, none of you know how to deal with his mental health after the fact as it was completely neglected by all of you.”

“Tsuki-chan, it’s really not their fault.” Izuku wheezes out as he literally had to watch his mother verbally eviscerate his teachers with wide eyes, even though he missed most of it with his own freak out session. “Especially not Aizawa-sensei as he was injured protecting us from the--”

“Are you sure about that?” She hisses back privately to him as she rounds on him with another paw swat on his abused nose, cutting off his protests at the source. “I want to know what happened between the attack and now because you mister, are literally five seconds away from going into a complete meltdown right now. I highly doubt those villains caused it unless there’s something more we need to talk about.”

“I’m not five seconds from a complete meltdown!” Izuku whines in protest as another drip of blood comes oozing out. “I’m perfectly fine…”

“Clearly you are not and I’m more inclined to believe the cat before you on this given what I saw in the classroom.” Aizawa-sensei crosses his bandaged arms as he shoots a curt look at the others in the room who shrink on his gaze. “Tsuki, what do we need to do to help him deal with this? What’s worked in your experience?”

Tsuki gives the man a tentative sniff from the air for a split moment, almost as if it’s a sign of
respect. “I see Tired Dad has some sense of reason. Moon Child needs a full day of not feeling such things to not freak out at the bare minimum given how bad it has escalated at this point because apparently none of you know how to deal with anxious children properly. I can only imagine the neglected mental states of the rest of his fellow classmates must be. Talking to him through it has always worked, but cuddles are preferable.”

Izuku flushes. “T-tsuki…that’s…”

“Totally accurate.” Tsuki finishes for him after flipping her tail in his face purposefully like a little shit that he deviously rewards with head scratches in retaliation.

Aizawa-sensei perks an eyebrow. “Tired Dad?”

“Tsuki-chan does what she wants,” is all Izuku offers between his freak out session going on in the background with an indifferent shrug. “Now you are Tired Dad apparently. She’s not going to stop.”

“Fantastic.”

“I still need to do an MRI just in case, quirk or not. I need to find its exact origin.” Recovery Girl mentions from the back of the pack. “This bleeding could be serious given it hasn’t ceased totally yet.”

“The bleeding is from the irritation of the dry air. Your MRI would do nothing. I’ve helped Moon Child through panic attacks before, though it’s never been this bad for so long. It is just rotten luck they happen one after the other. He’ll be perfectly fine when he rests properly.” Tsuki protests, spinning her lies and guiding them straight to the conclusion she wants. “Sadly, I wouldn’t be surprised if he goes into a full-blown panic attack from the fact of me just telling you about his quirkless nature once he's alone though. Especially since he’s talked about you all being obsessed with something he doesn’t possess multiple times as one branch of his current anxieties.”

Izuku turns slightly red at the brutal honesty his mother is laying down while the adults shift to a more somber tone at that admission. He feels like he might be lucky to come back to UA at this point as he knows she’s obviously holding back considerably on her harsh criticism for the sole purpose of protecting him. Once they are alone for him to talk to her about everything that happened, things might get ugly, especially with the news about Inko and Monoka-san. It’s not like his slightly erratic breathing pattern is disproving her point to his teachers anyway.
“I have two questions and it will eat me alive if Midoriya himself doesn’t answer it himself.” Tsukauchi brings up amongst the chaos with a jittery bounce in his swaying, honestly looking like he’s high on the cosmos. “Do you have an empathy quirk?”

Izuku frowns considerably but complies. “No, I don’t have an empathy quirk.”

“God damn it.” Tsukauchi offers with a wave of his hand as if he’s not over being wrong but coping. “Alright, last one. Did you have a quirk before One for All?”

Izuku snorts a little at the detective’s angry swaying as he uses his trick to lie. “No, I didn’t have a quirk before One for All”—that I can safely tell you about.

“…”

“W-When was the l-last time you s-slept?” Izuku asks gently before wincing as he can feel the murderous feeling radiating outward from the detective, a couple more drops of blood oozing out before he has to clean it up with another tissue. “A-Are you o-okay…?”

To his gratitude, the detective stops when he sees the continued concerned expression on Izuku. “I’ll be fine. Thank you for your concern Midoriya.”

Though, not everyone in the room seems satisfied with the explanation as his homeroom teacher is antsy with his trademark scowl in tow.

“Why didn’t you say anything before this point about how you felt Problem Child?” Aizawa-sensei scolds as if he knows something isn’t fully adding up. “We could have saved you a whole lot of grief and pain if you had been honest with us.”

“You all have relentlessly hounded him about it at varying times and degrees. It was like you weren’t convinced of anything else, so of course he didn’t tell you outright. If he does indeed have a quirk, he doesn’t know it.” Tsuki huffs exasperated as she spins more lies that seemingly placates Aizawa-sensei with an indiscernible emotion spreading across his face. “It matters not the answer of that question in the long run. Regrettably, this would have happened regardless of knowing his quirk or not since you all denied us the freedom to see each other. The real concern right now should be why you are now forcing him to stay in an environment proven to be harmful given his sensitivity at the moment.”
“Tsuki-chan…” Izuku sputters as he felt that was really uncalled for, but still accurate.

“I see.” Nedzu claps his paws together. “Then it’s decided.”

“I-It is?”

“Of course it is. I didn’t spend all weekend with your companion helping me with my training for nothing, though I guess I will have to use my abilities in a different capacity since it will be with someone who was previously quirkless. It’s quite a tragedy how little you have to do to become certified as something as important as an official quirk counselor.” Nedzu smiles widely already ignoring Izuku’s protests as he sees where this is going. “If you can’t be in class right now, then we can have our session for both your quirk and lack thereof that’s been long overdue. My office is a comfortable 60 meters from the nearest students in class, so it shouldn’t be any trouble to be a safe haven for you to decompress if you need to as we work through your evaluation. Plus, I much enjoy Tsuchan’s company if we must take a break.”

“Always a pleasure Zuchan.” Tsuki purrs to the group. “And I wholeheartedly agree that Moon Child needs help with his new quirk nature since he’s having so much trouble with it. It’s only hurting him in the long run as well if he doesn’t embrace his quirklessness as well. I’m glad I finally have someone on my side about this.”

“Why can’t I be in class right now?” Izuku questions with a whine as he feels like he’s being double teamed by the two conniving animals that have apparently gotten so chummy over the span of a literal weekend that they have nicknames for each other now. “I’m fine now. I’ll just get left behind if I don’t go back and —”

“Dearie, wipe your nose again.” Recovery Girl commands with a tut as she rummages in one of her drawers, to which he complies to not get on her bad side. “And you clearly are not fine. You need rest at the very least if I can’t do tests for you today. Class is completely out of the question.”

“But--!”

“Don’t worry about that, my boy. I’ll ask Young Bakugo to bring you the work you missed at the end of the day. I’m sure with how attached to the hip you two are, he’d be more than willing to do so.” All Might assures that Izuku disagrees with extensively. Bakugo has always been secretive and guarding of his own notes from everyone, so he’d probably laugh maliciously at the request instead. “If you need to rest, you should. Don’t push yourself until you run into the ground from the stress.”
“Actually, I’ll facilitate that myself.” Aizawa-sensei cuts in, overruling All Might’s decision before Izuku can give his mentor a warning about how much that would be a terrible mistake. “Those two were fighting like brats before my class. I’m not having Problem Child #2 cause more trouble nor the rest of the nosy children. I expect full transparency in the future about your mental health condition each day in exchange. We can make a system if needed, but there will be no more excuses or scares without any a fair warning.”

Izuku simply shrinks in on himself at that. “I’m s-sorry…”

“I don’t want an apology. Instead, prove it with your actions.”

Izuku nods slowly in agreement before he notices Recovery Girl in the process of maneuvering over to him with something in her hands.

“Here pumpkin.” Recovery Girl places the bottle in his free hand after he placed the tissue on the bed. “This should help out with those pesky nosebleeds of yours. It’s a simple saline spray. You should ideally spray once before bed, but feel free to use it whenever your nose feels too dry so it doesn’t end up bleeding when it’s too late. Let me know if you need a prescription if you feel like this one isn’t strong enough. You should be able to get this one at any pharmacy or grocery store when you run out.”

“Oh.” Izuku inspects the bottle a bit before looking back. “L-like should I use it now, or…?”

“If you do, you’ll need to do it over a sink and use multiple puffs. I’ll warn you, it will be very messy.”

“C-could I…?”

“Yup. Sink is out the door and to the right.”

Izuku nods quickly as he prepares to do just that. “Tsuki-chan, I’ll be right back.”

Tsuki gets the hint as she hops off his lap onto the bed, curling into an upright ball to await his return. After a few fumbles and embarrassing drops, Izuku manages to clear his airway of the blood
and snot accumulated from his panic attack without actually messing up his uniform. He honestly is in between being semi impressed and wondering how the heck he managed it.

Regardless, he returns to room unceremoniously as the adults seem to be in a deep conversation together, not really noticing his return. Nedzu is among the first to notice his return. “All done Midoriya-kun?”

“Yes, Nezu sir.” Izuku meekly agrees as he doesn't feel like he has a choice in the matter anyway.

“Outstanding.” Nedzu gleefully smiles. “This way to my office then please.”

“Wait a minute.” Aizawa-sensei turn his blaring gaze at him. “Why are you even here today?”

Izuku blinks as he’s not sure where that came from. “P-pardon?”

“You just lost a good family friend yesterday if I'm understanding the detective correctly.” Aizawa-sensei clarifies, his arms crossing once again as he does. “So, why are you here today?”

“Well, I had to make sure everyone was okay and--”

Aizawa-sensei raises his hand making Izuku close his explanation down quick. “That's all I need to hear. Go with Nedzu as he knows what needs to be done.”

Izuku frowns at the silent conversation going on between his teacher and the principal as All Might seems to have his attention focused on him instead, mostly in worry. It doesn't last long though as Nedzu guides him to his office, Tsuki trailing beside them, both of them seemingly animated in conversation with Nedzu slipping up once or twice by talking out loud. From the bits of their conversation he does hear, he honestly just doesn't understand and he isn't totally sure he wants to as it seems like a really heated debate about competition and market structures in small businesses.

Izuku just zones out into his own little world as he deals with the lingering throbbing pains of his quirk like a zombie before he finds himself sitting down in the chair right in front of Nedzu desk. He only really comes to his senses when he sees Nedzu hop on his own chair behind the desk, clearly eager to get started with his quirk counseling session.
“Pardon my inexperience as it is my first time as a quirk counselor, but…” Nedzu folds his paws menacingly with an almost too cheerful grin. “Are you ready to talk about your future?”

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/2, Checked for errors 3/14
Novocaine by The Unlikely Candidates

Naomasa *tired swaying*: Midoriya has an empathy quirk. There's literally no way I'm wrong about--

Tsuki: Actually, Moon Child has no quirk

Naomasa: (ノ°Д°)ノ︵┻━┻ - -

A/N: Just for clarification, last chapter Izuku did NOT activate Full Cowl. His anxiety and subsequent panic attack induced him relieving some of the stress by activating his quirk's excess. It kind of like how Todoroki activates his ice when angry. It's like a stress release coping mechanism. Because his original quirk was causing problems, it forced activated One for All in a small spurt, causing the green sparks.
Nedzu: Okay, but if I don't become your evil overlord, what sort of future would you like to have with your original quirk?

Izuku: ...

Nedzu *putting his betting chips on there actually being a quirk discretely under the desk*: Oh silly me, that's right. How could I forget? You said you don't have one...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Perfect!” Nezu cheers as Izuku hands him his paper with shaky hands. His brain feels like it went through a toaster and has been so abused that he would have preferred class over this mental exhaustion. His only solace is that avoiding everyone for the most part has given him a little time to not have his quirk still shrieking at him for no reason. “We only have three forms to go through before we talk about your pesky strength quirk.”

Izuku groans very audibly. “Remind me why this is necessary? I don’t have a mental quirk Nedzu…”

“Can’t be too careful, now can we?” Nedzu smiles cheerfully at Izuku’s visible pain at the admission. “Plus, this doubles as a way for me to measure your current progress regardless of having one so I can figure out where to go from here. It would be irresponsible for me to not do so as your teacher, you know.”

“Did we really have to do the stuff with the code on paper?” Izuku complains, rubbing his temples. “Typing is so much faster and you can catch your mistakes then…”

“Writing forces you to slow down so that I can gauge your actual thinking process rather than relying on the computer to point out the problems. I don’t mind about mistakes when it comes to semantics.” Nedzu informs with a baited look. “But the other three remaining tests are something more personal than the previous and has no right answers. So, I need to go take this stack to the staff room for grading before we work on those ones.”

Izuku winces at the implications. “Who’s the unfortunate soul who has to grade them?”
“Yamada as punishment for walking in my office without knocking last week.” Nedzu informs gleefully. “Don’t worry too much though. Kayama will help him out if he begs enough.”

Izuku arches an eyebrow at that. “What did he walk in on you doing that got you mad?”

“Oh, naïve child.” Nedzu’s eyes turn dark. “You don’t want to know. And if Yamada knows what good for him, he would not tell---”

Izuku whips out his phone as he starts using his saved code for breaking into the UA servers to pull up the camera feeds. It only takes a few tweaks and he’s in. The curiosity is just too much to pass up on. “Which day was it?”

Nedzu falters at that. “Midoriya, there are some things that are not worth know--”

Izuku snorts when scrubbing through the feeds to find Nedzu in a weird position like he’s attempting to dance as he’s got an idea of what poor Present Mic probably stumbled into. Eye of the Tiger comes blaring out of his phone when he plays it to check it out. “Oh man, I love this song…”

“You will tell no one.” Nedzu asserts with finality.

Izuku waves him off, not even looking at him to see the absolute furious look on his snout even though he can clearly feel the malice radiating off of him. “Don’t worry. I’m literally the worst dancer ever. I would never dream of telling anyone about this gem for fear of someone doing the same to me. Present Mic-sensei must be absolutely terrified of you right now, so I want to tease him about it if I get the chance. Subtly of course.”

Nedzu brightens when Izuku looks back up after closing out his program. “It also seems that I need to upgrade my firewall sooner rather than later. Would you like to work on it as your first project under me?”

“What?!”

Izuku literally falls out of the chair in surprise, almost falling on Tsuki whose resting in her personal cat bed that apparently Nedzu went out to get for her just during her holiday at UA. He highly doubts the bed is going away anytime soon given how friendly the two are and he’s kinda
happy Tsuki has such a good friend, even though he’s completely convinced he’s going to teach her some bad habits…

“It’s decided then.” Nedzu claps his paws in celebration as if he already said yes and didn't just have a heart attack over the matter. “I’ll oversee your work of course, but I can’t wait to see what you come up with. Our system has needed an upgrade for some time and your experience with it will be invaluable.”

“I don’t have a choice, do I?” Izuku shakily observes as he returns to his seat slowly. "Just because I can hack doesn't mean I can code something from the ground up..."

“Nope.” Nedzu pops the p. “You sold your free period to me. My period, my rules. If you can't do it, we will simply work together until you can. That's what learning is all about after all. I can't wait to get started.”

“I feel like I sold my soul instead…” Izuku gripes as Nedzu starts to gather up the mountain of papers to take to the poor scarred soul in the teacher’s lounge.

“You have a computer, yes? I would hate to think you did all that work on your phone.” Nedzu mentions after pausing his rummaging.

“Yeah, I have a laptop but it’s at home.”

“Bring it starting tomorrow so we can work on getting you all set up together.” Nedzu pauses as he shifts the load into his paws. “I’m taking these to my slave for the day as reparations for his misconduct. The door only opens for me and staff, so you’ll be locked in here for the few minutes I’m gone. Feel free to help yourself to anything on my tea cart.”

Izuku just nods as he stares at the floor, itching to do something other than overloading his brain. A gurgle of Izuku’s stomach makes it known that he needs something to refuel as his brain has literally burned him out. Looking over to the cart, he frowns. The rat only has tea. When he meant 'tea cart,’ he literally meant only tea. Looking around the room for exits, Izuku smiles at the exit so graciously place at his feet.

**I guess this calls for extreme measures…**
Izuku whips out his white pocketknife and gets right to work on the vent in the floor in front of him right beside the rat’s desk. He doesn’t have a map of escape, but he knows his classroom is definitely below them to the right a few hundred meters give or take. He’ll just make it up as he goes.

“Moon Child, what are you doing?” Tsuki purrs beside the vent he’s taking off.

Izuku simply smiles as he continues his work. “I’m going to go get my lunch. Also, I might go crazy if I have to take another IQ test or memory test with Nedzu. If we played chess or Shogi, maybe I wouldn’t feel like I’m about to have an aneurysm from how hard Nedzu is trying to find my ‘mysterious mental quirk’ as it would be fun instead of all work. I just can’t wait to see his face when he realizes he's wrong. And we haven’t even started on the One for All stuff. I just need a break from the madness…”

“You are such a chaotic child…” Tsuki sighs as she flicks her tail purposefully as in thought. “What did you make for today?”

“Katsudon. I could give you some when I get back since it’s got pork.” Izuku mentions as he removes the grate fully, placing the screws near the desk to not be as noticeable if Nedzu comes back early. "Only if you don’t snitch though... I want to be safely off campus before he looks through his camera feed."

“You better my meddlesome kit.” Tsuki huffs as if it was an inconvenience, but Izuku knows she really liked the bacon before more than she was willing to admit. After all, he's about ninety percent sure he's going to have to buy the pork flavored wet food more often once they run out of their current stock. “I need some form of compensation from dealing with your antics.”

Izuku grins mischievously as he maneuvers to slide the grate over his face as he lowers himself down. “What can I say? I’m an agent of chaos.”

Tsuki growls as she swats at him. Izuku just laughs as she misses, pulling the grate over his head as he starts to make his way to the classroom through the vent system.
Eye of the Tiger by Survivor

Unposted bonus scene:

Nedzu: *thoroughly jamming out to his favorite english song*

Present Mic: Hey Nedzu, I've got the copies for the staff meeting next week...

Nedzu *staring into his soul*: No one will believe you

Present Mic *running for his life*: SHOUTA HELP ME!!!!
Used to the Darkness

Chapter Notes

"Dark Shadow and I have a strong partnership. He always follows me loyally." -- Tokoyami Fumikage

"Yeah right Fumi. You follow my shadow to victory." --Dark Shadow

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Turns out navigating vents is still subjected to his absolute zero sense of direction. After a few fumbles that scared the shit out of some unsuspecting general education students, Izuku finally spots his backpack, lying beside his desk as a marker that he’s in the right place. Finally.

Izuku opens the vent and peers out to make his safe landing inside before he freezes at the pair of eyes watching him curiously from across the room.

“Oh, hi Tokoyami.” Izuku waves cheerfully like he didn’t just get caught with his hand in the cookie jar. “And hello Dark Shadow. Fancy seeing you here.”

Tokoyami blinks a couple times before addressing the elephant in the room that was currently hanging upside down from the ceiling. “Greetings Midoriya.”

“Heya Midoriya!” Dark Shadow pops out with a giddy grin. “What kind of chaos are you dabbling with today?!”

Izuku shifts as he attempts to shrug upside down. “I mean, nothing much I guess. Just here to pick up my lunch. What about you?”

Tokoyami gestures to his own lunch tray before arching a brow under his feathers. “So, you came to acquire your lunch by taking the vents?”

Izuku nods before performing a skillful flip downward, hitting the hard floor with a considerable burn in his legs from the maneuver. “I upgraded from taking the window. Nedzu locked the door on me, so this was plan B.”
“May I dare ask what plan A pertained to?”

“Oh, I would’ve hacked the door from my phone to unlock it, but I think Nedzu would’ve grounded me from that and it would have alerted him like right away. Plus it would have taken me a little bit to alter my code to open the door anyway.” Tokoyami’s eyes widen slightly in curiosity and the growing stars in his partner’s eyes as Izuku explains unaware to it. “The vents was clearly the superior way to go. It allowed me the freedom to go where I want without being caught or noticed too soon.”

“Can you teach me how to do that stuff?” Dark Shadow pleads with a hopeful lilt. “Fumi never wants to do anything but dark rituals in our spare time. I’m not complaining about them, but I just want to be able to create disarray directly instead of from simply the shadows.”

Izuku blinks. “Um, what…?”

“Don’t mind him. He’s naturally mischievous and doesn’t need any more ideas.” Tokoyami scowls as Dark Shadow pouts with a huff. “Though, I am curious. You did not seem well this morning…”

Izuku tenses a bit. “S-sorry about that. I’m f-fine now. Nedzu is forcing me to do my quirk counseling right now though. Let me tell you, it's complete torture…”

“I see. My condolences.” Tokoyami seems to notice his lie contrary to his question but doesn’t call him out on it to Izuku's surprise. “Though, not all is well in the chaos it seems. Bakugo seemed really agitated with your unexpected departure from class. I can’t say I wasn’t worried right along with him, but his ongoing temper tantrum is unwelcome at best…”

“I hate that boy…” Dark Shadow grumbles. “He’s too loud and snaps at everyone Fumi! You should let me teach him a lesson…”

“Dark Shadow, your idea of teaching anyone a lesson is not the same as what would be considered adequate justice.” Tokoyami dismisses with his eyes closed as if he’s exasperated by the notion. “I’m afraid it would do nothing but stir up more chaos from your attempt to quell the darkness.”

“Kacchan is really isn’t that bad, he’s just... an acquired taste. I doubt you’d change anything other than make it worse with a prank. If you met Auntie—I mean his mom, you’d realize it’s just how
he grew up as he means well. He’s just not good at showing his emotions is all. Auntie’s just as intense as him, so I doubt you’d be able to change his mind about it either.” Izuku admits after stifling his laughing at the two feuding friends. “I’m kinda jealous of you and Dark Shadow though.”

“Why?” Tokoyami inquires with an intrigued expression.

“Well, you guys are always together, right?” Izuku receives two solitary nods at different intervals in confirmation. “It must be really nice to never be alone. Especially with such a great friend as Dark Shadow. I just think both of you are really lucky is all...”

Tokoyami blinks a couple of times in surprise. “I suppose you are correct. I don’t think I’ve ever adopted that train of thought before…”

“Yeah, I’m a super great friend!” Dark Shadow grins from his ego being stroked as Tokoyami eye rolls at his friend’s antics. “I always protect Fumi cause I’m the best quirk ever! He’s lucky to have someone as strong as me at his side.”

“Oh, I don’t know…” Izuku teases with a giggle at the quirk clearly ruffling his shadow feathers like a proud hawk. “I feel like all quirks are the best quirk ever when I see them, but I’m told I'm very biased about that. Though, I have to say Dark Shadow is extremely unique, probably one of my favorites from our class. Don’t tell Kacchan that or he’d make it into a competition… He's pretty relentless about being the best you know.”

“Did you hear that Fumi?” Dark Shadow pushes on Tokoyami’s shoulder like an impatient puppy as the poor boy is trying to eat. “We’re his favorite! Can we keep him now? He likes us!”

“One of his favorites, not favorite Dark Shadow. Besides, he was talking about our classmates’ quirks.” Tokoyami clarifies as the shadow bird deflates a bit at that. “Also, we’ve been over this all weekend. We can’t keep our classmates like pets.”

“But he has a pet…” Dark Shadow pouts during his obvious temper tantrum over the subject. “I don’t see the problem if we do the same…”

“Tsuki-chan isn't a pet. She's my friend.” Izuku corrects with a smile as he's pretty sure he knows what the core of what the quirk wants from him. “We can be friends though. Both of you...um...if you want of course.”
“Yes! He’s our now!” Dark Shadow’s yellow eyes almost seemingly adopt sparkles before he ambushes Izuku with a hug, nudging him a bit kind of like Tsuki does sometimes so he’s not too startled by the sudden intrusion. “We’ll take good care of him, right Fumi?”

Tokoyami is about to scold his friend for touching his classmate without permission before Izuku bursts out laughing due to the unintentional tickling, relieving his cause for alarm as the shadow clearly didn't mean harm as he unofficially adopts their classmate.

“Haahhaa. S-stop i-it Dark S-shadow!” Izuku protests between his giggling from the fuzziness the quirk makes him feel nuzzling against him. His only reprieve is found when he starts ruffling the bird back on the crown of his head like he does with Tsuki. Izuku stops and retracts his hand when the shadow stills, making him worry he did something wrong. “Oh gosh, I’m sorry Dark Shadow… I should have asked if--”

“Do it again.” Dark Shadow basically demands with a puppy dog face. “You feel different than when others touch me. It’s almost comforting, like when Fumi cuddles with me. There’s the buzzing I love!”

“I don’t cuddle with you.” Tokoyami basically denies with a small blush forming under his face feathers. “It’s called petting and you basically demand it all the time.”

“Yeah right Fumi.” Dark Shadow waves off as if they’ve had that conversation multiple times before. “Same difference.”

Izuku frowns even though he complies with gentle strokes that leads to more tingling, uncertain what Dark Shadow is saying. “B-buzzing?”

“Yeah!” Dark Shadow cheers with a grin. “You are different from everyone else like Fumi. You have a connection with the darkness. You felt it too, right?”

Izuku further frowns as he looks to Tokoyami for a more concrete answer. “He means that you have a connection with things of dark origin. For me, it’s the shadows. Though I am curious what your connection is… Your quirk is quite strange to say the least…”

Izuku pales slightly as it must be his connection with death as he retracts his hand. “Um, well…
“You don’t have to answer…” Tokoyami answers as he sees the conflict behind his classmate’s smile. “If I’m correct, you aren’t sure of your quirk’s capabilities at the moment, right?”

Izuku nods with uncertainty. “Um, kinda?”

Tokoyami simply nods in confirmation before addressing a different issue. “Though, Dark Shadow, what have I told you about touching others without permission?”

“Ah no it’s fine!” Izuku assures when he sees the bird droop a bit. “He didn’t do anything bad; I just was surprised is all.”

“Yes, well…” Tokoyami still turns to the ashamed shadow. “Next time ask for permission. Midoriya is one who startles easily.”

“Okay Fumi…” Dark Shadow turns to Izuku with a sorrowful look. “I’m sorry for not asking.”

Izuku smiles apologetically as well. “It’s fine, really. Don’t worry about it at all. I should probably get going or Nedzu’s gonna find out I left without permission though.”

Knowing he’s probably really running out of time before Nedzu comes back, Izuku procures his lunch from his bag with urgency. Jumping on a desk to reach the vent again, Izuku flinches when he feels the weird sensation again on his waist. Looking down, he sees Dark Shadow holding him.

“I figured ya needed a lift!” Dark Shadow explains with a smile as Izuku starts moving up to the vent.

“Thanks Dark Shadow!” Izuku smiles before he reaches the vent again to scamper back up. Once safely inside, he pokes his head out for a second before closing it up to leave. “You know, if you guys want, you can join me, Iida, and Uraraka for lunch. I don’t think they would mind.”

Tokoyami smiles slightly at the gesture. “I’ll consider your offer.”
“What he means is yes, we are definitely joining you.” Dark Shadow asserts with an eye roll. "You need to be more assertive Fumi."

Izuku simply giggles at their antics as he waves goodbye, hoping he didn’t keep his own girl waiting too long for their food.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/4, Checked for errors 3/14

Used to the Darkness by Des Rocs


For real though, I feel like Tokoyami is kind of ignored in canon, more so with Dark Shadow. They are awesome characters! And my brain demands more of them. So here ya go. :)
Dance in the Dark

Chapter Notes

Things... I repeat... do not go according to cake.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku pops his head out of the vent only to be greeted to the visage of Nedzu standing over him with a worried frown. “Oh, hey Nedzu. When did you get back?”

“I should have known locking the door wouldn’t keep you sitting still for long.” Nedzu notes weirdly as Izuku places his bento box on the floor so he can get out. “You were…hungry? You know I was going to grab you something of your choosing when I got back while you filled out the three remaining ones?”

“Yeah, sorry.” Izuku apologizes as he slips out of the vent, already starting on screwing the vent back in place with his knife. “Tsuki-chan wanted a snack too, so I went to go grab it from the classroom. I didn’t want to waste it.”

“I see.” Nedzu blinks at his knife before it comfortably slips back into his pocket. “You know, knifes aren’t permitted on campus.”

Izuku startles at that for second before pulling it back out to show that there aren’t any blades in it as he transitions through the different settings, though the other tools in it can surely cut through thick material at a moment's notice with ease. “Well… Technically it’s my multi tool. It doesn’t even have a knife in it.”

Nedzu blinks in fascination at the pocketknife as he offers his paws to inspect it closer. "May I see it? This is truly remarkable. Did you make it yourself?"

Izuku complies, but his face drops a little at its mention. "Ah, it's mine, but no, I didn't make it. Though, I'm pretty sure this is the only one of its kind."

"Oh?" Nedzu looks up with a playful gleam after finding the tiny soldering setting.
"Um..." Izuku bites his lip nervously at the memory. "Pappy made it... It was going to be my fourth birthday present... I found it in his office of stuff he left behind. It's proper name is Asteria. It was supposed to remind me of the falling star that we saw that one night during a meteor shower. It burned a bright blue. It was so fast when we saw it..."

"Pappy?" Nedzu questions while folding it back up properly.

Izuku nods as he takes back the pocketknife once Nedzu is done. "My dad. That was the night I told Pappy I wanted to be a hero. I think I was almost three at the time. Everything back then is pretty fragmented though, but I remember his reaction to my declaration."

Izuku smiles sadly as he thumbs over the goddess's small carved figure at the hilt. "He told me he'd always be there to watch me burning brightly like a shooting star, no matter what I did. He was really cheesy like that..."

Nedzu seems to ponder him for a bit before speaking while Izuku stares at one of the last remnants of his most happy time. "I'm sure he's kept his promise, whether it be in the form of what he left behind or your memories of him."

Izuku startles a bit at the difference in attitude about his dad's death. "You're not s-sorry he's gone?"

Nedzu blinks before a wave of realization comes over his snout. "Forgive me Midoriya. I'm afraid emotions are something I struggle with daily."

Izuku immediately backtracks by waving his hands wildly. "Oh no! Please don't apologize, I wasn't mad or anything. I was just surprised is all."

Nedzu tilts his head slightly, as if waiting for the reason why.

"I-in a good way." Izuku adds quickly. "I was just surprised in a good way is all. The only thing anyone ever told me after it happened was how much of a tragedy it was or how he didn't deserve it or whatever. No one really commented on who he was and what was left behind. It was like when he was gone, everyone forgot who he was..."

"You must tell me more of your Pappy Moon Child." Tsuki cuts in on the two's conversation,
ceasing her previous task of properly grooming herself. "He appears to be a much better human than your mother."

Izuku's eyes widen when Nedzu is also looking at the traitorous cat who is still attempting to groom herself as if she didn't just drop a bombshell. Tsuki simply lifts her head again lazily while Izuku feels exposed, fear starting to kick in. "Is there a problem Moon Child?"

"You know *mother* has to work." Izuku churns out bitterly at his mother's unfortunate mention. If he could have his way right now, the title of mother would not be used in such a disgraceful manner to address the woman named Inko. "I thought we talked about this Tsuki."

"My apologies." Tsuki adds as she then shifts to resume grooming herself. "I won't say this in front of Zuchan, but did that witch hurt you again? I heard from him about her visit of you in the hospital. If I were there, I would have teared her limb from limb instead of being so civil."

Izuku blinks before explaining, thankful the dig was probably only unintentional. It certainly wouldn't be the nastiest thing she could have said about the vile woman in front of the bear. It was the nicety that counted.

"Yes, but now is not the time for this. I agreed I would tell you everything. As soon as we are home." Izuku promises.

"I see." Tsuki burns with an air of malice that Izuku could probably feel without his quirk. "I would advise telling your friends the truth, but I'm sure you have your reasons for protecting her."

"Tsuki-chan!" Izuku suddenly scolds, shaking from the vibes from her, catching the principal off guard since he was simply watching the silent conversation occur with interest. "It's not like that!"

"I know Child." Tsuki relinquishes her hold on her anger to Izuku's relief. "I understand your pain, but I feel like it is time to put your trust in others as you did to me. But, I won't force you. This is something you must come to your own on."

"I am never telling them." Izuku returns the volley. "They would send me away as a test subject the second they knew! I'm tired of playing everyones' games. I'm not some rare collectors' item that can be passed around and toyed with until I break!"
"As I stated, this is your choice. I won't tell them about your quirk if that will make you happy and feel safe. The thing I'm asking for wasn't that." Tsuki looks him dead in the eyes. "If she ever touches you again, I won't be so forgiving to not tell them all about how she tortured you. This doesn't mean I can't be allowed to speak my mind Moon Child."

Before Izuku can protest that technically she never even touched him during her 'visit' with him, Nedzu cuts back in impatiently for some reason as Izuku hasn't seen him this nervous before. "Have you two concluded your chat? I would prefer to get started on the last three papers before I let you eat lunch. It will be quick, I promise."

Izuku nods quickly as he feels guilty for wasting his teacher's time and making Nedzu antsy because of it. After all, running a school must be hard work and he probably really does have limited time playing baby sitter with him. He wants to be angry with Tsuki, but he knows deep down she's probably just really worried and didn't mean to be so nonchalant about it. And he doesn't want to force her to do something she doesn't want to. "S-sorry Nedzu, sir."

"Perfect." Nedzu brightens a bit, but the worried look on his face hasn't quite receded just yet. "Now, if you would..."

Izuku picks up his previously discarded pencil to attack the three pages in front of him in earnest so they can eat. But when he reads the first question from the rating bubble test, he freezes.

I am anxious, worried, or scared about a lot of things in my life.

No.

Izuku looks at the next question, hoping it's not what he thinks.

'I find my heart racing for no reason.'

Please don't be what I think it is...

Izuku scans through some of the rating questions on the next page.
'I have trouble sleeping or staying asleep.'

'I hear or see things that aren't there.'

'I struggle keeping up with daily activities such as cooking, cleaning, homework, etc...'

'I have flash backs when outside stimulus reminds me of a previous stressful experience.'

Izuku abandons the papers as he stands up to get away from them if it's what he thinks it is, not bothering to look at the third page. "Nedzu, what is this?"

Nedzu smile is cheerful, but all Izuku can infer from it is that it is very forced. "This is for something later this week."

Izuku instantly eyes the window after he sees through the poorly said lie, preparing to make a hasty exit.

"There will be no jumping out windows today Midoriya-kun. I had mine reinforced to withstand even one of All Might's punches years ago. For security reasons of course." Nedzu informs with a grin as if he read his mind. "We simply wish to cater to your specific needs as your companion and Aizawa has pointed out. We feel it is in your best interest to fill out the forms before you as honestly as you can for your session with Inui today."

Izuku's heart drops as the casual name for Hound Dog is dropped.

A counselor. They want me to talk with Hound Dog.

"I don't need--"

"Moon Child." Tsuki cuts him off as he snaps his attention to his purring girl. "I had to listen to Coat Man inform us about your recent loss. I may have not met the human, but this is not something you can just brush off like nothing. Let them help you with this at least."
"But--!"

"Moon Child." Tsuki honestly looks crestfallen at best to him. "I do not wish to see you suffer. At least give it a try before you cast judgement. If the first visit does not work, you don't have to continue. I can even come with you if you require my presence."

"Tsuki-chan..." Izuku whines, feeling cornered and vulnerable. "I..."

"If it is any help, you don't have to see Hound Dog if he makes you uncomfortable." Nedzu assures, seeing the conflict on his face. "We have plenty of counselors on call if you prefer that--"

"I don't want to!" Izuku yells as tears start falling involuntarily. "I'm perfectly fine. I'm not crazy!"

"Midoriya, no one is saying you are crazy." Nedzu leans over his desk on top of his chair as Izuku loses a few tears more tears, shaking in fear. "We want to help you with your panic attacks and possibly your grief of losing a loved one if you request it. This paperwork is just standard protocol to let the counselor who works with you what is going on."

"I said I don't want to," Izuku counters, trying to stay calm. "I'm perfectly fine."

Nedzu sighs as he leans back into his chair. "Do you know how many panic attacks Aizawa has told me of that you've had since coming to school here?"

Izuku frowns harder as he looks around the room again as a sudden realization hits him, ignoring the question entirely. "You trapped me in here."

Nedzu shakes his head. "We are here simply to do the--"

"Yes." Izuku glares as his breath hitches at the clear deflection in his principal's voice. "You did. Why else would you bring me to the only room that only opens to staff and that has glass windows that can withstand All Might's punches. Are we even going to talk about One for All today or was that just a logical ruse to keep me occupied here while you do whatever you want?!"

"Midoriya-kun, calm down."
Izuku glares at the rat for tricking him as his breaths become ragged. "No, I won't! You were really worried for a reason when I came back. You were worried because I found a way out, weren't you? I want to know what you're planning!"

"We aren't planning anything--"

"Liar!" Izuku backs away into the chair at that lie. "I know you are lying."

Nedzu curiosity seems piqued for some reason that makes Izuku feel even smaller. "Interesting. You do possess the traits of having an emotional based quirk, don't you...?"

Izuku pales. "W-what?"

"Every part of your current analysis of me was emotionally referenced as the origin of your observations. But that is simply for another time." Nedzu states as if musing through the possibilities. "Regardless, yes, I'm afraid we were planning something."

Izuku narrows his eyes, not trusting the rat anymore. "You can't toy with me."

"Pardon?"

"I'm not something you can put under your microscope and analyze like a test subject." Izuku spits back in pure hatred, not seeing Nedzu's growing shock at the words as he is consumed with fear of his secrets being brought to light. "I refuse to play along with your game Nedzu. I won't be hurt again."

"Moon Child--"

"Tsuki." Izuku grabs his phone as he pushes a few buttons to unlock the door to Nedzu's office. "I need some air."

That's all the warning any of them get as Izuku sprints out of the room when the fire alarm goes off
for the office, causing the sprinklers to start going off, effectively opening the door as it would in the case of an emergency. Thankfully, everything in the room is waterproof, but it still makes both animals in the room uncomfortable as Nedzu starts to turn off the system for the false alarm.

"I told you this wouldn't work..." Tsuchan growls as she huddles under his desk as a safe refuge from the demonic water.

"Oh dear..." Nedzu shakes his head as he starts pressing the call button to get in contact with a free teacher after the water shuts off. "It seems I've made a terrible mess of things..."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/5, Checked for errors 3/14
Dance in the Dark by Au/Ra

Nedzu: Quirk Training?
Aizawa *death glare*: Therapy
Tsuki: And extensive cuddle sessions, of course
Nedzu *nodding*: Of course, but if you would indulge the possibility that--
Chiyo: Therapy
All Might: Therapy
Naomasa: Therapy
Izuku *walks in unaware to the intense protection squad team huddle*: My nose is fixed guys.
"...
Izuku: Why do you guys look like you are about to plan my murder...?
Dadzawa is not a happy camper....

Shouta enters the office with purpose to find out how his kid is doing and possibly what his student's results are if they are ready. It only takes a small look around the room to find Midoriya is nowhere to be seen, though the rat with his ever present gaze picks up on his unsaid question.

"Midoriya ran."

Shouta blinks before he sighs. Hard.

*Of course he did...*

"What happened?"

"All Might came here per my request about thirty minutes ago, so I sent him on a little errand to retrieve Midoriya with Hound Dog since they would be more faster to complete it than I. Plus, I'm certain he trusts him more than I at the moment." Nedzu admits while stretching himself from getting up from his desk. "They will be here shortly, hopefully with him, but I want to share with you the other bountiful fruits of your husband's labor. Midoriya's code and other tests will have to come later, but I'm totally certain of my original theory now with the preliminary results..."

All it takes is a couple button presses before a screen displays his student's information, the rat clearly deflecting from his original question. It annoys him to all hell, but he just focuses on whatever the dog wants to show him for the moment.

“I don’t understand.” Shouta narrows his eyes at the number on the screen. “While 109 is a high score to get on the mental quirk assessment test, that doesn’t mean he has a mental quirk Nedzu. It would have to be around the range of 120 and up given his age if so. He’s already proven himself to be far more advanced than his classmates when it comes to analysis.”
“I agree, it doesn’t. But don’t you see…” Nedzu gestures with a wicked look in his eye to the screen showing the quirk assessment test as he types out his sequence with his free paw. “If we separate out only the sections of the test based on only the two categories of problem solving and pattern recognition out of the four total, we find something spectacular if I do say so myself.”

In an instance, Midoriya’s score goes from a measly 109 to a 137. A twenty five percent increase by simply removing the parts that was tanking his student from showing his true colors in the other two categories. A well above average score that's certainly in range for a mental quirk, but certainly not to a genius level that the bear seems to suggest. The other two scores average to a measly 81, which is exactly where a fifteen-year-old should be around at his age without such a quirk. Weighted together properly for their direct proportions in the test shows how important it is to not relay on the average, but the standard deviation for more accurate readings.

The numbers seem to not lie but the skeptic in him is screaming at him this is all wrong, especially since his kid ran after Nedzu definitely spilled the beans about therapy in the wrong way. After all, there is a reason you can't just cherry pick your data to make it give you the results you want. “Are you sure?”

“Absolutely.” Nedzu’s gaze solidifies as he moves to the other profiles on the screen that show a similar trend on a different graph showing all of the other subcategory related scores. “Midoriya did poorly when dealing with the other subjects repeatedly on all of my other tests. Only average in fact. But in those categories more aligned with his hobby, he truly shined.”

“And surprisingly…” Nedzu shifts to the other section of interest to a different graph. “Midoriya is also extremely good at reading people emotionally as well as controlling his own emotions. When he took the empathy mental quirk test, he got a score comparable to the same level of his analysis skills.”

Shouta frowns. “What are you saying then?”

Nedzu rubs his chin with his paw. “I think it is fair to assume Midoriya’s true quirk is rooted in being emotionally observant given our results and my personal experience from right before he ran. It could potentially explain why the boy is most likely unaware of its presence as well. It’s likely directly connected to his thought process as mine is. There can be a little room for error on the numbers since he was a little emotional from his episode this morning, but that was only a detriment if I do say so myself.”

No. This is all wrong...
“I don’t accept this.”

Nedzu blanches. “What do you mean? This is proof--”

“I’m telling you.” Shouta burns with certainty as he eyes the traitorous screen. “I know the kid has a quirk, but it’s not what you suggest. These results are just from him alone. Plus, I thought we agreed to prioritize offering him therapy, not his figuring out his quirk.”

Nedzu's ears prick up slightly at the information. "You knew for certain he had a quirk?"

Shouta scowls as it's pretty obvious now what the dumb dog prioritized instead. "Did we even see the same kid in the infirmary? He was scared out of his mind the entire time we were discussing his quirk, only calming down when the cat helped him. The kid is hiding it for a reason and it’s not because of it being so engrained in his brain that he doesn’t know it exists. Don’t you even know how my quirk works?’’

“Do enlighten me.” Nedzu opens up the floor for him with his full attention while the cat sulks in the corner, clearly trying to clean off her uncomfortable wet fur.

“I block the signals between a person and their quirk activation factor when I use my quirk.” Shouta explains with his brows furiously knitted. "Imagine my surprise at the ball throw when the kid has two of them for me to choose between to cancel out. And let me tell you, he went full analysis mode on me while both of them were blocked mind you. He didn't even seemed fazed."

Nedzu opens his snout before promptly closing it as he starts pacing the room at the implications. "That's a confirmation that he indeed has one. Then, what you are suggesting is that Midoriya lied somehow to the detective since you believe it not to be a mental quirk."

"Not necessarily." Shouta shifts into a mode of thinking he hopes isn't true but the pessimist in him keeps nudging him towards it. "One person's truth is a lie to another."

Nedzu stops in front of the window with a dark look starting to grow. "You don't mean to suggest that..."

"I think that whatever the kid's quirk is, he's denying he has it so much that he doesn't see it as his own quirk. That he truly sees himself as nothing else but quirkless previously. It could be so bad
that if we ask right now, he might even be telling the truth if he said he was still quirkless." Shouta curtly retorts. "And I think your little witch hunt for it has caused Midoriya even more anguish. For all we know, he's never even used it around us nor wants to. This is why we had agreed to prioritize giving the kid options to help him after calming him down with your tests Nedzu."

"Oh dear..." Nedzu looks back at his colleague, his beady eyes darting back and forth in deep thought. "This is more serious than I had originally thought... No wonder he ran from me when I pushed my views on his quirk on him."

"That is a complete understatement." Shouta returns bitterly with fervor. "Whatever the reason for Midoriya hiding his quirk, we can't keep pushing him like this or he'll never give us a chance to help him. I thought we had an understanding, but clearly I was wrong."

At that mention Nedzu's emotions turn darker than he's ever seen on him before. "I think I might know why."

"Why then?" Shouta indulges to humor him with his arms now crossed even though he's ready to tear him a new one.

"The language he used..." Nedzu seems to put together something behind those conniving eyes. "He told me specifically he didn't want to be toyed with. While that could imply he was played with and ostracized by his peers, I'm not certain of that conclusion given what he said afterwards."

Shouta shifts his weight. "And what did he say after?"

"'I'm not something you can put under your microscope and analyze like a test subject.' His words, directly." Nedzu sighs. "And his body language suggested he wasn't afraid of me specifically, but the notion that I would hurt him from such an act."

In a single moment, his heart shatters as he understands the true weight behind those words. "You think he was experimented on."

It's not even a question in his mind as the bear nods slowly, clearly using his quirk to go through the statistics to think things through more thoroughly. And clearly going through his own personal thoughts and experiences on the matter that comes up in his gaze in flashes as he does so.
"We need to check for surgical scars if he has some once he actually opens up to us. That way we can get an idea of exactly what these people did to him." Nedzu muses as he retreats back to his own thoughts on the matter.

Shouta burns with furious hate as he has a pretty good idea of who the mystery 'person' is as they would have had to given the consent to allow such a thing. No fucking wonder the kid was so scared shitless of his mother from what everyone had told him when he was still stuck in a hospital bed. There's no way she so obliviously didn't know the doctors around him were experimenting on him. And it now makes so much more sense why the kid only has a handful of doctor visits that were simply check ups in the last couple years. He never actually received his treatment on paper for any of his extensive past injuries that pattern the kid's torso and god knows where else. And it would make perfect sense why. Especially if these said undocumented doctor visits either helped to patch him up afterwards or were the direct cause for the injuries themselves. After all, the detective never once asked the kid if his mother allowed others to hurt him against his will in her place. What he wouldn't give at the moment to strangle the woman who most likely hurt his kid, but there's a time and place for that. Right now, they need to help his kid get better and watch him for new injuries that just pop up for no reason in case that shit is still happening.

"Did Midoriya even finish the papers for therapy?"

Nedzu shakes his head. "No, he took one look at them and promptly freaked out."

"Damn it." Shouta grinds his teeth.

_Peace job Nedzu._

The door suddenly opens, leading the two and the cat to direct their attention to their frustrated visitors.

"Grrr...." Hound Dog seethes as its clear he's in distress. "Ruff... GRRAAA...."

"Did you find him?" Shouta already knows the answer, but it's still best to ask anyway to save time from the pleasantries.

"Uh, no." Small Might shrinks in on himself at the direct question with a downcast expression. "Inui said he couldn't figure out where he was since he could smell him everywhere."
Hound Dog simply keeps growling in frustration while Nedzu seems unusually happy about the news. "Everywhere you say?"

"Yes sir." All Might responds quickly. "I'm not even sure how he even did that--"

"The vents." Nedzu supplies with a smile that seems a little forced under his twitching nose. "He's in the vents then."

Both of his colleagues stop and stare for a second before inevitably resigning to their fate of having to search every vent on campus to find their Problem Child.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/6, Checked for errors 3/14

Message Man by Twenty One Pilots

Unposted bonus scene:

*All Might and Hound Dog leave the room*

Aizawa *glaring at the rat*: You want to explain yourself?

Nedzu: I technically did what we agreed upon...

Aizawa: I'm sure you did. Just how technically I'm about to give you constructive criticism about how to deal with my kid

Nedzu *giddy thinking while ignoring the lecture*: 'The entire betting pool will be mine by the end of this semester at this rate'
Even though Izuku has been crying his eyes out in the full fetal position for at least forty minutes at this point, or at least what it seems like anyway, he feels strangely calmer in the vents. Sure the current English lesson is boring to listen to since it's nothing new so he's tuning it out, but at least no one is asking him questions and he's able to be himself, even if being himself is currently a crying mess. And even though his stomach is going on strike and his throat is dry from the crying, he just feels safe and out of sight in the vents from the teachers who are most likely hunting for his whereabouts at the moment.

*I wish I could stay here forever. It's almost like a second home...*

Izuku pauses his silent tears with a loud sniffle from his abused nose.

*Okay, that's weird brain. I'm not a vent gremlin...*

"Okay, I definitely heard it that time." Bakugo rages beneath him, making his anxiety spike of being discovered. "WHO THE FUCK IS UP THERE?!!"

"I told you." Jiro scoffs loudly. "No one listens to the two of us with listening quirks, I swear..."

"Do you think villains have infiltrated the school again?" Hagakure asks in worry.

"Don't worry listeners!" Present Mic booms. "I'm sure it's just a rogue experiment from the support students up there making the racket--"

"But there's a heartbeat." Shoji brings up as he cuts off his teacher. "It has to be something living."
"Oh, that's probably Midoriya then." Tokoyami mentions lazily as Izuku reflexly flinches at being called out with a slightly louder than intended bang.

Strangely, the classroom becomes silent, making Izuku listen a little more closely to figure out what's going on.

...

"Deku..."

Izuku curls into himself, trying to be silent even though he knows it's probably futile since that was right outside underneath the vent, much closer than before. Everything in his life seems to be headed that way anyway. Monoka-san dying, Inko, USJ, his panic attack during class, the quirk witch hunt, and now this shit. He just never gets any choice in anything and he just wishes it would all just stop, even if it was only for a second of reprieve.

"Deku I swear to fuck if you don't get out of that fucking vent I will blast you out!" Bakugo rages, already popping a few off as a show of his absolute promise.

"No." Izuku whines between his sniffles as he curls even tighter into himself. "I don't want to..."

"Nerd."

"No."

"Deku."

"Not happening." Izuku retorts.

"I swear if you don't--!"

"Did you not hear me the first time? Captain Howdy said no!" Izuku shoots back sarcastically to get them off his case.
"Captain who?" Bakugo snarls in confusion. "Deku, you get your stupid ass out of there right now or I swear I'll--!"

"I said no!"

Izuku only feels the explosion behind him before he feels the whole thing fall to the ground, dumping himself into an unceremonious heap. Still, he protests curled into a ball, even when it's tipped over to make him slide out.

"Deku."

Izuku doesn't even give him the light of day as he closes his eyes in protest. "Leave me alone."

"What, are we fucking five again?!" Bakugo hauls his limp body off the floor as he still curls into himself. "The fuck are you moping about?"

"Not talking. " Izuku protests, only coming out of his ball to wipe off his tears from his face as if that would fool them from seeing his distress.

"Alright, that's it!" Bakugo shakes him until he extends his legs to the ground stop the motion as it always made him sick. "Let's go. We're gonna have a talk."

"I told you I don't wanna..." Izuku pouts with a huff, his cheeks throughly puffed out in protest.

"Aww..." Kaminari coos at the angry ball, oblivious to real weight of Izuku's distress as probably the rest of his classmates even though their expressions seems at least empathetic. "Somebody is cranky..."

"More like livid." Izuku corrects with a low growl that everyone sweat drops at since he technically only looks like a mad kitten at best as he resigns to his fate. "Not like I can do anything about it though. Nedzu basically owns me now. That's just how his stupid deals work."
"Okay, we're fucking gone!" Bakugo declares as he starts pulling him towards the door, right past a bewildered Present Mic who seems pretty speechless at the current situation. "Get your ass moving nerd!"

*Though... That reminds me... :)*

"*Oh Present Mic~~*" Izuku purrs as he stops their trip right in front of the front desk, almost sending Bakugo straight back into him at his sudden change in velocity.

"The fuck are you doing you doing no--?!” Bakugo halts his protest to figure out what the hell he's doing as he sees his gaze is strictly on their teacher.

Izuku adopts an innocent smile as he switches to English to mess with his teacher and to give the class something better to focus on instead of his current distress. "I know *exactly* what you did. Nedzu isn't too happy with you, you know... Today was only just the beginning."

Present Mic only blinks once before shrieking in terror at the hell spawn as he backs up into the board, already coming up with English exorcism prayers in his incoherent babbling. Izuku starts giggling like a madman at his teacher's overreaction to his teasing as he finally allows Bakugo to drag him away by his arm with an extra edge to his growls and grumbling, leaving the classroom in both confusion and chaos as the only adult in the room has clearly checked out by staring directly at the camera, pleading and begging for his life.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/7, Checked for errors 3/14

Ghost by Au/Ra feat. Alan Walker

Izuku: Oh, before I go...

Izuku *head turns 180 degrees*: *I know* what you did

Present Mic *high pitched screeching with a wok in hand*: KILL IT WITH FIRE!

Bonus song for this chapter: The Exorcist Theme
The Exorcist is hands down my favorite horror movie of all time, so you bet your bottom dollar I would reference it.

Also, like usual, I'm late to the party. We reached past 10,000 views last chapter, so celebrations are in order!
"Alright. Start talking nerd." Bakugo growls after finding a secluded bathroom for privacy, which of course does nothing but make him nervous as they always seemed so cursed for him before. "Why are you fucking upset?"

"I said no..." Izuku mumbles, his gaze strictly attached to the floor.

Bakugo clearly growls in frustration as he paces in front of him. "Okay, like what the shit is actually going on!?! You gonna tell me at least something?"

Izuku huffs. "I said I don't want--"

"I'm not fucking asking Deku." Bakugo warns with a scowl. "Seriously, this shit is messed up."

"Messed up...?" Izuku frowns at the wording. "Kacchan, I'm fine--"

Bakugo rounds on him, not in a playful way, but not necessarily too hard to actually hurt him either. He rubs at his now bruised cheek with his pout in full force again. "Don't lie to me Deku! You had another fucking one happen, okay!?! And this time...shit..."

Izuku blinks before looking back up to meet his friend's conflicted gaze.

"Fuck Deku." Bakugo shakes with his gaze on the floor. "What's happening with you...?"

Izuku opens his mouth to ask for clarification, but Bakugo simply keeps going.
"Why the fuck are you having so many panic attacks?" Bakugo demands as his red eyes searches his green as they widen in surprise. "And why do you have so many scars that you're scared of people seeing? Why...?"

"Just...why don't you tell me anything...?" Bakugo breaks off with a slight whine in his cracking voice.

_A whine._ And Bakugo never whines.

Izuku's honestly feels his heart break in two for his friend for the second time this week like when he was told of Monoka-san's death. He's honestly never seen Bakugo this vulnerable before, so it makes him concerned for him deeply. "Please Izuku... I just want to help..."

Izuku shrinks in on himself as he watches his friend violent shake, as if in both pain and worry, knowing full well it's because of him. He made him worry, all because he couldn't keep it together for one single day and--

"God, you were just so scared today... And Teach couldn't snap you out of it... What even...?"

Izuku sees even a tiny tear slip down but he doesn't comment on it. It just adds to the fire of Izuku's current well of guilt, settling near the bottom as he watches the flames getting even higher from causing his friend some much clear distress and worry. All because of him not holding it together and smiling like nothing even happened.

Unable to bear watching his friend crash and burn because of him, Izuku crashes into a hug with his friend as his own tears follow, falling on his friend's shoulder. "I'm sorry Kacchan..."

"Deku, come on..." Bakugo murmurs in his neck. "Just say something..."

Izuku flinches as he leans into his friend's touch that definitely doesn't go unnoticed, but isn't commented on.

"I'm s-scared..." Izuku admits after a good minute of facing his tribulations with silent tears, his voice cracking the whole way. "I'm r-really scared K-Kacchan..."

"Of what...?" Bakugo brings up with great hesitance.
Izuku could feel the hesitance in his own voice as well. "I...don't k-know..."

"Bullshit." Bakugo growls against him at his simple white lie, the vibrations reverberating throughout his torso as a reminder of his failure to convince his friend otherwise. "Deku just fucking--!"

Bakugo breaks off his sentence abruptly before sighing loudly. "If you can't tell me... could you.... just say something to someone else... I just... I hate this shit..."

Izuku pauses his crying as he goes through his thoughts to try and quell the heaviness in his chest. Bakugo quite possibly could be the only person at the moment he could trust with even a slight sliver of his problems, even though he couldn't go into details exactly. He might be the only one who might not tell anyone as well, if he asked for it anyway. But he settles for being vague as he whispers as the notion of sharing his secrets is too heavy a burden to dump on his best friend. "I couldn't protect everyone during USJ..."

Izuku feels his tears prick at his lids again as he continues. "And I thought everyone was going to die..."

Izuku sucks in a deep breath to calm his shaking from building anger. "And then..."

Izuku goes silent for a second as he sobs instead of elaborating as he doesn't have it in his heart to shatter his friend's rose tinted view of his mother. "A-and Monoka-san..."

"I c-couldn't s-save her..." Izuku buries himself in his friend shoulder more deeply as he shudders. "I j-just don't w-want anyone e-else to die..."

Bakugo's rising chest stops for a moment. "You saw your dad's wreck again in class, didn't you?"

Izuku stills as he hadn't thought of that video in a long time because his nightmares had upgraded into something much more terrifying and real, but Bakugo takes it as confirmation. That stupid awful video that the media broadcasted in the middle of the damn villain fight. Young Izuku hadn't known at the time his dad was in that car that had been smashed as it was just an everyday villain fight he was watching on the live stream, like everyone else in Japan. He didn't know the person in the car was dead. But when he did...when he knew that it was...
Izuku chokes with another sob instead of thinking about it anymore.

"Deku, people die. You can't blame yourself--"

"Yes I can!" Izuku yells into his shoulder in frustration. He knows his Pappy's death wasn't his fault, but that didn't mean Monoka-san's wasn't. "Y-yes I c-can...if i-its my f-fault t-that..."

"Deku..." Bakugo pulls him off to look him dead in the eyes, but not necessarily out of the hug totally. "You're gonna listen to me for fucking five minutes or however long it takes till you stop this self loathing shit. Then we'll go from there, 'kay?"

Izuku opens his mouth to protest but stops when the red burns into his face, making him cease his protest on impact.

"Great." Bakugo shifts. "I'm shit at this, so bear with me."

"Name one shitty reason why you think the old lady's death is your damn fault."

"I didn't s-save her..."

"Specifically Deku." Bakugo chides. "Try again nerd."

Izuku opens his mouth before settling on something vague. "I could have saved her if I was there. I saved her before. I could have. I know it... But, I w-wasn't... I wasn't t-there Kacchan..."

Izuku feel's Bakugo nod slightly as he crashes back into the hug more fully from his overbearing guilt. "And name two emotions about how you feel about that stupid shit."

"Broken." Izuku ponders it as more tears fall. "Guilty..."

Bakugo searches his face for a lie but finds none as Izuku silently accepts his feelings as they are.
"Okay, and name three feelings that are crowding your nerd brain at the moment."

"I feel lost..." Izuku averts his eyes. "I feel scared... and..."

"And?" Bakugo offers when Izuku drops off, tensing against him.

"Angry." Izuku scowls as he thinks of what Nedzu was trying to do in his quirk session. That he had no choice but do what they wanted. It was like his mother all over again, but this time it had real consequences of his wellbeing being ripped away from him to become a lab rat. "I feel really angry."

"Alright." Bakugo pauses for a moment. "Now, tell me of two good memories or whatever with the lady."

Izuku laughs lowly. "W-why?"

"Just do it you stupid idiot." Bakugo shoots back with a snarl.

"O-okay..." Izuku pauses a bit to think. "I really liked her cookies. She'd always bake them for me ever time I visited her. Oh, and she used to let me pet her dog too before she gave him to her daughter cause she couldn't take care of him anymore. I had offered to help, but she never wanted to seem like a bother to me."

"And one emotion you associate with her."

"Calm." Izuku adopts a small smile as he runs through his memories of her. "She felt so safe."

... 

"So...?" Bakugo picks back up after a good minute of pause without any of Izuku's tears falling.

Izuku redirects his attention to his friend, breaking himself out of his thoughts. "So...?"
Bakugo scowls. "Feel better dipshit?"

Izuku giggles at the normality of his friend's angry face. "M-maybe..."

"About damn time nerd." Bakugo huffs. "You're such a crybaby..."

"S-sorry..." Izuku mumbles before turning over in his head what his friend was trying to do exactly. "W-what did you...?"

"It's called grounding." Bakugo averts his eyes. "It's a special one me and my therapist came up with when I get really angry about shit. We tried the shitty vanilla one and it just frustrated the hell out of me every time. I mean, how the fuck are you supposed to calm down by looking at stupid shit?"

Izuku's mouth drops in surprise. "You have a therapist?"

"What?" Bakugo hisses as his red eyes zeroing in on Izuku's disbelief. "You making fun of me or something?!"

Izuku shakes his head quickly to deny that avenue of thought. "No! No! I just... I didn't think you'd ever..."

"What? Ask for help?" Bakugo scoffs. "Everybody needs help asshole. You're just a dirty liar if you don't agree. That's what she tells me every fucking time I say its a waste of time anyway..."

"That sounds very much like you." Izuku teases lightly as he could imagine that exact scenario playing out very vividly.

"Haah?" Bakugo questions with a crazy grin on his face. "You wanna say that shit to my face?"

Izuku tries to stifles his giggles with his hand at his friend's antics. "I already d-did..."
"Oh yeah...? Well--!"

The door opens and Izuku's good mood drops as he fears the worst, especially from the aura behind the door. Instantly, Izuku goes from care-free laughter to anger as he shoves his friend behind him to protect him from the current threat. "The shit Deku--?!"

"Stay beh--" Izuku doesn't get to continue as a very feral looking Hound Dog enters the room with All Might in his small form trailing behind, thankfully dispelling his fear they were going to get attack, but not his apprehension as they clearly have found what they were looking for.

"Oh thank goodness..." All Might releases a long held breath as Izuku curls into himself. "We were looking everywhere for you."

"Leave me alone. Mr. Yagi." Izuku growls lowly at his mentor to not slip up and call him All Might in front of his friend even though it's clear he pauses at the name change. "I just want to be alone right now."

"Who the fuck is this skeleton?" Bakugo sneers at the two uninvited guests, palm already smoking as the smoke wisps past by Izuku's face in small puffs due to the vent overhead. "And what the fuck do you all want with Deku?"

Izuku lies to get Bakugo off All Might's trail, though his anger behind his feelings on the matter stay. "He was one of the options of being my counselor. Something that I didn't ask for, mind you."

All Might seems surprised at the fluid lying, but Izuku isn't so impressed with his teachers as he feels cornered again.

"Did you seriously have a tantrum over this?" Bakugo questions low as if in disbelief when the pieces seem to click into place. "You know they can't fucking force you to go if you don't like it, right? Did you even try it once?"

Izuku turns his head to his friend in surprise. "No, but--!

"Alright, where do I need to drop his stupid ass off at?" Bakugo instantly grabs at the neck of his collar and picks him up like a baby kitten before he can even protest and explain the situation. Izuku flails in the traitor's hold while their teachers stare at Izuku like he's an unruly wild child who
doesn't want to be tamed.

"Let me go Kacchan!" Izuku swings a fist to his friend's ribs that gets caught with ease with Bakugo's free hand. "You can't do this! I do not consent!"

"Good thing I wasn't asking for fucking permission." Bakugo adopts a feral grin at the skeleton. "Where are we headed? I think the brat needs his time out."

"Traitor!"

"You'll be thanking me later nerd."

Izuku groans before continuing his thrashing with diligence to get out of Bakugo's hold as they start moving back towards the direction of Nedzu's office. Izuku isn't going to make it easy for him and walk on his own. If he wants to take him there, he'll have to drag him there. It's not like it matters anyway. Izuku will just escape again once he's out of his stupid hold. After all, all he has to do is bide his time to make his move and the board will be in his control again.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/8, Checked for errors 3/14

Broken Hearts by Justin Caruso, Hilda

Katsuki... My sweet angry gremlin, no... You can't force someone to... sigh...

In all seriousness though, I highly recommend checking out this link if you've never heard about [Grounding Techniques](#) before. There are a lot of varieties that can be used to help not only with your mental health, but simply to calm down when you are overly stressed. I based Katsuki's technique on the one I use personally as I felt like he would be that person that holds a lot of anger in reserve because he's not only mad at others, but himself about the past.
The next time the door opens, Shouta is greeted to an absolutely livid Problem Child being basically held up like a misbehaving kitten by his Problem Child #2 as he thrashes to get free. He really does try to suppress the smile that worms its way on his face at the familiar display that makes him reminisce of his own school days.

After all, he was in the kid's position more than once, so he can wholeheartedly sympathize with the clear frustration written all over his face.

"Here's the fucking brat." Bakugo scoffs as he unceremoniously dumps Midoriya straight on the floor without a care in the world. "Say hello nerd."

Midoriya shoots him an absolute death glare if he's ever seen one from the ground, not even bothering to pick himself off the ground at all in clear protest. "I hate you."

"Good enough." Bakugo grins dangerously with a wave. "Enjoy your free torture session."

Bakugo didn't see it as he turned too fast to leave after his clear attempt at a joke, but at the very least Shouta did. Midoriya clearly did not take it as it was. A simple joke. And no kid should ever look that terrified from a joke like that. Ever. For what it's worth, his cat clearly catches the first hitched breath and pads her way over to him to help stave off what might be the beginning of another damn panic attack.

The two seem engaged heavily in a conversation, not privy to their ears since the feline's quirk doesn't work that way unless she wills it. What Shouta would give to be able to hear even a second of what they speak of behind that superficial barrier. Apparently, that kit actually gets to him as the next thing he knows is that Midoriya scoops her into his arms as his scowl breaks. His fond petting is clearly mixed in with apologies from his mutterings as his ears only pick up on every third word as they snuggle together. If it was any other situation, he might snag a few pictures for Hizashi since he would be super jealous he didn't get to see it in person, but there's no time for that. Especially since the tears start flowing again. How the kid can cry so much, he'll never know.
The others are in clear conversation beside him, talking about where they found the kid and everything, but Shouta pays no mind to the jabbering fools ignoring the actual problem in the room. The only thing on his mind is the tears leaking out of his kid's eyes while he gently rocks with his friend like a small kid hugging a teddy bear for comfort. And then it hits him right in the gut exactly why. Hard.

*He thinks we are going to actually do what those doctors potentially did to him. He ran because he didn't want it to happen again. And now he thinks--*

"Aizawa, what do you think--?" Nedzu starts.

"What I think?" Shouta snaps, not even looking at them. Only focused on the hurting kid in front of him. *His kid.* "Is that we went about this all wrong."

Midoriya's red puffy eyes catches his gaze in... shock? Surprise...? It's hard to tell. After all, that's always been Hizashi's forte. Either way, the kid is attentive and not looking like he's about to bolt or curl into a ball forever. Small victories.

"Problem Child." A big flinch that makes him frown when he sees a flash of fear in his kid's eyes. "Midoriya." Nothing.

*Huh.*

"Y-yes S-sensei...?" Midoriya meekly whispers out from the other side of the room, his breaths still seeming forced at best.

"I'm sorry."

Midoriya's eyes become as big as saucers. "W-what...?"

"I'm sorry." Shouta repeats as he approaches the kid slowly like you would with a scared wild animal. He squats down to his level only a pace away to give the kid space, but also to get on his level so he knows they are on equal speaking terms instead of towering over him to talk. "We scared you."
Midoriya clearly opens his mouth to disprove it, but Shouta stops it with a raised hand. "You don't have to answer why. It's clear you were scared and we should have gone about this differently. That's why I'm sorry for allowing you to be put in the position that made see the only option was to run."

Midoriya shifts nervously before mumbling something in his attempt to make himself smaller.

"What was that?" Shouta questions to save time. "I didn't catch it."

"I don't want to take the test..." Midoriya's eyes shift to the side as if nervous as well as scared.

Nedzu, the dog, starts up his own protests to that statement but Shouta simply sends him a glare that makes all of them shut their damn mouths for a second. Shouta doesn't care if it's the stupid protocol. If that's what's keeping his student from getting the help he deserves, then damn to all hell he's never taking the useless test.

After all, while Shouta doesn't like to deal with kids because emotions are way too complicated at times, he's had to deal with a hefty amount of abuse cases. That's one of the bread and butter assignments he gets often courtesy of being an Underground Hero. And if there's one thing he's picked up over the years, it's this. You don't simply force your decisions on children as that scares them, especially if they've come from a situation where they had no previous autonomy. It would basically tell them that your help is no different than the environment they just got out of. So, you compromise with what makes them comfortable and let them choose what happens next.

"Okay." Shouta replies as he turns his head back to the distressed kid. "You won't take the test."

A large held breath was clearly released in that second.

**Good.**

"R-really?" The look of disbelief in his kid's eyes is painful, like he expected he never had any choice in the current situation. And that hurts more than Shouta can truly fathom as it's no wonder the kid is scared of them hurting him. Especially if he had no choice in those situations either.
Shouta nods, keeping his emotions at bay. "Really. If you want, you never have to take it. But I still really want you to talk with Hound Dog or any of our other counselors on hand today. If you don't like them or don't want to continue, it will be your choice what happens after today. You don't have to give a reason if you want to stop either. All I ask is for you to try it out for yourself, that's it."

"W-what if..." Midoriya bites his lip hard as he averts his eyes to the ground. "I.. don't w-want..."

Shouta nods in understanding as the kid trails off. "If that's what you really want, we aren't going to force you to go today either. It's entirely your choice whether you go or not. I was only saying that as a request, not a demand. But if you want, I could tell you about what happens during sessions so you can make an informed decision for yourself about what you want to do next."

Shouta definitely doesn't miss the flinch at the word 'sessions' that grinds his teeth as it's basically a red flag screaming that he and the bear are most likely right. But, he doesn't have any time for his own feelings at the moment other than make a mental note to never say that word again in this setting and keep on the lookout for more triggers. "What would you like to do?"

Shouta spends a lot of time searching the kid's face while the emotions flow freely across his student's face in deep thought, giving Midoriya the space to make the first word. And his patience is rewarded when the kid's mouth does open for a second, even if it hesitated for a second in hesitance.

"W-what h-happens..." Midoriya murmurs out finally. "N-normally...?"

Shouta nods, ignoring the definite staring contest that's going on with his back and his colleagues behind him. "Typically during the first meeting, the counselor will ask you questions to get to know you. Like favorites and such. You can even get to know them if you wish. But, counseling works where you are the driver. That means you call the shots. If you want to take a nap during your time, then that's what you'll do. If you want to work on homework, you'll do homework. Your counselor can't force you to say anything, so it's your choice what the conversation leads to. If you have something on your mind, you just have another person there to help you figure it all out. That's it."

Midoriya's lips wobble. "Y-you p-promise...?"

Shouta stiffens at the reaction, but doesn't let it go out in his face to keep from projecting his own emotions on the kid as it's a very delicate question to answer. "I promise. I can come with you if want. Or even Tsuki can go with you. You can bring anyone you want in if you ask them first and
they agree to come with you. Whatever makes you comfortable if you choose to try it out. If something does happen that you don't like, tell me immediately and I'll resolve it."

Midoriya seems to be searching his face for something that Shouta figures is a lie, but the kid seems content with his honesty when his body relaxes a bit. "O-okay..."

"Okay." Shouta shifts gears as he doesn't want to assume anything. "So, what do you want to do? If you have more questions, shoot them at me."

Midoriya simply shakes his head. "I'm g-good... Um..."

Midoriya bites his lip again as it must be a nervous tic. "C-can I b-bring my lunch w-with me t-there...? And... Tsuki-chan?"

Shouta relaxes himself before nodding. "Sure kid. You must be starving if you haven't had lunch yet. Do you want to try it today and see if it works for you?"

The kid slowly nods his head as his eyes drift behind Shouta, probably to where said lunch is located. "Need some help to get up?"

A flash of fear comes over his student's eyes before shaking his head as he does just that, his cat still attached to him like a life line.

*Note to self, doesn't like to be touch*... Shouta muses as he gets up himself.

The reactions of his colleagues are comical at best as if Shouta did something miraculous. But that's just shows how Mainstream Heroes differ as Underground Heroes wouldn't have batten an eye at the situation in passing.

"So kid..." Midoriya doesn't flinch at that as he walks slowly back towards the group. "Does talking with Hound Dog sound good, or would you like to go through the other options?"

"H-hound D-dog is fine." Midoriya cordially accepts as he makes a grab for his lunch with his free hand.
"Perfect." Nedzu smiles like everything went according plan that makes his eye twitch at the rat. "Hound Dog, if you would please."

Shouta feels a weight off his chest as he watches his kid walk away, the final residuals of fear and panic starting to wash away from Midoriya as they leave the room without an inkling of fighting.

"How did you do that?" All Might questions barely above a whisper. "He was fighting basically the whole way here..."

"That..." Shouta drawls as he zeroes in on the traitorous rat with a hateful gaze, even though it is directed at someone not in the room. "Is how you actually help a kid who desperately needs help and support, not more questions to answer. And trust me. By the time this over, there might be someone dead if I have any say in it."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/9, Checked for errors 3/14

Youth by Daughter

In this house, we are mental health allies. 'Nough said.

For real though, you can't force people to go to therapy. Nedzu, I'm looking at you. You can offer help and resources, but they must choose where they go from there. It won't help anyone if you don't. And therapy isn't for everyone and that's totally okay. It's the same with taking medicine for mental health. Some people need medicine or work well with it. Others don't. That's why it's best to let the party involved to decide for themselves what works best for them.

We hit over 1000 Kudos last chapter! You guys rock, so here's a bit of trivia about everyone's favorite girl :D

For those curious about Tsuki-chan, when conceptualizing her design and character mannerisms in my mind, I actually thought of the Cat and Dog from The Witcher 3 Heart of Stone expansion pack. No spoilers of course for those yet to play the game (if you want an amazing game experience rich with story, please pick up the game as it's such a great example of an open world building experience. CD Projekt Red will forever have my heart for making this masterpiece).

Here's a gif of them if you are curious as this is how I see Tsuki in my head, though her
eyes aren't glowing like them but instead a soft milky white like she's blind (she's not btw) as a physical effect of her telepathy quirk:
Swim - Reprise

Chapter Notes

You get a therapist!
You get a therapist!
You get a therapist!
Everybody gets a therapist!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku stays quiet while he follows Hound Dog-sensei to wherever he is taking him. That doesn't stop the hero from speaking to him about trivial things like landmarks and about the offices they are headed to. He even explains more about the process with counseling, but Izuku tunes him out for the most part. Though, his intentions are not to be rude to the dog hero at all.

Izuku just doesn't have much energy left from today as he's cried too much and his stomach absolutely hates him at the moment since he still hasn't eaten. Izuku may have indulged on water during his tests that Nedzu had provided him, but he's thoroughly dehydrated at this point from his seemingly endless supply of tears being shed. If he didn't know any better, he might think it was a second quirk given how he probably could fill buckets at this point. Regardless, his exhaustion level is simply too high for him to focus on anything for too long as he trudges along the paved path holding Tsuki in his hands, simply waiting till they get to where they are going before partaking in the notion of obtaining some water. That's not even taking into account his mess of swirling emotions and thoughts at the moment that take up the foreground of his current problems.

Ignoring the almost constant rumbling at this point, Izuku gently shifts Tsuki into a better position, from a baby carry to her on his shoulder where she usually likes to curl up and snuggle against his neck so she doesn't have to brave the vibrations any longer than necessary. A small smile comes when she purrs against his neck, leaning into the free head scratches he provides.

The guilt he carries at the moment from basically dunking Tsuki in water simply because he couldn't breathe in that office anymore is strong. She had explained to him that while she certainly didn't appreciate the gesture, she sympathizes with his reaction as she understood the feeling of having to get away from those she perceived were going to hurt her on more than one occasion. Especially since she went along with Nedzu's nefarious plans since the bear assured her it was in Izuku's best interest to figure out where he stood at the current moment with his mental skills before bringing up the notion of therapy. She didn't understand his intentions were more biased towards another subject of interest and would make Izuku feel cornered.
Of course, she demanded fresh pork as compensation for dinner tonight for his 'horrid' actions towards her pristine coat, but that was an easy price to pay to not have his surrogate mom angry at him anymore. Sure, the day is far from being over as he needs to bring his girl up to speed on everything that's happened as that will probably be another train wreck in itself, but Izuku feels strangely at peace for the first time since USJ.

Though, Izuku thinks he may need to update his previous ranking of which teacher is his favorite at the moment as it is now a very tight race for first. Of course, Izuku loves All Might. I mean, how could you not? He's All Might. All Might even acknowledged him when no one else would and gave him a chance with a life changing choice that will allow him to save even more people in the future. Once he gets past the bone breaking stage anyway...

But for a brief moment, even when Izuku had never felt so cornered and afraid in his life, Aizawa-sensei somehow came and dispelled his fears. Every single one, even though he definitely knew he was still crying and a total mess. In that single moment, he somehow gave Izuku autonomy in a major choice so he could do what he wanted for the second time in his life. And he felt safe. Something that hasn't really been the case since the villains attack. Even before then, if Izuku thinks about it as it was more superficial before All Might came into his life because he always had to avoid the bullies and random villains constantly. Even though it was only for a single second, Izuku couldn't help but feel that everything would turn out okay.

Izuku honestly felt like he was drowning in so many emotions that he was just utterly overwhelmed before his teacher's intervention, not sure where to orient himself to cover his bases. And when Aizawa-sensei came over to him and said sorry? That his teacher basically said it was normal for him to run from them instead of scold him for it? In a weird strange way, he felt like he was finally whole again as if he was missing something in his life. What that something is, Izuku doesn't know, but he aims to find out, even if it means going through the scary counseling session with Hound Dog-sensei first. His apprehension hasn't left him so easy, but his thoughts keep drifting back to his homeroom teacher.

Aizawa-sensei somehow must have known exactly when and where to push him, or at least that's what he figures at the moment, even though it was pretty clear his motive was to find out about his closest held secrets. It was kind of like he knew Izuku better than himself, kind of like Bakugo does, almost reading him like a book on what was safe to talk about and where to push him.

But that's not the important thing. Regardless of his own curiosity, Aizawa-sensei still gave him a choice. A choice to chose what he wanted to do what was best for himself. Very unlike Nedzu who simply wanted the unfiltered truth of his quirk, who gave him no choice other than to run to hide from them to simply stop all the questions. And sure, All Might had been the first one to give Izuku a choice when he offered his sacred quirk to him, but in that moment in the office, Izuku felt in complete control as strange as it seemed. Perhaps it is simply a calm before the storm as he still feels wary of their constant probing of him, but Izuku wouldn't like to think so.
For a single moment, Izuku was able to choose what he wanted without any of the normal weight that came from such choices. It was like whenever he was with Pappy. He felt...powerful. Alive. And, as strange as it sounds since he was still completely distressed at the time and still kind of is, he feels wholly content.

Of course, things are still 'messed up' as Bakugo had put it since Aizawa-sensei couldn't make everything go away in that moment. It simply isn't possible nor that easy to cast everything away. It's because Izuku is still terrified despite everything. And he would be a complete liar if he said otherwise. He's terrified of his mother. He's terrified of his friends dying. He's terrified of his teachers dying. He's just so afraid that everything he holds dear and cherishes is going to come crashing down if everything comes to light about his past and his quirk. And then there's the whole thing with...

Izuku blinks owlishly before internally panicking.

**Oh lord, I forgot all about Todoroki!**

Izuku mentally pats rushing shopper Izuku on the back for his magnificent foresight to buy that external drive for his research on helping his friend in the midst of going crazy about stocking up his new apartment. Izuku may be free from Inko, but Todoroki isn't free from Endeavor. Just thinking of the hero hurting his friend makes him shudder. Sure, Izuku doesn't know all of the details and perhaps he is overthinking things, but Izuku just can't agree with that line of thinking any longer. It just seems so unrealistically optimistic, especially since he's seen how it is on the receiving end of such abuse and every sign is pointing him in that direction.

Izuku bites his lip as a plan forms in his head.

*Okay, so after the talk with Tsuki-chan tonight, I'm going to jump straight into find everything on his father... If there's no homework of course. Okay, homework first and then--*

"Whose father?" Hound Dog-sensei questions with a quiet ruff.

Izuku immediately turns red as he realizes pretty quick his thoughts were not simply thoughts. "Uh, it's nothing! I'm just thinking about the new hero I saw the other day and I wanted to get ahead on my notes on him and--!"

"Slow down pup." Hound Dog-sensei assures with a toothy smile under his mask. "No reason to
get so riled up. Also, don't worry about yer homework. Nedzu had told us not to assign stuff til tomorrow, though there will be plenty of work from yer classes ya missed. All of the homework assignments from today will be given tomorrow, so there's not much time to dilly dally."

Izuku smiles as he relaxes his tense shoulders.

*Todoroki it is.*

"Thanks for telling me Hound Dog-sensei!" Izuku chirps back before adopting a sheepish expression. "Oh...I'm sorry about... you know..."

"Nah, it's fine pup. Don'tcha worry 'bout a thang." Hound Dog-sensei rumbles soothingly. "Though, you can call me Inui if that makes you more comfortable since we will be working together today."

"Um..." Izuku bites his lips again as he'd rather keep his teachers as heroes as much as possible, sans for Aizawa-sensei. "Is...It's just..."

"It's your choice." Hound Dog-sensei offers after smelling Izuku's apprehension to the subject, surprising Izuku a slight bit. "Whatever is fine with me pup."

"Hound Dog-sensei is okay with me then..." Izuku trails off as they reach a new building on the trail that they turn towards.

"Meh office is in this set." Hound Dog-sensei informs as Izuku as the walk up the steps. "If ya ever need anything, even if it's fer yer homework, don't hesitate to pop in for a visit, 'kay? If I'm not here, then I'm probably sniffing around the teacher's lounge."

"Okay." Izuku reaffirms as he tenses through the doorway, entering the unfamiliar area as a blast of soft blues from the paint and greens from plants around the room hits his eyes. In the center of the room that looks like the reception, there is a beautiful mural full of swirls and stars on a thin pillar wall, sort of like the artist who made it own version of a galaxy. It's shape divides the room in a unique way, almost like a person is swimming on by the mural as they move through the room towards the main clerical windows.

"Hi Inui!" A lady behind the glass waves with a bright smile. Her blue wavy hair that moves and
bounces almost weightlessly around makes Izuku infer it probably something to do with her quirk, probably a simple appearance augmenter if he's assuming correctly. The woman looks at him after adjusting her funky stark purple glasses frame. "Got yourself another pup, huh?"

"Don't tease meh Aozora." Hound Dog-sensei whines slightly underneath his gruff voice. "Ya know they are all my pups. Every single one."

"Don't worry Papa Bear, I won't scare away your cubs." Aozora's eyes crinkle as she laughs at Inui's clear protective growl. "Hiya cuties! What's your names?"

"My name is Midoriya Izuku." Izuku provides with a slight bow of his head before petting his girl's head as she directs her attention towards the receptionist. "And this is Tsuki-chan. It's nice to meet you...um...?"

"Aozora Nami at your service. I run the front office and set up appointments." Aozora returns with a friendly smile before adopting a more mischievous one. "So, what'cha do to get caught in the slammer?"

Izuku pales at the implications of her words, meaning that he was actually tricked by his teacher after putting a sliver of trust in him. "What!?!"

"Aozora, yer scaring the pup. Quit with yer jokes." Hound Dog-sensei gruffs after smelling Izuku's distinct distress at such a notion that makes him frown. "Midoriya, you aren't being arrested."

"Ah, boo!" Aozora scrunches up her face in a big pout while Izuku exhales a held breath in relief. "Let me have my fun Inui. You know I have to grill the new recruits."

"L-like hazing?" Izuku offers with a slight wariness in his voice, still sweating quite a bit.

"Yes! See? He gets it!" "No, we don't haze our pups."

The two catch each other expressions before both of them start laughing as if it was normal banter. Honestly, Izuku is more confused than panicked at the moment, so he joins in, even if it's a very nervous laugh.
"Don't worry so much kiddo." Aozora brings the group back to order with an understanding smile at Izuku's distress with the peculiar situation. "We like to have fun here, so feel free to loosen up a bit. If there's anything I can do for you, just ask."

Izuku fidgets a bit before trying to make a request since his throat probably won't last much longer and he's not sure if there is any water in the room they are headed to. "Could I... um, if you would..."

"Speak up pup." Hound Dog-sensei prods. "No reason to be shy."

"Water." Izuku finally squeaks out in his embarrassment. "I would l-like some water."

"One glass of water, coming right up!" Aozora chimes back as she grabs a cup from under the desk before placing it on the counter, sliding open the window. "Now watch closely! I'm about to blow your mind kid."

It takes a moment, but after a moment of deep concentration, Izuku watches with stars in his eyes as water starts pouring into the cup, seemingly out of thin air as her hair falls back down to her shoulders.

"Oh my gosh! You have a water control quirk!" Izuku squeaks in excitement as he starts his rambling at the amazing quirk in front of him. "I thought it was appearance augment one with how your hair floats like that! Since your hair fell back down, you must be constantly moving the water in the air causing that effect to happen--"

"Got it right in one kiddo." Aozora confirms with a warm smile as Izuku sheepishly apologizes for getting so excited over her quirk. "And yeah, I can't really stop my quirk from affecting the water in the air. It was such a pain when I was a kid as I constantly got people wet around me from it always being on, ya know. So, I make do with what I have. I learned how to move the water underneath my hair so well I can probably do it in my sleep!"

"Really?!" Izuku giggles already deep in thought about such a notion.

"Joking slightly I'm afraid." Aozora smiles fondly while her eyes shift to something on the desk as Izuku tilts his eager head to hear more about the quirk in front of him. "Well, my partner will attest to it happening sometimes during my sleep, so it's half the truth. You have no idea how many times we have had to change the sheets because of that."
"Oh." Izuku's demeanor drops as he could see how that would be uncomfortable. After all, no one likes a wet bed. "I'm sorry..."

"Nonsense! She said she'd never have me any other way as she absolutely adores my hair effect." Aozora waves him off as it really is no big deal as he relaxes at her positive vibe about it. "She constantly brags about it too, just like an awestruck brat."

Izuku nods as he knows the feeling. Quirks are always so dazzling to him.

"I tell ya a secret." Aozora winks like it's a trade secret. "No one can change your starting line, but you can always change your outlook on how you deal with such things as you race towards the finish. In fact, it can even become a strength that helps keeps pushing ya forward. Personally, I'd like to think my starting line is just slightly more flashy than most."

Izuku smiles back at the nice lady and her fantastic quirk rippling through her hair, the dots connecting in his head on what she's referencing. "I think your starting line is a great look on you."

"Thanks kid." Aozora grins as she reaches out of the window with the cup. "Here's ya cup though. Don't worry about a thing as I can separate the toxins if I really concentrate on it. It's basically filtered water now."

"Thank you." Izuku accepts the cup as he takes greedy drinks as his throat is almost screaming at him at this point. After a moment of reprieve, Izuku hears a clearing of a throat bringing his attention back to his teacher.

"Come on in this way Midoriya and we'll get started." Hound Dog-sensei instructs as he opens the door to the other offices.

Izuku takes a brave deep breath in before entering the hallway with determination to find out what is best for him as he takes the first step forward from his past and into his future.
Reflections and consequences of it being a long terrible weekend have made themselves known. Izuku is about to learn how to swim for himself instead of flailing about.

Me: My baby is finally getting a rest from all of this junk my brain put him through and having to make adult decisions... *sniff* I'm so happy and proud at the same time...

My Brain *coughs after peeking out of the darkness*: Are you sure about--

Me *shoving it back in the closet*: This has been a long time coming... Let me fucking have this :)

Also, bonus tip. For any OCs I make with names, I always hide references in them, whether they be cute, interesting, or something else. For example, Tsuki's name translates to Moon which is a reference to her declaration of Izuku's nickname 'Moon Child' she uses for him.

Have fun decoding them as they pop up! Take a look at this chapter's one if you can figure it out. :D
The second Izuku's butt is in the cushy couch chair, he starts inhaling his food after giving his girl the first bite as promised, only stopping his ravenous appetite every now and then to offer Tsuki another piece of the cooked pork, careful not to accidentally give her some of the rice underneath as she seemed to shy away from them when the first piece had some on it. He knows cats can eat rice, but he won't force her to eat something she doesn't prefer after all.

Izuku hears the clicks of a keyboard being used from Hound Dog-sensei's desk in the corner of the room away from him and the couch but he doesn't focus too much as he's savoring his own cooking by feeding the both of them as they were understandably esurient. Izuku even shares the water left from his cup as he tips it at the right angle for her to lap up the water comfortably when she prompts him for some.

After a good minute of munching, Izuku ears pick up on his teacher clearing his voice. Looking back up from his bento, Izuku sees his teacher deposit his face mask on the computer desk as he makes his way to the opposing couch in front of Izuku. "Sorry 'bout that. Just had to add ya to the system and block off meh schedule for our time today in case there was anyone who came in fer an emergency."

Izuku nods in understanding before putting another bite of food in his mouth, studying his teacher's current expression. Surprisingly, he seems tense which was starkly different than a minute ago out in the reception area. Regardless, Izuku makes no comment on it as he waits for Hound Dog-sensei to make the first move as he is still wary of how this will all play out.

"Well, as I said on our way here--" Izuku instantly lowers his chopsticks back into his box to put away his food to not be rude as they talk, something that his teacher clearly catches early on. "--No, Midoriya, you can continue yer eating. It's no trouble."

Izuku shifts a little, but complies as he resumes his eating while his teacher continues.

"Anyways, the first visit with meh always goes down like this." Izuku finds his eyes drifting towards his teacher's hand gestures before recognizing them as they follow along with his gruff
voice. "Usually I have the test to guide meh, but I'll have to improvise on that one. So, I think we should start with ground rules after introductions and see what you want to get out of this experience--"

"You know sign language." Izuku barely mumbles, cutting him off unintentionally as he didn't quite catch his whole message in his own musings.

"Grah..." Hound Dog-sensei follows Izuku's line of sight to figure out his student's surprise and see them firmly on his own hands. "Oh this? I sometimes have pups who need meh to sign, so I do it whenever I'm in the office. Would you like to sign instead if ya know it?"

Izuku puts down his chopsticks to free up his own hands. "I can do both equally if needed."

Hound Dog's face scrunches slightly before signing again his query. "Would you prefer speaking or sign?"

Izuku fidgets hard at the question, abandoning the notion of eating the rest of his meal completely at this point as he knows he can't really delay the inevitable questions any more. "Speaking is fine..."

Hound Dog-sensei nods at his request, but clearly notices the discomfort and instead gestures beside Izuku in the box under the coffee table. "If ye want, I have some stuff fer you to fidget with while we bark a bit."

Izuku blinks before following his gaze to the point in space in question. Once found, he shifts in the chair to look around in the box of knick knacks to fiddle with before he spies something near the bottom that makes his heart almost stop.

NO WAY! Is that really...?

Izuku carefully separates the things around the cube before picking it out of there, mesmerized by its sight.

HOLY CRAP IT IS!
"Grr..." Hound Dog looks at the object in Izuku's hand that almost has him in tears as he always wanted one. "You like that olde thang?"

"This is no old thing Hound Dog-sensei..." Izuku would never be embarrassed for losing a tear or two at feeling the cool smooth cube's surface with his own hands as he twirls it around to see its true condition.

Hearing the unsaid question, Izuku starts to explain the simple, yet amazing toy in his hand. "It's a Rubik's Cube. I can't believe I'm holding one..."

"Rubik's what's it?"

"They made them during the time right before quirks started to appear." Izuku informs since it makes sense his teacher probably wouldn't have the same extensive knowledge as he does on the pre-quirk era. "I always wanted to have one, but they aren't being made anymore and most left behind are in such poor condition that they can barely work at all. And of those that still exist, they go for astronomical prices since avid collectors basically hold a monopoly on them. Sure, I could have made one myself since their blueprints have been leaked online long ago, but I always want to have a genuine one to play with. I didn't even learn the trick for speeding through it because I wanted to experience it for myself and figure it out as I played with it and--"

"Ya know..." Hound Dog cuts off his mumbled rant as he looks at Izuku's clear amazement at the simple puzzle with high regard. "I think yer the first pup to ever to pick it up since I put her in there. And I didn't even think it was that special...

"Where did you even find it?" Izuku breaths out in awe as he starts flipping the colored sides to get it to match it up as Tsuki sniffs at the air around the cube to check it out from his neck. "It even looks like one of the original 1980 ones... It's practically in perfect condition despite it being like way over two hundred years old..."

"It was some of the olde stuff in meh office when I moved in here." Hound Dog-sensei replies watching the growing stars in Izuku's eyes at flipping the puzzle tiles over and over again. "I just kept the whole box for any of my pups who need it, but I didn't realize it was so rare nowadays..."

Izuku simply shrugs with his sole empty shoulder as he continues his fidgeting with the puzzle. "It's not your fault. Most people don't really know much about the stuff before quirks appeared. I only know about them because I did a probably unhealthy amount of research of the era and stumbled over a ton of stuff like videos games, this Rubik's Cube, and other oddities..."
"And why would ye say that?"

Izuku blinks before raising his gaze back to his teacher. "Well, it's true. I feel like I'm one of the only people who even likes stuff from that era. It's like everyone was in a rush to forget that part of history since quirks were held in much higher regard, or at least now we do. Most textbooks even gloss over that stuff unless there was a big war happening during that period. And usually, that stuff is from right at the crux of quirks being discovered that led to the disarray that occurred as super powers became the norm. Sure, at the beginning, there was a lot of persecution similar to Salem Witch Trials that happened centuries before then, but once heroes made their appearance on the scene, quirks became praised and worshiped. Heroes basically had a systemic impact that is still felt for generations. Even now, those consequences can be seen in how little we've progressed with our technology. Instead of interstellar travel, we focus on quirk regulation and the advancements quirks can bring to our everyday life..."

"Huh..." Hound Dog-sensei rumbles as he eyes the toy with intrigue. "I guess I'd never really thought about it like that..."

"It's not necessarily a bad thing..." Izuku shrugs one shouldered again when Hound Dog raises a brow at his comment. "Quirks, I mean. Sure, there have definitely been some negatives as we shifted our focuses when it comes to a lot of stuff that caused suffering for a lot of people, but suffering has always existed. It's just one of the flaws of humanity itself. It's kind of why people say history repeats itself. In a way, being human is both a blessing and a curse as we compare each other to ourselves. That comparison breeds jealousy, which leads to hate, then persecution, and eventually death. Humanity has always feared things they don't understand. But it's far more than just being a human emotion that drives us to extremes. Every living thing always fears the unknown. It's why birds will fly away instantly from what they perceive is danger, even though it could be as simple as a person throwing them some seed that would nourish them. It's why wolves try to hunt in packs instead of by themselves as they fear going hungry when the season gets bad and food sources become scarce. And it's why quirks scared people when they first emerged. It's only the unknown that truly matters in the end, whether it is death or something else entirely..."

"I think ya and Nedzu would get along well. He always goes on rant like that but it always goes over meh head." Hound Dog-sensei brings up that briefly puts a brief stop to Izuku's continued internal rambling after his voice drops off as it's a subject he's thought through on multiple occasions. Though, the rat's name makes Izuku nervous again. "Though, I think we should focus more on ya than the past."

"Oh..." Izuku sheepishly rubs his head as the tension rolls away again. "Sorry about that... I sometimes forget I'm rambling..."

"I'd like to think yer processing information, but that's just meh." Hound Dog-sensei muses to Izuku's surprise. "But that doesn't mean we won't talk about that stuff though if ye want, especially
since ya seem to enjoy it quite a bit..."

Izuku simply nods as he waits for the dreaded questions he fears might come up.

"Let's bark about what you would like to focus on with meh before we focus more on that." Hound Dog-sensei tilts his head in waiting as he presents his inquiry. "From everything that I told ya, who would you like to be when you leave meh care?"

"Who I would like to be?" Izuku parrots back in visible confusion.

Hound Dog-sensei simply nods. "I've found with my pups that askin' them where they want to be is more telling 'bout how I can help them grow up strong."

"Who I want to be..." Izuku mumbles more like a statement than a question. "Well, I want to be a hero. I want to save people."

Hound Dog-sensei nods again. "That's good and all, but that's more 'bout what ya want to do, not where ya want to be emotionally."

"Oh."

*What... do I want?*

Izuku bites his abused lip again till he actually tastes metal on his tongue as he ponder the simple yet complex statement alone in his head.

"*Moon Child, I believe you are thinking too hard...*" Tsuki mentions after a good few minutes pass by in silence, even though Izuku is hard at work thinking about it. "*Why not ramble a bit, as the Dog put it?*

Izuku gives Tsuki a stiff nod before letting his words come out to voice his inner conflict. "I'm not really sure Hound Dog-sensei. I just can't figure out how those two are different is all..."
Hound Dog-sensei shifts in his seat as he crosses his ankles. "The difference is that one of them is how you want to help others. The thing I'm asking fer is how you want to help yourself."

"Oh..."

**How do I want to help myself?**

Izuku ponders the question over and over in his head. The first thing he reasons that has to be done is to find the problem that's causing him to need help. Izuku knows he saved himself from his mother. He knows that his choice to leave probably led to Monoka-san's death as he wasn't there to catch it in time. But his mother could always come back. She could sink her claws into him again since she knows he's in UA. She could tear him out of there faster than he could blink and he wouldn't have any say in it. He knows he threatened her with exposing what she did, but that would lead to more and more questions. It would just end up with his own misery when his quirk comes to light.

**But everything aside, the question really is... Am I really happy right now?**

Izuku blinks as he feels tears streaking down his face at the realization, that no, he's not happy. Sure, things are better at the moment, but for how long? How long can he keep this all up? How long before either he breaks the careful balance of being free by slipping up with his teachers or his mother does it for him by coming back for him? How long can he last like--

"I don't know what I need. All I know is that I'm not happy." Izuku finally admits in his moment of vulnerability. "I'm just scared. Like really scared..."

"Scared of what, pup?" Hound Dog-sensei prods with a deepening frown.

"A lot of things, I think." Izuku dodges expertly that simply makes his heart hurt a little bit more. "I just feel scared. I don't know how else to describe it."

"So, if I'm understanding correctly..." Hound Dog-sensei grabs Izuku's attention again with his eyes. "Ya would like to not feel scared."

Izuku breathes in deeply before nodding at his teacher. "Yeah, I think so."
"And how would not being scared make you better?"

Izuku mulls over the question for a moment before a yawn hits him. Tearing at the exhaustion setting in his eyes with his hands, Izuku blinks a couple times to get mentally back to the session. "I would be happy. I'd be able to help others better I think..."

Hound Dog-sensei nods as if in agreement. "Alright, so let's come to the next question this poses. What makes ya scared?"

Izuku freezes as terror starts to wash over him, making him grip the cube a little tighter than before. "I...um... I mean..."

"We won't go into specifics today pup." Hound Dog-sensei assures with a soft toothy smile. "Only in general."

Izuku opens his mouth, but finds it strangely mute as he really doesn't know how to say any of his current distress and fears without there being severe consequences to such admissions. And that hurts him more than he thought it would. Finally gaining the courage to say at least something, Izuku puts down the cube so he can sign so he can at least give his teacher something to work with that is safe. "I'm scared about being Q-U-I-R-K-L-E-S-S..."

"Quirkless?" Hound Dog-sensei echos in confusion. "Why would ye ever fear that?"

Izuku sighs involuntarily before signing his reply. "I'm scared of being powerless again. Of being Deku..."

"Did yer bullies tell ya that?" Hound Dog-sensei gently prods as he puts two and two together from what he's heard and been told about his patient. "That you were useless?"

Izuku nods, though his gaze is now strictly on his own hands with the ground as his backdrop. "I never listened to them, but deep down... I think..."

"You acknowledged their opinion of ya?" Hound Dog-sensei offers after Izuku doesn't sign anything more for a good long moment of time. "You do know, quirk or not, that doesn't make ya
anyway worse or better than them. After all, quirkless does not mean useless."

Izuku blinks away his tears forming in his eyes at his teacher's words. "Yeah, I know."

"Would ya like to talk 'bout yer bullies a bit?" Hound Dog inquires as Izuku's face falls at the question as a new reality hits him. Hard

_I can't talk about them. I just can't talk about all the things I want to as they would just lead to problems. Just more stress and questions to be added onto my already big pile of problems._

"Is therapy supposed to be calming?" Izuku asks instead of answering the question after stifling down a yawn. "In general, I mean..."

"It depends pup." Hound Dog-sensei's eyes carry a great heaviness and worry in them. "Though, a big part of therapy is getting out of yer comfort zone. If ya can't accept that, then it might make things worse."

"I don't..." Izuku returns his gaze back to the ground as he signs again. "What if I'm not ready to do that?"

Hound Dog-sensei simply hums as the question registers. "I don't think any of my pups were ever ready per say. I can definitely say with confidence there are things right now that I'd probably never be comfortable with talking 'bout to someone else. But just because ya aren't ready to face it doesn't mean that ya can't. Sometimes, ya just got to go chase it for yerself regardless of being ready."

"Okay..." Izuku signs, his gaze still thoroughly fixed to the ground.

"Do you think ya aren't ready for this?" Hound Dog soothingly brings up after Izuku drowns in his own tired melancholy for a bit.

Izuku gets caught up in a storm of yawns that make him drag against his eyes to make his body quit its protests before he can answer his teacher's question.
"Actually, I think now is a good spot to stop fer today. It's no use to ya if yer too tired." Hound Dog-sensei stands up to leave. "Wait here, I'm gonna go fetch ya a blanket..."

"Wait!" Izuku's eyes snap open from their previous half lidded state. "I'm not that tired, I'm fine--"

"There's nothing wrong with taking a nap, especially since it's been a long day for ya. You can crash on meh couch if ya want while I'm gone." Hound Dog-sensei assures as he moves toward the door. "I'll be right back..."

Izuku simply watches tiredly as his teacher walks out, leaving him and Tsuki alone in the room. It's not long before Izuku shifts over to the couch, looking up at the ceiling trying to come to a decision about what to do as Tsuki curls up on his chest protectively. Barely blinking, Izuku finally comes to a conclusion as he starts to slip into a long and well deserved nap.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/11, Checked for errors 3/14
Far From Home (The Raven) by Sam Tinnesz

Izuku: I'm perfectly fine.
Hound Dog: ...
Tsuki: ...
Izuku *stomach growling*: Okay, I lied. I am exceedingly hungry.
Tsuki: And?
Izuku *yawning*: Okay, I am also a very tired bean...

A/N: Hi guys! Sorry this one was a bit late. I had it originally all done, but when looking over my notes, I really felt like I hadn't done it enough justice to move things along to where I want them to go. So here's the final product and I hope you all enjoy the improved version.
You And I

Chapter Notes

I'M ALIVE GUYS! I SWEAR!

Read the notes for more details if you are interested and now back to your regularly scheduled program...

Decisions, Decisions, Decisions...

And a wild protective Dadzawa makes another appearance!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku's nose twitches for a moment as something soft and furry brushes past it.

"Moon Child."

Izuku doesn't reply as he's too tired to wake up to the silky voice calling out to him.

Another brush comes by as he scrunches up his face a little at its annoyance.

"Moon Child. It's time."

"Nooooo....." Izuku barely groans out in protest, finally sensing the feeling coming back to his extremities.

"Moon Child..."

"N--" Izuku doesn't even finish his reply to her as a heavy paw swats at him, making him jolt his eyes open in surprise.

Tsuki simply blinks at him, purring on top of his chest like she didn't do a single thing wrong just
now. "Oh good. You are finally awake now. Perfect."

Izuku blinks blearily at the traitor. "No thanks to you...."

"Says the one who has slept for literally four hours." Tsuki points out with a flick of her tail.

"What!?!" Izuku's eyes widen in horror as he only meant to take a simple nap. "Four hours!?!"

"Exactly." The vixen coos under her gentle purring on his chest. "That was why it was imperative for me to wake you in such a manner."

"Where--?" Izuku looks around Hound Dog-sensei's office to find it void of anyone at the moment sans the two of them.

"The Dog went to bring your other teachers here I believe." Tsuki mentions. "He said he would be right back, so I decided to wake you in the meantime. But sadly it seems it wasn't such as easy a feat as I had previously imagined."

Izuku fishes out his phone to see the time, but finds it dead as a doorknob. "Crap..."

Glancing over to the clock on the wall, his fear that school has been over for an hour is seen to be true. "Well this is just great..."

"What's wrong Moon Child?"

"I wanted to work on Todoroki's stuff for him today as soon as I could." Izuku grumbles as he wipes the sleep from his eyes. "But apparently my body didn't get the memo..."

"Well, it has been such a rather unusually long day. I would be a liar if I said I wasn't taking my own cat nap right with you." Tsuki shifts off Izuku's chest as he attempts to sit up. "Though, what is all this about with your Todoroki?"

Izuku blinks his exhausted eyes before answering. "I think his dad is abusive, so I want to gather
"Like your mother?" Tsuki almost snarls as Izuku feels her malice radiating from her.

"I don't know the details, but I want to save him." Izuku curls a fist as he stretches out in his new sitting position, removing himself from the blanket. "I don't want anyone else to suffer what I have. I won't stand by and let it just happen again. Especially since I can do something about it."

Tsuki seems to nod at his declaration. "What is your plan of action, my Moon--"

Tsuki is cut off by the door opening, directing their attention to their visitors. Izuku simply watches as Hound Dog-sensei, Aizawa-sensei, All Might, and Nedzu all shuffle into the room. Izuku involuntarily tenses at the sight of the bear, but he tries to keep an open mind since none of them seem to be radiating out their emotions at the moment for some reason, almost appearing very neutral in fact.

"Ah, yer finally awake pup." Hound Dog-sensei addresses as Izuku yawns a bit to stretch out more to warm up his muscles. "That's good."

"How are you feeling Young Midoriya?" All Might broaches carefully, honestly making Izuku feel like his mentor is dealing with a delicate situation rather than him.

"I'm okay..." Izuku trails off as he flexes his stiff shoulders from sleeping on the couch. "Tired, I think... but I'll be okay."

"It has been a rather long day, hasn't it?" Nedzu cheerfully brings up with a smile. "I'm sure you are more than ready to greet tomorrow instead. After all, tomorrow I will be helping you get set up with your new project that I am looking forward to greatly."

Izuku hums as the details of said project seem crazy to accomplish, but if that keeps him off his mysterious quirk for at least five minutes, then he will be satisfied. Especially since the rat had such a crazy excited grin from its mention.

"Nedzu, I think you have something to tell Midoriya." Aizawa-sensei glares at the dog that is clearly deflecting from the original purpose for his visit.
"Ah yes." Nedzu smiles as if something had simply slipped his mind. "Midoriya-kun."

Izuku hesitantly catches the dog's gaze, hoping it's not more questions.

"I would like to formally apologize for my rude behavior by not taking your feelings into account while bringing up the therapy process." Nedzu bows slightly to Izuku's surprise. "I can't help for the fact that I am naturally curious, but I should have recognized as your educator that my curiosity simply went too far. For that, I am sorry."

"Oh, please. Don't apologize." Izuku pleads as he doesn't deserve such an apology, waving his arms wildly in protest. Sure, he didn't appreciate it, but he literally ran from his teachers. If anything, he should be the one saying sorry at the moment. "I shouldn't have overreacted and--"

"It doesn't negate that you felt the need to flee." Nedzu brings up, cutting off Izuku's attempts to let it just slide as he closes his mouth. "All I ask for is for us to put this whole debacle behind us so we can move forward uninterrupted. I'm sure you feel the same?"

Izuku nods in agreement as there is nothing he would like more than to never have to be analyzed for his hidden quirk. "Okay. I still feel bad about running though... I shouldn't have done that. I'm sorry..."

"It's illogical for you to apologize for being scared Problem Child." Aizawa-sensei scowls as Izuku tenses at his teacher's bluntness. "There is no apology necessary. The only thing that matters right now is what we are going to do for the future."

"Speaking of which... Pup, do you want to do another session?" Hound Dog-sensei brings up in front of all them as Izuku stiffens at the last word. "I know we didn't get to do all the things we usually do the first time but--"

"No." Izuku replies quickly with no hesitance, even though his gaze moves strictly to the ground when he does.

"No...?"
"I'm not ready yet." Izuku notes as he looks at his girl briefly. "So, it wouldn't do me any good I think..."

Tsuki ears prick up at his admission as her gaze finds his. "Are you certain Moon Child?"

"Yeah." Izuku nods at her. "I can't tell them everything I would need to be better without risks and that won't do me any good as it would just cause me more stress to keep everything under-wraps. I want to talk, don't get me wrong. I really do, but I simply can't yet. I'm still kind of in the middle of everything. I just need some time..."

"If that's your choice, Moon Child, then I will accept it." Tsuki allows with a bow of her head as Izuku pets her fondly. "When you are ready to confront the past that haunts you so, I shall be at your side to guide you if you so wish. Though, that does not negate our conversation for tonight."

"Of course not." Izuku smiles gratefully. "Thanks for understanding Tsuki-chan."

"But--!"

Aizawa-sensei glares at All Might, cutting him off before his mentor can finish his outburst. "If Midoriya isn't ready or doesn't want to, we can't force him. It's always been his choice to make that decision for himself All Might."

"I know but if what you said..." All Might drops off his protests due to another pointed death glare from his homeroom teacher.

"I'm fine All Might. I thought a lot about this today believe it or not." Izuku smiles tiredly at his mentor as he gives them half of the equation of his plights. "I know the previous bullying has taken a toll on me, but I'm just not ready to face those consequences. I need stability first to be able to face it. Losing Monoka-san... I just need some time for myself I think..."

Everyone in the rooms shifts a bit in their stance even though Izuku stands firm by his words as he continues. "I'm not saying I won't want to in the future, I'm just kinda unbalanced right now and just making that kind of commitment... I just don't know... I know I'll be okay eventually, but for right now..."

"That's perfectly fine." Aizawa-sensei assures as Izuku stumbles to find the right words to convey
his feelings without slipping up on the actual reason why. "We are here to support you regardless. We want you to reach out to us only when you truly feel comfortable to do so. Not before and not after."

Izuku fidgets on the couch for a good minute as he mulls over his teacher's word as his exhaustion simply has gone away as much as he had hoped it would with his impromptu long nap.

"I'm sorry for getting overwhelmed today." Izuku breaks the silence with an apologetic smile while Aizawa-sensei adopts his trademarked scowl at the admission. "I guess I caused you all a lot of trouble, huh?"

"It was no trouble pup." Hound Dog-sensei assures with a low soothing rumble. "If ya ever need to bark with me, meh door is always open regardless of if it’s a session. Aozora likes ya a lot too, so she’d probably enjoy ya dropping by. She wouldn't stop yapping at meh about ya when I left."

"She's really nice..." Izuku breathes easy as he adopts a small smile about the desk lady. "Her quirk is really cool too..."

"Perfect! That's all settled then." Nedzu claps suddenly, startling Izuku a little bit. "If my estimates are correct, which they always are regardless, school has been over for quite awhile. I'm sure you are both eager to return home, yes?"

Izuku nods before shakily attempting to stand so he can retrieve his backpack and other notes from the classes he missed today. He doesn't fall, but his exhaustion is clear to all in the room and how deep it really runs as he finally finds his balance again.

"Kid, you are dead on your feet. Let me take you home." Aizawa-sensei offers.

Izuku starts to open his mouth in protest since he doesn't want his teacher to go out of his way, but finds it might be even more suspicious if he refused. Plus, he really is tired and not having to walk home does sound a bit nice. "O-okay..."

Izuku scoops up Tsuki to ride on his shoulder before he shambles out of the office, following his teacher so he can go home to truly get the rest he so desperately deserves.
All Might: So how'd it go...?

Izuku *shrugging*: It was an alright nap. Probably 6/10 in my opinion. Since it was on a couch you know.

All Might: And....?

Izuku: And what?

All Might: How was therapy?

Izuku: Wow. Was that really what we were supposed to be doing?

All Might: *sighing in exasperation*

A/N: Hi guys! So, many of you probably don't know this, but I'm a college student. Engineering in fact, so rip my sleep schedule. I'm moving my upload schedule to every two days at the moment as my winter break is basically over with and school has been in session with this week being the second week. I took a break this weekend after fixing the previous chapter up a bit so I could take some time for myself. I may have to scale it back to uploading a chapter to once or twice a week if things get super busy, but rest assured I am NOT dead and there will be more of this as I enjoy writing it a little too much that it probably should be illegal honestly.

Anyways! Thank you so much for your kind comments and support as I really didn't think this would take off or be interesting to anyone at all. I kind of felt like it would just be me shouting my ideas to the void and that would be it (Shut up self deprecation, go back to your closet!). So, thank you for reading this as we follow Izuku becoming the greatest hero ever! :D
Every good story has a car ride scene.

And now mine does too! Uber-free as well.

Izuku couldn't stop fidgeting in the seat ever since he got in there. Sure, the stuff he missed was pretty minimal in retrospect and is securely in his bag at his feet, but he's not sure if his teacher is truly okay to drive. Especially with all of the bandages that has him wrapped up on his arms and such. He's not quite sure why his teacher is still injured, unlike him who had his injuries cleared days ago. If he remembers right from the interview, Recovery Girl simply only needed to give him two healing sessions at most to fix everything. For his teacher, that clearly must not have been the case.

Must be because of my original quirk and the extra stamina then... Izuku muses tiredly. I wonder how Aizawa-sensei's--

"What is it Midoriya?"

Izuku flushes as it must have been obvious he had a question on his mind for a good while. "H-how is your...?"

Aizawa-sensei shifts a bit before answering, cutting off Izuku's unsaid question. "I'm well enough to drive if that's what you are asking."

"I meant...um..." Izuku bites his lip till he tastes bitter metallic as the worry is slightly eating at him. "H-how is y-your quirk?"

Izuku waits a good minute before his teacher actually makes a sound and the sigh from him makes his heart drop in worry. "Y-you can't use it for more than a second, can you?"

"No Midoriya, that's not the case." Aizawa shakes his head. "It's true I probably lost a couple good seconds, but that's not important."
"Of course it is!" Izuku argues as the weight of his teacher's words hit him hard. "Your quirk is a part of you. Of course it matters. Would you say losing an arm isn't important?"

Aizawa-sensei stills as his gaze never leaves the road for a good minute before opening his mouth again. "Hypothetically, if you knew someone who never wanted to use their quirk, what would you do?"

Izuku frowns at his teacher as his thoughts instantly wander to his classmate. "Is this truly hypothetical?"

"Humor me."

Izuku looks down at his girl as the continue the drive to his apartment. If Izuku's teacher was taking the long way, he simply doesn't notice as he tackles the conundrum. "I would encourage them to use it. But it still would be their choice what they do with it in the end. After all, it's their quirk not mine."

"Interesting..." Aizawa-sensei mulls as if thinking about something hard. "Why would you encourage them?"

"They could only hurt themselves if they deny a part of themselves," Izuku offers with a shrug. "Quirks are like muscles. If you stop using it, your whole body could go in disarray in at least the physical sense, possibly in more aspects depending on the exact type of quirk. The opposite is true if you overuse it, like pulling a muscle from overwork. If you think about it in that light, there are probably a good number of people in the world that have literally gone mentally insane or did something violent because they couldn't legally do something that comes naturally to them. It's one of the reasons why I think the overregulation of using quirks is absurd. Of course, no regulation would be equally stupid, but making it completely illegal except for specific special cases is absolute overkill. It's like the government knew everyone with legs could walk, but demanded the populace to be in wheelchairs instead except for only a select few. All that type of regulation does is breed discomfort and contempt that leads people to lash out in different ways..."

Aizawa-sensei shifts in the seat as he catches Izuku's hunched over frame cradling his cat in his lap in the corner of his eye. "You sound like you are talking from experience."

Izuku shrugs with a frown of his own as he ponders the notion. "I mean, technically speaking, I guess I do. I don't think there was ever a single day I didn't see a quirk being used in school..."
because they couldn't do the same freely in public. If they got caught in school, they would get a simple slap on the wrist instead of being arrested for illegal quirk usage without a license. It's no mystery why a lot of violent criminals usually start their careers straight out of middle or high school you know."

Izuku instantly feels malice radiating outward from his teacher due to his round about way of thinking, making him flinch slightly at the intensity. "Your bullies tested out their quirks on you, didn't they?"

Izuku doesn't give him an answer as he simply focuses on petting his girl while addressing the previous question instead. "If it was a fear of hurting others with their quirk that was holding said hypothetical person back, I'd show them how all quirks have the capacity to hurt. It's like a gun. It only depends on the gun's owner what happens when it's used. After all, even with a quirk, people nowadays are still able to die from a bullet wound quite easily. Using a gun for protection, it can save lives from those who would like to hurt others. On the other side, using it for violence can instead take those said lives in a heartbeat. It's irrational to fear your quirk as you are going to hurt people regardless of whether you use it or not. The only important thing is one's own perspective and morals as they will shape how they use their power. And, depending on the quirk, they could do end up doing amazing things that could improve the lives of those around them or even the world. Just like heroes and scientists do."

Aizawa-sensei hums as he continues their drive, the familiar street leading to his apartment complex finally coming into view. "Speaking of fear... What happened with Hizashi?"

Izuku looks up at his teacher with visible confusion at his teacher's given name. "Present Mic-sensei?"

Aizawa-sensei simply sighs like he was annoyed. "The damn fool wouldn't quit whining about how he's going to be erased by Nedzu. And then when I mentioned you to get your work for the day, he referred to you as, and I quote, 'the hell spawn.' I was quite shocked, especially since he took such a good liking to you previously since you do good work in class... So, logically speaking, something must have happened. That or he's finally become delusional."

"Oh that!" Izuku laughs hard once it registers as he had completely forgotten all about his harmless teasing. "Well, I decided to become a vent gremlin for the rest of my life before Kacchan blasted me out of there. It was the one in our classroom for context--" Aizawa-sensei grumbles under his breath at the admission while Izuku continues with giggles between words. "-- and I simply told Present Mic-sensei that I knew what he did that made Nedzu so angry with him before being dragged off, without my consent mind you. You should have been there to see his face when it finally registered. It was absolute gold."
That actually gets a loud snort of out his teacher. "Zashi owes me 1000 yen then. I knew he was simply overreacting over nothing. He was already researching exorcisms and other stuff equally stupid to save you or something."

Izuku chuckles nervously. "Well, to be fair, Nedzu didn't like it much either when I found out. I had to hack into the camera system to find out said secret, but it was totally worth the risk of death to see Present Mic-sensei go crazy over its simple mention."

"Secret?" Aizawa-sensei furrows his brows in curiosity as he doesn't bother asking about how Izuku hacked into the system at this point since Nedzu's had his eye on him since the entrance exam and his damn espionage points.

"Oh, I can't tell you." Izuku adds quickly as he doesn't want to betray Nedzu's trust in him. "I promised not to tell anyone, but that doesn't mean messing with someone who already knew was off limits."

"You mean that stupid jam session he does every time he's stressed out or is it something new I should be worried about?"

Izuku gapes. "You know about it?"

Aizawa-sensei grins like he won the lottery. "It's not a secret at this point honestly. Most of the teachers have walked in on that spectacle that this point. I guess that means Zashi has finally joined the ranks of Nedzu's superficial hit list now."

Izuku snorts as they enter the parking lot. "You should totally milk it for all it's worth then. If he thinks I was possessed for simply mentioning it, I'd hate to think how he'd react to you actually trying to scare him."

"Kid, I've literally been waiting years for this." Aizawa-sensei admits with maniac grin as he parks the car.

"Poor Present Mic-sensei... He never stood a chance." Izuku giggles out without a shred of remorse as he prepares to leave. "Anyways, thanks for taking me home Aizawa-sensei. I really appreciate it."
"No problem kid."

Izuku frowns when he hears his teacher's buckle come off as he is just about to get out of the car with Tsuki. "Sensei...?"

"What is it Midoriya?" Aizawa-sensei inquires as he takes out the keys from the ignition in preparation to leave.

"Oh, you don't have to bother with walking me up there." Izuku assures as the dots connect as he gets out of the car, carefully to not jostle his girl as he places her in her favorite spot on his shoulder after shrugging on his yellow bag. "I'll be totally fine, so you don't have to--"

"You're tired Midoriya." Aizawa-sensei points out as he's already out of the car with Izuku to walk him up. "Just making sure you don't pass out on the way up."

"But--!"

"Just humor me."

Izuku relents as his teacher seems dead set in it anyway. "O-okay..."

The whole way up is awkward at best as Izuku isn't sure how to talk to his teacher now as his teacher seems to be in high alert, constantly looking over their shoulder and other things that suggest he's surveying the area for threats. Izuku just puts it in the back of his mind as he grabs his key to open the door to his apartment, figuring that it's just a habit from being an underground hero, constantly watching for villain attacks and other such things.

Izuku simply opens the door to his apartment, letting the cool air from inside wash over him as he enters the room, leaving the door open for his teacher if he wants to come in for some tea or something.

His teacher simply takes in the apartment as Izuku removes his shoes, careful not to jostle his girl on his shoulder too much from the movement. "Is your mother home?"
Izuku instantly feels a death aura emitting from his teacher and he flinches from it, even though it's not even directed at him. "N-no. S-she's away w-working right n-now..."

"Good." Aizawa-sensei nods when Izuku looks back at his teacher standing in the doorway, clearly thinking about stuff before reaching into his pocket for something. "Here Midoriya."

Izuku takes the slip of paper from his teacher's outstretched arm to find a string of numbers on it staring back at him. He can only assume it's his teacher's personal number. Looking up in shock, he decides to address the elephant in the room. "Sensei, I--"

"You don't have to say anything Midoriya nor explain a thing. That is simply for my own peace of mind." Aizawa-sensei shifts his analyzing gaze towards him. "If you ever need someone for anything, even if it's to talk, call it and I'll be there no matter the time of day. I would hide it under your contacts list or memorize it if you absolutely need to."

"W-what...?" Izuku breathes as he feels his head swimming in worry of being caught, already gripping his bag one-handed to keep his panic at bay and keep himself grounded. "...w-why are y-you...?"

"Because." Aizawa looks him straight in the eyes. "I want to support you no matter what's happened or not. Even if you never want to tell me a thing or don't trust me, I want to make sure you are happy and safe. And if you ever feel like that is not the case, I want you to have a way to reach me so I can give that back that to you. You deserve that at the very least, even if you don't think you do."

...

**He just wants... Oh...**

Izuku blinks before inevitably a few tears make their way down his face, definitely without his consent. "I..."

Izuku stifles a sob as he hangs his trembling head as he clutches his bag's strap a little tighter as he can barely whisper out his words. "T-thank you...A-Aizawa-sensei... I...a-appreciate it... a l-lot. B-but, I'm... o-okay. I s-swear..."
"Sure kid." Aizawa-sensei smiles softly as Izuku smiles right back at him even though its very watery at best as he wipes at his tears. "After all, you are my Problem Child. Someone has to look out for you given how reckless you are."

For the first time of being assigned that nickname, Izuku doesn't flinch as it adopts a more warm feeling to him. Instead of flinching, he laughs softly at his teacher's harmless teasing. "Yeah...s-sorry for all the t-trouble I caused t-today..."

Aizawa-sensei simply nods. "Take care kid. Make sure you sleep well so we don't have a repeat of today."

"R-right!"

Izuku watches from the door as his teacher descends the stairs to his car that they came in. "He really is a tired dad, huh?"

"I am never wrong in my deductions Moon Child." Tsuki purrs into his neck as he instantly wonders why he got his own nickname exactly. "Though, you have some explaining to do about why we came here of all places. I do not recall us living here before."

Izuku gulps nervously, his previous train of thought fading away quickly as he mentally prepares for the worst lecture of his life.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/15, Checked for errors 3/14

Must Have Been The Wind by Alec Benjamin

Izuku: Aizawa is such a dad...

Tsuki *purring*: So, you want to tell me all the reasons why I should kill your mother?

Izuku *nervous laughing*: Rain check?

Tsuki *already sharpening her claws*: Nope. I have to make sure it looks like an
accident after all.

A/N: Guys! We are finally done with the aftermath of USJ after next chapter when Izuku brings his best girl up to speed. I'm so ready for the Sports Festival antics. PLUS ULTRA!
"So, dinner first?" Izuku offers after shutting the door as his nervousness hasn't exactly receded and he's not totally sure he will get to go back to UA unscathed after this conversation. "I can make you the leftover pork from the--"

"No, you are going to hold up your end of the bargain right now." Tsuki huffs loudly as Izuku starts to relocate the two of them to the living room. "I have waited long enough Moon Child."

Once the two are comfortable on the rug opposing each other, Izuku dives head first into explaining the last couple days in vivid detail. Izuku brings her up to speed on everything that happened in both USJ as well as his mother showing up in the hospital. He also talks about what happened directly afterward in the car and what spurred him to leave their previous abode. He also mentions Monoka-san's death, but in not as many details as he doesn't want to break down all over again because of it.

"That heathen!" Tsuki seethes in pure anger over someone hurting her kid when he finally finishes. "Where is she now? I want to give her a piece of my claws!"
"It's okay." Izuku reaches out to soothe the bristling cat and her feral aura from his sitting position. "Tsuki-chan, it's okay. I'm okay, see?"

"I will not simply calm down Moon Child as you are not okay!" Tsuki hisses with her teeth bared as she bats away his hand. "She is a rotten wench who deserves to be punished for causing you such anguish!"

"Okay, she hurt me and I'm not okay. I won't lie to you about that." Izuku compromises as he tries to pet the distressed kitten to soothe her angry vibes. "And I'm so terrified of her right now. But I won't let her ever hurt me again. I made sure of it when I came here. Revenge won't help me Tsuki."

"Hurt you?" Tsuki tosses her head in protest. "She tormented you for something you simply could not control! And now she wants to use you now that you have one!"

"I know that!" Izuku finally shouts as he loses all control of his feelings on the matter, causing tears to spring forth. "I know that..."

Izuku sniffs hard as his gaze finds the floor. "If anyone k-knows that truth, I d-do."

Izuku sinks into the floor in a hunch as sobs take over his body, unable to speak anymore. "For years, I felt like it was my fault."

"It always was my fault..." Izuku hiccups, superficially hugging himself as the pain leaks out through his tears. "It was my fault that I was quirkless she said."

"It was my fault that Pappy died she said." Izuku affirms under his shaking frame. "It was my fault for being a burden to everyone she said..."

"It was always my fault..." Izuku sucks in a sharp breath. "And I trusted her for so long..."

"Moon Child..." Tsuki pads her way closer to the tiny ball. "It's not your fault."

"It was though." Izuku retorts bitterly. "And I punished myself for it."
Tsuki goes deadly still as Izuku shakes even harder. "I hurt myself over and over again... I was guilty and had no way to pay for my crime..."

"Oh kit..."

"For years, I was trapped. I couldn't live with myself and..." Izuku admits under his shameful bangs. "I just couldn't... I couldn't... I..."

"Couldn't what kit?" Tsuki prods gently.

"I couldn't die Tsuki." Izuku wails. "No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't die so that I could pay for being quirkless and disappointing everyone..."

...

"I just wanted to see Pappy again..." Izuku breathing starts becoming even shakier. "I wanted her to just come back and love me again..."

"I just wanted someone to accept me as I was and believe in me..." Izuku buries his head on his knees as he holds them in a death grip. "I just wish I died when she stabbed me with that stupid knife instead of being cursed to stay here..."

...

"Do you still wish to die, my child?" Tsuki broaches as she rubs her nose on his leg.

"N-no..." Izuku admits with a heave of oxygen. "It's... I... j-just..."

"It hurts so much that I can't stand it sometimes. I just wish I could have been normal so I wouldn't have to be so broken..." Izuku gasps between cries. "I even hated my quirk for the longest time..."
"Moon Child... You aren't broken..."

"But, when I saved those other scared kids from those traffickers with it..." Izuku sniffs hard as he ignores her. "I figured if I could trade my life for someone else's, even if it was only temporary, maybe it wasn't so bad..."

"Moon Child--"

"She took everything from me." Izuku burns with angry tears as he continues. "She didn't give me a choice. I didn't even want my cursed quirk. I was happy as I was. I just wanted to save people... I didn't need a stupid quirk to do that!"

"Moon Child, listen to me." Izuku peeks his eyes out from under his arms as he ceases his thoughts.

"Your quirk isn't cursed any more than I am a monster for mine." Tsuki asserts strongly as Izuku sniffs. "Your quirk is a beautiful and kind one. You found me with it when no one else wanted to help me. And I'm sure you will continue to find those who are lost and in need of aid. Your mother is the only one truly cursed."

"I know Tsuki-chan. " Izuku sighs as he sniffs again. "But sometimes, I fear waking up and finding nothing has actually changed. That All Might didn't offer me his quirk so I could help even more people. That I'm not at UA with my classmates that consider me their friend instead of their punching bag. That I don't have you by my side and that I'm all alone again. It's all just... a dream that I'm scared of waking up from..."

"This is not a dream Moon Child." Tsuki assures as she rubs against him lovingly. "I can assure you of that much."

"I know." Izuku concedes. "It's just I can't help feeling this way."

"Well then--" Tsuki purrs against his leg. "I must cuddle that way of thinking out of you till you forget such a notion ever existed."

Izuku laughs slightly at her determination. "M-maybe..."
"I should have told your teachers the truth about your mother." Tsuki observes after the long pregnant pause of silence. "She doesn't deserve your kindness nor your protection as it's only hurting you more."

"No, you can't!" Izuku desperately retorts in a panic as his head lifts up. "They will separate us and-!

"Then it is better that your mother is allowed freedom while you are stuck with the shackles of the past?" Tsuki questions him.

"I don't care about that! She's not my mother. She never was once Pappy died!" Izuku roars back. "You're my mom!"

Tsuki pauses her desired rant as she slow blinks at Izuku. "What?"

"You're my mom." Izuku repeats. "Maybe not biologically, but you are. And I love you more than I could ever love her. She is nothing but a stranger that killed and tormented me. I know we haven't been together for long, but you're my whole world Tsuki-chan."

"Oh kit..."

"And I love you so much." Izuku affirms with determination as he removes himself from his ball state. "And I won't ever let anything else happen to you. I meant what I said when I said that I considered you my family. And I'm not taking back those words. Not now, not ever."

"Moon Child..." Tsuki meows loudly as her tiny body crashes strongly into Izuku's lap. "I love you too, my child... It just simply pains me to see you suffering so... I simply want to keep you safe and happy..."

"I know. I'm sorry..." Izuku feels tears on his eyelids again as he hugs her tightly. "I want to keep you safe and happy too..."

"We'll watch each other's tails, okay?" Tsuki offers with a purr. "Now and forever..."
"Of course Tsuki-chan. I'm just so happy to have you here..." Izuku pauses for a moment before adding another thought on his mind. "I don't know what I would do without you..."

Tsuki gives off a desperate cry as the two of them huddle together with their tears running down their faces, hugging the other as if they would suddenly disappear forever. "I as well, my beautiful and kind Moon Child."

Izuku laughs with a watery smile. "Hey, why do you call me your Moon Child anyway?"

"It's a rather sad story kit." Tsuki purrs against his chest. "Though I suppose you deserve to hear it."

Izuku simply nods, waiting for her soothing words to come to the forefront of his mind.

"My dam was a kind one, very unlike yours." Tsuki finally speaks. "When my eyes finally opened, my owner cast me out after I spoke to them for the first time. She always would sneak out food for me as she felt wronged by them for sentencing me to death for something I simply could not control. Life was hard alone, but she always brought me the warmth of the world that I so desperately lacked. She was the only one who saw me as beautiful instead as a demon. She was always so certain I would find someone else who would accept me for who I was, even when I doubted that notion at every turn. Your kind words and desperate acts to save me that day reminded me of her so much that I could hardly believe my eyes. You gave me so much hope that I had long forgotten..."

Izuku's breath catches as he feels her shrink in on herself. "Your dam, is she..."

"Departed now, I'm afraid. After she left me behind, I had no reason to stay in her shadow." Tsuki's tone turns slightly pained. "She always encouraged me to use my quirk freely as she loved to talk to me in such a way. A true blessing she always assured me. Every single time I ever doubted otherwise, she would swat at me for my troublesome nature. Once she left me, I never wanted to talk again."

"I'm so sorry Tsuki-chan..." Izuku comforts the clearly hurting cat in his arms with gentle strokes.

"As I am. Though it matter little in the grand scheme of things. Life is always meant to cease. You are no exception to that rule as I am certain even you have limits as much as it pains me to voice it." Tsuki assures with a purr of her own. "She used to tell me to keep looking towards the bright
light in the night sky for guidance in my times of need. I only later came to know it was called the Moon in passing. She always said it was a symbol of great strength and healing for her when everything seemed impossible. Perhaps it was simply a childish delusion that is handed down from dam to kit, but I'd rather not ponder such a things. Especially since you gave me hope and I finally could speak my mind freely again. You saved me, so your childish nickname is such a trivial thing in retrospect."

"Well, I am rather fond of my nickname, childish or not." Izuku adds with a giggle as he nuzzles the cat with his chest. "After all, you're the best Tsuki-chan I could ever ask for."

"The only one kit." Tsuki corrects with a lilt in her tone that makes Izuku feel like she's smiling. "And you're the best Moon Child I could ever have the pleasure of raising as my own."

Izuku hums as they cuddle together, trying to drown their sorrows and pain hiding underneath their shining smiles. The soothing rocking Izuku performs makes him incredibly sleepy as he has really exhausted himself emotionally today, but he stays alert to enjoy the warmth his girl brings.

"By this year's end, I want you to have told one human what your mother has done in full as you have done to me. You don't have to talk about your quirk if you choose not to..." Tsuki brings up softly after a long time of rocking together passes. "But you need to learn to put trust in those around you. They are wonderful humans that even I would dare to call my friends as well."

"So you really like my friends?" Izuku asks hopeful.

"Moon Child."

"W-what?"

"I understand your tendency to deflect from sensitive topics is an instinct, but that is not appropriate here." Tsuki lightly scolds. "I want you to promise me that you will talk with someone, even if no justice ever comes from it. Or I will expose that bitch for her crimes on my own."

Izuku snickers as he replays her words in his head. "Wow. You cussed Tsuki-chan. I don't think I've ever heard you do that before..."

"I only curse for only the truly wicked ones." Tsuki asserts with a tut. "So don't you dare think you
get a pass to swear like a sailor as well. Any kit of mine must have higher standards than that."

"Okay mom." Izuku half-jokes with a warm smile. "I'll only do it for the ones who truly deserve it. You have my word."

"That's my kit." Tsuki returns with a warm tone. "Though, you still haven't granted me my request, you master of deflection."

"Okay. Okay..." Izuku finally concedes after a long moment of hesitation. "I promise I'll figure it out, okay?"

"That is all I shall ever request in this matter."

"Okay Tsuki-chan. I'll try my best to find someone to tell..." Izuku dries the wasted tears and snot off of his face. "So, now what?"

"Now?" Tsuki purrs lovingly. "Plenty of cuddles. Followed by some of that promised pork of course. We'll worry about your work after we calm down a bit."

Izuku laughs at his favorite little vixen. "Yeah, that sounds perfect."

"How's the homework coming along Moon Child?" Tskui leans over his paper as he scribbles.

"Good." Izuku replies quickly as he finishes his current page. "I've already written down the notes I've missed, and I'm on the last page of stuff now."

"That's good kit..." Tsuki tiredly rests her head beside his right arm. "I regret I am no help with this stuff..."

"Oh, don't worry Tsuki-chan." Izuku remarks as he rewrites the proper sentence structure for the incorrect one given. "I saved Present Mic-sensei's for last as it's a breeze. Plus, I could always teach you some of this stuff if you want so you aren't bored in class with me."
"Maybe later once you've had proper rest..." Tsuki yawns as she purrs against his free hand.

"It seems the exhaustion is mutual." Izuku smirks playfully as her eyes droop quite a bit. "I should be done in a few."

Tsuki seemingly hums against his arm as he scribbles even faster to get it all down so they can finally rest after the long and exhausting day.

"Okay, I'm done Tsuki-chan..." Izuku announces with a stretch after a good five minutes of work, waking up the very drowsy kitten from resting her eyes.

"Perfect." Tsuki blinks a few times before standing up. "I'm absolutely exhausted kit."

"As am I." Izuku admits as he shuffles towards the bathroom to get ready for bed. Once his preparations are all completed, Izuku opens the door to his room, allowing Tsuki to bound onto the bed.

Izuku simply chuckles at her enthusiasm as he slides under his covers beside her after setting his alarm for the new day.

"I hope you know how proud of you I am, my Moon Child. Everything shall be okay, so don't worry too much..." Tsuki murmurs before falling silent, only the slight rise and fall of her chest remaining.

Izuku closes his eyes, already a simple smile on his face as he feels his girls heat press into the blankets beside him. "Goodnight mom..."

Yeah. Everything will just okay.

Chapter End Notes
Demons by Alec Benjamin

So, this song actually came out yesterday and I absolutely fell in love with it! I felt like it fit this chapter so well compared to my previous choice, so I shall bless you all with more Alec Benjamin!

Also! The Izuku/Tsuki protection squad is ready for action!

Psst! Here's some awesome fics you should totally go check out for yourself while waiting for my updates. They deserve all the love as they are awesome reads:

- Hero by Magic_Ninja
- Deku? I think he's some pro... by myheadinthecloudsnotcomingdown
- Budding Rose by Beelzebub_fuckers
- Black Rabbit by TheFoggyLondonView
- Ripples on Deep Water by Silverleopard86
- Groomed by Moirai
- The Yakuza Isn't That Bad by Raider867, Whitetiger789

Happy reading!
Alright

Chapter Notes

Sports Festival! Sports Festival! Sport Festival!
\ \ ₉(っ´¨`;)_/ /

...incoming! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku basically bounces into the hallway with new energy for the brand new day ahead of him, but he's careful not to move too much lest he sends Tsuki flying or breaks his laptop in his bag with how clumsy he is. With his proud mom on his shoulder comfortably enjoying the ride in her vest, he pushes into classroom a few minutes early before class will actually start.

"Oh wow nerd." Bakugo smirks as Izuku zeroes in on his friend at his desk, his other classmates already milling about inside. "You actually took the door like a normal fucking person today. Congrats."

Izuku immediately flushes in embarrassment. "I know how to use the door Kacchan. I'm not a heathen."

"Sure Deku." Bakugo's smirk only grows wider at Izuku's obvious squirming. "You say that like you weren't in the fucking vent yesterday."

"It's not that bad!" Izuku protests with a pout. "I take the door almost all the time."

Iida, the traitor chimes in. "Actually Midoriya, out of all the days you have come to class, you have only used the door--"

"I have used it plenty!" Izuku cuts him off before he can give the number as he realizes pretty quickly it probably is that bad.

"I would have to agree with your friend Moon Child." Tsuki starts with knowing purr. "It's a rare occurrence that you do such a thing."
"Stop teasing me like this Tsuki-chan. Just because it's true doesn't mean you can call me out like this too..." Izuku whines at his furry friend on his shoulder without any malice. "I swear. Traitors. All of you."

...

Izuku finally notices the weird stares he's getting from him classmates after it got really quiet. "What? Is something on my face or something?"

"D-did you just..." Kaminari trails off.

"Talk to your cat like she spoke to you...?" Uraraka finishes for him with a worried face.

Izuku's jaw drops slightly as he realizes he never said that in his head and must have been way too comfortable with talking to her out loud around people now, especially after yesterday. Paling, he starts begging for forgiveness. "Oh god, Tsuki-chan I am so sorry! I didn't mean to out you like this and--"

"Close your mouth my Moon Child. You will swallow too much fish that way." Tsuki instructs with a knowing paw on his face as the entire class stare at the two in confusion. "This was inevitable I'm afraid ever since those horrid villains attacked you. Especially with your mumbling habit."

"I didn't ask at all..." Izuku protests with a slight audible whimper under her paw. "It wasn't fair of me."

"You were simply speaking your mind." Izuku swears he sees the vixen wink at him and it instantly causes him to start sweating bullets as he remembers her previous words vividly. "Though, I am impressed you kept it together for this long. You are awful at keeping secrets."

"I'm the best at keeping secrets."

Izuku instantly deflates at the pointed look she gives him. She doesn't even have to say a word to prove her point at all as Izuku knows he's already lost that battle.
"Okay, whatever." Izuku dramatically internally huffs at her jab. "Clearly no one is on my side today at all. Some family we are."

"Simply the best." Tsuki shoots back with a deliberate flick of her tail as Izuku retaliates at his sassy kitten with aggressive love pets. "Though, you should probably say something to your classmates..."

"I'll fix this. I don't want you to be outed if you don't want this..." Izuku brings up with a growing frown. "I'm so sorry..."

"If you can, that would be preferably kit." Tsuki purrs against his neck. "I'd rather not have eighteen children to look after with their constant jabbering to me."

**Okay, so how am I going to fudge this one... Oh, I know! I'll just--**

"WAIT! SO CAN YOUR CAT ACTUALLY TALK!?!" Basically the entire class shouts in surprise once they find the location of their own mouths as Izuku still hadn't addressed the elephant in the room.

"Rude. Tsuki-chan has a name okay?" Izuku points out with faked confusion to their conclusion as he prepares to lie by omission as he knows Bakugo is in the room and might call him out on it. "And she's not anyone's cat. She's my friend. And no, she can't actually verbally talk, but we make do with our system. She purrs if she agrees with something and rumbles if she disagrees."

"What?" Jiro questions with skeptical look. "How exactly?"

Izuku simply points to his neck where his girl is proudly sitting. "I already know she can understand what I'm saying when we tested out Koda's quirk, so I talk to her a lot cause she seems to like it. She purred right after his comment, so I assumed that it meant she agreed with Iida. The little traitor."

Izuku notices the continued skeptical looks on his classmates and he decides he might have to go about this in a different route as he prepares to sign. "Hey K-O-D-A, could you ask T-S-U-K-I what she wanted to say? I'm sure she is absolutely dying to share her side of the conversation."

Koda visibly brightens at his request. Tsuki starts meowing towards Koda for a long period of time
while the class sort of stares on in a weird fascination at the two's interaction. Izuku feels the burn of red eyes on him as if they are skeptical of his words, but they weren't a lie, so he's pretty sure Bakugo doesn't know anything concrete. Regardless, Izuku tries to hide his outward discomfort from the overanalyzing to not slip up.

"Okay, so first she said hello to everyone and that she is glad everyone is okay after the villain attack." Koda informs once their conversation finally subsides. "She wanted to let everyone know that she wholeheartedly agrees with Iida. Her Moon Child is constantly getting in so much trouble that she never can have a break with him around. Just yesterday, he went on an adventure in the vent system for their lunch and was late. She wasn't very happy about that."

"I just wanted to get our lunch..." Izuku pouts as he feels betrayed. "I though you weren't going to tell anyone that.."

"That was only for Zuchan." Tsuki flicks her tail straight in his face like a shit. "I never promised for any other. You should have been more specific."

"Why did you get to have such a cool cat?" Kaminari basically whines as Izuku snorts at his companion's sass. "That's sooooo unfair!"

Tsuki starts aggressively mewling at his poor classmate, making them step back a bit at the clear tonal shift.

Koda smiles shyly as he acts as the class medium for her argument. "She wanted me to stress to everyone that her Moon Child does not own her like a possession. If anything, she's the one in charge and calling the shots."

Tsuki gives a pleased meow at his classmate as he smiles in return. "You're welcome."

"Yeah! Tsuki is like our classmate." Ashido cheers with a wide grin. "Class 1-A's honorary twentieth member!"

The rest of the class shows their support with either cheers mimicking Ashido or with nods of support. Though, Bakugo simply tsks at such a notion like he was annoyed, making Izuku smile at his best friend's defiant nature.
"Though she can be really scary sometimes." Izuku points out after the cheering subsides with a slight pale face as he thinks of last night's proceedings. "Please never make Tsuki-chan angry."

"I agree. If anyone messes with my Moon Child, they shall face my claws." Tsuki purrs against his neck lovingly and protective. "You simply wouldn't like me when I'm angry."

Izuku suppresses a snort. "Did you just...?"

"So what if I did?"

Izuku can tell she's smirking under her smug tone as he rewards her efforts with well earned pets.

"Anyways, are you okay Midoriya?" Sato brings up with a concerned frown as some of the class coo at the cute girl snuggling lovingly against his neck. "Yesterday you didn't seem to be doing so hot..."

"Um, well not really." Izuku answers honestly with a shaky smile, though his classmates don't share his forced enthusiasm as they start looking at him with worried eyes.

"But that's okay cause I'm working on it." Izuku quickly adds to dispel their fears. "I'm so much better today, I swear. Plus, now I have Tsuki-chan with me again. She really is a life saver."

"Oh thank god..." Uraraka immediately breathes out in relief. "I don't think my heart could take that level of crazy another day in a row... Are you certain you're really okay Deku-kun?"

"I'm okay." Izuku confirms before nervously scratching the back of his head with a small chuckle. "S-sorry about worrying you all..."

"But seriously, what was that yesterday?" Kirishima brings up. "You were sparking like Kaminari's electricity, but they were green. I thought your quirk was a strength enhancer..."

Izuku instantly feels familiar red eyes snap towards him again as he sweats thinking up an excuse. "I... um..."
"Nothing is ever so straight forward." Tokoyami butts in while nodding as if it's making perfect sense. "It's probably something to due to the darkness within."

"Haaah?" Bakugo snarls with his teeth bared. "The fuck are you even on about?"

"Midoriya is one with the darkness!" Dark Shadow growls once he pops out with his claws crossed in defiance and ready for a fight against the feral classmate. "He has the buzzing! Not even your pompous ass got that you punk!"

"Buzzing?" Bakugo blinks for a second as if he's missing something before raging about the insult as it takes the highest priority. "Who the fuck are you calling a punk!?! You wanna fucking go Bird Brain?! "

"It's nothing! Really!" Izuku squeaks as he knows Bakugo is simply too smart and would probably figure it all out if he knew what he thinks his friends are implying, getting in between the two of them so that blood isn't shed over nothing.

"Dark Shadow, it's not polite to cuss." Tokoyami scolds, completely ignoring the fuming bomb in front of them that just about to pop and instead focussing solely on his rowdy partner. "And yes, Midoriya has the buzzing. But just because he's a fellow follower of the ever consuming void doesn't mean we understand the complexities that are quirks."

"Stop ignoring me and talking in god damn emo riddles!" Bakugo growls as his palms start smoking from frustration before he turns to Izuku. "And you! Start explaining shit nerd!"

"It really is nothing, I swear!" Izuku protests as Bakugo seems extremely impatient and ready to blow a fuse. "I don't know much about the buzzing that Dark Shadow keeps mentioning, but Recovery Girl said the sparking was just the excess from my quirk coming out because of stress. It's like when a battery is overloaded, but instead of a battery, it was my quirk. I just got too overwhelmed with happened this weekend, so it just boiled over."

"A battery...?" Bakugo barely echos as he furrows his brow.

Izuku freezes as that comparison doesn't line up with a strength enhancer quirk at all and he can almost literally see the gears turning in his best friend's head.
"What happened this weekend?" Todoroki addresses with a narrowed gaze at him even though his face remains neutral.

Izuku mood suddenly falls instantly as both fear and sadness flash in his eyes and his demeanor, leaving behind his previous predicament. "I..."

"Deku doesn't owe any of you extras shit." Bakugo snarls after seeing Izuku's hidden reaction to that statement. "Do all of us a favor and take your fucking questions somewhere else."

"If I remember correctly, you were asking questions only a second ago." Todoroki coolly delivers as his gaze locks on the growling blond as the rest of the class gain wide eyes at their now anxious classmate who simply focuses on their hushed whispering about him. "I am not allowed to be worried if one of my classmates is having panic attacks for seemingly no reason?"

"Deku isn't having them for fucking no reason you half and half bastard!" Bakugo snaps back in anger. "It's not your business anyway, so fuck off!"

"So you do know why." Todoroki asserts as if that was his whole goal from the beginning as Bakugo growls in retaliation. "Why is it your business to know but not us?"

"You think you're so special Icy-Hot, dont'cha!?!" Bakugo snaps back with his palms already rearing to go. "You wanna fucking go!?! I'll gladly fucking take you off your daddy's goddamn pedestal."

Izuku starts shaking from the pure malice coming from Todoroki coming from underneath his barely fazed expression. The air also dropped a few degrees, but it's his quirk that tells him of the true storm brewing just under the surface, simply another confirmation his fear that Endeavor is not a hero except only in name.

"Both of you! Stop this quarrel this instant!" Iida booms after noticing the lone shaking leaf in the room. "You are upsetting the rest of the class!"

Bakugo's feral expressions slightly softens when he sees Izuku's slightly pained expression, but his rage doesn't calm that easily. "Shut the fuck up Four Eyes! Don't you extras tell me what the fuck to do!"
"The nerve!" Iida scoffs at the flaming blond, simply fanning more flames. "We are your classmates. Don't you respect us at all?"

"Why the fuck would I care what you stupid extras think!?!" Bakugo rages back just as hard.

"Please don't fight guys..." Izuku whimpers from the malice being thrown around the room. "I'm sorry for causing you all to worry about me but this is just too mu--"

"Who the fuck said I was worried Shitty Deku?" Bakugo glares as if that was an insult. "You should get your fucking useless eyes checked since you're such a fucking crybaby all the time!"

"How can you treat all of us like crap all the time?" Jiro brings up bluntly when Izuku shrinks back at the shrillness of his friend's voice. "You even insult Midoriya all the time even though he's the only one you are even semi-civil with from what we've seen. You are acting like you are nothing but a bully."

"Don't you dare say that." Izuku growls to everyone's surprise as they never notice the slight shift in Bakugo's demeanor from being angry with his classmates to deep self loathing like he does. "Kacchan is an amazing hero. Just because you don't like his personality doesn't mean you can call him a bully. He's not actually mean at all."

"Yeah! He's like super protective of his best bro." Kirishima brings up with goofy smile as he claps Izuku on his free shoulder in a cheerful manner, jostling Tsuki a bit on his other shoulder. "That's like super manly ya know!"

"Deku's not my fucking friend Shitty Hair!" Bakugo rages back, but Izuku can see the smile of relief underneath his angry scowl. "God you extras a super annoying today..."

"Whatever you say Bakubro!" Kirishima grins that makes Izuku feel relief from the situation starting to defuse a bit. "You were super protective of everyone during USJ too, ya know. Admit it bro, you like us!"

"I hate all of you." Bakugo deadpans with a definite edge to his voice.
"Sure ya do you big softie." Sero grins wider at Bakugo's clear distaste for his sarcastic comment. "That's totally why you fixed some of our injuries before the medics helped us. Yup! Totally cause you hate us."

"Fuck you Soy Sauce Face! If I didn't fucking help, you assholes would have croaked given how stupid you all are. Did you fucking seriously want to get infections?" Bakugo bristles in protest before some of their classmates start to soften their original stances on their prickly cactus. "Even shitty Deku could have done a better job than you assholes! How the fuck haven't you learned at least basic first aid at this point!?!"

"Careful. That was almost concern I heard." Kirishima points out with a toothy grin as he moves to pat the feral pomeranian foaming at the mouth from the stuff being spewed bravely. "Don't worry! We'll help ya work on it bro!"

"Yeah, you can count on us dude!" Kaminari cheers with a thumbs up regardless of Bakugo's growing apprehension.

"Shut up Dunce Face!" Bakugo snips back. "I don't need your shitty fucking help for anything."

"Sure ya do tough guy!" Ashido grins wickedly as she ropes in the guys for a hug. "We're all gonna be the best of friends."

"Like hell we will Raccoon Eyes!"

Izuku giggles at the appalled look underneath Bakugo's face as he pokes the bear who looks just about to blow from the impromptu hug. "You can't escape friendship Kacchan."

"The fuck I can't!"

"It didn't work with me." Izuku teases with a genuine smile at his quarreling classmates as Bakugo struggles to get them off him. His lack of explosions to get out of their hold isn't mentioned, but is clearly noticed by the class. Or at least with Izuku anyway.

"Midoriya."
Izuku blinks before meeting two different colored eyes with a turn of his head. "Todoroki? Is something the matter?"

"You have panic attacks." Todoroki broaches as if wary of bringing it up with him as Bakugo lets off a rogue explosion from the chaos in the background.

Izuku sighs since it's not good to lie on something that's happened too frequently at this point to deny. "It's true, I do have panic attacks. Sorry for making everyone worry about me. I didn't mean to freak out like that..."

Todoroki's gaze falters for a second before regaining his focus. "What are your triggers? We could help prevent them from happening if you told us..."

Izuku freezes for a second before shaking off his apprehension to skirt around the problem. "I don't really know exactly... I just didn't have the best childhood I guess..."

Todoroki's eyes widen considerably. "What do you mean by--"

"I swear there is no normal morning with you problem children. I should have expelled all of you the first day." Aizawa-sensei gruff voice silences the group as the focus their attention to the annoyed yellow caterpillar in the doorway. "To your seats."

Izuku rushes to his seat alongside his panicked classmates without having Tsuki fall off his shoulder prematurely, trying not to make their teacher have a single reason to make good on his words.

"Now that that's settled, your fight isn't over just yet." Aizawa grins slightly towards Izuku like he knows something he doesn't. And that makes him way more nervous than he should be at the moment. "Cause in two weeks time, you all will be competing in the Sports Festival."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/19, Checked for errors 3/14

Alright by Judah & the Lion
Tsuki *sighing*: *I swear I can't have one normal day around you Moon Child...*

Izuku *whining*: Tsuki-chan, why do you do this to me...

Class A: W-what?

Izuku: What? I'm talking to my mom. Who mind you is being a pooping jerk right now...

Tsuki: *Excuse you. I'm a queen.*

Class A: EXCUSE ME BUT WHAT!??

Izuku *visible confusion*: What? Everyone has their own personal telepathic cat mom to cuddle with. You guys are acting so weird today...
"The Sports Festival is a renowned and prominent tournament that is enjoyed by people of all quirks. It truly is a prestigious honor to participate in such a life-changing experience. After all, I personally have been looking forward to such an opportunity since I was only a little girl." -- Yaoyorozu Momo

"These next two weeks are going to be mostly dedicated to your preparation for the Festival. You should all use your time wisely as you go forward from here." Aizawa-sensei continues. "The Sports Festival will be an excellent opportunity to market yourselves for internships."

Tsu raises her hand. "Internships sir?"

"Internships will allow you to get first hand experience with Pros, which typically occurring a short while after the Festival." Aizawa-sensei informs. "Not only that, but the whole world tunes in to the Sports Festival to see the new upcoming heroes, heroes and villains alike. You all would do best to respect that and how it would affect your careers going forward."

"Image as a budding hero candidate is extremely important." Iida shifts his glasses with a determined look. "It is our duty to represent ourselves and UA in the best light when competing."

"AWW YEAH!" Kirishima cheers with vigor, cracking his knuckles. "Sports Festival! Here we come!"

"I'm gonna do my best!" Uraraka cheers with her fist raised in victory.

"I am so eager to show off all the tools I can create." Yaoyorozu fans herself in pure excitement. "I have been waiting for this chance ever since I was a child."

Izuku smiles at his whooping classmates before a terrifying thing comes to mind that makes him frown as his classmates continue to get increasingly animated about the festival.
"Tsuki-chan, could we talk?" Izuku tries as pets her head softly.

"Of course Moon Child." Tsuki turns towards him with a tilt to her head as she sits down again. "What's on your mind, kit?"

Izu operates deeper as he sets into explaining. "I don't think it's safe for me to use my strength quirk. I can't let her see me use my quirk or she might come after me again."

"You shouldn't hide what you are Moon Child." Tsuki purrs softly as he scratches her chin. "You should act according to how you want, not because of her influence."

"Yes, but--"

"Midoriya."

Izu's head jolts up at the sound of his teacher's annoyed voice, who definitely did not get his attention originally. "S-sorry Aizawa-sensei. What did you say?"

Aizawa-sensei sighs. "I said, what's your plan Problem Child? Nedzu is pulling you out today during your free period to help you finish your quirk counseling, but we still haven't done the practical portion for you. So, what are you going to do if you can't control your quirk in time?"

"Actually sir..." Izu nervously fiddles with his sleeve as he shrinks in on himself. "I wasn't even really...um...planning on using it...at all..."

Aizawa-sensei's eyes widen slightly as his classmates voice their own confusion and concerns to his decision.

"Wait, what?" Ojiro brings up with a frown of his own. "Why wouldn't you want to use your own quirk?"

"Midoriya, you would be put to a severe disadvantage if you didn't use your quirk." Yaoyorozu brings up with concern written all over her face. "That's not even to mention how the pros will view you for marketable purposes. Sure, your quirk does serious damage each time you use it, but
wouldn't it be better to focus all of your efforts into perfecting it so you can use it correctly?"

"T-that's true t-that I w-would be at d-disadvantage, but t-that doesn't m-mean that I c-couldn't hold my o-own without it..." Izuku stutters as he tries to defend himself. "S-sure, it would b-be great to have my quirk w-working for the f-festival, but I'm j-just being realistic. As I s-see it, it might b-be months before I c-can figure it o-out without b-breaking anything. You a-all have h-had years to f-figure out your q-quirks. I've only ever used it six-ish times now. I have t-two weeks, so I s-should focus m-my preparation on t-things I can a-already do, n-not my q-quirk."

"Seriously nerd?" Bakugo turns around with a growing scowl. "When the fuck were you such a quitter?"

Izuku's heart drops as he knows his friend saw right through him as he technically is accepting defeat before his mother's ever watching gaze. He knows he's sacrificing his future hero career with not showing off a quirk to keep her away from him and Tsuki. He knows how the critics would react to him not using anything as the current news is not pleasant in the slightest. No one would accept a quirkless hero to their agency as he would be a liability at best if they weren't inherently prejudice to begin with. This could be his chance to show the world he's not quirkless and that he never has to wear that term like a cloak anymore. A chance he is outright refusing to do.

"I..."

Izuku shakes his head to get rid of his destructive thoughts as he meets his friend's crimson gaze with determination. "No, I'm not quitting. I'm just doing what I want to do. I choose what I want to do with my quirk and I'm saying that using as it's too big a risk. It does me no good if I have to have Recovery Girl fix me up after every event just to compete either. That's not my best and I want to give it my actual all if I'm going to be a hero. My strengths have never laid in my quirk, but how I approach the problems ahead of me. That doesn't mean I won't try and get it to work, but I'm not putting everything into it working. I have way more to offer than just my quirk and I can show that to them during the festival."

"You fucking better." Bakugo's expression breaks into a blinding grin. "And you fucking better make it to the finals so I can beat the shit out of you till you have to use it."

Izuku snorts teasingly at his friend's extreme competitive streak. "Not if I purposefully forfeit before then so you won't get the chance."

"Like hell you will shitty Deku!" Bakugo snarls angrily. "It doesn't fucking count if you don't go all out on me asshole!"
"I know Kacchan." Izuku sighs as he hopes fate wouldn't be so cruel to match them up together too early. "I was just teasing. But that doesn't guarantee my best is good enough to make it there to begin with. Everyone's going to be doing their best. Mine might not be better than theirs."

"You'll come up with something offhanded nerd." Bakugo grumbles as he turns around again. "Cheating bastard..."

Izuku chuckles lightly at his friend's petty round about way of giving him encouragement. "It's not cheating if it's not explicitly stated in the rules that you can't do it, Kacchan."

"Midoriya!" Iida cries in despair with his hands chopping in protest. "You can't just bend the rules to your own whims!"

Izuku smirks playfully as he looks at his earnest friend. "Oh don't worry Iida. Rules are meant to be markers of what you should be doing. Too bad I'll just be ignoring them all together."

"That doesn't make me feel any better Midoriya!" Iida cries in horror.

"He's fucking with you Four Eyes." Bakugo gains a smirk of his own. "He's not gonna ignore the rules."

Iida gives a big sigh of relief before Bakugo starts cackling. "He's gonna abuse the hell out of them."

Iida chokes on his air. "T-That's not any better!"

"It'll be fine Iida." Izuku smiles with sincerity. "It's not like anyone's going to die or anything. I would never push that far to hurt someone else."

Iida sighs hard as if exhausted with his shit, but there was definite relief underneath it.

"But possibly make them rage quit from my plans if they are petty?" Izuku grins widely. "Oh
"Can you not give your classmates an aneurysm for one day, Problem Child?" Aizawa-sensei grumbles at Iida having a complete melt down over the news of Izuku's plans.

Izuku shoots his teacher an eager smile at the use of his warm nickname. "Nope! That's why I'm the Problem Child, right? I have to live up to my reputation after all."

"I should have expelled you the first day." Aizawa-sensei shoots back with a groan, surprisingly without any true malice to be found.

"Too late!" Izuku grins happily at his teacher's visible pain. "No take backs."

Aizawa-sensei hums with a small fond smile as an obnoxiously blond person slams the door open, almost scaring the shit out of Izuku. Tsuki isn't so lucky as she's already hissing at the intruder for the sudden interruption to her pristine grooming session.

"ALRIGHT LISTENERS!" Present Mic-sensei booms as Aizawa-sensei makes his way out the room for the first class of the day to start. "WHO'S READY FOR YOUR ROCKIN' ENGLISH CLASS, YEAH!??"

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/21, Checked for errors 3/14

me & ur ghost by blackbear

Iida *disappointed dad face*: The rules of the games are sacred Midoriya.

Izuku: Of course. I would never break them. Just like how didn't when I hacked the UA servers to study for the practical exam.

Iida *sputtering*: HACKING IS ILLEGAL!

Izuku: Not if you don't get caught. Plus, they were literally made for that purpose. Can you really blame me for doing what they wanted me to do?
Iida *sighing*: Why...? Why do you do this?

Izuku: Because it's the one thing you can't replace.

Iida *visible confusion*: What? Midoriya, you aren't making any sense.

Izuku: Don't worry about it. It's fine.

Iida *sighing*: I swear you are such a trouble maker... Why do I even bother anymore...?

Izuku: Hey, rude! And to think you wanted me to be the Class Rep. Even you make mistakes sometimes, jeeze...
Is it obvious I wrote this while hungry because the *inspiration juice* was flowing? Oh well too late now!

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*Warning*
References to Child Abuse

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku mumbles a bit over his notes as he tries to make sense of the last few points. He breaks out his daze when Tsuki places her paw on his page, forcing him to look up.

"Hey Tsuki-chan." Izuku smiles as she purrs when he scratches behind her ear. "How was class huh?"

"It was fine Moon Child." Tsuki assures before blinking to his side with a scowl. "Though I was not pleased with the presence of Loud Bird."

Izuku blinks in confusion. "Loud Bird?"

Before she can answer, Izuku notices her looking to the side of them with intrigue. Following her gaze, he finds his friends already beside him. "Oh hey guys! What's up?"

"Wanna get lunch together?" Uraraka offers with a sweet smile.

Izuku smiles in return. "Yeah, that sounds awesome."

Iida also smiles, but his lecture still comes out. "Midoriya, you should be eating with us on a more regular basis. It's the function of what the cafeteria is for, yet you've rarely used it. Are you sure you've been eating properly?"
"Oh, yeah totally." Izuku moves to grab his packed lunch to show them. "I just eat outside sometimes. See?"

"Midoriya."

Izuku diverts his attention to his heterochromatic classmate behind his friends. "Y-yes Todoroki?"

"Can I talk to you privately?"

Izuku blinks for a bit before his mouth finally catches up. "Um, well--"

"You should eat lunch with us too!" Uraraka cheers with a smile, cutting off his response.

"I agree. This would be a great bonding opportunity for all of us." Iida grins. "Would you like to join us Todoroki?"

Todoroki's face doesn't shift much, but Izuku can definitely see the irritation underneath the mask.

"Wait, I could--" Izuku tries to remedy the problem as maybe he has something private to discuss.

"No." Todoroki cuts him off. "It's fine. I can wait until later. Enjoy your lunch."

Todoroki leaves the room with a neutral face, but Izuku feels his heart drop as his friend leaves them behind as he could vividly see the disappointment underneath.

"You don't think I was too pushy, right?" Uraraka smiles falls as deep self loathing comes forth to Izuku's surprise. "I hope I didn't hurt his feelings or something..."

"Oh no Uraraka! It wasn't you at all." Izuku reassures, though he can't stop his own frown from forming. "I think he just wanted to ask me something private is all. I think he probably felt bad about disturbing us..."
Iida hums and he straightens his glasses. "I agree with Midoriya. He seemed to have something on his mind. Perhaps he was simply inquiring on your wellbeing?"

"M-maybe." Izuku offers before standing up, letting Tsuki find her place on his neck to snuggle as they make their way there.

"Room for two more?" Tokoyami brings up from behind them before giving Izuku a knowing look. "Dark Shadow has been very persistent."

"Always." Izuku smiles happily as he's so glad he has friends who want to be around him, much different than in middle school where he had to run and hide to eat his meals in peace. Even then, it was not always a guarantee. "I'm glad we're friends."

"Fives a party!" Uraraka grins as she points towards the door. "Let's eat! I'm starving."

Izuku laughs at his friend's antics as they all start walking down the hallway towards the cafeteria together. "So, Tsuki-chan?"

"Yes Moon Child?" Tsuki rumbles.

"Who's the unlucky person with the nickname of Loud Bird?" Izuku smirks playfully as she bats at his smug face.

"The loud cockatoo of course."

"..."

Izuku bursts out laughing as he realizes she's talking about Present Mic-sensei, almost taking Tsuki with him as he clutches his sides to stop the giggles from getting too out of hand. "Oh my god that's hilarious!"

"What's so funny?" Uraraka prompts at Izuku's random outburst as she looks back to his giggling frame.
Izuku turns beet red before covering up his slip up as he rejoins them again after stifling his remaining giggles. "S-sorry... Um, well you know how Present Mic-sensei always yells at us in class, right?"

Iida nods enthusiastically. "Present Mic-sensei is such an inspiration in the classroom when instructing us on the English language. His methods may be eccentric, but he certainly understands the subject matter in a way that makes even beginners able to excel under his tutelage."

"Yeah, so anyway..." Izuku snorts. "He reminded me of something during class, but it wasn't until just know what that something was."

"What was it Mikumo?" Dark Shadow eagerly pops out for a visit with a grin. "I wanna know!"

Izuku stops walking in confusion to the random name. "Who's Mikumo?"

Tokoyami seems to realize something before he turns to his almost vibrating partner from Izuku's built up suspense. "Dark Shadow, I thought I told you last night we weren't going to call Midoriya that. He already has a name."

"Yeah, but I want to call him that." Dark Shadow pouts with his claws crossed. "It fits him better anyway."

Tokoyami rolls his eyes. "Just because it fits better doesn't mean that you can just change his name like that."

"Huh?" Izuku asks as he's really confused to his friends' argument. "I don't understand Dark Shadow..."

Dark Shadow perks up at his mention. "You agree with me right? Mikumo is so much better than Midoriya anyway."

Izuku frowns. "I mean, I don't hate the nickname if I'm understanding you correctly. But I'm kinda lost on why its better..."
"Because you feel like a nice fluffy cloud when the buzzing happens!" Dark Shadow explains with a gleam in his eye. "It's so fuzzy and bright, very unlike Fumi's smooth and dark buzzing. Plus you've always got your head up in the clouds with how you space out all the time!"

Izuku blushes at being called out with his habits. "I don't mean to space out..."

"I thought you preferred my buzzing." Tokoyami almost pouts at his partner who just gives him an eye roll in return.

"So, you are saying the buzzing you felt from me is..." Izuku frowns deeper as he's honestly confused at that point and has no idea what they are even talking about. "Warm?"

"Yep!" Dark Shadow grins happily, but Izuku's confusion still lingers.

"So weird buzzing stuff aside, what was this about Present Mic-sensei again?" Uraraka inquires curiously, breaking Izuku out of his current thoughts.

Izuku snorts again thinking about his sassy girl's original opinion. "He reminds me of a squawking cockatoo."

"Midoriya!" Iida whines as the others erupt in laughter at Izuku's comparison, including himself. "You can't disrespect our teachers like this!"

"It's so true though, Iida." Izuku points out between his giggles.

"Lighten up Iida." Uraraka barely gets out between her snorts as they enter the large area just before the cafeteria. "Deku-kun doesn't mean it in a bad way, I'm sure. Sometimes you can't help how your brain rationalizes things, ya know?"

"But Midoriya is--" Iida starts with an upset face, already hand chopping in his wake.

"I swear I'm not being mean to Present Mic-sensei--" Izuku starts to explain as he doesn't want to
disappoint his friend.

"I am." Tsuki cuts in with a growl. "I nearly scratched him for his incessant jabbering."

"I am not disrespecting Present Mic-sensei." Izuku reaffirms to his friend, ignoring her silent antics. "It was just something stupid I thought of. I swear."

"It's not stupid if it's accurate." Tsuki points out with a growl. "My ears felt like they were going straight through a meat grinder the entire lesson until the others came in."

"S-sorry Tsuki-chan..." Izuku's mood falls a bit from her discomfort.

Iida seems to consider his words for a second as they enter the cafeteria, looking for an open table to commandeer for lunch. "I suppose thoughts are a fickle thing to control..."

"Still, I'm sorry." Izuku offers that gains him a smile in return for his apology.

Seeing one with a divider, Izuku plops down against the cushion as his friends wave off to him to go get their hot lunches. Chewing slowly, he pets Tsuki with his free hand, hopeful to ease her previous discomfort while also sharing the spoils of his Shogayaki with her and giving her small sips of water from his bottle when promoted.

"Midoriya."

Izuku jerks up to the voice and finds his classmate's unchanging gaze in front of his table. A happy smile breaks on his face as he thinks he finally accepted his original offer to join them from so long ago. "Oh Todoroki, did you want to--!"

"You are trying to hide your quirk, aren't you?" Todoroki glares coolly.

Izuku pales dangerously. "W-what?"

"In class." Todoroki elaborates. "You don't want the public to know your quirk, do you?"
Izuku widens his eyes in a panic. "I'm not h-hiding it."

"You don't have to lie to me Midoriya." Izuku flinches at his friend's tone.

After a moment of silence, Izuku narrows his eyes in contemplation to what his true goal is. "So w-what if I a-am? W-where are you g-going with t-this Todoroki?"

"We are the same, aren't we?" Todoroki's glare softens as Izuku's silent acknowledgment of the observation betrays him to his friend's inquiry. "I don't know your story, but it's obvious what you went through is similar. I'm right, aren't I?"

Izuku's eyes soften as he tries to figure out what his classmate is trying to get him to say or do. "Todoroki... I..."

"You don't have to tell me everything if you don't want to." Todoroki shuffles slightly. "I wanted to say I know how it feels to be in the position you are in. But I also came here for a declaration of war, make no mistake."

"Todoroki..." Izuku's gaze turns angry as he knows now without any doubt in his mind. The details may be shaky, but the abuse is clearly not. "He should be in prison."

"That won't happen." Todoroki refutes immediately, though his own anger behind his own words lingers. "We both know why that is true."

"That doesn't make it right!" Izuku hisses before he feels his eyes start to fill with tears. "I... had a feeling... I w-wanted to be w-wrong... but he actually..."

"You know..." Todoroki starts as his face seems crestfallen at best. "...I don't know if I should be happy someone else knows how I feel or horrified it happen to someone I know as well."

"Abuse is abuse. It doesn't matter about the details." Izuku spits back in anger. "It doesn't matter if he's the fucking Number Two hero. He's a flaming trashcan if he... he..."
"You're not wrong." Todoroki nods in agreement with a hint of a smirk before refocusing on Izuku's hateful tears. "I'm sorry Midoriya, but I wanted to do this here first in case my suspicion was correct. It seems my theory was proven correct."

Izuku's eyes widen in panic of being caught. "Wait! Please, you can't tell anyone. If they knew then--!"

"I'm not." Todoroki assures to his instant relief as he finally sits down in the chair across from him. "I won't ask any questions if you don't want me to. I just wanted to confirm I was right before I declared war on you."

"W-war?" Izuku wipes his tears away in his confusion. "Why?"

"Make no mistake, I don't hate you Midoriya. In fact, you are probably someone I would consider a friend if things were different." Todoroki's gaze hardens. "But I won't hesitate to beat you. With or without your quirk. I have to prove I can do it without him."

Izuku's gaze falls to his friend's left side as a lot of pieces finally click together. "You hate your fire, don't you?"

"And you hate your quirk as well?" Todoroki parries without hesitation, his eyes searching his for answers.

Izuku doesn't want to lie as it is partly true, so he nods slowly. Deep down, he truly does hate how he got his stupid quirk, though he doesn't hate using it to save others. It's the only thing he truly cherishes from it, but that simple truth doesn't stop his own conflicted emotions on the subject from flowing out in his tears. "I didn't want it... I...didn't..."

Izuku scowls as he reminisces her attack in his head as he reins in his sobs. "I didn't have a choice. I was pushed and pushed until it finally..."

Izuku chokes on his words as he didn't think he'd ever say what happened to another person as more angry tears find their way down. "I was quirkless Todoroki... and i-it finally..."

Todoroki's gaze softens a bit more at Izuku's silent angry tears. "I'm sorry."
"It's not your fault..." Izuku mumbles as he wipes away his fruitless tears. "I shouldn't have been so naive. It would've happened eventually, I just deluded myself it wouldn't. That I'd blissfully stay broken forever..."

"Still. That doesn't negate my condolences." Todoroki's gaze shifts again. "Since you have All Might in your corner and I have Endeavor in mine, it's almost like fate that we are destined to clash."

Izuku startles at the comparison in confusion. "Todoroki, we aren't them. So, why are you...?"

Todoroki eyes harden once again as he stands up to leave. "I'm going to win Midoriya. This I promise you. Enjoy your lunch."

Izuku blinks before his brain catches up to his leaving friend. "Todoroki, wait!"

Todoroki hesitates his steps as he looks back, accepting Izuku's request.

"C-could...um..." Izuku bites his lip as he looks to the side. "Do you think we could be friends?"

"I'm not here to make friends." Todoroki curtly answers before walking away.

Oh...

Izuku would be lying if that didn't sting as he's choking down more tears from falling. But Izuku definitely saw the true pain under such a declaration from his friend. Todoroki was in despair, torn and battered in too many directions to count. Desperate for freedom and the right to choose for himself what he wanted to do. Something that should have never be stripped away from him to begin with, but still had to shoulder alone for who knows how long. Izuku would know. He's lived and died through that. Izuku blinks away his disappointment a bit before finally unbridled rage overtakes him as he starts putting the final touches to his plan in his mind.
"Tsuki-chan."

Tsuki lowers her paw onto his chest knowingly. "Yes, my Moon Child?"

"I promise you." Izuku's eyes shine in pure malice as he pets her lovingly. "I'm going to dethrone the fucker called Endeavor."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/23, Checked for errors 3/14

Castle by Halsey

Todoroki may have declared war, but Izuku has his canon pointing straight towards the real problem. An abusive flaming bag of trash. Endeavor better get his big boy pants on cause he's about to get his ass handed to him by a fifteen year old. And he doesn't need a quirk for that.

Izuku's getting upset! ■(๑•̀ㅁ•́ฅ)■
Chapter Notes

Not all conversations can be unheard as harsh realities are brought to light...

*Warning*
References to Child Abuse and PTSD

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_Fucking nosy pricks._ Katsuki grumbles as he digs into his own lunch.

He had hoped to get rid of the pushy extras when he left for lunch early and found his own booth to eat in peace. Apparently, someone just wants to fuck with him today since they spotted him in like zero seconds, already promising to come eat with him once they got their own stupid trays.

_First Deku getting cold feet about his shitty broken quirk and now these extras who won't stop hanging off me like monkeys._

_How much worse can this shit day even get?_

Katsuki takes an aggressive bite of his food before nearly spitting it out when a familiar voice surprises the fuck out of him.

"Oh Todoroki, did you want to--!"

Katsuki struggles to breathe after taking a big swig of water, barely listening in on the faint voices behind him over the roar of the cafeteria.

"You are trying to hide your quirk, aren't you?"

Katsuki stills, a growing frown appearing on his face as he leans back against his booth to hear the two's conversation from behind him a bit better.
"W-what?"

"In class. You don't want the public to know your quirk, do you?"

Katsuki clenches his teeth as that question haunts him, playing with it over and over as he tries to figure out where that came from as a girl nearby shrieks at her friend putting an ice cube down her shirt. If it was any other time, he would be head over heels laughing at the stupid bitch, but he needs to know what the hell they are saying and why.

**What the actual fuck is the half and half bastard headed with this conspiracy level shi--?**

"So w-what if I a-am? W-where are you g-going with t-this Todoroki?"

Katsuki narrows his eyes in confusion.

**Does Deku really not like his...?**

Katsuki shakes his head as a table nearby squeal in laughter like pigs, breaking off his ability to hear the conversation as he thinks over their words instead.

**No, the nerd is just worried about that stupid crap. He's an idiot who can't control shit. There's no way he'd ever--**

"...I don't know if I should be happy someone else knows how I feel or horrified it happen to someone I know as well."

Katsuki furrows his brows as he tries to dissect that nugget of info as he battles with the obnoxious tables around him making too much damn noise to make everything out that they are saying.

**What? What happened? What the actual fuck are those two even talking about!??!**
"Abuse is abuse. It doesn't matter about the details. It doesn't matter if he's the fucking Number Two hero. He's a flaming trashcan if he... he..."

Oh.

Katsuki feels dumb. A god damn fool. Of course the icy bastard's sperm donor is an abusive asshole. No wonder the stupid shit hasn't used his fire quirk yet. Trauma is a fucking bitch in a half. And Kastuki knows that shit well.

He'd never admit it out loud, but a good amount of his shitty nightmares end with Deku never showing up when he did. He's honestly lost count of the number of times he's woken up and gagged from tasting that nasty fucker's shit in his mouth again. That and watching the nerd die over and over again because he said shit he could never truly take back. All cause he's a prick with a stick up his own ass half the time and couldn't open his goddamn eyes for once before it was too late.

He'd die before admitting how many times he followed him around like a fucking lost puppy for months to make sure the asshole never took his shitty advice, never once coming up to the fucker and ask it outright cause he was scared of the answer he might find. Just like a fucking coward who never wanted to face the truth of his shit and atone for what can't fucking be undone.

Of course the dipshit forgave him like it was nothing. Like he didn't nearly drive him to his death for stupid shit that didn't mean anything. Fucking stupid martyr complex...

His only solace at the moment from that shit is because of his witch of a therapist riding his ass about talking through shit and the fact the nerd is seeing someone now, but those nightmares still persist whether or not he wants to admit it. And like hell he'll ever tell that witch about those shitty nightmares. It's probably fucking his due with karma anyway.

'If you sling shit, you'd fucking better be ready to be hit' as the stupid old hag would say.

So of course fucking Deku would pick up on the fucker with daddy issues before the other extras--

"You hate your fire, don't you?"
"No fucking shit genius!" Katsuki grumbles at the stupid idiot's question.

"And you hate your quirk as well?"

Katsuki subconsciously holds his breath as the long pause in conversation starts to fill him with dread.

"I didn't want it... I...didn't..."

Katsuki freezes.

Completely stops breathing as he's never heard the nerd sound so broken before as he hears his sobs come forth from behind the divider. Not even those assholes who suicide baited him held that much pain in his voice when he broke down about it. Not even yesterday's shit came close to how much suffering that waivers in that tone.

*De-Izuku couldn't seriously hate his quirk.... Right?*

*He's always fucking orgasming over quirks and always rambling about what quirk he'd get when we were brats...*

*It just came late and--*

*I didn't have a choice. I was pushed and pushed until it finally..."

What?

Katsuki growls as he leans farther back to hear better after the table beside him erupts in laughter, drowning out their voices from behind him.

*What the actual fuck is going on!??*
"I was quirkless Todoroki... and it finally..."

Suddenly pieces start to click together in his head.

*He said he was attacked and nearly died before he got his quirk. He didn't lie to me then and he's always been a shitty liar anyway.*

*And he has so many scars given what Teach said...*

*Did... Did those assholes from middle school actually beat him over and over again to force a quirk out of him?*

*They'd never be that cruel... Right?*

"I'm sorry."

Katsuki wants to throw up. Throw his tray in the garbage and never eat again. It really can't be what he's thinking. It just can't be true. It just can't.

"I shouldn't have been so naive. It would've happened eventually, I just deluded myself it wouldn't. That I'd blissfully stay broken forever..."

Katsuki's heart sinks to the ground instantly at the absolute resignation in the nerd's voice.

*Oh god they did. That's totally what they did.*

*No wonder the fucking nerd freaked the fuck out right after the bathroom incident if that was also another attempt to get him to manifest it.*

*No wonder he literally wants to jump out of his own fucking skin around the damn extras all the
And he probably wants to hide it from the public so they either won't fucking come after him again or have the bragging rights to say they literally beat the shit out of him for him to manifest it. He's absolutely terrified of them knowing.

No wonder he was fucking scared of telling me about it before. He probably was scared I'd be just like--

"Since you have All Might in your corner and I have Endeavor in mine, it's almost like fate that we are destined to clash."

Katsuki's stomach lurches as he tries to hold down his bile as his mind races to figure that one out, no longer hearing much around him due to all the stupid god damn noise around him.

What the fuck does All Might have to do with anything...?

Sure, his quirk can pack a punch, but there's no way it's even comparable to that definition of raw power.

My explosions are so much more powerful than that shit. Plus, All Might doesn't fucking break his bones every time he fucking sneezes--

Katsuki eyes widen slightly as he remember the stupid bird brain's comment about the buzzing in class. The ominous green sparks coming off his friend's body when he had that violent panic attack in class. And the battery analogy he used to describe it. It leads him to one conclusion that makes him lose all the color in his face.

No fucking way.

Izuku's quirk isn't even a strength enhancer, is it?

No fucking shit he can't control it if it's not enhancing him. It's literally breaking him instead.
Is it like raw energy because of all the excess sparking? Or something else?

What the fuck is his--

Katsuki nearly jumps out of skin when a hand slams down on his shoulder. "Hey Bakubro!"

"Fuck Shitty Hair!" Katsuki hisses at the dumb red head as he shoves the dumbass off him. "Don't fucking touch me!"

"You okay bro?" Kirishima frowns. "You look like you've seen a ghost..."

"Fucking fine asshole." Katsuki growls as he focuses on his food to fake having an appetite around the other chatty extras that join him in his booth to get them off his case.

Taking another aggressive bite of his now tasteless food, one thing is clear. He needs to talk to Izuku.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/24, Checked for errors 3/14

Dreaming by Koste feat. flowerkid

A/N: HI GUYS! It's a surprise update! I felt like this chapter should be updated together with the previous. Thus, I am posting it today. There will be a chapter tomorrow as well as it is the correct schedule, but I just wanted to put this one in right away since it's more of a reaction chapter. Hope your days are going great! :D

This song really speaks to me for this chapter a lot. I feel like it sums up Izuku's and Katsuki's trouble past relationship and how it bleeds into current events. Here's the lyrics for reference:

You've been hiding since the day I could feel
You couldn't tell me if the bond was real
I couldn't see
My heart had turned a brand new shade of teal
Your outer being starts to peel
Look at me
Months flew by
Your voice sang me a wailing cry
Who knows who's worth the try?
Your voice still echoes in my room at night
You're pleading to me what's wrong and what's right
But I found someone who taught me how to breathe
She showed me how it felt to finally unclench my teeth
Reality had drilled some disbelief
She's so real
But I feel like I'm dreaming
I feel like I'm dreaming

... 

Yeah, so this happened.

ESPECIALLY SINCE A CERTAIN SOMEONE HAPPENED TO HOLD THEIR 'PRIVATE' TALK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CAFETERIA!!!

TODOROKI! AAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!

Worst 'private' conversational skills ever award goes to yours truly....

Todoroki Shoto

And then we have Kastuki over here....

Denial is a two way street Katsuki. Denial is a two way street.

He's like soooo close yet so far off because of his own bias.
Izuku basically slumps in his desk while listening to Ectoplasm-sensei teach about plotting simple one variable equations. It's pretty rudimentary compared to what he's had to learn for his support projects, but Izuku can stop the feelings of despair bleeding out from him knowing his friend is suffering. The math just blurs together as he never puts his pencil to paper, staring blankly towards the front, barely remembering to blink in his daze.

Despite his declaration of war, his mood is still plummeting and he knows he has all eyes on him as this isn't the type of misery he can ever hide from prying eyes as it hits way too close to home. Especially since his friends picked up his change quickly when he abstained from talking at all after his conversation with Todoroki hit him harder than he thought. He'd be stupid if he didn't also feel the burn of his best friend's worried gaze on him ever since he came into the classroom and his not so subtle glances back at him throughout class, but he doesn't acknowledge it as his own thoughts take over.

Even with Tsuki's meows and encouraging words, he just can't bring himself back up from his current frustration and melancholy. He has a plan, but it's going to take time. Time that Todoroki is going to suffer through while he works. Even then, all of it rides on what Todoroki's decision is. True, Izuku could just release the proof to strip the Number Two Hero of his undeserved title and
to pay for his crimes for tormenting his classmate without his consent. But, that would destroy Izuku if he did that. He wants him to decide what to do with the information since it's not his choice to make. He never wants to take away another person's autonomy, even if he doesn't agree with the final conclusion. He's most frustrated with the fact he can't just plop the information into Todoroki's lap right now and save him from further torment and prevent any more unnecessary suffering. But he can't. He may not know the exact details, but the fact that his friend will be hurt while he puts everything together is crushing. It hurts.

He just can't sit still with knowing that he himself is free from his mother's influence but Todoroki is trapped under Endeavor's shadow. He knows their situations are probably different, but it doesn't stop his mind from wandering around and reminiscing his own experiences and all of the pain it caused. If Todoroki even feels an ounce of what he did, it makes it even more urgent for him to save him from the villain in hero's clothing.

∞

_You can't save Todoroki._

_Yes I can._ Izuku weakly defends from his harsh self deprecation. _I can still save him._

_Liar._

_I'm not lying..._


Izuku sucks in a harsh breath as he tries to focus on the board instead to block out the noise.

All of his thoughts swirls together and make the air feel suffocating as he elects to stare at his desk instead, just wanting all of his thoughts to go away. His trainings out of hell he survived for naught for simply being a late bloomer because his quirk required certain activation requirements. Something that was completely out of his control. Yet, he had to do every stitch and bandage to patch himself up after every single session like a broken shell. Just to simply survive for another day. Just for the bullying at school the next day to pull him apart from the seams again.
You deserve to be hurt.

No, I don't.

You're just their punching bag.

Izuku starts to shake as he knows that truth well. After all, it's only a matter of time before his friends turn on him like everyone before them, isn't it?

All of his haunting night terrors that will never go away. All of them screaming at him about the moment when his quirk manifested. The moment that took his innocence completely away from him. The moment he lost the only person that held out the belief that he was still worth something. But she left. Left him to die. Left him alone to pick up the broken pieces of his life. Left him to take care of himself when no one else in the world wanted him. Left him with the fractures and the scars of the past that he could never erase or truly hide from view. It makes him wonder if she ever did believe he was worth something and she simply did what she did to torture him for his genetic failure. A suitable punishment for someone less than human.

You didn't deserve any of her love and attention.

She hurt me.

You deserved it for being such a failure.

Izuku hangs his head slightly as he tries to stifle his whimpers, thinking over and over about her attack.

All because he wasn't like the other kids who still had their innocence and parents who loved them for who they were. Children who were blessed quirks that came naturally to them, no matter how strange or irrelevant other people thought of their quirks. It was simply that fact alone they had them that made them worth something. That they weren't inherently broken like him.

You'll always be weak, pathetic Deku.
I’m not weak...

You aren’t worth anything to anyone without a quirk.

Izuku bites his lip till he can taste something real. Something that keeps him grounded, even if it’s only for a brief moment.

All because he lost the genetic lottery, he was destined to lose everything. Izuku knows he was cursed to lose everything he held dear simply because he came out wrong, broken. First he lost Pappy. Then he lost Kacchan. Then he lost his body, scarred and broken just to find something that was impossible for him to find in life. Then he lost his life, only to be reborn in death to continue his suffering. Then he lost his mother, the only one who still believed he could be of worth to society. And now he's lost Monoka-san because he abandoned her when she needed him the most. How long does he have before he looses all of his friends? How long does he have before he looses his teachers? How long before another person dies because of him?

You kill everyone you know.

I've never killed anyone.

You kill them by simply existing.

Izuku clenches his fist, his nail beds almost breaking through his pathetic skin as he fights back against his tears.

All because he knows the public will never accept him as a quirkless hero. He knows he's destroying his future if he walks out on that stage without using his quirk. He's read the news. All of the articles bashing him and calling for justice against his entire cursed existence in the hero course. UA has cleverly abstained and deflected from the claims, but once the Festival starts, there will be proof the claims are true. That their opinions are valid. That surely there is some other child with an actual quirk and actually worth something that should have taken his spot instead.

Quirkless don’t deserve to be heroes.

I just want to save people...
Quirkless don't deserve to have dreams.

Izuku starts to sweat, fighting down his urge to search for something to hurt himself with. Something to ease the pain and distract him from all the heavy noise suffocating him in silence.

All because he's a coward that can't face reality like everyone else. That his only solace is hurting himself, something he promised he wouldn't do again.

You should do what your best at and run away from everything.

I'm not doing that again.

You know you need to.

I promised.

You are just lying to yourself.

Izuku shakes his head slightly to deny his urge to find something sharp to stop all of it.

All because he's still breathing and trying to follow his dreams. It doesn't matter that he just wants to save people. He can't show the world as he has to protect Tsuki. He has to protect his friends. If he has to throw his career away for his friends to be safe, he'd do it in a heartbeat. Switch can always come back so that he can still help people like he wants. But he knows he'll have to give back One for All if he does. He can't fail All Might like that. He may be a failure of a successor, but he can't destroy All Might's legacy like that.

You never deserved to have All Might's quirk.

All Might believes in me.
Izuku harshly clamps down on his palms, closer to breaking his skin as it shrieks back in protest, desperate for any type of release to stop the thoughts and feelings from overwhelming him.

All because he shouldn't have been alive and inconvenienced others with his failed existence like a stain that persists. What irony that he couldn't do the very thing they were all basically screaming at him to do since he turned four and nothing showed up to prove his worth to society. He should have died. He should have died on that floor like the disgrace he was. He should have died like a slaughtered animal. Yet, he was blessed with the very thing that started his torture in the first place.

You should have already died.

I know...

Why did you get to come back when others haven't?

I don't know.

YOU DON'T DESERVE TO BE ALIVE!

Tears prick at Izuku's eyes as he shudders as his self destructive thoughts take over, his breaths starting to shorten as his hands scream and itch for a blade.

I know. I know. I know I should have--

"Midoriya, could you plot this equation on the board?" Ectoplasm-sensei prompts, making Izuku jolt awake from his haze.

Taking one shaky look at the pointless equation, Izuku solves the first derivative to plot the extrema in his head on his slow walk up to the board. Without a word, he draws it quickly. Satisfied with his work, he puts the marker down to head back and sit in his seat to stare at the judging nothingness on his desk.
"Midoriya?"

Izuku raises his head again to his teacher's worried tone.

"Could you show your work for the class?"

_You can’t even do a simple math problem right._

Izuku nods dejectedly as he heads back up, showing the first derivative equation and stuff to plot the points, making sure to dot over the plotted points for extra emphasis. Not giving it a second look, Izuku heads back to his seat, but is stopped again.

"You already know calculus..." Ectoplasm-sensei stares at the board in surprise. "See me after class Midoriya, if you would..."

_You should be ashamed for failing him too._

Izuku stiffens for a single moment before nodding to his teacher's request and continuing back to his seat. Izuku ignores the wide eyes of his classmates as the only two subjects he's proficient in are math and English as he's had a head start. English sure was a side hobby for communicating with others, but the math has always been a necessity to understand the fundamentals of circuit design for his stuff. History always trips him up along with biology. And don't even get him started on the whole nightmare that is chemistry. It's no wonder why Yaoyorozu has the best marks in class so far. She's literally a genius if she can understand that stuff no problem.

_Quirkless should know their place._

_I'm not quirkless._

_Quirkless should die._

_I can’t..."
I know... Please stop...

YOU CAN’T EVEN KILL YOURSELF RIGHT?

Izuku nervously fiddles with his pencil in place of a blade as he watches his teacher show the proper way to do the problem with their current level of learning. He would whip out his laptop and start working on Todoroki’s situation to distract himself if he didn't have people staring at him or the fact he literally sits behind him, even if its not directly. Izuku blinks before realizing a better use of his time to work on than listening to the boring lecture and having to battle against his inner demons.

Silently, Izuku raises his trembling hand. It doesn't take long for Ectoplasm to notice after finishing up the example problem.

"What is it Midoriya?"

You're just bothering him.

Izuku bites his lip as he raises his hands to sign as he doesn't feel like talking at all right now with his thoughts all racing around in his head. "Is it okay if I start working on N-E-D-Z-U's project on my computer instead? I'll be quiet."

Ectoplasm-sensei blinks for a moment before sighing. "If that's what you want to do, go ahead. Don't explode or burn anything down."

See? No one trusts the pathetic Quirkless.

Izuku ignores his thoughts and the worried chokes of his classmates as he pulls out his personal laptop he fixed up himself from his bag. He had found the thing years ago, right before his ninth birthday at a garbage facility. It was pretty beat up at the start, but once he starting mixing and matching parts to fix it back up, she always purrs like a charm. It's actually why he named her Suiren. And in his mind, it's always going to be the name of all the computers that follow in her
footsteps once she finally breaks down for good as a tribute.

*You're trash that should have been disposed of years ago!*

Izuku winces at the thought, already booting up his computer to distract himself from the destructive thoughts. Pulling up his code for hacking the school system, he gets right into work for finding a base line, or at least what he thinks would be a good framework to use that will mess well with the system to distract himself from the pain. After mulling a bit between various websites and the existing system, he's happy to find he can use C++ as his baseline for the new UA operating system and use SQL and JavaScript to rope in any of the tables and other elements for the camera systems. The SQL and JavaScript stuff will have to come later as he's not familiar with it them much, unlike the C as he's used it quite frequently in the past.

Typing fast, Izuku is glad to already have about 300 lines of code already up and running for the base skeleton of his project before he feels a tap on his shoulder that he instinctively flinches away from. Trying to hide the panic from his eyes, he looks up to find his teacher's growing worried frown, all while feeling the stares of his classmates on him.

"Midoriya, are you okay? I noticed you seemed really quiet today." Ectoplasm-sensei shifts his weight onto his other prosthetic. "Do you have something on your mind?"

Izuku stares for a moment before shakily raising his hands to sign. "I'm fine."

*You're wasting his time.*

*I know.*

*You are just a bother.*

*I know.*

*You should just stop existing!*

Izuku tenses as his eyes flit around to search for a blade on instinct. Anything sharp really.
"Are you sure?" Ectoplasm-sensei frowns at Izuku as his hands twitch for a blade to stave off the thoughts. "You seem really out of it..."

"Yes." Izuku lies, trying to keep his urges under control. "I'm just tired."

LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR

Izuku can clearly see the disbelief under the mask, but he doesn't comment on it nor pay it any mind. "If you are sure, would you mind working on a couple problems I have? I'm curious where you actually stand in terms of your math skills."

Izuku nods dejectedly as he packs up his computer, his gaze returning to his teacher for instructions. He gives him a small paper that has various levels of calculus and even some differential equations problems on it. Digging straight into with a sigh, Izuku tears at the equations, though he struggles with the later portions.

After a frustrated minute of erasing his stupid failures on the last problem, Izuku just puts his pencil down and abandons it without a word.

You can't do a simple task right.

Not raising his eyes, he offers the paper back to his teacher, already petting Tsuki to try and release the pressure of everything on his mind.

"Hmm..." Ectoplasm-sensei hums quietly as he looks over his work quickly. "Not a solid as I first thought... Did you learn selectively certain topics on accident?"

You can't even learn things right.

Izuku gives a slight nod as he's too out of it to explain fully. He hugs Tsuki-chan when she moves closer to him to comfort his numbness. "Are you feeling alright kit?"
Izuku ponders her question before shaking his head slightly as he really doesn't have it in him to speak to her, even though it stabs his heart that he's technically ignoring her at the moment.

"Okay what the actual fuck nerd!" Bakugo snarls as he shoves an explosion on his desk that doesn't even make him jump for once, though Tsuki is already hissing at the angry blond for the action. "What's with your stupid ass now!?!"

You are just bothering all of them!

He's just worried...

No one worries about the worthless.

Izuku holds back his girl when she surges forward when another explosion comes forth from his silence, her hisses devolving into growls as a promise of her intentions to protect him as her claws are out, only scratching him a slight bit in the struggle. The pain is grounding and like a comfort blanket that bring him back up to the surface for a moment before he is dragged back down. "It's fine Tsuki-chan. I'll be fine. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry..."

Her hissing stops as she looks back to the clear deject in his eyes. "Moon Child..."

"I'm okay." Izuku provides as he curls into himself with her in his arms. "Just some bad thoughts is all... I'm okay."

LIAR:

I'm not lying. I'm fine.

LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR LIAR!

The class clearly sees the shift in him as he starts to dissociate away from the mental pain, only really blinking a few times to curb any tears from finding their way down as his thoughts start to drift towards his coping mechanism to just make it all just stop.
I need a knife. I need a knife. I need a--!

Before anyone can comment on his behavior, All Might bursts through the door with enthusiasm and a witty smile. "I AM HERE!"

"To take Young Midoriya to Nedzu for his free period of course!" He adds right after as if it was a joke. It's too bad no one is laughing.

His smile doesn't falter until he sees Izuku hunched over form and the air becoming slightly colder that makes Izuku start to shiver over his previous persistent trembling. "Young Midoriya...?"

Izuku doesn't look up, only finger spelling a quick 'I'm fine' with his free hand as his mood plummets further with him being here. He hates to disappoint him, and he can already tell from the hesitance in his voice that he's close to that threshold. That and he just can't deal with having to face more mental jousting with the rat over his original quirk at the moment with him so close to the edge and running out the room just to stop the pain.

He hates you.

All Might doesn't hate me.

THEY ALL HATE YOU!

"Why don't you work on whatever your project is for your free period today, huh?" Ectoplasm-sensei offers, seeing the tension in his shoulders. "Or take a nap if that's better for you."

Izuku blinks for a bit in surprise before uncurling himself to give a short nod.

"Are you sure Young Midoriya?" All Might questions in concerned tone. "If you want, we could let you go--"

"No." Izuku churns out with a quiet raspy voice. "I want to stay here."
All Might shifts his stance in worry for his student. "Are you certain you are alright, my boy?"

*You are such a burden on all of them.*

*I know.*

*You don't deserve their worry.*

*I know.*

*You deserve to die!*

Izuku nods though the conflict on his face doesn't drop in the slightest nor does his shaking from the cold and the thoughts. "Tell Nedzu I'm working on his project already."

"I see." All Might fakes a smile as he tries to stay strong in front of his other students studying the two with concerned eyes, despite his own heart breaking at the sight of his boy's trembling. "We'll just schedule the stuff for your quirk at another time I suppose."

*Are you happy?*

*No.*

*You disappointed him.*

*He's just worried.*
You disappointed everyone.

I'm sorry...

If you're sorry, you should just disappear!

"Okay. I'm sorry..." Izuku barely whispers as the chill in the air spikes again, causing him to hug his girl even tighter as his mentor leaves the room, making room for another to enter.

"Alright!" Midnight-sensei smacks her whip in excitement as she eyes the room with hungry eyes. "The greenhorns that want to spar or practice their quirks for free period today, follow me!"

Izuku shakily reaches for his bag to take out his computer before he finds another hand on it before he can grab it. Looking up, he feels the burn of his best friend's red eyes. "We're having a fucking talk after school. Don't you dare think about ditching me or I'll kill you."

You should let him kill you!

Shut up.

You should have died already!

Izuku tenses for a second before inevitably nodding in agreement.

"Fucking better." Bakugo hands him his bag. "Besides, I wanted to see the new shitty place anyway since the hag won't stop hounding me about it."

You are inconveniencing him.

He just cares.
He hates you.

Kacchan is my friend.

You’re just a worthless Deku to him.

That’s not true...

THEY ALL HATE YOU!

∞

Izuku simply nods again as he slides out his laptop again, this time to work on helping Todoroki since he'll be alone in the classroom now. If he can distract himself with it to stop him from making another mistake he'll regret, then so be it.

He ignores his classmates' nervous glances as they trailing out of the classroom to work on their quirks, leaving him alone with his work to save Todoroki and his mom to help purr away the lingering bad thoughts.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/25, Checked for errors 3/14

Saint by Echos

Todoroki is a mad conspiracy theorist out here declaring war on Izuku. But then he literally can't escape the feeling to protect the smol green bean at all costs. Misunderstandings are great when the two least qualified socially stunted kids in the room try to have a conversation about their abusive shitty parents. Oh weellllll ;)

Fun Fact: Izuku names his computer Suiren because he is making a reference to the fact he made something beautiful out of something that others threw away and deemed
worthless (the name's direct translation). There is a second reason that is more subtle and it's pretty funny if you can figure it out. As they say, you can technically fight fire with fire. Eventually someone will see the blaze.

*Author's Note: Sorry if the coding jargon confuses anyone. I'm a computer engineering major, so I actually work on this stuff a lot. Not so much on the cyber security, but operating systems and talking with the computer through assembly language is half of my course load stuff. The other half is working on circuitry. I'll try to keep that stuff light as I don't expect anyone to understand it. It's just to highlight how Izuku understands how to work on such projects and world building. Also, Izuku is not a genius in this stuff at all. He's actually pretty average except for the programming stuff. That stuff is a little higher than average. Though, he's a much better hacker than building stuff from the ground up, so this will be a learning experience for him. :)*

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Chapter Summary:
Izuku self deprecates over not being able to save Todoroki right then and that it will take time to put everything together. Izuku wants to give Todoroki the choice of whether or not to release the information as he doesn't want to ever take anyone's autonomy for making decisions for themselves. This leads him on a downward spiral that leads him with extreme self deprecating thoughts while thinking about his own experiences with the abuse of his mother as well as how the world views the quirkless. Ectoplasm makes Izuku do a problem on the board that he uses simple Calculus to save time. After class, Ectoplasm asks him to complete a problem sheet of various difficulties that shows he knows only select things, mostly relating to subjects that he would need to know for designing his support items. All Might shows up in iconic fashion to take Izuku to his quirk session during the student's free period, but fails to read the room. Izuku makes it known he wants to stay in the room as he is struggling to keep everything bottled up. Katsuki notices how bad it is and basically demands to go home with him, to which Izuku agrees. The rest of his classmates leave with Midnight to practice with their quirks while Izuku elects to jumping straight into working on Todoroki's stuff so he can stop the thoughts by doing something productive.

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"It has been exactly 10 days since UA having a major incident to address. In other news, I made tea." -- Nedzu

*Warning*
Slight mentions to Child Abuse/Experimentation

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Nedzu takes a gingerly sip of his tea as Aizawa shifts a bit to cross his arms, clearly from frustration if his body language says anything.

*I wonder what is wrong for him to assume this response...*

"Is there something troubling you?" Nedzu broaches carefully, his tea cup clinking from returning to its proper place in the saucer.

Aizawa's eye twitches while silently tapping his finger. "He's late."

*Ever the impatient one, I see...*

Taking a slight glance to the camera system, Nedzu hums lowly in disappointment as a new variable comes into view. "Indeed, but he's just arrived."

The door swings open as a frustrated but worried looking skeleton welcomes himself in, eyes strictly on the ground. Almost in defeat or submission.

*Perhaps the child ran again...* Nedzu muses as he quickly checks the percentages of such an event occurring given the current parameters.

He usually abstains from such low leveled uses of his quirk, but it might have been a good idea to
use beforehand in this case given how unpredictable his student is compared to his previous calculations of the child. But, he's been told on multiple occasions in the past that predicting the simplest of behaviors in humans on such a level is creepy and weird, breeding mistrust easily between parties before a real conversation can even be established.

To his dismay, it's rather high, making him sigh that it is indeed what has come to pass.

Aizawa makes the first move, noticing how they are missing the plus one. "Where's Midoriya?"

"He um..." All Might's face furrows in conflict. "He didn't want to come."

**Interesting. The 12.4% chance of refusing to participate in our session today has come to fruition.**

Nedzu closes his eyes for a slight moment in resignation as a reason for why comes forth as the highest probability given current events. "Oh dear. That is a problem indeed. Perhaps he wasn't as forgiving with me as I thought..."

All Might quickly shakes his head in denial. "No it's not that, I don't think."

Nedzu's eyes widen in surprise, quickly observing the slight shifting signs of being cornered or trapped in All Might's current body language.

**Interesting. Perhaps he knows the actual reason then...**

"Pray do to tell." Nedzu offers him the floor, eagerly awaiting his response as he'd rather not waste such little brain power on something trivial that would be answered for him in due time.

All Might nods slowly, though his eyes wander a bit before speaking. "He told me he was already working on your project or something, but I'm worried something is seriously wrong. He just looked so..."

**Ah, that's rather unexpected...** Nedzu flicks his tail as his curiosity grips him tightly.
He is quite willing to work on my work without any instruction, and yet he doesn't want to come. Perhaps All Might is wrong in his observation that he does not wish to see me in particular...

"Like what?" Aizawa prompts, avoiding the cliffhanger from lingering around too long.

"...devoid of hope."

...

What a curious deduction to be made indeed.

"Pull up the cameras Nedzu." Aizawa demands as his eyes clearly burn with anger for whoever hurt his kid this time.

"In a moment..." Nedzu's nose twitches in extreme interest to figure out how events have unfolded to this point in time. "Why would you say such a thing All Might?"

"He looked worse than yesterday. Much worse in fact." All Might's voice shakes. "I'm worried his family friend's death has affected him more than we can realize."

"How did you come to that assumption?" Nedzu immediately inquires as his previous viewings of his student this morning in his classes did not show signs of distress that would negate him from attending his session.

In fact, it's why that specific percentage is so low in particular of being the reason he wouldn't come today, though emotions tend to be a little less certain for his predictions in his experience. The question now is how and why that delicate balanced was tipped in this favor.

"What if she was his main support system? He might feel like he's all alone now..." All Might's eyes shine with what Nedzu can assume holds both sympathy and empathy to such a notion. "I'm not saying we can't do the same thing, but he may not trust us yet. I just feel like he's isolating himself now..."
"So, what is he doing now then I wonder..." Nedzu muses as he starts pulling up the camera system for the classroom, no longer paying attention to his colleague's musings as they seem emotionally charged at best.

The two over them shuffle over beside his seat to see what they can find as he finishes pulling up the specific camera for Class 1-A.

To their genuine surprise, the kid All Might had seen not even fifteen minutes ago is strangely animated again, contradicting his words entirely. Especially given what Nedzu assumes is both anger and determination in his student's eyes. He watches in fascination as his student types like a mad demon on his computer with a strange external drive gracing his desk as his cat flips her tail back and forth in interest as he mumbles. Strangely, his body language points toward his student being poised and ready for a fight, not accepting defeat as All Might had previously suggested.

Perhaps Midoriya tricked All Might to work on this... Nedzu's eyes flit around the screen searching for an appropriate answer. ...personal project of his. If so, why is its priority higher than his mastery of his new quirk...

"All Might, that's not devoid of hope..." Aizawa grumbles as he rubs his face in frustration. "That to me looks like he had a temper tantrum or something..."

"But I swear he--!"

"Quiet." Nedzu commands the two feuding humans beside him as he presses the audio from the camera to hear the inner mumblings of the boy in front of them to gain a better picture of the situation in front of them.

"What do you think Tsuki-chan?"

A small pause. And then a snort.

"You're right. He is a piece of flaming garbage. That jerk isn't going to know what hit him."

Midoriya pulls up a new tab on his web browser as their student's words finally register, already typing away again in a furry.
Nedzu feels his nose twitch with interest at who this 'jerk' is.

Perhaps a bully or someone who hurt him in the past...

"What is he doing...?" All Might broaches cautiously as they watch their student speed through what they can assume is multiple news sources, searching for something hard to discern at the moment given the distance between him and the camera.

The trio slow blinks for a minute as he continues his mumbles before Nedzu's curiosity gets the best of him to zoom in a bit to see what's on his student's screen.

To their surprise they see a new article with a feral looking Endeavor alongside a folder where he is storing every piece of information he finds called 'src (todo sort in reference for each topic).'

What type of project would his student be working on that requires this type of research...? Nedzu ponders as he reads what he can of the article.

I'm certain no essay has been assigned, so why the interest in the hero concerning news sources exclusively?

Nedzu rubs the bottom of his snout in thought to solve the puzzle before him.

Is he working on his quirk analysis studies or is he instead working on his original quirk without his teachers' suspicion? Perhaps there is a requirement of literally digesting a vast amount of information for it to work...

Nedzu blinks a bit to a previous train of thought using his quirk.

Or perhaps he is committing the results he finds to memory so that he can literally use the fruits his quirk bears whenever he chooses, even if Aizawa is present to cancel it out...

The notion of his student finding a work around for his own quirk makes him giddy. Ingenious in
fact if that indeed is the case, especially since that notion has now jumped to a strong 14.9% chance of that being the case.

"Perhaps he is analyzing Endeavor's quirk...?"

Nedzu notices the hesitance in Aizawa's voice, but he's more interested in the current mumbles of his student, electing to not speak as he listens intently.

"If he wanted to declare war on me, it's game on." Midoriya mumbles as he deposits another piece of information into his growing field of folders that are named with the direct URL to the source. "Boy is he going to get the worst early birthday present ever."

So this person is involved has... Nedzu furrows his face in confusion to the statements his student is making. ...declared war on him? How strange indeed...

Another pause occurs as the two adults in the room shift with concern and confusion to what is going on, but Nedzu himself stays straight on target. His eyes flit to the body language between the two, searching for answers and the secrets that they may hold as his student continues his conversation with Tsuchan.

"Even if he never wants to punish him for what he did, I will be glad if he can use it as leverage to get away from him."

Interesting... Is Midoriya trying to protect someone else...? If so, who and in what capacity...

Midoriya stops what he's doing for a minute before scowling at his black feline friend. "Tsuki-chan, I don't care about me right now. He doesn't deserve to be treated this way. That man isn't anyone's hero if he... he..."

Oh dear...

Nedzu immediately goes through a couple probability calculations that his student isn't talking about Endeavor, but finds it extremely unlikely as a meager 1.2% won't help the hero's case given how confident his student looks.
The question, is what has the hero has done to illicit such attention...

Midoriya blinks a bit to get rid of his forming tears. "I know, I know. But this takes priority right now. I never let the other kids down before and I'm not starting now. I saved them and I'm going to do the same for Todoroki. I don't care if he's the Number Two Hero. If he wants a war, he's fucking got one for hurting one of my friends."

...

Aizawa's eyes widen considerably alongside All Might's as the realization hits them all at the same time. Hard. Leaving them completely speechless to the accusation he's throwing about so casually.

'Other kids'... Nedzu immediately files away that wording away for another time with extreme interest to where that rabbit hole may lead.

Perhaps Midoriya wasn't the only one experimented on in such a manner...

In fact... Nedzu eyes shift towards his student with growing protectiveness as pieces start to come together and the percentages match, leading to a single conclusion. Perhaps he saved others from his torment or got them out in the past...

Nedzu blinks through several possibilities, landing on one that would make the most sense, especially since Midoriya doesn't appear to be being hurt as of late.

I wonder if the emergence of his quirk saved him from said tests as he was perhaps perceived to be previously quirkless... A late bloomer that negating the results of his tests in the eyes of the experimenters. If so, what is the value in experimenting on quirkless humans...

Midoriya hovers over a new article showing a very young Todoroki at the scene of a villain attack that Endeavor worked at that makes their student pause for a moment. "Did he give you your scar...? Or was it because he brought you to so many villain fights..."

Ah.
Nedzu rubs his chin as he recognizes the doubt in his student's posture, finally finding something more concrete and not based on pure speculation with his quirk.

Midoriya has had suspicions and is now acting on them. Something in class must have occurred to tip the scales to his current mode of thinking and thus find the entire truth about Todoroki's situation...

Midoriya's tears fall as he starts transfers the article into his growing data bank. "I'm sorry... I'm so sorry... I should have known.. I should have been more certain..."

Nedzu nods as his observation is proven right, already thinking about his next course of action concerning the dire situation.

"I won't let anyone hurt you again." Midoriya hiccupas as he uses his sleeves to clean his distressed face. "I'll save you Todoroki. Please wait for me..."

... 

Nedzu turns off the audio as he has a better use of his equipment in mind now that a new revelation has made itself known.

"Wait a moment. Let me get a running translation of his lip movements alongside the audio files." Nedzu shuffles to the other side of his desk for the main camera controls as the other two stare at the feed in bewilderment. "I believe it is imperative we know what those two are saying... especially from the previous minutes in case we missed something important."

"I missed all of the signs." Aizawa finally breathes out. "Midoriya isn't the only one in my class that's been hurt."

"You really don't think..." All Might's face turns dark as he continues to watch his successor pull up article upon article, building up his evidence pile. "I knew Endeavor was competitive but I didn't think he was one to...."

"Midoriya probably had a feeling since day one given what he's said and yet we never suspected a thing..." Aizawa bites his lip as his eyes starting darting around. "And Todoroki would never keep his gaze off Midoriya for more than a second unless he himself was performing a task. At first, I
was worried he was prejudice against those who were once quirkless, but what if they both knew that the other..."

Using the lip reading AI system, Nedzu sends the converted transcript to be printed, one copy for each of them of the already spoken words. The buzzing of the printer coming to life in the harsh silence as Nedzu's nose twitches in anticipation to what secrets may be hidden within the documents as he watches his student continue his mumble storm, just adding more to his own reservoir of data.

He suppresses the need to giggle as there is still a 36.8% chance they still have no information for them to pass along to Hōjirōzame-san and the rest of his legal team for Midoriya's case specifically, but regardless they may have found a new gold mine to explore. They may have their fins tied with building the Midoriya v. Aldera lawsuit case as it pends approval to move forward to a formal court hearing at a later date, but if his student is willing to go this far with such certainty in his eyes, he's ecstatic to view the fruits of his labor. If Midoriya v. Aldera was approved on its own, then they might have the beginning of a small revolution on their hands concerning the maltreatment and neglect of all quirkless children around Japan.

But the absolute blood bath his lawyers will have on their hands if this scenario is proven to be true does put a smile on his face. After all, why settle for suing a small school district when you could destroy the career of one of the top heroes abusing their position in power to fuel a real revolution that could change everything. Instead of just protecting the quirkless, it could become a case for protecting all of the children in Japan. Those children with highly regarded quirks, those without, and everyone else in between. It quite possibly could even extend to giving protection to animals with quirks as well. And if it catches fire correctly and cultivated properly with the public, it could lead other countries to follow suit.

**A real tangible shot at changing the world.**

"It seems I miscalculated and that I have to say, that is a rare thing to happen indeed." Nedzu brings over the current copies of his student's current musings with a bright smile upon his face.

Aizawa rips his gaze from the screen. "Nedzu, we need to talk to Todoroki about this immediately-!"

"I'm afraid that simply won't work." Nedzu states as he starts the request to pull Endeavor's profile in a private email with the detective after giving them their copies of the current transcript. "If Midoriya is this hard to crack, I can only imagine the defenses Todoroki has employed to keep us from the truth. Especially given the fact we had no indication for such suspicion until this very moment. And the only reason we know anything now is because Midoriya let his guard down because another person was in danger exclusively. Plus, I am rather excited about another notion
Aizawa's eyes narrow dangerously after taking a quick look over the paper. "What do you mean?"

"It was never necessary to orient my student's mindset towards world domination. I only needed to shift around the parameters so he could show the world his true fangs." Nedzu leans back in his chair with a blinding Cheshire grin on his face while his colleague scowls. "I think instead, we should step back for now and see how this plays out while taking the role of support for both of our students if they so wish to come forward first."

Nedzu giggles manically as he watches his student so adamantly focussed on a much larger project than simply coding a security operating system for his school. "I am absolutely ecstatic to see where the path he will light for us leads. It even appears it has been well out of our hands for awhile now as he seems to be completely in his own element."

"I don't understand..." All Might worriedly expresses as his gaze raises from his copy.

"I mean..." Nedzu leans forwards with a manic grin as he points to Izuku's angry visage that screams he's declaring war on society itself. "If we want to help either of our students, I believe it's time to put our faith in the next generation of heroes."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/27, Checked for errors 3/14
Open Your Eyes by UNSECRET, Alaina Cross
Nedzu chapter where Nedzu is being Nedzu in iconic Nedzu fashion? Check.
It's revolution time bitches! As Present Mic would say..... 'YEAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!'

Here's another list of fan fics I found that have me head over heels for you to binge on as well:
- Izuku Midoriya- Specialty: Fails at life by thebookmen2
- **Green Hero, Black Rabbit** by JKaner1005
- **Who said the only green thing about him was his hair?** by TheLegendaryGoblin
- **Two Sides of the Same Coin** by AmyStarSmith, Candy_Pop_Unlimited
- **What We Cannot Undo** by Cacid

Happy reading! :D
GUYS!

We hit over 20,000 hits last chapter and I'm NOT late to this party! Small victories *dances*

Thank you all so much for your kind words and support! You guys are the best! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Moon Child."

Izuku halts his mumble fest over his computer, turning to his purring girl. "Yeah Tsuki-chan?"

"I can smell your friends again. I assume they are on their way back." Tsuki turns her attention towards the door. "I thought you'd like to be informed so you are not caught."
"Oh." Izuku deflates a bit that his time has run out to work on his personal project at school.

Slowly, he moves to put his things away in his bag to leave for the day. "Thanks Tsuki-chan."

"Of course kit." Tsuki yawns tiredly as Izuku rewards her efforts with a nice ear scratch after slipping everything inside his bag.

"I'm sorry for not talking for a bit." Izuku adds after a moment as he watches her lean into his touch. "It wasn't fair of me..."

"You were distressed, were you not?" Tsuki blinks slowly.

"Yeah..." Izuku whispers as he runs his hand through her luminous coat. "Just some bad memories really... I'll be okay..."

"Then you have no reason to be sorry Moon Child."

Izuku smiles softly. "Okay."

Izuku hears some shuffling and voices coming out in the hall, prompting him to paste on a fake smile to not bring his friends down even further. He tenses when the door finally slides open, revealing his friends back from their training.

"Hey guys!" Izuku smiles enthusiastically as his classmates start to roll in again to collect their bags for the end of the day. "How was the quirk training?"

"It was awesome!" Uraraka cheers with a raised face that makes Izuku happy to see, though it doesn't seem as strong as he'd hope. "I can float myself even better! And I can even last five minutes without barfing now because of that one suggestion from your notebook."

"Oh really? I'm so happy it worked for you!" Izuku matches her enthusiasm as she gives him a thumbs up in thanks.
"We could work on some of the other stuff I thought of... if you guys want anyway..." Izuku offers, but his self depreciation makes his voice drop off a bit as he watches his classmates get more animated among themselves now that he's not like a broken doll anymore.

Izuku finally relaxes himself a bit as his other classmates chat freely about their progress as well. But the fact that he caused them to worry in the first place makes his mood drop even lower, though he keeps it from breaking through his facade that he's all better now.

But, Izuku eventually feels a shift in the air as he zeroes in on the aura flaring around from his friend to see what is wrong to be bleeding off those types of vibes. "Kacchan? Is something wrong...?"

Bakugo scowls at Izuku. "Stop fucking using that fake ass smile nerd."

Izuku's smiles drops as his true neutral mood shines through again, knowing he must have slipped up somewhere for his friend to have noticed. "Oh..."

"Yeah, fucking oh." Bakugo growls back as he watches his classmates adopt looks of surprise as they probably really did think it was genuine. "Stop fucking pretending you fucker."

"S-sorry K-Kacchan..."

"Don't fucking apologize asshole." Bakugo grumbles as he stalks over to his desk to get his bag as his friends' expressions turn dangerously worried at the revelation.

_Crap... Not again..._

"Angsty teen mood swings, am I right?" Izuku quips pointing towards Bakugo's deep scowl to bring up the mood, earning him a few good snorts and smiles.

"Fuck off Deku." Bakugo growls right back though Izuku can tell it holds no true malice whatsoever.
"Dude, for real though..." Kirishima frowns at Izuku's clear passivity towards his own emotions. "Are you sure you're okay? You seemed really out of it today..."

"Puberty is a hell of a drug you know." Izuku deflects with a laugh that gets a few more chuckles here and there before he gets serious. "It's nothing really... My emotions are like a rollercoaster with no seat belts. I even cry when I'm happy. It's kinda dumb sometimes... so I'm sorry... I didn't mean to worry you guys again..."

"Midoriya, rollercoasters are supposed to have safety features in place!" Iida dutifully cries out in distress.

"Exactly." Izuku smiles sadly at his friend. "That's why it's so lame."

"You know what's not lame?" Iida adjusts his glasses purposefully to educate his classmates. "Safety."

Izuku snorts loudly as his classmates join in on the laughter while Iida seems confused by their reaction to his clearly unintentional joke.

"You cry when you are happy?" Jiro skeptically raises an eyebrow after the confused hand-chops from his friend cease.

"Yep!" Izuku pops the p though his cheery tone doesn't match his face. "I sure do."

"He's a fucking crybaby." Bakugo confirms with a stiff nod when the others look to the resident expert on the one and only enigma that is Midoriya Izuku. "The little shit wouldn't stop crying when Auntie got him that All Might toy for his shitty third birthday. I shit you not, it took like a fucking week for him to stop tearing up at the sight or mention of the damn thing."

Actually, it was Pappy's gift that his mother had delivered to him since he was working that day out of country for a conference, but Izuku doesn't bother to correct him as he keeps up his facade, though this time without such a fake smile.

"So when was the last time you cried when you were happy?" Jiro challenges, not taking his fake cheeriness at face value anymore.
Oh... Izuku's mood drops instantly as he doesn't actually know the answer to that.

"Alright, let's go." Bakugo growls when Izuku's silence becomes too long for comfort, his classmates' moods dropping fast to his response to the question.

"N-no..." Izuku's voice shakes a little. "It's a f-fair question, b-but I just don't k-know the answer. I c-cry a lot you know..."

"You lied to us by pretending you were fine though." Jiro points out with a slight hurt in her tone. "Why would you smile and act like nothing is wrong when you're clearly not okay?"

"I'm sorry Jiro but..." Izuku smiles softly. "Smiling... It's really the only way I've ever known..."

Izuku reminisces watching over and over All Might's debut and how he always gave a fearless smile regardless of the situation. How that simple act, even if he knew it was completely fake sometimes now, it still gave him hope. Hope to get back up and fight for what he wanted.

"Sometimes, things are going to hurt no matter what you do." Izuku's gaze instantly finds the floor as he thinks of his own situation. "The world is going to try and tear you apart until there's nothing left."

Izuku reminisces about the bullies jeers and his mother's trainings. Her toxic and abusive nature corrupting everything she touches. Something he's finally gotten away from, but the scars still linger. And they linger for his friend as well as he's still in that suffocating atmosphere that he fought to get away from with all of his might.

Izuku face falls as his true feelings about the situation bleed out in his expression, unable to hide it. "And there's going to be days you don't want to get out of bed or face another bad thing happening. Just because all you want is one second of reprieve from all of the chaos around you."

Izuku reminisces of his own self deprecation that caught him off guard today and made him self harm. But, he didn't have a true episode today. Sure, he got hurt, but he didn't die. He didn't break his promise and he's still clean. And he'll take every victory he can as a success.
"But." Izuku curls a fist as he looks up. "On those days, I fake a smile instead of giving up. But it's not for me. My smile has never been something I use to comfort myself."

Izuku reminisces that day on the beach that was almost a lifetime ago, seeing the old man's kind and warm smile while he stared out on the clean white horizon for the first time in years.

Izuku smiles widely as he looks at his wonderful friends he would fight the world and back for. "I do it because I want to make others smile. Helping others, even if it is as simple as giving them a smile to reassure everything will be alright, has always been my dream."

Izuku reminisces seeing the relief on the kidnapped kids he saved so long ago when they were found by the police as he watched from a nearby building. Their tears for finally being able to have a chance to go home to their families, all thanks to his hardwork to give them back their futures. Izuku can't wait to see the day when Todoroki can feel the same way. It may not be today, but maybe one day he'll get to see his smile and that makes it all worth it.

"And if I can do something that makes at least one person smile--" Izuku pets Tsuki when she starts purring against his neck lovingly, like she's agreeing with him. "--then it's always going to be worth enduring the pain till my smile becomes real once again. And I'll never regret that, even if it is a fake smile."

...

"God he's so manly..." Kirishima grits his fist with his eyes squeezed shut, desperate to keep his tears at bay.

"Show's over." Bakugo simply growls at the annoying attention of his classmates. "Fucking move it or I'll drag your stupid ass home nerd."

"Good luck with that." Izuku snidely comments back with a slight laugh, even though it probably sounds hollow at best. "You don't even know where I live now."

"Not yet, but I'll beat it out of you if you don't fucking move it nerd!" Bakugo rages in retaliation.

"Right. Right."
Izuku stands up to leave, grabbing his bag to leave as well as allowing Tsuki to get comfortable in her favorite snuggling spot for the walk home. Though, he surprisingly finds himself genuinely smiling once again from the ever present but warm gaze of his classmates as the two leave the classroom, side by side.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 1/29, Checked for errors 3/14

Oceans Away by A R I Z O N A

To everyone out there that is having a bad day, a bad week, or something else, I wanted to use this time of your day to say that whatever you are going through is temporary yes, but it doesn't negate the pain and hurt. We all have different ways of coping with said pain, so if you ever find yourself dealing with that type of hurt, seek out those healthy coping mechanisms. You aren't being selfish when you are prioritizing yourself to make sure you are both happy and doing your personal best. It can be as simple as reading a book, taking a bubble bath, or pursing a hobby you find enjoyable. Whatever makes you happy, you should invest some time in that as it's an investment in your future.

No matter how isolated or alone you feel, there will be at least one person in the world that does care, even if that person may even be a stranger. So, go venture out in that complicated world out there and show yourself that you really are worth all the happiness in the entire world! :D

Here's a sad but amazing dosage of DadMight if you need a pick me up this week:
- Symbol of Love by Indrel

A/N: I may be taking a slight hiatus until this weekend as I have projects and tests next week that I have to mow through. In other news, you all surprised me and went plus ultra on those hits the last couple days. So, in celebration I present you with more fluff and hard friend conversations incoming! NEXT CHAPTER!!!! Until next time! ◡‿◡
Izuku instinctively starts walking towards his new place of residence, but the silence is harsh and cutting, neither of them really speaking or addressing anything in particular.

Now that Izuku is out of view of his other friends, his anxiety is starting to pick up at the notion of Bakugo coming over. After all, Bakugo knows him. He can never truly lie to him when it counts.

"What happened today?" Bakugo finally brings up after at least a good five minutes, his face straight forward ahead as they continue to walk.

Izuku's mood drops as his gaze instinctively finds the concrete. "I don't--"

"Class." Bakugo clarifies with a sharp red gaze now burning into the side of his face for trying to avoid the topic.

Izuku already feels tears in his eyes, tempting his emotions to cause a breakdown while they walk. He knew this was inevitable, but that doesn't make him feel any better about it.

"I... um..." Izuku sniffs to clear his nose. "Well..."
"Spit it out shitty nerd." Bakugo grumbles with a scoff. "Don't fucking got all day..."

"Um..." Izuku gulps hard as he tries to repress his feelings but he relents as he knows Bakugo won't get off his case so easily if he directly avoids it. It would only spur him further to find the truth. "I guess... Um... When everyone around you used to tell you are worthless, sometimes..."

Izuku notices his friend still his breathing as they walk, but he ignores it in favor for the interesting grass peaking out of the cracks below him.

"Sometimes you can't... can't..." Izuku feels a tear fall on his left side, hidden from view. "Sometimes you can't keep lying to yourself that they were wrong."

...

"I'm sorry..." Izuku hiccups when his friend stays completely silent from his admittance, probably deep in self loathing about their shared past. "I didn't mean that--"

"Yeah." Bakugo barely gets out. "Yeah, you did mean that."

"No, I didn't mean--" Izuku blinks towards his friend, only seeing great worry instead of guilt like he thought, spurring him to continue uninterrupted. "I just..."

"I w-wasn't you..." Izuku sighs hard as his gaze returns to the ground. "It just... It w-was s-something..."

"What was it then?"

"I was j-just..." Izuku gulps as he tries to swallow down his panic as he tries to verbalize his thoughts. "I-I just g-got reminded o-of something t-that..."
"That?" Bakugo prods softly after Izuku drops off for a good minute.

"S-something I n-never want to t-talk about." Izuku provides with a small voice. "And i-it caused m-me to..."

Izuku sighs in frustration as he simply can't betray Todoroki's trust. He technically indirectly promised to not tell anyone when Todoroki did the same for him. After all, it's not exactly his story to tell, even if it does intertwine with his own.

"It's nothing Kacchan." Izuku tries in vain. "I'm fine, I swear."

"Like fucking hell you're fine..." Bakugo grumbles beside him as Izuku spots the apartment complex in view once he looks back up again.

...

"Um... We are almost there." Izuku replies, ignoring the previous unsaid but implied question from his friend. "Just a couple minutes away really..."

"Is Auntie home?"

...

Izuku stops as a sudden realization hits him all at once.

Even though he's now frozen to the ground, all of his thoughts race forward on what to say and do. Because of course Bakugo is going to notice something is extremely wrong. It's nothing like fooling the detective or All Might or even Aizawa-sensei that everything is okay and that he's safe.

Izuku simply can't ever lie to him as he sees right through it almost every time. He's just known him too long, both of them able to read the other like a book. And Bakugo is smart. He's going to notice that a lot of his stuff is missing from the apartment. He's going to wonder why they moved so suddenly for no reason. Then he's going to ask questions he can't answer.
He's going to find out.

Izuku starts to sweat as his breathing becomes more ragged and pained from that fact.

Kacchan will know.

He's going to know.

He's going to know.

He's going to know.

He's going to--!

"Shit Deku, fucking breathe you god damn moron!"

Izuku doesn't even remember curling into a ball with Tsuki mewling out worried cries on his neck, his back against a small concrete wall as his throat scrapes against itself with harsh breaths.

"God fucking damn it nerd!" Bakugo growls as Izuku's vision starts to blur with distinctive black spots. "Just breathe asshole!"

Izuku feels a warm hand grab his when he can't stop the runaway train of his thoughts, wrenching it to an almost scorching surface that simply rises and falls in succession. "Match my fucking movements. One, two, three, four..."

Izuku mimics the movement he feels with his own chest, trying desperately to chase away his own panic as the blurry world around him seemingly speeds up. After an eternity of battling against his throat from closing up on him, his vision starts to clear, though it still blurs the world around him quite a bit as he feels his face become wet.

Once Izuku can finally see Bakugo's worried face, he crumples inward again as he realizes he just had another panic attack. Another reason he's worried everyone. Another reason to be ask more questions that he can't answer. Another reason he's just a burden to everyone.
"I'm s-sorry K-kacchan. I-I'm s-so sorry." Izuku rambles between heavy breaths. "I-I'm so s-sorry. I d-didn't m-mean to--"

"Stop fucking apologize you asshole!" Bakugo shakes him hard in retaliation, cutting off his protests as he scrapes away desperately at his panicked tears. "What triggered it?"

"W-what...?" Izuku croaks out in confusion as his head booms from the pressure of the panic resurfacing.

"What did I do that made you freak out?" Bakugo clarifies, though his question is already left behind by another. "Did something happen with Auntie?"

Izuku's breath hitches dangerously at her mention, giving it away instantly against his will.

"Deku." Bakugo eyes blare fiercely as his death aura flares, making Izuku's anxiety skyrocket even more. "I'm going to ask you this once. Did the villains come after Auntie?"

"N-no..." Izuku chokes out in his panic. "N-no. N-no. S-she's f-fine. S-she's o-okay..."

"But you aren't." Bakugo glares at him already two steps ahead of their dance. "So what happened with Auntie that's got you panicked?"

Izuku deflates instantly as he knows he can't lie to his friend now that he's on the right track. "W-we... um..."

"W-we had a f-fight..." Izuku gives while averting his eyes in shame, hoping it will be enough to satiate his friend's curiosity.

Please don't ask what happened. Please don't ask what happened. Please don't ask--

Bakugo's angry visage softens. "What happened?"
Izuku's lip wobbles dangerously as his fear has come true. "K-kacchan... I c-can't..."

"Deku, I'm not fucking mad." Bakugo grumbles in resignation, knowing full well he probably won't get a straight answer if he kept pushing it. "Me and the hag get into it like every fucking night. Just cause you're a goody two shoes doesn't mean you two having a disagreement is the end of the world. It's nothing to fucking cry over."

"I j-just don't w-want to talk a-about it..." Izuku begs to get him off of his trail. "P-please K-kacchan..."

"Fucking fine..." Bakugo growls while yanking him back up to his feet by his noodle arms. "Just... let's see the new place for fucks sake... Can you at least do that?"

Izuku nods quickly before they continue their slow journey to his home, mostly in silence as Izuku tries to keep from having to answer more questions he can't answer. His only hope is that his friend won't accidentally stumble across the skeletons in his closet.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 2/1, Checked for errors 3/15
Skeleton - ATLAST Remix by Tails, inverness, Nevve, ATLAST

Izuku: I'm a depressed little bean...
Katsuki: Okay. And what about Auntie?
Izuku: *faints from panicking too much*
Katsuki: What? Is it something I fucking said!?!?
Tsuki *eye rolls*: What about that bitch?
Katsuki: ...
Katsuki: WAIT--
Tsuki: Meow?
A/N: Hey guys! I'm back! Next week is definitely going to be splotchy with my uploads as I have tests and stuff to deal with. I will hopefully have a chapter up on Feb 2nd, but it might be a little later depending how my coding project goes. Next chapter will be a behemoth. I'm pretty sure it's my longest chapter ever. Anyways! Till next time! (¬̄▽̄¬)~
"Violence. Violence and plenty of screaming is always the answer to all of your fucking problems." --Bakugo Katsuki

*Warning*

Panic Attack

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"It's not much..." Izuku mumbles as he opens the door to his apartment. "I um... haven't gotten much time to myself to decorate everything, so it's kind of bland right now..."

Izuku prays internally that excuse will be enough to keep away his friend happy and not more ask questions.

"It's fine nerd." Bakugo grumbles behind as Izuku releases his breath in relief.

Izuku quickly moves on to remove his shoes at the door, letting Tsuki down for her to have free rein of the house.

"How, um..." Izuku bites his lip as he looks back at his friend removing his own shoes. "How long do you want to stay?"

"Overnight."

Izuku instantly chokes on his air, spurring him into a coughing fit. "O-Ov-ver-ni-ig-h?!!"

Bakugo provides him an innocent smile to his violent reaction to the news, but it instantly tells Izuku otherwise as he struggles to breathe again. "I told the old hag before we left I wouldn't be coming home tonight, so you're stuck with me."
"K-Kacchan!" Izuku loudly protests once he rediscovers oxygen. "You can't just stay the night!"

"Give me one good reason why the fuck not."

"Well, for one, you didn't even ask." Izuku bites his lip when his friend looks at him bored and unfazed, spurring him to search around his currently blank mind for a more concrete answer. "And we have school tomorrow...? I highly doubt you packed anything for staying overnight. Plus we have homework to get through--"

"Denied." Bakugo grins as Izuku's face morphs into defeat from being cut off. "You should have tried better than that if you wanted to get rid of me nerd."

"I never said I was trying to." Izuku's cheeks puff up in protest. "You should have at least told me..."

"I just did."

"Jerk." Izuku grumbles at Bakugo's solitary happy laughter at his obvious uncomfortable squirming. "I don't even have the stuff for the guest room yet..."

"I'll just fucking crash on the couch nerd." Bakugo informs with an eye roll. "Stop overthinking shit."

"Guests shouldn't sleep on the couch Kacchan." Izuku counters with an eye roll of his own. "We should share my bed like when we had sleepovers."

Bakugo's eye twitches slightly. "I'm not fucking sleeping on All Might's face nerd."

"My sheets don't even have All Might's face on them..." Izuku counters effortlessly. "That would be blasphemous."

Izuku pouts when Bakugo gives him a look in return that screams he doesn't believe him in the slightest. "Really. It's just his signature colors of his Bronze age costume. It doesn't even have a logo on it."
"Yeah, but it's his fucking merch nerd." Bakugo asserts with a knowing smirk. "I'll be fucking lucky if I can take a shit without him staring me in the face."

"I don't have anything in the bathroom! That's weird..." Izuku whines in his defense. "I don't even have that much stuff you know."

"Sure ya do."

"You act like you don't have a single piece of his merch." Izuku points out with a huff. "Something we both know is impossible as you are as much of a fanboy as I am."

"Whatever you say Nerd."

"You're impossible..." Izuku groans as he moves towards the kitchen to feed his mom. "Hey Tsuki-chan, you hungry?"

"Indeed I am Moon Child." Tsuki answers with a proud meow as she bounds towards him after sniffing around the apartment for a bit. "What is on the menu for today?"

"Let's see." Izuku thinks before turning to the blond currently scanning the living room. "Hey Kacchan?"

Red eyes snap back to find his green. "What nerd?"

"What would you like for dinner?" Izuku inquires as he places his backpack down next to one of the barstools. "I usually give Tsuki-chan some of the meat if there is any."

"Whatever's fine." Bakugo grunts as he moves closer to the couches to put his own bag down. "As long you don't fucking burn it."

"Sure. Sure." Izuku rolls his eyes with smile as he heads to the cabinet with Tsuki's wet food in it. "I don't have anything to spice it up hot like you like it, but I'll make sure yours is extra crispy. Just
"Hypocrite." Izuku sends right back with a smile as he takes out a can. "I'll make Tonkatsu for tonight then. I still have some leftover pork that I should work through before I go shopping tomorrow."

"Literally anything is fine nerd." Bakugo growls as he dumps himself on the couch, already ruffling through his bag for his homework. "Seriously, you are making this shit more complicated than it needs to be."

"O-okay." Izuku nervously gives as he beckons over Tsuki after cracking open the can to place in her food bowl. "Here you go Tsuki-chan. Enjoy your meal!"

"Thanks for the food Moon Child." Tsuki hums as she digs in.

Izuku pets her on the head, a fond smile breaking on his face as he kneels down to pet her head, rubbing small circles on the silky fur. Humming to himself, he picks himself up to replace her water with something more fresh.

"Wah!" Izuku startles at the sudden intense staring of his friend when he turns back around, almost dropping the filled bowl from being surprised. "K-kacchan! You scared me! Is something w-wrong?"

"Why don't you smile like that at school?" Bakugo accuses with narrowed red eyes.

Izuku's gaze instantly find the couch below him more interesting at the moment. "S-smile like w-what?"

"Like that." Bakugo huffs as he rests his head on the couch top. "You don't smile like that ever unless it at the damn cat or at random moments."

"Tsuki-chan's my family." Izuku defends, unsure where this is all coming from. "I love her. And
she makes me happy, so what's so wrong with that?"

Bakugo scowls as if Izuku completely missed something. "Sure. Whatever."

Izuku scrunches up his face in confusion. "Okay. What's wrong Kacchan?"

"Nothing."

"Oh no you don't." Izuku puts down the water for Tsuki so he can deal with the more pressing matter of the emotionally constipated hedgehog after grabbing himself a glass of water since he feels it might be a long conversation. "Did something happen today?"

"I'm fine nerd." Bakugo growls as Izuku makes his way over to the couch with his glass, picking back up his own bag as he does so whenever whatever this is over, they can be productive with their studies.

"You are a terrible liar Kacchan..." Izuku sighs as he plops down on the opposite of the couch, preparing to deal with another of the blond's ill timed temper tantrums. "Really. What's wrong?"

Bakugo scowls but clearly considers his offer as he searches over him a bit, making Izuku feel a little awkward in the silence, taking tentative sips of the water to distract himself. After a good minute of silence, Izuku purposefully takes a big swig of water to tease his friend's abstinence to not spilling the beans.

"Use your quirk."

Izuku accidentally spits out his water in surprise, soaking the floor below. "W-WHAT!?!"

"I said fucking use your damn quirk idiot." Bakugo demands with a scowl. "Right now."

Izuku sighs in exasperation after clearing his throat from almost choking. "Kacchan, I can't just use my quirk on a whim. I'll definitely break something. Either my bones or destroy the apartment. Probably both knowing my luck and--"
"Why the fuck do you not like your quirk?" Bakugo cuts his rambling off before it takes off too far, his red eyes searching his now panicked green ones.

"W-what?" Izuku finally stutters out.

"You hate your quirk." Bakugo clarifies, his red orbs burning holes into Izuku's soul, searching for answers for why.

"I d-don't hate i-it." Izuku denies instantly despite his trembling.

"The fuck you don't!" Bakugo growls at him in frustration, but not loud enough to disturb the people in the apartments around them.

Izuku zeroes in on his friend's fiery gaze with a determined one of his own. "Katsuki, I don't hate it."

"I know for a fact you're fucking lying." Bakugo snaps back before rage comes forth at Izuku's shake to deny the notion. "Just fucking tell me why!"

"I don't hate it!" Izuku almost shouts in frustration as tears start to pool dangerously.

"Deku."

"I don't--"

"DEKU."

"I don't--" Izuku immediately diverts his original intentions at the absolute death glare that his friend is giving him that is totally backed up with the dangerous vibes emitting from him. "I don't actually hate it. But..."
Izuku sniffs a bit in defeat. "I don't like how it manifested okay...? It...just... it hurts..."

"What happened?" Bakugo prods gently.

Izuku shakes his head in protest, his gaze on the floor as he feels his breathing pick up in fear of him knowing the truth. "No Kacchan... I don't want to talk about it..."

"Fucking fine." Bakugo growls in annoyance. "Then why the fuck do you not want the public know about your shitty quirk?"

Izuku's gaze snaps back up in a panic that he knows something more than he should. "I don't--!"

"Don't." Bakugo's red eyes glare straight through him, cutting him off. "You dare finish that fucking lie to my face."

"I can't use it." Izuku tries again, worry bleeding in his face as he can't let anyone know. "I just can't Kacchan."

"Why the fuck not?"

Izuku just sighs in frustration. "I just don't want to use my strength enhancer, okay? It literally breaks me every time Kacchan. What am I supposed to do with broken bones?"

"It's not a strength enhancer."

Izuku pales instantly. "What?"
"Your shitty quirk isn't a strength enhancer, so you can stop lying to my face." Bakugo huffs back annoyed. "I'm not a fucking idiot."

"Oh."

Izuku bites his lip hard as he's not sure how to proceed. He has no idea what Bakugo is thinking it is or if he has an idea his quirk isn't the visible one. It's completely uncharted territory and he just doesn't know what to do.

**What if he figures it all out?**

**Or if he learns about All Might's secret? I can't betray him like--**

"Stop fucking biting your lip asshole!" Bakugo rages as he shoves a paper towel in his face. Izuku didn't even realize he had left to grab it while he was drowning in his panicked thoughts. "Stop fucking overreacting to nothing Izuku."

Izuku sighs before dabbing at the abused flesh to clean it off. To his shock, it's like he just cut his finger with a knife given the amount of blood on the towel at the first go around.

After a few soft swipes to clean it off completely, he finally find his voice again on the least volatile subject. "You said my name for once..."

"Seriously? That's what you want to focus on right now?" Bakugo rants back. "Fuck Deku, it's not normal to not want to use your quirk. I know you were fucking quirkless for most of the fucking time, but you can't just--"

"Todoroki doesn't have a problem with not using part of his." Izuku's brain instantly supplies before his face contorts in guilt at Bakugo's growing shock.

... 

"I want names." Bakugo demands with hot animosity. "Which assholes did it?"
Izuku blinks. *What...?*

Izuku blinks again in disbelief, now sure he's definitely *not* on the same wavelength as his feral friend. That or he's finally gone crazy. Though, that therapy session can come later when he's actually not staring right in the face of the abyss that is his friend's current anger level.

Izuku takes a deep breath to defuse the bomb in front of him. "Okay Kacchan. I'm going to be completely honest with you here. I don't know what's got your jammies in a bind, but I literally have no idea what you are talking about. You are going to have to put your big boy pants on and have an actual conversation with me unless you want this to devolve into a huge fight due to stupid misunderstandings."

"Sure. Uh huh." Bakugo sarcastically rolls his eyes. "You want to explain then how you got your quirk out of thin air? I'm sure trauma from assholes is *such* a great motivator."

Izuku's eye twitches in frustration from his friend parroting back his own words on the subject. "Can I indulge you in telling me which 'assholes' you are referring to?"

"Don't fucking play dumb with me Deku!" Bakugo snarls as he gets off the couch in anger, getting right in his face. "Which one of the extras beat it out of you? I want fucking names!"

Izuku winces at the volume, but is still utterly confused. "I have no idea what is even happening right now."

"Like fuck you do!" Bakugo snaps back as he hoists him off the couch by his uniform's collar. "Was it Bell Hair?! Or fucking Fingers?! Or some of the stupid upper class extras that tried to rap--?!

"Put me down Katsuki." Izuku growls right back, cutting off his friend for bring that shit up. "I just told you I am confused. You yelling at me like this is honestly just making me even more confused. We can sit down and talk about this like adults you know if you'd let me."

"Like hell you will!" Bakugo shouts back in anger, jostling him a bit from his hold. "You've been hiding it from me this entire fucking time, so how's me calming down going to make you say shit now, huh?!"
"Bakugo." Izuku snarls with his teeth barred slightly. "Take your hands off me. Let's sit down and talk this out or so help me you are sleeping outside tonight."

"Fine." Bakugo churns out just as bitterly as he shoves Izuku roughly back onto the couch. "But I won't take anymore excuses. I want the fucking god damn truth or I'll beat it out of you."

"Fine." Izuku huffs as he elects to removing his now wrinkled tie, placing it on the kotatsu in front of the tv. "What's the first question your highness?"

Bakugo glares back from his deliberate jab. "How exactly did you develop your broken quirk?"

Izuku stiffens slightly, but continues to not arouse suspicion that it's a sensitive topic. "I was attacked by a villain who used their quirk on me. I almost died when it manifested. I didn't lie to you, you know."

"No, but sure the hell omitted the fact your bullies were the ones who forced it out of you." Bakugo barks back. "So which ones of the fuckers jumped you?"

Izuku knits his brow in confusion. "What?"

"Don't 'what' me, you fucker!" Bakugo hisses in irritation. "Just fucking tell me which assholes need to die!"

"Kacchan!" Izuku shouts in disbelief. "We aren't killing anyone!"

"You're right." Izuku breathes in a big gulp of relief at his friend's agreement. "I am just going to watch those fuckers burn to death slowly from a 'tragic accident' in pure satisfaction."

"Katsuki!" Izuku scolds in disbelief at the completely murderous blond. "There will be no murdering, burning, or harming in any capacity for anyone!"

"They fucking deserve it!" Bakugo shoots right back. "So fucking tell me their god damn names
already!"

Izuku pinches his nose in frustration. "Okay, no. I will not tell you the names of my bullies for a lot of reasons, the main one because I don't want to have to deal with hiding the bodies afterwards because you are an idiot to not see it's not even worth it. Second, how do they even relate to me developing my quirk? They aren't even the villain who attacked me."

The blond blinks for a minute, his rage aura finally disappearing a bit. "What?"

Izuku's gaze softens as he suddenly realizes what must have gotten his friend so worked. His only regret is how long that must have been eating at him until it finally blew up at this point in time. "Kacchan... Did you really think they hurt me so bad one day that it caused me to manifest my quirk?"

"They didn't?" Bakugo barely whispers, almost as if in confusion. "They didn't beat a quirk out of you?"

Izuku's eyes widen in sadness as he starts to recognize the guilt being held stiff in his friend's shoulders rather than pure malice like he originally thought. "Oh Kacchan... No, no. They never did that. Sure they hurt me pretty bad and bullied me like all the time, but they never did it for that. How long have you even thought that?"

"Then why the hell do you hate your quirk?" Bakugo's red eyes snap back at him with a fury, demanding answers.

Izuku freezes before sighing a bit as he can't tell him the truth, but he can pull some strings to keep the truth obscured. "I don't hate my quirk Kacchan. I may not like how it manifested per say, but that doesn't mean I hate it. I couldn't help I was attacked by a villain, but that doesn't mean I won't use it. I just can't right now because I can't control it."

"And what about the rest of your scars?" Bakugo demands, searching for any lie he could conjure up to hide the truth from him. "Where the hell did you get so many?"

Izuku instantly tenses, making Bakugo's visage turn sour. "Those assholes, right?"

Izuku lowers his gaze slightly in shame, not bothering to correct on where the majority of where his
original scars came from for fear of him knowing about his mother. "Y-yeah..."

"Why the fuck did you keep it from me?" Bakugo's voice cracks. "Why the fuck can't you ever tell me about shit...?"

"I'm sorry Kacchan." Izuku's eyes find the ground easily in shame. "I just... I've always had secrets."

Bakugo stays silent as he waits for an explanation.

"But." Izuku continues, starting to hug himself as his feeling start to pour out in his words. "It doesn't mean I don't want to talk about it. Especially with you. I'm just..."

Izuku feels tears leak out as he hugs himself tighter. "Oh god Kacchan... I want to tell you about everything so bad... I want to so badly... I really do..."

"Then why the fuck don't you?" Bakugo demands with worry etched in his scowl.

"Because many of my secrets aren't mine to tell or will hurt someone if someone else knows." Izuku hiccups as his tears burn down his face. "And I can't... I... I can't--"

"Fuck them." Bakugo growls protectively as he envelops Izuku into a bone crushing hug. "You are fucking completely breaking down over this shit. If they really cared about you, then you wouldn't be like this right now."

"They care." Izuku protests before feeling his best friend suddenly scowling in his shoulder from the half truth. "Okay, not all of them care. But some of them do. I swear..."

"How can I help?" Bakugo offers lower than a whisper as Izuku continues his silent sobs. "I just want to help Izuku..."
"I d-don't k-know Kacchan... I don't know..." Izuku pauses his crying fit as he sniffs into his shoulder. "You're m-my best f-friend and I..."

Izuku trembles in his hold. "I'm s-sorry I'm s-such a mess... I just..."

"It's fine Deku." Bakugo rumbles. "Nobody's fucking perfect."

Izuku laughs dryly. "Except you."

"You looking down on me Deku, hah?" Bakugo prods playfully. "Of fucking course I'm perfect!"

"Yeah." Izuku giggles in agreement. "Kacchan's always amazing."

...

"You're amazing too Izuku." Bakugo provides in a small voice. "I know I don't deserve it, but you're my best friend too..."

Izuku blubbers in happiness under his tears. "You k-know you're more l-like m-my brother, r-right...?"

"Yeah." He whispers back near his ear with a slight laugh. "You've always been my fucking annoying younger brother who won't keep his stupid nose out of other people's shit."

Izuku laughs as well. "And you've always been the strong, cranky older brother who chases away all of the other boys."

"Damn right I do." Izuku can literally feel the prideful grin on his shoulder. "You've always had shitty taste. Someone has to keep your ass out of trouble."

Izuku nuzzles into his brother's shoulder more. "Kacchan?"
"Yeah?"

"Could you wait for me?" Izuku barely whispers. "For telling you about everything? I think I just need some time for some of them..."

"Any you can throw out there at the moment so you can stop being such a crybaby for a minute?" Kacchan jokes with a slight laugh.

Izuku bites his lip slightly, but not hard enough to break the thin blood clot keeping his previous wound closed. Closing his eyes he nods as if there was anyone he would trust with the secret, it would be his brother. It might not be the whole story, but it hurts him every time he uses it in front of him, especially since he thinks it all his. "If... um..."

"Yeah?"

"If I told you..." Izuku sniffs into his shoulder. "If I told you the reason I keep breaking myself with my quirk was because it wasn't mine... would you hate me?"

Kacchan stills against him, making Izuku lose all the oxygen in his lungs. "What?"

"Um..." Izuku laughs awkwardly. "J-joking? I was j-just jok--"

Kacchan separates from the hug as he looks him over. "What the fuck do you mean your quirk isn't even yours?"

Izuku's breaths hitch in fear. "K-kacchan, I s-swear it was a jo--"

"Did some shady fucker give you a quirk?" Kacchan demands as deep worry breaks across his face as Izuku freezes, knowing now he's not going to drop it. "Did someone fucking force a quirk on you or something?!"

"N-no!" Izuku denies. "N-no, I..."
"Then fucking what?"

Izuku swallows as his gaze finds the ground much more interesting. "Someone gave i-it to m-me as a g-gift after I w-was attacked b-by the villain. They s-saw potential i-in me a-and I a-accepted it w-willingly..."

"Who?"

"I c-can't tell y-you!" Izuku retorts in a panic. "I l-literally can't b-because they could b-be hurt and--"

"Breathe god damn it Deku." Kacchan huffs as he envelopes him into another hug. "Okay, I get it. I won't ask who."

...

"You're still quirkless." Kacchan asserts after a time. "I... god..."

"I..." Izuku drops off, unsure what to say. "I'm s-sorry Kacchan... I've w-wanted to t-tell you t-that since... well..."

"Since I-I got it b-basically..." Izuku gulps slightly. "I j-just feel l-like I've cheated a-and--"

"Shut up with that self deprecation crap." Kacchan scolds. "You didn't fucking cheat. It's yours ever since that fucker gave it up. I don't fucking hate you for it..."

"Thank you." Izuku whispers happily as he snuggles more tightly. "Thank you so much Kacchan..."

Kacchan tenses all of sudden, making Izuku almost tear away from their hug to figure out what is wrong. "Did the fucker who gave the quirk help you?"

Kacchan growls at Izuku's paused silence. "I swear to god if they dropped it off like a carton of milk and left, I'm gonna--!"
"N-no, no Kacchan." Izuku assures. "They're helping me, but um..."

"But fucking what?" Kacchan grumbles.

"What's happening with me..." Izuku hugs him tighter as his voice becomes small. "They don't know why it's breaking me... It shouldn't..."

"Other people have had it."

Izuku sighs as of course Kacchan would figure that out pretty quick. Kacchan's smart. "Yeah. Yeah there have. But I can't tell you who as I don't even know who they all are. The breaking my bones when using it is new. All I know is that I'm the ninth one to have it."

"Maybe it's cause you're quirkless?" Kacchan offers.

Izuku shakes his head. "No, it's not that either. They told me there's been others without or with a quirk of their own. None of them broke themselves as far as I know..."

Kacchan pulls away from their hug to look him over. "Maybe you're using it wrong? What kind of quirk is it even? It's definitely not a fucking strength enhancer, that's for damn sure."

Izuku scratches his head slightly. "Well, the simple answer is no, it's not. But I guess it can act sort of like one? It's why I registered it as one anyway. But I really don't know all the details around it honestly, but I feel like it's the combination of two quirks that fused together at some point."

"Two fucking quirks?" Kacchan swallows. "How the fuck is that even possible?"

Izuku shrugs. "I'm assuming there must have been a person who could transfer a quirk from one person to another like trading a deck of cards. And when that happened, the two quirks mixed together, creating mine. The first quirk must have been the trading one, so maybe instead of trading the quirk between two others, they somehow traded between themselves and another person. It might have caused them to fuse the two of them together unintentionally and thus mutate since the original quirk wasn't meant to be used like that."
"Then what's the second shitty extra's quirk?" Kacchan prods, spurring Izuku to continue.

"Not sure." Izuku furrows his brow. "I mean, the best idea I have is that it's like a battery? Probably a storage quirk honestly. But what it stores, I'm not totally sure, but I know that I can tap into the stored power, which is what I used at the ball throw. Though, using it causes me to break my bones..."

...

"Open your palms and watch me." Kacchan commands.

"Why?"

"Just fucking watch me dumbass."

Izuku watches as his friend's quirk pops to life in small spurts, similar to what happened the first time he ever saw him use it. Izuku can't hide the stars in his eyes at the nostalgic sight.

"Stop drooling nerd." Kacchan chides playfully. "Trying to show you how to use your own broken shit."

Izuku arcs a brow. "And how is explosions going to help me?"

"Control." Kacchan provides. "You lack control because you are probably using too much at once. I bet you haven't even tried to use it without being in a high stressful situation before. If I found my quirk when I was in the middle of an attack, I sure as hell wouldn't be able to use it without hurting myself."

"I guess that makes sense..."

Izuku takes a deep breath before allowing the hum of One for All to come to life under his turned up palms. Straining a bit to keep it low, Izuku feels a sharp pain radiate from each palm as green
arcs of electricity crackle in the air, filling it with the smell of ozone. Izuku tries to take deep breaths to contain the power without releasing it, but they soon get carried away as he tries to keep it all contained.

His palms start shrieking in pain, shaking as he continues to hold it and lower it down. But his palms are shrieking like they are on fire. They keep screaming at him as he tries to control it. *My palms are--!* 

"Fucking turn it off you idiot!" Kacchan instructs, grabbing his sparking wrists in a panic. "You're going to overload your stupid quirk!"

Izuku lets go of his hold on One for All, instantly causing a new wave of sweating to come down his face. His hands trembling and quake as he struggles to keep them still. "Crap..."

"You god damn moron." Kacchan huffs as he grabs his hands, starting to massage the now stiff muscles. "You can't just hold your quirk like that in such a small area for that long. Not even I can do that shit. Why the fuck do you think there are separate explosions dumb ass."

Izuku frowns. "But why? Why did it--"

"If it's like a battery..." Bakugo starts as he moves to the next aching palm. "Then you are overloading the circuit. It's probably why your quirk is breaking you into pieces..."

Izuku perks up at the analogy as a possible idea pops into his head. "I'm a circuit."

Kacchan snorts as he finishes smoothing out the tense muscles. "A very, very dumb circuit. Did you break anything? I don't feel anything wrong, but if you fractured something, I swear to god I'll-"

The light bulb finally lights up in Izuku completely. "I need to increase the amount of resistors so the bulb doesn't blow up. Meaning that I need to increase the area I use it in as well as have a clear mind when using it so I don't get stressed about it and--"

"Not fucking right now, you aren't." Kacchan scowls. "That was too fucking close. Even if you were okay right now, increasing your area right now won't do you any good if you're still using a shit ton of power. It's like if I used the full power of my gauntlets with every default blast of my
quirk. I would fucking lose my arms at that point."

Izuku frowns hard. "How am I going to lower the power then...?"

"I don't fucking know shitty nerd." Kacchan ruffles his hair in frustration. "Your quirk is absolute bullshit."

"S-sorry..."

"Not your damn fault." Kacchan sighs. "I swear to god you're such a fucking a handful..."

"It's why I'm the problem child, right?" Izuku offers with a small smile.

"More like pain in the ass, but I guess that fucking works too."


...

"Deku." Kacchan growls softly. "Can I see them?"

Izuku blinks in confusion. "S-see what?"

"Your scars."

...

Izuku blinks a couple times before feeling shame running down his face again. "K-kacchan... I can't--"
"Look!" Kacchan snarls in frustration. "If you don't fucking want me to see them, it's fine. I was just fucking asking. Shit."

Izuku flinches from the sharp tone, but shakes his head in protest at his friend's conclusion. "N-no, n-no Kacchan. It's n-not like that..."

Izuku's eyes find the ground as he silently sobs, trying to explain himself. "I can g-get p-panic a-attacks if... if..."

"Shit."

Izuku can feel the pity rolling off his friend's gaze.

"Even if someone...?"

"Y-yeah..." Izuku nods, trying to wipe off his tears. "T-they remind m-me of w-where... h-how I g-got... they--"

Izuku chokes off his attempt to explain as he just can't. Literally.

"I c-can..." Izuku starts before gaining the confidence to look back up his friend, his hands on his jacket. "Y-you deserve to k-know... I just..."

"Take your time."

Izuku almost startles at how gentle Kacchan is being, but he focuses on his troublesome buttons to show his brother the damage. The full damage, even if he can't tell him exactly where every single one came from at the current moment.

Once the comforting cloth finally is secure in his hands, he feels his whole body start to shake in fear, panic, and so many more emotions he can't name. All he can feel is the heavy drag of red eyes seeing all of the scars and the deep inhale of shock. All of the secrets of the past he's tried so hard to hide. Everything that shows how weak he is. They pattern his torso like a painting, the ridges and bumps rippling over each other in multiple iterations on some of the worst scars.
Some of them containing stories about when his mother punished him for being quirkless. Some of them containing stories about when the bullies got too rough with their living punching bag. Some of them containing stories about when villains attacked him over the years. Some of them containing stories about how he was far too weak and tried to punish himself, even if it only really worked for a small portion of time.

"-ku..."

All the memories slam into him and don't relent as choked sobs finally spill out, bringing his hands to his knees to curl up into himself.

"-zuku..."

Izuku feels the choking feeling of death take grip of him as he remembers each prominent death he's ever had, making his breathing speed up even faster.

"I'm sorry..."

Izuku finally feels a warm piece of clothing shoved over his head to cover his torso once again, grounding him. Blinking through his tears, he looks up to see his blurry brother's panicked face.

"I'm sorry..." Kacchan apologizes as he holds a blanket in his free hand out to him. "D-do you want a...?"

Izuku blinks, but nods slightly as he slumps into the couch once the blanket covers him, his panicked breathes finally starting to ease out.

"I'll make dinner and then we'll tackle that shit from class, okay?" Kacchan squeezes his uncovered limp hand. "You want something specific to calm down right now?"

Izuku blinks through his tears. "P-pap... y..."
Kacchan, somehow, nods in understanding. "I'll make you some hot cocoa like Uncle Zashi used to make. Do you have the stuff to put in the bottom?"

Izuku nods slightly. "U-up... le-eft..

"Got it." Kacchan removes his hand, making Izuku slip it back under the blanket to keep the comforting warmth in it for as long as it can stay.

Izuku stares at the blank tv, riding out the unforgiving sea of emotions that keeps trying to drag him down.

...

"Hey."

Izuku looks up to see the steaming cup in his brother's hands.

"Here."

Izuku nods his thanks as he removes a hand from the blanket to take it. Taking a shaky sip, he sighs as his trembling starts to fade into the background. "Thanks Kacchan..."

"I'm sorry I forced you to--"

Izuku groans in annoyance. "No, Kacchan. I wanted you to...

Izuku sighs as he palms the hot bottom of the mug. "I wanted you to know. If there's anyone who deserved to see, it's you. I just couldn't handle..."

Izuku sighs again in defeat. "It just overwhelms me sometimes. I'm sorry..."
"Does Auntie know?" Kacchan brings up that makes Izuku bristle immediately. "About your scars, I mean."

"She doesn't care." Izuku glares at his cup in pure hatred. "And I don't think she ever will."

... 

"What?"

"She doesn't care." Izuku repeats, not really caring anymore with hiding it. It's just too exhausting to keep it up at this point anyway. "Why do you think there hasn't been a lawsuit on my behalf yet? The company may not make a ton of revenue because of how Pappy set it up originally, but she has the power to sue the school at the very least for what they did. She hasn't lifted a finger."

"I don't understand..." Kacchan's face contorts into a deep scowl. "Why the fuck wouldn't Auntie--?"

"She wanted me to have a quirk and what would you know, I didn't fucking have one." Izuku bitterly spits out. "I couldn't help that I was born differently..."

"I'm sure Auntie doesn't think--"

"Yes." Izuku's green eyes glisten with hateful unshed tears. "Yes she does. She made that pretty clear the last time we talked."

Shock flows through his friend's face as something finally dawns on him. "You're hiding your quirk from her, not the public, aren't you?"

Izuku nods not wanting to lie, palming the blanket for comfort.

"That's bullshit!" Kacchan hisses as he stomps in front of him, pacing back and forth.
Izuku laughs lowly. "Which part?"

"All of it." Kacchan growls. "When the fuck did you even see Auntie last?"

Izuku nervously fiddles with his cup, avoiding his brother's scorching gaze.

"Deku. When did you last talk to Auntie?" Kacchan demands with an air of animosity.

"The day I got out the hospital and moved here." Izuku provides with a sniff. "She didn't..."

"It doesn't matter anymore..." Izuku feels tears drip down his face again. "I just want to prove her wrong."

*She's not right.*

Izuku looks back up at his brother's wandering red eyes with determination, regardless of the tears in his eyes. "I am going to prove her wrong."

*She never was right.*

"I am not a piece of glass that can shatter with the slightest touch."

*I am strong.*

"I am not anyone's punching bag that can be passed around for quirk practice."

*I am worth something.*

"I am more than my quirk."
I am a hero.

"And I'm going to prove that to everyone that they were all wrong about me," Izuku breathes in with his eyes on the prize. "I don't care if the whole world burns in response to it."

"Hell yeah you are, you stupid nerd!" Kacchan grins wickedly. "When you get to the final round though..."

Not if. But when.

Izuku looks at his competitive brother with a knowing smile. "I'll come at you with everything Kacchan."

"Fuck yeah you will!" Kacchan declares with a dangerous grin. "Alright, lets fucking destroy our homework!"

Izuku giggles at his brother's enthusiasm. "If we destroy it, we can't turn it in silly."

"You fucking know what I mean nerd." Kacchan rolls his eyes in annoyance. "Just fucking get started or I kill you."

"R-Right!"

Izuku spits his toothpaste into the sink. Turning on the facet again, he gathers a small bit of water to wash out his mouth.

"So, what exactly are you going to do about the shitty festival?!" Kacchan calls from the living room.

"I'm going to do what I do best!" Izuku takes a deep breath in after shouting out of bathroom in his
"Improvise!"

"Ya better damn go Plus Ultra, ya hear!"

Izuku can feel the smirk under his tone as he moves to his bed for the night, his bedroom door set ajar for Tsuki to come and go as she pleases.

"You too Kacchan!" Izuku smiles as he snuggles deep into his warm covers, closing his eyes. "Plus Ultra."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 2/6, Checked for errors 3/15

Brother by Kodaline

Honorable mention song for this chapter is: If We Have Each Other by Alec Benjamin. It's a fantastic song, so check it out if you want to go the extra mile.

Katsuki: Tell me something or so help me god I will end you.

Izuku *puts on sunglasses*: What if I told you that my quirk isn't actually mine?

Katsuki: ...

Izuku: *smiling*

Katsuki: I'm giving you a one second head start.

Izuku *nervous sweating*: W-what?

Katsuki: ONE! *violent explosions ensue*

A/N: GUYS! My exams didn't actually kill me, so yay!!! :D

This chapter, mind you, is the longest I've ever written. Clocking at over 6,291 words, I hope it was worth the wait.

In other news, exams suck!

Funny true story. Somehow, I completely forgot to add the Izuku is a vigilante tag for
my story. How this happened and how I never noticed until 82 chapters later, I shall never know... \(\(\_(_]\_(_(\_(_/\)

Also, also: I feel like I should just put a 'panic attack' warning tag on like every chapter at this point given how frequent it is. (don't worry, I won't unless it's actually there, I'm just finally becoming self aware. oh no.....) My poor nervous chaotic bean...
Chapter Notes

Self deprecation is a bitch and can go sit in the time out corner with Depression, Anxiety, and Panic Attacks ($\cap$).

In other news, CAT! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"N-nng...."

Tsuki flicks her ear in annoyance to the noise permeating through her ear space. For some reason, it doesn't fit her current hunt for the evasive bird that keeps tweeting down the dark illuminated neighborhood. Adjusting her ears, she seeks out the new source of noise while keeping her eyes straight forward on the bird, flitting around on the porch of one of the human dwellings. Strangely, there is a letter and a moving white bundle on the doorstep, but she ignores that in favor of her prey.

"N-nooo... pleas..."

Tsuki annoyingly ignores her prey in favor of determining the source of the noise, scared it might be another human come to kick her around for sport.

*Where is that commotion originating from...?*

She openly sniffs the crisp nighttime air, hoping it would reveal the location of said peculiar sound.

"'m s-sorry--!"

Tsuki jolts awake when something pushes against her suddenly. Blinking her eyes to adjust to the cover of the darkness of her child's den, she picks herself up to assess his current state of being as it clearly coming from his direction. Taking a tentative sniff of the air, she finds his smell has turned very sour, hinting to his own distress as he lightly thrashes around in his sleep.
"Moon Child..." Tsuki gently calls, batting at his arm underneath the covers to rouse him. "Wake up kit..."

"-lease..." Izuku groans as he shifts again. "...nno..."

"Moon Child." Tsuki tries again, this time more aggressively with her swatting as well. "Please wake up kit..."

Tsuki watches as tears start to fall out her child's unopened eyes as he continues to move around uncomfortably in bed. "I'm so... I'm so s...rr..."

Giving up on her endeavor, she pads her way out of the den, her new objective in sight as she enters the living room.

Tsuki jumps up on the arm of the couch to wake the lightly snoring teenager.

"Angry Child." Tsuki soothingly bats at his light hair to rouse the sleeping human from his slumber. "I require your assistance."

The child does not move in the slightest, annoying her greatly.

"Angry Child." Tsuki tries again, this time with a little more force on her paws. "Please wake up."

"Go the fuck away old hag..." Bakugo grumbles, clearly not aware of anything. "Fucking bitch..."

**Fantastic.**

"WAKE UP!" Tsuki basically screeches to get the lazy bones up.

A very broken 'The shit!' falls out of the human's vulgar mouth as he falls off the couch in surprise.
It doesn't take him long to get up again, but his red eyes stare wildly at her in pure skepticism under the cover of the night. "What the actual fuck cat!?!"

"Excuse you." Tsuki huffs in irritation. "My proper name is Tsuki. Use it you absolute heathen."

Bakugo's eyes blow wide open from the new visitor's voice in his mind. "Did you just fucking--!?!"

"Yes." Tsuki rolls her moon-like eyes. "In fact, for my next trick, I'll magically transform into a water goblet."

"What...?" Bakugo blinks really confused. "Wait, really?"

"No." Tsuki sighs internally at his continued bewildered expression. Hard. "I'm afraid the telepathy is the extent of my bag of magic tricks. Having to listen to Moon Child's inner ramblings about the past certainly has its perks, I suppose. Speaking of which, we have an issue to address."

"Okay, like what the fuck?" Bakugo rubs his eyes hard for a moment, not believing what he's seeing and hearing. "I'm not fucking dreaming, right?"

"No." Tsuki huffs in annoyance due to her current exhaustion. "In fact, you should be doing something much different right about now. My Moon Child is having a nightmare as we speak. Can you actually be useful right now and wake him up for me so that he does not needless suffer from it?"

Bakugo blinks for a second before whispering under his breath a bit in disbelief. "What the fuck..."

"You are not dreaming. I have a telepathy quirk. Be grateful I am sharing this secret with you." Tsuki growls at the idiot. "Help my Moon Child or so help me you shall face my claws instead of my gratitude."

"Fucking fine..." Bakugo growls lowly for a bit before collecting himself to follow her to the den.

Padding softly across the floor, Tsuki reenters the den, the smell of her child becoming more desperate as perspiration is a new scent in the air.
"P-pleas..." Izuku groans as Tsuki bounds onto the bed. "I'm sorr... s-stop..."

"Shit." Bakugo offers as he finally sees her tear-stricken child in heavy distress as he thrashes mindlessly across the bed. "Hey Deku..."

Tsuki simply watches patiently as the teen tries to rouse her kit by pushing on his free arm above the covers. "Izuku, you're just dreaming about stupid shit... Wake up nerd..."

"Mph..." Izuku groans before blearily blinking his tired viridian eyes open. "K-kacchan...?"

"Welcome back to hell nerd." Bakugo deadpans. "Nightmare?"

Izuku blinks a bit before simply nodding in agreement. "S-sorry..."

"Think you can go back to sleep?"

"Mhm hmm..." Is all Izuku offers before his tired eyes close again, snuggling further into the covers as he turns to his right side.

"Man, I wish I had that fucking rebound time with mine..." Bakugo notes before turning back to Tsuki. "Are we gonna fucking talk about your stupid quirk or are you going to go silent again?"

"What is there to talk about in particular Angry Child?" Tsuki asks in pure curiosity.

"A fucking shit ton apparently..." Bakugo growls. "For one, stop using that stupid nickname Cat."

"You can't order me to do anything Angry Child." Tsuki quips back. "How is my nicknames any different?"

"Okay, listen here you fur ball. At least when I do it, I don't..." Bakugo starts in vain before he shuts his own mouth to save himself some embarrassment when it finally dawns on him what she
was specifically referencing. "Ugh..."

"Thought so." Tsuki offers with a mental tut. "Any other issues that need resolving?"

Bakugo growls, but clearly holds his sharper tongue from lashing out at her. "Why the fuck don't you talk normally?"

"Because I simply do not wish to." Tsuki pauses for a moment before continuing when the skepticism in his eyes don't take her flimsy explanation at face value. "I had bad experiences with previous humans. Thus, I speak to a selective few individuals. You should consider yourself lucky to be one of them."

"And why shouldn't I fucking tell the extras about your dumb quirk?" Bakugo grumbles as he tries to rub the sleep from his tired face.

"Go ahead and try Angry Child." Tsuki’s mouth upturns in slight amusement at such a notion coming to pass. "I'm sure your teachers and classmates would love to hear all about the talking cat that doesn't talk to anyone but you."

"Prick." Bakugo growls but a small amused smirk starts to grow on him in the dark. "I like your spunk Cat."

"It's a talent." Tsuki flicks her tail purposefully. "Though, you do have my gratitude, in more ways than one..."

"What now? Do I get a fucking wish granted by the magical talking cat?"

"I simply can't do the impossible, but if you ever require my assistance, simply think of me in mind when you wish to talk to me." Tsuki cleans her dirtied paw from touching the blond's hair. "If it is in range of course."

Bakugo grins sadistically at the news. "So, what's stopping me from bombarding you with a shit ton of questions?"
"Nothing." Tsuki answers honestly, though her jaw hasn't shifted once from her playful expression. "Though, I would think a constant shouting match would be quite exhausting."

Even in the darkness, Bakugo pales quite a bit at her silent promise should he ever abuse the knowledge, though his confidence doesn't falter in the slightest. "You wanna fucking go Cat?"

"Not particularly, no." Tsuki purrs back. "I wouldn't want my Moon Child to see your mutilated body first thing in the morning."

"You think you can threaten me?" Bakugo growls, already defensive as if ready for a fight. "I'll kill you bitch."

"Simply a joke in passing Angry Child. I mean no harm truly..." Tsuki notes as her child falls back asleep even more deeply. "You're a good human, despite your rough exterior. I am content that my Moon Child has you by his side..."

..."I'm not a good person." Bakugo states as if it was a fact to her surprise after a good moment of silence.

"Why would you ever say such a notion?" Tsuki worriedly inquires since her experience with the blond, while not the most pleasant to be around, has not been anything like the true evil some humans embody. Especially since he willingly helps her Moon Child, regardless of the constant heart attacks he gets due to his own stubbornness to keep the truth hidden from the explosive human child.

"I've done a lot of shitty things that I can never take back..."

"Who hasn't? I would like to think that while our past changes us for better or for worse..." Tsuki glances at the small tears forming the human child's eyes. "They will never define us. And from what I've seen, you are a very respectable human."

Bakugo shakes his head. "No, you don't fucking get it."
"I hurt him." Bakugo palms his sleeping friend's free hand. "I hurt Izuku. I'm just as bad as the bullies who gave them those horrific scars."

Tsuki pauses.

Surely he's mistaken...

Bakugo laughs emptily before she can interject otherwise. "Hell, I gave him some of them too, even if he'll probably deny it..."

Oh... It is like that...

Tsuki walks closer to the human's arm to kneed it with her paws, despite her own anger that he was once one of her child's tormentors. Though, the notion that they are on such good terms in the present means something must have changed for the better, meaning it was probably guilt talking in the human. "Angry Child... you aren't like them."

"I fucking bullied him just like those fuckers." Bakugo glares at her as she tries to soothe his clear heartache. "I was even one of the ones who told him to go kill himself. For no reason other than being an insufferable asshole who was mad. I'm just a monster like the rest of them... I don't deserve..."

Oh... Tsuki blinks as she feels the shaking coming from the human's now small frame. This poor child...

"I was just so fucking scared he'd..." Bakugo tears at his tears with his hand as if they offended him. "Fuck... I don't..."

..."You were scared he'd kill himself." Tsuki provides when the words seem a world away for the suffering human to speak. "You were afraid you pushed him away to the point where you could not
"Why aren't you mad?" Bakugo glares at her inaction, making her internally sigh. "Why the fuck don't you hurt me like I hurt--!"

"Did you regret it?" Tsuki cuts his rant off.

Bakugo blinks in surprise. "What?"

"I simply inquired if you regretted your previous actions?" Tsuki provides efficiently. "Do you?"

...

"Every day." Bakugo finally gets out out after a moment of silence. "Every single god damn day..."

"Then that's enough, is it not?"

"No, it's not fucking enough." Bakugo growls, though it seems he's most angry at himself as he looks away from her. "I should've never fucking did that in the first place. He never deserve any of that shit and I should have fucking known better. You should hate me."

The unsaid 'He should hate me' is not spoken, but is clearly heard by her. Loud and clear, showing the true depth to the human's current torment that is eating him up from the inside. It is simply only a matter of time before he implodes from the pressure it brings. Something he clearly doesn't deserve as he's already more than paid his dues in reparation.

"Please try to believe me when I state that I simply never hated you, even now that I know more of your shared past together." Tsuki meows affectionately as Bakugo's gaze finally returns to hers, though it is filled with shame and guilt. "And I'm sure that is more than enough for my Moon Child as well."

"Why?" Bakugo hollowly asks. "Why the fuck not?"
"I simply don't as it is in the past, not the present." Tsuki points out. "I believe the true question you should be asking is not if others forgive for your actions, but instead why you are torturing yourself over something everyone else has long since moved past?"

...

"You really don't hate me?" Bakugo barely whispers as if he's in total disbelief.

"No Angry Child." Tsuki asserts truthfully. "I may be slightly angry you hurt him at one point, but I certainly don't hate you. And I doubt my Moon Child feels any different. I am certain he's more than forgiven you for your past transgressions. I feel that the only one who hasn't forgiven anything is yourself."

"Yeah." Bakugo laughs slightly. "Pretty sure the damn nerd would forgive his own murderer..."

Tsuki's hair raises slightly as a low growl comes out unwillingly due to the human unknowingly misunderstanding the true weight of his words, her gaze shifting towards the door as if said witch would bust in at any moment to further harm her precious kit.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Bakugo follows her gaze that is strictly at the door. "Is there someone fucking here or something?"

"Simply pesky vermin, Angry Child..." Tsuki lowers herself onto the bed more fully, considering her options to her true predicament. "Nothing more to note I'm afraid..."

"Oh..." Bakugo readjusts his standing position. "You are technically a fucking cat."

"Instincts are not something that is easily deterred I'm afraid. The same could be said about humans as well, but I won't delve into that." Tsuki provides softly as she relaxes back into the bed, feeling the slight rise and fall of the covers underneath. "Though, we have something more important to discuss now that your self loathing is over."

Bakugo scoffs. "I wasn't fucking--"
"Yes." Tsuki cuts him off with a knowing look. "Yes, you were. You do not have to deny this here as I've seen it enough from my own Moon Child to know it intimately. I won't judge you for it either as I am simply pointing it out."

"The nerd hates himself...?" Bakugo brings up with great hesitancy as his eyes fall back on the only unconscious one in the room, breathing softly in the dark. "Fuck..."

"Among other things, yes." Tsuki notes with great sadness. "It is why I am still mad at you as he still carries the scars of those years with him, physically and mentally. Which is why he needs all the support and love he can get at the moment. Bringing me back to the topic at hand."

Tsuki takes a deep breath as the human silently observes her in the darkness. "What I am about to say stays between us. And I won't take any queries over what I divulged to you as it is your own job to find the truth."

"Truth?" Bakugo frowns. "What the fuck are you even saying?"

"Promise me Angry Child." Tsuki reaffirms. "Or I shall go no further."

"Fucking fine... I won't say anything." Bakugo grumbles unhappily. "Of course the stupid nerd would get the fucking cryptic ass cat..."

"Excellent." Tsuki sits back up at attention. "I simply wish to tell you there are more variables at play when it comes to my Moon Child."

"More variables?" Bakugo questions skeptically.

"Yes, I am afraid it is so." Tsuki sighs mentally. "Let's just say my Moon Child's scars come from more than one source, contrary to what he would prefer you to believe."

Bakugo's teeth grind to her ears' instant displeasure. "What?"

"I won't answer any questions you have." Tsuki adds quickly. "I am simply giving you the hint that things are not always as they appear. I fear that dark times lie ahead of us and there will be a time
when we must choose between what is easy and what is right. My only hope now is that you will keep an open mind for any of the darkness that follows."

"What the fuck is that even supposed to mean..." Bakugo voices as more of a statement than a question at that point.

Regardless, Tsuki charges forward with her mission to hopefully give someone a hint without necessarily betraying her kit's trust. "I would not push him on the things I have mentioned as he's more likely to shy away at the moment, but understand this truth. Trust no one, even those you'd think would protect and love him with their lives. After all, one of them has hurt him worse than you can ever imagine."

"Who?" Bakugo growls protectively. "Which bastard hurt the nerd?"

"I won't say as I have given you all the advice I can. But as one protector of my Moon Child to another..." Tsuki's eyes glisten as she looks over her child finally sleeping peacefully again. "Look out for my Izuku, won't you?"

"Yeah, okay." Bakugo pets her head softly. "I promise. And I'll find the fuckers who hurt him. They won't fucking get away with it."

Tsuki nods simply as she curls up beside her sleeping boy. "I shall hold you to that, my Sun Child."

"Sun Child, huh?"

"Of course. You have long since graduated being simply the Angry Child in my eyes, though I think you needed a reminder of where you came from and where you should head next." Tsuki closes her eyes ever so slightly as she nuzzles between the warmth her sleeping child brings. "Understand that just because others couldn't handle your shining radiance properly does not make you inherently a bad human."

"I have no fucking clue what you are even getting at Cat." Bakugo retorts, crossing his arms in frustration.

"I have a feeling your anger stems from the fact that no one saw the real you, but instead the unbreakable and perfect child you were supposed to be. You simply wanted to find those who
would not only bask in your presence, but also help you flourish like my Moon Child." Tsuki purrs as she feels a soft hand running through her fur. "But I think you became frustrated somewhere along the way when others did not share your view of him. I believe that you simply need a focal point to reflect so you could see what you actually present to the world is all..."

"You're even starting to sound like the damn nerd..." Bakugo grumbles before yawning a bit, retracting his hand in the process.

"Perhaps, but that is a subject for another time." Tsuki blinks open her tired eyes. "I thank you for your assistance, but you should head back to bed yourself. Sleep deprivation is no laughing matter I'm afraid..."

"Whatever Cat."

Without out anymore pleasantries the blond exits the room quietly as he came, allowing Tsuki to close her eyes once again to drift back into the thrill of the hunt.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 2/8, Checked for errors 3/15
The Good In Me by Jon Bellion

Tsuki is steadily building her troops. Nobody expects the Cat Inquisition. :)

Basically Tsuki’s perspective last chapter:
Katsuki: TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON OR SO HELP ME--!
Izuku *sniffing*: Okay, just....
Tsuki: 'YES. Spill that tea my kit. BURN THE WITCH.'
Izuku: I have a borrowed quirk.
Tsuki *facepawing hard*: 'oh god dammit it.....'
Katsuki *trying so hard not to lose it*: Okay... not what I was looking for...
Izuku: My mom is kind of a poopy head?

Katsuki: ...

Katsuki: **What?**

Tsuki *sharpening her claws*: 'Oh yeah. It's all coming together.'
“She had an evil face, smoothed by hypocrisy; but her manners were excellent.”
— Robert Louis Stevenson, The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

"Hurry the fuck up Deku or we'll be late asshole!"

"Coming Kacchan!" Izuku yells back as he places the last dish on the drying rack.

Scooping up his bag, he hastily throws on his shoes. Before he takes one step out on the genkan, Izuku realizes the lack of fur tickling his neck. "Oh shoot!"

Izuku looks towards the kitchen where Tsuki is sitting, pretty and poised on the counter watching him. "Hey Tsuki-chan, you wanna come too?"

Tsuki slow blinks before yawning. "Not today I am afraid Moon Child."

"Wait." Izuku pauses his current task. "Is something wrong?"

"No, my Moon Child. I simply wish for a day to myself." Tsuki tosses her head as if she was shaking it. "I fear I would not be pleased if I have to deal with Loud Bird's ranting a second time so soon."

"Oh..." Izuku frowns as he considers her answer. "Tsuki-chan, are you sure you want to stay behind today? Not that I mind, but you'd be all alone for hours and--"

"Stop fucking staring at the Cat, nerd." Kacchan growls, clearly ticked off. "Move it or I'll fucking kill you."

"A-ah, right!" Izuku squeaks as he quickly joins his brother with the grace of a new born fawn at
the door. "S-sorry Kacchan..."

"Whatever." Kacchan scoffs as he lets go of the door, nearly making it slam into Izuku if he didn't grab it for himself in time.

Glancing at the hanger by the door, Izuku makes a split second decision by grabbing one. "Bye Tsuki-chan! I'll be home soon!"

"I eagerly await your return Moon Child."

Locking up the door tightly, Izuku palms the object as they both make their way towards the stairs.

Hesitantly, Izuku decides to broach the topic. "Hey Kacchan?"

"What?"

Izuku averts his eyes from the calculating red watching him like a hawk. "I um... I h-have spare k- keys..."

Kacchan's scowl deepens as they head down the stairs. "Congrats."

"I um..." Izuku winces at his brother's bluntness. "I w-was uh, wondering, um... if you'd w-want one?"

"Oh."

...

"O-oh?" Izuku nervously echos, unable to really read his brother's current expression. "D-do you not...?"
"Fine." Kacchan grunts out, offering out one of his hands. "Just give it here before you fucking drop it or something."

"R-right!" Izuku happily places the key in his outstretched hand. "You can come over whenever you like! Just, you know, tell me first?"

"Don't tell me what to do Deku." Kacchan scowls, but Izuku sees the appreciative smile underneath.

"S-sorry!"

"Stop apologizing nerd."

"S-sorr--" Izuku feels the apology die in his throat at the glare sent his way. "Okay. Okay Kacchan."

Kacchan simply grumbles in confirmation as they exit the apartment complex to head over to UA.

A long period of silence permeates between them as Kacchan leads the way, Izuku following along close behind him. Peacefully, Izuku watches the clouds in the distance as the sun starts to fade the stark colors of the sky back into their normal blue hue. Adjusting his grip on his bag, he silent hums a tune on his mind.

...

"Deku."

"Yeah, Kacchan?" Izuku inquires, halting his noise.

"Do you want me to talk to Auntie?"

Izuku starts panicking as the last thing he wants is for his brother to get hurt by her since he ran away. "N-no!"
"No?"

Izuku instantly pales when Kacchan looks shocked at his fearful reaction. "No, K-kacchan. I j-just... I'll t-talk to her m-myself. P-please d-don't..."

Kacchan stops their walk as he considers Izuku's panicked expression. "Is there actually something wrong with Auntie you aren't telling me?"

"N-no!" Izuku squeaks out. "N-no. S-she's perfectly fine. I s-swear Kacchan..."

Kacchan frowns. "Then why the fuck don't you want me to talk to her?"

Izuku feels a lump in his throat as he considers his words carefully. "I-It's just s-something I s-should do m-myself. Please K-kacchan..."

"Are you sure?" Kacchan frowns further. "I'm sure she's just worried about you getting your stupid ass killed."

Izuku freezes as he considers his brother's words. "W-what?"

Kacchan huffs at his bewildered face. "You do fucking realize heroes have like a 36% death rate during the first 5 years right?"

**Oh...**

Izuku feels tears start to pool in his eyes. "I k-know that b-but--"

"Auntie's just worried you stupid idiot--"

"I don't wanna talk about it Kacchan." Izuku curtly cuts him off, trying to not let any stray tears fall.
Clearly, his brother doesn't understand why he's mad exactly. To be fair, Izuku doesn't know if it's better that Kacchan misunderstood his anger completely last night or not. For now, he's just okay knowing that Kacchan doesn't suspect anything wrong with her or the fact he ran away from her. It may be a win, but the sinking feeling in his stomach doesn't congratulate his efforts to keep him from the truth.

"Okay. Okay, I fucking get it." Kacchan rolls his eyes. "Sheesh..."

Izuku welcomes the long silence between them as they walk for several minutes without a single word being spoken, allowing him to relax once again at the sight of the changing morning sky. He smiles internally at the birds flitting around the trees on their path, starting up his humming again as he settles back into his own little world.

"Hey Deku?"

Izuku blinks out his daze. "Y-yes Kacchan?"

"You'd tell me if something was really fucking wrong, right?"

Izuku's mood drops instantly. "W-what do you m-mean...?"

"You'd tell me if you were in trouble, right?" Kacchan clarifies, though his brother's eyes rake over him, searching for something.

What that something is, Izuku definitely doesn't want him to find it. "Y-yes K-kacchan. If I c-couldn't handle it, I w-would tell y-you."

"You fucking better." Kacchan growls as they continue their journey.

"I will." Izuku promises with a small smile.

It's almost comforting to see his brother being so overprotective, especially since the emotional
rollercoaster that was yesterday evening. He sighs slightly in bliss once the sight of the golden arches appear right before them, welcoming him back home.

Though, the hair on Izuku's neck raises when they take the first step inside the safe gates, making him on high alert as he nervously looks for some of the media who may be looking for a new story to pounce on. He doesn't even realize he stopped his walk forward as he looks at all the hiding places the media might camp on to jump unsuspecting students, searching for the reason why he feels so on edge.

Izuku freezes his search when he feels a familiar dark aura growing nearby, directly behind him somewhere.

No.

"Deku?"

Izuku taps into focusing his quirk, something he rarely does, to try and pinpoint where it's coming from exactly, praying he's wrong about the owner given how faint it is.

It can't be.

"Hey Deku--"

Izuku's breath hitches when he focuses on the ground to find the faint source, hoping he's mistaken.

Surely just a misunderstanding. Izuku sweats as he searches desperately. I'm just hyped up over last night. Surely she's not--

"DEKU!"

Izuku snaps his pale face up at his brother who's shaking him out of his dissociation.
"The fuck's got you so pale?" Kacchan questions with wariness as Izuku's eyes race around, trying to figure out if he's just psyching himself out. "Answer me shit head!"

"I don't..." Izuku's tongue goes dry as the feelings start to fade away. "Oh..."

"Oh fucking what Deku?" Kacchan grills, trying to figure out what the heck is happening.

"It's nothing Kacchan." Izuku reassures with a fake smile. "I thought I heard something, but..."

"You think the media is lurking about?" Kacchan questions with a scowl as he searches around as well.

"Yeah..." Izuku nods as the feeling disappears completely. "Sorry for worrying you..."

"Let's just fucking get to class already nerd." Kacchan growls annoyed. "If we're fucking late I'll kill you."

"Okay."

Izuku follows behind his brother faithfully with a smile on his face, but the pit in his stomach only grows.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 2/10, Checked for errors 3/15

The Yawning Grave by Lord Huron

^ This is the song Izuku hums in this chapter by the way.

You didn't think Inko was gone forever, did you? :)

No. This is only the beginning of her reign of terror... *evil cackling*
Here's a fantastic fanfic that is one of the more popular one yes, but definitely something you should read while you are waiting on my updates:

- **A Dangerous Game** by tsukithewolf

Happy reading! :D

**A/N:** *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is one of my all time favorite books. I highly recommend reading it as it has a lot of interesting view points on topics like mental health and psychology. I have a second favorite one that is on the same par as it's in that sort of in the same vein of story telling. Shout out to anyone who can figure it out before that book is referenced in one of my future upcoming chapters btw.

I will narrow your search considerably though with these hints:
(1) A classic that was probably assigned to be read in high school (if you grew up in the US)
(2) A young female writer
(3) Pondered what it truly means to be alive and the human condition in her book
"The way into the hearts of others is always achieved through pleasant conversation and wholesome food." -- Rikido Sato

Izuku fidgets hard in his seat. He knows something is definitely wrong. But what that something is, he doesn't know yet.

The vibes he got this morning couldn't have been from who he thought. His quirk is probably just on overdrive from his feelings being all over the place as of late, especially since his nightmare last night wasn't particularly pleasant. And all of the weird stares that were like straight out of the Twilight Zone from his peers watching him on the way inside the building isn't exactly helping calm his nerves. It's just making him more paranoid than he should be in all honesty.

He just feels like he's drowning in his anxiousness, but still above water fighting the unrelenting rapids. It's like he's suffocating, but still able to drag enough precious breaths in to keep from completely freaking out.

Whatever it is, Izuku definitely knows better than to completely disregard his feelings on such things. He just hopes it's nothing like USJ.

Sighing, Izuku grabs his notebook out of his bag to start on a new page, though instead of working on villain fights, he works on something he hasn't touched in a while as an attempt to distract himself before class starts.

He knows from all of the previous Sports Festivals that equipment is generally fair game, provided you demonstrate clear need for your quirk functioning safely or the support items made are student built. There might be more rules to consider, so he'll have to ask Aizawa-sensei about what he specifically can't do after homeroom ends.

But regardless, his best shot is using a few simple support items rather than going in with a ton of stuff or absolutely nothing at all. While he believes in his own fighting skills, there are definitely team events, whether it be the first or second event before the tournament style at the end. Thus, he has to show everyone he can pull his weight despite not using his strength enhancer or it will isolate him very quickly early on, even possibly among his own classmates. Getting isolated means
he won't be able to have the freedom to choose his teammates and thus make him in a more vulnerable situation to get to the final round. It's the last thing he needs, especially given the fact that the first two rounds specifically are designed to thin the herd.

Doodling a bit, he begins to draft a new escrima stick design with a retractable setting as he won't have the luxury of bringing bulky gear with him. Mobility is a basic necessity, especially against speed quirks like Iida's. Every millisecond will be a determining factor in a matchup like that, especially if he hopes to win. He'll also have to come up with some way of transporting it, like a belt or strap, but that can come later once he's got this portion done.

Beside his initial design sketch, he tries to add his signature electricity to the internal workings as a way to temporarily stun his opponents for a split second. To his disappointment, he finds his first drawing to be very unstable from his side calculations given all the internal moving metal parts. Biting his lip, he scribbles a little more to try a different design that won't shock him unintentionally if he receives a hard blow to the frame or it breaking apart due to the integral stress it would put on the more vulnerable joints.

Scratching out his previous design in frustration, Izuku puts the eraser of his pencil on his lip as he starts mumbling through possibilities. But none of them stick as the pit in his stomach continues to lurch, now even growling in protest despite eating a full breakfast just a half an hour before.

Izuku sighs as he looks over his almost completely scratched out page with no ideas of how to incorporate the electricity in the shifting frame to give himself an extra edge against the competition.

*Just great...*

"Stop fucking fidgeting nerd." Kacchan growls lowly, staring at him with pointed eyes over his shoulder.

"I c-can't..." Izuku's pencil trembles as the feeling simply grows as his own anxiety spikes. "I d-don't..."

"Tch..." Kacchan clicks in annoyance. "Just stop fucking moving so much, I don't care how. It's annoying..."

Izuku shivers as he feels a chill run down his spine as the feeling radiates throughout his body a bit.
It's almost like he's on an adrenaline high, though he's not totally sure why his flight or fight response has kicked in so hard. Though, his overactive brain may just be getting to him, especially with what happened at the gate, making him overly paranoid over nothing. "S-sorry, I didn't m-mean to... j-just..."

Izuku gulps down his nerves. "D-does something f-feel off to you?"

Kacchan turns around in his seat more fully as concern flashes under his scowl. "The fuck you mean off?"

"I d-don't know..." Izuku shrugs slightly. "I just... I'm w-worried something b-bad m-might happen..."

Kacchan seemingly considers his trembling for a moment before adopting a deeper scowl towards his actions. "Stop being fucking paranoid over nothing Deku."

Izuku just sighs. "Yeah, y-you're p-probably right K-kacchan..."

"Of course I'm fucking right shitty nerd..." Kacchan grumbles as he turns back in his seat. "Just fucking sit still god damn it..."

"S-sorry Kacchan..."

Izuku does his best to control the trembling, but winces when his stomach growls a little too loud, making him shrink in on himself as he huddles over his notes to get his ideas to start working. Though, he startles when the door opens a little too hard, making him jump in his seat slightly from all the tension he holds to keep quiet.

“Hey guys!”

Izuku shifts his wary eyes over to the door of the classroom where Sato is standing with a box in hand, his other classmates milling about the room shifting their focus over to him as well.

"I bring gifts!" Sato raises the box a bit in his hands with a wide toothy smile. “So, I know not a lot
people like them, but my dad made extra oatmeal raisin cookies this morning in the shop, so he wanted me to bring some for class. I’m allergic to raisins, so I can’t have any, but feel free to come grab some if you want.”

Izuku’s head immediately pops off his notebook from vibrating in anticipation, leaving behind his previous anxiousness as his stomach takes over in the driver seat. “Oatmeal raisin?”

“Uh…. yeah?”

Izuku doesn’t wait to be told twice before he seemingly teleports in front of his friend, an excited tremor going throughout his body. “Can I have one? Please. Please. Could I--?”

Sato laughs at Izuku puppy-like excitement as he pops off the lid. “Yeah, sure buddy.”

Izuku doesn’t hesitate as he grabs one out, already popping it into his mouth to stop the angry rumbles.

His classmates startle when they see tears coming from his eyes as he starts to inhale it, thinking the worst of said cookies and that they dodged a big bullet with that one.

“O’ mer god…” Izuku barely gets out between his blissful bites to their instant surprise. “Dis is sooo g’d Sado…”

“I’m glad you like them Midoriya.” Sato smiles brightly before turning slightly to his other classmates. “Does anyone else want some?”

Everyone in the room violently shakes their heads at the sight of the crying child inhaling the cookie like it's his last meal.

“Chocolate chip is more my style, ya know.”

“Fucking ginger snap with extra cinnamon is the way to go you uncultured fucks.”
“Sugar cookies are nice…”

Sato smiles at Izuku’s continued lingering stare at the box as he licks off the crumbs, literally almost drooling at the mouth from the sight. “If no one else wants them, you can have them Midoriya. I can't really eat them…”

“Sold.” Izuku instantly grabs the unwanted box and rushes to his desk, inhaling the sticky goodness all the while his tears pour down in pure Nirvana.

Izuku stops stuffing his face when Ashido gets too close for comfort, already protecting the box with his life with a low growl as his stomach protests loudly at the prospect of losing the heavenly food source. “It's mine.”

“Oh my god! Guys!” Ashido wheezes out in pain, doubling over due to her toxic giggling from her attempt at a joke. “This is amazing!”

“You should have wanted the golden goodness before I got them. Not my fault if you don’t appreciate the good stuff.” Izuku retorts instantly before getting straight back to inhaling the cookies.

“Go back to your cave Gollum.” Tokoyami teases with a small pleased smirk.

“My precious.” Izuku hisses out with a clear smile underneath his continued protectiveness, though it doesn't cease him stuffing his face in the slightest.

“You really do cry when you are happy.” Jiro mentions with a smile at Izuku innocent bliss to the gift.

Izuku pauses his munching to look at her with slight confusion twisting itself on his face. “Yeah. I told you yesterday, didn’t I?”

…

“So precious… Must protect…” Several of his classmates’ coo as Izuku ignorantly continues his
escapade to eat the amazing cookies.

“Stop fucking inhaling those like tics tacs shitty nerd.” Bakugo growls as he reaches out to take the box from him after the fifth cookie, only to be quickly swatted at. ”You already had fucking a big breakfast you idiot.”

“I’m starving.” Izuku lowly growls between bites. “They’re mine now. Get your own.”

“Stop acting like a brat.” Bakugo scoffs. “You’re gonna fucking get fat idiot.”

“Just let me have this Kacchan...” Izuku huffs angrily between bites. “I swear if I have to deal with one more stupid thing this week, I’m migrating to Canada and building my shack.”

“Your fucking what?”

“Don’t worry about it.” Izuku stuffs the last cookie he can comfortably eat without overeating in his mouth before closing up the box for later. “Just let me be happy, ‘kay?”

“Whatever.”

Izuku pauses when he looks at the closed box with longing nostalgia, another type of tears starting to fall.

Kirishima is one of the first to notice the shift in mood. “Whoa, hey Midoriya bro… What’s wrong dude…??”

Izuku sniffs while tearing at his eyes with his sleeve. “It’s n-nothing. ‘m sorry…”

Izuku literally feels the disbelief in the eyes of his classmates, but he really doesn't want to talk about it much since it's so fresh.

“I'm o-okay...” Izuku bites down a sob as he moves to place them in his bag. “It's r-really n-nothing g-guys...”
“Fucking spit it out already Deku.” Bakugo growls, his red eyes burning with concern.

Izuku simply sighs as he zips up his bag. “I, um… the cookies reminded m-me of…”

“Of?” Todoroki picks up with concern.

“Someone I… l-lost…” Izuku finds his gaze aimed at his desk. “S-she m-made me c-cookies l-like this a-all the t-time and I…”

“I m-miss her a l-lot…” Izuku admits as he continues to tear at his eyes with his sleeves in a vain attempt to stop the tears from spreading. “I-I’m s-sorry f-for c-crying a-again…”

The air temperature spikes slightly at his revelation, but Izuku focuses more on keeping his face dry as his voice trails off.

“You’re grieving.” Jiro points out as a sudden revelation hits her given his dramatic mood swings over the past couple days. “This just happened, didn’t it?”

Izuku nods slightly as he continues his fight with his emotions.

"Heroes don't cry." Izuku gives his desk a watery smile as he remember his Pappy's words as he lowers his arms. "But like Pappy always told me, heroes are always allowed to cry."

...

"Who's Pappy--?" Uraraka starts in confusion before the door slams so hard the entire classroom shakes slightly from the force, making Izuku jump slightly in his seat.

"HEYA LISTENERS!!" Present Mic-sensei cheerfully exclaims with his quirk activated as he charges in unregulated, making everyone grab their ears as they rush back to their seats. "HOW ARE Y'ALL DOING TODAY!??"
The class gives various forms of greeting as Izuku wipes the remaining dregs of tears off his face so he can start the day off with a better note than such a depressing one.

"Where is Aizawa-sensei?" Yaoyorozu dutifully voices the question on everyone's mind, even Izuku once he focuses on the fact that Present Mic-sensei is technically a period early.

"Don't worry little listener!" Present Mic-sensei assures with a slightly strained rad smile that instantly makes Izuku conflicted on what's troubling him. "He's just helping out with a small problem. It's really nothing to worry about. He told me to get you listeners started on that second English Assessment Quiz of ours, so now you'll have a little bit of extra time on it. Now, LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED!!!"

Izuku's swallows hard as the unintentional fidgeting of his pencil becomes more pronounced as his teacher passes out the papers that already have a few of his classmates groaning in pain from viewing it. After all, he could tell Present Mic-sensei just lied.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 2/12, Checked for errors 3/15

Cold Skin by Seven Lions, Echos

The calm before a hurricane always starts with the storm surge...

Izuku: What the heck is with all these ominous vibes Author?

Me: Ah that...... Wait just a moment and stay put right there. I'll be right back...

Izuku: ...

Izuku: Should I be worried--?

Sato *pops into the void*: Um, so the Author told me, um... Well, it doesn't matter, I have cookies!

Izuku *squints*: ... what type of cookies?

Sato: Oatmeal raisin...?

Izuku *literally vibrating the cosmos*: COOOOOKIIIEESSSS!!!!!
Me *smiling nervously*: 'Good. He's happy again.....'

My Brain: '....for now.'

A/N: The staring I mention in this chapter is from the tv series called the Twilight Zone. The episode I am referencing is this one “Person or Persons Unknown” (Season 3, Episode 27), where David Gurney wakes up to another ordinary day. Except that day, nobody knows who he is.

I mean, look at these moments in the episode and tell me you aren't completely creeped out by it:
David is the one on the left in both pictures for reference.
GUYS!

HOLY CRAP 25,000 HITS!

I AM SCREECHING IN HAPPINESS AND TERROR AT THE SAME TIME CAUSE HOLY COW THAT IS A CRAZY MILESTONE!!!!!!!!!!!! AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!

I love you guys, truly!

Also! Happy Valentine's Day update! Prepare for the angst train!

I'M PAWSITIVE, YOU ARE PURRFECT FOR MEOW!

TO:

FROM:
Nedzu takes a shaky sip of his favorite calming tea to soothe his nerves for the battle of wits ahead. His moment of peace is broken relatively quickly to his disappointment as the door slams open with a very obnoxious type of fury.

Aizawa storms into his office with a murderous expression, interrupting his next tentative sip. "Where is she?"

Nedzu places his tea on the desk carefully. "Aizawa--"

"No, don't 'Aizawa' me rat." Aizawa bitterly shoots back. "If she is here to pull him out of UA, I will kill her. Where the fuck is that snake?"

Nedzu sighs as hiding such information would spur the hero on a mad hunt for the woman that would only end in more lawsuits for him to deal with. And not the kind he indulges for stress relief. "With my secretary at the moment. I highly doubt she came all this way to remove her son from our care. If she wanted that, Midoriya would have never come to class today and we would have more than likely received a letter in the mail given her outlined reasons why she would be suing us, given what my own team's research has found on her... questionable business tendencies."

"Then why is she here Nedzu?" Aizawa demands, his red itchy sclera on full display as his patience clearly has long run out.

"I simply don't know." Nedzu stares back unfazed despite his own feelings on the matter at hand. "If you can control yourself and not attack her on sight, I called you here to be my witness to this discussion as Midoriya's homeroom teacher."

"Fine." Aizawa bitterly churns out as he stalks over to his side, hand already poised and ready on his capture weapon that makes him shake his tail in frustration.

Especially given the notion that if their cards are revealed too early, their student may unintentionally be caught in the crossfire.

"Send Midoriya-san inside, Monban-san." Nedzu instructs after pressing the button to her direct
line, already feeling the pressure of a migraine coming from the upcoming battle ahead if things are headed that direction. "Be prepared if I need your assistance to remove her as the priority is Yellow."

"Understood Nedzu-san." A disciplined feminine voice returns from the tiny speaker. "You have two minutes before she arrives sir."

"Thank you Monban-san."

"Yellow Nedzu?" Aizawa scowls. "She should be a priority White."

Nedzu sigh into his tea. "White is a bit overkill for a civilian, don't you think? Why skip priority red and black, if you don't mind my curiosity?"

"No, White's the perfect one for this situation." Aizawa grinned at his visible pain to such a declaration. "That way I don't have to have a reason for knocking her abusive ass to the floor where it belongs."

"Patience Aizawa." Nedzu swirls his tea purposefully with his favorite tiny biodegradable straw as a maniac smile graces his snout, pressing the button under his desk. He watches with a certain glee in his eyes as the ceiling parts slightly, activating his tiny drone army to spread out around the room, putting them in defense mode for the detection of any unauthorized quirk activation. "After all, I must have the pleasure of the first hit should she resort to foolish violence."

A petite knock to the door after a small moment of reprieve, breaking the tension of bloodlust between the two as they place their neutral resting bitch faces on for the demon behind his door.

"Please come in!" Nedzu calls to their guest, but it is nowhere as cheerful as it should be prompting him to indulge in some tea to calm the rage inside.

The small green-haired woman basically prances into the room like she owns it, her pencil black skirt swaying with each tentative smack of her heels on the hardwood floor before the soft carpet section. She hold onto her professional looking black bag like it would escape her at any moment, likely holding something of worth in it for such attention to be given to it. But Nedzu has little time to think over the possibilities as he must first address the wolf in the room while maintaining his own cool.
"Ah Midoriya-san." Nedzu puts down his tea gently, though his smile is quite forced at the moment as he plays through the motions of a good host. "It is an honor to see you again. Our last meeting was not under the best circumstances I am afraid, so I am glad we could meet under better ones. To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"No offer for tea?" Midoriya-san teasingly dodges his question with a small chuckle hidden by one of her hands like a gossiping house wife would among her clique. "How dreadfully informal of you Principal..."

Nedzu's nose twitches when he hears the audible sound of teeth grinding beside him, though he doesn't skip a beat in responding. "I apologize for not offering sooner. My hospitality is usually more refined for those who actually ask for an audience in advance."

Midoriya-san's hand drops as if she's trying to be remorseful for her actions. "Oh, I meant no disrespect Principal. Truly. A joke at worst really..."

"Of course. No offense taken Midoriya-san."

If Nedzu hadn't had plenty of his tormentors say similar things right before hurting him, he might have believed her fabricated sincerity. In fact, the similarities between those people and her are starting to blur them together to him the longer he shares the air with her.

"Though, that does bring us back to the matter at hand." Midoriya-san exaggerates a sigh as if worried deeply about something. "I am terribly worried about my son's quirk. It's not everyday a child such as my son manifests one so late in life, you know."

"Your son's quirk?" Nedzu parrots to not give her any extra feedback or answers to her intentional probing, analyzing the shrewd woman before him for any telling tics for later use as the conversation develops.

The witch's eye twitches clearly in frustration, but her sickly sweet smile never drops. "Yes Principal. I thought you'd be well aware of it by now since I know from various sources you are prone to overanalyzing everything to the exact detail given your particular type of quirk. That includes the possible potential of your students and their quirks."

"Really?" Nedzu exaggerates his surprise at her describing his own quirk as if she were more knowledgeable about it than himself. In fact, the only one with the potential for that type of honor
would lie with Midoriya himself. "I was unaware I had such practices."

"I see." Midoriya-san simply sighs as if in disappointment. "I'm afraid I was right to doubt how you all are treating my son and handling the cultivation of his quirk if you are so prone to joking when you should be taking this seriously."

Nedzu's tail twitches slightly in irritation at the directed jab. "Pardon?"

"I wonder if this would jog your memory." Midoriya-san procures a paper from her professional handbag. "Midoriya Izuku. Age 15. Quirk: Superpower."

Nedzu slightly winces at how childish the name of such a powerful quirk like One for All sounds. Though, it could be an excellent cover to keep away nosy villains from the truth if it is portrayed as a simple enhancer quirk. On the other hand, its vague description is very useful given there are no summaries for public records as you'd need high clearance or access to the quirk registry itself, something he doubts the woman would remotely even have access to even with her possible connections.

In fact, that leads him to a less desired train of thought that makes him pause for a moment.

Did Midoriya purposefully name his quirk vague on purpose? If so, does it potentially connect to why this monster is before me at this very moment?

"And if I am correct, which I have already triple checked with my legal team before ever stepping in at your doorstep..." Midoriya-san smiles brightly in such a twisted way that is downright shameful to his student's own pure smile. "My son registered to UA under the pretense of having such a quirk. Unless this was a lie on the school's part to cover up if his previously quirkless status, I could sue you for fraud."

Nedzu own smile drops a slight degree at the drastic jump in logic to her flimsy claim as he ponders her words carefully for any hints for her true goal. "How are you sure that it was not your own son who applied with the pretense to fake a quirk?"

"Principal Nedzu, with all due respect." Midoriya-san shifts her weight to her other foot as her smile drops. "My son has a newly developed quirk as of almost five months ago when it was registered under the public record. You can stop using your mind games trying to direct me away like a poor, misinformed moody parent. Despite my appearance, I am no beautiful little fool. I've
I can certainly see where Midoriya got his more cold and calculating bouts of intelligence from. Nedzu muses as he shifts in his seat as his serious expression makes it way on his snout to trick her, her clearly jaded jab never actually coming close to affecting him.

If anyone would know the constricting pressure that is prejudice, it would be Nedzu himself. Not to demean the struggles of others as the simple answer to his passive attitude lies in the simple truth that he is not a man. After all, he's an animal in a man's world.

Nedzu slow blinks as he considers her now pleased smirk as he seemingly 'gave' her that win, disappointed that it truly was that easy to fool the business woman.

Midoriya shares almost no resemblance to this easily emotionally manipulated woman. In contrast, it is impossibly harder to keep things from him, regardless of whether that information hurts or helps him in the long run. Interesting...

"And what exactly is your purpose today Midoriya-san?" Nedzu blinks his cold and calculating eyes, searching for something to latch onto concerning her body language that has surprisingly been very well hidden up to this point. "You have not been as clear on that subject as one should be when speaking about the wellbeing of one of the inheritors of our society."

Midoriya-san's smile forms once again. "I would like a full report on my son's current quirk development as well as the complete medical record for any injuries he has incurred under your supervision. That includes the little incident at USJ, mind you."

Medical records. Nedzu's smile becomes strained, feeling sick as his percentage for experimentation jumps from a solid 80% to a dangerous 99% certainty. That's her true aim here today.

"USJ is considered classified information by the government through the Hero Safety Commission." Aizawa offers intelligently, though his scowl is clearly deepening to how much he wants to fight the vile woman before them given he clearly picked up the real subject matter as well. "That includes what specifically occurred there. The students are allowed to speak freely about their own experiences to their loved ones, but not the exact details of what happened to others or what the villains were specifically after. The only exception to that rule is if the media presented that specific topic to the public at large. If you have a complaint about the USJ attack
itself, you should be filing a complaint with the Safety Commission as it falls under their jurisdiction, despite occurring on our campuses."

"I am afraid you misunderstand my intentions." Midoriya-san smooths over her bag as she replaces the old paper with another as she gently places it on his desk for his viewing pleasure. "I already have permission and clearance for such a demand concerning my son exclusively as I foresaw this as a possible conflict of interest. I assure you, I care not of what those dreadful villains wanted nor the damages to the school reputation Principal. I am simply looking out for the best interests of my son."

Nedzu's nose twitches hard as he sees the manic deceit under such a proclamation when taking a glance at the paper, finding it in all order to his disappointment. "I am sure you are by demanding his private medical records exclusively. Is there something in particular you are looking for? Perhaps I can guide you in the right direction."

Nedzu internally smiles when her own becomes strained to his directed jab to gather more information. "As his mother, I am entitled to his records at this school. I simply wish to collect my due as I am worried my son is not being handled properly by your school."

"Of course. A mother worries." Nedzu provides with a faux smile that fools the woman. "Let me pull up Midoriya's profile concerning the release of information."

Midoriya-san resumes with one of her own. "Of course Principal. Take your time."

It only takes a minute for the paper to be brought up on his computer and to be printed out for a physical copy. He quickly shambles over to the printer, ignoring the pointed glares Aizawa is shooting at the woman who is smiling proud as a peacock as if she's already won. To his delight, it was just as he suspected as he looks over the paper more closely.

*It seems my student is much more prepared for such a scenario than I gave him credit for.*

Nedzu smiles happily. *This truly does make my job of keeping her grubby fingers away his records much easier.*

"Before we talk about your son's medical records, you are aware of all the paperwork you signed for him to attend our institution, correct?" Nedzu brings up as if it was small talk, zeroing in on the woman with deceivingly neutral eyes.
"Pardon?"

"The forms you signed for him of course." Nedzu smiles widely as he places the paper right in front of her for her own reading pleasure. "You see, UA has a special section of forms that we require to be signed by the parents as an added precaution, but there is one other piece that is required by the government at all Hero Institutions in Japan. These said UA specific papers gives the student themselves autonomy to their studies, which are submitted among their application. Here at UA, we pride ourselves in making sure our students' privacy is regarded at the highest level. You could say, we are pretty progressive in this regard."

Midoriya-san's smile clearly becomes forced, though it doesn't falter. "In what regard specifically Principal?"

"You signed the paper in your case yourself that gives your son full autonomy to his course work, which is UA's first precaution to student confidentially and autonomy on campus. This means that only your son has the right to choose his track of study, whether it be the Hero, Support, General, or Business track without parent intervention. But I think this paper will interest you the most, which is the government mandated one..." Nedzu grins as he flips to the other paper. "Your son, Midoriya Izuku, allowed no one access to his medical, psychological, and quirk records for his time here at UA. I am sorry to inform you that you simply do not have permission to access such files."

...

"Are you saying that you won't allow me, as his parent and guardian, access to his health records?" Midoriya-san questions carefully as if testing the waters.

Nedzu wishes for nothing more than to giggle at the fact her smile has further dropped from her question, but he refrains to stay professional in front of the viperess.

"I am terribly sorry Midoriya-san." Nedzu adopts a predatory smile. "It would be terribly illegal along with being incredibly immoral for me to devolve his records to an unspecified party. The only person who has access to his records at this moment would be your son and any of his health care providers he seeks out on his own accord. If you have a problem with this policy, you should direct your lawsuit towards the government itself. I will warn you in advance that your lawsuit case will be dropped immediately if you point the blame at UA or any other Hero Institution as specified by the law's own clauses. Though, I'm sure you are well versed with the law yourself to understand this notion."
"I see." Midoriya-san purses her lips in considerations to his words before her smile returns, sending a shiver down his spine given how confident she appears with the news. "Then I would like to request my son's presence so that I may ask for permission for these records. I will wait for his arrival since I know how large the school is, so the time is no trouble for me Principal."

Nedzu ignores the start of a low growl coming from his colleague as he smoothes over the request with a smile of his own, thanking his lucky stars for the government's own rare foresight for such scenarios as this.

"I am afraid I cannot request your son's presence in this manner for two reasons." Nedzu replies dryly as his beady eyes track the women's facial expressions since they seem more honest than her body language. "First, I can neither confirm nor deny if your son has arrived at school today. Second, I cannot honor your request as your son is the party who has to initiate such an interaction, not yourself given the paperwork I have in my possession. Both of these reasons stem from the secondary clause in the government's law itself. By your son's decision to allow no one access to his records, this also means no outside party has any say interacting with him during his attendance at UA."

"This is absurd!" Midoriya-san raises her voice slightly in protest as her smile falls completely. "I am his mother and I demand--"

"Midoriya-san, do not raise your voice in my office please." Nedzu commands with absolute authority, though he does not stoop to her level by raising his own. "I am simply explaining the situation before us due to the government's own rules and regulations."

"Of course Principal. I understand perfectly." Midoriya-san smoothes over her own clear frustration from his refusal to make an exception in her case with another fake smile. "I am sure Shiketsu High will welcome my son with open arms, especially since my company works directly with training their promising support students. After all, my late husband was an alumni. He wished for nothing but for the future to be raised properly by supporting the new talent you see."

Oh dear me... Nedzu lowers his tail down a slight degree as he considers the options to curb this from coming to pass.

"Are you threatening to pull Midoriya out of UA simply for us following the law?" Aizawa demands with cool animosity, breaking the long silence Nedzu had long predicted would have broken much sooner if not for his respectable restraint when dealing with such a delicate situation.

"What if I am? If I do, it is my choice and my choice alone as his mother." She eyes his colleague
carefully as if searching for vulnerabilities in his stance through his employees. "What is it to you? I am unfamiliar."

"A Pro Hero who just so happens to be Midoriya's homeroom teacher." Aizawa delivers with a deceivingly devilish smile that makes Nedzu smile as well since he did not provide any additional information to the woman's arsenal for later use. "So, this has everything to do with me since you are openly threatening the wellbeing of one of my students. Teachers at UA have the duty to not only teach, but protect our students from villains and any other sort of malicious figures that would undisputedly cause harm."

"How dare you..." Midoriya-san gasps in object horror as if extremely offended. "Are you suggesting the notion that I am a villain simply because I want to know what is going on with my son's health?"

"Of course not." Aizawa provides in a voice dripping heavily in malicious sarcasm. "I was simply stating my job description."

Midoriya-san clearly doesn't buy his innocent act. "Of course you are. And lemons are apples."

"Midoriya-san." Nedzu interrupts the childish fight before things escalate to actual physical violence in his office. He'd rather not have to re-carpet the office due to the blood of a child abuser staining their clean fibers. "My colleague did in fact state one bullet point for his job description to the letter. You may look at the UA website for more details if you doubt his sincerity. Regardless, I simply can't break the law. If this was an issue, you shouldn't have ever signed the paperwork--"

Midoriya-san cuts him off quickly in a fit of rage. "I'll have you know, I never signed--!"

"Are you suggesting that you yourself did not sign these required documents Midoriya-san?" Nedzu cuts her right off in turn with a calculated gaze as he sips his tea seeing the woman before him start to unravel with the new present fear behind her eyes.

You should be afraid. Nezu sips on his tea carefully as he waits for more of a reaction out of the witch. You should be absolutely terrified of what will happen when we catch you. Not if.

"That is a serious accusation to make indeed if I am understanding your silence correctly." Nedzu continues, drawing out the intensity of his voice for that type of scenario. "If that was truly the case, I am wondering what environment my student must be living in at home that he could not ask
for your simple signature to apply to a respectable high school that he was more than qualified to attend, regardless of quirks. And I take such matters very seriously."

Midoriya-san pales slightly. "No, I am not Principal. I simply spoke out of anger on my son’s behalf. I simply want what's best for him you see."

*As do I.* Nedzu blinks back, watching carefully for any more tells he can glean from her. *Though, our objectives clearly defer greatly in what we agree is best for Midoriya...*

"Excellent. That would've been a predicament in itself. Though, your signature was never required for the government issued documents, only your son's just so you understand that correctly. In fact, this policy is universal, even at Shiketsu I'm afraid. It does not transfer between schools either, so any records made here at UA will be locked up securely for your son's eyes only until he deems otherwise personally." Nedzu takes a victory sip of his delicious tea to curb his need to giggle at the eye twitch she gives him at his observation. "Is there anything more I can help you with today Midoriya-san?"

"No." Midoriya-san straightens her bag as she pastes back on a fake smile. "I suppose not."

"That is good to hear." Nedzu grins widely with a Cheshire smile. "I am glad we could come to an understanding today Midoriya-san."

"I as well." Midoriya-san smiles wider in agreement, though the plasticity bleeds through in its sharp undertones extensively. "Though, I will be back again. I would do anything for my son's wellbeing. You understand, I'm sure."

"Of course." Nedzu keeps from him losing his cool under the predatory gaze of the woman. "Please take good care of yourself on the way out, won't you? The hallways can be quite long and winding if you get lost. We wouldn't want that, would we?"

"Of course not." Midoriya-san bows formally. "I thank you for your assistance and wisdom on this personal matter Principal."

"You're welcome Midoriya-san." Nedzu bows his head slightly, though he doesn't hold an ounce of any respect for her in doing so. "I look forward to our next meeting."
Wordlessly, she clicks her heels on the floor as she starts to leave the room completely empty handed to his immense satisfaction, though he still has apprehensions to what the woman will bring to the table next if he does not plan accordingly given her preparedness and obvious connections in high places at their first meeting under these parameters.

"We know what you've done to him." Aizawa growls protectively against Nedzu's wishes to keep their cards hidden from view until the time is right the second her filthy hand touches his door. "You should enjoy the last days of your freedom while you can because once everything comes to light, there won't be a place in Japan safe for you. Even All Might himself knows and wants nothing more than for you to burn in hell for your crimes."

... 

Inko turns her head back towards them with a chilling smile that projects an immense amount of malice. "Izuku knows the consequences of disobeying me intimately as any child does."

Nedzu swallows his tea more forcefully in response to the bloodlust he can now smell coming off the vile woman, directed straight towards them for calling her out.

"Especially when they disobey their parents who want nothing but the best for them." Inko smiles cruelly as the underlying threat to her words register to the both of them. "Have a good day gentlemen. The pleasure truly was all mine."

The door softly clicks behind her, but it honestly sounded more like a slam in the dead silence left in her wake.

... 

"That fucking two-faced snake." Aizawa finally spits out after a good minute of silence. "That smug bitch rubbed in our fucking faces about what she's done to Midoriya and she literally just told us there wasn't a god damn thing we can do about it without taking it out on him. If she lays even one hand on him again, there will be no god that will be able to piece together what's left when I'm done with her."
"I couldn't have said it any better Aizawa..." Nedzu sips his tea with a maniac expression of his own as a new course of action forms in his mind.

Though, that specific hero is out of country at the moment if I remember correctly, so drastic strings will have to be pulled if possible if I want to have it done before my Festival.

Nedzu sighs at how dismal that outcome percentage is, though he has little time to consider another course of action as it would give undeniable proof of the woman's abuse without raising Midoriya's alarms given his skittishness. "I believe it's time to give one of our more useful Alumni that works on abuse cases a call...."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 2/14, Checked for errors 3/15

Big Bad Wolf by Roses & Revolutions

Aizawa: I am going to kill her.

Nedzu *sipping civilly*: No you aren't.

Aizawa: Yes I am!

Nedzu *deploying all the goodies*: NOT IF I GET TO HER FIRST!!!

A/N: So, this precaution paperwork does have a real world counterpart in the US when it comes to colleges and universities. It's called FERPA if you would like more information about it. I simply borrowed the concept from there as I feel like, given how Hero schools operate, this would definitely be a thing since Hero students at the very least will be dealing with combat situations that they may not want their parents to have access to. The second precaution is made up as I feel like UA would add that to allow their students the autonomy to their own education.
"The desires of a man are relatively simple to satisfy. The desires of a woman are not."
--Midoriya Inko

Please thank randomfandomtraveler on our discord server for the cover art for this chapter:

And please thank 'tired-moon | couatl' for even more cover art:

*Warning*
Severe Panic Attack, Mentions of Severe Child Abuse

You have been warned, so I implore you to take this warning seriously. Please take care of yourselves.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku's pencil breaks into shards as he feels the familiar yet sickening aura flare up completely, flipping his stomach in two.

No.

"Listener?"

Izuku's breaths become forced as he tries to keep calm and think so he won't have a panic attack in the middle of class. But his control is quickly slipping away from him as undeniable truth has made itself known as it continues to grow somewhere behind him.

She's here.
"Midoriya?"

Izuku's mind races as his breathing becomes haggard as he can't deny the feeling any longer, now knowing he simply wasn't imagining it at the gate at all.

*Oh god she's actually here. Why is she here?*

"Midoriya, calm down."

Izuku starts sweating as the aura keeps thrashing around, clearly coming from the direction of Nedzu's office.

*Why is she in Nedzu's office? Why is she here? Why is she here!? WHY IS SHE HERE!??*

"Midoriya, breathe for me. You're having a panic attack listener. You're okay."

Izuku pales as the realization hits him to exactly why she's here. "*Sensei.*"

"Can I touch you? Are you okay list--"

Izuku looks up at his teacher with pure desperation in his eyes. "*I think I'm going to be sick.*"

Izuku doesn't wait for an answer as he books it out of the classroom with a speed he didn't know he had as the dread consumes him.

"What the fuck?" Katsuki finally breathes out for the rest of the slacked jaw class that was left behind after Izuku darted out of the room like a bat out of hell.
His mind races to make sure he really felt whatever the fuck that weird sense of dread was as he can't wrap his head around it at all. Honestly, he's pretty damn sure he nearly had a panic attack from that god awful sensation. He's had one or two in passing, so he fucking knows how much bullshit they really are. His only happened whenever the nerd strayed way too close to a high place. Even then, his usually happened much later, almost a delayed response until he was safe in his room and away from all the nosy extras. It's why Izuku's own panic attacks scare him shitless with how quick they emerge, especially given how frequent they have been lately.

But that level of dread he just felt?

He has no idea what the fuck that was. All he knows is that it was unreal.

Katsuki tries to wet his now dry tongue as one question is on his mind.

What the fuck even was that?

"I guess..." Kaminari laughs nervously with a stupid expression after the long moment of silence. "Midoriya can't handle his cookies?"

Katsuki growls while the extras start laughing at the dunce as if nothing weird had just happened, like they were more concerned with the nerd dashing out of the room like his life depended on it instead of being panicked like him. As if they never felt whatever the fuck that was.

Katsuki swallows hard as he shakes his head, fearing he just got panicked from hearing the nerd freak the fuck out for no fucking reason again. "I told that fucking nerd to not eat those damn cookies..."

Izuku full on dead sprints like he's about to fail the Fitness Gram pacer test, both his panic and anger increasing to a level that is insane as he rushes to stop what he thinks she's doing.

I'm never letting her pull me out of UA.

Izuku clears his face of stray tears from his panic attack that is currently being delayed as he
continues to run, even as his calfs burn scream at him to stop their overuse.

*Keep going.* Izuku psyches himself up despite losing a piece of his soul along the way. *You can't let her win. It's not too late, I can still fix this.*

Izuku rounds the corner only for his heart to drop as he finally sets eyes on her, his legs locking up completely from his overwhelming fear taking over the forefront of his mind.

*It's really her.*

Izuku sees her previously vacant eyes flash with recognition, her aura simply flaring up with each and every step forward she takes.

*She's here.*

Izuku drowns in the screaming sound of the clicks her tiny black heels make on the linoleum floor in calculated succession.

*She's actually here.*

Izuku doesn't even breathe until she finally stops in front of him, watching him closely like a prized pooch. The very act makes him physically sick, that he might actually puke at this rate if he continued to stay in her toxic presence for too long.

"Oh what a pleasant surprise..." Inko smiles but it's so fake that Izuku already feels bile burning in his throat. "Izuku honey, how are you dear?"


It's not even a question of why. It's more of a demand to know exactly what's she done so he clean up the inevitable mess.
She has the gall to look hurt. "Izuku--"

"Don't 'Izuku' me." Izuku growls as the hair on his neck raises from the vile woman in front of him. "I told you what would happen if you came back. So, why are you here?"

"Izuku, sweetheart, light of my life--"

"Cut the crap." Izuku snarls back. "Get the point Inko."

"I am your mother." Izuku shrinks back in pure fear as her aura flares with promise. "You will address me as such. I understand you are in your rebellious stage right now, but I know you are better than that Izuku."

Izuku stays silent as he brews with rage, not taking the bait to play her mind games.

"I said." Inko's eyes turn sharp at his defiance. "You will address me as such."

Izuku turns up his lip in absolute disgust at the idea of calling her that again when she lost the privilege of such a title long ago. "Fuck you Inko."

Inko's smile becomes strained for only a split second before Izuku feels his head scream in pain, forcing him to close his eyes as a choked gasp passes though his lips, blood already trailing down from his nose from the abuse.

Izuku almost sobs in relief when the pressure finally lifts, but he bites down on his lip to stop from giving her the satisfaction.

"Don't you have something to say?" Inko demands making Izuku's own anger flare that she'd dare use her quirk again on him at school.

"How f-fucking dare y-you!" Izuku hisses right back in malice, not notice her smile turn up slightly. "I d-don't have a d-damn t-thing to s-say to--"
"Izuku." Inko's eyes turn dark while he gets cut off by the pain of her using her quirk again, though the pain is much more tolerable than the first time. "Apologize."

Izuku opens his mouth again to continue after being cut off so rudely when the slight pressure lifts. "N-no! I s-said I d-don't have a--"

And Izuku screams.

But the guttural sound cuts out immediately from his lips being forced together, leaving him with the muffled scream tearing through his throat. The only thing he can feel lower than his head is his throat becoming raw feeling while the pain envelopes him wholly.

Stop. Izuku pleads on repeat as it just goes on and on for seemingly eons. Stop.

P-PLEASE GOD STO--

Izuku instantly falls to his knees curling in on himself when it's finally gone, spurring on his largest tears to flow down his face as more blood drips down from his face as he shakes between each breath.

"Well?" Izuku winces as her aura doubles down again instead of her quirk, sending pain stabbing through his head like it's being torn apart from the inside again.

"P-plea...se..." Izuku barely gets out his broken voice between his sobs as her vile aura lifts slightly. "S-stop mo...the...r..."

"That's the boy I raised." Inko huffs like she's exasperated with an unruly teen as the aura drops completely that makes Izuku gasp in relief. "Was that really so hard Izuku?"

Izuku growls in defiance, his green eyes filled with hate as he curses his naïve younger self for ever entertaining the notion of wanting her back in his life. "I... h-hate... you..."

"Now, now." Inko chides with a slight amused smile despite pulling a simple handkerchief out of her bag. "Those are fighting words young man. You shouldn't be so uncivil. Not even Katsuki-kun.
is this unruly you know. Now, clean yourself up..."

Izuku glares at the discarded cloth on the floor like it offends him, though he makes no motion to even get off his knees as he copes with his throbbing pain.

Inko simply sighs at his reluctance to clean himself up as she uses her quirk to retrieve it, holding his face still as she cleans up his bloody nose for him. "There. All better my prince."

"I'm not y-your a-anything!" Izuku snarls back in protest when she retracts her hand to place the stained cloth back in her bag.

"Oh my sweet baby Izuku..." Inko coos, caressing his face while he visibly bares his teeth at her vile touch wishing to tear it off her. Though he knows he can't move without tearing something of his own as she's probably still got her quirk activated on him somewhere given her current vibes. And knowing her, it's probably something vital. "It seems you've become so feral in my absence. I am starting to wonder if the Hero track here at UA is truly is for you if all they teach you is violence in the presence of your elders..."

"A-answer the q-question." Izuku spits back with venom as he won't fall for her simple manipulative tricks to avert him from getting his answer. "W-what d-did y-you d-do!?!"

"I haven't done anything Izuku." Inko offers with a hurt expression, but Izuku can clearly hear the 'yet' in her tone.

"T-then why a-are you h-here?" Izuku follows up without giving her any reprieve as he drags in angry breathes of air, struggling to keep calm.

"Your quirk dear." Inko's face twists manically in what he assumes is happiness as he stop breathing again, paling considerably. "I simply wish to learn all about your amazing quirk you have been blessed with. In fact, I am betting on it being a stronger version of mine. Isn't that right, Izuku~?"

"I don't have a fucking--" Izuku gets cut off when his throat starts to close up. Crumpled, like a piece of paper as he tries desperately to suck in a breath of fresh air.

His eyes widen in panic, watching her hand grip on her purse adjust with purpose, making the
pieces click in his head about what she's doing.

No.

"Izuku, Izuku... I know I raised you better than this..." Inko sighs, exaggerating her disappointment with her head. "You know that if you don't have something nice to say..."

No. Stop.

Inko's own green eyes brighten cruelly. "You don't say it at all."

Izuku feels tears on his eyes as he desperately tries to breathe. He would claw at his throat, but he knows it would do no good since she's controlling the small flap that allows him to switch between food and air. And in her manic episode, she has clearly found the air one to be the one of most interest for her sick and twisted version of a punishment. The only thing he can do is hold onto it, desperately hoping he can shift it around so he can find relief for himself.

S-stop... Izuku pleads as he desperately tries to suck in any air he can, searching around him wildly for a solution without using his quirk. P-please don't do this...

"Now..." Inko smiles, clearly pleased with herself. "Is there actually something you would like to say? I didn't quite catch it the first time..."

Izuku glares at her as he struggles to breathe, trying to keep his panic under control, but the waves prove too strong a feat to do.

Stop! Izuku pleads as he eyes around him, looking for a solution to get free.

Let me fucking go!

Izuku feels tears start to fall from his eyes in big globs from the oxygen deprivation as she doesn't appear to be stopping anytime soon.
"Please stop! Please, I can't die here! PLEASE I CAN'T--!"

"That's what I thought."

Izuku feels the pressure finally release, making him surge forward as he coughs and gasps in long deep breaths. Despite having access to air now, he starts having a full on panic attack from her being near him as he hugs his sides for comfort to stave off the feelings.

"I am disappointed in you Izuku. I thought we had long gotten past lying to my face..." Inko smiles while Izuku struggles to start breathing normal again, not trusting her mercy one bit. "But I forgive you. Do you know why?"

Izuku only answers with a glare as he sucks in the much needed air.

"I know you have a quirk my sweet little I-zu-ku~" Inko taunts with a sick innocent smile when his gaze finds hers in fear. "Did you really think you could fool me?"

"I..." Izuku desperately tries to croak out between the harsh coughs and gasps. "...d-d..."

Inko frowns as Izuku continues to shake. "You still like analyzing quirks, don't you Izuku?"

Inko offers the conversation starter like it's an olive branch, but it just makes Izuku's heart race faster, fueling him to drive farther into his panic. "You know, I recently discovered a very interesting trick. I've found it relatively useful, especially among the more sleazy types of business men. I could even teach it to you were you not so stubborn. It really is funny how easily things such as cameras and mics can be messed with my quirk. Simply find the power connection to all the devices in an area and--"

Izuku flinches when she ruffles through his hair like it was a sign of endearment to bring comfort. All the warped gesture achieves is making Izuku feel is fear as he struggles for air amidst his growing panic attack. "All those pesky things turn off."

Carefully, Izuku looks up slightly at one of the cameras from the corner of his eye, hoping for the blinking red light that could send his teachers to his rescue. Clinging to the idea that Nedzu's security system is more advanced than that. But there's nothing there. And that reality hits him harder than he thought it would.
No one's coming... Izuku feels more tears pool dangerously in his eyes. No one even heard me scream earlier, did they?

"Such a shame you have such violent panic attacks over nothing, sweetheart..." She tsks as she removes her hand from his hair like it burned her, walking past him with purpose like she just got away with murder. In a way, she already has. "Concerning your quirk, I'll prove it exists despite your childish attempt to hide the truth from me. That I promise you."

Though, that doesn't stop his own suffocating thoughts, ignoring as her aura flares dangerously that screams she's actively trying to kill him as her heels click away from him.

Nobody came...

Izuku tries to calm the tears, but he can't. Because he's supposed to be safe at UA and yet she hurt him right under everyones' noses.

No one is going to know what she just did...

In deep down, Izuku finds he didn't actually expect anything less. He knows she would get away with what she just did as he knows her own quirk registry states she has to use her hands in motion even if she didn't do something to the cameras. No one knows that her weak pulling telekinesis description is even wrong as she can control multiple targets in succession as if she has normal telekinesis. Her only weakness now is a weight limit, making it appear like a weaker form of the quirk.

Even though he's long known that what she is doing is completely wrong and he should be fighting back, he simply can't do anything else but keep sucking in precious air like a dying man as she walks away unharmed. It honestly feels like he's dying in more ways than one anyway.

"Oh and Izuku..." Inko smirks smugly as she turns her head back towards him as he faces her up with tears in his eyes. "Have a good day at school, won't you?"

...
Izuku can't say a word as she turns back forward, clicking her heels on the linoleum floor on her way out, his heartbeat increasingly becoming more and more painful with every pound. His breathes become even harder to scrap in, only making his chest tighten harder. It only takes him a second later to feel the familiar slipping sensation occurring, warning him of what's to come.

Izuku's eyes widen in pure terror as he feels his heart slam in his chest as if it's desperately trying to keep going when it dawns on him why.

**Heart attack.**

He's about to have a heart attack because he literally can't calm down fast enough. He's going to die. And he's going to die in front of all cameras once they turn back on.

Izuku has never ran to the nearest bathroom faster in his life.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 2/16, Checked for errors 3/15

Hushh by AViVA

Izuku *feels all the bad vibes*: I think something's wrong...

Katsuki: It's fine.

Izuku: Kacchan, I swear something is--

Inko *bursts into the room*: The Fitness Gram Pacer test is a multi-staged aerobic test that--

Izuku & Katsuki *clinging together in pure fear for two totally different reasons*: AAAAAAHAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!

So, story time. I ran cross country in middle school and then upgraded to tennis in high school and I STILL have nightmares over this test. Pure nightmare fuel in my opinion. For those of you not in the US, you lucky bastards, are very stable people and have no idea how much that one paragraph can terrify a person. The mental scarring is immense, I assure you...
A/N: I am going to be splotchy this next week as I am in for my next set of tests/projects for the other half of my courses. I hate to leave off on such a big cliff hanger, but I will do my damndest to get this next chapter out in two days so you all know what happened. We shall see how well I keep to that goal, so rage and scream with me in the comments over this one because damn I hate my brain right now.

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The FitnessGram™ Pacer Test is a multistage aerobic capacity test that progressively gets more difficult as it continues.
"Listen to my tale; when you have heard that, abandon or commiserate me, as you shall judge that I deserve." -- Monster

Frankenstein by Mary Shelley

Shout-out to TheStoryWeaver for figuring out the other book in Chapter 84!

And now, the next chapter! :D

*Warning*
Panic Attack symptoms, Seizures/Death, and Child Abuse topics mentioned

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey."

Izuku feels a nudge to his shoulder.

"Hey."

Izuku feels too heavy to swat away the nuisance bothering him, touching his neck now for some unknown reason. He opts to sleep some more with a groan from the roaring pain in his head.

"Oh thank fuck..." The voice sighs in relief. "You're alive..."

Izuku hears some shuffling around him before feeling something pass under his nose.

"God, why the hell did UA even let a bitch like her in...?" The neutral voice growls as the rough surface presses against his skin.

Izuku whimpers when his head booms harder from the pressure. "Hey, hey it's okay. I'm just cleaning off the blood. Wanna hear something funny?"
Izuku starts hiccuping in the pain regardless of his own will, still not sure what's even going on. "Okay, serious then. You know, I want to be a hero so bad, but I didn't even think about learning about how to do simple chest compressions until today. How more pathetic can you get than that, am I right?"

Izuku doesn't know how, but he only gets out a pathetic sound of 'n-n..' before he starts feeling shudders all over his body, almost like he got shocked with electricity.

"Shit, please tell me you aren't going to do that again... I really need you awake so I can drag you to get help..." The voice pleads him as Izuku feels a familiar slip warning him of what's to come, making him whine in protest. "Please... I don't think my heart can take this. It's already doing its best to deal with the liquid caffeine in my veins, you know..."

Izuku's eyes pop open, disoriented and worried before a loud hiss of pain comes out from the bright light above him. He tries to flex his arms to get up off the floor, but feels something holding him back.

"Whoa, hey!" A flash of purple comes into view, but his eyes don't stay open for long before he crumples back to the ground, not feeling anything at all.

Izuku startles awake, sucking air in with a rushed pace as his eyes adjust to the blinding white light in front.

He blinks blearily at the stark purple in the corner of his eye. Lazily, he turns his tired head to follow the weird change of color above him.

"Are you done yet or should I expect round three?" The boy deadpans to him with matching purple eyes that honestly look like they are so done with life at the moment. Though, to be fair, the rings under his eyes makes Izuku suspect that really is the truth and not an exaggeration in the slightest. After all, they rival even Aizawa-sensei's.

Izuku slowly pulls himself up with the guided help of the mysterious boy, feeling way too tired and numb for any cohesive train of thought.
'What happened?' is what Izuku tries to say, but he starts hacking terribly from the dryness in his throat instead.

"Hold on, I have my water bottle with me." The boy announces as Izuku starts to shiver and tremble from how raw and abused his body feels at the moment. "Last time I ever go for a water break if I end up getting heart palpitations from it, I swear..."

He doesn't wait too long before a bottle is shoved in his face. "Here."

Izuku takes greedy gulps of the water when it tips over for him, thankful for it sating the dry desert's protests. He motions simply with a hum that he's done, gasping for breaths once the water is taken away from him.

"So, are you good now or...?"

Izuku nods slightly as he looks over the boy more closely. He opens his mouth to inquire who he is, but the boy moves too quickly towards him after placing the bottle on the ground beside himself, making him flinch violently in response to the sudden movement.

"Ah sorry. Probably should've started with who I was first and that I wasn't actually here to murder you..." The purple haired teen rubs the back of his head as if in embarrassment, but his face doesn't really show it to Izuku's surprise. "Shinso Hitsoshi. You?"

Izuku opens his mouth to answer, but finds the words not coming out despite his best efforts. At all.

Shinso seems to notice his struggle as well, though his face seems hurt underneath for some reason. "You can talk to me. I won't hurt you. You do know that, right?"

*Not again...* Izuku sobs as his shaking becomes more prevalent as he tries to form words with his mouth. But his voice stays silent except for his desperate breaths.

Izuku tries over and over again, but only a desperate croaking sound comes out. In his frustration, more tears comes as he gives up with a shake of his head as he mouths the words 'I can't.'
This is so stupid... Izuku bitterly notes, hating himself for becoming mute at a time like this as he curls into on himself. She's not even here anymore...

"Oh..." Shinso's tired eyes grow wide in sudden realization, a bit of urgency in his expression as well. "Did she damage your vocal cords? Is that why you can't talk?"

Izuku shakes his head while still trying to form the words with his mouth. 'No, I don't think she--'

Wait... Izuku pales, his breathing starting to accelerate. Does he... Did he...?

"Don't panic..." Shinso reassures seeing Izuku's growing frustration from his tears. "Maybe if I...?"

Shinso verbalizes again, this time with his hands. "Do you understand me?"

... "You know sign?" Izuku finally signs with shaky hands after the initial shock is gone.

"Nope. Completely pulling all this out of my butt." Shinso sarcastically signs back with a grin. "Is it working?"

Izuku exhales in relief with a small smile on his face. "Yeah."

"Awesome." Shinso pauses in thought as if some pieces are starting to click in his head though. "Are you selectively mute?"

Izuku feels a much larger smile form for his possible new friend. "Well yes, but actually no."

Shinso snorts loudly at his response. "Jokes aside, wanna explain?"

Izuku's smile drops. "Not r-really..."
"Sorry if that was too much..." Shinso tries, desperate to leave that awkwardness behind since it's a sensitive topic. "So, you got a name or what?"


"M-I-D-O-R-I-Y-A, huh? Is it okay for me to call you 'green' as your sign name?" Shinso asks after translating his finger spelling. "Fingerspelling takes too long."

"Green?"

"It's either that or I get to call you broccoli." Shinso admits with an excited grin point at his messy hair.

Izuku laughs but it drags out of his throat roughly, almost like a cough. After assuring Shinso he did in fact not need more water, he responds. "Fair. Can I call you 'purple' then?"

"What, are we five?" Shinso smirks playfully.

"Would you prefer 'zombie' then?" Izuku smirks right back.

"Ah no, that's you." Shinso sends right back. "I'm a very tired vampire thank you."

Izuku freezes. "What?"

Shinso blinks a bit, almost like he's confused to his desperate question. "You know... like your quirk?"
"What do you mean?" Izuku signs slowly, trying desperately not to panic in case it's just a misunderstanding.

Shinso frowns at Izuku's now defensive expression. "Actually, you tell me. I simply came over here for a nice water break to fill up my bottle and saw what that witch did to you. Once you bolted, I found you here seizing on the ground. I would have called for help, but I don't have my phone on me. And like hell I was going to leave you alone while you clearly needed help."

"Oh..." Izuku states before hesitantly inquiring the more important question. "What do you mean by 'like my quirk'?"

"You know, a zombie? Like you have an immortality quirk? Or maybe a regeneration quirk?" Shinso emphasizes the question mark motion while Izuku's face falls instantly at the observation. "All I know is that like twice now you were completely gone before you scared me shitless by coming back again..."

Oh...

"Whoa, hey..." Shinso looks panicked at him, not sure how to comfort him. "Hey, don't cry..."

Izuku didn't even notice his face get even more wet as he tries to confirm his worst fears. "Y-you k-know a-about m-my q-quirk...?"

Shinso raises an eyebrow in confusion. "Should I not?"

Izuku's heart shatters as his gaze becomes haunted in fear. "P-please... y-you can't... p-please d-don't..."

"Hey, just breathe..." Shinso's eyes dart around him. "I'm not judging I swear. You are okay now, right?"

"I t-think s-so..." Izuku stares at Shinso confused, his hands small as they shake. "Y-you a-aren't g-going... to t-tell others... are y-you?"
Shinso's eyes blow wide open in surprise. "No one knows?"

Izuku shakes his head desperately. "No one here. P-please you c-can't tell a-anyone. If y-you did, t-they c-could... they w-would..."

Izuku's hands shake too much, unable to keep signing as his face falls with a heavy sob.

"Hey, hey..." Shinso speaks softly as he gets a little closer. "Don't worry, I won't tell if it's that important to you. You don't have to cry..."

Izuku blinks through his heavy tears. "Y-you promise?"

"Yeah. It's no biggie or anything..." Shinso shrugs nonchalantly. "I guess I understand now why everyone thinks you're quirkless. Not that being quirkless was a bad thing to begin with, but..."

...

"Oh shit." Shinso cusses when he sees the fresh tears in Izuku's eyes. "Did I do something to offend you or--?"

"N-no." Izuku's raspy voice finally comes back to even his own surprise, though his limited responses hurt his throat considerably. "H-happy."

Izuku instantly latches on him like a koala as he rides out his crying, happy that the worst case scenario hasn't come to pass and that Shinso is more like Tsuki and his classmates.

"...ank... ou..." Izuku barely can whisper out as he squeezes the poor boy. "tha.. yo..."

"Uh no problem I guess...?" Shinso nervously adds, unsure how to proceed with the enthusiastic gesture. "You sure you are okay? I did watch you die like twice... which is totally not how I saw today going at all as I was afraid I'd have to hide the body or something..."
Izuku laughs hard against him before pulling back to sign as his voice won't come out again after a few tries. "I'm okay. Though my quirk isn't a immortality one..."

"Okay, then what is it?" Shinso frowns slightly, studying his face.

Izuku pauses as he thinks over his choices on how to explain. After all, if he ever sees One for All or even talks with his class, it would be a pain to explain how that works.

"Actually..." Izuku signs unsure of himself if this is the best way to go about it. "I'm not sure totally myself..."

"How complicated could it be?"

Shinso instantly starts to pale as Izuku starts to explain slowly every part he knows of to cover his bases, rambling a bit to try and make it seem like it's not two different quirks. "Well, for one I only heal my injuries that can kill me. Everything else is untouched, so if I keep dying eventually my body will give out due to a lack of resources. What those resources that help me heal are, I have like no idea at all. Plus, I can sense when someone tries to kill someone or if they have the intention of killing someone. I honestly never got that part as it's finicky at best when it comes to those feelings. All I know is that I can't turn it off, like at all without using quirk suppressants. And then just recently I found out I have like a strength enhancer like power that's actually more like stored energy from a battery... Maybe the energy comes from the energy left over from when I heal myself after dying--"

"Okay, you don't have to explain more..." Shinso stops his hands for a single moment before letting go again. "It's weird, I get it. You're not the only one cursed, though I guess yours is way more complicated than my own..."

"Cursed like me?" Izuku questions carefully, worried for the purple boy now that he clearly sees the terrible loneliness reflected from his tired eyes. "Are others bullying you?"

"I mean, sorta?" Shinso provides with a dry laugh as sadness fills his eyes. "I just...when I heard there was a quirkless kid in the hero department, I was really happy there was someone similar to me who was still able to get in against the odds. But I guess..."

"Are you quirkless?" Izuku asks when Shinso trails off.
"Nah, not me." Shinso answers without much emotion, though he seems to be deep in thought. "I mean, looking back, I should have known you probably used the physical part of your quirk to get in..."

"Actually..." Izuku signs slowly. "I didn't really use my quirk to pass the entrance exam..."

Shinso blinks at his hands, almost confused. "Huh...?"

"On my villain points I mean..." Izuku reaches into his pocket to retrieve his pocketknife before placing on the ground for him to see. "I used this to rip out the robot's wiring to get enough to place. Sixty-three in fact... I literally have no control on the energy part yet, so I had to make a work around. It's so bad I actually break my bones every time I sneeze using it..."

"Oh."

Izuku smiles slightly as Shinso picks up the tool, examining it carefully while also making an effort to watch his hands since he can't speak at the moment.

"Do you want to be a hero?" Izuku asks after a moment of reprieve as Shinso shifts through the different modes.

"More than anything..." Shinso nervously laughs, though his face is solemn as he hands back his multi-tool. "You can't help the things your heart longs for, you know..."

Izuku nods solemnly. "I know the feeling..."

"..."

“Well, the Sports Festival is coming up and Class 1-A has an open seat.” Izuku brightens immensely after the awkward moment of silence between the two of them. “If you want to be a hero, that’s your best shot. I think you could be a great hero.”

Shinso looks up surprised before an unsettling air of anger rolls off of him. “You wouldn’t say that if you knew. You'd probably just hate me like everyone else...”
Izuku pauses, seeing the shift in his new friend. "Why would anyone hate you? You've been nothing but nice to me..."

Shinso’s expression shifts violently as if burned. "Trust me, you'd hate me too if you knew the truth."

"You don't seem like the kind of person who would hurt others for fun, so I doubt it. You tried to help me when you could have just left me here." Izuku adds a sad shrug when Shinso looks unfazed by the points he brung up as evidence against such a notion. "But I won't push you if you don't want to tell me. I just think you don't deserve to be bullied regardless of what the problem is, even if it was because of your quirk or simply for your gravity defying hair..."

Shinso blinks for a moment as if he never expected that response. "Brainwashing."

Izuku's brows furrow in confusion. "Brainwashing what?"

"My quirk." Shinso provides with a downcast look. "If someone answers a question from me, I can take complete control of their body and make them do anything I tell them to."

Izuku's eyes light up with excitement, his hands moving at an almost inhuman pace. "Oh my gosh! Really!? That's so amazing! Can you take control of multiple people at once? Or can you force people into talking about secrets they know? How far is your reach of influence? Can you use your quirk through electronics--?"

"Whoa okay!" Shinso's expression seems lost at his frantic signing. "Could you slow down a bit? I could only get like every other word..."

"Shinso." Izuku's smile grows wider in his excitement, not even realizing he's speaking again. "You're not a vampire silly. You're more like a siren!"

"What difference does it make?" Shinso's confusion and anger only grows, already preparing for the worst for him to clam up upon hearing the question. "Isn't brainwashing evil?"

"What!?! Are you kidd--!?!" Izuku's words choke up as a deep fog takes over his mind, unable to
control his body at all. For a moment he panics unsure with what's happening, but quickly soothes himself when he sees the sorrowful acceptance written on Shinso's face.

Izuku only blinks for a second before he realizes the haze has finally dissipated and his body is his again.

Instead of horror or disgust, only stars grow in his eyes at the amazing quirk in front of him. "That was so cool!!! Your quirk is absolutely perfect for hero work! The property damage for you would be so low that there's no way a big agency wouldn't back you. Though you’d probably have to operate as an underground hero in the agency you choose since if people knew your quirk, they could evade it more easily. But if you had the right gear and training, it wouldn't matter too much if they did so happen to know what it was. I mean, think about it! You could literally go into a bank robbery and make the criminals give up without much of a fight. Or you could talk someone down from a suicide with a single sentence. Or even—Wait, are you crying?"

Shinso’s eyes are completely wet to Izuku’s instant concern. “Shinso, I’m really sorry if I said something to upset you, I just get really excited talking about quirks. I didn't mean to be so--”

"You really don't think I'm a villain?" Shinso almost begs for the answer as he's still in utter disbelief.

Izuku frowns. "Why would I?"

Izuku halts as he analyzes Shinso trying to speak again. “It’s just, no one has ever thought I could be a hero before. They just said I was a villain. I even just used my quirk on you. Aren't you mad at me?"

“Why would I be? That was actually pretty fun.” Izuku asserts with an eager smile to Shinso's shock. “And they are wrong about you. People have told me I could never be a hero my whole life. I'm just the defenseless, useless, quirkless kid to them. Sure, I have a quirk now, but having one or not never changed my mind about wanting to be a hero. Even if I can’t figure out how to use it all properly, I’m still going to be a hero. They were wrong about me. And everyone is wrong about you too. If you want to be a hero, no one should stand in your way.”

Izuku doesn't even flinch when he's suddenly enveloped into a hug, feeling the shaking frame against him, spurring him to hug back to comfort his friend.
He lets Shinso deal with his overflowing emotions coming out of his eyes as he knows the feeling, puzzling over his friend’s word choice that has the vigilante in him on edge. After a few minutes of silence, Izuku decides to broach the topic. “Hey Shinso?”

“Yes Midoriya?” Shinso asks as he dries his tears as best he can when they finally separate.

“You said no one thought you could be a hero, right?” Izuku doesn’t see the hidden fear in his new friend’s face as he trudges forward looking at the tile floor. “Does that include your parents?”

Shinso nervously shifts in his peripheral. “I…”

Izuku’s eyes open slightly as his theory is most likely proven right by his hesitation when he meets his friend's worried eyes. “Be honest with me. Is the place you are staying treating you right? Are you actually safe?”

Izuku's heart drops when Shinso shakes his head. “They hate me too. I’m nothing but a villain in the making to them.”

Fiery protection comes over Izuku. “Would they mind if you left there for somewhere better?”

He looks up in shock. “Why do you ask?”

“Because if you need it, I’ve got a spare room at home. My mom won’t mind.” Izuku slightly bends the truth. Tsuki wouldn’t mind in the slightest he would think. If she does, he’ll just bribe her with some pork until she respectfully accepts defeat. It’s her weakness after all. “You aren’t allergic to cats though? I have a cat.”

Shinso grins as if it’s Christmas. “You have a cat?”

“Yup. Her name is Tsuki-chan.” Izuku smiles proudly. “She’s such a sweet girl. I bet she’d love you.”

“Why are you doing this for me?” Shinso barely whispers, his resting bitch face contorting upwards in honest confusion. “You’ve barely just met me, but you are offering your home to me.
“Why?”

“Because it's the right thing to do.” Izuku assures with a sincere smile. “Plus, if you are being hurt or even just being shunned because of something you can’t control, I wouldn’t be a very good person to turn you away when I could do something to help.”

“You’re a good guy Midoriya.” Shinso states before shifting back to anger as something seems to be troubling him, almost like he's wrestling with himself over it.

...

"Is there something wrong Shinso?” Izuku asks hesitantly.

"Who was the woman who killed you?” Shinso shifts his posture slightly, almost defensive like. "I couldn't quite catch everything you two were saying because I was a little too far away from you two because I didn't want her to know I was there..."

...

"S-she didn't k-kill me S-shinso..." Izuku starts but flinches when Shinso starts radiating his own death aura towards someone not in the room.

"Yeah." Shinso bluntly states in pure anger. "She actually did Midoriya."

"No, I just got too panicked and then I had a heart attack because of it." Izuku protests in vain. "She didn't do any--"

"Midoriya..." Shinso shakes his head despondently. "Whoever she was, she was literally gloating about what she did as she passed by me. I was scared shitless what she'd do if she caught me watching both of you. She's a sick psychopath."

"N-no..." Izuku denies vehemently, though the mounting dread for what that could mean in his stomach starts to grow. "She d-didn't... S-she w-wouldn't..."
Shinso seems firm though in his stance. "Midoriya, she killed you, regardless of what happened, and was happy about it. That's not normal."

"I..." Izuku instantly deflates at Shinso's pointed look. "O-okay..."

"We need to tell the teachers." Shinso declares. "She literally assaulted you with her quirk, regardless of whether we tell anyone about your quirk. She's a threat to UA and others. We need to go to see Recovery Girl and tell her what--"

"No!" Izuku panics. "Please, no! We can't--!"

Shinso narrows his eyes as he watches Izuku closely. "Why the fuck not?"

Izuku fidgets with the hem of his jacket as suddenly it's way more interesting at the moment. "It's complicated."

"Then enlighten me why exactly we should protect that witch." Shinso growls. "Cause I'm pretty sure she would have killed me too if she knew I was there. And unlike you, I don't have that type of rebound time."

Izuku opens his mouth, but closes it tight when he sees the hurt look on his friend. Sighing Izuku's shoulders slump. "Look, I just can't explain it here. I will tell you, just not at school..."

"Oh." Shinso's own gaze drops slightly. "Is it something to do with your quirk--"

Both Izuku and Shinso flinch when the shrill noise of the bell cuts their conversation off, signaling lunch.

"Shit..." Shinso sighs, shaking his head. "Ectoplasm is literally going to kill me the next time I see him for accidentally skipping algebra..."

"Sorry..." Izuku says sheepishly. "I can help you make it up tonight if you want...?"
"Don't worry about it." Shinso grins playfully. "I just use your body to protect me from the hoard of murderous clones."

"Hey!" Izuku puffs up his cheeks in angry protest. "I'm not your personal meat shield..."

"No, you're my personal zombie." Shinso teases when Izuku flushes from embarrassment. "What? Did you think you were now exempt from my quirk? You're all pawns in my game."

"So says the siren." Izuku cracks a mischievous smile. "I thought us monsters had to stick together."

"Fair enough..." Shinso trails off, almost as if he's unsure of himself as he scratches his face. "So, um... Do you want to... um..."

Izuku immediately lights up when it finally hits him what Shinso wants. "Yeah! Let's have lunch together!"

Izuku smiles widely when Shinso's eyes also light up, though it's fairly hidden under his mostly neutral expression. "You could eat with us at my usual table if you want? Or there's a beautiful place out by the picnic tables so we can talk more if you want to be alone."

"Outside sounds nice. I usually eat alone anyway..." Shinso notes as he gets up off the floor. "Let's go grab our food from the cafeteria before it gets crowded."

"Wait..." Izuku frowns as he takes the outstretched hands to get off his butt. "I don't eat Lunch Rush's stuff, so I need to pick up my lunch from my classroom."

Shinso shifts his stance slightly. "I don't think that's such a great idea Midoriya..."

"Why?" Izuku frowns further.

"It's nothing...." Shinso offers his hands to pick him back up. "I'll make sure you get to lunch in one
"Is that a subtle zombie joke?" Izuku inquires in pure innocence.

"No."

Izuku smiles happily at Shinso's feeble attempt to lie as they leave the cursed bathrooms together.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 2/20, Checked for errors 3/15
Sirens by Elephante, Nevve

THE BEST PURPLE BOI HAS FINALLY ARRIVED!!! :D
So happy that my two favorite pranksters have finally joined forces ;)

Izuku *sniffling*: I am a very sad boi
Shinso: I am also a very sad boi
...
Izuku: So, wanna be friends?
Shinso: ...
Shinso: I've only known you for like thirty minutes, but if anything happened to you, I would kill everyone in the room and then myself.
Izuku *visible pain*: Shinso no... Murder is never worth it.
Shinso *grinning like a madman*: You have a cat.
Izuku *opens mouth but chooses to close it*: Okay, that's fair.
Shinso: Exactly.

Fun fact, in English Sign language the color green and purple are actually pretty
similar motions, even though the finger placement is different. I know that the story would be with Japanese Sign Language (JSL) instead of American Sign Language (ASL), but this is the easiest reference for me explain in the story since I know some of ASL.

See the videos for that if you are interested in seeing it in action:

- Purple
- Green

A/N: 88 chapters and finally a human knows the truth about Inko (even though he doesn't know who she is exactly yet). Sound the alarm!!! AAAAAAHHHHH!

Also, I am taking a little bit of liberty concerning Shinso and his character since we know very little about him in canon save for a few scenes. This is actually how I view Shinso in my personal opinion: A straight forward, chill, and blunt guy that is very playful and likes to mess with others verbally a lot once he opens up. Get excited for the legend that is Shinso :D
Fallout

Chapter Notes

"War does not determine who is right. Only who is left." -- Wadsworth

*Warning*
Suicide mentioned, Bullying, Quirk Discrimination, and Suicide Baiting

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Well?" Shouta taps his fingers impatiently for the verdict.

Nedzu shakes his head after placing his phone back into his pocket. "It's as I suspected, they won't be able to come until--"

The door slams open, putting both heroes on edge instantly while a blur of yellow dashes into the room. "SHOUTA!!"

"Stop using your quirk you dumb blond." Shouta growls lowly, cancelling out his quirk quickly with very irritated eyes.

Hizashi's sunglasses start to ride down his face slightly, per usual when he's embarrassed. "Heh, sorry Sho..."

_God damn cute idiot._

"Why are you here?" Shouta demands with a huff, his arms crossed since the hurry is obviously now gone.

"Well, I'm really worried about our little green bean." Hizashi nervously exhales to catch his breath.

"We aren't calling him that."
"I am."

"You still haven't answered the question." Shouta points out, his eye twitching in irritation since they have something really important to be working on concerning said 'green bean.'

"Our little listener left in the middle of class and didn't come back." Hizashi sighs worriedly. "He said he was sick, so I checked the nearby bathrooms when I switched with Nemi, but nothing. I ran by Chiyo's as quickly as I could, but he never showed up there, so I'm like really worried."

Shouta's eyes widen considerably.

*No. Don't tell me...*

"How long?" Shouta interrogates as he hopes they did *not* just let that woman hurt his kid right under their goddamn noses.

"At least forty minutes." Hizashi provides and his heart instantly sinks.

"Nedzu--"

"I am already on it." Nedzu's paws glide across his paw-accessible keyboard to pull up the camera feed for the last hour while searching with his facial recognition system for Midoriya.

The door opens again, revealing Vlad King who looks like he sprinted there as well. "What's goin' on? I saw Yamada sprinting, so I thought it was urgent. Is there another attack?"

"Midoriya's missing." Shouta growls, desperate for answers for what part his husband didn't understand about that under no circumstances was his kid to leave the classroom while the witch was here, especially since said bitch indirectly admitted her abusive nature. "Why the fuck didn't you say anything earlier Hizashi?"

"He said he was sick Sho." Hizashi whines pathetically. "He looked so bad that I--"
"Don't 'Sho' me right now Hizashi." Shouta snarls protectively, cutting off the excuses as he pinches his nose in frustration. "You have no idea how angry I am right now. I swear to god if she-
"

Shouta's heart stops while he watches in slow motion the feed on Nedzu's monitor the worst possible outcome coming to fruition. Fear washes over him as the two of them meet in the General Education wing nearly forty minutes ago given the time stamp, his kid already shaking in fear as a smug look graces her disgusting face.

When the feed suddenly cuts out for no apparent reason on Nedzu part, his heart shatters completely.

"Shit." Is all that falls out of his mouth as he dashes out the door desperately to find his kid.

Katsuki grinds his teeth to prevent himself from lashing out on all the staring eyes on his back while their little waiting game continues instead of heading to lunch. After all, he can hear their loud goddamn thoughts and hushed whispers as if they are screaming them instead. It's pissing him off since he knows Izuku should have been back by now, so the idiot probably did something stupid.

"Do you think he's okay?" The bubbly girl brings up with worried eyes. "I know Midnight said he's probably with Recovery Girl if it was serious, but this long without any news..."

"Sensei did seem really jumpy before he left..." Ojiro points out with a frown, Kaminari kneading his tail in boredom. "You don't think there was another villain incident, do you? He did say there was a problem that kept Aizawa-sensei away..."

"If it was villains, I wouldn't be surprised if they came after Midoriya again." Tsu points out bluntly, but her eyes show great sadness. "Shigaraki was extremely interested in him to the point I think he wanted to kill him if he couldn't have him."

Katsuki's ears prick up in interest, remembering the fucking cat's cryptic warning that morning. "Why the hell did that creepy fucker even want shitty Deku that much?"
"Everyone please! I am sure Midoriya is perfectly fine and there is no villains on campus. If there was, I am sure that evacuations would have occurred before that point." Iida straightens his glasses with an air of authority to the shifting nervousness of the classroom. "Midoriya certainly appeared very sickly before he left. It's possible he contracted influenza and now he's--"

"Fuck off Four Eyes!" Katsuki's patience runs thin as he knows the nerd wasn't fucking sick from something as weak as a stomach virus this morning. "And the rest of you idiots should fuck off as well with your crack pot theories!"

"Aww, Kacchan is worried about his friend..." The dunce teases while petting the fluff of the tail.

"You ever call me that shit again." Katsuki sneers with pure murderous intent as his hand starts unconsciously smoking. "I will personally shove my hand down your throat Pichu."

"Pichu?" The dumb blond whines in confusion, completely not reading Katsuki's current anger level. "Hey, wait a minute... Why am I not Pikachu? He's so much cooler..."

"Because he hurts himself when he uses his electric attack you dumb ass." Jiro snorts wildly while the idiot deflates to his pure satisfaction, earning a slight bit of his respect despite his fowl mood at the moment. "It's not your fault someone is cranky though. Bakugo just doesn't want anyone but his boyfriend using that nickname."

And she just lost it.

"Fuck off Ears." Katsuki grits his teeth harder. "We are shit."

"Sure."

"You got something to fucking say, say it to my face!" Katsuki snarls with a smoke plume.

Jiro looks him over for a second before smiling smugly. "Okay. I will."

Katsuki gets ready to indulge in a little stress relief with a crazed grin of his own.
Shouta charges after the clear blood trail with his hand on his capture weapon, hoping he's not too late.

**Come on Problem Child. Work with me.**

His only solace at the moment is that the drops staining the tiles is far away from the wall and are spread apart. It suggests he was running at the time, so he was still able to get away if it came down to a fight. But even that is a minuscule victory because he was running while injured. And from what he has seen so far, the kid has a ridiculous pain tolerance, so there's no telling what the monster did to him. The lack of pools of blood is good, but he could be covering his wounds as he ran depending on what exactly they are, hiding their true severity.

In short, he's running out of time and there are too many possibilities to think over without risking said precious resource. Thankfully, the trail starts to end.

He slams into the bathroom, hair already raised for a fight.

A boy with a short stature shrinks back from his intensity from the sink as he searches the bathroom for enemies, slamming into each individual stall. Finding nothing, he zeroes back on the shaking boy. "Was there a green haired boy here?"

The boy vehemently shakes his head, though he doesn't speak at all because clearly he's too terrified. Meaning he's no help at all.

"Get out." Shouta demands with serious red eyes, grateful when the boy complies by scrambling for the exit like his life depended on it. And he can neither confirm nor deny if that sentiment was the truth.

Searching the ground and sinks, he finds everything looking clean, leading to one train of thought where evidence might be located. He instantly feels bile run up his throat as he spots the pile of paper towels drenched in blood in the trash. "Fuck."

Shouta reaches in to inspect if there is any clues underneath, careful to not disturb the evidence
before his phone starts ringing. Growling he barks into it. "What?"

"I have news." Nedzu sounds off from the other side.

Shouta growls because clearly it's not the good kind. "Talk."

"Well, for one, we can put Empathy or some type of sensory mental quirk back on the board." The rat cheerfully, but unhelpfully, provides.

"Nedzu." Shouta tries with all of his will power at the moment to not start making plans to mentally scar the rodent more than he already has been. "I will give you the to the count of three to help me find my goddamn injured student or I swear to my dying breath, you will never want to think about quirks again. One. Two--"

"Your kid has just arrived in the hall near Class 1-A with another student from the General Education department."

Shouta terminates the call not even thinking to correct him as he's already racing down the hall to get his kid to Recovery Girl as soon as possible, all the while he thinks about all the ways he's going to murder a certain green-haired bitch.

"It's love!" The Raccoon bitch proclaims after Tangled Headphones rips him a new one.

"THE ABSOLUTE FUCK IT IS!" Katsuki growls back with promise. *Fucking nosy bastards!*

"Hey guys..." Shoji brings up with a mouth on one of arms, halting his crusade to kill a certain punk bitch for giving the shitty extras more ideas, even though all she did was confirm his own points of them being more like siblings at the moment in a confusing roundabout way. "There is a lot of people outside the door."

Everyone stops as they listen for a moment, hearing all the commotion right outside.
The whole room tenses with their quirks at the ready when the door slams open, expecting another villain attack. The majority of the room relaxes when the open door reveals the source of the muttering and heavy shuffling to be from some very similar looking uniforms, but not Katsuki. The disdain and anger in their eyes leads him to a completely different conclusion.

“Why are you all blocking the way?” Iida questions in proper fashion. “It’s against the rules to block exit points as it is very dangerous in cases of emergency!”

“Isn’t it fucking obvious?” Katsuki scowls looking at the pathetic hopefuls as he gets up to find out where the stupid bastard is. “They are scoping out the competition. It doesn’t matter anyway since I’m going to crush all of them. Move extras!”

"Bakugo!” Iida cries out appalled, already hand-chopping. "You can't call our peers extras!"

"Don't tell me what to do Four Eyes!” Katsuki rages back.

"How arrogant that you'd think we are all push overs..." One of the boys in the front smirks. “To be fair, there's not much competition in your court if you already have an empty seat and a person who in there who has one foot out the door already.”

“Yeah! You guys are just stuck up if you think you all can beat us easily after dealing with those villains.” Another from the back shouts as Katsuki’s mood continues to drop from all the hated looks being thrown around. "We are just getting a good look at our new seats once that pathetic excuse for a human finally drops out.”

"Dude, you know he's not even human right?” The boy beside him with pink eyes interjects at his friend with confusion. "He's closer to a monkey than us."

Katsuki narrows his gaze at the extra, trying to suppress full on growling at the fucking quirikist asshole. Though, he wonders if Izuku ever had to hear that type of shit before. To his irritation, it makes too much sense that he'd have to have heard that shit at least once, souring his mood even further.

"You shouldn't even associate with him or he'll infect you with his quirklessness." Another loudly whispers in disgust that makes his blood boil. "It's only a matter of time before they all lose their quirks you know..."
Katsuki sucks in a harsh breath behind his grinding teeth as the crowd seemingly nods in agreement while observing the room like they are all zoo animals, making him feel claustrophobic in the small classroom.

“Hey, that’s not manly at all…” The dumb redhead tries to protest, though none of the extras even seem to be paying any mind to him. “Midori-bro is the same—”

"It doesn't matter, the entire class was already diseased before that reject got here." A girl sneers with a look of disgust. "I can't believe UA would even think about letting him in to begin with..."

“I mean, I guess it’s not too surprising that you all have inflated egos now since you have one of them in your class after all. Must be a huge ego boost beating him into the ground every day. It’s such a great perk that you hero course students have free access to a live punching bag to train your quirks on at any time.”

Katsuki can't suppress the urge to growl anymore, but it only gets drowned out in the roaring laughter all around. The mounting bloodlust coming off his classmates, while making him prouder than he'll never admit, isn’t helping his current anxiety of where the fuck Deku is either.

“What the actual fuck is wrong with all you!?!?” Jiro tries, despite her normally passive bitch mood, but she’s easily ignored by the whispers in crowd. "Midoriya isn't--!"

“Who are we kidding? They all probably had inflated egos way before that perk given that blond one's stuck up attitude.” The blond girl with ice in her eyes snaps back with a wave of her hand at Katsuki’s direction. “How else did you think they made it out with their teachers injured instead of them? Pathetic.”

"Hey! Not all of us are like Bakugo and super competitive--" Ashido tries in vain before being drowned out by the whispers and jeers.

“You know, I thought I’d get to have a good look at my future classmates, but all I see is failures.” A boy sneers with a look of disgust. “I mean, they can’t even save themselves from low time villains. How the hell are they even going to save anyone else?”

“You wanna say that to my fucking face Bull Face!?!?” Katsuki snarls, his palms popping off sporadically in preparation for a fight. “Why don’t you pick yourself up off your flimsy glass pedestal and fight me like the little bitch you are!!!”
“Honestly, are you all really that weak that you are only bark?” A girl huffs as she flips her hair backwards. “God, the villain attack wasn’t even that bad. I bet if the weakest of us could have done more than any of you did. You all deserved to die during that attack if you couldn't handle it when things started to slightly heat up.”

Katsuki’s pupils thin dangerously.

He grits his teeth in anger at how wrong that was while all of them laugh, mocking the entire class without a care in the world. He knows Izuku barely made it out there with that monster choking him out and almost being fucking kidnapped, all while he took on the small fries without a care in the world. He just got the sloppy seconds before witnessing the aftermath of the main course being hauled away on fucking stretchers first hand. And the only teacher he truly respects would have died if the villains tried even a little bit harder. As much as he hates Izuku’s idiotic martyr streak with a passion, the fucking nerd was dead right on how lucky they had gotten with that nut case manning the helm.

“Honestly though, I’m impressed the Quirkless is still alive.” Another girl near the middle jeers with disdain as she scans the room. “I bet he ran away from the villains during the attack like a coward since he’s was still here this morning. How can someone so useless ever hope to be a hero if all he does is run away?”

“The fuck you say extra?” Katsuki snaps back with a few stray pops in his palm.

“Oh, please Sparky.” A boy looks at him like he’s a bug under his foot that only makes his fury burn red hot that he would underestimate him. “You know we are going to take his seat. It’s inevitable since he doesn’t even have a quirk. He’s going to get killed anyway, so why not stomp the impossible dream out of him now while he’s still breathing?”

"Who are you even kidding? Dreams?" The extra's friend laughs cruelly. "I bet he doesn't even have feelings. I mean, how else has he not thrown himself off a building at this point?"

And with that, Katsuki does what he does best.

He explodes.
Izuku instantly freezes when he feels the intense feelings coming from the direction of his classroom.

Ice flows straight though Izuku as he starts sprinting towards them, fearing another villain attack has befallen his classmates.

"Hey! Wait up Midoriya!"

Izuku ignores the calls behind him as he gains speed to rush to their aid. Though when he speeds around the corner, he instantly retraces his steps to the corner as he takes in the large group. If Izuku's nose was bleeding from the vibes, he didn't notice due to his own adrenaline high from the group in front of him.

"Jeez you're fast..." Shinso wheezes out before taking in the large crowd. "Damn it..."

Izuku clearly picks up on the lack of surprise, though his eyes never leave the sight of the crowd. "You knew?"

"I didn't know the entire school was going to show up..." Shinso grumbles between breathes.

"Hmm..." Izuku searches the laughing crowd for answers, his mind already racing. "You need to work out more if you want to be a hero by the way..."

"Ass."

"You can't rely on your quirk for everything Shinso."

Shinso sighs behind him as he straightens back up. "Okay, I see your point."

"Don't worry, I'll help." Izuku promises before his friendly smile drops. "So, do you know why they are all here?"
"Shinso?" Izuku asks worriedly before a feminine voice sort of calls order to the crowd.

“Honestly though, I’m impressed the Quirkless is still alive. I bet he ran away from the villains during the attack like a coward since he’s was still here this morning. How can someone so useless ever hope to be a hero if all he does is run away?”

"Oh." Izuku feels small as he curls in on himself, the vibes increasing again as he drowns out their jeering voices.

"This is total bullshit." Shinso growls as they listen to their sick laughs before seeing the blood trail down Izuku's nose. "Hey, are you sure you are alright?"

"Yeah..." Izuku wipes his nose when he finally takes in account for the wetness. "They are just throwing around some nasty vibes is all..."

"Who are you even kidding? Dreams?" A different boy sneers. "I bet he doesn't even have feelings. I mean, how else has he not thrown himself off a building at this point?"

Izuku's heart drops as he hears his friend explode, screaming at the top of his lungs to hurt the guy who said that.

"FUCK OFF YOU DAMN EXTRAS!" Katsuki roars down the hallway, a much larger explosion flaring up. "LET ME KILL THE BASTARD--!"

"Bakubro, stop!" Kirishima grunts out. "You can't just--"

"LIKE HELL I CAN'T!"

"Come on man, it's not worth it." Kaminari starts.

"Oh?" The same voice taunts. "Did I actually strike a nerve? Is it possibly because he's suicidal?"
Izuku instinctively flinches to the question.

"FUCK OFF!" Kacchan snaps back ferally with dripping malice. "Deku isn't fucking s-suicidal!"

Izuku fears the wavering uncertainty he heard in his brother's voice at the last part, his face contorted in slight shock.

"Oh. Oh. OH!" The voice starts cackling like a madman as it's obvious they heard it too. "Oh my god! He actually tried that, didn't he? He's actually tried to off himself before, right?"

The silence makes Izuku's heart break as it must mean that Kacchan highly suspects his suicidal tendencies.

"Were you there?" Another voice taunts. "Did you see him finally understand his proper place? Being six feet under?"

"I'LL KILL YOU!!!" Kacchan screams at the boy as loud thrashing with explosions can be heard. "I'LL RIP YOUR GOD DAMN FUCKING THROAT OUT!!!"

The deep guilt attacks viciously without mercy in Izuku's mind. Because if Kacchan knew the truth, the whole truth, he'd know he should have died so long ago even if his mother didn't kill him first. And that fact alone would break him if he fears this so much.

"That's really why you're so pissed? What a fucking joke..." The pervious voice scoffs. "The Quirkless can't even off himself properly and you're sad about it? You should have been grateful instead. Has he already infected your mind and twisted you so far you can't even see the reality that he's nothing? That he will always be nothing?"

"Stop!" Kacchan grunts out as he clearly struggles against someone to get free. "Shut your fucking disgusting--!"

"Hey..." Shinso touches his shoulder as more swears come out of his classmates to contain the live bomb. "They're just assholes okay?"
Izuku can't help the tears that flow down his face in shame. "I hurt Kacchan..."

"Midoriya don't listen to those--"

"I hurt Kacchan..." Izuku repeats like a broken record.

Every time he ever took his own life, he never even considered how anyone else would feel if it succeeded. He was selfish. So very selfish. And now?

Izuku can't contain his sobs.

"Hey, you never did--" Shinso stops himself before he sees the pain in Izuku's eyes. "You have killed yourself."

Izuku doesn't answer, but it's answer enough for Shinso.

"So what?" Shinso tries a different angle as he attempts to knock some sense into him. "Who the hell cares?"

"K-kacchan--"

"I don't give a flying fuck who this Kacchan is." Shinso growls. "I don't care if you hurt him. I don't care if he fucking went mad over it. He clearly cares about you. And if you even care about his feelings, you'd recognize that he's happy you're still here regardless of the past. Quirk or not."

... 

"Oh."

"Yeah." Shinso scoffs. "Oh."
"Okay." Izuku sniffs as he cleans up his face. "Sorry..."

"Okay. Great." Shinso shifts a bit around the corner. "So, how are we going to get in there without getting mobbed? Personally, I think knocking some sense into the jerks would be preferable, but you do you."

Izuku feels the tug of a smile start to form as a plan forms in his head to get rid of the jerks. "You wanna partake in some karaoke?"

Shinso watches him for a second before it hits him, making a malicious grin spread across his face. "Can I choose the song?"

Izuku grins in return as he rubs off his remaining tears. "Please do."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 2/22, Checked for errors 3/15

Fallout by UNSECRET, Neoni

Aizawa: My boy is hurt.
Nedzu: I see. I shall assist you.
Aizawa: Perfect. After all, murder season is a much better experience when you go in a group.
Nedzu: ...
Nedzu *calling all pro heroes within a 5 mile radius*: How silly of me to forget such a festive occasion.

A/N: So who's ready for some revenge karaoke!?! :D
"If I actually slept last night, that means God decided to be merciful and give me a vibe check." --Shinso Hitoshi

*Warning*
Self-Harm and Suicide mentioned in song lyrics

Pro-tip: Wait to play the song until you see this line if you want to follow along:
And it is from this world of darkness which come the evil, destructive forces of man's nature.

“Hey! Stop talking about Deku-kun like that!” Uraraka snaps back. “He doesn’t deserve this!”

“Yeah!” Ashido agrees with fervor as she cracks her knuckles, gearing up for a fight. “You guys are just bullies. And I hate bullies!”

“His name is Deku?” A boy cuts him off with a laugh, leading the rest of the jerks to do the same. “Oh man, that’s just precious. His mom must really hate him if she literally named him useless. How fitting.”

"HOW DARE YOU FUCKING INSULT AUNTIE YOU UGLY BASTARD!!" Kacchan rages. "LET ME AT THE FUCKER DAMN EXTRAS!!"

"Bakugo, seriously, do you want to be kicked out?" Sato points out while Kacchan simply growls loudly in protest. "We can't fight them unless they come at us first..."

“Midoriya is the farthest thing from useless and you don’t have the right to even grace his presence.” Tokoyami states with a silent hatred at the group for attacking his classmate. “We quite possibly could have felt the coldness of the abyss during our encounter with the darkness that day if it wasn’t for his radiant chaos.”

“Yeah!” Dark Shadow also mirrors the same tone at the bullies for hurting his adopted friend.
“Mikumo is our brother in chaos, you scum!”

The group kind of goes silent for a moment before Jiro translates the angst for them with clear hate in her voice. “Midoriya protected us during the villain attack. He probably has the highest villain body count out of all of us if you really want to be technical. He’s our friend, not our punching bag.”

“Really? Him. He looked like he couldn’t handle a strong breeze.” A girl sneers. “If that *Quirkless* can’t even protect himself against three of his superiors, how did he ever manage to save you? I would ask Iijmekko about exactly what kind of face he was making when he was getting put back in his proper place the first week, but then I wouldn’t get to keep my satisfaction to see my own version of him crying like a little bitch in my head.”

The temperature drops several degrees, making everyone outside start to audibly shiver except for the growing hateful vibes from those inside in the room who got a clarification they had strongly suspected had occurred. The fact that their own peers targeted and attacked Izuku for no reason at all makes them all furious, making Izuku almost let go of the ledge in shock they would all feel that strongly about that.

“I suggest you all leave.” Todoroki burns with intensity. “None of you are welcome here.”

“Okay Pretty Boy, just for you.” Another girl from the back cackles. “Just know that your cocksleeve is either going to die in the Sports Festival or lose his seat to one of us. There is no way a Quirkless can win or even pass the first round against us.”

“Who are we kidding, all we have to do is send another group after him to finish the job before then.” A boy snickers loudly. “Just like a doll, he’ll just sit there and take it, just like Fumeiyo said he did the first time around. I bet the teachers will even thank us for it too. One less of those evolutionary rejects breathing is a blessin’—”

The lights completely cut off, eliciting shrieks of terror as it shrouds the entire hallway and classroom in darkness.

Izuku takes that as his cue as he climbs into his classroom. He suppresses a giggle when he hears the thunderous stomps coming from the vents from down the hallway, spurring more scared shrieks of terrors from the bullies.
"Oh my god!"

"What the fuck!?!?"

"The shit is happening!?!?"

"Are we under attack!?!?"

With pure satisfaction, Izuku slips inside unnoticed sans for Dark Shadow who catches his movement inside in the darkness. Raising his finger to his mouth and winking, Izuku moves to the teacher's desk, careful to avoid his own classmates to 'borrow' Present Mic-sensei's well... teaching mic. To his instant delight, there's a spare allowing plan B part 2 to become reality as he taps each mic slightly to make sure they are working.

With nothing left to do once the sound comes to him, Izuku presses his phone to starting up the song from the classroom speakers upon Shinso's last thundering boom right inside the Class 1-A vent. After one second, he starts up his timer code for the lights to flash once every 3 seconds, just in case anyone out there is photosensitive by keeping the frequency extremely low.

And it is from this world of darkness which come the evil, destructive forces of man's nature.

"Oh hell naw!" A boy cries out before deciding to do the smart thing and run.

Showtime.

The light flickers on just as Izuku stomps hard on the desk, spooking even some of his own classmates. Raising the mic to his face, Izuku adopts a crazed grin as more scared screams ring out in the hallway.

"You've got me shaking from the way you're talking
My heart is breaking, but there's no use crying
What a cyanide surprise you have left for my eyes
If I had common sense, I'd cut myself or curl up and die!"
Izuku takes a deep breath before preparing to leap to one of the other desks to hand off his gift as a
noble sacrifice to the vent gods.

"Sticks and stones could break my bones

But anything you say will only fuel my lungs!"

He slams down onto the next desk parkouring his way to the vent as he continues the song with his
code running the light show, turning on and off all the lights after he leaves the next spot.

"Don't mind us, we're just spilling our guts

If this is love, I don't wanna be loved

You pollute the room with a filthy tongue

Watch me choke it down so I can throw it up!"

Once underneath, the vent slams open, sending even more of the bullies running straight for the
hills. Hanging upside down, Shinso reaches out for the free mic as Izuku keeps up the beat. Izuku
couldn't be more proud to hand it to him as his natural undead look really sells the whole
performance.

"Don't mind us, we're just spilling our guts

If this is love, I don't wanna be hanging by the neck

Before an audience of death!"

With a manic laugh, Izuku points at Shinso to start the duel.

"You could be the corpse and I could be the killer!"

Izuku grins as he returns to sender, swaying a bit as if he's snarling back at Shinso.

"If I could be the devil then you could be the sinner!"
Shinso grins as the lights flash around the both of them.

"You could be the drugs and I could be the dealer!"

Izuku laughs manically before he screams his lines into the mic, staring Shinso down like a blood thirsty killer.

"Everything you said is like music to my ears!"

Shinso takes over for his section, his throat clearly getting raw as he screams into the mic, but it is clear he's had a lot of practice to overcome the strain. The screams from the hallway only fuel him more as he gives 'plus ultra' to his performance.

"You could be the corpse and I could be the killer!"

If I could be the devil then you could be the sinner
You could be the drugs then I could be the dealer
Everything you said is like music to my, music to my ears!"

Izuku takes back over for the chorus, giving Shinso a short rest before his second solo. He turns back to the frightened crowd that shrinks back, visibly snarling at them with his free hand curled into a claw.

"Don't mind us, we're just spilling our guts
If this is love, I don't wanna be loved
You pollute the room with a filthy tongue
Watch me choke it down so I can throw it up
Don't mind us, we're just spilling our guts
If this is love, I don't wanna be hanging by the neck
Before an audience of death!"
Izuku takes a deep breath of relief as the song itself takes over for a small second.

*Before an audience.*

Shinso bangs his mic against the vent, sending a few in the crowd scurrying away like rats before starting up again.

"Failure find me
To tie me up now
'Cause I'm as bad, as bad as it gets
Failure find me
To hang me up now
By my neck, 'cause I'm a fate worse than death!"

Izuku backflips off his current desk as he stalks over to the remaining crowd with long, psychotic strides. Once he's almost right in front of them, his lips curl upward in a smirk as blood drips down his pale face as the lights flash, really selling his performance.

"What a cyanide surprise you have left for my eyes
If I had common sense, I'd cut myself or curl up and die!"

Swatting at the air that makes a few hesitant souls step back in fear, Izuku cackles loudly as the signal for Shinso to join in as a duet chorus.

"Don't mind us, we're just spilling our guts
If this is love, I don't wanna be loved
You pollute the room with a filthy tongue
Watch me choke it down so I can throw it up
Don't mind us, we're just spilling our guts
If this is love, I don't wanna be hanging by the neck
Before an audience!"
Shinso bangs the vent again, sending everyone’s attention back to the vent as he starts up his own lines alone. With everyone distracted, Izuku stalks back over to the front desk, climbing on the top for the finale.

"Don't mind us, we're just spilling our guts
If this is love, I don't wanna be loved!"

Izuku feels Dark Shadow's buzzing touch his shoulder once he's on top of the desk. With a grin, he nods to the bird as he grabs his waist to make him hover over the desk.

"You pollute the room with a filthy tongue
Watch me choke it down so I can!"

Shinso slams the vent closed for a brief moment, giving Izuku the attention of the rest of the bullies outside as he screams out the rest of the song with all his might, mixing in a few snarls and growls here and there for added effect as he floats over above them like a demented fallen angel.

"Don't mind us, we're just spilling our guts
If this is love, I don't wanna be hanging by the neck
Before an audience of death!"

Breathing hard, Izuku startles slightly when Dark Shadow taps his waist with his claws that's holding him up. Looking down, he sees Tokoyami motions for the mic and Izuku more than obliges with a smug smirk.

"Fuck you all."

Izuku bursts out laughing at the confused looks of the remaining brave stragglers in the hallway. Shinso also joins in when he opens the vent again while the lights start to turn on completely, spurring the rest of his classmates to join in sans for two.

Smiling, Izuku raises his mic to give credit where credit is due as he points to his friend hanging
out in the vent. "Ladies, gentleman and all those in between or not, can you give the future Class 1-A heroics student Shinso Hitsoshi a hand?"

Clapping and hollers ring out from some of his classmates, except for the same two party poopers as Shinso flips off those still left outside of the classroom.

"God damn it." Kacchan grumbles, completely pissed but definitely not at Izuku per say. "Not another fucking Deku..."

"And we can't forget our special guest Tokoyami Fumikage and his partner Dark Shadow for their amazing impromptu additions!" Izuku grins towards his friend who gives him a stiff nod in acknowledgment, but clearly has a pleased smirk written all over his face as Dark Shadow safely places him back on the teacher's desk.

Jumping off the desk he slowly, but confidently stalks his way back to the front of the classroom.

"And for those of you still left who think you ever had a chance at stealing a spot in the hero course..." Izuku bares his teeth darkly at the shaking students outside. "Leave."

Clearly, Izuku outdid himself on the scare factor as those bullies couldn't get away fast enough as he drops the mic to the floor.

Izuku blinks before he realizes what he just did. "Oh no! Present Mic-sensei is going to kill me!"

He quickly scrambles to pick it up, inspecting it for damage. Luckily, there's none, making him sigh in relief as he moves to place it back on the desk. "Oh thank goodness..."

Once looking back up at Shinso, he tosses his towards him. "Mic check!"

Izuku snorts when he stops it from crashing into his own head. "Thanks Shinso."

Placing it with the other one, Izuku adopts a wide smile at his excited classmates, though one of them is a little more excited than the rest.
"Midoriya!" Iida comes in hand chopping. "Why would you do something so reckless?"

"I think the better question is how did you guys like the performance?" Izuku grins mischievously, ignoring the pain in his friend's expression for ignoring the question as technically, the karaoke had the least chance of violence occurring afterwards.

"That was so amazing!" Hagakure jumps up and down wildly with her uniform almost vibrating. "It was like a mini rave!"

"I thoroughly enjoyed your unique taste in music." Tokoyami admits with a slight smile.

"More like loved it..." Dark Shadow mumbles rolls his glowing eyes, making Izuku giggle in response to Tokoyami's slowly reddening cheeks while trying to deny it.

"It sure did scare the pants off those bullies..." Ashido puffs up her cheeks in anger before breaking out in a wide grin as she cheers. "Your singing is so punk rock, yeah!?!"

"Ha ha... Yeah, well thank Shinso too." Izuku gestures to the vent where Shinso is just chilling out watching everyone with a bird's eye view. "I couldn't have done it without him."

"Hey." Shinso waves lazily at the group.

"I didn't know you liked Gothic Rock Midoriya." Jiro mentions with an eager smile on her face, directing the group back down to the ground. "It's so unexpected..."

"Shinso picked the song." Izuku answers with a blinding innocent smile.

Jiro clearly doesn't buy it. "And how exactly did you know the lyrics so well?"

"What can I say?" Izuku laughs awkwardly. "Everyone has an emo phase?"
"Actually, from your Topify account, you played that song two days ago--" Shinso starts with a smug smile.

"Shinso!" Izuku whines in panic. "Don't tell them that!

"It's not my fault you're so easy to expose." Shinso offers with a semi-upside down shrug.

"I hate you..." Izuku gives with the most 'I'm done with your shit' look on his face.

"Sure you do."

Izuku simply groans in response while Shinso simply smiles wider at his pain.

...

"Are you sure you should have done karaoke Midoriya-chan?" Tsu mentions. "You seemed very green when we last saw you..."

"Yeah, well..." Izuku rubs the back of his head nervously. "I got better?"

"Really?" Kirishima frowns. "But you still look kinda pale..."

"Before that, where did you get all the fake blood Deku-kun?" Uraraka gestures to her own face with a bright smile. "It looks so realistic!"

"I um..." Izuku nervously scratches his head as he desperately tries to wipe it away.

Crap.

"It's because it is fucking real Round Cheeks," Kacchan growls as he stalks over to him, looking him over thoroughly. "Which asshole jumped you this time?"
"Ha ha..." Izuku laughs nervously. "What? No one--"

"You're fucking lying." Kacchan snarls, pressing a finger at a dark bruise right over his Adam's apple that makes him wince. "Where the fuck did you get that shit, huh!?!"

"It's nothing Kacchan, I swear--" Izuku tries in vain.

"Midoriya!"

Izuku squeaks in terror to the aura being thrown around by his murderous looking teacher at the door of the classroom, whimpering from the pressure as he attempts to retreat to safety. "Shit! Gotta blast!"

"Not this fucking time Problem Child!" Aizawa growls as he flips his capture tool around Izuku before he can jump out the window fully.

"Midoriya!" Shinso calls from the vent while Izuku thrashes in his teacher's hold, unable to do much since Shinso currently has his tool so he could navigate the vents safely.

"You in the vent!" Aizawa-sensei snaps back with red eyes. "Are you the General Ed kid?"

"Y-yes?" Shinso hesitantly answers, honestly looking confused to the thrashings of an unruly kitten.

"We also need to talk. If you don't get out of that vent right now, I swear I will--"

"Go! Go! Shinso Go!" Izuku growls as he continues to fight, cutting off his teacher since the last thing he wants is Shinso getting in trouble. "Emo gang! Emo gang! Emo gang!"

"Emo gang!" Shinso parrots back, clearly understanding the joke and the warning before slamming the door to the vent closed.
"Emo gang!" Izuku grins back before getting back into the fight for his liberty.

"God damn it... Stop fighting Midoriya!" Aizawa-sensei lowly growls as his hold stays firm. "We need to talk."

"No! I didn't do anything wrong!" Izuku shoots back when a headache splits through his head, blood already dripping down his face again. "I just wanted to make them go away!"

"You're still injured. We are going to Recovery Girl's." Aizawa-sensei sends right back, though a little more gentle upon the sight of fresh blood. "Let's go Problem Child."

"No! Let me go!" Izuku continues to thrash around as he gets dragged out of the classroom on his butt, howling for freedom.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 2/24, Checked for errors 3/15

Sarcasm by Get Scared

Revenge Karaoke is the best kind of karaoke. Change my mind.

Unposted bonus scene for planning the prank:

Shinso: So first and foremost, we have to do Sarcasm, but...

Izuku: Okay, great. That actually works well with my code for taking control of all the lights. I won't even have to tweak anything, just run a loop.

Shinso: Hold up...

Shinso: You know Sarcasm?

Izuku *confusion*: Um, yeah? Does 'You've got me shaking from the way you're talking' sound familiar?

Shinso: ...

Izuku *completely oblivious*: Anyways, I have my multi-tool that I can give you to
help you get into the vents.

Shinso: You are literally the most deceptively cute thing I have ever seen. And it's terrifying.

Izuku *furious blushing behind his hands*: C-cute!?!?

Shinso *literally having a heart attack*: 'Oh god he's innocent too!

This is the joke Izuku is referencing in the chapter btw. The hero we need:
- **Dude Sleds Down Escalator**
Hurricane

Chapter Notes

30,000 hits guys! And over 2000 kudos!

I am SCREAMING! HOLY HEART FAILURE, BATMAN!

( I am not crying, you are crying (■﹏■) )

"There's a storm coming, Mr. Wayne. You and your friends better batten down the hatches, because when it hits, you're all gonna wonder how you ever thought you could live so large and leave so little for the rest of us.” --Catwoman

*Warning*
Mentions of Death/Grieving and implications of child abuse

Note: I would like to suggest that you view this chapter on desktop as one portion of the chapter will look better that way. And now, the newest chapter! :D
"LET ME GO YOU STUPID BATMAN RIP OFF!" Izuku shrieks as he is dragged forcibly into Recovery Girl's office.

He hears a distant sigh from somewhere else in the area, but it doesn't deter his struggle for freedom in the slightest.

"Stop acting like a brat." His teacher hisses back in the most done face he's ever seen. "Also, Batman? Really kid?"

Izuku ceases his useless flailing as he hears the familiarity in his tone, peaking his interest. "You know know about Batman?"

"Obviously." Aizawa-sensei deadpans. "I'm just surprised you didn't have a better insult on hand."

Izuku scowls at the bluntness of his teacher's tone, but it does little to sour his mood. "So, DC or Marvel?"

"Kid, should you really be starting that war right now?"

"Trick question. Both." Izuku answers honestly. "But only the Batman universe stuff if we are specifically talking about movies though..."

Aizawa-sensei eyes narrow incredibly, almost calculating-like. "If I'm Batman, what are you?"

"Deadpool." Izuku answers confidently before scowling about how stupid that admittance was.

Shit.

"Of course you'd be the most annoying one..." Aizawa-sensei groans.
"Hey! I am not annoying..." Izuku pouts.

The stare of his teacher immediately stops all thoughts of protest on that avenue.

"Can you let me go now?" Izuku pleads, armed with the puppy eyes.

Clearly, his teacher doesn't even flinch to his secret weapon. "No."

"Jerk." Izuku grumbles before he restarts his incessant thrashing.

"And you're a pain in my ass." Aizawa-sensei sends right back, tightening his hold on the bonds. "You don't see me complaining."

"You just did."

"Can you stop for like five minutes?" Aizawa clearly growls. "I don't want you getting more injured than you already have."

"I'm not--"

"Yeah. Yeah, you are kid."

Izuku doesn't say a word, only stopping his fighting so he can lull him into a false sense of security to run if needed.

"So, what happened?" Aizawa-sensei demands, his hand tight on his capture weapon as he eyes Izuku warily.

"Nothing." Izuku retorts immediately.
"I'm not an idiot Midoriya." Aizawa-sensei returns the volley. "You can't seriously think I don't know who gave you whatever injuries you are sporting right now."

"Bullie--"

"No." Aizawa-sensei growls loudly, tightening up his restraints instantly as Izuku feels a huge spike in his aura. "**Your mother.**"

"A-aizawa-sensei..." Izuku stutters in fear.

Aizawa-sensei's hand drops as his aura starts to dissipate after catching his fearful expression.

...

"Sorry." Aizawa-sensei finally answers with a heaviness in his chest that Izuku can hear. "Just tell me what happened kid."

Izuku sniffs loudly as his only answer.

"Midoriya..." Aizawa-sensei softly tries, almost borderline pleading. "Tell me what happened."

Izuku blinks as it hits him why. Hard.

*They don't know anything.*

*They don't know because they don't have any evidence.*

Izuku swallows harshly at another stray thought, unsure why it's so unsettling when it's technically good news.
"Sensei." Izuku states dryly. "Nothing happened."

"Midoriya--"

"No." Izuku retorts in frustration, already losing tears. "Nothing happened. I'm fine. I just got a nose bleed after I felt nauseous in class. Then, on my way back, I ran into those jerks. If you are going to punish me for skipping and hacking, you might as well get it over--"

"Midoriya."

Izuku flinches at the shrill tone before he hears an audible sigh.

"I want to help kid," Aizawa-sensei tries again. "But I need to know what happened. You don't have to tell me everything in detail, but I need at least something to go on. I need to know how badly you are injured and where."

Izuku doesn't answer. In fact he becomes more resigned, knowing there isn't anything his teacher can do without proof.

He doesn't even blink as he stares at the floor.

...

"Okay, I think I started wrong and for that I apologize." Aizawa-sensei starts to Izuku's surprise, though he doesn't give any indication he's listening. "But I won't make the same mistake twice. So let me lay down all the cards on the table. Midoriya, we know your mother is abusive towards you."

Izuku forces himself to not flinch as he lets that new reality wash over him.

"Do you actually have any evidence of your claim?" Izuku questions after a long moment of
silence, detached from the situation, almost feeling numb to it all now that it has started to settle in his brain what actually happened.

...

"And I know..." Aizawa-sensei's voice becomes quieter, ignoring the calculated jab. "That I'm not the best person for you to tell this to. I understand that fully. But I do know this..."

"You need help Midoriya." Izuku's eyes meet his teacher's unfazed. "Because your mother hurt you today due to our negligence and false sense of security. None of this was a fault of your own."

Izuku stays silent as he watches his teacher's nervousness starts to show up in his shoulders. "That fact is undeniable, whether or not you wish to say otherwise. I am simply offering you a way out."

"Out of what?"

"I can save you kid." Aizawa-sensei states with startlingly sincerity. "And I will save you if you let me help, no matter what's going on."

Izuku bristles as he instantly knows where that would lead. Foster care or under a microscope, despite his teacher's own goodwill. "Who said I needed saving?"

"Kid--"

"Don't 'kid' me." Izuku barks back. "I don't need saving Sen--"

"Midoriya, stop." Aizawa-sensei cuts him off with a raised hand. "Your mother assaulted you today, plain and simple. The specifics I don't know, but that is the behavior of a villain, not a loving parent. You need--"

"Don't tell me what I need." Izuku snaps back in slight anger. "I am not a child. And I don't need saving from--"
"Problem Child--"

"No, I--"

"Midoriya, whether you like it or not, you are a child--"

"Stop cutting me off and let me speak!" Izuku raises his voice despite trying to control his anger. After a deep breath of silence, he continues. "I don't need saving from anyone because if I did, I would have already done so."

...

"I don't follow."

"Sensei, do you want to hear a story?" Izuku offers with tired eyes, still finding the floor the most interesting thing in the room.

Izuku ignores his teacher's silence and instead continues anyway as he shifts in the bonds a bit to get more comfortable. "There was once a small child. As with any story, the child was different from everyone. No one liked them but their parents. Their parents never once judged them for something they couldn't control, even when they knew their child would be different from everyone else. In fact, they loved their child with all their heart. But that happiness didn't last long. The child didn't blame anyone though. It was simply a hazard of life they knew very well. You want to know what happened to that child?"

"They died Sensei." Izuku answers the question for him. "That child died when they were too young to understand why."

"Kid..."

"They died because no one believed a stranger who knew something was wrong. They had information that could have saved their life if someone stopped and listen to them. But no one ever did." Izuku sniffs. "And trust me, that stranger tried with all their might."
"Kid--"

"The stranger went door to door, pleading their case." Izuku continues, starting to shake as he remembers going from police station to police station for help when he learned of another kid facing the same group of traffickers and lost. "And eventually, they gave up asking for help."

"Midoriya--"

"The child's parents pleaded for help as well." Izuku wipes off a traitorous tear. "But no one would help someone so unwanted."

... 

"By the time the child was found, they were dying." Izuku notes bitterly from his own inaction. "And you want to know what they said before they died?"

Aizawa-sensei stays silent, almost like he knows the feeling that Izuku's describing in limited words.

"They were so happy someone found them. That someone cared." Izuku hangs his head in shame as he remembers their last words. "They were just so happy that they were going to see their parents again."

"W-who are y-you?" The tiny boy croaked out between broken wheezes. "A-are you h-here to s-save me?"

"Y-yeah..." Izuku cries under the mask, though he doesn't dare vocalize it. "I'm Switch. You're Tenchan, r-right?"

"I'm T-tenshi!" The boy giggles painfully, all while giving him his biggest smile. "C-can I s-see Momma a-and Poppa a-again?"
"Of course." Izuku takes off his mask to give the dying boy a smile as no bandage he has on him can help.

He simply can't get rid of the gaping hole in the boy's stomach.

"You are safe now." Izuku confidently states that illicit a few small giggles from the boy. "Why? Because you're not alone anymore."

"Thank y-you Switch-san..." The boy murmurs.

"Izuku." Izuku offers as he gets closer to see the damage.

His heart races as he looks over the growing pool of blood, his quirk already warning him of what's to come.

"Thank you Izu..." The boy whispers, his eyes fluttering quite a bit. "I'm s-sweepy..."

"You can s-sleep now." Izuku desperately tries not to sob. "When you wake up, your p-parents will be there for you. I p-promise."

"O-ok...ay..." Tenshi murmurs like a fragile baby. "I l-lo... ve... m..."

When Izuku sees the boy's chest stop rising, he wails. And he doesn't truly remember when he finally stopped.

"Midoriya, did you watch someone die?" Aizawa-sensei cautiously brings up.

Izuku flinches at the question, but only hardens his gaze with silence as his answer.

Izuku watches in his peripheral as Aizawa looks over him carefully as if he's deeply worried. "Midoriya, did you have a sibling?"
Izuku shakes his head again. "No."

"Do you have a living sibling I should know about?"

"Kacchan's my only brother." Izuku offers as he awkwardly wipes his face as best he can being bundled up. "I don't have any blood related siblings that I know of."

"Then who--"

"It's just a story sensei." Izuku's tired eyes never raise. "I never once stated it was the truth."

Aizawa-sensei seems to pause, but his silence is clearly drenched in heavy thought.

...

"Midoriya, I'm afraid I don't understand..." Aizawa-sensei brings up once the silence becomes unbearable.

"The moral of that story Sensei..." Izuku sniffs angrily. "Is that if you want to save someone, you don't wait for someone else to help. You just do it yourself."

"And if I ever 'needed help' like you suggest I do." Izuku paraphrases. "I would've already done it myself."

...

"Okay."

"O-okay...?" Izuku hesitantly echoes, not sure where this sudden agreement is coming from.
"I have an idea what's going on, I won't lie to you." Aizawa-sensei mentions that makes Izuku stiffen. "And I want to assure you that your mother won't be allowed on campus again without me as an escort. She won't touch you while I am here."

Izuku's eyes widen in fear. "Wait, no you can't--"

Izuku stops when he sees the pointed eyes on him, almost like he was trying to prove a point. The underlying question is not clear, but inevitable.

...

"What do you want to know?"

"Whatever you are comfortable with." Aizawa-sensei offers with a heavy breath out.

Izuku scowls terribly. "That's not a lot."

"I'll take what I can get."

Izuku ponders the floor for a moment before coming to a conclusion to protect his teacher. "Her quirk is dangerous."

Aizawa-sensei's grip loosens a bit. "So, what specifically should I watch out for?"

"Her quirk registry is wrong and outdated." Izuku offers with a small voice, testing the waters. "Her weak telekinesis is anything but."

Aizawa-sensei's eyes snap in alarm. "In what way?"

"She can control multiple targets at once." Izuku's eyes harden, though they still don't raise. "Never let her know your quirk or she will kill you after you blink."
"Kill?" Aizawa-sensei asks for clarification. "Not incapacitate?"

Izuku doesn't answer, only blinking to keep his panic from rising.

"What else?" His teacher prompts with a sigh.

"No one should be alone with her ever." Izuku notes apprehensively. "She can turn off the cameras and mics since she can sense all small objects within a fifteen meter radius if she focuses hard enough. Once she finds the object in question, her range can double the last time I checked."

"Anything else?"

"Her weight limit is still the same but internal organs are always fair game." Izuku finishes with venom. "That's all I know."

"Shit."

Izuku barely blinks before he feels a warm body crash into him, not even noticing the moment his capture weapon slipped him free.

"Okay." Aizawa-sensei finally answers with a heaviness in his chest that Izuku can feel. "Thanks for the heads up."

...

Izuku feels tears drag down his face as he feels fear for his teacher if his mother should ever meet him.

"A-aizawa-s-sensei..." Izuku desperately hugs his teacher tightly as he silently sobs into his shoulder. "P-please don't d-die..."

...
Okay.

Izuku sobs in relief as he clutches even tighter. It might not be a direct promise, but Izuku could feel the truth under such a declaration.

... 

"I promise I am going to save you Problem Child." Aizawa whispers, rubbing circles into his back. "And then you'll have a normal life you deserve."

Izuku stiffens, but he doesn't let go. Instead he cries harder. He simply doesn't know why, but he does anyway.

... 

"Nedzu."

"A pleasure Aizawa." The dog offers. "How are things going on your end?"

Shouta sighs into the phone. "Midoriya won't give me anything concrete and I doubt the General Education kid he was with knows anything given he hasn't come running to us about the witch. And you have no idea the nightmare I just had to deal with simply for him to allow Recovery Girl to check up on him..."

... 

"This really is unlike you Aizawa."

Shouta simply growls, since of course the rat would pick up on his current hesitance given his kid being injured. "I have reason to suspect Midoriya ran away from his mother."
"Pray do tell."

Shouta releases a deep breath as he watches the examination machine make its first rounds around his kid for a full physical. "I think the reason why his mother initially was so withdrawn during our first conversation over the phone was because we were the first point of contact of his location. I think that Midoriya is pushing against us so much because he knows something we don't, something that might temporarily put him back in her clutches or possibly put someone else in harms way. It also explains why she wants his full records on top of her abusive nature. She wants to know where he lives so she can come collect him again before taking him out of school."

..."Then it is a good thing I have not updated our student's new living situation in my records yet." Nedzu ponders. "So he's living alone... What is the condition of the dwelling?"

"Basic necessities have clearly been taken care of, but he seemed to have a lack of decorating suggesting possible monetary issues or simply he doesn't buy unnecessary things." Shouta blinks when another thing crosses his mind, cursing himself for not seeing it sooner. "I also think he's working a job to support himself. It answers why he looks tired a lot as well as the fact he outright declined and panicked when the class elected him as the Class Rep. He probably didn't have time to do all the responsibilities after school. And given his current state of dress and weight, I doubt he's starving at the moment."

Nedzu hums. "What is your opinion of what we should do next?"

"What did you learn on your side?" Shouta counters, waiting till he has all the information before making that known.

"I will be updating my camera system effective immediately." Nedzu growls lowly. "I don't know what she did, but clearly my system is not as great as I thought if my own student and now his mother can interfere with it with relative ease. If I don't, next time might prove to be fatal. It's a good thing the Public Safety Commission is currently invested in improving our security at the moment as well so the cost does not rest on us completely."

"I actually got some idea why the cameras cut out suddenly." Shouta informs, already hearing the twitch of interest from the rat's whiskers in the speaker. "Midoriya stated that--"
"Aizawa..." Recovery Girl calls from the desk. "His results are here."

"A moment..." Shouta gestures with a raised hand. "Nedzu, his test results are in and I will brief you later on their contents. I will also make sure you get copies so we can add it to the case file for Midoriya. I would simply watch the camera recordings for more information for the time being if it impacts your upgrades."

"Of course. Until then."

Shouta doesn't even have to initiate ending the call before it drops. He places his phone in his costume's pocket, looking up to see her haunted look. "What? What's wrong with--"

She simply points to the newly imaged screen of his student's brain. "Midoriya has an extra set of cranial nerves I've never seen before in a patient..."

"Is that bad...?" Shouta furrows his brows as he peers at the indiscernible blob she points at.

"I am unsure their purpose, but..." Her gaze drops to a solemn look as she watches the boy in the other room with heavy eyes. "These cranial nerves has incurred severe trauma... They are the cause of his severe nose bleeds, that I am sure of now."

"Did she..." Shouta starts, unwary as he's out of his depth.

"I don't think Midoriya should be alive at this point given the damage if this isn't recently caused by his mother..." Chiyo sighs deeply. "If Nedzu is correct on the experiment theory, then I fear Midoriya may be a victim of either being tested on for his quirk or..."

"Or..."

"Or." She pauses with a definite shine in her tired old eyes. "This is the result of attempting to give a human an artificial quirk and his body is rejecting it. And I'm not sure if they truly succeeded in the first place or not..."
Aizawa: I'm having a kid.

Izuku: Um... Congrats? What does that have to do with our current--

Aizawa *slams the adoption papers on the desk*: It's you. Sign here.

Izuku: ...

Izuku: No.

Me:

A/N: Shameless plug, I saw the new Heroes Rising movie today and it WAS GORGEOUS! I won't spoil anything, but damn was it really beautiful animation. Studio Bones truly has outdone themselves. Truly. Funimation also with the dubbing. You all rock.

Also!! Some exciting news!!!

I have created a tumblr for everyone to yell at me. I have never had one before, so it's going to be a learning experience. Don't mind me while I flail about for a bit.

I am also thinking about creating a discord, but let me know in the comments if that's something you guys are actually interested in. Anyways, here it is: so_dont_let_in_the_light's official tumblr

Can't wait to see you guys over there! :D
As a celebration, here is a list of vigilante Izuku fan fics I've found that I have really enjoyed reading:

- **Worthless Necessity** by Kirityu_Ryukaro
- **The Brains and the Brawns** by Snacklegg
- **All for One and Spiders for All** by TickBeard
- **Finding Abandoned Hope** by GalacticTherapy
- **Flames of Hope** by Coriwi
- **His Kidilante** by Otaku6337
- **Regenerate, Fate** by Jellofello
- **Plunge Into Darkness, Bring in the Light** by miraculousemily47
- **Arachno-Sensation: The Life of a High School Vigilante** by EarlOfLemonsqueeze

Enjoy! :D

Bonus trivia:

天子 ~ Tenshi ~

meaning:

"天" is heaven. "子" is child.
Datenshi Shokan was not having a good day.

And that was not an understatement in the slightest as he stands in the sea of his peers, looking up at Principal Nedzu for whatever the impromptu assembly was about.

"Good afternoon students!" The animal chirps happily, but his face is clearly drenched in rage.

He silently sends a prayer to whoever pissed him off that much.

"Good afternoon Principal Nedzu!" The crowd dutifully returns in varying forms of enthusiasm.

"Thank you students." Nedzu offers with smile.

It doesn't take long for it to drop. "Unfortunately, I am afraid we do not meet on pleasant terms."

Datenshi stiffens alongside quite a few of his fellow classmates to the honesty in his tone, almost as if preparing to hear about another attack.

"I am sure all of you have heard something of the villain attack that happened recently."

A good few broken hums and clear noises of disgruntlement ring out in the crowd.
"Perfect. We can get the pleasantries out of the way then." A plastic smile finds its way back on his snout. "I was recently informed of a certain traffic jam occurring in the heroics department during your lunch period because of said event taking place."

...  

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!" The blond boy from the hero course cackles out in pure delight over the crowd, brandishing some very flashy palm fireworks. "YOU DUMB EXTRAS ARE FUCKED!!!"

"Thank you Bakugo for your enthusiasm on the matter..." Nedzu smiles fondly in the mic. "But, your expletives are not necessary at the moment, I assure you."

The boy simply grumbles in compliance as he puts his sparking palms away.

"As I was saying..." Nedzu draws out, making Datenshi start sweating for some reason.

"The reason why I called you all here today is to go over UA's bullying policy again. That being said, every single student that participated in said traffic jam will be at my office in ten minutes after we leave here today or else." Nedzu's smile drops as maniac rage enters his face. "And I assure you, you wouldn't like me right now when I'm this angry."

Datenshi freezes as a sudden realization hits him.

*Oh shit.*

Yasashi Fuji is absolutely terrified.

Standing in front of the Principal's desk was never her goal unless it was to congratulate her admittance into the hero course. But seeing the sign 'You don't deserve to be at my school. Change my mind' taped to his desk isn't exactly helping her anxiety.
And it doesn't appear to be doing any favors to the other 50 of her peers now standing in the wolves den.

"I assume you all know why you are here?"

A purple headed boy pokes his head out of the crowd. "Um, actually, am I in trouble for the prank...?"

The rat turns to the boy in question before adopting a blinding smile. "Of course not Shinso-kun. I personally would have refrained from running away from the scene, though I know how angry Aizawa can get when it comes to protecting one of his cubs. Regardless, you may leave as this matter does not pertain to you in the slightest."

"Are you fucking serious?" A black haired boy growls as he points at the Shinso guy angrily. "Did you seriously just use your stupid quirk on the principal just now to get out of trou--"

"Kiwadatta Ikari." Nedzu's smile doesn't drop in the slightest. "You are expelled."

The poor boy's eyes widen in horror. "W-what?"

"I shall inform your parents at the end of the school day." Nedzu grins wildly. "Now if you would kindly please, collect your things and find the nearest exit of my school."

"Y-you can't do this..." Kiwadatta stutters appalled. "I d-deserve--"

"You deserve nothing. You all simply have the privilege to stand in my school. And all of you have lost that the instant you convened at Class 1-A's doorstep earlier today." Nedzu takes a long sip of his steaming tea. "And the quicker you all understand this, the better."

"B-but..." Kiwadatta's lips tremble dangerously.

"I am sure another prestigious school like Shiketsu shall take you in with open arms." Nedzu
smiles cruelly. "Once you go through mandated anger management therapy to remove the new mark on your record of course."

"This isn't over!" Kiwadatta growls back. "My father--"

"Shall learn all about your history of bullying others while on my campus. I do have cameras for a reason you know..." Nedzu places his tea on the table. "I am sure given your father's own history on such a matter, he would be pleased to learn all about his son's transgressions during your stay here."

Kiwadatta pales dangerously and Nedzu places a sweetener into his tea before stirring it methodically in delight. After a moment of silence, the boy simply storms off and slams the door on his way out.

"S-should I go, or...?" Shinso questions warily.

"That would be preferable, yes." Nedzu nods meaningfully. "After all, I wouldn't want any actual potential student of the hero course to be unintentionally caught up in my crossfire."

Shinso blinks before adopting a mischievous smile at the underlying message. "Thank you Nedzu!"

"You are most welcome Shinso-kun. Please enjoy your free study period."

The second the door closes, the Principal's attitude shifts violently. "I don't think I should sugarcoat what I am about to say."

"Frankly, I am more than simply disappointed in all of you." Nedzu's expression hardens dangerously. "I am furious beyond what words could ever hope to convey."

Yasashi's gaze instantly finds the ground in shame and fear, her hands already trembling.

"Before we get to the heart of the matter at hand, is there anyone who was not present for the first announcement of UA's bullying policy in your classrooms? By this I mean that our assembly today
was the first you've heard of the policy."

Three hands raise up from the crowd and Nedzu simply smiles wider. "You three are expelled."

Shouts of indignation come over the group as they protest their innocence.

"You all should know better than to lie to an authoritative figure, especially when it comes to a performance review." Nedzu explains, not even blinking to their whining. "I know for a fact that all of you have heard the announcement since I made all of my teachers follow up on those students who were not present for the presentation."

"In fact..." Nedzu takes a sip of his tea calculating the reactions of the group. "None of you fell in that category. If you simply did not listen to a simple instruction, well..."

Nedzu's china hits the table. "**Maybe you should next time.**"

With a wave of his paw, the three students stomp out of the office.

"Are you going to expel us...?" Yasashi hesitantly brings up.

Nedzu's eyes instantly take in her visage, making her tense at the analyzing gaze. "Yes."

"...o-oh..." Yasashi can already feel the tears of shame running down her face.

Just imagining the disappointment on her parents' faces is going to be more crushing than being told that. And UA is her dream school.

"That what my stance was the second I saw the footage. The things you all did today are unacceptable and cruel, regardless of if you said a word or not." Nedzu continues, stirring his tea slowly. "But other factors have come into play, so I did not make this decision as lightly as I would have liked. I have decided to be generous and offer some of you a chance to stay at UA."

"A chance sir?" A boy with blue hair asks.
Nedzu's eyes turn sharp at him. "Not you Akuma Gaikan. You are one of the ones on my list for immediate expulsion given your previous actions in my halls."

"What?!" Akuma snarls. "I didn't do shit! They were just words--!"

"Just words?" Nedzu cuts him off before sighing deeply. "Does a suicide rate of 60% for quirkless children under the age of 18 sound like they are truly 'just words' to you?"

Akuma goes still, but his anger doesn't drop.

"I think you don't understand the bigger picture Akuma." Nedzu leans over his desk to press a button. "This is what you said, correct?"

"Who are you even kidding? Dreams? I bet he doesn't even have feelings. I mean, how else has he not thrown himself off a building at this point?"

"Yeah, so what?" Akuma growls lowly.

"Because this counts as a type of suicide baiting." Nedzu doesn't even blink. "Suicide baiting is a punishable offense in the eyes of the law. If I went to the proper authorities, you could be arrested given our recent law changes to try and curb the high overall suicide rate in Japan. That's not even including the quirk discrimination laws you violated during this rest of this incident. So, no Akuma. I am afraid this is not a simple case of 'just words.'"

"But--"

"But what?" Nedzu adopts a manic glint in his eye that makes Yasashi tremble in fear as the boy unknowingly digs his own grave.

"He's just a quirkless loser!" Akuma snaps back. "He should be dead already for being so worthless!"
"No one is useless Akuma--"

"Yes he is!" Akuma snaps back. "He doesn't even have a quirk! What is he going to do against villains? Ask them nicely to not hurt him?"

...

"So you are okay with going to jail for involuntary manslaughter then?" Nedzu gestures with a paw that makes the boy instantly pale. "Because if the student you maliciously attacked with your 'words' actually went through with it, you would be tried as his murderer."

"He's just going to get himself killed anyway if he plays hero!" Akuma counters.

"Do you know how many times a quirkless child is suicide baited in a month on average?" Nedzu's eyes glisten with clear bloodlust at the boy's clear warped sense of protecting his student. "Approximately once per week. And those are the reported cases. In my opinion, this problem is much, much worse, but I won't delve into my own theories. Essentially, by the time said child is 18, they will have been suicided baited around 728 times. And that's if they make it to that age."

Akuma's face transforms into a ghost-like visage due to his quirk to the implication he could have been the last straw to break the camel's back. "I just wanted to--"

"I have two reasons why I am not sending you straight to the authorities right now. Just to be perfectly clear, they are the only reasons why you won't be escorted off my campus in handcuffs today." Nedzu's teeth grind. "One is because I believe in the future generation to do things better than the previous, so I wish to give you another chance by improving yourself outside of my school. The other is that you indirectly uncovered possible suicidal tendencies that I must now watch out for in one of my precious students, something you've lost the title to hold yourself."

"I understand..." Akuma resigns, almost shrinking in on himself.

"Excellent." Nedzu claps unenthusiastically. "There are six of you including Akuma that fall into this category given your actions today. All of these individuals are expelled effectively immediately and your parents will be informed after school so we can help you all move on from here."
Once Nedzu finishes listing off the other six, they shamble out of the room like they were walking towards their execution.

The remaining group shift nervously, unsure of their own fate. They wait for a minute in the silence, watching Nedzu drink his tea greedily.

"Sir, are you okay...?" A girl asks after another good minute goes by without as much of a peep from the mouse.

"I am fine, Kanjiru Kokoro." Nedzu provides after another small sip. "Simply a bit parched after my speech today, I'm afraid."

Nedzu takes one last sip before turning his attention back on the anxious teens. "Now then..."

"You all have two options." Nedzu looks over the group with his cold beady eyes. "One, advocate why I should not expel you. In this option, if you successfully convince me otherwise, you will have no punishments inflicted on you. Or two..."

Nedzu taps his desk where there is a stack of unopened envelope letters. "You accept this letter."

"W-what's in the letter?" A boy inquires hesitantly as the entire situation makes them feel like they are on thin ice, with the slightest wrong disturbance sending them plunging into the cold abyss.

"Your expulsion letter." Nedzu provides with a cheery smile. "Inside, you will find options for you to become a better person such as other schools willing to take you and counseling offers. Unfortunately, you cannot achieve this at UA if you wish to take this avenue."

"That's absurd!"

"No way!"
"This isn't fair!"

"Silence." Nedzu commands with absolute authority. "Life isn't fair. In fact, the boy you decided to bully today knows that truth very well. If you think being expelled is such a terrible thing, can you imagine being terrorized your entire life for something you simply can't control?"

The group goes silent as they ponder his words, knowing full well what he is referencing.

"Something to think about. Now..." Nedzu provides with a strained smile. "If you choose the letter to get better, please take it and go to your respective classrooms before opening it. Otherwise, stay here so you may plead your case. Make your choice now. You all have five minutes."

...  

Yasashi looks at the untouched envelopes on the desk, no one in the room making much as a step forward despite three minutes already passing them by. Looking at her hands, she knows what she has to do to make it right. Stepping forward, she takes one of the envelopes. Bowing her head to hide her tears, she thanks her principal for his time and wisdom on the matter before rushing out of the room.

When she finally gets to her classroom to open it, she promptly loses even more tears.

"Does anyone else want to take an envelope?" Nedzu calls, just to make sure everyone is satisfied with their choice.

While having twenty students left in the room spread across the different grades isn't ideal, it's not his fault they do no see the error of their ways. He can only imagine how much bravery it took the first girl to choose the letter. That brave act alone possibly saved quite a few students from themselves, wishing to become better humans for the long haul rather than for simply a good education.

Perhaps my hesitance was not as misplaced as I originally thought...
With only silence as his reply he nods in solidarity. "Then, all of you are expelled."

"WHAT!?!"

Nedzu averts his ears from the harsh yelling and anger coming off the tiny humans. But, it was to be expected ever since he came up with the ploy.

"You are all expelled." Nedzu repeats with complete seriousness. "Taking the envelope was the thing that would have convinced me that you were worthy for a second chance. You all failed, thus you are all expelled."

"You can't do this!"

"Please, you can't--"

"I already have." Nedzu dryly replies at the unsightly whining and gripping. "You already had your chance and you have proven to me that you aren't willing to change to better yourselves."

Nedzu thanks his almost inability to read emotions as a few of the human children start balling in response to his harsh verdict.

"I shall inform your parents at the end of the school day. There will be a transitional meeting with them as well, so expect that within the week." Nedzu smiles professionally that cause those not crying to cringe. "Now if you would... Get the fuck out of my school."

"Kiss."

Izuku blinks past the extreme exhaustion from Recovery Girl's quirk. While his body doesn't ache anymore, it's clearly been replaced with a headache and lethargy.

"How would you rate your pain right now sweetie?"
"Zero stars." Izuku smirks tiredly. "Because I would never recommend it for anyone."

Recovery Girl simply stares at him unamused.

Eventually, Izuku breaks since it clearly didn't land. "Okay... Like probably a 3...?"

"You sure sweetheart?" Recovery Girl frowns as she looks him over a bit. "Do you know where? That should have healed everything..."

Izuku grimaces as he stays silent about his raging headache. "I'm fine Recovery Girl. I'm just tired."

"Okay, well, let's just check real fast just in case I missed something..."

Izuku takes a deep breath in before nodding. "Okay..."

"How is Midoriya-kun doing?"

Shouta sighs. "Depends."

Nedzu's ears perk forward as they watch behind the glass of the observation room. "In which way?"

Clearly, the rat wants to be shrewd by letting Shouta set the stage of the discussion. "Midoriya won't say anything, but he's clearly hurting. A lot. And I swear, if I see her again, not even All Might will be able to stop me from tearing her apart."

"I think All Might would join in with you instead." Nedzu adds with a sad chuckle before taking a sip of his tea.
A long pregnant pause of silence comes between the two of them before Nedzu breaks it again. "Also, you owe me 2000 yen along with your husband. Midoriya is now confirmed to have the quirk I predicted."

Shouta scowls. "Seriously?"

"Yes, I am quite serious about all my bets." Nedzu blinks a bit before turning his beady eyes on his colleague when he scowls even harder for answers. "Midoriya sprinted straight towards his mother without ever checking his phone or any other device to help him. He must have picked up on her, whether it be an empathy quirk or a sensory quirk. Though, the conditions aren't quite as clear since he did not immediately start running nor looking panicked until she left my office."

Shouta simply sighs in defeat. "Well, you are right I guess. Midoriya has an extra set of cranial nerves in his brain."

Nedzu's eyes flash with child-like glee before falling again when Shouta doesn't seem very pleased about the notion. "I'm sensing a but..."

"They are severely damaged. Chiyo doesn't know if she can even fix them with her quirk." Shouta's eyes flash red for a brief moment as he shakes in anger. "The witch either used her quirk on them again today or they are the result of a failed experiment. And I don't know which is worse."

..."That might explain the delayed reaction perhaps..." Nedzu takes a tentative sip to keep himself composed after such a bombshell. "I think I need a smoke after a day like this."

"Nedzu, you quit that for a reason."

Nedzu hums in agreement before reaching into his coat pocket for something, careful not to jostle his cup of tea in the process.

Nedzu adds a bit of something more strong in his tea from a special tiny flash. "So, how do you do it?"
"Do what?" Shouta growls as he watches Chiyo check over his boy after healing him to see the true damage.

"How do you expel so many?" Nedzu stirs his tea methodically.

"You expelled all of them." It wasn't a question.

"Yes..." Nedzu mulls before taking a sip. "And no."

"You couldn't do it, could you?" Shouta grins slightly, though it's no laughter matter. "I think you owe me 5000 yen from that bet all the way from my first year here then."

"No, I couldn't do it for all of them, true." Nedzu sighs, ignoring the bet he now has to pay up for the moment. "It's such a shame seeing such great talent be lost to the wind for something so small as their own misguided moral code."

"That's the difference between us." Shouta points out as he watches Chiyo set the last portions of the machine up for another test run to see what they are working with.

"It is?" Nedzu parrots back, obviously curious to see his point.

"I had to expel students because they wouldn't survive otherwise." Shouta gruffly replies. "You had to expel students because they would survive by destroying the people around them."

"Ah." Nedzu turns his attention to the glass. "I suppose you are indeed correct."

"For a cold conniving rat, you sure have a lot of empathy to give." Shouta jabs purposefully.

"Perhaps I do." Nedzu blinks painfully at the brief moment his kid's scars are revealed under his shirt for Chiyo to place the heart monitor devices on his chest. "Perhaps I do..."
*Students bully Nedzu's personal student*

Nedzu:

How many kids did Nedzu expel this chapter you ask?

31 students

Only 19 out of 50 were kept. Yikes... Nedzu, you are starting to give Aizawa a run for his money...
Chapter Notes

Statistics always paint a rich picture. But what type of picture it creates is always up to interpretation.

*Warning*
Heavy topics regarding the BNHA Universe concerning Quirk Discrimination

Note: All calculations started with the current average number of human beings alive today. Any 'quirkless' central calculations are more of my own interpretation of how bad the situation really is and why Izuku is getting hounded so much from the bullies and others.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"WHERE'S MY PRECIOUS NEPHEW!?!"

Izuku instantly flinches hard at the shrill noise from behind the glass when Recovery Girl finally takes off the last of the equipment from the last test.

"I SWEAR TO GOD IF ONE HAIR ON HIS HEAD WAS TOUCHED I'LL--!"

"For christ's sake..." Aizawa-sensei curses loudly before rounding on Midnight-sensei. "Shut your damn mouth Nemi!"

Izuku hesitantly gets off the bed like structure and heads to the glass door to figure out what the commotion is all about.

"BUT--!

"I swear to God if you don't stop giving Zashi's quirk a run for its money, I will disown you."

"Shouta, you can't do that to me..." Midnight-sensei whines, swaying her body dramatically.
"Is someone hurt?" Izuku finally finds his voice in the confusion as he peaks behind the glass door, worried about whoever this mysterious nephew person of Midnight-sensei is. "Do they go here?"

"AAHH!!" Midnight-sensei shrieks in pure delight. "He's adorable! I could just--"

"Nemuri no--"

"NEMURI YES!"

Izuku instantly jumps back when Midnight attempts to ambush him, already shaking in fear from being touched.

"Oh sweetie..." Midnight-sensei frowns at his tremors, halting her crusade. "I'm sorry. I didn't meant to scare you..."

Izuku shakes his head when he realizes how weird that must be, especially with all the eyes on him now. "No, no it's fine--"

Midnight-sensei takes that as the go ahead and starts checking him over, almost like she's looking for injuries as her hands ghost over him. Izuku holds his breath so he doesn't flinch back from the foreign touch. "Alright. What happened sweetie? Where are you hurt?"

"It's n-noth--" Izuku immediately stops his flimsy excuse when he gets a sharp look from her. "I j-just g-got a nose b-bleed... I'm f-fine now..."

"I see." Her aura flares dangerously as she turns to the others in the other room, making Izuku flinch hard in return. "Shouta, I'm going to go commit a murder! Be ready to help me hide the body!"

"Nemuri--"

"YOU CAN'T STOP ME!" Midnight-sensei yells over her shoulder as she slams the door to the
"What was that all that about?" Izuku brings up hesitantly, almost expecting her to come barging back into the room as he eyes the door warily.

"I wouldn't worry about it too much kid." Aizawa-sensei offers with an exhausted sigh. "She's being overly dramatic and is just jumping the gun like usual. Zashi will set her straight once I text him..."

"O-oh..." Izuku doesn't really understand what he means by all that, but he agrees anyway. "O-okay..."

Izuku startles slightly when the final bell of the day rings, signaling the end of the day.

"Can I go back to class now or...?" Izuku brings hesitantly as he watches everyone stare at him, almost like he would bolt at any second. To say it was unsettling would be an understatement.

Aizawa-sensei nods, though his movements seem slow like he's hesitant. "Go see your friends kid."

"O-okay..." Izuku provides in a small voice before rushing off to his classmates.

The second Midoriya is comfortably outside ear shot, Shouta turns his attention back to Chiyo as she pulls up the results. "How's it looking?"

Chiyo purses her lips as she waits for it to render. "I have a bad feeling Aizawa."

_Damn it._
"Okay." Shouta offers as they wait, trying hard not to pinch his nose from his impatience to know the verdict.

Thankfully, it doesn't take too long for the image of his student's brain to render.

Chiyo sighs as her face falls. "It's as I suspected."

"Meaning?"

"You know that I can't heal scarred tissue once it's already healed." Chiyo points to the nerves in particular and from what Shouta can glean, they don't look much different than earlier. "And these nerves have incurred a lot of damage over time... The only thing I can rule out at the moment is that it is not life threatening."

Shouta, while the former isn't great, sighs in relief to the latter. "So, he's going to be okay?"

"Whatever his original quirk is, it's like he's crippled Aizawa..." Chiyo sadly notes as she shakes her old head. "This poor boy..."

Staring at the carnage on the screen, Shouta silently vows to get Nemuri a body bag to help get rid of the trash properly.

"MIDORIYA!"

Izuku instantly flinches at the loud tone of his classmates as they swamp the front door of the classroom. "H-hey guys..."

"Everyone please!" Iida comes in hand-chopping. "Do not crowd Midoriya!"

"Shut it Four Eyes!" Kacchan barks back that makes Izuku smile fondly. "Don't tell me what to do!"
"Ah, sorry Midoriya..." Kirishima sheepishly smiles from the front of the crowd, rubbing his head in embarrassment. "Didn't mean to scare you..."

“I-it’s f-fine.” Izuku gives his classmates a shaky smile when he notices their faces written with concern. “Is something wrong?”

“We just wanted to know if you were okay.” Jiro steps forward with a frown. “You didn’t show up for our free period either, so we were really worried.”

Izuku waves his hands in protest. “Yeah, of course. I’m totally fine. Recovery Girl checked up on me and I’m all good now. I’m sorry I made you all worry about me.”

“How can you be totally fine?” Uraraka accuses with the best intentions to help her friend. “That’s not normal Deku-kun and you shouldn’t be treated like that.”

Izuku simply grimaces as he didn’t really want to have that conversation. “Really, it’s fine. It’s not really anything new--”

His classmates start an uproar, making Izuku flinch at their intensity since they are deeply rooted in their own auras. After a few moments, Izuku loses his cool about the situation when Iida fails to bring order since he’s arguing just as hard as the rest of them.

“KNOCK IT OFF!” Izuku yells to get them to stop throwing around those vibes, startling his classmates since they’ve never really heard him raise his voice against anyone. “What’s the problem? One at a time please.”

“Is that really how quirkless people are treated?” Koda speaks up first despite his meekness.

Izuku sighs as he doesn’t want to be the one to educate them about how the world is unfair. It would be like telling a four-year-old that Santa isn’t real, essentially stealing away their innocence and happiness. “Depends on what you mean by that. If you think bullying is where it ends, you’re sadly mistaken.”

The classroom becomes deadly silent at his bomb that was dropped. Even Kacchan has gone pretty
still as he’s probably overthinking things again.

“I don’t want to have this conversation.” Izuku voices as he tries to move away. “Just look it up yourselves if you want to know more. Online statistics should help you get an idea of what I mean.”

"Wait! You should know that something like really crazy happened after lunch!” Kaminari brings up that peaks Izuku's interest.

"What happened?” Izuku inquires to find out what the said event was.

"So, Nedzu called an assembly and basically called out the bullies from earlier. And Jiro was worried about what was going on with the bullies and listened in a bit when we were walking to the gym and...." Kaminari's eyes sparkle. "Can you believe they got expelled!?!"

Izuku instantly pales. "W-what...?"

"Yes, it's true!" Aoyama flourishes as sparkles float around in the air from the excess of his quirk leakage. "Those dégénère are no more."

Izuku's heart slams to the floor instantly at the nods of confirmation from his classmates at the notion.

"No... they can't be..." Izuku mutters in a panic. "Wait, maybe it's not too late... Maybe I could convince Nedzu to--""

"Why the fuck do you care?"

Izuku jolts out of his trepidation to look at his brother. "Kacchan..."

"No Deku." Kacchan growls as he clearly recognizes that look. "They got what they fucking deserved."
"But--"

"No fucking buts Deku!" Kacchan snarls back, making Izuku shrink in on himself.

"They don't deserve that." Izuku argues, this time without the but.

"Like hell they don't!"

"They don't!" Izuku argues.

"Are you serious with this shit Deku?" Kacchan snarls. "Are you seriously going to let them walk all over you and not give a damn?"

"No!" Izuku protests. "It's just... Just because you guys are nice to me doesn't mean they are bad people..."

Kacchan's eyes blow wide open in shock. "What?"

Izuku is about to find out what's got his brother so distressed before Iida beats him to the punch.

"What do you mean?" Iida furrows his brow in deep concern as he readjusts his glasses. "Why wouldn't we be nice to you? You're our classmate."

“I have scars to prove you how wrong that statement is.” Izuku mumbles tiredly as hiding the true scope of the problem would spur more unwanted questions as he stares at the floor.

Izuku doesn't notice that his innocent admission makes everyone freeze with wide eyes, especially the boys as the connect the dots to why he never changes in front of them, though one stays skeptical since he never specifically states that they were the cause for all of his scars.

“Why? You are literally like a ball of sunshine!” Ashido protests angrily. “And you always look out for us...”
“I was quirkless. That’s just how’s its always been.” Izuku shrugs sadly, still fixated on the ground. “I just... I wasn’t really expecting anything different from you guys.”

...

“What was the name of your middle school perchance?” Tokoyami breaks the silence as the feral auras come from his friend, startling him a bit.

Izuku groans hard from that question as he looks back up. “Not you guys too. It was bad enough with Kacchan. They don’t--”

“Bro, did you not tell anyone?” Kirishima looks worriedly at him. “I’m sure that if you told someone--”

“They would do nothing.” Izuku cuts him off with a slight angry expression. “You don’t think I didn’t try? I’m not destroying anyone’s futures because no one ever told them no. I don’t care if they meant everything they did. The fact of the matter is that the teachers never said no or did anything but approve what they did. I’m fine.”

“Midoriya, flinching at people frankly isn’t—” Yaoyorozu starts.

“Stop.” Izuku burns with fury at that mention as the auras still haven’t receded. “I’m glad you aren’t like them, but I won’t have you guys going after my past classmates for something they didn’t know was bad. Or even the ones from today. If you didn’t notice the articles about me, it’s not just them. People can be cruel to people they think are lesser and that’s what we are going to have to face as heroes. If you can’t handle that fact that people hurt innocent people like this, you should choose a different career path.”

“Dude…that doesn’t make it right…” Izuku nearly loses it at the pity being thrown around the room at Sero’s comment.

“It’s not okay, but as I told Kacchan before—” Izuku snaps back at them. “—I will not have a pity party over this. I’m fine with everything that happened, but that doesn’t mean I accept what they did as right. So please, stop making such a big deal out of this.”
“But—” Uraraka tries.

Izuku huffs as he cuts her off. “It’s not going to change what happened, okay? Plus, there is always going to be at least one person in the world that will hate you no matter what you do. I’m happy you care, but I don’t want your support like this. If you want to go all revenge on them, just know I won’t support you because that’s the last thing I want.”

“But you said you have scars from them. That’s not okay. Kero.” Tsu argues with a sad expression.

“I don’t care.” Izuku straightens his stance, his lips wobbling as he pleads his case. “Scars aren’t a bad thing and I don’t hate mine. They are just really personal to me. Just because I don’t flaunt them doesn’t mean anything. I know what they did was not right, but it never crossed my mind to hurt them back. Violence only brings more violence. You forget they are children just like us. You want me to destroy their lives because of stupid mistakes they made? I can’t and won’t do it. I refuse.”

“Leave the fucking nerd alone.” Kacchan offers to take apart the tension. “You really don’t want to see him get all mopey about that stuff.”

“But surely your parents would have done something. If they didn’t--” Sato starts.

“Don’t—” Izuku warns with a serious look that everyone flinches back from. “—you dare talk about them like this. I make my own choices and I’ve made mine long ago. I already told you I’m not looking for revenge or justice or whatever you all want. I don’t care about what happened. Sure, it sucked, but I’m not doing anything about it. I’ve had this same stance for ten years. I’m not changing it because you all suddenly feel like this.”

“So, you’d let villains do the same thing to others?” Iida argues with a stern look. “Because what I’m gathering, these classmates of yours did not simply bully you. They terrorized you and assaulted you bad enough to leave scars. How can you not--”

“It doesn’t matter what they did to me. The point is that they are children Iida!” Izuku flashes his canines at him in frustration as tears come forward. “Are you really telling me to condemn children for making mistakes because no one around them told them no? Villains are different because they are adults that have made their choices. They grew up and decided hurting people was the right decision for them. They deserve to face the full consequences of their actions just as anyone else. Those that hurt me still have the chance to see what they did was wrong and atone for it. They can change. Are you saying you’d deny them that chance simply because they hurt me?”
“Midoriya, please understand--” Iida pleads.

“No. You don’t understand.” Izuku asserts strongly. "Do you even know what would happen if I came forward to report them? They would be thrown in jail and they would have a permanent mark on their records. I don’t want them to lose their futures because the world failed them just as much as me. Revenge is wrong Iida.”

“You shouldn’t have to--”

“Iida, please.” Izuku feels his despair come through his eyes. “You have no idea what I’ve been through. What I’ve had to endure just to survive. If anyone has the right to decide how I deal with this, it’s me. It’s my choice to make, not yours.”

“Survive? Midoriya, with all due respect, you sound like a soldier coming back from war. You are just a child just as any of us. So why do you act like this doesn’t matter?” Iida questions with his own hurt in his eyes. “We can help you.”

“I am not anyone’s soldier. And I assure you, I know how to take care of myself.” Anger and hate flashes in his eyes at the comparison that makes Todoroki’s eyes widen at as he seems to be the only one who catch the true weight behind those words. “You don’t have to agree with me, I’m not asking for that. But don’t you dare try to force me to do differently. I didn’t ask for what happened, but that doesn’t mean I want to hurt others simply because I was hurt. That’s why revenge is wrong Iida.”

“Then why are you so scared of showing us your scars?” Iida counters. “You never change in front of us. What are you so afraid of?”

“Iida.” Izuku’s hateful expression breaks into one of true fear. “I can’t. I just can’t do that. You don’t understand.”

“Why not?” Todoroki prods as he thinks he knows who did it to him and that’s what he’s afraid of. “We wouldn’t judge you. Scars are just that.”

"Yeah bro!" Kirishima gestures to his eye. "Scars are super manly ya know!"
“Fuck off already.” Kacchan snarls. “You have no idea what shit you are talking about. It’s his fucking business if he wants to change in front of you fuckers or not.”

Of course, his classmates protest, still surrounding him so he can’t go get his stuff easily, making him frustrated as he inches forward towards his stuff. Once finally getting there, he makes a silent decision to address the current problem when they start talking about quirkless people in general and start making wildly inaccurate claims, almost like they know the struggle themselves.

“Look, being quirkless isn’t the same as having a quirk. Even having a seemingly useless quirk is better than not having one at all…” Izuku shoots over the group’s arguing to explain since they don’t seem like they want to let it go. “Only 20% of the population is quirkless. But unlike what people think, only 5% of that is from our generation. The rest are elderly from a completely different era when quirks weren’t a part of the majority yet. Being born quirkless is a rarity now, a useless relic of the past as many put it.”

“That’s not a problem though…”

“Yeah, being quirkless isn’t a bad thing.”

“Thanks for that, but do you even know what the suicide rate for quirkless people are?” Izuku accuses at his ignorant classmates. “60% of all young quirkless people in the world die from suicide under the age of 18.”

“Sixty percent…?” Iida pales. “But why?”

Izuku ignores the question as he marches forward in his frustration to give them simply the facts and not the emotions tied to them so they can research it themselves and come to their own conclusions about it.

“For those who under 18 who don’t die from suicide, they are targeted with hate crimes. 20% will die from being abused, neglected, or from being sold to human traffickers because they are seen as easy targets that can’t fight back the same as other children with quirks.” Izuku provides despite his desire to hide since it hits too close to home. “The remaining 19% are murdered or die from ‘tragic’ accidents, usually stemming from villain attacks, but good old discrimination happens too.”

“You forgot 1% though.” Yaoyorozu points out despite her pale face from the grim statistics.
“Because that’s the percentage of those who survive to the old age of 18.”

…

“But that’s…” Tokoyami starts eyes wide, his feathers ruffled.

“Out of 770,000 young quirkless people in the world from current statistics, only 7,700 are projected to live to the age of 18. Now go figure out what’s wrong with that picture by yourselves.” Izuku puts his notebook away as he just wants to leave and help Shinso at this point. “I shouldn’t have to be the one to tell you what’s been in front of you all the entire time. In fact, I didn’t want to have this conversation at all.”

“Holy fuck!”

“Are you serious?!”

“That’s crazy!”

Izuku allows his classmates to have their freak out session while he puts his hand on his brother who is pale as a ghost, making him look back at him with haunted eyes. Izuku gives him a knowing shake to let him know to not blame himself, but he knows he’ll have to talk to him later anyway. Giving him a look that is acknowledged they will have a chat later, Izuku starts to put his backpack on.

“Wait, but how did you get a quirk if you were quirkless?” Hagakure jumps up in surprise. "Does that mean that all quirkless people have quirks too?"

“No!” Izuku burns with rage at his classmates for making that assumption that makes them shrink back at his intensity. Guilt ebbs at him as his sighs to explain. “I’m a special case. The only reason I have one at all is because my doctor was wrong.”

Todoroki chimes in as he pokes his head a little higher than the rest over the group. “What do you mean by that Midoriya?”
“When I was four, I went to two different doctors and got conflicting diagnoses. The first one told me I was quirkless and the other said I had a dormant or hidden quirk.” Izuku shifts his bag before he shrugs. “Turns out they were both right physically speaking.”

“Wait, what?!” Kacchan shoots up as its news to him. “The fuck does that even mean?”

“I have a double joint in my left foot, which is a sign of quirklessness.” Izuku looks up to face his classmates’ surprise. “And I have a single joint in my right foot which means I have a quirk. The doctors just picked different feet to x-ray when they were checking. Plus, my blood test came back negative both times for a present quirk factor, but I still had the physical mechanics to have a quirk factor when the second doctor checked my spine. Because of that, he came to the conclusion it just hadn’t activated yet or something. Ergo, my dormant quirk had specific manifesting conditions to appear.”

Izuku purposefully leaves out the fact he knows death was his specific trigger for said quirk to appear in the first place, though he can clearly see the gears turning in his brother that makes him anxious.

“That’s possible?” Sero muses in disbelief. “Huh. I never knew there was such a thing as dormant quirks…”

“Well, I would take off my shoes and let you see, but that’s weird and I’d rather not since it doesn’t even matter.” Izuku shifts nervously at all the attention. “Plus, I’d like to leave now.”

“Why the hell didn’t you tell anyone?!” Kacchan rages as he snaps at Izuku, holding him in place. The ‘why didn’t you tell me’ is left unspoken, but not unheard.

“Really Kacchan?! You have a brain, so use it.” Izuku shoots back as he shakes him off. “My quirk didn’t appear, so how’s anyone going to believe me that I possibly had a dormant or hidden quirk? They would have added delusion to the list of reasons why I should have been locked up. Plus, it was possible I really was just quirkless. I didn’t even know I had it until a year ago, what did you expect me to say? We were four years old and no one seemed to care to ask questions after that. I already had a gravestone waiting in my name as far as anyone was concerned the second I couldn’t show off a quirk to the rest of the kindergarteners.”

Silence goes over the group as they consider Izuku’s angry words. “Surely that’s not true…”
Izuku doesn't give them the satisfaction of disproving his claims by staying silent instead.

“How’d you even survive?” A voice whispers from the crowd that makes Izuku face drop as he knows the truth of that question. After all, without his quirk, he would've been among those same grim statistics.

“I didn’t.” Izuku sniffs as he rubs his dumb tears away, not bothering to deflect as he's simply too upset and tired to have a filter. “I d-didn’t…”

“What the fuck are you even talking about!?!” Kacchan growls defensively as he technically recognizes it as a truth. “You’re still fucking right here you idiot!”

“Survive.” Izuku starts to clarify with a deep sigh. “You typically say that someone 'survived' an ordeal when it’s over.”

…

“What?” Kacchan growls as if he understands the true weight to that proclamation. “Who?”

Izuku hunches over to make himself smaller as he shakes. “I don’t want to talk about this anymore Kacchan… P-please…”

The door opens, diverting everyone’s attention to it.

“Hey, Midoriya, I thought I might just come by in case…” Shinso stares at the group, noticing Izuku’s distressed expression. “Wow, who pissed in your cereal?”

Izuku’s demeanor shifts as he immediately snorts. “If someone did, I wouldn’t eat it. I didn’t make you wait too long, did I?”

“Why the fuck are you here Zombie Face?” Kacchan snarls, hands already raised popping off some explosions. “You here to mess with Deku?”
“Kacchan stop.” Izuku pleads as he prepares to cover for his new friend’s sake. “It’s Shinso from earlier. He’s really nice. We were just going to meet up and go chat for a bit after school.”

“At a cat café.” Shinso clarifies just as Izuku remembers he did like cats, making him nod along to get the lie to work.

“Onee… Ashido teases as she wriggles her eyebrows at him. “You work fast Midori. That innocent act must be how you rope in the hot ones.”

Izuku squeaks as he turns red. “I-it’s not like that A-Ashido, I s-swear!”

“Midoriya, I’m hurt.” Shinso pretends with a hidden shit eating grin on his face that makes Izuku scowl. “You even said you were going to introduce me to your cat afterwards.”

“Damn Midoriya, you’ve got game unlike some of us who are uselessly pining away.” Sero smirks at Kirishima who turns beet red.

“S-shut up Sero…” Kirishima grumbles with pink cheeks. “That’s so unmanly bro…”

“I’m going to leave you Shinso if you don’t stop this.” Izuku threatens with a kitten pout at his new friend’s clear non-verbal conversation with Ashido of it being true.

“Midoriya, you’re already breaking up with me? It’s not even been a full day yet.” Shinso mocks being shocked before grinning widely as Izuku’s expression shifts.

“Shinso!” Izuku whines angrily. “Stop lying!”

“Fine. Fine. You’re just too easy to tease, so I couldn’t resist.” Shinso concedes after seeing some smoke coming off blondie that seems to be pretty feral at the notion they were dating. “We were going to go talk about more pranks we can pull or whatever.”

Izuku brightens at that, making him bounce forward like a bunny to join him. “Yeah! I have so many ideas. I can’t wait to test it all out!”
Kacchan frowns angrily at Shinso as he realizes what probably happened. “Deku, he’s just using you.”

Izuku stops his walk towards Shinso to look back at his friend. “Kacchan?”

“He’s fucking using you.” Kacchan spits as he resumes his feral look at the purple head. “He just wants to use you to either get into the hero course or steal your seat because he thinks you are easy.”

Izuku narrows his eyes at his friend. “He’s not using me.”

“Deku, don’t be stupid.” Kacchan argues. “He’s just a villain just like those other extras.”

“Take that back.” Izuku hides his anger under his bangs.

“Why?!” Kacchan roars back as he turns his friend all the way around. “Did you even hear what they said about you!”

“Because.” Izuku looks up with angry tears coming down. “If you really think Shinso is a villain, then I’m really useless! That I’m nothing more than a useless quirkless Deku!”

…

“Mom. Dad. Please stop fighting.” Kaminari snarks to make light of the two staring each other down like they are about to kill each other.

…

“Deku, you’re not useless. Annoyingly stupid sometimes, but not fucking useless. You know I don’t fucking care if you have a stupid quirk or not.” Kacchan lets go of him distraught and hurt by his comparison. “I just don’t want to see you get hurt because you’re too fucking trusting with the shitty extras.”
“I know how to take care of myself.” Izuku argues. “Shinso and I talked before lunch. He’s nothing like how you say he is.”

“Did you even hear everything they fucking said?” Kacchan retorts. “And--”

“I know exactly what they said and probably what was said before I arrived as I’ve heard it all before. It didn’t bother me then and it doesn’t bother me now. I only got mad because they came after you guys and our teachers.” Izuku parries with a stern unrelenting gaze. “Did Shinso ever say anything like the others?”

Kacchan frowns. “No, but…”

“Then why are you acting exactly like them? You are judging Shinso before giving him a chance just like those jerks did to me.” Izuku attempts to argue with less malice after seeing a look of hurt flash across his brother’s face. “You’re better than that Kacchan, I know you. This is all just a misunderstanding, okay?”

Izuku sighs as Kacchan goes really quiet, obviously trying to keep his emotions under wraps from boiling over in front of his classmates. “Let’s just take a breather and talk later. I’m not mad at you at all, I’m just…frustrated. More at everything that happened this past week than you. And it wasn’t fair of me to lash out at you because of it. I’m sorry.”

“Whatever.” Kacchan growls softly, not looking him in the face because of his outburst.

Izuku groans in frustration as he moves closer to flick his brother’s stubborn forehead. “Come on, stop pouting Kacchan. I’m not mad at you and I understand why you did what you did. I would’ve done the same thing in your shoes, just with less cursing. Let’s talk later, okay?”

“Fucking fine.” Kacchan huffs at Shinso. “If you hurt him, I’ll kill you.”

“I would never hurt your boyfriend.” Shinso assures with a grin.

“He’s not my fucking boyfriend!” “Kacchan isn’t my boyfriend!” Both of them yell at the same time.
“Could have fooled me.” Shinso smirks as the two are getting pretty mad at his observation.

“He’s like my fucking annoying brother Zombie Face!” “Kacchan’s my brother Shinso!” They both yell at the same time again, making Izuku turn to Kacchan in surprise.

Izuku already has tears in his eyes because he knows how private Kacchan is. The fact that he would say it in front of their classmates is a really big thing, especially since he never calls Auntie his mother to anyone. Like ever. “Y-you really...?”

“Shut it shitty Deku. Didn’t you even hear the fucking annoying part?” Kacchan retorts with a huff as he turns away annoyed.

Izuku sniffs as he whines in happiness that he would share it with his classmates. “B-but you s-said...”

“Wow.” Shinso remarks in surprise before noticing a staring a different classmate with intense eyes on Izuku that makes him smirk. “Either you both are in hard denial pining after each other or you really are like brothers. I’ll take the latter. Can I have your blessing then, explodey?”

“Fuck no Zombie Face. Keep your dirty paws off him or you’ll lose ‘em.” Kacchan snarls, palms already smoking again.

“I personally take that as a challenge.”

“Shinso, please stop.” Izuku whines as he hides his blushing face behind his arms. “I came here for a good time and I’m feeling so attacked right now.”

"I see you are a man of culture as well." Shinso’s eyes sparkle with anticipation. “It’s official then. I’m in the queue.”

Izuku looks up with a puzzled look as he removes his hands. “Wait, what are you in line for?”
“Shush, you innocent cinnamon roll. Let’s go have our date.” Shinso teases to get a rise out of him again.

“I’m not food...” Izuku flushes hard in embarrassment.

“You’re right, you’re a snack.” Shinso retorts quickly.

Izuku pouts at the jab. “You know it’s not a date Shinso. Stop teasing me and lying to everyone like this.”

“Yeah. Yeah. You’re no fun being so serious. Let’s go Midoriya.” Shinso waves him on as his fake flirty visage drops back to his neutral rest bitch face, waiting for Midoriya to join him so they can get him situated into a better place.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 2/29, Checked for errors 3/23
Colors by Halsey

Kayama *singing*: WHERE’S MY FAVORITE NEPHEW~!?!?
Izuku: 'NEPHEW!?!'
Kayama *smiling*: Ah, there you---Wait...
Kayama: Is that blood I see?
Izuku: N-no...?
Kayama: Yep. Okay. I am now going to go commit murder. Be right back!
Izuku: Wait, isn't murder illegal Midnight-sensei?
Kayama *smiling innocently*: Not for abusive pieces of shit. Also, call me Auntie sweetie. ;)
Izuku *freaking the fuck out*: 'WTF IS GOING ON!?!'
A/N: Hey guys! Special update for the leap day! There will be an update tomorrow as well, so enjoy :)
I hate Inko. I hate Inko. I hate Inko.
I hate Inko. I hate Inko. I hate Inko.
I hate Inko. I hate Inko. I hate Inko.

God I fucking hate Inko...

"Hey, are you okay?"

Izuku blinks before turning to Shinso in surprise. "Yeah, why?"

"Really?"

Izuku sighs as he clears up his face just in case there's a few stray tears. "Yeah. I'm okay. Today's just been stressful I guess..."

"Whatever you say..." Shinso observes as they pass through the gate.

"Now that we aren't in front of blondie though..." Shinso smirks knowingly. "You like him."

Izuku instantly groans. "Shinso, no."

"Shinso, yes." He grins while Izuku shoots him a death glare that doesn't land in the slightest. "You call him Kacchan~. You can't fool me."

"Shinso, he's my childhood friend. We've known each other since we were in diapers." Izuku explains. "I couldn't say his name when I was little because I had a stutter, so I used that instead. I just never changed it because it felt wrong and weird. He's always been Kacchan to me. I don't think he'd ever like me like that anyway. He's family to me."
“Mm hm. You still didn’t deny you have feelings for him though.” Shinso glances at Izuku giving him a pout. “Well, maybe it’s all for the best then. There’s one in there that’s got their eyes on you. But I still call dibs if it doesn’t work out.”

Izuku perks an eyebrow at that. “And who might this mysterious person be?”

“Nuh uh. Not telling.” Shinso resolves after braving the puppy eyes. “I don’t think the guy even knows it yet himself. It wouldn't be fair if I didn't get a chance to tease him first.”

“Guy?” Izuku asks in surprise.

“Huh. I thought my gaydar was pretty good.” Shinso looks him over. “You’re not gay?”

Izuku flushes hard. “Um….”

Shinso’s eyes widen in guilt. “Oh shit, are you not out yet? I am so sorry. I didn’t out you to the class, did I?”

“T-that’s not it… I think…” Izuku stumbles in his thoughts. “I just... don’t really like talking about me much. Less ammo for the bullies to use against me is all.”

“Oh.”

Well this is just depressing…

Izuku just tries to divert the awkward conversation as he’s mostly been following Shinso mindlessly now that they are past the front gates. “So, where are we headed? Is it far?”

“Not far, but um…”

Shinso elects to be quiet as if he’s embarrassed about something, leading Izuku to wave away his fears. “It’s fine, I don't mind. So, about your quirk…”
"I assume we all know why we are here?" Shouta growls as he enters the board room to all of the faces twisted in some sort of rage or anger.

"SHOUTA!"

Shouta recoils from the charging bull and lets him hit the floor instead after erasing his quirk. "Mic, there's no time for your antics right now."

"BUT SHO--!"

"Sit down." Shouta snarls. "And shut up. If you care about Midoriya right now, you'll act professional or I'll throw you out till we are done."

"A-are you m-mad?"

"Nope." Hizashi relaxes. "I'm absolute livid."

"I'm so sorry Sho, I swear--!"

"Not at you." Shouta offers with a sigh. "Just get in your seat Zashi."

"'Kay Sho..."

"Is Young Midoriya alright?" All Might inquires, steam clearly coming off his body despite not being in his hero form as Hizashi scrambles back to his seat.

"Midoriya-kun is fine. He simply received a nose bleed and a dark bruise over his voice box from the encounter. Recovery Girl did a good job in healing him before he left the infirmary." Nedzu offers professionally, though the rage underneath his snout is not so cordial. "Though, there is something more important that Aizawa can offer us about where said injuries came from since we
all know who caused harm to one of my precious students."

His nod reassures Shouta to continue the discussion. "The first order of business is that Midoriya Inko is not allowed on campus for any reason without Nedzu or I giving the okay to let her in. Even then, we need a minimum of three other heroes with her at all times, including myself. She is not simply a security risk anymore, but a security hazard to UA and our students."

Shouta barely acknowledges the nods in agreement around the room as he continues.

"Second, we have suspicion to believe Midoriya Inko's quirk is more akin to being a Marionettist." Shouta explains carefully as he sees the faces in the room shift violently. "Her quirk according to the quirk registry system is a weak telekinesis that can only affect one object at a time. But my short conversation with Midoriya over the only topic he felt comfortable sharing with me has confirmed that she can in fact effect multiple targets within 15 meters. She can also sense all small objects in the area under the same area of coverage, given she concentrates to find them if they are obscured or hidden. Once locked on that specific target, she can increase her range of influence to 20 meters. Her only weakness is a weight limit, which he did not specify. He simply stated they must be small objects."

"I don't understand Shouta..." Nemuri frowns deeply as she shifts uncomfortably. "Why are you calling her a Marionettist if she's actually a Telekinetic?"

Shouta takes a deep breath as his stomach turns at the clear firsthand experience given his kid's warning. "Because Midoriya also specifically warned me that internal organs count as small objects."

The entire room goes dead silent.

..."Does Young Midoriya share the same power?" All Might finally breaks the tension before shrinking in on himself from Aizawa's pointed glare for slipping up. "As possibly one of his secondary quirk functions, of course..."

Shouta opens his mouth to disprove it since Midoriya clearly has a sensory or empathy quirk. But then it dawns on him why Midoriya may have such a feature to his hidden quirk, especially since his mother can sense objects around her.
Who's to say Midoriya's quirk isn't a powered up version? And if it's damaged or even simply trauma related topics that is keeping him from using it, it makes way too much damn sense for the things they've seen him be able to do. Especially since those with mental quirks like telekinesis are naturally more gifted in intelligence and being incredibly observant.

Shouta can't stop the next word out of his mouth, despite the fact he might not have to pay up that bet to Nedzu. "Shit."

Katsuki slams close the door already starting to shrug off his shoes before stopping for a moment to look at the extra pair at the door.

*Who’s fucking over now--*

“DON’T YOU FUCKING DARE SLAM THAT DOOR KATSUKI!”

“SHUT IT OLD HAG!” Katsuki returns with a definite growl as he takes off his shoes. “Don’t fucking tell me what to do!”

“FUCKING BEHAVE BRAT!” Mitsuki shouts back as she finishes their normal greeting. “Kocchan’s here, so don’t fucking try anything!”

“Fuck off!” Katsuki snarls back. “I know how to fucking treat guests unlike your old ass!”

“I’ll believe it when I see it!” Mitsuki scoffs back. “Come say hi to your Auntie brat!”

“Fucking fine!” Katsuki growls back as he throws down his bag on the table to head over to the living room to join the chaos that is his mother.

“Oh Katsuki-kun.” Auntie Inko smiles warmly when their eyes finally meet. “How was school, dear?”
“It’s fine Auntie.” Kastuki politely replies as he doesn’t want to worry her over stuff like that, especially since she’d probably get called about it anyway. He plops down in an empty spot on the couch next to them. “Nothing special happened really…”

“Micchan was telling me all about how you got into UA.”

_That fucking bitch!_

“Don’t worry so much Kastuki-kun!” Auntie laughs as Katsuki scowls at his egg donor’s growing shit eating grin. “I’m certainly very proud of you for getting into your dream school, but I know second place isn’t probably what you wanted. But don’t take it too hard dear. You can surely more than make up for it during the school year. After all, the Sports Festival is almost here.”

_Fucking finally! At least one person gets it unlike the dumb hag…_

“Thanks Auntie.” Katsuki grunts out softly as he moves to grabs a water from the living room fridge underneath one of the coffee tables.

“So, who was the lucky scamp who beat you out?” Auntie smirks playfully as he opens the bottle to drink. “They must have an amazing quirk, especially since I know how hard you worked on yours.”

Katsuki stills as his opened water bottle never reaches his lips in shock. “What?”

“Oh, I’m sorry if I upset you dear…” Auntie deflates at his growing frown. “I won’t bring it up if it bothers you so much…”

_Okay, wait. Deku was the... How in the fu--!??_

“How’s little Izuku doing today Katsuki?” Mitsuki cuts his train of thought off with ruffling through his hair. “You were so worried about him over the phone, so how’d the sleepover go?”
“It was fucking fine hag!” Katsuki snarls back in frustration as he rips away from her annoying clinging. “Shit, get off my fucking case!”

“Izuku’s not okay?” A small voice breaks them both out of their mock fighting to see the eyes threatening to spill tears that looks so much like the stupid nerd when he cries.

_Oh god damn it…_

“Kocchan honey… I’m sure your wonderful baby boy is just fine.” Mitsuki soothes as she grabs Auntie’s small hands to stop them from shaking. “Katsuki told me Izuku just been having a rough couple days ever since the USJ break in but I’m sure he’s okay now…”

“O-okay…” Auntie’s lips wobble as she desperately fights against her tears. “You’re right Micchan… It has been a very stressful week I suppose. Work has me all over the place and home is in disarray. Especially with us losing our dear old landlady so recently… A real tragedy that…”

“Damn right I’m right Kocchan!” Mitsuki claps her on her shoulder with a laugh. “When have I ever been wrong?”

“Well…” Auntie smiles innocently, but Katsuki knows how much blackmail it really carries, making him grin in anticipation for the dirt. “There was that time that you--”

“Kocchan!” Mitsuki hisses as she childishly keeps Auntie from speaking with her hands. “Don’t speak of that!”

“Alright. Alright…” Auntie giggles for a bit at his mother’s betrayed scowl after she removes her hand, before her mood drops back to being worried again. “Katsuki-kun.”

“Yeah Auntie?” Katsuki grunts out, crossing his arms in protest to his hag’s eyes that clearly are telling him to not be rude.

“How is my Izuku?”

“Nerd’s fine.” Katsuki gruffly replies. “Just being a crybaby as usual.”
“Oh good.” A look of relief passes over her face. “I’m so glad. Izuku can be overly dramatic with his emotions sometimes, so I worry you know…”

Katsuki frowns as that leaves a bad taste in his mouth for some reason.

Overly dramatic? If anything, the nerd is fucking repressing shit--

“How’s the new apartment lookin’?” Mitsuki eagerly asks Auntie. “Katsuki told me all about how you guys got a new place? Closer to UA right?”

“Ah yes, the new apartment.” Auntie’s face shifts for a slight moment before resuming her normal cheerful smile. “Well, I’m afraid I haven’t seen it yet myself as Izuku set the whole thing up himself. I was only allowed some time off to pick him up from the hospital since it was an emergency. I just now got back into town today for a small break, you see.”

Kastuki’s brow furrows in confusion. “You haven’t seen it?”

“No sweetie, I haven’t.” Auntie’s smiles turns more somber. “I’m afraid the company’s got me running all over the place lately, especially ever since... well…”

Shit.

“Oh Kocchan…” Mitsuki rubs circles into Auntie’s back as her inevitable crocodile tears start flowing, making him instantly guilty for bringing that up. “Damn it Katsuki. Apologize brat!”

“Fuck off hag…” Katsuki lowly growls. “Sorry Auntie.”

“It’s fine Katsuki-kun.” Auntie sniffs as Mitsuki hands her a tissue. “He was a wonderful man. If he wasn’t, I’d have no reason to be so…”

“I know. I know Kocchan.” Mitsuki reassures Auntie with holding her free hand as the tears leak out. “Hey brat! Grab some tea for your Auntie!”
“I’m fucking right here hag!” Katsuki yells back at the excessive noise right beside him.

“Just go fucking make tea brat!” Mitsuki returns with a scoff.

“ Fucking fine!” Katsuki churns out bitterly before softening his tone. “What would you like Auntie?”

“Well, let’s see…” Auntie pauses wiping her eyes. “It has been a while since I had tea here at the house per say… Would you mind me coming along to see what all you have?”

“Yeah, sure Auntie.”

“In that case, I’ll go grab the family album really quick.” Mitsuki smirks. “Then we can reminisce all about our spawn while drinking a hot cup.”

“Don’t you fucking dare old hag!” Katsuki snarls at the notion.

“Relax my angry crotch goblin.” Mitsuki laughs back at his deep scowl. “I’m just getting the vacation photos Kocchan wanted.”

Katsuki growls but scoffs off to the kitchen to start working on the kettle. Filling it with water, he points to the upper cabinet. “Tea’s up there Auntie.”

“Thank you Katsuki dear.” Auntie reaches up to grab the tea as he moves to put the kettle on the stove.

A brief moment of silence, his curiosity finally gets the better of him while waiting for the water to boil, especially with his most recent discussion with the nerd. “You really haven’t seen it yet?”

“Seen what Katsuki-kun?”
“The nerd’s apartment.”

“Ah, that…” Auntie pauses as she places down enough Shogayu tea bags for everyone to enjoy. “No, I haven’t dear.”

“Why the fuck not?” Katsuki’s scowl becomes more defined as he waits for answers.

“Well, I simply dropped Izuku off at the old place before I had to take off again. Work really has had me all over the place, so I couldn’t afford to stay longer…” Auntie’s smile doesn’t quite reach her eyes, so he assumes that she wanted to but simply couldn’t. “Though, I’m really worried about Izuku in general…”

“Yeah, well you should talk to him…” Katsuki gruffly replies. “Stupid nerd is all upset right now over stupid shit.”

“I see.” Auntie purses her lips. “He’s still upset.”

The hair on Katsuki’s arm raises as he has a feeling that wasn’t even a question like it should have been, leading to him wanting to continue satiating his curiosity to get her side of the story from their fight. “What did the nerd even do this time?”

“Well, we had an argument that’s for sure…” Auntie sighs in resignation. “I just don’t understand him sometimes… One moment he’s happy and the next it’s like he’s having a temper tantrum… I'm honestly wondering if I should seek out a professional to see if something is wrong with his mood swings…”

Katsuki swallows hard as he realizes his hair still hasn’t gone back down for some reason. “I’m sure it’ll be fine Auntie. The nerd is just stressed right now. You know he'd would probably forgive his own murderer without a second thought, so just talk to him and it'll fucking work out.”
“I suppose that’s true… But that doesn’t stop my worry. I am his mother and all mothers worry…” Auntie looks up for a moment from her previously unreadable expression. “Say Katsuki-kun…”

“Yeah Auntie?”

“Izuku never told me about his entrance exam since I was out of country at the time.” Inko’s eyes instantly turn cold and calculating for the first time in his life when he catches her eyes. “Do you know what happened during it?”

Katsuki freezes. “What?”

“I mean…” Inko pastes on a smile that’s so fake it makes him wince from the weird pressure it emits. “You took the exam together right?”

“Yes, but--”

“So, you know then?” Inko’s eyes instantly turn inquisitive and cruel. “I’m just so worried about Izuku. I know there’s been something he just won’t tell me and I think it happened around that time. I was just wondering if you knew anything strange or out of the ordinary that happened around that time. He just grew so distant after that and…”

“Well…” Auntie’s eyes widen slightly as if growing protective over something. Or someone. “I just don’t like the fact my baby boy was possibly hurt…”

*Oh fuck.*

Katsuki’s eyes also widen as he instantly thinks back to the bathroom incident. “I d-don’t know Auntie. We were at different testing zones. I wasn’t even at the same written one as him.”

“Ah, I see.” Auntie smiles again, patting him on the shoulder. “Take care of my boy Katsuki-kun. He’ll need all the support he can get. Especially since he’s *quirkless.*”

“What?” Katsuki growls as the hairs on his neck instantly stand up at her tone. It was almost like the other bullies from earlier today.
After all, everything in him is screaming danger for some reason and he doesn't like it at all.

“Katsuki-kun?” Inko’s face morphs into confusion as his anger continues to climb. “What’s wrong dear?”

“Is that what your fucking problem is?” Katsuki interrogates as his patience has long run out if it’s true. No wonder the fucking nerd was absolutely devastated over their fight. “You do realize the nerd is fucking devastated over your stupid fight, right?”

“Izuku needs to be protected since he’s quirkless…” Inko’s stance seems firm to his dread. “I just worry that being a hero will get him killed one day and then--”

“Auntie.” Katsuki’s eyes burn red. “Izuku is the smartest nerd I’ve ever known. He doesn’t need a stupid quirk to win except against me.”

“Katsuki-kun…” Inko’s eyes search his for something, ignoring his anger. “I just don’t want to lose my boy. I can’t go through that again if he’s still--”

“Did you seriously tell Izuku that he couldn’t be a fucking hero?” Katsuki rages back as his dilated eyes search for the truth in hers. “Well!?!?”

“Katsuki-kun…” Inko’s lip wobbles in fear. “I d-don’t understand… Izuku--”

“BRAT!” Mitsuki shouts from the living room, her thundering stomps headed straight their way. “Don’t talk to your Auntie like that!”

“But--!”

“Go to your room Katsuki.” Mitsuki scowls at him with dead silent rage underneath as she enters the kitchen. “Now.”

“Oh Micchan, I don’t think--”
“You know what? Fuck both of you.” Katsuki growls as he abandons making the tea. “I need to do my shitty homework anyway.”

“I’m so sorry Kocchan…” Katsuki hears as he stomps out of the kitchen to grab his bag. “I don’t know what came over him all of a sudden…”

“Oh Micchan, please don’t apologize…” Inko coos back just as softly. “I’m sure Katsuki-kun is just stressed. You didn’t have to send him away like that…”

Taking deep breathes in his room, he shakes his head as a few stray explosions dot his palm.

“God damn it. You’re such an asshole.” Katsuki wipes his hands on the towel in his room to get rid of the excess sweat. “Of course, fucking Auntie’s worried about the stupid nerd. He’s all she has left…”

Yeah. She’s just worried…

But Katsuki doesn’t understand why the hairs on his neck still have yet to go down.

"Sensei."

"Yes Kurogiri?"

"I have just received some additional information regarding your special interest as of late." Kurogiri bows respectfully. "Would you like to hear the transmission?"

He turns towards his puppet and smiles. "Why not?"
Updated 3/1, Checked for errors 3/23

Silence by Hex Cougar, Sara Skinner

Inko: :)

Bullies: :)

All for One: :)

Izuku: ...

Izuku *stands up*: Imma head out...

A/N: Did I mention I hated Inko and her manipulative gaslighting ass? Yes? Well, you’d be fucking right.
You know, Izuku is such a wonderful boy...

It’s too bad he’s quirkless.

Inko  Bakugo
After about fifteen minutes of walking and informing Shinso about possible improvements with his quirk that even Izuku was afraid he was scaring him off, they finally arrive in front of a nameless building with huge fence surrounding it. Izuku could hear children laughter in the yard area, making him solemn that his suspicions were true.

Not wanting to make his friend uncomfortable, Izuku simply follows him inside not electing to say anything about it. They find a group of small children staring at them as they enter the building. Not wanting to be rude, Izuku waves at them with a friendly smile, but that only makes them terrified of him.

“Did I do something--” Izuku jolts as one of the younger kids pushes him hard, almost sending him into a panic attack at being touched so suddenly. He stares back down at the young boy in confusion. “Um, why did you…?”

“You’re free now.” The boy replies with a bright smile. “You don’t have to be stuck as his puppet anymore.”

Izuku’s face pales as he figures out what the boy means. “I wasn’t--”

“Midoriya, let’s go.” Shinso advocates, obviously trying to hold in his own emotions at the gesture.

Trying not to lose any tears, Izuku nods as he follows him to the back to get his stuff, leaving behind the scared children. They enter a large room with a ton of bunk beds in it, that makes Izuku feel depressed as it feels more like a prison than a home. They stop by one of them that makes
Izuku think it’s his. The sheets are a dull green and white, nothing really remarkable about it honestly. Izuku watches as he scoops up his small number of belongings into his backpack.

Once they seem ready to go, Izuku feels a small sense of dread as a sense of death washes over him, making his head throb quite a bit. Staring back behind them in surprise, Izuku sees an adult who is looking at Shinso with a death glare that he matches with gusto.

Izuku tries to break the tension by being polite. “Um, hello. I’m Mid--”

“Shinso.” The woman spits like the name repulses her with her hands behind her back. “What did we tell you about using your quirk?”

Izuku narrows his eyes in slight anger. “He didn’t. And you have no right to tell him whether he can or not. It’s his quirk, not yours.”

The woman sighs as she reveals what she had behind her in her hands. “Shinso, drop your hold on the young man and accept your punishment for getting an innocent boy involved in your antics or I will call the police on you.”

Izuku’s heart sinks as he sees her unclasps the muzzle, sending him spiraling into anger. “No!”

Izuku slaps the muzzle out her hand as he gets right up in her face. Izuku’s eyes are already preparing themselves to be drenched in tears as the woman falters in pain at Izuku’s violent reaction. “It’s to protect you and everyone else--”

“No, it’s not!” Izuku puts himself between the two to shield his friend from seeing the monster in front of them. “This is what’s going to happen. You are going to let us walk out that door and never see us again. If you don’t let Shinso come with me, I will personally find every piece of dirt on you and send you straight to the cops for child neglect and abuse. If anyone comes by asking about him, say whatever you want like he was adopted or he’s not here at the moment. And if I ever catch you hurting another child like him, I will send you to the wolves. Are we clear!?”

Izuku shakes with fury as the woman moves back, honestly more afraid of him at the moment given her own shaking as if she’s in pain. “Fine. Take him. He’s just a villain. He will stab you in the back if he hasn’t already. You are probably a villain just like him anyway.”
For the first time in his life, Izuku flips the bird at her in protest as he harshly grabs Shinso’s arm to storm out of the horrid place, no longer trusting himself with not attacking the woman as he doubts this was the extent of the abuse against his new friend. Not like she doesn’t deserve it, but he can’t make Shinso stay there any longer in that nightmare.

Once finally outside in the clear air, Izuku lets his tears finally join his shaking as he releases his friend’s arm. “I’m so sorry Shinso. I can’t believe…”

“Midoriya, it’s fine--”

“It’s not!” Izuku wails as he starts his walking back towards school to the apartment. “I-it’s n-not…”

Shinso becomes smaller behind him. “If you regret it, you don’t have to--”

“I don’t Shinso. I’m so fucking happy you are now free from those monsters.” Izuku spits as he looks back his friend with rage that’s reserved for those still in those haunted halls. “I hate them. So fucking much that it hurts.”

“You cursed.” Shinso laughs with a strained smile. “Didn’t think you had it in you.”

“Only true scum are worthy of it.” Izuku retorts before groaning as he goes over in his head what he said. “Tsuki-chan is such a bad influence on me.”

He perks up an eyebrow at that. “Isn’t that your cat?”

Izuku dries his tears as he starts walking, Shinso following beside him. “Tsuki-chan has a telepathy quirk, but don’t tell anyone. I’m only telling you since you’ll be with us and it would be pretty awkward if you found out by accident. Some people hurt her when she talked to others, so she doesn’t like to show it off much. She sounds pretty mature all the time when she talks to me. She’s my mom at this point.”

“That’s actually really cool. Aren’t animals with quirks super rare? Where did you find her?”
“I saved her during training at Gym Gamma after she wandered in there.” Izuku replies getting his emotions in check with a small smile. “She’s really a sweetheart but she’s really protective of me. She calls me her Moon Child all the time.”

“Weird, but I guess I can see what she means.” Shinso smiles slightly as they continue walking towards the school and inevitably Izuku’s apartment.

Izuku pauses their talking as they walk, thinking over what happened over and over in his head to the point Shinso notices the gears turning after a good few minutes pass.

“What’cha thinking about over there?” Shinso knocks into him with his shoulder, making Izuku stiffen for a millisecond that makes him worry. “Sorry, you don’t like to be touched, do you?”

Izuku shakes his head as he decides to be honest with his new roommate. “Sorry, it’s not that exactly. Reflex mostly. I don’t really tell anyone this, but since we are rooming together, I might as well. It’s because my body assumes it’s about to be attacked instead. I’m bracing for the pain.”

Shinso’s eyes widen at his revelation. “Did people…”

“Get physical.” Izuku supplies with a shrug. “I was their punching bag. Normally, I would run away each time, but sometimes I had to let them vent on me. It was that or the next time they cornered me; they would kill me.”

“I hate to say it, but I think you’ve had it worse than me.” Shinso meekly mentions as Izuku starts to see the outline of his specific apartment complex coming into view.

“No one’s suffering is invalid though. I hate what they did to you. I wish I knew sooner.” Izuku sighs as his thoughts turn solemn. "Though, I need to ask a favor from you."

Shinso seemingly pauses his previous carefree expression to Izuku's instant confusion and adopts a more harsh one. "What do you want?"

"I just--" Izuku's eyes glaze over as he slips from control in his body, only increasing his confusion.
"Tell me what you wanted just now." Shinso demands instantly.

"I just don't want Tsuki-chan to know what happened today because she'd freak out if she knew she was here and killed me." Izuku feels his mouth mime as the strange detached voice speaks. "I wanted to ask you if you wouldn't mention it to her."

"Do you want something from me?"

"I just want you to be safe." Izuku continues in his daze.

"Do you have an ulterior motive for helping me?" Shinso continues.

"I didn't want you to suffer like those other kids I helped." Izuku mimes. "I was scared what would happen if I didn't help you."

"What were you scared of happening if you didn't help me?"

Izuku feels tears drip down his face without his permission as he simply watches the show. "I was so terrified you would die just like--"

Izuku gasps in heavy breaths when the control suddenly drops.

"Shit."

Izuku wheezes to get more oxygen in his lungs.

"I..."

Izuku coughs to catch his breathe. When he does, he finds Shinso also crying. "H-hey are you o-okay--"
"Why?"

Izuku blinks in confusion before wiping away the excess tears. "W-why what--"

Shinso's eyes become pained as Izuku's mind fogs up again. "You still didn't even hesitate."

Izuku blinks again, confused to what is happening when he regains control once again. "S-should I?"

"Why don't you hate me!?!" Shinso demands as he tears at his tears. "Why don't you want anything in return!?!"

Izuku looks over his shaking form as a few things start to click into place. "Shinso...?"

"What." Shinso bitterly churns out as he hiccups.

"Did others use you for your quirk?" Izuku doesn't like the flinch afterwards. "I'm taking that as a yes."

"So fucking what?" Shinso hisses back. "I just... don't..."

Izuku smiles sadly at his clearly hurting friend. "Don't know why I care?"

Shinso nods, clearly trying to stop his crying. "W-why...?"

"Shinso, I'm going to be real for a minute." Izuku guides Shinso towards the concrete wall to help him, already getting out his handkerchief to offer to him. "Whatever people told you before or did to you, they are assholes. They don't deserve you and you owe them nothing. You owe me nothing. I was asking for a favor. Nothing more and nothing less. You can decline, though I have to warn you Tsuki will probably yell for the first time ever if you do..."

Shinso laughs hollowly as he takes the cloth. "You cussed again."
"Because they deserve it." Izuku parries before sighing. "I need you to talk to me Shinso if you want me to help you. I don't mind you using your quirk on me at all, but I don't want you hurting like this if I did something wrong in the first place..."

"I j-just..." Shinso shakes his head. "I just don't understand why you aren't angry at me..."

"Do you want me to be angry at you?" Izuku inquires.

...

"Shinso..." Izuku tries again. "I'm not angry at you at all if that's what got you so worked up. Your quirk doesn't scare me if that's what's wrong. In fact, you just gave me a new cool idea about your quirk. I didn't even know you could do that!"

"Yeah?" Shinso sniffs.

"Yup!" Izuku's eyes sparkle with excitement. "You can interrogate people! And even more awesome, if you get them to talk, they have a hard time catching their breaths afterwards. It could be a really good tactic to tire out villains if other villains are around to break them out of your quirk's hold! Though, you'll have to be careful and not demand too much too fast or they may pass out..."

"Heh..." Shinso laughs tiredly. "Blondie was right. You are too trusting."

Izuku pouts instantly. "Hey! It's not my fault quirks are so fascinating you know..."

"It's going to get you killed if you don't work on it." Shinso grimly states while handing back the handkerchief. "I could have killed you like four times today."

Izuku smiles mischievously. "Then it's a good thing I'm a zombie, huh?"

Shinso shoves Izuku when he starts cackling like a madman. "Ass."
"Hey!" Izuku grins back.

"You deserved it." Shinso retorts with a fond smile.

"Okay, maybe. But to be fair, I think this is the first time I've ever joked about it..." Izuku admits with a blinding smile. "Besides, you're not like that anyway. You don't like to hurt people and you aren't a villain, even if everyone else says you are. At least that's what I think anyway..."

"Too bright..." Shinso murmurs.

"Too bright?" Izuku questions, looking up at the sky wondering if the brightness of the sun affects Shinso's quirk since his eye bags are very prominent.

*Maybe he is like a vampire...?*

“Nothing. You know, you wouldn't think it, but you’re actually super scary when you are mad.” Shinso laughs slightly. “I actually thought you were going rip her throat out or something when she pulled it out. You went pretty alpha on her.”

Izuku just growls at the thought of the devil in women’s clothing as his rage returns. “No one is ever going to put that thing on you ever again. If she comes back, I won’t hold back on her and play nice. I assure you... *My threat wasn’t empty.*”

...

“Remind me to never piss you off.” Shinso sweat drops as he trembles in fear from the projection of pure death being radiated from Izuku.

Izuku just laughs at his friend’s nervousness as it dissipates as they get up to head to the apartment complex entrance. “Don’t worry so much Shinso. I only get mad at people who deserve it. And I doubt you’ll ever go that direction. I may have only met you for the first time today, but I usually am pretty accurate with reading people. You’re not that type of person in the slightest. You like to mess with people I can tell, but a monster like her you are not.
“Thanks, I guess.” Shinso frowns. “You said your quirk was super weird, right?”

Izuku also frowns. “Yeah, why?”

“Because you just did something really weird, I think. It reminds me of how my mind control feels when I used it, but more emotional I think.” Shinso informs as Izuku fumbles with his key in his backpack. “It was like a rage aura you projected or something.”

Izuku looks back at him with a nervous expression as he’s not sure what he means. “W-what?”

Shinso just shakes his head as they walk towards his apartment complex. “Never mind, it’s probably nothing. I think I’m just on edge right now with what happened, and you’re really upset from what I can tell. I really appreciate what you did back there by the way. Thank you.”

“It’s no problem, really.” Izuku sweat drops as he thinks maybe his original quirk has more functions than he thought.

Better add rage aura to the mental list then…

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/3, Checked for errors 3/23
Siren by Kailee Morgue

*people treating Shinso badly*

Izuku *bursts into the room with a frying pan*: WHO DO I HAVE TO SWAT!?!?

Shinso: Midoriya...

Izuku: It's 'Pan' Kicking Time!

Shinso: Did you just--!?
Shinso

Genuinely cares about the well-being of others and would fight people to make others happy.

Is this just a ploy?
"I think that one of these days you're going to have to find out where you want to go. And then you've got to start going there." — J.D. Salinger, The Catcher in the Rye

*Warning*
Themes of Child Abuse and Abandonment

Izuku pushes into his apartment after turning his key, immediately bombarded by an excited Tsuki jumping into his arms. “Hey Tsuki-chan, did you miss me?”

“You were late Moon Child.” Tsuki scolds as she proudly rubs against him before opening her moon eyes towards their guest. “Whom do I have the pleasure of meeting?”

“Tsuki-chan, meet Shinso. He’s going to be my new roommate.” Izuku nervously rubs his check with his finger. “I know I didn’t ask you beforehand, but Shinso knows about your quirk. I figured he should know that I’m not a crazy person talking to a cat. He knows about my whole quirk as well.”

"He’s a zombie." Shinso adds with a smirk that makes Izuku groan.

“And I kinda need to tell him about…everything except a couple things about what my mom has done…” Izuku adds privately. “It would be hard to keep it from him if I let him stay here…”

“I see.” Tsuki-chan moves her gaze back to the boy whose staring at her like she holds the world in her hands. “Then, it’s a pleasure to meet you my Tired Child.”

“Whoa, she really can talk.” Shinso says in awe with stars in his eyes. “Also, Tired Child?”

Izuku shrugs. “Tsuki-chan does what she wants. You are Tired Child now. She calls me her Moon Child and Aizawa-sensei Tired Dad. Present Mic-sensei hasn’t gotten away free either as he’s Loud Bird. She’s not going to stop if you are wondering…”
Shinso just snorts in response as Izuku holds the door for his friend to come in and make himself at home. Izuku immediately grabs one of his set of four spare keys from his hanger near the door, throwing one in his direction to catch. “Here, you’ll need this to get in when you want.”

“This still feels like a dream.” Shinso remarks as he palms the key. “Your parents won’t mind, right?”

Izuku still tenses even though he knew the question would be brought up eventually. “Let’s go to the living room. There’s a few things I should tell you if you want to live here.”

Shinso gets the hint to be silent as they make their way to the kitchen living room hybrid. “Shinso, do you want a snack or something to munch on? It’s will probably take a bit.”

“Whatever’s fine.”

Izuku simply nods as he prepares two bowls of pretzels and cups of water. Izuku goes ahead and gives Tsuki-chan her food since they will be going shopping for stuff Shinso needs after this. Gathering the snacks, Izuku joins Shinso on the floor near the tv.

“Here.” Izuku provides the snacks for him which he gives his thanks for.

Taking a quick sip of water, Izuku gets psyched up to tell his story with some omits. “First thing. Anything I tell you stays between us three as Tsuki-chan already knows. I haven’t done anything villainous like that if that’s where you think this is going, but I have to know you won’t tell because it could change some things about how I live.”

“Done.” Shinso replies immediately despite feeling the awkwardness of what Izuku is displaying in his body language about the subject.

“Second thing, we may be getting a third roommate later if things go a certain way. Just be prepared if that happens.” Izuku mentions with a straight face. “It has to do with a pro hero I’m digging up dirt on. I tell you more later if you are okay with that.”

“I’m just happy to be rid of that witch.” Shinso jokes, making Izuku chuckle in agreement. “I’m
“Okay. Okay.” Izuku stifles his chest spasms to get serious. “I live alone. I have a mother, but she's nothing to me now.”

Shinso instantly frowns. “Why is that?”

“She did awful things to me.” Izuku averts his eyes. “As you can probably guess, I was originally seen as quirkless. My mother did not exactly take that news well since she knew how much I wanted to be a hero when I grew up. I think she went mad trying to help me in her own way, especially after Pappy, my dad, died.”

Shinso furrows his brow considerably but doesn’t say anything to allow Izuku to keep his hold on having the floor to speak.

“When I was four, I was taken to see a doctor to find out my quirk. The first one told me I was quirkless and the second said I had a dormant quirk. After that second doctor visit, my mother became obsessed with helping me manifest my quirk. She made me go to training sessions at various sources. Some of them were like gymnastics and self-defense while others were less than pleasant and probably highly illegal. Those places hurt me a lot and gave me a lot of scars. She was convinced the harder I was pushed, the sooner my quirk would appear.”

Izuku shifts nervously due to his insecurities about talking about that. “When I was five, I gave up trying to find a quirk that simply just didn’t exist for me. So, I turned to my quirk analysis because I still wanted to help people and be a hero. I figured that if I didn’t have a quirk, I had to fill in the gaps somewhere to fight on a level playing field. But everything changed for the worse when I turned seven.”

Izuku pulls up his shirt slightly, revealing the extensive patchwork of cuts and burns that adorn his lower torso despite his shame.

“Shit.” Is all Shinso can muster in response, Izuku nodding in agreement.

Izuku quickly puts his shirt back down so he won't trigger a panic attack.

“When I was seven, my mom snapped after school one day.” Izuku takes in a deep breath as he
tries not to shake. "In attempt to force my quirk to manifest, she used her quirk against me. It was… pretty bad. I still have nightmares about it, so I'm really sorry in advance if I wake up screaming sometimes."

... 

"Is that how your quirk manifested then?" Shinso questions with an indiscernible face, though anger is clearly present leading to the conclusion that Shinso has put the two together in his head.

“Yeah.” Izuku eyes Shinso, giving him the non-verbal hint to please not speak about the bathroom stuff in front of Tsuki. “The strength part of my quirk actually manifested after a villain attack about a year ago, but that’s not really important other than they tried to kill me as well. I don’t think that part manifested when I was younger because my body literally can’t handle it or it had to build up the power first. Honestly, it breaks my bones pretty badly every time I use it.”

... 

“After attacking me, she abandoned me.” Izuku numbly continues after a long dreg of silence. "She sent me money to live off of, but she never came back, likely because I was still quirkless in her eyes. A failure. I basically raised myself. I didn’t see her again until after the aftermath of USJ.”

“I’m guessing something happened…” Shinso comments with a conflicted look after Izuku goes quiet for a minute wrestling with himself to not cry.

“She only came back after USJ because she thought I had a quirk now. She didn’t even care about me, just that I had one.” Izuku replies softly but the anger is still clearly there. “We got into an argument where I lied to her that I was still quirkless on the car ride home because she didn’t deserve to know the truth if she didn’t actually care about me. Just the fact that I wasn’t a failure anymore in her eyes was the only reason she cared to come back and I wanted nothing to do with that. I’m actually terrified about the Sports Festival because she’s going to see I lied to her if I use my quirk and I’m scared she might…”

Izuku bites back a sob so he can continue. “As soon as I bailed on her by threatening to tell the police and heroes everything if she came after me, I moved here. She doesn’t know I’m here. I made sure I lost her for good. I’ve saved a lot of money over the years in my own bank account I started so I can survive very comfortably for at least five years, so I don’t need her support anymore. If I stretched it out, I would have probably eight years’ worth.”
Shinso puzzles over what Izuku has said, but very clearly rage has entered his face. “Why haven’t you told the police? That bitch sounds mentally unstable at best.”

“Because then I would have been in the same situation as you as I have a pretty good idea why you were there.” Izuku replies as Shinso tenses as he can totally relate to that feeling. “No one wants a ‘throw away child,’ let alone a quirkless kid anyway. And I would have never been able to be a hero. It was better I took care of myself in freedom than be taken care by others and stuck in shackles for the rest of my life. Even if I had to deal with the bullying alone that was just as bad as some of the training she put me through.”

“I think I understand you better than I thought this afternoon. I’m sorry for lashing out at you earlier...” Shinso retorts, mostly to himself. “Also, that’s really fucked up.”

Izuku looks up with desperate eyes. “I’m really sorry I dragged you into this, but I just couldn’t handle seeing you suffer like me, even though I know our circumstances are technically different. If you want to leave, that’s fine with me, just please don’t tell anyone what I said if you do.”

“Nah, you’re stuck with me. Good luck getting rid of this hot mess. I just need coffee and I’m good.” Shinso smirks as Izuku snorts, driving away any tears that may have come out. “Though, since you told me your tragic backstory, I’ll show you mine.”

Izuku snaps to attention, making his own problems fade into the background as he listens intently to his friend who will be pouring out his heart to bear to the world just as much as he just did.

Shinso ruffles his gravity resistant hair. “When my quirk manifested, my parents freaked out pretty badly thinking I was a monster, a villain in the making and they wanted nothing to do with me. I’ve been at that place ever since. The only thing that sucked about that is that apparently I have a sister with a verbal sleeping quirk and they kept her. I don't hate her or anything, it's just..."

"I'm sorry..." Izuku offers as he sniffs, tears already threatening to spill.

"It's fine." Shinso shakes his head as if to clear it. "Anyway, the adults there always made me wear that thing so I wouldn’t be able to be the villain and hurt the other kids. Everyone basically hated me and would take it out on me, but that’s it. The end."
“I rambled too much didn’t I?” Izuku points out.

“Yeah, but also you looked like you needed it.” Shinso sighs. “So, who all knows so I don’t go blabbing to someone on accident?”

“Technically speaking, you are the first human to hear my story.” Izuku nervously points out. “So, yeah…”

Shinso freezes. “Mr. Sparky Boom Man doesn’t know?”

Izuku snorts at his brother's unlucky new nickname. “No, Mr. Sparky Boom Man doesn’t know and I’d rather he not finds out. He really respects my mother, so it might hurt him a lot if he knew the truth. He might also kill me for never saying anything. As I said, the only people who know is the ones in this room and I guess my mother, but she doesn’t really deserve that honor.”

“I don’t even think she deserved to be called a human being, but that’s just me.” Shinso growls lowly.

Izuku shifts as he understands that sentiment completely, even if he’s only really fully come to terms about it himself. “If she ever comes by here, I don’t live here, and you get away from her as soon as possible. Call the police if you need. Never trust her. She’s insane and will kill anyone in her way if she can get her claws back into me. She has a weak telekinesis quirk, but never underestimate her as she will use it on you without hesitation. I don’t want you or anyone hurt because of my problems.”

“Duly noted. Exorcise the demon if she appears.”

“Shinso!” Izuku throws one of the couch pillows at him before they both lose themselves to laughing, almost taking out the pretzel bowls with them. “No! Bad Tired Child.”

“I’m still going to do it Moon Child~” Shinso gives him a mischievous smile as he returns to sender. “You can’t stop me.”

“Ugh…” Izuku groans into the pillow after it was thrown back into his face. “Fine. Just don’t get mad at me when she gets possessed and tries to kill you. She’s honestly terrifying.”
“My children. Please cease your play. I like to eat in peace.” Tsuki calls from the kitchen. “Also, Tired Child, my sincerest condolences. I hope you find happiness here during your stay.”

“You are right. She is really mature Midoriya.”

“Shinso!” Izuku whines as he buries himself into the pillow to die from his embarrassment. “Why do you out me like this?”

“It’s your fault you’re in the closet.” Shinso returns with a smirk, leading Izuku to groan again.

“What a fault.” Izuku smiles playfully. “Anyway, finish up your snack if you want and change into something comfortable if you have any. I have stuff you can borrow if not. We are going shopping.”

Shinso ceases stuffing his face. “Shopping?”

“Uh, yeah for you.” Izuku states as if it was obvious. “And I’m paying, so don’t worry. As long as you don’t try to buy out an entire store, we should be fine.”

Shinso swallows hard before smirking. “I take that as a challenge.”

“Shinso, no.” Izuku throws the pillow back at his friend who laughs at his pettiness. “Please don’t. I’d rather not have to find a job to pay for stuff while still going to high school if I can avoid it.”

“Joking Midoriya.” Shinso points out. “And thanks. You are a pretty good guy.”

Izuku turns nervously red. “Yo-you d-don’t have…”

Shinso notices the conflict. “So, no compliments?”

“That’s not it…” Izuku doesn’t leave the floor like he originally intended as he battles with his
feelings on said topic. “I don’t deserve to be praised for doing the right thing and being a decent human being. I just wanted to help you get away from that awful place, as selfish as that was.”

Shinos simply sighs as he nudges the pillow back into Izuku’s lap. “Midoriya, you should give yourself more credit than that. I’ve even seen a police officer who came by to check on all of us turn a blind eye while I was wearing that thing. You haven’t even known me for a day, and you’ve done more for me than anyone has in my entire life combined.”

“That’s just depressing…” Izuku mumbles out without realizing as he palms the pillow.

“Well, that just means we can be depressed and single together.”

Izuku groans as he turns even more red. “I said that out loud, didn’t I?”

“Yeah, but not inaccurate.” Shinso smiles as Izuku lifts back up his head from the ground to meet his gaze. “So, show me around the place?”

“Yeah!” Izuku brightens as he gets up to show him around the apartment, allowing him to choose which room of the remaining two he’d like for himself.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/5, Checked for errors 3/23

Runaways by Sleeping Wolf

Izuku: *literally adopts all of the sad children (and cat) for himself*
Aizawa *struggling to keep his cool*: I LITERALLY want to adopt you.
All Might: I as well...
Aizawa *glaring*: Fight me you oversized prune.
All Might *glaring right back*: Let’s let him decide.
Aizawa *grumbling*: Fine...
Internally when Shinso realizes that Izuku's mother is the same person who killed him that day:

A/N: So, when researching for this chapter, I actually came across the term 'throw away child' concerning children families just leave at orphanages in Japan if they can't or don't want to support them. It's honestly the most sad thing I have ever read when researching for this fic and I literally cried for about an hour. It's appalling and my heart goes out to the victims of this practice.

If you would like to read more, here is the link to an article about this:
Disaster Highlights Plight of Japanese Orphans
GUYS! I'm late to the party because of course, but we passed 200,000 words last chapter! I didn't think I'd ever hit that milestone so soon, so thank you all from the bottom of my heart for enjoying the ride right alongside me.

“So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.”
― F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Great Gatsby

Me: Shopping trip?
My Brain *nodding*: Shopping trip.
Me: SHOPPING TRIP!!!!! :D
My Brain: :)

This chapter's cover art was made by 'Insomniafreak// demon' over on our discord server:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Why are you getting that hideous thing?”

“N-no reason…” Izuku trails off as he slips the All Might couch cover into the basket. "Why are you questioning me getting a cover for the couch? I didn't question your obsession with getting so
many rubber ducks that were shaped like tiny kittens."

"Tsuki liked it." Shinso offers with a shrug, Tsuki purring up a storm at the notion.

"That's not the point."

“Okay, I’m just going to say it.” Shinso stares at him. “You have literally the worst taste.”

Izuku's cheeks flares up in protest. “No, I don’t. You’re just being mean. If anyone has bad taste, it’s you and your thousands of shirts with cheap cat puns on them.”

“You are wearing a shirt that says literally 'dress shirt' on it right now.” Shinso deadpans.

"It's funny!"

"And my cat puns aren't?"

“Whatever. Tsuki-chan is on my side, right girl?” Izuku scratches his purring neck warmer.

“My deepest apologies Moon Child...”

“Traitors.” Izuku grumbles. “Both of you. Why do I even put up with you guys if you are going to betray me like this?”

“Because you love us.” Shinso retorts with a wink as he removes the cover in favor for an incredibly soft brown one.

“I hate this stupid family…” Izuku grumbles under his breath looking at the other choices.

It’s not my fault I raised myself...
Shinso smirks. “What was that Zu?”

Izuku blinks before looking back up from the shelf. “Zu?”

Shinso stops and looks at him for a second. “Oh, is that one already taken?”

“No it’s not…” Izuku frowns in thought. “You want to have nicknames?”

Shinso shrugs. “I kind of need to. It was either that or I would end up calling you Broccoli out loud instead of just in my head one of these days.”

“I already told you I’m not food…” Izuku whines indignantly. “Ugh… I don’t even want to know how you came to that conclusion anyway…”

“It’s cause your hair is fluffy and a complete disaster.” Shinso teases, not even bothering to respect his request.

“Tired Child is not wrong…” Tsuki informs, like right away to Izuku’s dismay.

“I hate this fucking family.” Izuku corrects a little louder to voice his feeling of betrayal to the offenders.

“I thought you only cursed for those who actually deserved it?”

“Exactly.” Izuku smirks playfully at his friend as he removes the soft brown cover from the cart. “Brown is an awful color for the couch.”

“Says the tasteless one.” Shinso chides as he eyes some of the other ones since Izuku is deeply focused on them, already mumbling over the selections. “At least with the brown, it won’t stain too much.”
After a good minute Shinso chimes back in. “Are you seriously analyzing which couch cover to buy?”

“Y-yes?” Izuku blinks before turning his head back to find his friend with a ‘seriously’ look. “It’s not that weird, Toshi. You have to make sure you account for every variable and your lifestyle preference and…”

Izuku peters off at his friend’s reaction to his rambling, not bothering to continue given his bored expression. “I just want us to have a good couch cover, okay?”

“You’re doing great sweetie.” Toshi teases with a Cheshire grin when Izuku stares at his friend for a good awkward moment like the traitor he is. “Also, Toshi~?”

“Shut. You wanted nicknames, so live with it.” Izuku scoffs, even though there was definitely a smirk of his own on his face before picking out a reversible black and blue one to present his findings. “Is this one to your liking?”

“Good job.” Toshi smirks. “You successfully made that way more complicated than it needed to be.”

“I’ll have you know I didn’t even start going through the company background so I could estimate exactly how long they would last and how the fabric would be affected in the different stain settings.” Izuku states proudly with his chest puffed up.

Toshi blinks before sighing. Hard. “Okay, we need to get you a hobby.”

Izuku frowns. “I already have a hobby. I watch villain fights like all the time and analyze their styles in my notebook.”

“A real hobby like knitting that helps burns off your chaotic energy because if I had a mind reading quirk instead, I would probably explode from being in your vicinity.” Toshi points out. “You look like a nervous wreck right now.”

“I’m fine.” Izuku whines while trying to still his nervous swaying.
“Hi Fine, I’m Shinso.” Toshi smiles at Izuku’s visible pain from the dad joke. “Seriously though, we need you to chill with something. This can’t be good for anyone.”

“But I really am fine…” Izuku pouts.

“And I’m not an avid insomniac.” Toshi shrugs softly at Izuku’s silently questioning of his friend’s current eye bags. “I guess we are both liars now.”

Izuku groans to his friend’s instant delight, adopting his own version a resting bitch face, though it looks more like a cute kitten pout.

"So, what's left?" Toshi pokes his cheek to bring Izuku back to earth.

Izuku blinks away his anger and takes his phone out of his pocket. "Let's see..."

Izuku scrolls through his list before spotting his list of electronic supplies. "Ah, we need to go to an electronics store for some supplies."

"Cool. Let's go then."

Izuku nods before leading the way there.

"Oh Micchan!" Inko calls from the living room. "Could you drop me off at the apartment? I want to get a head start on dinner for Izuku as he's probably working hard on his homework."

"Sure thing Kocchan!" Micchan returns after finishing up with cleaning the mugs. "Katsuki gave me the address yesterday from the sleepover, so don't worry about having to tell me."

"Thanks so much Micchan!" Inko brightens immensely at the news. "How could I ever hope to repay you?"
"Coffee at Kissaten's at 9." Micchan enters the room with a mischievous smile. "You know I want all the dirt on those pigs at work."

"Of course." Inko gives back a malicious smile in return. "I'd love to."

Izuku stops his mumbling over the soldering wire composites as something dawns on him. "Hey Toshi?"

"Yeah Zu?"

"Do you have a cell phone?"

"N-no?" Toshi stutters.

"We're fixing that." Izuku nods as he selects the wiring he wants.

"And how are we doing that?" Toshi frowns. "Don't we need an adult to set it up?"

"Just watch me work my magic~"

"I would like a spare key to be made for my apartment number 426." Inko smiles sweetly at the bored front desk person. "My son has already given out all of his spares to his friends you see..."

"Name?"

"Midoriya Inko."
The desk lady looks over a screen before adopting a more serious look. "I'm afraid ma'am that I can't--"

"Midoriya Hisashi." Inko offers with a knowing smirk when the clerk's eyes widen considerably. "I always put my husband's name down as the owner in order to keep his memory alive. You understand, right?"

"Oh my goodness!" The plump woman with the name tag Ayatsuri Soju coos. "I am so sorry I didn't recognize your voice earlier Midoriya-sama. Security is very tight here, as you can see, so you understand me being so cautious of our clients privacy. Your husband always gave such a considerable donation to the orphanage we work in partnership with, so I must thank you from the bottom of my heart for continuing to help the children."

"Of course." Inko smiles considerably. "I understand completely. It's why I chose your facility in particular for my son. Safety is always my first priority when considering any type of business deal. And the money matters not to me as long as I can put a smile on even one of their faces. There is no need to thank me. In fact, for helping me so much today, I'd love to match the same amount as last time."

"How humble of you!" The poor little fool emotes happily. "I'll get that spare key for you right away Midoriya-sama."

"Of course. Take your time."

"You are scary, you know that?"

"Hey..." Izuku pouts. "It's not my fault they are so easy to fool..."

"Yes, but how did you get your mother to call for you?" Toshi frowns. "I don't think she'd willingly do that..."

"I have a voice changer!" Izuku declares with stars in his eyes. "I have the code for my voice changer on my phone and my physical one for other emergencies in my apartment. Now that I think about it, I should make you one for the festival since other classes have less restrictions than the hero course students for support gear. Can you imagine your quirk combined with a voice
"I stand corrected." Toshi shivers. "You are absolutely terrifying."

"Aww, no fair..." Izuku whines. "How else do you think I have made it this long alone?"

"That's fair I guess..." Toshi rubs his face with his finger before a loud rumble is heard.

Izuku instantly snaps his gaze to his friend's stomach in surprise.

"I guess I'm hungry?" Toshi laughs awkwardly.

"It's okay." Izuku shrugs as his own feels empty since he accidentally skipped lunch. "Shopping is exhausting after all..."

"Are we going to eat at home?" Toshi questions.

"Not today!" Izuku declares as he gets an excited gleam in his eyes. "Today's your welcome home day, so you get to chose where we eat. W-within reason of course..."

"Oh cool..." Toshi ponders a bit. "Then let's go to a cat cafe?"

"That's perfect!" Izuku declares as he starts looking up the nearest locations on his phone. "That way all of us can eat."

"I would love to partake in some fancy types of pork if there are any at this 'cat cafe.'" Tsuki chimes in with a deliberate flick of her tail.

"I'd always wanted to try some Ube ice cream at this one cafe near UA..." Toshi admits with a slight laugh. "If we are finished shopping, then it would make the most sense to stop around there."
"Awesome!" Izuku smiles widely as he finds said cafe on his phone for directions. "Then let's go eat!"

"Oh shit!" A voice calls to the group. "They are actually here!"

"Finally!" Another voices. "I was starting to think they lied or something..."

"Nah, that wouldn't be very manly..."

"AWW!" Another voice coos. "They brought Tsuki! So cute!"

"That's probably why they are so late..." A voice chimes in enthusiastically. "And look! They went shopping too!"

**Operation 'ShinDeku' is a go!**

Tsuki sniffs the air cautiously.

"Is something wrong Tsuki-chan?" Izuku privately asks so he doesn't worry Toshi as they start to enter the cafe.

"Sorry, I thought I smelled someone familiar..." Tsuki reassures, but Izuku isn't as sure given the hesitance in her voice. "It's probably nothing Moon Child..."

"If you are sure--"

"AH! I can't take it any longer!" A familiar voice cries out that steals Izuku's attention.
Izuku frowns as he leads his tiny group towards the booths, attempting to finding the source of the now hushed voices. "Guys? What are you--?"

Izuku can't control the infectious giggling that comes out upon seeing Ashido, Sero, Kaminari, and Kirishima all in weird get ups, rendering him utterly useless for any meaningful conversation.

But thankfully, Toshi takes up the job for him. "What are you weirdoes all doing here?"

"Never mind that! So..." Ashido drawls out with a shit eating grin. "When's the wedding!?!"

"Wedding!?!" Izuku squeaks.

"In August of course." Toshi smirks playfully.

"Toshi!"

"Toshi?" Ashido wiggles her eyebrows.

Oh god damn it... Izuku internally groans. "Ashido, no."

"Mina yes!" Ashido declares with happiness as she cheers sporadically. "My ship is sailing!"

"Kill me..." Izuku pleads Toshi.

"You know that won't work..." Toshi whispers with a wink.

Izuku whimpers in indignation. "Please..."

"Nope."
"Ass."

"That's my line."

"Jerk face."

"Aahh haa haa!" Ashido squeals in pure delight. "You're both just like an old married couple!

Izuku instantly shoots down Toshi's smirk at the comparison. "No, we are not an old married couple. We literally met today."

"Zu~" Toshi whines. "Why do you hate me like this?"

"Zu~!" Ashido parrots before cackling like a madwoman.

"Great." Izuku sighs, gesturing at the current mess that is Ashido. "Now you broke her with your 'harmless' teasing."

"I thought we were serious."

Izuku glares at Toshi's nonchalant shrug. "I hate you..."

"You love me~."

"You love me~" Ashido teases as she resumes her cackling.

"You okay there, Mina?" Kirishima states with a toothy grin.

"Perfect!" Ashido giggles as she hugs herself. "Perfectly happy!"
Izuku winces. "Ashido, Toshi is just teasing. We're friends."

"Friends with benefits." Toshi wriggles his eyebrows at her, sending her on another giggle tangent.

"Wait..." Izuku frowns. "Don't all friends come with benefits?"

...

Toshi opens his mouth to answer Izuku's question but finds Ashido's hand there instead. "Don't you dare taint the cinnamon roll or you'll get my acid."

"Guys, I'm not food for the last time..." Izuku whines loudly.

"Sure you aren't." Ashido asserts with a not so innocent smile after she lets Toshi go. "So, what did you guys do on your date?"

"It's not a--"

"Went shopping." Toshi answers for him.

"Oh?" Kaminari asks, thoroughly intrigued with a sneaky smirk of his own as he eyes their bags. "What did you guys all get?"

Izuku sees Toshi tense beside him, making him spur to action. "I got some stuff for the Sports Festival and a few things for my new apartment that I was missing."

"Sure, sure." Sero waves it off by removing his hand from the orange tabby in his lap. "Don't just stand there and join us man."

"Okay!" Izuku excitedly jumps into the booth, happy to be in a cafe with friends for the first time in his life.
Inko looks up at the door of her son's apartment one last time with a pleased smirk before getting into the cab.

We'll be a proper family again my precious Izuku. Just wait...

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/6, Checked for errors 3/23

Closer by Lemaitre, Jennie A.

Izuku: So, what's the tiny kitten rubber ducks for anyway?

Shinso: Shush. It's a spoiler.

Izuku: Please? You literally got two packs of fifty...

Shinso: You said I could get anything I wanted.

Izuku *puppy eyes*: P-please...?

Shinso: ...

Shinso *fast walks away to not spoil the surprise*: 'Nope. Nope. Nope.'

Fun fact: Literally me every time I write Midoriya's name because the t and y keys are too close together and because I write Izuku more for the story... It's a struggle you guys...
Just something to note: Ube ice cream is a purple ice cream popular in Japan and a lot of places. I've had some and it's delicious.
A/N: It's a surprise celebration update!! BTW, the next 3 chapters will be up in one day each instead of in two days just as a heads up because Spring Break is here for my school. Get excited! :D
The Storm

Chapter Notes

"A storm is always headed your way. But you must choose if you are going to dance in the rain when it gets here." -- Midoriya Izuku

This chapter's cover art is from Nyx on our discord server:

*Warning*
Mention of Child Abuse

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku snacks on his remaining pretzels as he continues his work on digging everything he can on Endeavor on his laptop while listening to some techno music to focus. In fact, the more he digs, the more he is scared for Todoroki. He knows he should be working on Nedzu’s stuff, but he wants to help the boy who saved him from USJ as soon as he can. He’ll work on his stuff during lunch time tomorrow as a substitute if need be.

With his own homework done and Shinso helped out with his algebra he missed cause of Izuku's bathroom incident, it's full steam ahead and there's nothing stopping his dancing fingers across his keyboard.

Truly, Izuku wanted to do it much earlier, honestly ever since he first laid eyes on him and when he started having suspicions, but he didn’t want to pry if he was wrong. Now he wants to get everything he can to get him out of that horrid household. Izuku will let Todoroki decide what to do with the information in the end, but that doesn't stop his passion to get it all done. And hey, if Todoroki needs a place to stay to lay low because of whatever he chooses, Izuku's still got one empty room left.

The big thing that has tripped his warning bells for which angle to start digging up dirt on the bastard was was the fact that Endeavor never shows off his family at events except for Todoroki when he was browsing through the hero's online portfolio from his PR team. And when he does, it’s like Todoroki is a show pony. Izuku has an idea that the reason why he’s here at UA is because his flaming douchebag wants a hero to take over the mantle for him when he retires, so his progeny must get the best education possible.
Father like son as they say…

The whole not wanting to make friends comments make a whole lot more sense now in that context. He’s not here to make friends because that would be considered a distraction by daddy dearest. That or dear old douchebag wanted to isolate him so no one asked any questions. Well, too bad. Izuku’s making friends with Todoroki and ripping him away from the abusive bastard to boot. No question about that.

From what Izuku has found so far, he speculates that his other three children simply didn’t make the cut to carry the Todoroki torch, though it’s really concerning that all records or information about the eldest is missing from interviews and such after a certain point, almost like he’s a ghost or didn’t exist in the first place. Thinking about it, Izuku may have to look at obituaries if his suspicion is correct.

In Izuku’s eyes, if that trashcan killed one of his children on his conquest for a perfect successor to himself, Izuku will personally sic All Might at him immediately. No mercy for murderers, especially child killers. But that’s for later Izuku to deal with as there is a more pressing issue.

After a little digging in public hospital records for his classmate’s scar injury, Izuku stumbles across something that made his stomach turn, ultimately running his appetite to where he can’t really eat anything else to stay awake.

Apparently around the same time that incident happened, Todoroki’s mom, Todoroki Rei, was institutionalized the very next day. If Endeavor put her there to cover up his own abusive nature, Izuku will make sure the current Number Two hero is dragged through the mud more extensively way before he’s ever arrested for his crimes.

To be fair, it wouldn’t be hard to do so since most of the information he’s saved to his back up hard drive is every single instance of the hero breaking regulations and rules that the Public Safety Commission itself has neglected to even just reprimand him for. Oh, what a field day the media would have over that one.

And it’s not like one or two incidents. It’s more like over 500 incidents and counting. The cherry on top is that these incidents are just the ones he can get legally and has been available to the public for years now. He’s slowly been making his way to the more recent cases as he wants a clear history of disregarding the rules to give his case more weight and validity.

After all, he doesn't want to leave any stone left unturned.
Izuku has made sure all the information gathered has been legal and in front of everyone the whole time as he goes along, so no one can touch him when it comes out by an anonymous source from a ‘concerned citizen.’ He made sure of that as he knows Endeavor’s legal team will bring the heat to fight the allegations, quite literally. He’s even attached links to each resource in his growing collection to prove it too. They won't be able to take down all of the over 1,000 news articles and counting without the people screaming at them for censorship of the press for a coverup.

The only thing that Izuku is worried about now is what Todoroki wants. Izuku could go in guns blazing and end him with just the information he’s already organized, but his friend would inevitably be caught in the crossfire. And that’s the last thing he wants.

Izuku doesn’t really care what happens to Endeavor personally as long as Todoroki is safe from monsters like him. If being put into the system gets his friend to live a happy life, Izuku will take the plunge without question, though he'd rather keep him from another Endeavor adopting him. Thus, the entire thing rests on Todoroki's shoulders about what he wants to do with the information Izuku digs up. Personally, Izuku would prefer good old fashion blackmail to force Endeavor give up rights behind closed doors, but he'll just have to see what he decides first before heading down that rabbit hole.

In the middle of looking through obituaries to see if he’s right about his assumption about the Todoroki's eldest brother, a slight tap to his shoulder makes him flinch. Hard.

Looking up, Izuku is treated to Toshi staring down at him. Smiling weakly, Izuku removes his headphones to figure out what he wants. “Um, hey Toshi...”

His friend sneaks a glance at his laptop. “Why are you looking up obituaries?”

Izuku sheepishly laughs. “Would you believe me if I said it was just for a project?”

Toshi smirks. “Depends on what that project entails.”

“Taking down a corrupt pro hero who's been taking advantage of the system for years to get away with terrible things.” Izuku shrugs nonchalantly, though his face shows he's completely furious at said hero. "Plus, he's abusing his children, though I'm not 100% on exactly what he does."

“Wow.” Shinso notes in slight shock. “Given how you normally look like you’d never hurt a fly,
that guy must really be a royal asshole.”

Izuku shrugs. “More like flaming trashcan, but that works too.”

Shinso snickers at Izuku’s comment, prompting him to join in too. "So, who's the unlucky bastard?"

Izuku grins, but his expression is anything but innocent. "Endeavor."

Toshi pales instantly. “W-What? Are you joking?”

Izuku blinks. "N-no?"

"You want to take down Endeavor?" Toshi questions. "As in the Number Two hero?"

"Y-yes?"

"You're a complete psychopath. Totally lost it." Toshi starts grinning as his color starts to return. "But god what I would give to be a part of putting someone like that down a peg or two."

"You can help!" Izuku assures. "I might have to get you a laptop though..."

"Ah no..." Toshi shakes his head. "I think the phone is more than I needed honestly..."

"Well, you could be my cheerleader?" Izuku offers with a smile. "Like help me think through stuff...?"

"I will cheer your ass off if you can finish that revolution you are starting." Toshi snorts.

Now that Izuku really thinks about, Toshi is right that it might be the start of a revolution if it goes a different direction in the public eye, making himself pale.
“God damn it Nedzu… We haven’t even met for that stuff yet!”

“Y-yeah...” Izuku nervously laughs off. "Um, do you need something?"

"It's getting late Zu."

"Oh..." Izuku smiles sheepishly. "Five more minutes?"

“You’re a good guy Zu.” Shinso states with a smile. “But you are going to burn yourself out if you do everything yourself. Sleep.”

Izuku sighs tiredly as he starts cleaning up the table. “Okay...”

"Good."

Izuku pauses his actions when something crosses his mind. "Wait, are you going to bed?"

"Nope."

Izuku scowls. "Toshi..."

"Fine." Toshi sighs deeply. "I'll try, but no promises."

"Thanks! You're the best!" Izuku tackles him into a hug before rushing off to get ready for bed.

...

"Toshi! Why are the tiny kittens in the sink!?!" Zu exclaims in pure horror. "Wait no! Tsuki-chan get out of there!"
Hitoshi simply bursts out laughing.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/7, Checked for errors 3/23

The Storm by TheFatRat, Maisy Kay

This song has a beautiful music video that you simply must check out. Fun fact, the beginning of the song starts in the Avatar language:

- TheFatRat & Maisy Kay - The Storm (Official Music Video)

Izuku: You that angry flame dude?

Endeavor: I am Endeavor, yes.

Izuku *smiling*: Awesome! Imma deku in the schnoz!

Endeavor: I'm sorry that's a new one. What?

Todoroki: Wait, what?

Shinso: Just watch...

Izuku *slapping down the paper work beside all the proof*: Todoroki is mine now. And his siblings are free to do what they want.

Endeavor *appalled face*: You won't get away with this!

Izuku: Oh yeah? Well I just did. Detroit Smash yourself you abusive flaming trashcan.

*Endeavor grumbling while signing all the adoption papers*

Todoroki: ...

Todoroki: I can't believe...

Shinso *nodding*: Welcome to the Izuku protection squad.

Tsuki: Our first order of business, making Midoriya Inko pay for hurting my Moon Child.

Todoroki: Sign me and my siblings the fuck up!
**Endeavor:** *abuses his children*

**Izuku:**

See, rubber duck cats are a thing:

![Rubber duck cats](image)

Also, this prank got inspiration from this comedian, so go check it out because it's hilarious:

- *James Veitch Is A Terrible Roommate - CONAN on TBS*
A sudden thunder of knocking comes from the front door, making Izuku jolt awake in a panic. Taking a few ragged breathes, he hears the persistent knocking start to slow a bit. Groggy, Izuku untangles him from his comforter to see who is banging on his door at fuck ass o'clock.

Nearly tripping over his shoes in the dark, Izuku finally gets there to peer out of the peep hole before seeing nothing in it. Frowning, he shrugs thinking it's probably busted, so he slowly opens the door praying it's not someone who wants to shank him. Sure, he'd be fine, but dying still hurts like a bitch.

Blinking at the nothingness before him, he sighs. "God, I must be losing it or something..."

With a yawn, Izuku moves to close the door.

BAM!

Izuku flinches from the hand that slams in front of him, throwing the door closed. In an instant, the air becomes choking as Izuku struggles to breath from the familiar aura behind him. Shakily, Izuku turns his head to see his worst nightmare in his apartment without a care in the world on her face.
"Aren't you happy to see me Izuku?" Inko smiles cruelly.

"No!" Izuku shouts as he jumps back against the door in pure fear. "I don't want you here! Go away! Why are you here!?!"

"It isn't that simple Izuku." Inko cocks her head as she grins. "Didn't your mother teach you any better to invite in your guests?"

"You abandoned me!" Izuku retorts as he shakes. "You aren't my mother!"

"Oh?" Inko pauses as she shifts her hand behind her back. "Was this your mother instead?"

Izuku watches as Inko brings the hidden object to his attention in horror. "No. You didn't--"

"You abandoned her!" Inko screams as she shakes the mutilated head of Monoka-san. "You killed her!"

Izuku feels tears drench his face as he forces his bile to stay inside once the stench of rot hits his nostrils. "No, I didn't... I couldn't have... She died of a heart attack..."

"What if you did?" Inko grins as her aura of death flares to a level that makes Izuku actually puke, making him shudder as that dreaded wave of death hits him repeatedly as if to break him. "I killed you without a second thought. What makes you think you couldn't do the same to others?"

"Heroes don't kill people!" Izuku protests in vain after he wipes off his mouth with a shaky hand. "And I don't kill people."

"But you left her." Inko takes a step forward. "She needed you."

"She needed you Izuku and you left her behind." Inko reaches out her arm to his cheek as he instinctively flinches away from her touch. "You killed her."

"No." Izuku shakes his head in protest. "No, I did no such thing--!"
"LISTEN TO ME PROBLEM CHILD!" Inko shrieks as she wrenches his face forward, her claws digging into the side of his face. "YOU WON'T LISTEN TO ME!"

"What do you even want?!" Izuku wails as his eyes burn. "Why won't you just leave me alone?!"

"You left her to die Izuku." Inko grins manically as Izuku flinches in her grasp from her jab. "So, who would you like to be next?"

"What...?" Izuku questions with wide eyes.

"WHO WOULD YOU LIKE TO WATCH DIE NEXT BECAUSE OF YOU!!?!" Inko screeches. "How about your teacher Aizawa-san? Toshi? Or maybe your Kacchan? Oh I know!"

"What about your precious cat?" Inko smiles cruelly as Izuku's face pales considerably as she wrenches his head to the ground. "I'm sure she'd make the perfect motivation for you to come home to me."

"I don't care if you kill me!" Izuku wails as he's forced to stare at the desolate dead eyes of his grandmother. "Just please! Please, just don't hurt them... Please don't hurt my--"

"Oh Izuku..." Inko gently caresses his abused cheek. "You never had a choice about that. I'll always be here right beside you to rip you from them over and over again."

"You're lying..." Izuku shudders between heavy breaths. "I got...away. I'm...free."

"You thought you could run from me Izuku? I'm right here in front of you and you're so far into denial that you are free?" Inko howls in laughter. "Look at me! You can't hide from me."

"I-I'll stop you!" Izuku yells back in her face as he rips her hand off his face in anger. "You w-won't hurt a-anyone else!"

"What would you do? Kill me?" Inko taunts with sneer. "You've already failed Izuku and you don't
even know it."

"I hate you!" Izuku retorts as he gets up, prepared for fight. "You won't get away with this!"

"I already have. And I'll do it again." Inko tosses a corpse at his feet as the blood drains from his face completely. "Oh, and Izuku..."

"You're next."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/8, Checked for errors 3/23
Gasoline by Halsey

*I think there's a flaw in my code*

*These voices won't leave me alone*

*Well my heart is gold and my hands are cold*

My Brain: *writes this chapter and posts it*

*distant rumbling coming from the direction of my fans*

Me:
A/N: The next chapter will be up tomorrow, so stay posted for it! :)
"Dreams a fickle thing. They can show you either your deepest desires or your darkest terrors. For me, it's pork." -- Tsuki

Thank 'dghtrofnyx' on our discord server for the cover art for this chapter!

Apertum Mortem has finally reached it 100th chapter! Happy 100th Chapter Apertum Mortem! :D

Loly in the sky

For everyone who has been here since the beginning and those of you who have just joined, I thank you for all your support and kind words that have made this fic great. Thank you! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi bolts straight out of bed when he hears the ear piercing scream of pain that echos throughout the apartment, leaving his phone behind.

Rushing out of his room, he heads straight towards the source of the sound, apparently coming from Zu's room. Pushing open the ajar door, he watches as his friend thrashes in his bed.
"Shit." Hitoshi curses as he rushes to his side. "Hey Zu, hey..."

"S-stop..." Zu whines pitifully. "P-please..."

Hitoshi hesitantly touches his friend's free arm to rouse him.

The contact instantly makes him jolt upright, making Hitoshi back up in surprise.

"W-where's Tsuki?" Zu's viridian eyes almost glow in the dark from his clear anger and rage as he searches desperately for said cat.

"I am right here Moon Child..." Tsuki sounders into the room, brushing past the door as she welcomes herself inside.

"Oh Tsuki-chan..." Zu releases in pure relief when she bounds on the bed.

"Are you alright kit?" Tsuki-chan inquires before being engulfed in a very wet hug.

"I'm sorry Tsuki..." Zu mumbles against her black fur as sobs wrack his now small and fragile looking frame. "I'm so s-sorry..

"There is nothing to be sorry about Moon Child." Tsuki meows back as she licks against his shaking hands. "What troubles you so?"

Hitoshi notices the tense, but Zu doesn't skip a beat in his explanation. "Bad d-dream..."

"Do you think you can go back to bed again tonight Zu?" Hitoshi inquires. "It's okay if not..."

"I can..." Zu hesitantly offers back. "Just g-give me a m-moment..."
Hitoshi welcomes himself onto the side of the bed as he watches the two cuddle. If it was any other time, he'd snag a picture. But in the moment, it's almost heart breaking how much pain each wracking sob holds.

When Zu had stated he got nightmares, Hitoshi wasn't truly imagining this type of fallout.

...

After a good fifteen minutes, the sobs start to wane, a yawn finally finding itself in Zu.

"Tired?" Hitoshi offers with a weak smile.

Zu nods slowly. "Y-yeah..."

"Good." Hitsohi laughs slightly. "At least one of us is."

Zu's face turns sad. "Oh, Toshi... I'm so sorry for--"

"Don't worry about it." Hitoshi smiles warmly as he points to himself. If it was any other time of day, he would have been smirking. "Insomniac zombie, remember?"

"Insomniac siren..." Zu corrects with a small warm smile of his own. "Thanks Toshi..."

"No problem Zumbie~." Hitoshi grins.

Zu instantly groans to his immense satisfaction. "Noooo..."

"Go to sleep Zu."

"Yeah, okay..." Zu blinks blearily back, but his sad frown doesn't disappear. "Can y-you...?"
"Can I what?"

"Can you guys sleep with me?" Zu meekly requests. "I don't want to be alone..."

Hitoshi smirks. "What would your classmates think if they knew we shared a bed together?"

"Just get in the bed and sleep Toshi."

"Okay."

After a moment of shifting into the bed, Hitoshi finds a comfortable spot on his back as he snuggles under the All Might themed covers. It doesn't take long for soft snores to come out beside him and for Hitoshi to be eternally jealous for that type of shut down sequence.

...

"Tired Child..." Tsuki's eyes shine slightly in the dark on top of Hitoshi. "What happened with my Moon Child today?"

Hitoshi stiffens under the covers. "I don't--"

"You need not lie to me. I promise to keep my head." Tsuki internally sighs as Zu shifts in bed to get more comfortable. "Something has occurred today. My Moon Child has been smelling of distress ever since he came home and I doubt it was simply because of your situation. Even now, his smell concerns me greatly..."

Hitoshi stays silent as he considers his options as he doesn't want to betray Zu.

"Would you like to hear my stance on dreams, Tired Child?" Tsuki shifts a bit as she nestles between both of them, Hitoshi giving her a hum to go on. "I personally think dreams are an interesting thing. In essence, they give one a window to the inner soul. They can help and bring smiles to one's face, but they can also reveal one's true inner demons. Whether it be from
something they'd rather forget or if it is something that plagues their current state of mind, dreams can reveal the truth in their fiction. For my Moon Child, it seems his dreams normally leans toward the former, but I suspect this one leans more towards the latter."

"What if I told you something did happen?" Hitoshi hesitantly offers.

"Then I would be more upset at myself for not being there to protect my precious kit." Tsuki offers with a low, but sad growl.

"I think his mother killed him today at school."

... 

"She did what?" Tsuki hisses as her ears lay back ready for a fight, though to Hitoshi, she also seems really scared.

"It's either that or his mother's twin sister." Hitoshi nervously notes. "Because she looked just like him..."

Tsuki's eyes dart around in the dark, all the while desperate whimpers come out, her nose twitching as if she's sniffing the air for something.

"Hey, it's okay..." Hitoshi offers as he scoops her up into his torso. "Sshh... Zu's fine..."

"Did you protect my Moon Child in my stead?" Tsuki hesitantly brings up after a good few minutes of meowing and crying.

Hitoshi tenses as his own face falls. "I couldn't."

Tsuki tenses in his arms as he continues to soothe the hurting cat. "I was so scared I'd be next..."
"And all I could be was the clean up crew..." Hitsohi feels something wet on his cheeks, but he ignores it.

"Tired Child..."

"He died twice..." Hitsohi sniffs softly to not rouse Zu. "Twice I couldn't save him. Twice I failed and he was just gone..."

"Tired Child."

"I don't understand why he trusts me so much..." Hitsohi shakes his head in shame. "I haven't done anything for him, but he keeps... keeps..."

"Child."

"What?" Hitoshi churns out a little too bitterly than he intended.

"You aren't the only one who has failed him." Tsuki puts a knowing paw on his chest. "But that doesn't mean we can't protect him like he protects us. After all, he's still here with us."

...

"Okay."

"Good." Tsuki muses before shifting to rub her head on his torso. "Though, I must thank you for being there for my precious kit when I could not be."

"You don't have to thank me." Hitoshi dismisses as he pets her.

"Yes, I do. You don't know how big of thing it is for my Moon Child to even share a fraction of what he shared with you today..." Tsuki blinks with her unseeing eyes. "Thank you from the bottom
of my heart. I would be most honored to call you my Star Child if you would allow me the honor."

"Star Child?" Hitoshi questions, unclear for the change.

"You light the way simply." Tsuki offers before an audible lilt appears in her voice. "Plus, how would I ever get to tease you for those stars in your eyes all the time?"

Hitoshi snorts. "Careful, I'm a siren. Cats and fish don't exactly mix well."

"I'm sure we mix just fine my Star Child." Tsuki pulls away slightly, almost as if to prove a point.

... 

"Okay, you're right." Hitoshi smiles once he caves, reaching out to pet her again before a frown appearing on his face. "Quick question though, are you blind?"

Tsuki's head tilts slightly. "Why do all you humans immediately assume I am blind?"

"It must be the eyes or something." Hitoshi delivers with a childish grin.

"Perhaps..." Hitoshi could hear the smirk in her own tone at his joke. "Though, I am afraid something must be done about my Moon Child's mother. I simply don't trust her any more than I could claw her. Especially since she has crossed the line once again, despite my Moon Child's warnings..."

"Agreed."

"Perfect." Tsuki's eyes glisten with clear bloodlust. "Then let's start planning how to best help my kit. And the first part is how exactly my quirk can help us communicate. You can respond to me in your head as long as you keep me in mind when you do so."

"Cool." Hitoshi smiles with passion as he lets out his own demonic side in the darkness. "So, what's the plan?"
Tsuki: *Burn the witch!*
Hitoshi: Yeah! *Burn the witch!*

Izuku *wakes up*: W-what? Burn w-who?
Hitoshi: Just go back to bed Zu. This is just a dream.

Izuku: O-oh okay...
Izuku: *conks out immediately*

Hitoshi: *Burn the witch!*

**Izuku:** You can't tell anyone outside our group about her

**Shinso:** I promise I won't say anything outside 'our group'

**Izuku:** Thanks so much!

**Tsuki:**

*A/N: I am now going back to my one chapter per two days schedule again. The sports*
festival is finally on its way after 3 more chapters for wrap up before a time skip. Get excited y'all! :D
Izuku leans over on his desk to check his blueprints again to make sure he’s making the right solder point. Tsuki bats at the box containing his electric components while he works, though she's clearly careful not to spill the contents to the floor in her play.

Content, Izuku switches back to his current escapade with his pocketknife, making sure to not drip his soldering wire onto a different connection. After all, the voice changer for Toshi needs to be in top shape and possibly last until he can get the Support Company to upgrade his design for his hero costume.

Izuku hears shuffling and murmurs around him, but he pays no mind. The only two things on his mind at the moment is all the stuff he’s got to get done with both Todoroki and the gear for the Sports Festival on his plate.

Izuku nearly drops his tool and messes up the board when a hand claps down on his shoulder, making him flinch hard before finding out the owner of said hand.

“Oh, hey Iida, what’s--”

“Izuku! It is against school rules to bring weapons on campus! I’m so disappointed--” Iida scolds with furious hand chops.

Izuku simply blinks at him before resuming his work as he explains to save precious time. “It’s not a weapon Iida. It’s my multi tool and it doesn’t even have a blade in it. Plus, Nedzu didn’t take it away from me the other day when he saw it. If you would excuse me, I’m already behind schedule as I have a lot of gadgets to crank out before the Festival.”
Iida falters at that as he removes his hand from his shoulder. “W-what?”

Izuku sighs and shakes his head as he doesn’t have time for this really if he wants to help his friends. “I really need to finish these connections so I can start on uploading my AI voice analyzer from my C code after integrating the assembler virtual machine I have on the motherboard. I really need absolute concentration as if I drop some of the solder on the wrong connections, it will make the voice controls not work properly. I have to do this first as it’s the most important one that takes the most time to calibrate as it’s really finicky. The first time I did this it took three tries and a whole week straight of almost no sleep, which I don’t have right now. But, to be fair I was like ten when I did it so I think I can finish this much faster. I have serious practice now, so I should get it done in three days at max using my supplies and to get any of my inevitable mistakes out of the way.”

His classmates balk at the jargon being thrown around as Izuku attaches a micro transistor to his custom-made board for the mask.

“Excuse me but what?” Kaminari brings up as he’s the only one brave enough to figure it out before their teacher gets there. “I didn’t even understand half of that. When did Midoriya graduate from being a cinnamon roll to absolutely terrifying? I am confusion.”

Izuku laughs softly at his naïve classmate. “Oh, I’ve always been like this and this is really basic electronic stuff you know, except for my code. You do realize I designed the blueprints I sent to the Support Company for my own costume and gear, right? I even helped Kacchan with his. Oh, speaking of which…”

Izuku zeroes in on Hagakure with a friendly smile, ignoring the paling of some of his classmates at the revelation. “Did you get your costume upgraded yet? Also, I think you should ask for a special gym suit for the Festival that is touch activated to blend in. You should do it soon as that window is closing fast, hence why I’m in a rush to get this done.”

“Yeah I did!” Hagakure cheers super bubbly. “It’s super nice too! All I do is press a button on the sleeve twice and it turns me invisible. Also, what’s this all about concerning the Sports Festival?”

“If you have special needs for your quirk, you can apply for using them in the Festival. I bet Aoyama has already filled out his paperwork for his belt since he needs it to control his output.” Izuku informs while Aoyama nods as he adds another transistor for the two of them to be in parallel. “I’m sure your case will be approved as nudity should never be on live televisions like that. Plus, that’s super degrading and embarrassing…”
“I’ll be sure to bug them till they ‘see’ my point of view.” Hagakure jokes that gets a snicker out of Izuku as he continues to fiddle through his kit for a capacitor. “What’s the thing you are working on called?”

“Oh, this?” Izuku gestures to his piles. “I’m working on Siren’s Song.”

“Siren’s Song?”

“Yup. It’s for Toshi. He really liked my old prototype version of it when I showed him it this morning, so I’m making an upgraded one for him.” Izuku grins as he displays the flaps of the mask without the main component yet. “I even renamed it for him to match his style as its original name of Mimic Cry wasn’t really the same since I won’t be using it myself. Fitting, isn’t it?”

Izuku kind of just waits there for a moment before Kirishima brings up the problem causing their silence. “Yeah bro, we have no idea what you mean by that… like at all…”

“No biggie. It’s better that way anyway. You’ll see at the Sports Festival.” Izuku assures as he puts a couple more resistors in series this time near where the power source will be located as well as the speakers to pick up vocal sounds to transmit. “But before then, no more big hints on what I’m making for the both of us. I don’t want to ruin his chances to get in our class. This stuff is going to be our special moves if you will. Especially since he really deserves to be here with us.”

“You’re making some of this for yourself as well?” Todoroki chimes in with a monotone sound.

“Um, yeah.” Izuku shifts in his seat as he focuses on the next piece on his board. “I haven’t been cleared to use my quirk as I’m still going through the quirk counselling. Even then, I don’t think I have a guarantee that I can even use my quirk without breaking myself. So, I’m just going to do what I do best and wing it.”

“Where did you learn all of this?” Uraraka curiously inquires out as she looks at his kit as he fiddles for micro transistor.

“Self-taught.” Izuku answers truthfully as he attaches in inside before grabbing his solder setting to seal the deal. “I’ve been working on stuff like this since I was like eight or nine, but I mastered it at ten to be able to put stuff together well enough it doesn’t fall apart upon the first usage. Though, it definitely came with a lot of failures. I worked on my early design of my hero costume and put some of them together to see how they worked to make adjustments. Not all of them were
particularly great, but I make do with what I’ve got. After all, I’m not a prodigy with this stuff as I’m actually pretty weak at it, especially with how clumsy I am. My prototypes were literally bits and pieces of trash I salvaged at a junk yard except for my soldering wires. It’s amazing what people throw out you know…”

“You made stuff out of trash?” Iida frowns as Izuku fiddles with his wire stripper. “Why would you go to such lengths to make your own gear? Isn’t that what the Support Companies are for?”

“A hero can’t be a one trick pony Iida.” Izuku offers with a shrug as he quickly blows any dust that may have settled before placing in the tiny wire component. “I didn’t have a quirk, so I had to make up the difference in other ways. You’d be amazed at what you can do without a quirk if you just put your mind to it. You know, if quirks never came along, we’d probably have vacations on Mars or something by now given the trend that Moore’s Law started out with in the early twenty first century. But because of them, we’ve essentially stagnated in that respect.”

“Moore’s Law?” Jiro frowns.

“Yeah, see right before the 2000s, there was this guy named Gordon Moore.” Izuku explains as he takes out an incorrect resistor to set it where it should have gone before soldering it in place. “His theory, Moore’s Law, was more of an observational law, but it worked for a good number of years before quirks started to appear. Anyway, long story short, it basically predicts that number of transistors on a microchip, i.e. processing power for computers, will double every two years. Given how much time has transpired since then, we should be much farther along than we are right now technology wise.”

“Why do you even know that shit nerd?” Kacchan growls in front of him even though he doesn’t turn around, clearly annoyed by the history lesson he didn’t ask for.

“I mean, if you don’t have something that everyone else has around you, I would assume you would get curious about things before said things existed and other topics that could help level the playing field…” Izuku shrugs as he tries to cease all of his ramblings since most of his classmates look like they checked out on him long ago in his musings or are completely lost with what he’s talking about. “It’s what I did anyway…”

Plus, he’s not even surprised as he probably would have grown up the same way as them if he had a normal quirk. Most people don’t even think about anything other than their quirk when it comes to most things anyway. Even though Izuku has a quirk, he actually never wanted to use it at first since it was a part of his mother’s quirk, the quirk that killed him. It hurt him so much when he found out he couldn’t control the feelings at all, so there was no use in refusing to use it as it was involuntary at every turn as even the regeneration happens without his consent.
See, his mother’s quirk allowed her to pull small objects towards her sure, but it also comes with an interesting side effect. She could feel all of the small objects around her to choose from to move if she concentrates enough. Or at least that’s what she described to him that it was when she was trying to get hers to manifest in him. Turns out his quirk is a hybrid of his mother’s sensory output and his Pappy’s mom’s healing quirk. Or at least that’s what he came up with after he stopped freaking out about it after getting stabbed to death anyway. It was that, or he got a complete mutation out of nowhere. Either way, it didn’t matter once his dormant quirk was activated, Izuku could never go back to his quirkless self no matter how much he tried.

“Anyway, there was never a guarantee that a Hero Agency would ever accept a Quirkless hero, so I knew I had to do it myself from the beginning. I planned to go solo before my quirk as an Underground Hero.” Izuku brings up as he realized he trailed off on his classmates, surrendering himself to his own thoughts on his mother. “Most Support Companies do joint deals with Agencies so that the cost of production is lowered significantly. If I bought the supplies myself from them, it would cost me a fortune as the prices are astronomical. It was either I learn how to make my own gear or go in completely defenseless equipment speaking. The choice was clear. Plus making Support Tech is in my blood, even though the stuff I make pales in comparison. I would be barely considered average if I went into that industry anyway…”

Izuku of course omits the original reason that mode of thinking came to be was the Quirkless Traffickers as they were a much bigger threat at the time than simply being discriminated against.

“You have a parent working in Support?” Yaoyorozu brings up, eager to talk about proper business structures if so.

Izuku flinches at the question that Kacchan catches for him. “Hey, why don’t you fuckers sit down and shut the fuck--!”

“Lively this morning, like usual I see.” Aizawa-sensei lazily shuffles over to the desk, none of the class ever hearing him when he came in. “To your seats and stop wasting time.”

Izuku reflexively shrinks under his teachers’ watchful gaze as he starts to pack up his stuff to start class.

“Midoriya, what is that?”

“Um…” Izuku bites his lip hard. “It’s just my stuff for the Sports Festival I’m working on. Since,
you know… I can’t really use my quirk well…”

Aizawa-sensei seems to ponder him for a second before reaching his conclusion. “Make sure to pay attention to lecture and I’ll see if we can get you some time in the Support Studio during your free period with Nedzu today.”

Izuku’s eyes gleam at the prospect of having more access to much better tools. “R-really?!”

“Settle down Problem Child.” Aizawa-sensei scolds that makes Izuku flinch under his watchful gaze. “We will get to that later. For now, we have class to begin.”

Izuku nods eagerly, gearing up to tackle his studies with enthusiasm as he plans all the things he could make with the beautiful golden ticket his teacher has granted him, whether he knows how amazing the offer was or not.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/11, Checked for errors 4/6

Dragon by Built By Titan feat. Skybourne

And make it double!

Izuku *dramatically*: A storm is coming...

Iida: Oh wow! How considerate of you to warn your fellow classmates to bring umbrellas and raincoats. I must tell all of the others!

Izuku: Wait no--!
A/N: Don't worry too much about the jargon. It's just for world building and doesn't have any real affect on the plot other than Izuku is building Shinso a voice changer for the sports festival.
"The difference between being a true hero and simply a hero in the eyes of the people is one's own heart and conviction to protecting others." -- All Might

A/N: GUYS!! I GOT MY FIRST FAN ART!! I added it as the cover to my fic because I love it so much. Please give all the love to Magic_Ninja for being amazing!

You can find this amazing work on the first page of the fic as well as right here at this link:
My first fan art

If I am missing any other fan art you guys have made me, please hit me up in the comments and I will give you all the recognition you amazing people deserve. Now, onto the show!

*Warning*
Manga Spoilers: --- signals when it begins and --- signals when it's over

To protect the world from devastation!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Toshi!" Izuku eagerly greets his friend standing in the doorway, closing up his notebook from taking notes. "Come join us for--"

Izuku halts his train of thought when Toshi flinches away from the newly looming figure behind him.

"Oh, sorry young man!" All Might booms. "I didn't mean to scare you."

"It's fine..." Toshi stares with stars in his eyes for the number one hero.

"Holy cow, it's All Might!" Kirishima grins.
"Why is All Might here?" Uraraka questions with a frown.

"Lunch!" All Might laughs merrily while raising a bento box. "I came to ask Young Midoriya to come eat lunch with me today."

Izuku shivers from the sheer drop in temperature around in the classroom, but it doesn't deter him from asking his question even though it slows it down a bit. "Wait... r-really?"

"Of course my boy!"

Izuku doesn't like that second frigid spike in the air, clearly coming from Todoroki. It makes him wonders if All Might has something to do with Endeavor's abuse as a sort of goal to surpass. Izuku doesn't have too long to dwell on it though because everyone stares at him, obviously awaiting his reply. "O-oh, um..."

Izuku looks at Toshi, realizing pretty quickly he would be left alone again for lunch. He would bring him with him, but if All Might is singling him out alone, then it might be more important to talk about than he could be present for. "Um, Toshi..."

All Might's head snaps to attention while Toshi finally breaks his starry gaze. "Yeah Zu?"

Izuku nervouslty twiddles his thumbs. "W-would you be o-okay if..."

Toshi seems to pick up his discomfort relatively easy. "Yeah, it's fine Zu."

"You s-sure?"

"Don't worry Deku-kun!" Uraraka reassures with a mischievous smile. "We'll take good care of your boyfriend while you're gone."

Izuku flushes in embarrassment while All Might sputters, Toshi grinning up a storm at the title. "Uraraka! Why would you say that in front of All Might!??!"
"Umm..." All Might suddenly finds all eyes on him in the room, including two very cold mismatched ones. "Young love, am I right?"

**Oh my god dad!**

"They are lying All Might." Izuku hisses while giving the traitors the stink eye.

"Well, okay... if you are sure..." All Might hesitantly gives as he eyes his classmates warily.

Izuku wishes so hard he could face palm from the nervous glances All Might is giving him and Toshi, but that would only give them more ammo to play with. "I'll eat lunch with you All Might. Apparently my so called friends are traitors..."

"P-perfect!" All Might strikes a weird pose that makes Izuku internally giggle at his mentor's quirkiness. "This w-way Young Midoriya!"

"R-right!"

"Thank you for the tea!"

All Might chuckles as Izuku greedily drinks the top of the hot tea, careful not to burn himself as Tsuki makes herself more comfortable for eating on his neck. "You're welcome my boy."

Izuku hums his appreciation as he puts down his tea before starting giving some of his food to his mom first. After a few bites in himself, All Might shifts his position in his seat, clearly ready for conversation.

"How have you been doing the last couple days Young Midoriya?" All Might asks with concern written all over his skeletal face. "I know you lost Monoka-san very recently, so I wanted to check in with you on how you are feeling..."
"Oh..." Izuku braves a smile as his gaze finds the ground. "I'm okay All Might. I won't lie and say it still doesn't hurt but things are starting to look up, you know?"

All Might smiles in return. "That's wonderful to hear. Has anything interesting or fun happened since we last talked?"

Izuku nods. "I made a new friend yesterday. I want to get him into the hero course since we have an opening."

"Who's this friend of yours?"

"Well, you almost ran into him in the doorway..." Izuku laughs at All Might's growing red face, clearly from embarrassment. "Don't worry, I think Toshi will live..."

"Toshi?" All Might questions cautiously.

"It's the nickname I gave him." Izuku informs with a warm smile. "His name is actually Shinso Hitoshi and he's in General Ed."

All Might seems to consider him for a moment before speaking again, though it comes out pretty mumbled. "Do I need to give you the talk...?"

Izuku tilts his head in confusion. "The talk?"

"It's n-nothing!" All Might declares while looking very scared. Apparently, whatever the 'talk' is, it must be very serious, so he won't prod him on it. "S-so your friend wants to be a hero, y-yes?"

"Yup!" Izuku grins. "His quirk is super powerful too, but I don't want to spoil it since it's not really physical. It'll be a surprise!"

"It's great to see you in such high spirits." All Might admits with a warm smile, probably mostly to himself. "You sure like quirks a lot, huh?"
"Of course!" Izuku smiles brightly. "Quirks are just so amazing and unique. I just can't help not analyzing them..."

"Did you know my master's quirk was float?" All Might brings up with a fond smile of his own. "She got into so much trouble with it too, you know..."

"That sounds so cool!" Izuku's eyes sparkle. "Flight and super strength is such a powerful combo to have."

"Yes, indeed." All Might smiles before clearing his throat and wiping away some blood that makes Izuku pause his excitement slightly. "I personally think all quirks are cool. I may not share your love of analysis of them, but they always fascinated me as well when I was little, especially quirks like my master's."

"Quirks like your master's?" Izuku frowns. "You mean like flying quirks?"

"Ah, more like quirks that made objects float or move around on their own." All Might chuckles nervously. "My master's quirk could make things float you see, similar to Young Uraraka's quirk."

"Oh..." Izuku's face falls from the comparison. "You do know Uraraka's quirk isn't actually a floating quirk, right?"

All Might sputters, losing a good deal of blood on his handkerchief. "W-what?"

"Her quirk is more like a velocity changer, not zero gravity." Izuku furthers his frown as his mentor seems completely lost to his deduction.

All Might looks curiously at him. "A-are you certain my boy?"
"Yup." Izuku smiles happily as he gets a chance to explain his theory. "See, Uraraka's quirk can't technically be zero gravity according to physics. Quirks may be spectacular, but they still follow physics principals and her quirk is no different. Let's try an example."

Izuku gesture in the air with a fist when he put his chopsticks down. "Let's pretend my fist is a rock. If Uraraka used her quirk on it and threw it, it wouldn't accelerate past the original force of the throw on the mass."

"I am not sure I follow..."

"The ball throw on the first day of school." Izuku smiles widely. "And even when she caught me during the entrance exam. Both times she changed the velocity of the object, not removed gravity. By changing the value of the velocity, she affected the acceleration of the object."

...

Izuku sighs as he tries to explain more in depth. "So, for the ball throw, would you agree that Uraraka erased the ball's gravity?"

"Y-yes?"

"If she did..." Izuku starts. "Then the ball would have never gone to orbit. Instead, air resistance and any other objects it came in contact with upon its journey would have changed the trajectory of the ball and made it slow down till it just floated in the air somewhere. But it didn't do that at all, did it?"

All Might frowns. "It went to space."

"Exactly!" Izuku grins. "It's because she sped up the velocity, or the acceleration affecting the object to the point it opposed the acceleration of gravity and went to space in almost no time. She saved me the same way by switching the direction of my acceleration so I didn't go splat on the ground, not cancelling out my gravity. Plus, I'm pretty sure it's impossible to remove gravity from an object when it is closely tied with the fact the object exists within the gravity field of the earth affecting it. And if Uraraka could affect that, then we would all be floating around. The whole reason why her quirk seems like a gravity quirk is because her baseline acceleration matches gravity's acceleration in the opposite direction."
Izuku takes a tentative bite of his food as All Might clearly rolls that around in his head for a bit. Finally, he raises his head slightly with a smile. "You really are a smart kid, you know that Young Midoriya?"

"It's really nothing special All Might, really--"

"It is though." All Might delivers with a proud smile while Izuku blushes. "You impress me more every day my boy..."

Izuku nervously fidgets with his chopsticks as something starts to plague his mind in worry though. "So, um... was there something you needed to discuss with me today?"

"Yes." Izuku snaps to attention from the seriousness in his mentor's tone. "As you know, the Sports Festival is rapidly approaching."

Izuku takes a big gulp of his food. "Yes, it is."

"Have there been any breakthroughs with One for All?" All Might questions with a very worried expression.

Izuku is about to shake his head, but he shrugs slightly instead when he remembers what he worked on with Kacchan. "I mean, yes? But it's not really much..."

"Anything is better than nothing!" All Might booms with a laugh. "So, what have you found?"

Izuku puts down his food and looks down at his hands. Concentrating for a moment, he sends One for All rushing straight through his hands, careful to not discharge the energy.

"As you can see--" Izuku winces from the sting the sparks create. "--I can hold the power for a short period of time without it breaking me."
"That's wonderful news!"

Izuku shakes his head as his hands immediately start trembling, forcing him to let go of his hold on his quirk. "No, because all I can do is hold it. The second I try and use it, it breaks me. Plus, just holding like that hurts a lot."

"Oh..." All Might ponders for a bit while Izuku resumes his eating. "Maybe I should give him a call..."

Izuku swallows down some of his rice. "Call who?"

"My master's old friend..." All Might frowns further though. "But I doubt I can get him to come at such a short notice..."

"Hey, it's okay." Izuku smiles warmly. "I know I can't use One for All well enough, so I've been hard at work for some alternatives."

"Alternatives?"

Izuku nods. "Yes. I can't fight or do my best if I use One for All, so I've been making my own stuff for the Festival as a substitute, but even then I'm fairly confident I don't need them that much. Aizawa-sensei even told me during homeroom he may be able to let me use the Support Studio for my work on my gadgets."

"Are you sure my boy?" All Might's expression turns extremely worried. "This would be an excellent opportunity to show the world you are here."

Izuku tenses to the question since he can hear the hurt in the undertones of his mentor's voice, but he nods anyway, certain in his position as the last thing he wants is her to see his new quirk. "Yes. I have much more to show than just my quirk."

"I see..." All Might sighs, though it doesn't sound like disappointment to his surprise. "Recovery Girl is under the same impression. When I brought it up with her, she specifically stated she wouldn't heal any of your reckless injuries..."
Izuku nods sadly. "Yeah, that's another thing that I was pretty sure of. I can't just rely on Recovery Girl to heal me between matches. Plus, my stamina would be drained completely by the time the individual matches happened if I kept breaking my bones."

...  

"I'm sorry I can't do more to help you with One for All right now, Young Midoriya..." All Might brings up with a sorrowful expression. "I really wish you could use One for All like I had starting out. Not that it's your fault at all, but..."

"All Might..." Izuku offers a reassuring smile as he sees the real conflict underneath his expression. "You've already done so much for me and I couldn't be happier you're willing to go so far for me. And I really mean it. But no one can do everything themselves. So please don't beat yourself up over this."

All Might blinks before nodding in agreement. "I suppose you are indeed correct my boy..."

...

The bell rings ending the long period of silence between them, sending All Might into a panic. "Oh no, I took up too much of your lunch period getting us to the lounge and--"

"It's fine All Might, really." Izuku reassures with a smile. "I'm totally fine. I had a pretty big breakfast this morning."

Izuku neglects to say it was because Toshi didn't eat most of his stuff because he wanted only coffee instead. Though, he made a note to start working him on that since he'll start up his training regiment for him after school in preparation while Izuku works on his research and gadgets.

"Well, if you are sure..."

"I am." Izuku stands up, packing up his lunch as he does to leave for class so he can finally hear Aizawa-sensei verdict. "Thanks for eating with me dad!"
Izuku rushes out of the room with Tsuki before his mentor can respond since he didn't mean to slip up like that at all. Plus, sticking around for the embarrassment would be too much for his current racing heart to handle.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/13, Checked for errors 4/6

Vowels (and the Importance of Being Me) by HUNNY

To unite all peoples within our nation!

Immediately afterwards:

All Might *coughing up blood*: D-Dad!?!?

All Might: ...

All Might: *starts researching the best bedroom set ups for boys on Pinterest with fervor*

A/N: Awkward dancing around the sex talk? Check.

Also, also, I am currently cleaning up my writing! YAY! The story isn't changing so much as I am simply fixing misspellings and my grammar that I missed on the first
editing round. I have fixed the first 51 chapters, so feel free to give them another read through if you want to refresh on the story or see the minor fixes. The remaining 50 plus this one should be done by the end of the week if you are interested in my progress. If I miss anything (and I probably will as I am human), please yell at me in the comments about it so I can fix it. I will appreciate it immensely.
Chapter Notes

"Explosions are a hallmark of UA's design studio experience. They just coincidently tend to happen when I'm testing out an amazing baby." -- Hatsume Mei

To denounce the evils of truth and love!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Midoriya."

"Yes Aizawa-sensei?" Izuku questions from his seat.

"Grab your gadgets and let's go to the Support Studio." Aizawa-sensei commands. "Nedzu approved your request."

"Awesome!" Izuku squeals in delight as he hurryly throws on his backpack, careful not to jostle Tsuki too much in the process.

"Let's go." Aizawa-sensei demands as they start walking out of the classroom for the free period while Izuku vibrates from excitement.

After a minute of walking in silence, Izuku get curious about Nedzu and his previous project. "So, about Nedzu...?"

"What about Nedzu?"

"Am I still supposed to do his coding project in my spare time if I'm working on my gadgets for the Sports Festival?" Izuku explains, though he quickly starts to backpedal when he realizes how rude that was. "What I mean is that--"

"You don't have to do that weird coding project since you are working on getting ready for the
"Sports Festival." Aizawa-sensei informs him. "Also, while you are there, the cat stays with me."

"And why would I do that?" Tsuki inquires curiously.

"Because I doubt you'd like an explosion."

"Fair enough Tired Dad."

Aizawa-sensei only groans in return as Tsuki jumps into his scarf. "Anyways, you should know something else..."

"What?"

"It was decided yesterday by the entire staff that you'd be permitted to use support items from our department since you still aren't permitted to use your quirk." Aizawa-sensei explains. "Since you can't control it, we've chosen the lesser evil to protect our other students from your devastating attacks since there is simply no clear control to them."

Izuku frowns at the wording since it's like the opposite of what All Might's talk was about. Though, he may have just be holding onto hope Izuku had some semblance of control. Either way, this ultimatum is aligned with his plan, so he internally is grateful for the decision his teachers made. "Okay, well I can make my own stuff."

"I can see that." Aizawa-sensei deadpans.

"S-sorry..." Izuku squeaks in embarrassment.

"It's fine Midoriya." Aizawa-sensei waves off. "Back to the topic at hand, as I said it was the lesser evil for our other students, but it's not the lesser evil for UA nor yourself in particular. That's why we want your opinion of what we should do as well. The only thing to note is that you won't be able to use your quirk whatever you choose to do."

"What are my options?" Izuku inquires.
"Either you participate in the Sports Festival or not." Aizawa-sensei ruffles his hair backward. "Both options will affect your potential for participating internships."

"Internships sir?" Izuku questions to get the full picture.

"After the Sports Festival, typically UA opens their doors to offers for students who perform well." Aizawa-sensei elaborates, though a deep scowl finds its way on his face that Izuku can figure out quite easily. "The problem with you is that if you appear quirkless, not many agencies will take you. On the other hand, if you don't complete, then you'll get none at all since they won't see you."

"You are opposed to the internships." Izuku offers as an olive branch as nothing he said was really new to him concerning his quirklessness. "I'm guessing it has to do with the attack on USJ then."

"I forgot for a moment you're such an observant brat."

"I had to sensei." Izuku's gaze drops in shame. "It was the only way to survive."

Aizawa-sensei stills, looking him over for a good minute before speaking once again. "How are you doing kid?"

"I'm f--"

"I'm not asking for a two word answer Problem Child." Aizawa-sensei scolds.

"Helping my friends." Izuku says with a small smile. "I'm so lucky to have them."
"Treasure them." Aizawa-sensei's voice sounds raw, which makes Izuku raise his head in concern. "You never know when you'll have to say goodbye."

Izuku nods in understanding to the underlying message. "I know that lesson well."

Aizawa-sensei's own gaze drops slightly. "You shouldn't have to. Not yet at least."

"Life waits for no one Aizawa-sensei." Izuku shrugs. "And you're never too old to see someone you love die."

"As much as I hate the notion, I agree." Aizawa-sensei sighs as they reach the Support Studio. "Have you decided what you want to do with the Sports Festival?"

Izuku nods with a mischievous smile. "I'll fight with my own two hands and my gadgets."

Aizawa-sensei grumbles in acknowledgment. "And that's why you're such a brat."

"Hey!" Izuku whines. "I am not a brat..."

"Then what are you?"

"I'm your Problem Child, remember?" Izuku corrects with a blinding smile.

...

"Just get in there brat."

"Okay! Okay!" Izuku giggles before pushing into the studio, being privy to a flush of colors and metal that few get to ever see as he enters the sacred area.
"Ah, you must be Midoriya!" Power Loader-sensei calls as he makes his way over to the two of them.

"Oh my gosh!" Izuku exclaims with stars in his eyes to all of the equipment and the teacher of said station. "This is amazing!"

Power Loader-sensei stumbles slightly in surprise. "Geeze kid, don't you know how to greet someone before you look over their tools?"

"S-sorry!" Izuku squeaks in embarrassment. "It's just... I've never been in a studio before..."

"No problem kid..." Power Loader-sensei laughs while pointing to a pink haired girl. "At least you had the decency to say sorry, unlike a certain someone."

“Darn it!” The girl in pink locks groans as she looks at the toasted circuit board before tossing it in a growing pile behind her. “Another baby ruined.”

"So, Aizawa, what can I do for Midoriya? Do you want me to set him up with a support student to get to work on his gadgets?"

"That won't be necessary apparently." Aizawa-sensei grumbles, pointing at Izuku backpack. "I caught him working on stuff before homeroom started."

"Oh really?" Power Loader-sensei's stance shifts in interest to the development. "Well, let's see what you've got so far..."

Izuku nods with enthusiasm as he takes out his pieced together voice changer. "I'm making a voice changer!"

Power Loader-sensei coughs harshly in surprise. "P-pardon!?!"

Izuku hesitates in offering his gadget to him. "Is something wrong...?"
"No, I just..." Power Loader-sensei coughs. "Well, let's just see what you've got so far..."

"..."

"Where the hell did you find this kid Eraser?" Power Loader-sensei states in awe as he looks over the connections. "These connections are revolutionary, though your hand is clearly unsteady."

"Oh it's nothing special really--"

"Are you kidding?" Power Loader-sensei questions in pure amazement. "I haven't seen energy conversation to this level since... oh..."

"Since what?" Aizawa-sensei questions with a growing frown.

"I thought the name Midoriya was familiar but I wasn't too sure... I'm so sorry for your loss kid. He truly was a treasure in the Support community."

Izuku blinks as he hasn't heard that in a long time. "It's fine. He died years ago."

"Well, if being a hero doesn't work out, I'll steal ya in a heartbeat. Any kid of Hisashi-san is a genius in my book." Power Loader-sensei asserts with a wink. "Now, some ground rules. One, no voluntary explosions in the workshop unless you are under the vent hood or in the explosion test room."

"Got it."

"Perfect. Now, do you understand the basic safety regulations or would you prefer to just jump right in with finding a buddy?"

"Oh, I think I'm good on the safety stuff..." Izuku frowns at another point in his question though. "A buddy sir?"

"Yeah, everyone in the lab needs a buddy." Power Loader-sensei groans when Izuku's eyes
"Instantly go to the lone girl. "Except for her."

"Why?" Izuku hesitantly questions.

"Because she won't work with anyone and everyone else is scared of her." Power Loader-sensei. "She's a genius, but clearly lacks all social skills to boot."

"I can choose whoever I want as my partner, right?"

"Provided you get their consent as well, yes."

"Okay!" Izuku confirms as he rushes straight towards the cursing pink haired girl.

"Oh dear lord..." Power Loader grumbles. "No running in the studio!"

"S-sorry!" Izuku sends back, slowing down his journey to the girl.

After standing beside her for a good minute, he starts to look at the thing she's making. It looks like a gauntlet of some kind, but it's clearly not working given her cursing storm.

Izuku shuffles around her to pick up the discarded mountain of boards to figure out what was wrong. After a second of looking through all of them, he concludes the problem as the same section looks untouched. He really doesn’t want her to waste any more of them on a common mistake to look over when you are stressed out or sleep deprived. "Um, excuse me…”

The girl whips around quickly with a wicked grin growing on her face. “Hiya! Are ya interested in having my babies?”

Izuku instantly pales. “UMMMM…!”

Power Loader notices his clear distress as he takes pity on Izuku. “She means her inventions.”
Izuku looks back and forth between them for a second before shrugging in relief as his dad always call his stuff his little gremlins before they upgraded to assholes as he always thought they were pains in the ass to maintain once they were completed. “Okay, not the worst thing I’ve heard before. But I think I may have found your problem…?”

“You did?” The girl lights up despite her clear eye bags. “Tell me! I really want to take this baby for a test run!”

“Um, so…” Izuku points to the circuit path in question. “It seems like you used a D-Latch instead of a D Flip Flop. I’m not sure what you are doing, but you probably need an internal clock here so it can switch and have a delay between states, so it doesn’t, um… blow up? Yeah…”

The girl runs her eyes over the circuit, grabbing at the two in his hand to compare. “Huh. Must have missed that bug. Oh well! Thanks little Sprout!”

“Hey! I’m not that short.” Izuku balks when she clearly doesn’t have any more interest in him. “I’m taller than you!”

“Uh huh, sure. Whatever you say little Sprout.” The pink girl insists even though her soldering iron is currently in use on a new board to fix her previous mistake. “Working on my babies right now, love.”

Izuku stops and notices her eyes bags again. “Hey, are you okay?”

“Never better!” The girl assures but Power Loader desperate shakes of his head tells Izuku otherwise.

“Would you like some help… um…” Izuku offers as he watches a piece of solder fall on the board, ruining the connection.

Izuku simply sighs as he takes out his pocketknife, grabbing at the circuit board shaking in her tired hands. After a few seconds of heating up the ruined connection, he scraps away the excess solder carefully so it doesn’t hurt the circuit connections underneath. Satisfied with his work, he puts in the proper pieces for the D Flip Flop, making sure to properly apply the perfect amount so it doesn’t ruin the board.
After a brief tense moment, Izuku nods as he inspects his work, finding it in all mint condition. Izuku hands it back to the girl who is curiously staring at him. “Here, this should work for your baby. By the way, my name is Midoriya Izuku. And you are--?”

“Hatsume Mei. Nice to meet ya Sprout!” Hatsume grins as she gets right to work to inserting the connections to the gauntlet on the table.

“You aren’t going to use my name at all are you Hatsume?” Izuku observes very quickly.

“Nope!”

Izuku groans. “Okay, so if I’m Sprout, what can I call you?”

“I don’t care much for social graces.” Hastume chirps back as she gains a wicked grin at the gauntlet powering up and blinking perfectly. “As long as I can create my babies, I’m fine.”

“Guess I’m on my own with figure that out…” Izuku sighs. “So, what are you making?”

"A energy gauntlet!” Hatsume declares with a wicked laugh. "It'll allow the user to fly around with ease."

Izuku frowns. "Wouldn't it be better as a weapon or even a stabilizer for heroes with energy quirks to begin with?"

Hatsume blinks a bit before spotting his voice changer in his hand, swiping it from him before he can blink. "What's this-- OH!"

"An almost perfect voice changer." Hatsume grins widely as she rotates it around in her hands. "Shaky hands, but not bad little Sprout."

"Ah, thanks..." Izuku sheepishly blushes. "It's nothing much though..."

Hatsume freezes as if she has a sudden realization. "Wait, are you the one who gave me full
"blueprints to work on for your gear?"

"Y-yes...?"

"Perfect! I finally have a partner worthy of my talents." Hatsume's breaks into a malicious grin. "We are going to explode so many babies together!"

"Wait, what!?!" Izuku panics. "Which one!?!"

Hatsume only cackles as her answer, dragging him to the test room with her gauntlet.

"Oh god..." Power Loader-sensei groans in pain. "There's another one of her..."

Izuku grins widely as he's sure he picked the right partner for working on his gadgets, despite him probably having to keep a close eye on her.

*Sports Festival, here I come!*

Chapter End Notes

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Updated 3/15, Checked for errors 4/6
Fire Alarm by Castlecomer feat. Welshly Arms
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To extend our reach to the stars above!
A/N: Next chapter! The start of the sports festival! Time skip baby! :D
THE ROARING SPORTS FESTIVAL IS FINALLY HERE!
!!SOUND THE ALARMS!!

Team Rocket blasts off at the speed of light!

Izuku doesn’t know what the little smirk Kacchan has had on since this morning is all about, but he really doesn’t want to know. Settling into his desk, Izuku waits for class to start and for his friends to enter so they can have friendly chatter to keep him away from Kacchan’s cat-like mood shift.

“Hey Deku-kun!” Uraraka cheerfully calls with a wave in front of Izuku.

“Good Morning Midoriya!” Iida also calls, but from the door as he just entered the room.

“Hi guys!” Izuku cheerfully returns their greetings with a bright smile.

Uraraka starts chatting about the Sports Festival that they have planned today and what they may be doing for it while Izuku just kind of spaces out. It isn’t until Kacchan turns in his chair and gives another wicked grin that makes Izuku dread whatever mischief he has planned breaks him out of his trance.

“Hey Deku.” Kacchan smiles like a cat that ate the canary while whispering.

Suddenly regretting my life choices for some reason right about now. Izuku sweat drops.

“Um, yeah Kacchan?” Izuku asks shakily, not sure where this is going to lead.

“So, I heard you like someone.” Kacchan smirks devilishly in a much louder voice that Izuku
swears allows the entire room to hear their conversation on purpose.

*And there it is.*

Izuku’s head promptly hits the desk hard with a groan, careful not to hit Tsuki on the way down.

*I swear to All Might if no one doesn't let it go, I will kill--*

“Oh my gosh Deku-kun are you okay?” Uraraka asks after she had stopped her babbling after hearing the loud noise.

“Oh absolutely not. Can you use your quirk on me Uraraka? I would like to be thrown into the sun right about now.” Izuku pouts with his face still glued to the desk.

Kacchan absolutely cackles like a little shit at his visible pain. “Come on Deku, don’t be so fucking shy!”

“We are not doing this here Kacchan.” Izuku counters as he never wants to ever approach this conversation with a ten-foot pool as he would never hear the end of it.

“Bakugo, why are you bothering Midoriya? We should be worrying about the Sports Festival.” Iida asks confused to the two’s interaction.

“Tell us Midori!” Ashido squeals in delight at the notion of gossip. “You like Shinso right!?!?”

“You know what? Pretty sure the window looks like a safer bet. Less of a fuss and quicker.” Izuku snidely comments before turning his head towards it to emphasize his point. “If that doesn’t work the first time, could always run to the school pool and drown myself. Eventually something would work if I tried hard enough.”

“Dude, are you okay? That’s really dark.” Jiro notes with concern.
“Was perfectly fine until Kacchan decided now was finally a good time to be an annoying asshole and play cupid.” Izuku absent mildly informs before groaning loudly into his desk in shock at his traitorous mouth as his friend’s aura murderously flares towards him.

*Oh, for fucking Christ’s sake.*

“Deku you stupid fuck!” Bakugo hisses with malice at his teasing. “I’m not an annoying asshole!”

"I mean..." Kaminari starts.

"Shut it Pichu!” Kacchan snarls before Kaminari can prove or disprove the statement. "This doesn't concern you!"

“And that’s my cue to leave this plane of existence.” Izuku promptly stands up to promptly jump out the window before he’s blown to bits, but the universe has other plans.

At that exact moment, Aizawa-sensei walks in the room before stopping while taking a double take at the group gathered around Izuku’s corner of the room and Izuku suspiciously near the window. “What is going on?”

“Just off to go kill myself. You know, the usual.” Izuku grimly admits before sitting his butt back into his chair in dramatic flair as he knows there is no escape now.

Aizawa-sensei raises his brow in surprise before seeing Izuku is dead serious in his claim. “Midoriya, do we need to talk?”

“Nope, I’m just I’m weighing my options of whether it was a good idea to exist today.” Izuku informs with an annoyed look, especially at the confused and concerned looks his classmates are giving him. “So, overall an average day. What about you?”

Aizawa-sensei smirks for a brief moment at Izuku snide comment before trying to get back to the problem at hand. “What happened?”

Izuku groans, but Kacchan supplies the answer with slight malice. “Deku’s an asshole.”
“Says the one who started it.” Izuku counters before plopping his head to his desk once again.

“Okay wait, so like what is going on?” Kaminari dumbly asks as he clearly hasn’t gotten any of what is happening even though their classmates are as just confused, just not to his level.

“May I remind you all that you are wasting class time before we head over to the stadium?” Aizawa-sensei glares at them with an annoyed look. "Also Midoriya, your cat is with me during the Festival, got it?"

Izuku just nods as everyone promptly returns to their desks while Aizawa-sensei gives everyone a pep talk before the festivities begin.

Sadly, the eyes on his back never drop once throughout the entire time, not even as they change in the locker rooms when they arrive at the stadium. Though, Izuku is grateful no one is further teasing him about it once he came out of the bathroom stall.

Standing in the waiting room, Izuku keeps his eyes solely focused on the ground to avoid the playful smirking gazes of his classmates. Electing to ignore them, Izuku decides to give Kacchan his declaration of war as he knows he wouldn’t want it any other way. It’s the only way he can say good luck to him without him going off on him.

“Kacchan, don’t pull any punches because I won’t. I’m going to be coming at you with everything I’ve got.” Izuku declares with a clenched fist.

“Haah?” Kacchan smirks devilishly. “You think I’ll go easy on your ass Deku? I’ll fucking kill you when you finally use your stupid broken quirk asshole.”

Izuku chuckles as he nods with understanding as he speaks fluent Bakugo Katsuki. “Wouldn’t want it any other way.”

Uraraka bounds up to Izuku with a bright smile, making Kacchan growl before Izuku shoots him a look to stop as he's not sure where that came from or why. “Hey Deku-kun, so what’s your speech on?”
Izuku.exe promptly shuts down as he internally screams in a panic now that the knowledge he'd have to deliver a speech he didn't prepare for at all today hits him like a sucker punch.

In fact, no one even told him he had to do the speech in the first place, so it completely slipped his mind he came first in the entrance exam. After all, the student with the top score always provides the athlete's oath for the first years until the winner of the Sports Festival can do it for the next years to come.

Kacchan starts snickering as he can see the raging storm underneath Izuku’s fake smile that hasn’t faltered yet. “Wow nerd, you really are useless, aren’t you? Can’t believe you forgot to make a simple speech.”

Izuku snorts at his brother's snide comment. “I didn’t Kacchan, I just wasn't even told I had one.”

"You're fucking doomed nerd." Kacchan cackles at his visible pain. "You should let me do the fucking thing instead."

"That's a terrible idea Kacchan."

"The fuck it is Deku!" Kacchan growls.

"Uh, yeah uh huh. Actually, it is." Izuku states matter of factly. "You'd literally just say you were going to win."

"And? It's the fucking truth!" Kacchan snarls. "I don't fucking say things I don't mean asshole."

"I know..." Izuku simply sighs. "Don't worry, I'll just pull this out of my butt somehow. Toshi will probably get a kick out of my incessant flailing at worst..."

Uraraka seems impatient for the answer as if she had another objective in mind as well. “So, what’s do you think you'll say then?”

Izuku smiles softly as the words start to roll around in his head. “For me, I'll probably just talk about something really important to me. Like my center.”
"Oh okay..." Uraraka offers, but it's clear she doesn't understand since it's so vague.

Izuku pauses before sighing and giving his friend a determined look. “You’ll see. It probably won’t make any sense anyway since I had no preparation. I really wouldn't worry about it.”

"If you're sure..."

...

“Midoriya.”

Izuku tenses when he feels his friend’s aura flare, making him turn to him slowly to face him.

“Y-yes Todoroki?”

“Objectively speaking, I’m stronger than you.”

Izuku sighs before nodding in agreement. “You’re right. You are stronger.”

“Whoa bro!” Kirishima frowns hard at him. “Don’t put yourself down like this man. You are plenty manly and--”

“He’s right Kirishima.” Izuku cuts him off to explain his position. “Todoroki is stronger because he can actually control his quirk and use it efficiently out of the entire class sans for Yaoyorozu. She has the most potential in our class though. After all, there’s a reason why she’s at the top of our class.”

“R-really?” Yaoyorozu blushes in surprise as she hides her face. “You think that highly of me...?”

Izuku nods. “I mean, who else has the smarts to memorize entire chemical compounds on top of structural patterns and blueprints? Plus, you have to use the amount of lipids in your body with
extreme precision or you’ll run out fast. Todoroki has power true, but his only real weakness is how long he can maintain temperature control. In contrast, if you had an endless supply of food, you could create almost anything you want. Like a literal building if given enough time. If that isn't op, I don't know what is…”

"Hey, what the fuck about me huh?" Kacchan growls as Yaoyorozu blushes even harder from the compliments.

"You literally sweat." Izuku deadpans. "What part of that is efficient? You literally power through it Kacchan as it makes you even more powerful the more you waste."

Kacchan simply scoffs at his answer, though Izuku knows he sees the logic behind it. "Prick."

“That doesn’t matter.” Todoroki cuts back in with an annoyed glare. “I wanted to say I am going to win Midoriya.”

“Todoroki, just because you are stronger doesn’t mean anything.” Izuku glares right back at him with determination. “Because I have had to deal with people who are stronger, faster, or smarter my entire life. If that’s your only advantage, you will lose every time.”

“So, right back at you.” Izuku takes a breath before smirking playfully. “Because the cold never bothered me anyway.”

"…"

“Did you just make a Frozen reference?” Kaminari brings up with a snort.

Izuku winks playfully. “You better believe I did, cause I am going Aang on this Prince Zuko.”

Izuku grins when most of his class starts snorting or howling in laughter at his cheeky references. Shifting his utility belt to be hidden under his shirt, they hear the buzzer for them to start heading to the tunnel. They may all be laughing now, but Todoroki was right about one thing. After all, it's go time.
Time to show the world what this 'Quirkless' can do.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/16, Checked for errors 4/6

Into the Unknown by Panic! at the Disco

Surrender now, or prepare to fight! ( •̀ᴗ•́ )彡

Fun fact: I've actually had this specific chapter partly drafted all the way back in December after I saw Frozen 2, similar to the bus scene all the way back in chapter 47. It's been a long time coming.

A/N: Hey guys! So I caved and decided to upload this chapter early. Two reasons why I am doing this: (1) The coronavirus is effecting a lot of stuff, so I have a ton of down time. (2) I want to give you guys something enjoy while you are sitting in place to wait it out so we can protect others who are more susceptible to the virus. Please stay safe and make sure to wash those digits well. ;)

All in all, the sports festival is here and I AM HYPE! :D
"Hard times are always present in someone you know, no matter where you look. The good news is that we have each other's backs." -- Midoriya Izuku

Speech! Speech! Speech! ✧ —≡/=Σ(((つ•ω•́)つ)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"HEY LISTENERS AND MASS MEDIA!" Present Mic-sensei booms over the stadium right outside the tunnel. "ARE YOU READY!?!"

The entire stadium goes wild, erupting in applause and shouts of anticipation for the festivities.

"You don't even need me, do you Mic?" Aizawa-sensei growls into his microphone, making Izuku giggle at how pissed off he sounds.

"OF COURSE I DO ERASER!" Present Mic-sensei assures. "WHO ELSE WOULD BE ABLE TO BRING DOWN THE PARTY LIKE YOU!?!"

"I'm not your impulse control."

"BWAH HA HA!!" Present Mic-sensei cackles in the mic. "YOU'RE A REAL RIOT ERASER."

"Let's just get this over with." Aizawa-sensei grumbles, making Izuku smile after he gains control of his giggles finally.

"PLEASE GIVE A LOUD WELCOME TO CLASS 1-A OF THE HEROICS TRACK, YEAH!?!"
Izuku and his classmates take that as their cue to leave the tunnel behind and enter the screaming arena outside, heading straight towards the podium where Midnight-sensei is standing.

"NEXT UP IS CLASS 1-B OF THE HEROICS TRACK!"

Izuku watches with enthused fascination as he drools over the new quirks in his sister class.

"Stop drooling so much nerd." Kacchan growls. "Dumbass..."

Izuku squeaks in embarrassment, wiping his face clean. "Sorry Kacchan..."

"AND LET'S GIVE A BIG WARM WELCOME TO OUR GENERAL STUDIES COURSE, CLASSES 1-C, D, and E!"

Izuku searches the three groups for Toshi, finally spotting him in the front group in Class 1-C. He gives him a big thumbs up as encouragement for the first round while Toshi simply waves shyly in return, his voice modulator shifting around his neck as he walks while his own utility belt rests around his waist like a belt.

"WE CAN'T FORGET OUR SUPPORT, CLASSES 1-F, 1-G, and 1-H!"

Izuku spots Hatsume clanking around in the gear they built together for the festival. He waves to her, but her eyes are already strictly on the companies in the stands. While not as flashy, Izuku's own gear only consists of a simple belt that has quite a few goodies in it, including a special pocket filled with medical supplies just in case things go wrong. After all, he wanted to pack light for the trial ahead.

"AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST!" Present Mic exclaims. "THE BUSINESS COURSE CLASSES 1-I, J, and K!!"

Izuku watches greedily as he zips through most of the more obvious quirks as they walk, hungry for his notebook to take notes on all of them.

He doesn't notice that everyone is ready as he's too busy drooling again before Present Mic-sensei
breaks him out of his tangent.

"AND NOW, WOULD THE FIRST YEAR CLASS REPRESENTATIVE MIDORIYA
IZUKU PLEASE GIVE THE ATHLETE'S OATH!??!"

Izuku takes a deep breath, staring at the ground to hide his nerves so he can speak his mind to the world. He nods as he stiffly makes his way to the podium.

_Pappy, Monoka-san, and Tenchan, I promise I will make you proud by doing my best, no matter the outcome today. I hope today makes you smile and brings you hope for what the future generation of heroes may bring the world._

Once he finds himself in front of the mic, the true pressure of having so many eyes on him finally makes itself known. Taking another deep breath to not become a robot, Izuku recalls his impromptu speech once before moving his face towards the mic to keep himself calm and not panic.

"F-funny story..." Izuku laughs into the mic to calm his nerves. "N-no one actually told me I had to do a speech today, so imagine my panic when one of my friends had pointed it out to me i-instead. Spoilers, I'm pretty sure my face was literally was a b-blue screen for a bit and that's not a q-quirk I have sadly."

Izuku laughs awkwardly once the crowd starting laughing at his self-deprecating joke.

"Oh my god we forgot to tell him..." Izuku can literally feel the pain behind his teacher's groans as the crowd starts laughing harder at their mistake. _How did we forget to tell him?_

"SORRY LITTLE LISTENER!" Present Mic-sensei apologizes. _JUST DO YOUR BEST, YA DIG!??!"

Izuku laughs alongside the crowd for a moment before continuing with a nod. "S-so, I'm kind of off-script a bit, so please b-bear with me..."

Izuku takes a deep breath before leaning into the mic again as he focuses on his classmates instead of the crowd.
“T-the first important lesson I ever learned is that all m-men are not created equal.” Izuku admits solemnly into the microphone, ignoring the weird looks people were giving him in the stands to his statement. “T-there is always going to be something that you don’t have, something that you yearn for with all of your heart but can never seem to reach. S-something that you want to do but physically or mentally can’t. I learned that harsh reality when I was only f-four years old.”

Gaining confidence, he brings his gaze back up to the expansive crowd with conviction.

“Our current society has failed us on many levels, regardless of whether we are the citizen, the hero, the vigilante, or the villain.” Izuku’s eyes turn sharp, though his shaky smile doesn’t drop. “I don’t have to list every single grievance or act of suffering because they are already on your mind, whether they be your own or another’s.”

Izuku bows his head as a sign of respect to those who have suffered injustice. “I, like many others, have felt the effects of that crushing reality. And it spares no one as it currently stands. I know we can all feel that the tide is shifting. This tide will create a wave of revolution given enough time, whether anyone wants to admit it or not. The only thing that truly matters is how everyone responds to it. After all, we are stronger when we raise up our fellow neighbors, our family, our friends, and even the people we don’t even know instead of tearing them down.”

Izuku takes a deep breath before continuing. “A kind stranger once told me something precious when I was nearing my lowest point. When I almost gave up on everything. Someone who believed in me when no one else would despite knowing nothing about me nor asking anything in return. That day, they saved me from myself when they told me this.”

Izuku pauses as his confidence swells within his chest as he remembers the old man’s words that day on the beach that feels almost like a lifetime ago. “There are always going to be constants in the world, but even those can change with time. Don’t ever be afraid to take a chance to be one of those changes.”

Izuku gives a toothy smile as he clenches his left fist towards the crowd as his silent declaration to make good on his words. “So today, let’s show the world what kind of change we can bring, yeah?”

A long pause of silence stays over the stadium, making Izuku panic that he did something wrong. Before he can give his sincere apologies for his unorthodox speech, the stadium erupts in cheers for his speech.
With a smile, Izuku bows respectfully before starting his walk off of the stage to join his cheering classmates, giving a friendly wave to Toshi in the general education group. He ignores the hateful stares and whispers of his other peers as he walks.

After all, he’s stronger with his friends rather than those who would wish to tear him down.

“It's that fucking green-haired brat I couldn't catch!” Tomura turns his cup to dust in a fit of rage as he slams its remnants on the bar counter. “Who the fuck does he think he is spouting that political crap? That self-righteous prick!”

“Tomura, please calm down…” Sensei drawls from the screen. “This is an excellent opportunity for you to observe your future enemies as well as future allies.”

“Sensei?”

“He possesses the same eyes as you Tomura.” Sensei points out as a flare of recognition passing through Tomura. "I wonder if the heroes even know the true capabilities of the gem they currently hold in their hands so carelessly…"

“Same eyes huh?” Shigaraki echoes as he turns back to the television, this time with a blinding grin.

So then, which one are you Midoriya Izuku?

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/17, Checked for errors 4/6

Unity by Alan Walker

Listen to the song here because it's not available on Spotify since it was a collaboration between Alan Walker and his fans:

- Alan x Walkers - Unity
Psst. Here's some rad fics you should definitely check out while we brave the isolation to save lives, you beautiful heroes out there:

- State of Mind by GuardianOfTheLoaf
- Movies, Memories, and Apologies, by BadluckRqin123880
- A Reckless Vigilante and his Supportive Mother by katyastark
- Shattered Centers by rubywings91
- Don't Forget the Support by FandomsandFlowers
- Listen to the Sound by lalaluisa
- Looking Into a Broken Mirror: Deku and Dekiru!! by Xylveon
- Cardiac Arrest by AMournfulHowlInTheNight
- Izuku's Dominator by Wolfey199
- Mastermind: Strategist For Hire by myheadinthecloudsnotcomingdown
- Shadow Dance by EmbraceTheVoid (Verandis)
"NOW THAT THAT IS OVER, WHAT EVER COULD THE FIRST EVENT BE!?!"

"Probably an obstacle course or a race of some kind..." Izuku mumbles, unimpressed since its whole function is to cull the weaker opponents out of the herd. It's a shame that the events aren't planned by Nedzu himself, but the teachers.

Though, to be fair, it makes it easier for Toshi to get in the top bracket to compete for his chance to be in Class 1-A.

"An obstacle course!" Midnight declares with a mischievous smile as the wheel stops on the option. "The rules are as follows. The course runs around the outside of the stadium, which is about 4 kilometers in total. Make sure to stay in the course boundaries at all times or you will be disqualified. Also, no intentionally attacking your opponents to kill. Otherwise, anything goes as you are free to do whatever your heart desires!"

I wonder what the boundary truly is... Izuku ponders, biting his lip as plans starting to crop up in his mind as he eyes the entrance of the tunnel changing in his peripheral.

"Now!" Midnight-sensei cracks her whip. "Are there any questions before we get started?"

Izuku’s hand immediately shoots up.

Midnight-sensei smiles as she points her cat tail whip towards him. “Midoriya.”
“What counts as in bounds?” Izuku inquires innocently, but everyone in his class can see the true maniac happiness underneath that deceiving smile.

"Great question!" Midnight-sensei praises. “As long as you stay on the track and its immediate surrounding areas, you will be considered in bounds. Go past that to cut across the entire course and you'll be disqualified!”

Izuku bows slightly at her answer, though his smile only grows wider to the good news as a plan forms in his head. After all, it seems his patrols as Switch will come in handy here given what he can see right outside the gate in question. “Thank you!”

“Of course! I love your passion!” Midnight-sensei cracks her whip again. “Are there any other hot-blooded questions?”

No one else raises their hands to ask a question, so she takes that as the okay to get started. "All right you greenhorns, start lining up by last name so we can get this party started!"

Izuku winces at the fact he would be starting at the back of the pack, but then a smile adopts his face when he thinks of how his other classmates might react to their placements, especially a certain ice prince.

Short story short, Izuku is grateful to be in the back of the pack for the first time in his life.

"AND GO!!"

Izuku immediately charges down the hallway, occasionally wall running and jumping across the shoulders of others once he gains his own momentum. Izuku grins when he sees Toshi doing the same, albeit a little more sloppy and definitely much slower. But that was to be expected given he had about a week of time to master basic parkour techniques along with some fighting techniques to stand a chance in the preliminary rounds.

"TODOROKI SHOTO HAS TAKEN THE LEAD WITH A DEVASTATING ICE ATTACK, FREEZING MOST OF THE COMPETITION!" Present Mic-sensei booms into the microphone. "THE ENTIRE FRONT OF THE TUNNEL LOOKS LIKE AN ICY WINTER
Once Izuku clears the tunnel, he is happy to see the ice trapping most of the contestants near the mouth of the entrance. He slows to a slight jog to not slip on the ice as well as give Shinso a chance to catch up with him just in case there is a part of the obstacle course that requires two people if you don't have a physical type quirk.

When he does, Izuku already has his question on his lips as he eyes the robots in the distance. "Do you think you can deal with the robots alone?"

"Yeah, I think so." Toshi smirks. "Just avoid them right?"

"Right."

"TODOROKI SHOTO INDISPUTABLY TAKES THE LEAD WITH A DEVASTATING DISPLAY AND-- OH WHAT'S THIS!!" Present Mic clearly hypes up crowd as they go wild. "CLASS 1-A's OWN BAKUGO KATSUKI IS QUICKLY CLOSING THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO WITH HIS EXPLOSIVE QUIRK!!"

Izuku takes off as he gains his normal stride, passing a ton of people on the way. It doesn't take long for Izuku to feel the feeling of death flare up, sending him sprinting forward towards the feeling to save whoever is about to die.

Izuku grabs the unsuspecting student out of the way when one of the tinier robots sneak up on them. Though, he doesn't stay on the ground for long as the robot is now coming after him.

Izuku's eyes burn with green fury as he roundhouse kicks the panel open, tearing at the wiring to destroy the next robot with a silent war cry.

"WHOA!" Present Mic-sensei exclaims in amazement. "CLASS 1-A's ONE AND ONLY MIDORIYA IZUKU JUST KICKED THE CRAP OUTTA THAT ROBOT TO HELP OUT A FELLOW COMPETITOR FROM THE GENERAL EDUCATION COURSE!! I WONDER WHY!!"

Izuku glares back at the nearest camera with quick signing without caring for the consequences as
he continues to run. "He could have died from that if I didn't do something M-I-C."

Izuku doesn't care much for the covered choked cough from his teacher as he scoops up a small piece of the robot he just trashed, fashioning it around his back with the bit of wiring still attached.

"Midoriya was simply looking out for his peers." Aizawa-sensei points out gruffly. "After all, this is just a competition and not a death match Mic."

Not losing a beat, Izuku heads straight for the white fence to save time from all of the robots. Bouldering quickly up the wall, Izuku starts sprinting down it, glad to see that the robots don't see him at all because he's outside their programmable range for the obstacle course.

Izuku is happy to see by choosing the wall, he's bypassed the robots completely so he wasted no energy fighting them, but his victory is short lived from what he can see in the distance. Apparently, one of the teachers saw the potential for it being exploited for a portion of the race, which Izuku assumes might have been Power Loader-sensei since the whole area is dug out with small ropes as guides between each spot of earth to the other side.

"TODOROKI IS THE FIRST WHO HAS REACHED 'THE FALL' USING HIS ICE ALONE!" Present Mic informs as Izuku concentrates on what he says for any hints he can glean before he gets there. "BAKUGO IS HOT ON HIS TAIL AS WELL!! WHO WILL TRIUMPH FROM THE CLASH OF THESE TWO TITANS!?!

Everyone knows the Titans fell to the Gods.

Izuku smirks as he jumps off the fence to get closer to the middle for the next obstacle, seeing the two warring in the distance.

I wonder how these ones will fare against me.

Using the lower piece of razor sharp metal, Izuku cuts through the rope after choosing his path he wants to take. Once secure in his hands, Izuku jumps off the cliff with a wild smile as the wind blows through his hair, his legs bent in front of him to deal with the shock when he lands.

It doesn't take long for him to reach the other side, using the rope as a means to climb up the wall.
with ease without using very much of his stamina.

"OH MY GOODNESS!" Present Mic-sensei exclaims. "THE NOW TENTH PLACE HOLDER MIDORIYA IZUKU HAS LITERALLY BECOME TARZAN AND IS SWINGING HIS WAY ACROSS THE VAST GORGE!!"

Izuku snickers at his teacher's child-like mindset as that literally was the idea once he saw the ropes.

"It's actually an ingenious strategy." Aizawa-sensei, in a rare moment, praises. "That way his opponents behind him will have less options to cross while also serving as a time saver as he gets to the next rope."

Izuku grins as he scurries up and over the first one, jumping between the closer rocks as he had already picked the path with the closer ones. Once he clears the last one, Izuku takes off again to catch up to his classmates who are still in the lead.

After all, Izuku doesn't just want to pass. He wants to win.

"TODOROKI HAS FINALLY REACHED THE FINAL OBSTACLE!" Present Mic-sensei informs the whole stadium. "A MINE FIELD!!"

A mine field!?! Izuku freaks out completely. Are they actually trying to kill us!??

"IT'S SET UP TO WHERE YOU CAN TELL WHERE THE MINES ARE IF YOU LOOK CAREFULLY!" Present Mic continues. "THE MINES THEMSELVES AREN'T VERY POWERFUL, BUT THEY STILL PACK QUITE A PUNCH!!"

Hmm... Izuku starts to think through a few scenarios to make him have the advantage. How do I want to go about this...?

Looking towards the white fence, he notices this side of The Fall has a fence almost double the original size, making it impossible for him to get up without using something to get up there. And when looking ahead, the fence increases in height again, working as a sieve to filter everyone to go
through the minefield itself.

"BAKUGO HAS CAUGHT UP WITH TODOROKI AND IS NOW FIGHTING AGAINST HIM TO GET THE UPPER HAND!!" Present Mic-sensei commentates, warning Izuku of his dwindling time to come up with a plan as he runs towards the beginning of the mine field. "WHICH OF THE TWO TITANS SHALL PREVAIL IN THIS BATTLE OF QUIRKS?!"

I can't go around it or go through it without losing a ton of time, so then what do I do...?

Izuku grins when an idea hits him as he watches his brother fly over the field while blasting at Todoroki to get in front.

If you can't go around or through it, then go over it. Thanks for the idea Kacchan!

Sprinting towards the minefield, Izuku gets started on his plan by digging up the ones nearest to the entrance where most people were the most careful about avoiding.

Once it's complete to the best of his ability, Izuku takes a few paces back before aligning the chunk of metal in front of him. Taking a running start, Izuku slams down hard onto his bombs.

BOOM!

The huge blast rings in Izuku's ears, but it doesn't last for long as he is flung forward towards his classmates ahead of him, literally flying through the air as he screams in delight as a song comes to mind.

    Where dark woods hide secrets
    And mountains are fierce and bold
    Deep waters hold reflections
    Of times lost long ago!

"WHAT!?!" Present Mic-sensei exclaims in pure surprise. "WHERE THE HECK DID THAT HUGE BLAST COME FROM!??!"
Izuku smirks as he orients himself in the air for the least amount of drag to gain the maximum amount of distance he can as he screams out with all his might as he flies through the course.

*I will hear their every story*

*Take hold of my own dream!*

"**WHOA HO HO! IT SEEMS MIDORIYA HAS LITERALLY BLASTED HIS WAY INTO FIRST PLACE!**" Present Mic informs just as Izuku soars over his classmates with a smile on his face. "**JUST LOOK AT HIM GO!!**"

"Of course Midoriya would do the reckless thing and potentially blow himself up in the process just to get ahead of his classmates..." Aizawa-sensei grumbles loudly, putting an even bigger smile on his face.

Laughing, Izuku continues his trajectory towards the gold while his previous competition scream behind him.

*Be as strong as the seas are stormy*

*And proud as an eagle's scream!*

"**YOU CALL IT RECKLESS, I CALL IT TACTICAL!**" Present Mic-sensei vouches in his favor. **"SPEAKING OF TACTICS, THE TWO PREVIOUS FRONT RUNNERS HAVE STOPPED THEIR IN-FIGHTING AND ARE CHASING MIDORIYA DOWN, YEAH!!"**

"DEKU YOU CHEATING BASTARD!" Kacchan snarls as he blasts forward with fury. "FUCK YOU!"

*I will ride, I will fly!*

*Chase the wind and touch the sky!*

Izuku laughs as he soars, ignoring his brother's grumbling as he screams in delight.
"GET BACK HERE YOU SLIMY ASSHOLE!!"

Izuku only cackles more as he lines up his next jump towards victory.

\[I\ will\ fly!\]

\[Chase\ the\ wind\ and\ touch\ the\ sky!\]

Nearing the ground finally, Izuku smiles as his classmates go right under him as he comes down. With a killer smirk, Izuku slams the metal piece to the ground on a mine, flinging him forward again, leaving his classmates to deal with the fallout alone.

"DAMN IT ICYHOT!" Kacchan growls behind him. "GET OFF ME!"

"You get off first."

Izuku only smiles wide as he hits the ground with a calculated roll, already sprinting towards the end of the tunnel to victory.

"LISTENERS!" Present Mic-sensei booms throughout the stadium as Izuku's feet pound the concrete with all their might. "RIGHT NOW THE FIRST CONTESTANT BACK IN THE STADIUM IS--!!"

"MIDORIYA IZUKU FROM CLASS 1-A!!"

Izuku promptly drops to the grass after a few more strides in with heavy breathes, raising his fist to the air in pride as he sings softly to the blue sky and clouds above.

\"And touch the sky\]

\[Chase\ the\ wind\]

\[Chase\ the\ wind\]

\[Touch\ the\ sky!!\]
"BEHIND HIM!" Present Mic continues. "WE HAVE THE ICY TODOROKI SHOTO COMING IN SECOND AND THE EXPLOSIVE BAKUGO KATSUKI COMING IN THIRD!!"

"YOU SON OF A BITCH DEKU!"

Izuku instantly yelps as he jumps up from feeling the murderous aura from his brother.

"You messed everything up!" Kacchan growls as he gets ahold of his collar. "Why the fuck did you--!?!"

"All's fair in love and war Kacchan." Izuku grins as he moves his shirt up slightly to reveal his untouched belt. "And I did everything without using a single gadget."

Kacchan's eyes widen in surprise. "Wait really?"

"Yup!" Izuku grins even wider. "Though, I didn't exactly mean to mess you up, but I couldn't exactly help where I landed."

Izuku neglects to tell him that he hoped he landed where he actually did for the maximum push forward to get ahead of them though.

"You crazy son of a bitch!" Kacchan grins ferally. "I'm gonna kill you!"

"Ah, no Kacchan!" Izuku giggles as his brother starts tickling him. "Y-you can't d-do this t-to m-me!"

"Just perish asshole!"

"M-mercy!" Izuku howls in laughter as he tries to swat him off. "Mercy Kacchan!"
"Never!"

"W-wait p-please!" Izuku pleads as his eyes force shut for a moment from all the tickling. "I really n-need to s-see if T-toshi m-made it!"

"I'm right here Zu..." Toshi reassures, though he's clearly out of breath just as Kacchan finally lets up on his tickle fight for him to get a chance to sit up. "Just got here..."

"What place?"

"Twenty-sixth." Toshi grins. "And I couldn't have done it without you."

"Yeah, you could." Izuku smiles from the ground. "You're Toshi. I just expedited the process."

"Thanks Zu." Toshi smiles warmly. "Truly."

Izuku smiles back as he readies himself mentally for the next event. "Anytime Toshi."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/19, Checked for errors 4/6

GO GO by Matt and Kim

The crowd: D-did that quirkless child win against Endeavor's kid?
Izuku *dancing away from Kacchan's tickles*: YASSSS I DID!!
Endeavor *angry grumbling*: That little shit...

A/N: Guys! I have created a discord for you to shout at me! I literally just created one
for the first time, so please be patient with me if I flail about with it.

You can join here: Apertum Mortem Discord Link
"THE NEXT EVENT IS GONNA BE KILLER, YA DIG!!?!" Present Mic chimes in with enthusiasm. "YOU LISTENERS BETTER HAVE BROUGHT A SPARE PAIR OF UNDERWEAR CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA PISS YOURSELF WITH WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!!"

"What do you think it'll be Zu?" Toshi whispers softly.

"Probably some type of team event like a calvary battle." Izuku whispers back. "Sixteen spots are guaranteed for the final tournament like always, so they are likely to take teams of four for the second main event."

"HIT IT MIDNIGHT!!"

"I'm just quaking in my boots!" Midnight swoons dramatically for her fans as she faux spins the wheel. "Just what will it be this year?!"

When it finally stops, Izuku blinks, bewildered as that's not what he expected.

*At all...*

"Huh..."

"Something wrong?" Toshi asks in concern before Izuku waves him off, determine to hear the rules first before dismissing the unorthodox choice for the event.
"Paint Ball!" Midnight-sensei cracks her whip that elicits loud screams from the crowd. "With a twist!"

"Oh, I don't know if I like the sound of that..." Kirishima notes with a nervous smile.

"Shut up Shitty Hair!" Kacchan grins at the challenge. "I'll fucking shoot you in the ass if you don't stop your pathetic whining!"

"Every participant can take a gun of their choice or a combat knife, but only one or the other." Midnight-sensei sways to the other side where there are now boxes containing said stuff.

Knifes!?! Izuku instantly panics.

"Concerning both the guns and knifes, they are non-lethal that function like paint spreaders for the vests you all will be wearing."

"Oh thank god..." Izuku breathes out in relief while Toshi gives him a weird look in response.

"That's sounds just like normal paint ball, but with knives now..." A Class 1-B classmate whines.

Midnight-sensei grabs one of the vests that have three circles on it and shows it the crowd. "In order to collect your points, you must hit one of these three targets that are located on both the front and back of the vest. The vest will light up with red targets once hit, signaling the player is out of the game completely and none of the points collected by them will count. The barrel of your current equipped gun will likewise show the points you have collected so far."

"So, where's the twist...?" Izuku mumbles impatiently since everything they said was pretty normal.

"Last thing!"

Izuku doesn't like the look Midnight-sensei is now giving him.
"The winner of the race is worth ten million points! As such, the gun they are required to take in the beginning is the only sniper rifle paint gun. If you take them out, you automatically win the game and are guaranteed a spot in the next round! Though, if they stay alive, they will guarantee their own spot in the next event." Midnight-sensei grins at Izuku. "And there are only fifteen extra spots available for the next round!"

Son of a bitch Nedzu...  Izuku grumbles internally for having to be hunted down before something hits him that makes his eyes go wide.

"It's an opportunity for those on the bottom to usurp those on top!"

"We need teams." Izuku exhales in realization to Toshi. "If we don't, we'll be slaughtered."

"Don't you mean you?"

"No." Izuku shakes his head. "You don't understand. Forty-two of us are going to be going at it with limited resources to gather points. We need someone to watch our backs if we want to survive. It's why in laser tag or paint ball, you need a good team if you want to win properly. Otherwise, you get slaughtered. It's also why you never go anywhere without anyone watching your six."

"I don't follow..."

"You all have fifteen minutes to make your final preparations before we start handing out your gear while Cementoss creates the city landscape in the arena." Midnight-sensei informs as a count down timer appears on screen behind her. "Make sure you don't waste it."

"See? Why else have us have that much time? Cementoss-sensei can create something like that in five minutes, less even if he practiced beforehand so he knows exactly what he's making. The points don't matter--" Izuku grits his teeth as he looks at the malicious expressions of his teachers. "--because by the end of it, only sixteen people will be left. They never said there was a time limit for gathering points. And I know Nedzu likes to hide main objectives without saying a word about it in the rules."

"Oh shit..." Toshi's face finally shifts in realization. "It's a battle for survival, not a hunt."
"Exactly." Izuku nods. "This is still a team event. I guess Nedzu decided to get a little more involved this year compared to years previous because it has his stink all over it. I wonder what pushed his hand to get so involved..."

"Does it really matter why?"

"Yes it does, but you're right. It doesn't matter right now as we need a small team that we can trust." Izuku starts planning as he searches the crowd for possible combinations. "I can trust you want to be with me, right?"

"You better believe it." Toshi grins. "There's no way I want to be at the end of your gun barrel if you're the only one with a sniper rile."

Izuku only laughs in confirmation as he starts bringing their group to the one he wants the most.

"Tokoyami, Dark Shadow." Izuku calls as his friends turn his way. "I want to call a truce so we can engage in a mutual partnership."

Tokoyami's eyes widen slightly before narrowing in contemplation. "Why a partnership in particular?"

"The points are completely superficial to drive people into each other." Izuku argues. "They never told us there was a time limit. If we don't team up, not many of us stand a chance alone, not even from stray bullets. If you want, we can take turns taking out other targets to be safe, but knowing Nedzu, that's not even necessary."

Tokoyami goes silent for a moment before nodding. "I agree with your reasoning as does Dark Shadow. We shall follow you into battle as our own brethren. Do you have a plan to secure our glorious triumph?"

Izuku grins ferally at the good news. "So here's my plan..."
“Bakugo, let’s form a team man!” The obnoxious redhead declares with the full band of idiots in tow.

“And why the hell would I want to do that with you losers?”

“Ten million, right?” Kirishima grins with a fist raised for a fight. “You gonna need a horse that never falters to get him, ya know.”

Katsuki grins manically in return as a plan starts to take form. “Not bad Shitty Hair.”

*He’ll never know what hit him.*

"Heya Sprout!" Hatsume greets with a wicked smile that already has Izuku on the defensive, cutting off the last touches of discussion over the plan short. "Can I join—?"

Izuku shuts that down quick. "No Hastume."

"Aww, why not?"

"Because you'd shoot me automatically Hatsume." Izuku points out as she starts smiling widely. "I trust you with working on things, but I don't trust your obsession with impressing the companies. You'd take the golden ticket without hesitation."

"Haha haha!" Hastume cackles like a madwoman. "You're correct Sprout! You are right to not trust me."

"See? No hard feelings, but I also want to win." Izuku looks over her current load out with interest though. "And with your current gear, I'd say you'd do an amazing job of surviving till the next round."

"Oh well! Maybe I'll get you out in the course." Izuku doesn't like the gleam in her eye. "See ya
"I'm not little--!" Izuku simply sighs as she rushes away out of earshot. "Ugh... never mind..."

"Is there anyone we should take more caution around?" Tokoyami inquires.

"There's no one we should be worried about Fumi. We'll just destroy them all with me on your side." Dark Shadow rolls his glowing eyes. "Right, Mikumo?"

"Besides Hatsume? Hagakure because she's invisible, which is one of the reasons why I chose Dark Shadow to be on my team since I noticed he can see her slight outline from battle training. But we also need to pay special attention to Kacchan." Izuku states with a completely serious face, though it clearly has trauma underneath.

"Why Bakugo in particular?" Toshi frowns.

"Because..." Izuku nervously sweats. "I introduced Kacchan to Duck Hunt when we were four because it was the only old game he would play with me and he absolutely destroyed me."

Tokoyami blinks confused. "But you were small children... How does that--"

"He got over 20,000 on his first try."

Toshi chokes on air. "20,000!?! For a four year old?"

"I know right? I barely got past the first round after like fifty tries." Izuku whines. "It was totally unfair..."

"How is that possible...?" Tokoyami inquires curiously, obviously confused to their conversation and its relevance.
"Kacchan has always been good at things when it comes to his hand-eye coordination. Probably a side effect of his quirk." Izuku shrugs. "The only good part about this is that he'll pick the pistol instead of something with a high fire rate."

Tokoyami narrows his eyes considerably. "Why the pistol? I thought he would prefer something much larger given his explosive personality..."

"Because then he can use the gym uniform pockets as makeshift holsters so he can still use his quirk without limitations." Izuku points out. "Though, he's definitely going to steal a second one for maximum damage to make up for his fire rate."

"If we are doing our plan for defense, then what guns should we choose?" Toshi intelligently questions.

"Whatever makes you most comfortable." Izuku instructs. "I personally would say Toshi, you get a pistol because you definitely have never held a gun before."

"Hey!"

Izuku ignores him. "And I would say Tokoyami should be our tank in both defense and offense when protecting my back while I'm taking out as many targets as possible. You should pick a high fire rate gun as you'll need it if someone manages to get past Toshi or he misses them."

"Why are you picking on me Zu?" Toshi whines.

"Because you are the least experienced." Izuku advocates with a smile.

"Top Ten Anime Betrayals." Toshi scoffs.

"You'll survive." Izuku assures. "As long as we stick to the plan, all of us will. I've got your backs, so make sure to cover mine."
"Gotcha!"

"Of course."

"Roger!"

Izuku nods as he looks toward the countdown time just as it hits zero.

*It's go time.*

---

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/21, Checked for errors 4/6

This Mountain by Faouzia

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What would happen if Hatsume joined their team the second the event started:

*A/N: I recently found this one fic that I have to highlight because it's currently got me hooked:*

- **Unto the Breach** by Sensiblytainted

And here's a few extras to tide everyone over if you need more reading material:

- **Open Heart, Empty Chest** by TheAllKnowingOwl
- **Adaptive Quirk** by SkylerSkyhigh, xXUndertale_loverXx
- **Hisashis return** by DeadInsidexD
- **Never and Always, Eventually** by Wawa_Boonliang
- Nightmare TV by douchegrayson
- The Quirkless Hero: Deku by PolarKarma
- Canary by cloud_nine_and_three_quarters
- Ink Splashes by Sternstunde

And also, if you haven't already read it, here's one of the greats and a classic:

- Yesterday Upon The Stair by PitViperOfDoom
"I don't like this car!" -- Michael De Santa

*Warning*
Minor Gun Violence (paintball)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"IS EVERYBODY READY!?!" Present Mic exclaims into the mic with pure anticipation, the crowd screaming right along with him. "THEN LET THE BLOOD BATH BEGIN!!"

"They aren't killing anyone Mic. Aizawa-sensei point out. "There will be no blood--"

A single loud shot rings out in the silence, cutting off his teacher as Izuku lines up his next shot for the heart.

"FUCK THAT HURTS!!" The disgusting purple blob screams in pain from getting his balls shot.

*Karma's is a bitch.* Izuku rationalizes as he pulls the trigger at his target who almost groped a girl contestant by sneaking up on her. *Maybe next time don't think with your dick.*

Izuku smirks as he sees Mineta's picture shows up on the jumbotron, his crotch completely covered in paint.

"OUCH!" Present Mic-sensei visibly winces from his camera feed while Aizawa-sensei has the biggest shit eating grin on his face if he's ever seen one. Needless to say, it does put a smile on Izuku's face. "LOOKS LIKE THE FIRST CONTESTANT TO BITE THE DUST IS MINETA MINORU!! CARE TO COMMENT ERASER!?!"

"Good."

Izuku smiles wide as he locks onto his next target now that the trash has been disposed of.
The poor horn girl from Class 1-B doesn't even know what happens when the shot rings out, going for a stomach shot.

Izuku blinks in confusion when the paint stops in midair for some reason.

"HOLY COW!" Present Mic shrieks in joy. "WHAT AN AMAZING SHOT MADE BY MIDORIYA!! CAN ANYONE TAKE THIS SNIPER OUT OR WHAT!?!"

"MIDORIYA YOU JERK!"

Izuku sweatdrops from the shrillness of Hagakure's voice coming from the new blue paint blob as she jumps up and down on screen, clearly mad from a very distinct paint shot now that her vest shows up.

"YOU BETTER BE PREPARED TO LOSE YOUR FAMILY JEWELS AFTER THIS!"

"Oh god damn it..."

"It's a good thing Zu doesn't have a use for them." Toshi snorts like the little shit he is.

"Toshi!" Izuku hisses at his companion in the concrete vent. "Stop it! I didn't know she was even there because someone didn't tell me!"

"Wow dude... Rude." Tokoyami points out with frown as he drapes over him from the ceiling like a fallen angel.

"Sorry Tokoyami..." Izuku grimaces. "Dark Shadow, why didn't you warn me like you were supposed to?"

"Because now she's out of the competition?" Dark Shadow plainly states with a confused look. "Wasn't that one of your objectives?"
Izuku simply groans at the ignorant quirk. "Thank you Dark Shadow for that."

"You're welcome!"

Izuku simply groans louder as he lines up his next shot.

"He's already taken out five students within the first two minutes single handedly." Nedzu twitches his nose in interest. "It's impressive to think he's had fire arm training despite never going to a formal class or gotten certified..."

"Are you sure you aren't over-exaggerating his skills?" All Might sweat drops as Midoriya takes out another participant like it's nothing. "How did you even predict that Midoriya would win the first round anyway?"

"Simple." Nedzu takes a sip of his tea. "Midoriya wanted to prove his worth to the world, just like you encouraged him to do so. Only a fool would underestimate his abilities to make that a reality, regardless of a quirk."

All Might flinches in his peripheral. "You were watching...?"

"No. I don't have cameras in the private lounges for a reason." Nedzu dismisses as he puts down his cup. "But you just confirmed my suspicions."

"You're terrifying sometimes Principal Nedzu."

"Naturally."

All Might winces as his student takes out another student. "What is even the point of switching out the normal calvary rotation for this 'gun battle'? Isn't this a little too violent?"
"Because this directly suggests Midoriya was trained by an external source that is not legal." Nedzu points out. "After all, fighting skills can be learned from anywhere in Japan. Guns skills to this caliber, not so much..."

"In fact..." Nedzu's beady eyes flick down to the uncomfortable looking heroes scouting for interns as they have clearly gotten the hint from the games as well. "Given all I've seen, the notion our student has worked directly with villains is distressing to say the least."

"Are you suggesting that--!?!"

"No." Nedzu answers truthfully. "I am not suggesting Midoriya is a villain. In fact, I am wondering about something entirely different..."

"Then what is it that you suggesting?"

Nedzu sighs. "I am starting to wonder if his mother is involved with villain networks."

"Villain networks?" All Might questions.

"Organized crime. Like the Yakuza for example." Nedzu blinks harshly. "Or like All for One."

All Might tenses while Nedzu can clearly smell the distress coming off his colleague at said man's name. "That man is dead."

"Perhaps." Nedzu waves him off, despite having a 68% chance of the devil himself still being alive, manipulating things from behind the scenes given the current signs of recent events. "I am simply trying to determine the feasibility of taking the woman down by cutting off her exit points is all. Sadly, this proves it may be harder than I hoped for. Especially since this suggests long term training on her part for our student to have these types of skills. Training that might have been ongoing until Aizawa's runaway theory came into play."

"But we are taking her down." All Might doesn't state it as a question, which makes Nedzu more than glad for his growth over the past month.
"That is a certainty." Nedzu smiles happily, but it makes his companion shiver from terror upon seeing it. "No one touches my students and truly gets away with it after all..."

"DIE!!" Kastuki screams as he takes out another extra with his dual wielding after blasting right behind them to their blind spot.

"Nice shot Bakubro!" Kirishima toothily grins.

"SHUT UP SHITTY HAIR AND SHOOT!" Katsuki growls as he finally spots the glint of a gun on the second highest tower in the concrete jungle. "We've got a sniper to hunt!"

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/23, Checked for errors 4/6
Rob A Bank by Confetti

Reporter: Why did you shoot that boy in the balls?
Izuku: Who? Jay Norris?
Reporter: No. Mineta--
Izuku: How dare you swear on national television! There are children watching...
Reporter: ...
Izuku *sighing*: I swear, reporters these days...

I literally can't get cowboy Bakugo out of my head after writing these three chapters (107, 108, and 109):
"Midoriya."

Izuku halts his sight on the blond from Class 1-B. "Yeah Tokoyami?"

"Bakugo is on his way to our fortress of solitude." Tokoyami informs. "I believe it is time to switch."

Izuku smiles as he releases his hand on the trigger. "Got it."

"DIE DEKU!!!" Sparky Sparky Boom Man naively shouts as he crashes into the room with a loud bang, heading straight for Dark Shadow holding the sniper gun.

Lining up the shot with a smile, Izuku takes the shot with Toshi’s pistol.
"BAKUBRO!" Kirishima shouts as he crashes in the way of the paint with his skin hardened, protecting his vulnerable targets.

Izuku smile drops, but it doesn't falter his next effort in the plan.

With a whistle, Dark Shadow steals one of Kacchan's pistols from his holster and zips back up to the faux vent to hide before heading back to Tokoyami so they can get out of there and head to a new location to hunt more prey.

"DAMN IT DEKU!!" Kacchan snarls as he blows up the empty vent. "Get out here and face me, you coward!!"

Izuku doesn't indulge him as he sneaks farther down the concrete vent to get to the next meeting location.

Shoto stomps his way towards the frozen participants, his feet crunching on the ice as he moves with calculated strides while he keeps an eye out for incoming projectiles to defend from using his ice mist.

A large explosion catches his eye from the second tallest tower, leading him to one conclusion as he drags his knife across the cursing 1-B classmate to take the points for himself.

*Midoriya is over there.*

Izuku reaches up to his comm as he spots a problem in him getting to the meeting place safely.

*Clever girl...*
"Hey Siren."

"Yes Zumbie?"

Izuku rolls his eyes so he doesn't groan and alert said problem of his presence using the ice mist at the moment while tagging a trapped 1-B student. "Can you circle back and use Siren's Call to help me woo the ice prince?"

A soft chuckle comes from the other side. "Sure thing princess."

"Hey..." Izuku scolds. "I'm a queen thank you very much..."

"Of course your highness." Toshi pauses for a second before a snort comes through the comm. "Can I choose the song? With some alterations of course..."

"Hell yeah!" Izuku grins as he gets out some items needed for the task from his belt, listening to his plan.

Izuku abandons the mini speaker behind the dumpster before jumping up the concrete fire escape to hide and make his way away from the area to safety.

Taking a deep breath, Izuku sings into the paired microphone.

"Ok, ok, I see what's happening here."

Todoroki's face whips in the direction of the speaker. "Midoriya...?"

"You're face to face with greatness, and it's strange

You don't even know how you feel!"
Toshi takes over for a second, coming from somewhere to the right this time in his voice.

"It's adorable~!"

Izuku ignores the blush that covers his entire face from the exaggerated dramatics of his friend so he can continue to disorient Todoroki. In response to the different location, Todoroki switches between them, trying to figure it out as Izuku continues singing into the mic as he makes his way away from him.

“Open your eyes, let's begin
Yes, it's really me, it's Izuku: breathe it in!’’

Izuku ready's his ammo with his handmade sling shot to throw pellets when the time is right just as Toshi throws his voice behind Todoroki this time.

“I know it's a lot: the hair, the bod!
When you're staring at this guy~!''

Izuku has to hold in his snort as he watches Todoroki whip around in confusion to where it's coming from.

"What the--"

He takes in a deep breath before singing his own lines to the tiny speaker as he moves to the next building across the way.

“What can I say except you're welcome
Hey, it's okay, it's okay
You're welcome
I'm just an ordinary guy!”

Todoroki whips toward the speaker again before clearly figuring it all out, given his current
expression as he rushes toward the speaker's direction.

“Hey!

What has two thumbs that built that mask
When you were waddling yay high
This guy!”

Todoroki turns again, a deep scowl forming on his face before Izuku notices Kacchan blasting his way down to where Todoroki is. Quickly, Izuku hides out of sight as the two start yelling at each other.

"WHERE IS THE BASTARD ICY-HOT!?"

"He's here, but I can't--"

"COME THE FUCK OUT DEKU YOU BASTARD OR I SWEAR I'LL--"

Izuku suppresses the need to giggle as Toshi takes over again for him as he lines up his shot for his smoke pellets.

“When the nights got cold
Who harnessed these smoke pellets
You're lookin' at him, yo!”

"Hey Bakubro, do you think that--"

Izuku grins at the howling screams coming from down below after they are sent flying. Especially since the judges for his equipment actually approved them as is.

With a shit eating grin, Izuku starts up his lines as he decides to taunt them after checking out the time remaining after making a loud bang that turns all their heads in his direction.
“So what can I say except you’re welcome
For the mace laced in the mist
Hey, it's okay, it's okay
You're welcome!

"DEKU YOU COWARDLY SON OF A BITCH!" Kacchan growls as he tears at his eyes to clear them. "GET OVER HERE AND FIGHT ME!!"

It's a good thing the mace isn't very potent. After all, after a few moments of your eyes tearing up to clear the foreign entity, they will be able to see again. It's too bad that Tokoyami is busy taking trying to take them out on the rooftop while Toshi helps him. And the cake on top is that they still haven't gotten themselves out of the cloud despite their barrage that Kacchan is fighting against with his explosions.

Toshi takes over again, this time waving at Izuku from the on top of another building as he throws his voice down below while Tokoyami covers his hit points with Dark Shadow, clearly doing his job of covering their backs well as Kirishima tries to shoot wildly.

"Ha, I guess it's just my way of being me
You're welcome!
'Cause Izuku can do anything!"

Izuku grins as he finishes up his performance, watching Todoroki actually get mad enough to use his flames to burn the fumes from the pellets so they can clean out their eyes completely.

"You're welcome!
And thank you!”

"AND THAT'S IT FOLKS!!!" Present Mic-sensei screams through the mic as a sound of a much louder canon goes off, signaling the end of the round. "WE HAVE ALL SIXTEEN OF OUR LISTENERS NOW!!"
"GOD FUCKING DAMN IT!!" Kacchan screams with tears trailing down his eyes from the mace, punching at the ground. "THIS ISN'T A WIN!!"

"Hey bro, I get it we failed, but think of the positives..." Kirishima attempts to persuade his brother with a pat on the shoulder after searching for him. "We survived that and now you can beat him one on one in the tournament in front of everyone where he can't run and hide, right?"

Kacchan pauses his screaming before adopting a chilling smile. "Fucking hell yeah I will Kirishima!"

"Aww, bro..." Kirishima squeezes his eyes shut to prevent actual manly tears from spilling. "You said my name..."

"Shut it Shitty Hair."

Kirishima laughs. "Ah, there's the Bakubro I know."

"THESE ARE YOUR CHAMPIONS FOR THE TOURNAMENT ROUND!!" Present Mic booms as the pictures of Izuku and his friends start popping up one after another on the jumbotron. "CAN I GET A PLUS ULTRA FOR THESE LITTLE LISTENERS, YEAH?!?"

"PLUS ULTRA!!" The crowd shouts in response as the cheering increases, making Izuku feel energized for their total win.

"We did it! That was super close and we almost had them, but we still did it!" Izuku exclaims in happiness as he building hops until he can tackle his friends in a big hug. "WOOO HOOO!!!"

"Yeah." Toshi smiles warmly into Izuku's back. "We did it."

Nedzu smiles widely as he looks to his colleague in anticipation. "I believe you owe me that 10,000 yen..."
"Just how did you predict Young Midoriya would win the match through song!?!" The poor skeletal fool exclaims in horror as his other colleagues simply shake their heads in resignation from their own traumatizing experiences of making bets with the expert strategist.

Nedzu simply cackles in response.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/25, Checked for errors 4/6

Street Fight by Adam Jensen

The unposted planning scene:

Izuku *giggling*: So, I has speaker
Shinso *nodding*: Yes. And then what?
Izuku *still giggling*: We sing a Disney song
Shinso *snorting*: I have the perfect one. And then--
Izuku *cackling*: I use the mace!
Shinso: ... 
Izuku *smiling*: It's perfect!
Shinso: 'Holy shit I made the correct choice...'

How I imagined the monster boys were getting ready to wreck the second event:
"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." --William Shakespeare

Oh my gosh guys, I'm crying because we have MORE fanart!

Go share the love over at all-five-pieces-of-exodia's tumblr!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Midoriya!!"

Izuku instantly ducks behind Toshi for safety. "IamsosorryHagakure! Ididn'tmeantoshoot--!"

"Oh no, you don't get out of this so easily!" Hagakure jumps up and down in frustration. "I almost had that stupid baby and then you totally stole my kill!"

"Ireallyamsosorry--"

"Be prepared Midoriya." Is all she states as she starts storming away from their group.

If he could see her face, he would think she was maniacally smiling at the ominous warning.

"Welp, you are dead." Toshi, the shit, laughs. "It was nice knowing you."

"I didn't know!" Izuku whimpers in defeat. "It's not my fault that--"

"THESE WILL BE THE PLACEMENTS FOR THE TOURNAMENT AFTER THE BREAK FOR LUNCH!" Present Mic excitedly strums with an air guitar, diverting the group's
Izuku slumps when he sees the placements. "We are going to be fighting so soon..."

"Hey, at least we aren't the literal first fight." Toshi states after eyeing the placements himself. "Plus, if someone's going to beat me, I'd be happy it would be you."

"Wait, but--"

"Midoriya."

Izuku blinks confused as he turns to the voice calling for him. "Todoroki...?"

"We need to talk."

"Oh, um well..." Izuku side eyes his friends as he knows how crowded the cafeteria will probably be given the entire grade will be there in the small area.

"Don't worry Zu! We'll save you a seat and food." Toshi reassures with a wink. "Go get your icy prince."

Izuku chokes on air. "T-toshi!!"

"You technically said it, not me!" Toshi grins before rushing away with Tokoyami like a madman.

"Jerk." Izuku grumbles before silently following behind Todoroki into the dark tunnel, slightly hoping he won't actually be shanked given his friend's current aura.
"You know..." Midoriya finally breaks the long silence, obviously very nervous given his swaying. "I was really impressed with your ice control. I didn't even think you could sense others by dispersing it and letting the frozen water molecules bump into each other until it reached back to you. That's a really handy skill to have and--"

Midoriya nervously chuckles as Shoto irritation of the topic becomes apparent since there is a much more important topic to be discussed instead. "S-sorry... I didn't mean to ramble and--"

Midoriya makes the right choice by instantly clamping his mouth shut as Shoto figures out how to best word what comes next.

"..."

"Midoriya..." Shoto finally voices after a good minute of brooding against the wall in silence. "Have you ever heard of quirk marriages?"

And Midoriya instantly pales. "Y-yes. Todoroki you..."

Shoto nods in confirmation. "Unfortunately, yes."

Not much to Shoto's surprise, Midoriya looks absolutely feral at the notion he's throwing around so casually. "That stupid flaming son of a bitch."

If Shoto was more jovial, he might have laughed at that. No thanks to said flaming son of a bitch, of course.

"It seems I won't have to explain much if you are already so familiar with them." Shoto observes given Midoriya current anger.

After all, you are clearly the product of one too.

Midoriya honestly looks like he's going to be sick now the initial anger has washed away. "I knew..."
it was bad but he actually...

"Bought my mother like livestock." Shoto confirms with a snarl, making Midoriya flinch backwards slightly at his intensity, though fear never flashes in his own angry expression. Instead, it's more akin to understanding than pity from what he can tell. "In every memory I have of her, she was always crying. She used to call my left side unsightly you know..."

Midoriya shifts uncomfortably as incredible sadness flashes in his face. "W-what happened to your mother?"

"She finally snapped one day after bearing all of his abuse alone." Shoto quickly explains, though the anger in his voice isn't hidden in the slightest. "He locked her away in a hospital after she poured boiling water on my face."

Shoto notices the violent flinch Midoriya gives him at describing the origin of his facial scar, making him wonder if his own mother went insane as well and hurt him just like him, though in a more hidden place that no one in the class has had the privileged of seeing yet. Especially since Midoriya reached straight for what could be a scar over his heart in that moment, before noticing his mistake and retracting his hand quickly.

Perhaps that's why Midoriya stated it was private. After all, if I could, I would choose to hide mine as well...

Shoto looks at his left hand as he continues. "That's why, when I broke my oath today, I was furious at you. But that's not truly fair of me since you know what's it like."

Midoriya gulps audibly, possibly trying to keep bile down. "What oath?"

"That I am never using his fire quirk in battle." Shoto offers with a dark scowl. "I promised myself a long time ago that I would never cause harm to another person using his disgusting power."

"Todoroki..."

"Don't pity me." Shoto warns as he hears the whine in his classmate's voice suggesting such a thing.
"I don't pity you Todoroki." Midoriya's gaze drops as it becomes incredibly sad. "I empathize with you, not sympathize."

Midoriya takes a deep breath as his hands start to tremble. "Todoroki, I understand what you went through and what you are still going through. Truly."

"Of course you do." Shoto states as it was obvious. "It's because we are--"

"The same." Midoriya finishes for him with a haunted gaze. "While our experiences may be slightly different, there are only a few differences between us both. We both have been hurt by those who should love us in some capacity. And in that sameness, both of us have shunned our quirks without caring for the consequences because we didn't want to hurt another person using them. But you can't keep denying your quirk like this. It's only going to hurt you and the others you save in the long run."

"You say that as if you aren't still doing that."

"I am not--"

"Bullshit." Shoto growls. "You haven't used it once this entire time."

Midoriya looks around the ground nervously. "I literally can't because the teachers won't let me."

"And when did the teacher's ever stop you from doing as you pleased?" Shoto counters, not taking the flimsy excuse at face value. "From what I’ve seen, you've always had a mind of your own without regard for their opinions. Or anyone's for that matter."

Midoriya bites his lip nervously. "It's complicated Todoroki."

"Try me."

He sighs. "I can't."
"Can't what?"

"I can't reveal my quirk to the world. Not like this." Midoriya pitifully offers that only rises Shoto's anger level. "I don't care about using it any other time, I just can't use it here."

"You're a hypocrite." Shoto declares. "Why would you want me to use my fire if--"

"Because I'm trying to protect the people I love!" Midoriya raises his voice slightly in anger before a horrified look comes over Shoto.

Oh.

Anger takes over Shoto. "Let me guess. Your Endeavor will kill them if you show your quirk? That doesn't make a whole lot of sense frankly."

"My Endeavor isn't like yours." Midoriya argues with a terrified look. "You don't know what they put me through. And if they knew the truth they'd..."

Midoriya can't hold back his tears. "My quirk isn't what you think Todoroki. And if they knew what I could do... What I truly could do... then..."

Shoto's eyes widen considerably as it finally makes sense. "You're hiding your true capabilities from your Endeavor so that they can't exploit them."

Midoriya nods his head slowly in shame. "They can never know the truth. If they did, no one would ever be safe... Not even me."

...

"It seems that Endeavor and All Might--"
"Endeavor has nothing to do with this Todoroki." Midoriya cuts him off. "And certainly not All Might. The only thing that matters right now is you and me."

"Whatever." Shoto scoffs in anger. "I just wanted to explain my reasoning for why I'm going to beat you with only my mother's ice, regardless of whether or not you use your quirk. I'm going to show him I reject his power and take first place without ever using it. That includes beating you."

"Todoroki you can't just not use--"

"I refuse to be a tool for that scumbag." Shoto argues with silent anger.

"And you aren't Todoroki if you use your quirk." Midoriya argues. "Your quirk is your own. It's not your mother's and it's not that flaming trashcan's either. Just like me. My quirk isn't either of my parents' quirks either."

"Flaming trashcan huh?" Shoto chuckles slightly. "At least it seems we agree on one thing."

Midoriya's face instantly falls. "Todoroki..."

"You know, I thought All Might was such a great hero once. And then things changed and I hated him." Shoto sighs as he acknowledges that vortex of thinking concerning the existence of his classmate. "Now I'm not sure how I feel about him."

*After all, he created something so luminescent from such darkness... So very unlike me.*

"All Might has nothing to do with this Todoroki..." Midoriya reaffirms, leading Shoto to notice his extreme anxiousness around the topic. "It's just you and me."

"You're obviously connected to All Might, regardless of how much you want to avoid the topic. I am not a fool." Shoto states calmly as he starts to walk away, already getting the closure he needs at the moment and more questions to ponder on his own. "Regardless, I will defeat you. That I promise you Midoriya."
"Hey wait!"

Shoto stills his walk.

"I'm only here because others have supported me. A lot of people took a chance to help me when they had no obligation to do so." Midoriya advocates. "And I only want to help you. I just want to support you as well!"

"Those are just meaningless words." Shoto dismisses immediately as he can imagine the flinch from his classmate given his current tone. "I don't need nor want your support. I'm here to win. It's that simple."

"But I don't simply want to win here." Midoriya pleads. "I also want to save you!"

"I don't need saving." Shoto coldly returns as he starts walking again.

...

"What if I told you I had a way to get you out of Endeavor's hands for good?"

Shoto eyes widen as he looks back at his classmate in shock, seeing only pure determination in Midoriya's eyes at such a notion.

Though, the fleeting feeling of freedom in Shoto's chest doesn't last long. "Then I'd call you a fool."

"I'm not lying Todoroki." Midoriya argues, not faltering in his expression to his surprise. "I can help you. I'm not the Problem Child for nothing."

"How?" Shoto indulges him as his eyes narrow.

"I've been digging up all the dirt on Endeavor with a friend of mine because I wanted to keep you
safe from him even though I didn't and probably still don't know the full story. Everything is already ready to go, I just need your word on what to do with it." Midoriya explains. "And I will help you regardless of what happens today, even if you completely reject yourself out there."

Shoto considers his statements though a blaring problem makes itself known. "And what would the people of Japan do without their Number Two Hero?"

"You get to choose what happens Todoroki. Japan doesn't matter in this decision. Only you." Midoriya ignores his directed question with the correct answer in his opinion. "Besides, that's only a question you yourself get to answer. Regardless of my own feelings on the matter."

"Perhaps it is." Shoto smiles slightly for the first time in a very long time.

"I'm coming with at you with everything I have. So don't hold back on me." Midoriya promises with his blazing green eyes and a determined smile that Shoto wishes he could match. "Also, just between me and you, Endeavor can go fuck himself on a rusty nail."

Shoto can see the silent promise to use his quirk and it makes him smile more fully, especially given the notion that he would get a chance to prove his ice would dominate the fight. "I'll see you in the arena Midoriya."

Midoriya only gives him a short nod before Shoto turns away to move towards his future with a few new things to think about, one step at a time.

Katsuki eyes dart around in pure confusion as he's not even sure what fuck Deku and the Halfer were even talking about.

**What kind of conspiracy level bullshit is this?!?**

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/27, Checked for errors 4/6
A/N: I personally feel like Todoroki would not simply change from words alone, despite this being the second conversation of theirs concerning the topic. I really feel like this is why he still is in limbo on whether to use his quirk or not. Though, his opinion is starting to shift because of our sunshine child :) 

Also, give it up to our awkward abused beans to STILL have misunderstandings happen in their conversations together. And Katsuki is so far up the creek in denial it's not even funny anymore...
“Whoever fights monsters should see to it that in the process he does not become a monster. And if you gaze long enough into an abyss, the abyss will gaze back into you.” — Friedrich Nietzsche

*Warning*
Bullying and Suicide Baiting

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Zu!" Toshi yells with a wave. "Over here!"

Izuku smiles as he hops over to where his friends are sitting in the bustling cafeteria. "Hey guys! Thanks for saving me a seat."

"It was hardly any trouble." Tokoyami offers after taking a bite of his own food.

"So, what did you get me?" Izuku looks over the bowl with a paper towel over it, obviously to keep it warm.

"We got you some taiyaki, Mikumo." Dark Shadow provides helpfully with a smirk, eating some of said treat himself with glee.

Izuku's face contorts into both disgust and confusion. "Wait, what--"

"Dark Shadow, what have I told you about lying?" Tokoyami rolls his eyes with a well timed sigh.

"We don't lie to friends..." The hawk replies, already armed with a devastating pout.

"That's indeed correct." Tokoyami nods before turning back to Izuku. "Sorry Midoriya. We forged around before we finally found some of this 'katsudon' Shinso said you enjoyed so much."
Izuku's eyes tear up instantly at the sound of said meal as he gingerly removes the napkin off the bowl. "Y-you guys..."

"It's on us, so don't worry about paying us back." Toshi smiles when Izuku reached into his belt for the small amount of cash he stashed there before the tournament started for lunch.

"Oh, okay. Thanks for the food!" Izuku excitedly cheers before digging in with fervor.

After a good few minutes of eating in silence, Toshi finally breaks it. "So Zu..."

"Yeah?" Izuku looks up with a bit of rice on his face that he wipes off once he feels it.

"Where'd you learn to gunsling like that?" Toshi inquires with a frown. "Because the rest of us were flailing about in comparison."

"Yes." Tokoyami agrees eagerly. "I am also curious to the origin of those skills so that I may incorporate them."

"Ah..." Izuku nervously laughs. "Well, I kinda learned how to shoot a gun from a friend a long time ago."

"A friend?" Toshi frowns. "But didn't you tell me that you didn't have any friends other than Bakugo before us..."

"Well..." Izuku fiddles with his chopsticks. "They were more of a mentor than a friend I guess..."

"Hmm..." Toshi fiddles with his chopsticks as well as he looks him over. "When did that happen?"

"When I was ten." Izuku replies, taking a bite of his dregs of rice. "He taught me all sorts of stuff, from knives to guns and even some forms of quirkless combat."
"So this teacher is where you learned your fighting techniques?" Tokoyami questions.

"Yes and no." Izuku nervously laughs while giving Toshi a panicked look to end the conversation quickly. "Some of it sure, but most of it was through my mother’s training sessions like the gymnastics and stuff."

"I see."

"So..." Hitoshi drawls out with a huge shit eating grin, coming to Izuku's rescue from further questions.

"So what?" Izuku perks an eyebrow while taking a big bite of his rice.

"Did you bag your sugar daddy or not?"

Izuku spits out his food across the table, almost hitting poor Tokoyami in the process. "T-toshi!!"

"Huh." Toshi, the fiend has the gall to act surprised as Izuku struggles to cough out the rice stuck in his throat. "You know what a sugar daddy is but not friends with benefits?"

"Of course I know what both of those things are!" Izuku gasps after drinking some water. "One is PG and the other is totally--"

Izuku's eyes dart straight towards the left of him as the feeling that someone trying to kill him flares wildly.

Quick as a viper, he grabs out to stop the killing blow from ever hitting him. "Stop!"

"How!?!" A voice screeches out as he feels the offender squirming in his hold. "How did you even-!?!"

"What the absolute fuck are you trying to do?" Izuku glares at the emptiness before him.
A girl with yellow hair finally appears before him after a slight moment of reprieve, struggling to get away from him. "Let me go!"

"No, you tried to kill me!" Izuku snarls back with his teeth fully bared. "I want to know why!"

"I wasn't trying to--"

"After years of people trying to kill me, you get pretty used to figuring out when it's headed your way." Izuku growls at the girl. "So what the fuck were you trying to accomplish?"

"Zu stop."

"No Toshi, she--"

"Zu."

Izuku blinks before seeing the tears in the girl's eyes that makes him let go of her in shock. "Sorry, I--"

"They were right!" The girl cries out, alerting the entire cafeteria in their direction. "All my quirk does is blow bubbles that sting slightly. You're not even human. You're just a monster!"

"I--"

"Leave me alone!" The girl scoffs as she dashes away to her snickering friend group on the other side of the cafeteria with their cameras out.

"What a freak..."

"He's just a monster..."
"He should just *die* already..."

Izuku blocks out the jeers coming from all around them as he's heard all of them before as he sits back down in his seat, trying to make sure no tears fall in their wake.

After all, there's nothing worse than showing weakness in front of those who already determine you to be lesser.

"Hey!" Toshi shouts at the cafeteria. "Shut the fuck up!"

"Just ignore them Shinso." Tokoyami glares all around them. "They know not of the true power of our radiant chaos."

"You should be careful!" The blond from the girl group sends right back with a look of disgust on her face. "He's going to make you become quirkless just like him."

Toshi stands up abruptly. "You--!"

Izuku stops his friend using his hand with a blank face so he doesn't do something he can't take back. "Toshi."

"No, this is ridiculous!" Toshi growls. "There's literally nothing wrong with you and--"

"No, they are right about one thing." Izuku strangely doesn't even feel any tears on his face. "I haven't been human since I was seven."

"Midoriya..." Tokoyami sadly deflates in concern. "Are you alright?"

"I think I just need to be alone for a little bit." Is all the warning Izuku gives them before leaving the cafeteria to go to his safe space, ignoring the sneers on his way out.
Human by Maggie Lindemann

Me *after writing this chapter*: Brain

My Brain *appears from the closet*: Yes?

Me: What the fuck?

My Brain: :)

Me:

Nedzu watching the cafeteria camera feed like:
Izuku knocks on the door of the observation room, hoping his teachers are there to let him in so he can talk with Tsuki.

After a brief moment of shuffling behind the door, Izuku is greeted to the face of his homeroom teacher, looking at his tears with concern. "Kid--"

"I want to see Tsuki-chan." Is all Izuku can brokenly offer as he tries hard not to start full on sobbing as he stares at the ground, unable to keep his teacher's gaze any longer.

Aizawa-sensei considers him for a moment before nodding, allowing him into the room.

"Moon Child, are you--"

Izuku instantly scoops her up into his arms as the tears inevitably come crashing down, his sobs wracking his body.

He just doesn't understand. He just doesn't understand why it hurts so much now. And he's just so
sick and tired of being the one on the receiving end of everyone's anger.

"Moon Child..."

Even when he's doing his best. Even when he's doing better than all of those other kids, it doesn't matter in the end.

"Kit."

It makes him wonder if he truly is what they say he is.

*Just a mistake.*

*Just a freak.*

*A monster.*

"Moon Child, please breathe!"

Izuku feels like heaving as he's so drenched in emotions at the moment, but he doesn't as he pets her soft fur for comfort to stave off his current erratic breathing. "S-sorry T-tsuki-chan..."

"Hey hey..." Aizawa-sensei scoops him off the ground. "You're okay kid. I've got ya..."

Izuku doesn't even remember when he got there. "S-sorry..."

"Hey there little listener..." Present Mic-sensei smiles softly, though it looks pretty pained in Izuku's opinion. "What's going on...?"

Izuku considers the question, already thinking up a lie but he simply shakes his head as he doesn't want to do that right now.
He just wants to be able to be sad while he pets Tsuki for comfort.

... "Can you tell me what's on your mind instead?" Aizawa-sensei counters as he places him in a chair.

Izuku only whimpers as he tries to stifle his cries.

Aizawa-sensei sighs as he squats down to his level. "Problem Child, I can't help if you don't talk."

"Tired Dad is right, you know..." Tsuki softly murmurs as she purrs into his arm.

"I k-know..." Izuku finally gives.

"Then what's eating you?"

Izuku considers his teacher for a moment before finally coming to a conclusion on what to do.

"H-hypothetically, if s-someone had a i-immortal quirk..." Izuku bites his lip as he tries to curb his shaking sobs. "W-would you call t-them a m-monster?"

Aizawa-sensei frowns deeply as he looks over him for a brief second. "Is this truly hypothetical Midoriya?"

"Y-yes..." Is all Izuku gives, too tired to explain. "W-would they be h-human or a m-monster?"

... "That depends little listener..." Present Mic-sensei finally offers and Izuku closes his eyes to his
"D-depends on w-what?" Izuku can't hide the terrible trembling in his voice as he asks for clarification.

"Depends on the person." Aizawa-sensei cuts in.

Izuku opens his eyes in shock. "W-what...?"

"A human can be a monster." Aizawa-sensei points out. "But a monster can't be a human."

Izuku frowns as he lets out a frustrated sound from his throat. "W-what do y-you m-mean...?"

"I mean that you can only be a monster by choice, not birth kid." Aizawa sighs deeply. "So no, I don't think someone with an immortal quirk could be a monster because of their quirk alone."

"Oh."

...

"Listener, is there something you want to tell us?" Present Mic picks up on Izuku's inner conflict over his teacher's words.

"N-no." Izuku definitively states, though his voice still shakes as he cries. "I j-just wanted a s-second opinion on a q-quirk I'd thought of a-awhile back..."

...

"Do you think you are a monster?" Aizawa brings up after a long bout of silence, clearly seeing the root of the issue.
Izuku stiffens in fear for a moment before seeing the genuine concern in his teacher's eyes.

"N-no..." Izuku shakes his head sadly. "I j-just don't k-know why...."

"Why what, little listener?" Present Mic-sensei prompts when Izuku trails off.

Izuku feels more tears grip him. "W-why do t-they hate m-me?"

"Who?"

Izuku flinches from the aura his teacher projects. Clearly, he spots it and attempts to correct his tone, thinking that was the root of the issue. "Sorry kid. I didn't mean to scare you."

"I-It's fine..." Izuku solemnly offers as he sniffs, trying to dry his drenched face. "You d-didn't--"

"Clearly, it's not." Aizawa-sensei scowls. "So, which ones bullied you this time?"

Izuku's gaze falls to his lap with Tsuki. "N-no one..."

No one in particular anyway...

"Midoriya."

"D-do you think I'm a monster...?" Izuku meekly whispers, ignoring his teacher's clear protest for lying.

"Kid..."

"P-please..." Izuku prays at least one person wouldn't hate him. "J-just tell me t-the truth..."
"No."

"N-no?" Izuku parrots back in confusion as he catches his eyes, not finding a lie in them to his surprise.

"No kid." Aizawa shakes his head. "Never."

"E-Even if I r-really was a m-monster?" Izuku trembles. "E-even if I h-had an immortal q-quirk?"

That makes his teachers pause as the look at him weird, almost like they are in shock because of something. All it does is confirm Izuku's fear, making him cry slightly harder.

Finally, Present Mic breaks the silence with a serious look in his expression. "Listener, do you have an immortal quirk?"

"N-no..." Izuku sobs as it's the truth.

"Then why...?"

"Even if you did--" Aizawa picks back up, cutting off Present Mic. "You're still the same Problem Child of mine, got it?"

Izuku feels a pressure lift off his chest as Aizawa's words roll around in his head. "O-okay..."

"Good." Aizawa says with finality. "And you're not a monster, no matter what little shit tells you otherwise."

"D-dad!" Izuku chokes out in laughter before blushing hard when he realizes what he said. "W-wait I'm so s-sor--"

"SHO!!!" Present Mic flings himself at Aizawa violently. "HE CALLED YOU DAD!!! YESSSS!!!!!"
"Shout it louder why don't you, you idiot?" Aizawa-sensei grumbles with a scowl, though there's definitely a smile on his lips. "I don't think the entire stadium heard you yet..."

Izuku bursts out laughing at his teachers antics as Aizawa-sensei desperately fights against the hug in vain.

After an awkward second of them looking at him with a weird dopey expression on their faces, they join him in on the very watery laugh.

...

A loud beeping sound is what finally breaks up the long expanse of laughter as Present Mic moves over to console to fiddle with it. "Sorry.... Lunch time is up kiddo. Since your match is up first, you should probably head down to the tunnels. If you are feeling up to it, that is."

"Oh..." Izuku dries up his face best he can from all the emotions he felt in the last few minutes, letting Tsuki pander back over to her caretakers. "I'll g-go... S-sorry for..."

"There's nothing to be sorry for, Green Bean." Present Mic smiles, making Izuku blush slightly to the nickname. "And don't worry about time, I'll stall for as long as I can."

"T-thanks..." Izuku breathes out in relief that he wouldn't have to sprint downstairs.

"Good luck out there, Problem Child." Aizawa offers with a slightly proud smirk of his own. "Knock 'em dead."

"Thanks Dad." Izuku smiles brightly before he rushes out of the room for his match.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 3/31
Izuku: *one small sniffle*

Aizawa *rushes into the room*: Alright! Who do I have to murder?

Izuku *crying*: I stubbed my toe

Aizawa: ...

Aizawa *pulls out a chainsaw*: THAT'S THE END OF YOUR REIGN OF TERROR YOU VILE END TABLE!
Nunchuk

Chapter Notes

Izuku fight! Izuku fight! Izuku fight!

≡ \(^{#''} \mathcal{D}'\) J \(\Gamma \star \) 3' )' :+o

We got over 50,000 hits! Guys!!!! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR MAKING THIS FIC GREAT! :DDD

There's even MORE fanart from yusotsuky! I'm crying!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“FIRST UP! WE HAVE A FATED BATTLE BETWEEN THE TWO HERO CLASSES!”
Present Mic screams in celebration that only makes Neito smile.

At least one person gets it. Neito grins wider. And with this, Class 1-A will be utterly crushed under my boot.

“FROM CLASS 1-A, WE HAVE MIDORIYA IZUKU WHO HAS DOMINATED THE FIRST TWO EVENTS!!”

The quirkless kid simply walks out timidly like a scared rabbit as he exits his tunnel. Literally shaking.

This is going to be so, so easy...

“AND FROM CLASS 1-B, WE HAVE THE SELF-ASSURED MONOMA NEITO!!” Present
Mic commentates, making him smirk at his introduction.

*Of course I’m self-assured. Class 1-B is the superior class after all…*

Neito smiles wide as he exits his tunnel, walking straight towards the stadium to show everyone who’s boss.

“LET'S HEAR SOME NOISE LISTENERS SO WE CAN GET THIS PARTY STARTED!!”

“Ready to lose Class 1-A?” Neito taunts with a confident sneer.

To his disappointment, the runt only bows out of respect before assuming a defensive fighting stance without a single word.

*Oh well… It'll be over in a flash anyway…*

“READY?” Present Mic graciously warns for once. “AND BEGIN!!”

Neito smirks as he instantly presses both of his hands to the ground, softening it to make the ground to trap the sorry sap in the ground.

"…"

But he feels his grin falter when he sees the pest moving his feet all over the place, like he’s dancing during the middle of their fight.

“WHAT THE FUCK!?!?” Neito screams in frustration when it becomes obvious that he’s not sinking. “HOW THE EVER-LOVING FUCK DID YOU--!?!”

“WHAT ORIGINALITY!” Present Mic booms over his own protests. “MIDORIYA IS SOMEHOW STAYING AFLOAT BY DANCING! ERASER! CARE TO COMMENT HOW THE HECK MIDORIYA IS DOING THAT?!?”
“It’s simple physics.” Eraserhead grumbles over the microphone. “He’s not dancing, but simply displacing his weight fast enough so he doesn’t break the surface. The concrete can be likened to quicksand. What should be acknowledged is how fast he figured out a solution to the problem and executed it, not his technique.”

“NICE COMMENTARY!!”

Simple physics huh…

Neito removes his hands from the ground as another smile breaks across his face as the concrete becomes solid again.

Then I wonder what will happen when I use these!

Instantly, Neito grows scales all over his hands like twin mini gauntlets. Raising his right arm, he sends them flying with a maniac laugh on his mouth. “LET’S SEE YOU DODGE THIS CLASS 1-A!”

He instantly chokes on his laugh when a suffocating pressure comes from his opponent, seemingly dodging the scales effortlessly, his eyes wildly predicting their movements with plenty of time to react.

It’s only at this moment that his smile becomes broken. “W-what?”

The second he locks eyes with the green haired enigma, Neito sweatdrops in fear. “H-how…?”

“WOWIE!!” Present Mic shrieks in delight to Neito instant dread. “LOOK AT MIDORIYA GO! HE’S LIKE A NINJA WITH THOSE DODGES!!”

“Not really.” Eraserhead nonchalantly responds at the display as Neito struggles to get the boy to stay still so he can get a hit on him. “That is the result of hours upon hours of strict quirk battle training paired with the fact that Monoma’s attacks are too linear. They are easily predictable, which is understandable since his quirk just copies quirks. He simply can’t copy
experience with his quirk, which means he has less battle experience with said quirks. It’s comparable to a four-year-old who just discovered their quirk and only understands the basic necessities and requirements. Going forward, he needs to work on getting more acquainted with his fellow classmates’ quirks so he won’t be put in a vulnerable position like this.”

**Damn it Eraserhead.** Neito growls as he drops the scales, electing to charging the greenette to use his final quirk he copied before the match started. *I know you are right, but he’s quirkless! It should’ve been an easy win!*

“**WHAT STELLAR ADVICE!**”

“**It’s basic common sense.**”

Taking a deep breath in, he forms an invisible air barrier between the two of them. To his instant dread, the little fuck notices and dodges out of the way, continuing his war path towards him again in a different angle.

**Okay. New plan.**

Neito’s eyes gleam at the prospect.

**Perhaps the 'quirkless kid' has a nasty little secret quirk up his sleeve just like those other fakes. Perhaps a super intelligence quirk?**

“**Oh, fucking come on!**” Neito screams in frustration to throw off his opponent as he rapidly approaches, opening himself superficially to a lot of openings with his rant. “**You’re fucking quirkless! How in the hell--!?!**”

Neito fakes surprise when the little rabbit comes right up to him, ready to pounce on his prey's openings.

**Too bad I’m taking his quirk first.**
Quick as a viper, he grabs the supposedly quirkless runt by the shirt and a smile appears on his face in victory as he gets ready to find out exactly what kind of quirk he’s hiding.

The reject’s eyes widen in fear and that’s the last thing Neito remembers as his head collides with the cement before he even gets a chance to acknowledge if he copied anything at all.

Silence.

Absolute silence is all Izuku hears as he tries to calm his heavy panicked breaths from being touched. He didn’t even think when he moved. His foot just connected with his opponent’s temple on pure instinct. He could have killed him if he struck the temple.

*Oh fuck...*

Izuku pales instantly at the thought.

*I killed someone--*

“WOAH!” Present Mic-sensei exclaims over the intercom, breaking him out of his daze, staring at his opponent who hopefully copied his original quirk. If he knew or felt half of what he did for the millisecond he possibly didn't have it, the bile in his throat would be more of a comfort in comparison to his current panic. “WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU TEACHING YOUR STUDENTS ERASER!?!”

*Stupid. You are such a god damn moron. You just killed someone!* Izuku berates himself cruelly as he sucks in harsh breaths, hoping he copied his original quirk since he would probably die from that.

*You have fucking one job Izuku. Don’t let him touch and the second you get close, you let him touch you… What if he knows? What if--?*

“I didn’t teach him any of that Mic.” Izuku instinctively flinches at the judging tone in his
teacher’s voice. “He came like that.”

“HAHAHA! YOU CRACK ME UP ERASER!!” Present Mic-sensei mocks laughter. “YOU ARE SUCH A JOKESTER!”

Izuku instantly sweat drops as he knows what will come out of his teacher’s mouth.

“I wasn’t joking.” Aizawa-sensei asserts lowly. “I’m being dead serious. Those skills were developed before he ever stepped one foot in UA.”

“WAIT? FOR REAL!!?” Izuku can almost imagine the shock on his face as he grimaces from being praised about his combat skills as all he feels at the moment is sick. Especially since he probably just killed someone with said ‘skills.' “HOLY COW! MIDORIYA MUST BE THE SECRET DARK HORSE OF THE HERO COURSE!!”

“Anyone can learn these skills. Midoriya is just smart enough to understand how to use it to his advantage. As simple as they may be, they can easily turn the tide of battle, regardless of quirks.”

Midnight-sensei jogs over in a weird swaying motion, her hand instantly going to his opponent’s neck to check. Izuku would be lying if he didn’t subconsciously hold his breath in worry given how still his opponent was from his knockout.

With a nod she calls it with her whip. “Monoma has been KO’d. Midoriya advances to the second round!”

It is only then that Izuku realizes that he’s not the only one holding his breathe. Looking out at the crowd, they all seem to be in various states of shock. No doubt from the fact Izuku didn’t even use a quirk to take down an opponent who had access to three powerful ones at his fingertips.

After all, all he used was simple self-defense and evasion tactics to defeat him. Not even a single gadget on his belt was touched.

And yet he was completely unharmed sans for being touched once. And even then, it probably could be chalked up that he intentionally let his opponent in close to finish the job.
He just took down someone with a quirk in front of thousands and the countless millions at home watching.

With no quirk. It was all physical and mental prowess.

For the whole world to see that a quirk wasn’t needed to beat an opponent at all. Izuku would feel triumphant about that fact if the notion his mother was also watching him like a hawk didn’t make him feel even more sick to the point he actually feels like he might throw up.

Snapping out of his numb daze, Izuku respectfully bows to his opponent before quickly going to his side, waiting for the stretcher to take him to Recovery Girl to be checked out.

Spotting a bit of bleeding coming from where his foot connected, he starts to pull out some of his first aid stuff in his hidden compartment to clean it up so she can focus on the healing portion exclusively if there is anything left to do since the skin was still broken, giving him some hope he didn't actually kill him.

Unfortunately, the uncertainty still eats at him, distracting all of his thoughts with what ifs.

It isn’t until Izuku steps under the shade of the tunnel that he realizes not a single person clapped.

“THE NEXT MATCH WILL BE HAPPENING IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!” Present Mic booms over the intercom. “YOU LISTENERS BETTER STAY TUNED, YA DIG!??!”

“Holy crap…” Kaminari breathes out in complete shock. “How the heck…”

“Guys, Midoriya is super scary. I’m so glad I don’t have to fight in the tournament…” Hagakure brings up, her normal cheerfulness completely gone. “He basically took on three quirks without even using anything at all…”

“His form is super advanced too…” Yaoyorozu notes with concern written all over her face. “In
fact, he switched seamlessly between four different styles as the battle progressed. The only fault I could possibly find was at the end and he simply lowered his guard to get in close enough for the KO.”

“Indeed.” Iida shifts his glasses, thoroughly analyzing a potential future opponent. “And he even employed some basic survival tactics that you would associate with camping or hiking with the quicksand…”

“But still…” Kaminari whines impatiently. “How the heck did he even do that without using a quirk? I don’t want to face that in the next round…”

“He’s gotten actual quirk battle experience before, that’s why.” Shoto answers for him as his eyes narrow, playing over and over the fight they just witnessed firsthand. “That wasn’t something you could simply pick up from quirk training. Aizawa-sensei lied completely. Midoriya has to have been in real combat like what we experienced at USJ before UA.”

“What?” Uraraka stares in confusion as her classmate exits the stadium’s view with his opponent on the gurney. “How is even that possible?”

“Bullies.” Bakugo growls, a few stray pops happening here and there in his furious visage that makes everyone in the class shudder at his intensity. “He had to survive his bullies as quirks were always free reign to be used against him. So, of course he prioritized dodging. If he got hit even once, that meant he’d get the crap beat out him. That copy fucker didn’t stand a chance as he’s probably never even been in a real fight before. If I ever see another one of their smug faces again, I’ll fucking kill those bastards.”

_I disagree. That is only something that you get when you undergo true combat situations where you are on the offensive._

Shoto gets up to move towards the waiting room just as Kaminari does the same, even though his match isn’t even the next one.

_It seems All Might was very thorough in his training regimen._

Chapter End Notes
Neito: I have a copy quirk. What do you have?

Izuku: I have the power of anime and All Might on my side!

Neito: W-what?

Izuku: AAAAAHHHH!!!!

A/N: Funny Story. One of you guys actually almost perfectly predicted this fight way back in a previous chapter. Let me tell you, I was nervously sweating the entire time during that conversation was going on because it was literally dead on what I had planned as I wrote this little tid bit after a dream I had awhile before that. For the life of me, I have no idea why I wanted to drop kick my friend in my dream, but that happened and led to the creation of this chapter. To the person who wanted to see this happen, you’re welcome :)

Also! This mini series was submitted by just__shayne on our discord server. If you haven't checked it out yet, you should:

~Dad, Part One~

One fateful day, Izuku Midoriya, our resident cinnamon roll, enters the teachers lounge in search of someone.

Izuku: Hey Dad?

Little did Izuku know, the answer he'd respond will be surprising, as he didn't think everyone had thought of him as a son.

All-Might: Yes, my boy?

Aizawa: What's wrong, Problem Child?

Hizashi: Hey little listener, what's up?

Snipe: Do i have to shoot somebody?

Nedzu: What is it, Midoriya?
Izuku was shocked, and proceeds to walk out of the teachers lounge to think about how he would make his next Christmas card with such a huge family.

Also also! As a part of the celebration of finally hitting over 50,000 hits, I have more great fics for you to enjoy right here. (Mind the tags for some of the stories before reading as some of the topics are NSFW with topics like suicide) Enjoy!

- **Neither a Bird nor a Plane, it's Deku!** by FoxOnPie
- **Conversations with a Cryptid** by AMournfulHowlInTheNight
- **Yūrei no Eiyū** by FandomManiac22
- **Swan Dive** by SilvermistAnimeLover
- **From Muddy Waters** by HLine
- **Crave** by Tanithiaria
- **The Answer Lies Here, Inside Of Me** by wancemcwain
- **Through Cataclysm** by martinnn
- **11:11** by artist_writer_reaper
- **Stolen Chances** by MidnightLightHowlite
- **Emerald Flare** by DekuEAM
- **Just Like You** by SilveRanger
- **Shadow Dance** by EmbraceTheVoid (Verandis)
- **In A Sky Of A Million Stars (Who Cares If One More Light Goes Out?)** by Stringlish
- **Emerald enigma** by Awalayn_Khahla
- **Uselessly Aggravating** by NOTTODAYARTT
- **Kasho Hyoka Izuku** by SkylerSkyhigh, xXUndertale_loverXx
- **Puppet Master** by KrumbleKitty
- **Biocide** by lia_ne
"Hey Midoriya!" Kirishima grins as Izuku sits down in his seat robotically. "Nice match!"

"No it wasn't." Izuku murmurs as he stares at the ground.

"Bro..."

"I could have killed him if I hit him wrong Kirishima." Izuku sniffs dangerously. "I almost--"

"Stop your whining nerd." Kacchan scoffs angrily. "I thought you fucking cared more about how your stupid boy toy would do, but I guess not if you're moping over stupid shit."

"But--"

"Midoriya, I think you should have more confidence in your abilities." Iida dutifully gives with a warm smile. "From what I saw, you did not engage your opponent at full strength in the slightest. After all, I saw you go through that punching bag when you joined us for quirk training. If I had to estimate, I'd say that was only 15% of your normal strength as you prioritized speed instead."

Izu releases a frustrated sound from his throat. "I just..."

"Did well." Jiro smiles. "I may have not gotten to the finals like you, but you didn't hurt him anymore than necessary. I mean, think about it. He could have impaled you with those scales if you weren't quick enough. If anyone in that match was using excessive force, it would have been that guy."
Izuku still frowns but he still considers her opinion carefully. "I guess..."

"Great!" Uraraka grins excitedly. "So, are you going to tell us Shinso's quirk now or not?! I've been super curious about it and neither of you will say anything!"

Izuku brightens at the mention of Toshi's quirk. "Nope!"

"Aww, no fair..." Uraraka instantly pouts, armed with the puppy eyes.

"It wouldn't be fair of me to do so." Izuku explains carefully after braving them. "Toshi's quirk is strong, but he needs the element of surprise to use it properly."

"Element of surprise?" Sato frowns. "What do you mean by that?"

"You'll see." Izuku promises as he shifts in his seat, pulling out his notebook he grabbed from his locker on his way back up.

"WELCOME BACK LISTENERS!" Present Mic booms overs the stadium. "IT'S TIME FOR THE SECOND MATCH OF THE FIRST ROUND!!"

Izuku finds his smile again as he spots his friend in the tunnel, fiddling with the settings on his mask. Already getting a head start, Izuku starts drawing his outline in preparation for analysis of his battle strategies and style.

"FIRST UP, WE HAVE THE ONLY GENERAL ED COURSE STUDENT TO MAKE IT THIS FAR THIS YEAR, SHINSO HITOSHI!" Present Mic screams with pride. "VERSUS CLASS 1-A'S ELECTRIC SPARK, KAMINARI DENKI!!"

"Go Toshi!" Izuku cheers as his friend as he emerges from the tunnel along with Kaminari.

Izuku smiles warmly as his friend raises his mask to hide his mouth just as he steps on stage.
"Can we guess his quirk?" Shoji mentions with a mouth on one of his hands. "Cause I think I've got an idea."

"Of course!" Izuku excitedly chirps. "What's your guess?"

"Does his quirk have something to do with his mouth?" Shoji gestures to his own mask.

"Maybe." Izuku sheepishly laughs. "Quirk guesses only though..."

"Very well." Shoji nods before refocusing on the two in the arena. "Is his quirk similar to Present Mic?"

"Nope!" Izuku grins while Toshi draws his own set of retractable escrima sticks from his belt into a ready position. "Good try though."

"He's using weapons?" Sero frowns. "Isn't that like... cheating?"

"Nope, it's not as long as you get them approved. In fact, I made them myself!" Izuku giggles as he scribbles like a madman to capture Toshi's stance in his design, ignorant to his classmates sweatdropping. "I call them Lightning Rods. They are even retractable for easy transport."

"Wait, what--"

"AND BEGIN!!"

Izuku watches with intent as he sees Kaminari grin, unknowingly sealing his own fate.

"INDISCRIMINATE SHOCK!" Kaminari yells, slamming his palms to the ground. "ONE MILLION VOLTS!!"

"WHAT AN ELECTRIFYING ATTACK!" Present Mic screams into the mic with passion. "IS THIS THE END OF THE UNDERDOG?!"
"Oh nice!" Izuku grins as he flips to Kaminari's page with his pen ready to go to update his entry. "He's actually listened to my advice to lower down the volts so he doesn't short circuit so fast while he increases the amps so the current can flow. I guess his new maximum is one million."

"Dude..."

"What?" Izuku looks at the shock shelled expressions of his classmates. "Guys?"

"You made..." Kirishima gulps. "Lightning Rods?"

"Y-yes...?" Izuku stutters. "Isn't it obvious?"

"Why?"

"The judges were jerks." Izuku pouts. "I wanted to embed them with electricity to begin with. Only to temporarily stun an opponent mind you."

"So you..." Jiro starts already connecting the dots.

"Yup!" Izuku laughs. "They never said I couldn't make something that could get charged if struck by lightning!"

"You are scary Midori..." Ashido points out white as a ghost while Kaminari tries once again to shock his opponent before Toshi's voice rings out in the stadium.

"It was practical." Izuku counters with an eye roll just as Kaminari answers back. "Plus, you're about to see the real magic happen."

"..."

"WHAT IS THIS!?!" Present Mic shrieks into the microphone. "HAS KAMINARI
COMPLETELY LOST HIS MARBLES FROM TOO MANY SHOCKS OR WHAT!?!

Izuku simply chuckles as they all watch Kaminari wanders over to the boundary line like a zombie.

"GO TOSHI!!" Izuku screams in delight as his classmates just stare in pure shock. "YOU WIN THAT MATCH YOU BEAUTIFUL SEA KING!!"

Toshi blushes as he rubs his face after taking off his mask, saying something indiscernible from the stands.

"Sea King?" Yaoyorozu echoes in confusion as they watch their fellow classmate seemingly throw away his chance to win the match.

"How unprecedented..." Midnight-sensei comments as she watches Kaminari finally step out of the ring. "Kaminari is out of bounds! Shinso is the winner!"

"THERE YOU HAVE IT FOLKS!" Present Mic voices shakes slightly, obviously bewildered by the previous actions as Kaminari looks around the ring like a lost puppy. "SHINSO, THIS TEACHER'S FAVORITE UNDERDOG, IS MOVING ON TO THE NEXT ROUND!!"

"HELL YEAH!!" Izuku screams over the roaring cheering crowd. "NICE JOB TOSHI!!"

Toshi smiles fondly before signing a quick message. "Thanks Zombie."

Izuku grins before sending back his own message. "Come join us Siren!"

Toshi simply nods before making his way out of the stadium to join their class in the stands.

Chapter End Notes
Updated 4/4

Mermaid by Skott

Izuku cheering on Shinso like:

-Dad (Mom), Part Two- (written by so_dont let in the light)

*One beautiful day in October, Izuku Midoriya, our resident smol child, enters the Class 1-A dorm in search of someone.*

Izuku: Hey Mom?

Nemuri: Yes sweetheart?

Tsuki: Yes my Moon Child?

Chiyo: Yes pumpkin?

*Izuku did the right thing and backed the fuck out of there since he had no idea why they were having a tea party of some sort in his room.*
"Toshi!" Izuku cheers as he comes into the seating area with his mask down.

"Hey Zumbie~."

"Hey!" Izuku puffs up his cheeks. "No fair!"

Toshi grins. "What, cat got your tongue Zu?"

Izuku instantly pouts. "You know exactly what Toshi...."

"Sorry, sorry." Toshi laughs. "Couldn't resist."

"Shut the fuck up Zombie Face." Kacchan growls with his arms crossed.

"Nope, that's Zu." Toshi cackles right back to Izuku's horror.

"Toshi!" Izuku protests indignantly.

"You're eye bags aren't much different from mine Zu." Toshi points out with a chuckle as he sits down beside the greenette.

"Jerk. At least I'm not an insomniac..." Izuku huffs before closing his book up to where he can't see. "And to think I was going to share some suggestions for your fight..."
"Wait no Zu..." Toshi whines. "Let me see..."

"Nope." Izuku turns up his nose to his protests. "Not happening now."

"Not even if I pet your hair?"

"..."

Toshi smiles at Izuku squirming, knowing full well how touched starved he is. "Well, I guess I can offer my services somewhere--"

"Fine!" Izuku gives up as he slinks down in his seat against Toshi. "I'll show you."

"Cool."

Toshi starts running his hands through his soft curls, careful not to entangle them as he does while Izuku chats excitedly about changes and what he did right in the fight while also being careful not to mention his actual quirk as they wait for the next match to start.

After a couple minutes of mumbling, Izuku notices a very loud growl emitting from a very prickly porcupine. "Kacchan? You okay?"

"Oh, is someone jealous?" Toshi teases once he notices as well.

Kacchan only growls again before he gets up from his seat. "You're doing it all fucking wrong."

"Do what wrong--" Izuku mouth instantly clamps shut as a loud purr comes from his throat the second Kacchan's hands run through his hair.

"..."
"Oh my god!" Uraraka snorts just as the rest of the class bursts out laughing as well. "Deku-kun is a cat!"

"I'm not a ca--" Izuku can't help the purr that comes out of his throat from the shifting hands of his brother, smirking down at him. All he can do is grumble in between his purrs in protest.

"It seems I have been replaced..." Toshi notes with a growing smirk as Izuku leans into his brother's touch, purring up a storm.

"T-toshi!!" Izuku squawks out when it finally hits him what the trickster was referring too.

"Just shut up Deku." Kacchan growls back, though it sounds much more softer than usual, making Izuku look up to his brother in surprise.

"Oh?" Izuku notes with a warm smile once he sees the relaxed expression on his brother's face. "Is this calming to you?"

"Just as calming as petting a bunny."

Izuku blushes. "I'm not a bunny..."

"Whatever you say cat."

"Kacchan no..." Izuku whines, though he does nothing to stop the pets making him purr.

"Shush."

"Hey!" Izuku growls. "Don't shush me--"

"It's about to start nerd."
"Oh right." Izuku sits up more, though Kacchan doesn't stop his petting as he readies his notebook for the fight ahead.

"HEYA LISTENERS!" Present Mic exclaims over the intercom system. "LET'S GET THIS SHOW BACK ON THE ROAD, YEAH!!"

"Yeah!" Izuku shouts along with the crowd as he readies his pen.

"FIRST UP, WE HAVE THE PLANT WHISPERER FROM CLASS 1-B, SHIOZAKI IBARA!" Present Mic cheers. "VERSUS THE ICY PRINCE OF CLASS 1-A, TODOROKI SHOTO!!"

"Go Todoroki!" Izuku cheers for his friend as he walks into the arena along with his opponent. "You can do it!"

"So, how's this match up looking Zu?" Toshi inquires as he looks over his shoulder while he draws Shiozaki's frame.

"I'm guessing her quirk is plant related given Present Mic's introduction." Izuku chirps, continuing his manic sketching uninterrupted. "Her visible quirk signs leads me to believe her hair is also plant related. The real question is whether she can only control her plant-like hair or if she can control all plants. Either way, she's at a disadvantage since anything she could control is in this area of the world is very susceptible to cold, meaning they will die or freeze up really quickly. Furthermore..."

Izuku finishes up the spikes on her hair's design with a confident smile. "If Todoroki uses his fire portion of his temperature manipulation quirk, then her plants would burn, also rendering them useless."

"Hmm..." Toshi considers his words as his classmates look at him like he described planetary motion at the microscopic level. "So, basically you're saying Todoroki wins?"

"Yup!" Izuku grins. "Unless of course she can knock him out before he can change the temperature, which I doubt she has even thought of given how many openings she has on her person at the moment. If she had considered that, she would have already been in a ready position as time is of the essence. My bet is she's going to try and capture him."
"We aren't betting Zu." Toshi chides.

"Is it because I'd win?" Izuku inquires. Innocently of course.

"Maybe." Toshi smirks. "But I'm not stupid to test it out anyway since everything you mumbled about is scarly accurate."

Izuku only wolfishly grins in return as his pen twitches for more notes to write about their sister class.

"AND BEGIN LITTLE LISTENERS!!"

Just as predicted, Shiozaki attempts to confine Todoroki with her vines, though something crazy happens that not even Izuku could have predicted.

A huge glacier pointed away from the stands envelopes Todoroki's opponent, leaving the entire crowd silent from pure shock.

_Holy crap!_

Izuku rushes to turn to Todoroki' page before scribbling down the new numbers. "Man, I was underestimating Todoroki's upper bounds by half my original estimate. I need to fix this..."

"Only half? Did I mention how scary Midoriya is today?" Kaminari trembles from the cold. "Because he's terrifying."

"Nerd's just a fucking stalker." Kacchan tugs on his hair slightly, but not in a malicious way. "Right nerd?"

"It's not my fault quirks are so cool..." Izuku pouts.
"See?" Kacchan laughs. "Fucking stalker."

"Shiozaki is immobilized!" Midnight-sensei cracks her whip. "Todoroki advances!!"

"Dang, you don't think he could have held back a bit?" Sero shakes his head. "Geez..."

Izuku disagrees instantly once he catches the look on Todoroki's face.

*He looks so sad...* Izuku depressingly notes while he watches Todoroki melt out Shiozaki from her icy prison.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 4/6
Sad Machine by Porter Robinson

Iida: Midoriya! You shouldn't behave like this! UA students aren't animals!
Izuku: *hisses and swats at him*
Katsuki *still combing through his curls*: Leave the nerd alone. Let him be a furry.
Iida: But--!
Izuku: *hissing ensues*
Tsuki *from the recording booth*: *I taught my kit well...*

~Dad (Bro), Part Three~ (written by just__shayne)

One beautiful day after promptly kneeing Endeavor in the crotch using One For All, Izuku enters his apartment.
Izuku: Hey bro!

Shinso: Sup?

Shouto: Yes, Izuku?

Denki: Hey Midoribro!

Kacchan: What do you want, nerd?

Inasa: Yes?

Kirishima: What's up, bro?

_Izuku backs the fuck up because he knows what this is, an intervention, and he doesn't want to face his addiction of adopting random things off the side of the road._
Legendary

Chapter Notes

Some cults are born great...

Also! This joke was submitted by just_shayne on our discord server. If you haven't checked it out yet, you should:

Denki: You can build technology? Woah, when I was younger I ate legos.

Izuku: ...

Izuku: WHY would you eat legos?

Denki: I thought it built character.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"NEXT, WE HAVE THE REARING ENGINE IIDA TENYA FROM CLASS 1-A!" Present Mic exclaims. "VERSUS!!"

"Oh no.." Izuku breathes out in pure horror just as Iida walks out of the tunnel with clanking gear all over him.

"FROM THE SUPPORT COURSE, WE HAVE THE SPECTACULAR INVENTOR HATSUME MEI!!"

"What's wrong bro?" Kirishima frowns, looking at Izuku's newly sweating face as he notices the smug smirk of Hatsume as she enters the ring.

"Hatsume got Iida." Izuku pales considerably. "He's going to be her test dummy for her inventions now..."

"I'm sure it's not that bad..."

Izuku gives his classmate a look that only pure trauma could produce. "I was her test dummy first. Iida will be lucky to survive."
"You survived just fine though..." Sato points out with a frown as he looks him over.

A whimpering sound comes from Izuku's throat that Toshi catches. "Oh Zu..."

"There there..." Toshi pulls him into a warm hug. "The scary pink haired demon can't hurt you anymore..."

Izuku throat only gives an indignant whine in response as he leans into the hug to curb his tears. "She's so smart though..."

"Of course she is..."

"Like wickedly smart." Izuku points out. "She's also weirdly funny at times."

"Uh huh..."

"She almost burned me alive with the gauntlet."

"Did you have marshmallows?"

Izuku pulls away from the hug. "I hate you."

Toshi just laughs at his kitten pout. "Sure you do."

Izuku only pouts harder in response while praying extremely hard for Iida's safety.

"START!!"

Izuku hangs his head once he sees Iida struggle to catch Hatsume in the first couple seconds.
"**It's already over...**"

"Testing!" A voice that suspiciously sounds like Hatsume exclaims loudly, hurting everyone's ears in the stadium.

"No." Izuku denies.

"Perfect!" Hatsume grins. "**Hey there companies! My name is Hatsume Mei!**"

"No." Izuku denies even louder as a terrible thought crosses his mind.

"**First things first, please thank our DJ for today's performance: Midoriya Izuku!**" Hatsume grins as she points straight at Izuku in the stands. "**Baby Number 13426, play Legendary!**"

"No!" Izuku shouts right back in a panic as he tries to hide from the cameras now aimed at him just as a song starts playing. "I have nothing to do with this! I do not support this!!"

"**And thank our little Sprout for writing the code to hack into UA's system so I could broadcast to all of the companies in the stands!**" Hatsume delivers with a devilish smile while still pointing right at him. "**Baby Number 13426 thanks you for her creation!**"

"I'm not little!" Izuku puffs up his cheeks for the first order of business before something finally hits him. "You said you wanted to look through my playlist because you wanted new songs to listen to!!"

Hatsume only cackles in response as she continues on with her side show.

"You constantly surprise me with your music choices Midoriya." Jiro notes with an excited smile. "We should definitely share music sometime."

"Are we going to seriously look over the fact Midoriya hacked UA and got away with it?" Kaminari questions with a look of horror.
"You like Skillet?" Izuku excitedly perks back up despite Hatsume's ultimate betrayal. "Really?"

"I live for the classics Midoriya." Jiro accentuates with a knowing smile. "So you bet I do."

"Yeah, okay." Kaminari huffs in his seat. "Just ignore me..."

"Stop your whining Pichu." Kacchan growls as his hands run through Izuku hair once again to soothe the nervous wreck.

"I as well." Tokoyami adds with a proud smile as well. "Emo gang, right?"

Izuku grins. "Emo gang!"

"At this point, we are going to have to start a cult." Toshi points out with a tired sigh.

Toshi instantly sweatdrops from seeing Izuku's eager smile, already drafting up plans for membership in his notebook while he mumbles. "I wasn't being serious..."

"Too late." Izuku smiles innocently. "You can't escape now."

"I am shooketh." Kaminari dramatically flails.

"It'll be okay." Izuku shrugs. "No one will die."

"That's not the point."

Izuku simply shrugs again, indifferent as he drafts more with fervor.

"And this is my energy gauntlet!" Hatsume introduces as she dodges another of Iida's attacks. "It
was designed entirely by myself with minor modifications by little Sprout, but he for some reason wanted me to take all the credit so none of the support companies hounded him over it!"

"Jerk. I did more than minor modifications..." Izuku grumbles as he adds to one of the rules that would be exploited oh so maliciously if it made it in the final draft for their cult. "I made sure no one would die from that monstrosity."

"You worked on stuff with that!?!" Kaminari nearly falls out of his seat in horror when the first blast of air hits the stands.

"Hatsume isn't a 'that' Kaminari." Izuku scolds as he puts the final touches to the rules. "And yeah. It was to make sure she didn't kill someone because she wanted it to be 'the best baby ever."

"I am terrified." Kaminari whimpers, which Izuku ignores as he puts the finally touches to the last rule.

"And done!" Izuku grins as he holds up his notebook with all the rules outlined on it. "So, who wants to learn about our lord and savior Cthulhu?"

Jiro snorts. "Too cute..."

Izuku frowns. "What's cute about Cthulhu?"

"Nothing." Jiro giggles even harder at Izuku's kitten pout.

"Where do I sign?" Toshi grins, eager to being the first lamb to the sacrifice.

"On the page." Izuku smiles as he offers his notebook. "And as a part of the Emo Gang, you must have a code name. The code name must be a monster."

"Easy." Toshi states as he signs his name with Izuku's pen after its offered to him. "Siren."
Izuku blushes hard that he would choose the nickname he gave him. "Siren it is."

"Also, there's no way this won't end up being a Lord of the Flies situation." Toshi teases as he points to rule nine. "At all."

Izuku only grumbles in protest as he scratches out the rule.

"I wanna join!" Hagakure waves her gloves enthusiastically. "I have to get my revenge."

Izuku sweatdrops while laughing nervously. "Well, it's a good thing that rule five allows for us to get revenge on all those that oppose us, huh?"

"Perfect!" Hagakure cackles as she signs. "I'm Ghost!"

"Cool!" Izuku cheers. "Who's next?"

"You first Zu." Toshi reminds him. "You pick since it's your cult after all."

"Oh right!" Izuku blushes harder as he furiously scribbles his new name on the page, drawing a simple zombie to keep up with the theme his two classmates have clearly started up. "I'm Zombie."

"Now now..." Toshi snickers. "You know it's pronounced Zumbie."

Izuku just rolls his eyes as he eagerly waves his notebook around at his classmates. "Who else?"

"Do Pokemon count?" Kaminari meekly inquires.

"Yup!" Izuku smirks. "Though, you have to evolve before you get Pikachu."

"Dang it." Kaminari hangs his head. "No fair."
"All is fair here Kaminari." Izuku laughs as Kaminari waves away his choice to sign with his hands while he sulks. "Anyone else?"

"Give it here nerd."

"Kacchan..." Izuku definitely has tears in his eyes as he stares up at his brother.

"Shut it shitty nerd." Kacchan grumbles as he yanks the notebook out of his hands. "Stupid cry baby."

In spite, he uses Izuku's head as a hard surface to write his signature.

"What'cha doing...?" Izuku pokes at the notebook after a good few minutes of being in his care.

"Drawing a motherfucking dragon nerd." Kacchan growls as he slaps him with the notebook to shoo away his finger.

"Meanie..." Izuku pouts as he lets his brother continue drawing.

"Ah man!" Kirishima instantly deflates. "I wanted to be a dragon..."

"You snooze you lose Shitty Hair." Kacchan taunts with a feral grin as he drops the notebook in Izuku's lap. "Next time be more fucking assertive."

"So manly..." Kirishima curls his fist as he looks away.

**How was that manly?** Izuku internally questions before adopting a knowing smile as something finally hits him.

"So Kirishima..." Izuku draws with a smirk since he knows his brother is getting a best friend whether he wants one or not. "Do you wanna sign too?"
"Heck yeah!" Kirishima grabs the notebook, scribbling fast as it's obvious he's also drawing a figure for his name.

Kirishima gives everyone a very toothy grin once he reveals the drawing to the group. "I'm shark!"

"Hey wait." Izuku frowns. "Sharks aren't monsters."

"Megalodons though." Kirishima points out with an excited grin. "Plus, sharks are super manly. They are like the dragons of the sea!"

"I'll allow it!" Izuku accepts with an excited grin of his own. "Anyone else?"

Izu makes the notebook to Jiro when she raises her hand to take it. He watches with pride as his classmates all start signing the book, even Kaminari who settled for Pichu at the moment.

Though, the book stops when the last person looks at it with confusion as he flips through the different pages.

"What kind of monster do you want to be Todoroki?" Izuku inquires softly as he notices the visible confusion on his face.

Though Izuku's intentions are pure, Todoroki definitely looks insulted from the sentence. "I don't."

"It's just for fun." Izuku insists with a warm smile. "I'm a zombie you know."

"What's a zombie?"

Izu mentally screeches as he vows to eviscerate Endeavor if they ever should meet for sheltering Todoroki from something as simple as what a zombie is. "It means I eat people's brains and I can't die."
"Oh."

"So, does a monster come to mind for you or...?" Izuku trails off a bit.

"I got the fucking perfect name." Izuku doesn't like the smirk on his brother's face. "A Yeti."

"Oh yeah!" Izuku grins at the name. "Cause a Yeti lives in the cold."

"No..." Jiro stiffles her giggles as she clearly gets something that Izuku and Todoroki don't. "Because a Yeti can keep your beverage cool or hot."

Izuku bursts out laughing as it finally registers with the rest of the class as well. If Izuku saw a hint of pride come over his brother's face at Jiro, he certainly didn't point it out.

"A Yeti..." Todoroki echoes as he scribbles his name on the first page.

Izuku smiles fondly at his friend as he ignores the demented cackles of Hatsume in the background.

"Oh, also." Izuku laughs nervously. "Please never tell Iida we formed a cult. I don't think his heart will be able to take it."

"What cult?" Toshi grins.

"Exactly."

"Midoriya, here." Todoroki offers back the notebook.

Izuku takes it with grace as he flips through the pages of all his friend's signatures, making sure to draw little figures for those who didn't the first time. "Thanks guys."
"No, thank you, you precious cinnamon roll." Toshi sends right back as he attacks Izuku sides.

"No!" Izuku laughs as he fights back, trying desperately not to damage the notebook. "Toshi!"

"No mercy!" Kacchan grins as he also starts attacking him from behind.

"Poor Midoriya..." Tokoyami shakes his head. "He truly never stood a chance."

"And thank you all for listening to my TED Talk!" Hatsume booms with a cackle as she steps out of the ring.

"Hatsume is out of bounds!" Midnight declares with a tired swish of her whip. "Iida advances to the next round!"

"HOW UNPRECEDENTED!" Present Mic mocks surprise, though it's clear even he is tired in his voice. "HATSUME HAS WALKED STRAIGHT OUT OF BOUNDS!! CARE TO COMMENT ERASER!?!"

"Finally..."

Izuku chuckles loudly once free of the tickles for a single moment. "Poor Aizawa-sensei..."

"AND WE SHALL SEE YOU IN A FEW MINUTES WITH THE NEXT MATCH UP!!" Present Mic recovers as Izuku laughs carefree with his amazing friends as the tickle fight continues.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 4/8

Legendary by Skillet
Izuku has no clue how the hell he got to this weird bar, but he somehow was in a weird underground bar. He exits the back room and enters a room full of people.

Izuku: Dad?

Kurogiri: Yes, child?

Shigaraki *hissing*: What do you want brat?

Dabi: Do I look like your daddy?

Spinner: Why is the kid here?

Twice: Yes son? YOU’VE NEVER HAD A KID! YES I HAVE!

At this, Izuku backs away into the back room and begins to cook for himself, wasting all of the League’s food.
"Having no regrets. That's the true meaning of being manly!" -- Kirishima Eijiro

We have even more fan art! This one is from lucyintheobyyss on our discord server. Make sure to share the love! <3

And this beautiful piece of the monsters together is from okiedokie797!

Also, I did some more scratchings over on my tumblr if you haven't checked it out yet. Here they are: Tsuki doodles

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"WHAT A FIERCE FIGHT THAT WAS!" Present Mic commentates.

"It was largely one-sided." Aizawa points out, a flick of Tsuki's tail being caught on camera, making Izuku smile. "If the support student didn't throw away her chance, she would've have been a very big contender for first place. Though, her goals did not waver in the face of adversity as she simply wanted to market herself and nothing more. It's commendable."

"YEAH THAT'S--"

Present Mic's mic cuts out as a new face is shown on the screen, making everyone confused to the sudden appearance of their principal.

Izuku, instead of being surprised, tenses, almost expecting a fight to break out due to villains being here.

"Hello audience and students!" Nedzu chirps though his face seems dripping in rage, especially
since Izuku can feel his aura all the way from the recording booth.

"Guys..." Izuku whimpers at the screen as the crowd says hello in return. "Why is Nedzu so pissed off?"

"What do you mean--"

"It has come to my attention from several sources that there was a particular incident in the first year's cafeteria."

Izuku instantly pales, his tension becoming a thing of the past as it dawns on him why the principal may be angry. "Oh no..."

"I'm sure all of my students know UA's strict policy on bullying, so I'll save the pleasantries." Nedzu clears his throat as his cheery smile drops. "Mienai Manto, San Baburu, and Kirai Goshippu. You are hereby expelled from my institution for bullying, suicide-baiting, and for attempted quirked assault."

The entire stadium audibly projects their surprise and horror to the accusations while Izuku attempts to make himself even smaller in his seat.

"Be grateful I have not prompted you to be arrested for these crimes. However, for those who disregard the rules in the future, be warned I shall not be so merciful. Heroes in Section C, D, and E, please execute Order 66 for these students." Nedzu's smile returns. "I sincerely apologize for the interruption. Please enjoy the rest of the festivities."

"..."

"Uh..." Present Mic stutters in confusion. "C-care to comment Eraser?"

"If this keeps up, Nedzu is headed towards breaking my overall record." Aizawa scowls.

"You heard it here first, folks." Present Mic grins. "Eraser is a terrible teacher!"
"Wait that's not--" 

"MOVING STRAIGHT ALONG!" Present Mic booms across the stadium. "WOULD THE NEXT PARTICIPANTS MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE TUNNELS BEFORE OUR BREAK ENDS, YEAH?!"

"Well that's us!" Kirishima gives with an eager smile. "Wish us luck!"

"Good luck you guys!" Izuku cheers both Kirishima and Ashido.

"Aww, thanks Midori!" Ashido grins as she shows off her muscles. "We'll knock all of you off your seat, got it?"

"I hope you feel better bro!" Kirishima waves as the two of them walk out to head to the tunnels.

Izuku frowns as he lowers his fist.

Feel better...? 

... 

"Did you guys..." Izuku picks his words carefully, not to get his hopes up too much. "...try to cheer me up?"

Izuku watches as all of his classmates freeze, making him even more confused to what is going on.

"Was it really that obvious?" Toshi rubs his head nervously. "I figured you were upset, so I want everyone to pitch in and make you feel better. I hope it worked at least..."

"R-really?" Izuku stutters, not believing his ears as tears prick at his eyes.
"Yeah Deku-kun." Uraraka smiles sweetly. "We heard what happened from Shinso and we wanted to cheer you up. Did it work?"

"Toshi!!" Izuku exclaims as he tackles Toshi in a very watery embrace. "Thank you! Thank you!!"

"Already thanking me?" Toshi laughs. "You didn't even hear the best part..."

"What?" Izuku eagerly questions like an excited puppy. "What? What?"

"Shinso along with Dark Shadow and I were the ones who informed the Principal of their transgressions." Tokoyami informs as Izuku starts to brighten even more as he looks at his friends in shock they would go that far for him. "It seems we were right to trust his judgement."

"Really?" Izuku questions with even more tears. "You'd do something like that for me?"

"What's with you and questioning us?" Toshi laughs. "Of course we'd make sure those bullies get what they deserve."

"Nothing! I just love you guys!" Izuku declares as he nuzzles into his friend's chest. "You're all the best. I don't deserve friends like you..."

If Izuku heard the clicking of cameras he ignored them as he hugged the crap out of his best friend.

"So Midoriya, who do you think will win out of these two?" Sero inquiries over his shoulder a good minute after the two of Izuku showering Toshi with all the hugs, leading Toshi to become very red for some reason.

"It's obvious." Izuku states matter of factly as he pulls away to look over his notes carefully. "Acid will always win against rock eventually. But conviction and determination is what will determine the winner here."
Eijiro nervously wrings his wrists as he waits for the signal to leave the tunnel.

"Come on man..." Eijiro berates himself. "It's just Ashido..."

Eijiro sweatdrops as he freezes on that train of thought. "It's just Ashido..."

Darn it... Eijiro hides under his arms. **Who am I kidding? Rock can't beat acid...**

He stiffens when he realizes he's begun circling in his thoughts once again.

The thing that made him hesitate so many times before.

Something he promised to never do ever again.

"*It's about living without regret!*" Crimison Riot declares. "That's what chivalry is to me!"

"*If you want to go help those pathetic weaklings that can take care of their shitty selves, be my fucking guest!*" Bakugo snarls as he explodes the villain's lizard head. "I'm gonna make sure those villains regret the day they were born by cutting off their exit!"

"And if I can do something that makes at least one person smile--" Midoriya states as he pets his cat lovingly. "--then it's always going to be worth enduring the pain till my smile becomes real once again. And I'll never regret that, even if it is a fake smile."

"I've grown. I'm not going to start regretting anything because I decided to do nothing." Eijiro shakes his head as he slams his fist into his hand. "And backing down now wouldn't be very manly! Neither to me nor Ashido!"

"**FIRST UP!**" Present Mic informs with a bright grin. "**WE HAVE THE UNBREAKABLE KIRISHIMA EIJIRO FROM CLASS 1-A!!**"
Eijiro places a cocky grin on his face to hide behind his nerves as he strolls out of the tunnel, eager to fight.

"VERSUS!" Present Mic continues as Ashido makes her way to the arena as well. "CLASS 1-A's PILLAR OF ACID, ASHIDO MINA!!"

Once there, she starts stretching to loosen up her muscles for the fight ahead.

"You ready to party Kiri?" Ashido mocks as she stretches.

"You bet!" Eijiro chirps with a toothy grin.

"Good!" Ashido smiles menacingly. "I didn't want you to go easy on me."

"Never!"

"AND BEGIN!!"

Ashido surges forward, sliding on her acid as she gets close.

Eijiro instantly ups his guard with his quirk as he gets ready for the acid.

"Take this!" Ashido shouts as she flings something towards his hardened skin. "My acid sandwich!"

*Crap!* Eijiro swears as the acid hits his skin. *That really burns!*

Eijiro just pushes through it as he winds up an attack to change to the offense.

With a war cry he lands a punch to her shoulder while she tries to continue to skate towards him. "Gotcha!"
"Oww!!" Ashido cries out as she instantly moves away from him to gain some distance with a well timed flipped. "That hurt!"

"Oh, sorry Ash--"

"Pay attention and fight!" Ashido scolds as she throws another round of acid onto his skin. "You can't worry about your opponent like this Kiri if you want to win."

*She's right. I've got to go for it or I'll never win...*

"Right!" Eijiro shouts as he rushes at her.

"You're too straight forward in your attacks Kiri..." Ashido tsks as she dodges away from one of his hardened swipes. "You need to be more fluid in your motions!"

"Like this!" Ashido declares as she punches his now raised arms. "Acid gauntlets!"

Eijiro clenches his teeth as the acid comes in contact with his skin, but he doesn't falter as he starts coming up with a plan to counter her vicious punches.

Once she stops for a single moment, he goes on the offensive. "Rock Barrage!"

*It's not working...* Eijiro realizes early on as he continuously punches at her tiny acid veil on her arms.

Despite getting through most of it, it's not harming her in the slightest.

"You're too straight forward in your attacks Kiri" echoes in his ears as he starts to plan up a way to get through her attacks.

*Stop being straight forward. Right.*
Eijiro shakes his head as Ashido jumps backwards, away from his attacks.

**What does that even mean!??**

"Come on Kiri!" Ashido sneers. "You can do better than that!"

Eijiro gulps. "You're right."

Ashido laughs as she charges again. "I know I'm right!"

**If I don't know what she means, then I'll just do something I do know!**

Ashido tosses more acid at him that makes him grit his teeth as he prepares for a devastating punch.

**After all, no matter how strong you are, the body's weak spots are still the weakest link.**

"How else can I call myself a man if I falter to acid!?!" Eijiro drives a punch home against his opponent's solar plexus, making her cry out in pain. "How else can I save others if I can't be the rock for others to depend on if I fall here!?!"

Eijiro is about to follow up with another punch to the gut before he notices her fall to her knees, wheezing hard from the blow.

"Ashido, can you continue...?" Kirishima hesitantly asks, though he doesn't lower his guard.

To his surprise, she shakes her head as she continues to heave in her breaths, coughing as she desperately tries to regain her footing and stand once again.

"Ashido is down!" Midnight declares with a smile while Ashido nearly falls again until he catches
her to steady her. "Kirishima is the winner!"

I did it!!!

Eijiro sheds a few manly tears in happiness as he helps her back up to go see Recovery Girl for any injuries he might have caused her.

I really could do it...

Chapter End Notes

Updated 4/10

Something To Believe In by Young the Giant

~Dad (Dad), Part Five~ (written by just__shayne)

Eri had just gotten back from her first day of attending a normal school

Eri: Dad?

Shinsou: Yes, honey?

Shouto: What is it, Eri?

Izuku: I'm in the vents!

Bakugou: GET OUT OF THE VENTS, NERD!

Eri proceeds to book it to her room, utterly confused to whatever is happening.

Also! I present to you the rest of the Class 1-A's signatures in his notebook. Can you guess who they all represent?
Hint: Iida's signature and drawing was forged by Tsu because she didn't want him left out. I wonder which one is Iida? :)
Obstacles

Chapter Notes

"There are always going to be obstacles in your way. The key is making sure you get past them." -- Yaoyorozu Momo

And some more fanart from our discord server made by sophia ༺ツ:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"ARE YOU READY FOR THE NEXT MATCH TO BEGIN!?!" Present Mic-sensei booms over the microphone as Momo gets ready for her opponent, placing her candy bar wrapper in the bin next to the exit.

"FIRST, WE HAVE CLASS 1-A'S SHADOW OF THE NIGHT, TOKOYAMI FUMIKAGE!!"

Momo starts walking out of her tunnel once she sees Tokoyami almost to his post while the crowd goes crazy. She wonders if her sister is cheering along with them in the stands as she scans them for her father's private booth.

"VERSUS!" Present Mic-sensei breaks her out of her thoughts as she walks with more poise as she makes her way to the arena. "CLASS 1-A'S PRINCESS, YAOYOROZU MOMO!!"

Momo's eye twitches as her hand shoots straight up in protest.

"Uh yes, Yaoyorozu?"

"Calling me a princess is insulting not only to me, but my opponent." Momo points out into the mic that Midnight-sensei offers her. "If you must call me something of this nature, make sure you grant me a proper title of my caliber: a goddess."
"Of course!" Present Mic-sensei agrees relatively easily to her immense relief. "PLEASE WELCOME YAOYOROZU MOMO, THE GODDESS OF CREATION!!"

Momo smiles as she greets her opponent with a proper bow. "I look forward to fighting you Tokoyami-san."

"Likewise." Tokoyami nods as he readies himself for the fight ahead as well.

"AND BEGIN!!"

Momo immediately makes a shield just as Dark Shadow comes out of Tokoyami with a war cry.

"You can't beat me!" Dark Shadow declares out as he slams into her shield, knocking her backwards without it.

"Of course I can't. Momo bitterly notes as she raises up another shield. But that doesn't mean I can't try to win!"

"No one can beat me and Fumi!" Dark Shadow shouts as he takes another swipe at her.

"Oh no!"

Momo takes another hard jolt from Dark Shadow, sending her sprawling backwards as a terrible thought passes through her.

At this rate, I'll be pushed out of the arena. What should I do...?

'Yaoyorozu tends to create things from her upper body given that's where most of her lipid storage is located. But she seems to have perfect lipid control from what I could observe, so making something come out of her feet or legs should be just as possible by simply moving where the storage is located for a single moment!' --Page 54
Spikes emerge from Momo's feet, grounding her into the concrete as Dark Shadow bashes into her again. "Nice try Tokoyami! You can't just simply push me out of the ring!"

"I see that." Tokoyami notes as Dark Shadow pulls back slightly as they observe the situation.

"WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT!?!!" Present Mic-sensei booms with excitement. "OUR GODDESS GROUNDED HERSELF!!"

"It was only logical." Aizawa-sensei points out in monotone.

"IT WAS IRONIC!" Present Mic loudly protests, which would have made Momo giggle if not for Tokoyami still standing, watching her like a hawk for openings.

"It seems I underestimated you greatly." Tokoyami finally speaks. "For that, I apologize. I should have never considered this would be an easy win."

"I also greatly underestimated you Tokoyami!" Momo declares as she creates a spear from her left hand, her heart screaming that of course he did.

After all, everyone has sans for three.

"Why do you want to be a hero Uraraka-san?"

"For... well.... the money..." Uraraka nervously scratches her head. "I know it's probably really selfish of me, but I'd do anything--"

"No, no, please. That's totally fine." Momo brightens. "Supporting yourself is a good reason to be a hero."

"Well actually..." Uraraka twiddles her thumbs. "It's more for my parents. I want to give them
"How noble of you!" Momo exclaims in happiness. "You're such a good person Uraraka-san."

"Please, no honorifics." Uraraka smiles, though it seems very forced to her. "So, why do you want to be a hero?"

"Well..."

"I want to be a hero so I can give aid to others!" Momo cries as she battles against Dark Shadow with her spear. "I want to make my own path in life, not the one my parents had laid out for me!"

"I too, want to become a hero so that I may show others the brilliance of the darkness." Tokoyami declares as Dark Shadow charges. "Now we shall see who will prevail in this battle of wits!"

The two clash as Dark Shadow and Momo move like a blur, neither faltering to the other as the fight ensues.

She gives a loud war cry to distract the shadow while she starts to create flash bangs under her shield. After all, she notices how Dark Shadow always shies away from the fire pillars as they clash, leading her to a theory that the quirk needs darkness to feed on.

"Sister?"

"Yes little one?" Momo murmurs as she hugs her little sister tightly.

"Be safe today, won't you?"

"I'll do more than that little sis." Momo laughs as she tickles her for a moment. "I'm going to be a hero after all."

"Even though Father doesn't like it?"
"Even then." Momo assures with a confident smile. "Remember, you can be whatever you want to be as well."

"Even if I want to work with the company?"

"Even then." Momo giggles. "Your intelligence quirk is perfect for it after all if that's what you choose."

"Thanks Sister."

"I'll win for you, okay?"

"Right!"

In that single instant she moves to grab the first flash bang, Momo finds herself enveloped in Dark Shadow like a cloak. The quirk doesn't hurt, but it feels uncomfortable on her bare skin as she struggles to get free by creating something to give her space. Unfortunately, the quirk is much more intelligent than she surmised, only leading to the quirk holding on her tighter as each item appears.

"Yayorozu, can you move?" Midnight asks after a few seconds of struggling and fighting by trying to reach the flash bangs as a last resort.

With tears threatening to spill, she shakes her head shamefully when she feels something covering them from her grasp.

"Yaoyorozu is immobilized!" Midnight declares with a swish of her whip. "Tokoyami is the winner!!"

"I... lost?" Momo exhales in pure desperation as she is let down on the ground safely, her Matryoshka dolls spilling to the ground as well as the flash bangs.
"You were an admirable opponent." Tokoyami states with a purposed nod of his head. "You did not lose, but simply surrendered to the darkness."

"What does that even mean?" Momo inquires, unsure of her classmate's reasoning.

"It means that there are some forces we must surrender to--" Tokoyami explains. "But that does not mean we lost to them. Only lived to survive against them once more."

Momo gives him a tired smile. "Congratulations on your win Tokoyami-san."

"Likewise." Tokoyami offers with a smile.

"You were tough!" Dark Shadow chirps excitedly. "But I told you I'd win."

"Right." Momo smiles a little brighter as she gets off the ground.

Thank you.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 4/12

Obstacles by Syd Matters

A/N: I personally found the Yaoyorozu v. Tokoyami fight very bland in canon. Even though I agree with the result as Yaoyorozu still hasn't found her confidence to beat him, despite being way stronger than Tokoyami in a lot of aspects concerning versatility, I still felt robbed with how it exactly went down. Plus, I also feel like there is a big story behind her character that Horikoshi hasn't revealed, so I eagerly await that in canon.

Also, Happy Easter to those who celebrate! Is everyone doing okay with all the
coronavirus going on? I personally am fine, but I worry for everyone who has been or will be affected by the virus. I hope you and your families are doing okay as we all weather this hard time together. Please stay safe you guys!

And finally, the super secret teacher page!

Hint: This is the list of all the teachers:
- Aizawa
- Vlad King
- All Might
- Present Mic
- Midnight
- Cementoss
- Power Loader
- Recovery Girl
- Nedzu
- Hound Dog
- Snipe
- Thirteen
”But perhaps the monsters needed to look out for each other every now and then.”
—Sarah J. Maas, Queen of Shadows

Even more fanart! This is from a dumb clown on our discord server. Make sure to check out their tumbr ratswithpears and share the love! :D

Also, I have more doodles over on my tumblr for you to check out: Shinso and Tsuki doodles

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hey guys!" Izuku greets as his classmates return from their match. "Great match!"

"Thank you Midoriya-san." Yaoyorozu accepts politely, though the face she makes is crestfallen at best.

"It was indeed." Tokoyami notes with a nod as he sits down in his seat.

"Are you okay Yaoyorozu?" Izuku broaches, seeing the conflict underneath vividly.

"Yes Midoriya, I am fine." Yaoyorozu clearly lies to him with a fake smile.

"You know..." Izuku broaches cautiously. "You don't have to be okay. You know that, right...?"

"Hmm..." Yaoyorozu hums as her fake cheerfulness falls away. "I suppose you are much more perceptive than I recognized..."

"You really did great out there though. Dark Shadow and Tokoyami are just a tough opponent to clash against alone." Izuku assures as he figures the root of the problem to be her match outcome. "Besides, winning isn't everything. Sometimes, you have to lose to win something much more
"And what would that be?" Yaoyorozu inquires.

"Well..." Izuku rubs his head nervously. "Technically, I'm not you, so I wouldn't know what you gained from the experience..."

"I see." Yaoyorozu accepts the gesture with a warm smile. "You truly are a very kind person Midoriya."

Izuku blushes furiously. "Well, I... um... see..."

"Now if only you'd feel the same about yourself." Yaoyorozu covers up a chuckle as he flails about with the compliment.

"Wait, what do you mean--" Izuku starts in confusion.

"ALRIGHT! LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED!" Present Mic cuts Izuku's voice off as it radiates around the stadium. "NEXT UP, WE HAVE CLASS 1-B'S UNBREAKABLE METAL, TETSUTETSU TETSUTETSU!!"

"Aww man..." Kirishima whines as the metal boy from Class 1-B struts out from under the tunnel. "Even our intros are basically the same..."

Izuku ignores the cheers from the crowd as he furiously starts taking notes on the new face.

"VERSUS!" Present Mic yells with excitement. "CLASS 1-A'S VERY OWN WEB-SLINGING HERO IN THE MAKING, SERO HANTA!!"

"Go Sero!" Izuku and his classmates cheer, sans for two as he makes his way to the arena. "You can do it!"
Once settled, Izuku readies his paper for notes as he finishes up his rough sketch of this Tetsutetsu dude.

"AND BEGIN!!"

Sero grins as he instantly sends a lot of tape toward his opponent to trap him with clear precision that only comes with extensive practice.

It makes Izuku smile as it's clear he took his advice to focus on restraining opponents than trying to focus on using his tape as only mobility. Both are equally important, but the more techniques he has to restrain his opponents, the better as his mobility is already a good asset as is.

"Oh ho ho..." A familiar voice laughs as someone leers over the barrier, breaking Izuku out of his obsessive note taking. "It's looks like Class 1-A has a traitor in their midst."

"A traitor!?!" Everyone exclaims while Izuku pales quite a bit at the face of Monoma devilishly staring back.

"Yes, a dirty little traitor." Monoma confirms with a knowing smirk as he locks eyes with Izuku. "In fact, he's right there!"

Everyone looks between Izuku and Monoma's finger with confusion while all Izuku wants to do is shrivel up and die.

"What?" Jiro finally voices. "Are you crazy or something?"

"I am not crazy." Monoma affirms with a sick smile. "Your innocent little classmate is a liar. Even now, he deceives you all!"

"I haven't lied to anyone--" Izuku starts before being cut off by the feral auras of his classmates as they all get in front of him, seemingly to put distance between the two of them.

"Leave Deku-kun alone!" Uraraka protests.
"You aren't welcome if you are here to hurt our comrade." Tokoyami declares with a hardened gaze.

"Get out of here if all you do is bully people!" Ashido shakes her fist with purpose at their sister class's classmate.

"It's inappropriate for you to verbally attack another student!" Iida handchops. "How shameful!"

"You okay Zu?" Toshi asks as he comforts him, knowing full well what his pained expression is from.

"I'm fine, just..."

"Yeah..." Toshi rubs circles into his back as he braves the feelings. "Sorry you have to feel all that..."

"I see it now! You hide behind your little so-called friends..." Monoma manically laughs at his classmates' display. "Because you can't face reality! You wanna know why?"

"Stop..." Izuku whimpers as he feels overwhelmed from the current putrid auras in the air.

"You are a monster." Monoma declares with a proud smirk. "Or that's what you think of yourself."

Izuku stiffens greatly.

"We are all monsters!" Hagakure counters in anger. "I'm Ghost!"

"Yeah!" Kirishima cheers. "I'm Shark!"

"I'm Siren." Toshi growls at the boy. "And Zu's Zombie."
"I'm Leshen." Koda meekly brings up as Monoma's face shifts into confusion.

Though, to Izuku, all he can see is the tears in his eyes as his friends start to sound off except for Iida.

"Why are we listing off monsters?" Iida questions with a frown.

"Don't worry about it Iida, I'll tell you later." Tsu promises before hardening her own gaze toward the intruder. "I'm Kelpie."

"And I'm Vampire." Jiro coolly delivers. "You should leave. After all, the only one being a true monster is you."

"You think this a joke? Do you all even know what I found out with the last Quirkless I encountered?" Monoma grins at Izuku's near white face, ignoring his classmate's protests to stop. "They were so very terrified of what they could do. They denied their quirk so much that when I touched them, they had a certain look on their face."

Izuku pales considerably as he tries to quell the fear inside.

"See? That's the face!" Monoma outright giggles as he points straight at him. "I can only wonder what kind of quirk can bring that kind of terror that'd you pretend to be something you aren't."

"Deku-kun, don't listen to him." Uraraka basically growls as she puts herself in between the two of them as protection. "He's just--"

"I never said I was quirkless!" Izuku protests behind his friends.

"Liar! Everyone in this stadium and outside of it knows you claim to be quirkless." Monoma laughs angrily. "And I'd love to expose you for the fake quirkless you are. People like my sister can't help something like that. I hate people like you that you parade around like you are someone disadvantaged when you aren't!"
"Monoma, please... This is all just a misunderstanding." Izuku whines as he pushes past his friends to the front. "I was quirkless, but I'm not anymore. My quirk came late..."

"Of course it did." Monoma rolls his eyes. "That's what they all say. You don't even know what it's like being actually being quirkless."

Izuku growls at his nonchalance.

"You don't know what it's like to watch her cry from the bullies." Monoma snarls. "You don't know what it's like to literally be powerless--"

"Yes." Izuku burns as he takes a step forward, literally shaking from anger as the feelings spike. "Yes I fucking do."

Monoma considers him for a moment before laughing. And not in a happy way. "Yeah right."

"I know what it's like to be hated by everyone." Izuku snarls back at the boy, unsure where the anger truly is coming from. All he knows is he hates the stink of the current auras surrounding him. "I know what it's like to have nightmares every single night because of what they did to me because of something I could even help. I know what it's like to want to end it all because even breathing hurts. So don't you dare say I don't know what that's like."

Monoma's eyes blow wide open in surprise, almost like he wasn't expecting that answer. "Then why--"

"My quirk breaks my bones." Izuku cuts him off with a grim look. "I'm not pretending to be quirkless, I just can't use my quirk without severe consequences to both my body and others if they get caught in the crossfire. I didn't want you to touch me because I have no idea what would happen to you if you used it when it breaks me so much. I'm trying to protect you."

Monoma goes silent as he considers his explanation for a good minute.

Then, a smug smile graces his face. "Frankly, I don't believe that you are. You're still hiding something big, aren't you? That's why you're so scared."
"No, I'm not--"

Monoma lunges over the barrier to reach him, making Izuku recoil from the boy's outstretched hand. Before it can touch him, Izuku dodges out of the way of the swipe like it burns him, making Monoma's face shifts from smug to pure anger. "Why the fuck won't you just--"

"Monoma, what are you doing now?" A orange haired girl karate chops him in the neck, sending him sprawling against the barrier.

The girl nervously laughs as she holds him up from falling to the ground. "Sorry about that! He gets really passionate about competition, you know?"

"No, we don't." Toshi burns right back that makes the girl consider them more closely as she lifts up her classmate to her shoulder to carry him.

"He was harassing Midoriya. This behavior is shameful for a UA student." Iida lectures in his own helpful way, hand-chopping the entire time. "Students should not touch another without permission!"

"Oh, I am so sorry..." Izuku doesn't like the pity in her eyes when she catches his eyes. "I didn't realize his competitiveness ran so far as discrimination. I shall tell Vlad-sensei that--"

"Wait no!" Izuku pleads desperately to the girl as his hands wave wildly. "Please, it was just a misunderstanding. He didn't do anything bad like that, I swear!"

"I see." The girl smiles warmly. "I'll still give him a stern lecture as Class 1-B's class rep. Kendo Itsuka's the name by the way Greenie."

"Oh..." Izuku blushes slightly to her nickname for him. "I'm Midoriya Izuku. It's nice to meet you Kendo."

"Likewise. Good luck with your remaining matches Midoriya." Kendo offers before hauling her classmate back over the barrier to their own side.
"Tetsutetsu advances to the next round!" Midnight calls from the stadium, startling the group from the stands.

"Aww man!" Kirishima whines as they watch Sero get up off the ground from a ring out. "We missed it..."

"I'm s-sorry guys..." Izuku apologizes since it was technically because of him that they missed their classmate's match.

Though, Izuku can't help the feeling Kacchan's gaze on him has gotten more intense for some reason.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 4/14

Monsters by All Time Low feat. blackbear

Izuku: Author, what's with all this ominous foreshadowing?
Me: N-nothing.
Izuku: ...
Me *patting Izuku's head*: It's nothing to worry about at all.
Izuku: *purring*
My Brain: I mean.....
Me: SHUT

Also, I have updated the original Teacher's Page as I forgot two important teachers,
Ectoplasm and Lunch Rush:
"I may be afraid to fly. But I'll do it anyway!" -- Uraraka Ochako

Even more art! This one is from Typoan on our discord server. Many thanks for the amazing fanart! :D

THE EIGHT AND FINAL MATCH OF THE FIRST ROUND IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

Present Mic screams over the roaring audience. "FIRST UP, WE HAVE CLASS 1-A'S EXPLOSIVE PERSONALITY, BAKUGO KATSUKI!!"

Katsuki grins as he starts prowling out from under the tunnel towards the arena, just itching for a real fight.

"VERSUS!" Present Mic continues. "ALSO FROM CLASS 1-A, THE WEIGHTLESS URARAKA OCHAKO!"

Uraraka also starts walking out towards the field, albeit very nervous and shaky.

Shit.

"Oi Round Cheeks..." Katsuki calls once she finally gets to her post after a painstakingly long walk there. "If you're going to fucking give up, you should do it now. 'Cause I'm never going to hold anything back."

Her face contorts painfully before determination sets in her face. "Giving up isn't an option for me Bakugo!"

"Don't say I didn't fucking warn you." Katsuki growls as he readies himself for the fight ahead.
The second the sound registers, Uraraka bursts forward with almost nothing in reserve, making Katuski go on the defensive in his stance as he waits for his chance to blast the pest away.

*And now you die!*

"Tell me their names!" Uraraka yells as she attempts to get close to grab him.

"This shit again?" Katsuki growls as he readies a blast. "Seriously Round Cheeks?"

"I don't understand why you are protecting them!"

"Like hell I--!"

"Yes you are!" Uraraka argues. "By doing nothing, you are just as bad as them--"

Katsuki screams in anger as he blasts the pest with a medium blast that sends her sprawling, her words cutting deeper than she could ever know.

"Boo!" The crowd screams alongside him as Uraraka struggles to get back up from it.

Unlike the unseasoned pros yelling at him for being a villain for unsportsmanlike behavior, Katsuki doesn't lower his guard, knowing exactly how tough this 'little girl' can be.

"Who said that shit!?! Are you a pro?" Aizawa snarls over the intercom. "Because if you are being serious right now on your observation, you can go home and hang up your cape. I'd suggest looking into another career."

Katuski sneers as he sends another blast her way as she charges at him.
"Bakugo's fierceness is an acknowledgment of Uraraka's strength." Aizawa continues. "He knows she deserves his best and to not let his guard down for an instant. This has nothing to do with overkill, but instead your own arrogance to not see the bigger picture."

"At least the old man gets it!" Katuski declares loudly as he swipes another explosion at Uraraka, realizing a little too late it was simply her jacket floating.

"WHAT GREAT SPORTSMANSHIP THESE TWO FIGHTERS HAVE FOR EACH OTHER!" Present Mic booms over the stadium as Katsuki exhales ferally as she tries to flank him from behind.

With a deep breath, Katsuki lets it rip across the stadium as the girl is flung backwards painfully.

"Ya done Round Cheeks?" Katsuki grins wolfishly as he readies himself for more.

"How could you just stand by and let Deku-kun get hurt like that!?!" Uraraka yells as she braves another blast, clearly not dropping the topic as she continually charges him. "Why won't you say anything about those who hurt him!?!"

This stupid bitch!

"Stop digging for shit that doesn't concern you Round Cheeks!" Katsuki roars as he sends another wave of explosions towards her.

"But it does!" Uraraka protests to his instant annoyance. "Deku-kun is my friend. He didn't deserve any of that to--"

"You don't think I don't fucking understand that!?!" Katsuki growls as he finally catches her by the stupid collar. "Deku's like a fucking saint compare to those assholes!!"

Assholes just like me... Katsuki bitterly adds before he blasts her away from him before she can touch him with her fingers, attempting to send her out of the ring.
"Gah!" Uraraka cries out as she hits the concrete hard. Hard enough that even Katsuki winces from the blow, though his guard doesn't drop as she didn't go as far as he would have liked.

"What are you fucking gonna do now Round Cheeks?" Katsuki taunts as he sees her struggle to get back up. "Just give up before you get hurt even worse!"

_Just give up before I hurt you like Deku._

"Thank you Bakugo..." Uraraka grins shakily as she stands strong. "For not lowering your guard..."

Katsuki's eyes go wide as he instantly looks up to see a huge mine field of rocks floating above him.

_Fucking shit!_

"I hope you can forgive me for the harsh words I said to try and keep you occupied for a bit. I learned my lesson and your own resolve on the matter from before..." Uraraka apologizes as her hands come together. "Release!"

Quickly, Katsuki raises his unused arm that had been gathering up sweat in case of an emergency, bracing it for impact as he knows it's going to hurt like a bitch.

"A METEOR SHOWER!" Present Mic shrieks in terror as the rocks get ever closer as they fall. "WHAT SHALL BAKUGO DO TO GET OUT OF THIS ONE!?"

**BOOM!**

Katsuki grips his arm as a stinging pain shoots through it for overusing his blast.

"WOW!" Present Mic's jaw drops at the fiery display as no rocks hit their mark. "BAKUGO'S DEMONSTRATION OF RAW POWER PREVAILS! WHAT WILL URARAKA DO NOW!?"
"Hehe..." She laughs tiredly as she stands once again.

"Alright!" Katsuki laughs in maniac glee as he dashes forward. "Time for us to get serious! Uraraka!!"

Katsuki’s grin falters when he sees her stagger and start to fall back down, despite having the strength to get back up in the first place.

"Uraraka is down! Please stay your attack!" Midnight calls as she rushes over to her to check as she collapses, making Katsuki stop his mad dash forward.

"I... can still..." Uraraka murmurs as she drags herself along the ground, clearly completely out of it. "I... can be..."

Fuck...

Katsuki waits as Midnight approaches, his opponent finally ceasing her movement forward, though it does nothing to quell the pit in his stomach he may have went too far.

"Uraraka is KO'd." Midnight determines as the stretcher heads their way. "Bakugo Katsuki is the winner!!"

Katsuki waits until the stretcher comes, hoping there won't be any permanent damage for her. After all, he's seen the aftermath of his own blasts on Deku's skin despite his insistence none of them were ever from him when he caught a glance of a particularly tiny blast looking burn on his back when his shirt rode up slightly during quirk training.

He can only imagine the damage one of his current blasts on bare skin at point blank would cause.

"Nice fight Uraraka." Katsuki grunts out as he turns towards the stadium tunnels, not waiting around any longer to see the damage on his opponent's body while the stretcher takes her away to Recovery Girl.

"WITH THAT, THE FIRST ROUND IS FINALLY COMPLETE!" Present Mic screams in
delight as the crowd erupts in cheers. "WE'LL TAKE A SHORT BREAK AND THEN IT'S GAME ON, YA DIG!?!"

"It's time." Izuku notes as he stands up to leave.

"Yeah." Toshi stands up to go as well. "It's time."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 4/16
Fly by Cemetery Sun

Unposted bonus scene from during the Sports Festival preparations:
Uraraka: Just tell me who done it!
Katsuki: Fuck off already!!
Uraraka:

-Dad (Heroes Edition), Part Six- (written by so_dont_let_in_the_light)

Izuku had been having a great day at his internship until he stumbled into the office looking for someone.

Izuku: Hey dad?
Aizawa: What is it Problem Child?
All Might: Is everything alright my boy?
Nighteye: Yes child?
Hawks: What's up little bro?
Izuku made the smart decision to dash away to do the paper work he neglected to do after noticing the bloodied body of Overhaul on the ground.
The first rule of Emo Gang is that you don't talk about Emo Gang." -- Midoriya Izuku

"The second rule of Emo Gang is that you do not talk about Emo Gang!" -- Shinso Hitoshi

More fanart!! You are all spoiling me <3

This one is from chaosisfunny_2700. Make sure to share the love for this chapter's cover art!

AND NOW WE HAVE THE DARK HORSE FROM THE HERO COURSE THAT HAS DOMINATED WITH PRODIGIOUS SKILL AND QUICK THINKING IN THE FIRST TWO Rounds—MIDORIYA IZUKU!!"

Izuku gives the crowd a timid wave as he makes his way to the stage, readjusting his utility belt with all of his gadgets for the fight ahead.

"AGAINST HIM IS THE MASKED WONDER FROM THE GENERAL ED COURSE THAT HAS BECOME THIS TEACHER'S FAVORITE UNDERDOG—SHINSO HITOSHI!!"

Toshi also makes his way out of the opposing tunnel as the crowd cheers, adjusting the mask for a new setting. Izuku can't see his mouth because of his artificial vocal cord mask, but he knows he must be smirking under it. He wonders what voice he chose to mimic to get him to talk.

"Mic, stop playing favorites.” Aizawa-sensei chastised over the over-com. “It should be known though that all of the support items the two are using were designed and made by solely by Class 1-A’s Midoriya Izuku. And yes, before all of you ask again online and other various sources, they are completely legal to use since students designed them as well as got them approved way before the Festival. All students are permitted to also use gear that allows them to use their quirks safely or for other special circumstances if they request to do. The students that aren’t using any support items chose to do so willingly. Each piece of support..."
items is reviewed heavily by a panel of judges. Midoriya already had most of his equipment scrapped or powered down due to these same judges, so you are only seeing about ten percent of his original design capabilities. Get over it.”

Izuku sweat drops from hearing the annoyance in his teacher’s voice. He thinks it might be wise to just get the fight over with and save his teacher from the pressure he knows the critics are probably spewing because of him.

“I'M NOT PLAYING FAVORITES ERAZER!!” Present Mic protests childishly that makes even Izuku rolls his eyes in disbelief. “IF ANYONE’S PLAYING FAVORITES, IT’S MIDORIYA! HE DESIGNED HIS FRIEND’S SUPPORT GEAR AND DIDN’T DO THAT FOR ANYONE ELSE!!”

“How fortunate they have to face each other so soon.” Aizawa-sensei deadpans that makes Izuku full on snicker at his warring teachers that he has to use his hand to hide his amusement.

Izuku draws his extendable escrima sticks from his belt as Toshi readies his stance to fight with his set. Izuku is kinda proud of what he was able to teach him so far since it was only a little over a week since they met. It’s unfortunate that they had to meet in the literal second round though. He wanted to have his escrima sticks imbued with electricity like the ones he had when he was Switch, but no. Apparently that wasn’t allowed even though their voltage would have never reached the levels of Kaminari’s quirk as he’s not cruel. It was only to stun for a single moment for him to get a grab on his opponent or throw them from the ring. A bee sting would hurt more, but you make do with what you have after all.

“LET’S GET THIS PARTY STARTED, YEAH???” Present Mic booms, making Izuku flip his sticks into a better position to fight. “AND BEGIN!”

Izuku immediately adjusts his stance to defensive as he waits for Toshi to make his move.

“You know Zu…Not going for it is a problem.” Toshi drawls as he narrows his eyes. “That is your biggest weakness when fighting. Wouldn’t you agree?”

Izuku flinches as he knows his friend doesn’t truly understand the reason why. If he attacked first, he would die first unless it was a surprise attack. Plus, this is Toshi. Sparring and actual villains are different. Izuku wouldn’t mind getting the first drop on them. He doesn’t know what he’s planning, but he can’t just act rashly and just jump right in. So, he waits for his move to react accordingly.
Izuku immediately whips his head around in a frantic panic, completely forgetting the match at hand as he desperately searches for her death aura, fearing she's in danger. “M-mom!?!”

**Inko can’t be here…She can’t--**

It’s at this moment that he knows he’s been tricked. His head fills with fogginess as his whole body stills to a standstill, staring unseeing to the front at his friend. He completely forgot in that one moment that he specifically made his friend’s mask to be able to project his voice in different locations. He doesn’t like the fact his friend must have used his own voice changer he showed him to calibrate it to Tsuki’s voice, but he’s impressed he even thought of it. As much as Izuku tries to shrug off the fogginess that has taken over his mind, he can’t seem to snap out of it.

“I’m sorry Zu.” Toshi approaches him with an earnest guilt eating away at him in his eyes after he switches the changer back to his own voice as he talks lower so no one else can hear him. “I know I never should have used hers, but I knew from our training together you’d never talk in a fight unless you were flustered. I just want you to know I’m going to win for you. You did so much for me that I want to repay the favor by getting into the hero course. I hope you forgive me.”

Toshi’s guilt fades away as he hardens his gaze at him. “**Walk out of bounds.**”

Like a zombie, Izuku’s body turns around and starts shambling slowly towards the white line away from his friend. The mere act brings back terrible memories from the beginning of his trainings, when he still refused or became too tired to fight his trainers. His mother would make him move like a stiff mechanical puppet, ensuring he would keep moving. It was always terribly painful because she was attracting his various muscle groups to do the parlor trick. It always got him in the mood again to keep moving to simply stop the pain. Everything Toshi’s quirk does to him makes him feel like he’s right back there, struggling against her to get free even though there’s no pain this time.

“**WHAT’S THIS?! MIDORIYA IS WALKING OUT OF BOUNDS! JUST WHAT IS SHINSO’S QUIRK?!!**”

*Stop!* Izuku hyperventilates as he feels tears starts to drop from his eyes. *Please stop!*
“I’ve been saying for years the entrance exam is completely unreasonable.” Aizawa-sensei commentates as he looks over the student profile. “Quirks like Shinso’s are useless against robots, so many quirks like his that are perfect for heroics fall through the cracks. His quirk allows him to take control of the target when certain activation requirements are met, which is probably what happened to Midoriya.”

“THAT’S SUPER CRAZY! I WONDER IF MIDORIYA HAS A POSSIBLE COUNTER TO SHINSO’S QUIRK, OTHERWISE IT’S GAME OVER FOR OUR DARK HORSE!!”

Izuku’s vision blurs as his panic’s pace increases to the point he’s probably going to pass out before he ever reaches the line. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees a lone black dog-like figure beside him, staring at him with wide emerald eyes. Then movement in front of him draws away his attention to the tunnel as eight shadows stare at him with intense stares. Izuku feels One for All rush through him despite no power being used in the outside, making the fogginess not feel as bad, giving him more anxiety that he can’t get out of it without out using it. His mother would know and then all his progress and freedom would be for naught, making him face the precipice of his panic attack. Before he can react properly, something black bumps his hand that makes him jerk it away in surprise.

With wide eyes, Izuku stares down at his hand on reflex, only then realizing he’s back to normal, free to move his body as he pleases. Staring back with wide eyes, Izuku notices the complete shock in Toshi’s eyes at his actions.

“WOAH! MIDORIYA STOPPED!” Present Mic basically shrieks in amazement. “IS THE MATCH BACK ON?!?!?”

“How…?” Toshi questions dumbstruck, more likely not even using his quirk consciously on it, but Izuku never takes the chance. “HOW THE FUCK--”

Readying his sticks for a fight, Izuku charges forward to get Toshi either out of the ring or get him trapped, cutting off his friend’s freak-out mid-yell. He’s not taking any more chances nor does he want to be out in the open any longer than necessary. He needs to get away to deal with his impending meltdown. It’s only then that Toshi sees the tear streaks from his friend that he gets an idea of what may have happened and that scares him greatly as Izuku makes his first strike.

The stick hits his friend’s knee, making his knee buckle as Izuku prepares himself for a takedown hold that he learned way after his mother’s training. Just because he prefers to parry doesn’t mean he can’t go on the offensive. If Toshi wants him to be aggressive and decisive, then he’s got it. Abandoning his sticks, Izuku quick as a viper grabs his friend in a headlock, forcing him to the ground as he snakes his legs around his friend’s torso.
The whole crowd falls silent due to how fast the takedown was, especially since hand to hand techniques are rarely seen in the Sports Festival. Despite his shaking, Izuku doesn’t give him an inch as he waits for the Midnight to call the match. He doesn’t even have to use much strength to keep his friend still below him as in physical prowess, he doesn’t compare to Izuku whose had years of training under his belt to contend with.

“Shinso-kun, can you move?” Midnight-sensei broaches after a full ten seconds of him wriggling under Izuku, still falling short.

Toshi doesn’t answer as he keeps trying to get out and Izuku feels a pang of guilt for possibly taking away his friend’s chance, but he needs to win to get away from the crowd. To honor his friend’s struggle, he keeps holding on, not holding anything in reserve except for choking him. He only wants to restrain, not cut off his air. After the Nomu, Izuku feels queasy even just thinking about the act of choking out a person.

Despite his friend’s vain attempts, Midnight raises her hand. “Shinso has been immobilized. Midoriya is the winner of the match!”

Izuku immediately lets go as he tries to help his friend up, pulling him to his feet. The second Izuku realizes his friend has a terrified look on his face, Izuku knows it’s probably because he’s been crying. Thinking of the positive that his friend almost bested him, he adopts a blinding grin and he pulls him into an enthusiastic hug to hide his shaking that shocks the pants off some watching, especially those who know he never likes to really touch people. Letting him go, Izuku literally jumps up and down as he sings his friend’s praises to hide himself away from his internal panic of what happened.

“Oh my gosh Toshi! You were so amazing!” Izuku smiles as he decides to pick back up their sticks while his friend stands there stunned as much as the rest of the audience. “That was so close, I didn’t even think what I did was going to even work! I’m so proud of you!!”

Toshi decides to wake back up as his concern is still very much there when his voice gets caught in Midnight’s microphone as she is beside them now to check them over for injuries. “Zu, you’re crying…”

Izuku wipes away his tears and smiles again to lie he’s alright as his voice also gets caught in the microphone. “Sorry about that, I induced a panic attack to break out of your hold. I’m good now.”
Toshi’s mouth drops as he pulls his mask down while Midnight covers her microphone to not let it pick up their voices anymore. “You can do that?!”

Izuku shrugs to keep up his act. “A-apparently. It was k-kinda a last-ditch e-effort. You got me g-good after all.”

“What ingenuity!” Present Mic booms in celebration. “That right there, ladies and gentlemen, is the dark horse of the hero course in his element! Anything to add Eraser?!”

“Midoriya, you do something reckless like that again and I will haul you off that stage myself.”

Izuku can literally hear the disappointment radiating from his teacher that he acknowledges with vigorous head nodding to prove his desire to NEVER do that again if he can avoid it. He can even feel his teacher’s glare that is probably means they are going to have a long talk about why Izuku even knows how to do that. But that’s problems for future Izuku to do, right now Izuku walked side by side with Toshi off the stage, practically beaming with pride as he hears the heroes in the stands talking about Toshi’s skill set as a potential intern.

“Do you hear them T-toshi?!” Izuku flashes him a proud smile to his friend. “They want y-you as an i-intern!”

“Yeah.” Toshi looks up to the stands as they start to pass under the tunnel. “Hey, are you sure you are…”

Izuku gives his friend a shaky smile as they finally are completely covered by the tunnel and prying eyes. “I-I’ll b-be ok-okay.”

Toshi immediately gets down to Izuku’s level when he can’t continue their walk anymore, curling in on himself with his back firmly pressed against the wall, panicked breathes gaining speed as he hugs his legs. “Hey Zu, can you hear me? I’m so sorry, I shouldn’t have—”

“No.” Izuku tries to draw in as much breath as he can as he trembles. “Y-you d-didn’t do a-anything w-wrong. I’ll b-be o-okay, just g-give m-me a sec.”
“You didn’t induce one, did you?” Toshi broaches as Izuku starts to gain more control of himself. “You actually had one…”

“N-no.” Toshi gives him a look at his feeble attempt to lie. “Y-yes. B-but i-it’s not y-your fault. I-I’m n-not m-mad. I-I’m really h-happy.”

“You look so happy.” Toshi deadpans while the guilt still hangs in his expression.

“I-I’m p-proud of y-you. R-really.” Izuku clarifies as he takes a couple deep breathes to calm down further before speaking again. “I-I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. I thought I would just startle you into speaking, not have a complete meltdown.” Toshi looks him over as he gets ready to hug him or something. “Can I do anything to help?”

Izuku shakes his head as he has an idea he might want to hug him or something, which will make it worse. “Please d-don’t t-touch.”

Toshi raises his hands in surrender. “Not going to touch you. Don’t worry. Anything else?”

“Um--”

“TODOROKI SHOTO AND IIDAI TENYA, PLEASE REPORT TO THE DESIGNATED TUNNELS.” The robotic voice in the system chirps in the tunnel, alerting to the two to the next match that is about to start, and they will soon have company.

Toshi looks down the tunnel while Izuku’s eyes become fascinated with the ground as he tries to get it together. “So, I think one of them might be coming soon. Do you want me to tell whoever comes to ignore you or something?”

“I-I’m good.” Izuku shakes as Toshi gives him a ‘really’ look that makes him huff even though it comes out as a strangled whine. “I-If it’s Iida, j-just w-warn him t-to not m-make s-sudden movement. M-makes it w-worse.”
“I know you told me about stuff vaguely, but what all did she do to you?” Toshi hushly asks while on the lookout as Izuku flinches. “I'm guessing it has something to do with the witch.”

“Y-you don’t w-want to k-know.” Izuku replies quietly after a moment of trying to maintain his breathing.

“Okay, just letting you know I’m all ears if it will help.” Toshi sighs as he spots Todoroki coming down the hallway. “Todoroki’s on his way here.”

“I-I d-don’t think I c-can fake i-it right n-now.” Izuku grimly reports. “I s-still n-need m-more…”

“It’s okay, I’ll tell him not to bother you and then I’ll be right back. Is that good?” Toshi inquires with a face of pity that Izuku’s meltdown still hasn’t ended.

Izuku sharply nods but promptly buries his head into his knees as sobs start to come out so he won’t be able to see his classmate. If he did look at him, he feels like it would just make his panic spiral to hyperventilation at that point.

After a couple moments, Izuku hears a set of footsteps coming his way, making him tense as he tries to quiet his tears. His panic slightly spikes when they both stop in front of him, making him try to become smaller.

“Midoriya.”

Izuku peeks his eyes out at Todoroki calling for him. Todoroki squats down to eye level with him with clear concern in his eyes despite his unchanged face.

“I used to get panic attacks too.” Todoroki admits with his eyes to the side as Toshi looks down at the both of them. “Would you like something that always helped me with mine?”

Izuku gives a short nod as he starts to come out of his turtle shell even though his panicked breathes are still in full force. Izuku watches with amazement as Todoroki produces a tiny ice sculpture of a cat that looks very similar to Tsuki in the palm of his hand.
With a shaky smile, Izuku holds out his left hand even though he’s still got a death grip on his legs with his other one. Even though he knows it inevitable that it will melt, Izuku wants to treasure the time he has with the gift as he looks at it with wonder, his panic starting to finally fade.

“TODOROKI SHOTO AND IIDA TENYA. PLEASE PREPARE TO EXIT THE TUNNEL IN FIVE MINUTES.” The robotic voice warns, snapping Izuku out of his daze with the cold object.

Todoroki prepares to leave as he stands back up.

“T-Todoroki…” Izuku gives his friend a much stronger smile even though he’s still feeling pretty awful. “T-thank you. You’re r-really k-kind.”

Todoroki only gives him a stiff nod, but Izuku swears in his eyes his friend was smiling. “Bye Midoriya.”

Izuku just watches his friend start walking towards the exit as Toshi squats down to Izuku’s level. “You’ve got it bad, don’t you?”

“H-huh?” Izuku breaks his gaze away back to Toshi in confusion. “I’m f-feeling better t-though…”

Toshi snickers. “Never mind. How are you doing now?”

“I’m s-sorry about t-this. It w-wasn’t your q-quirk, but…her…” Izuku smiles slightly bigger. “I’m much b-better. I…think I m-may be a-able to get u-up.”

Making good on his word, Izuku attempts to stand even though it’s very shaky, wiping his wet hand on his gym clothes as it has already melted away due to its tiny size. Toshi seems to give him a skeptical look that he’s actually okay, but Izuku has had to deal with worse panic during a fight.

Without much debate, the two start their journey down the tunnel again, this time making it to the end. But just as they turn the corner, Izuku’s mood shifts from panic to feral instantly as they run into the Number Two Hero himself.
Updated 4/18

Sing To Me by MISSIO, Death Stranding: Timefall

Here's another list of fanfics for everyone to check out:

- **Figure It Out** by fabulouslyequivocating
- **Something Wicked This Way Comes** by Eternal_writes
- **The Song of a Wendigo** by JamieJimmyJam
- **All It Takes Is One Kind Soul** by Vickypedia
- **Father of Invention** by Xehanorto
- **Hero** by Magic_Ninja
- **Time Slip** by SkylerSkyhigh, xXUndertale_loverXx
- **Because he sat on a pile of ash** by Blue_Eyed_Britt
- **How to murder your father** by Gentrychild
- **Viridescent** by darkfire1220
- **Smile and Spite** by GalaxyBreath

A/N: Hey everyone! So, I regretfully want to take a week break starting today. There are a few reasons I wish to do this. One big one is that I've been writing since December almost non-stop, so I want to take a small holiday from writing. The second big reason is because I have a coding project due by next Saturday and I need a lot of free time to do it. The reason being that my finals are basically right after that, so I need to be prepared for them. But don't worry! I'm definitely not dropping the story or anything, just wanting to take a tiny break so I can get somethings done so my attention to the fic isn't divided and muddled when I write the new chapters. I will be drifting in and out of the discord server during this week, so if you want to come say hi, definitely come stop by. I hope everyone's weeks are going well, wherever you are. <3
"Sometimes if you want someone to get rid of the trash properly, you have to do it yourself." -- Midoriya Izuku

We have cover art! Please thank 'KatonJyuubi' from our discord server for the amazing art! :D

Even more fan art! These two are from Axobunny || Griffin on our discord server. Check out their tumblr to share the love: inconsistentartist

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What are you doing here?” Izuku questions as calmly as he can, leaving behind his shaking at the sight of the huge man with a death glare.

The fact that the look the hero is giving them is accompanied by a death aura that has erupted from him at the mere sight of them that screams he wants to hurt both of them makes Izuku’s blood completely boil. If he touches Toshi or Todoroki, Izuku might actually tear his throat out as a parting gift. There’s also nothing more satisfying than the fact that all Izuku has to do to ruin the man in front of him is only a click away and the idiot doesn’t even know it.

Izuku barely notices Toshi getting his phone out of his belt’s safety pocket, ready to record if the man tries anything.

“Oh, Quirkless.” Izuku flinches at the derogatory term for only a second before he shifts to his more subtle defensive stance as he has become convinced he might actually attack them.
Endeavor’s own feral expression shifts to one of enraged disgust at the sight of Izuku, whose gaze doesn’t waiver. “It’s a tragedy that UA has stooped this low to let trash like you into their prestigious academy when they could have had any of your superiors. Your kind has no right to be in heroics as you can’t even save yourselves.”

“Last I checked, quirkless students are allowed to apply. You have no right to say who can or can’t be a hero. I can protect myself just as well as anyone here.” Izuku retorts carefully as he moves to a better stance to clearly declare he doesn’t want to let the man pass. “I simply asked you why you are in an unauthorized area.”

“None of your concern. Get out my way before I make you.” Endeavor snaps back to try intimidating him.

Izuku flashes back his own set of canines at the man as he has total confirmation that he’s here to harass Todoroki. “Is that a challenge Endeavor?”

Endeavor himself flinches from a brief spark of pain while Izuku doesn’t waiver in his stance to fight the monster to the death since Izuku knows exactly how much the supposed hero wants to kill both of them right now and he’s on a high from it as it mixes with his own feelings about the vile man. “Who do you think you are talking to me like that!?!?”

“If I have a quirk or not is irrelevant. You don’t get the honor of hearing that answer. If I recall correctly, I haven’t even used one and look how far I’ve come.” Izuku snarls back as all of his attention is on the monster in front of him. “It doesn’t matter to me who you are, you aren’t supposed to be back here. So, I’ll ask again. Why exactly are you here Endeavor?”

"Who are you to command me, you worthless child!?!" Endeavor rages back with a snarl of his own.

Izuku clicks his tongue at the base insult. "You know, I've heard worse. I'm honestly disappointed in you Endeavor. Especially given all I've heard about you."

Endeavor's flame eyes narrow. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh--" Izuku chuckles darkly at the monster before him. "I know exactly what you've done to my classmate. It's not really a secret anymore."
Endeavor rolls his eyes in annoyance. "So now the boy is resorting to lies..."

"Or maybe--" Izuku snaps back with purpose. "You're an abusive piece of flaming shit."

Endeavor flares his flames in complete rage at the tiny green boy as his friend stands back, discretely moving his phone to a better angle in case things get ugly. Izuku however stands tall and ready to evade a first hit. "How dare you! I’m the Number Two--!"

“**Your title means nothing to me.**” Izuku’s eyes burn with hate at the man as he cuts him off. “If you have any dignity at all, you would turn right around and go back to the stands where you should be. This area is for students and teachers only. Not even volunteers are allowed here. If you were caught, you could be arrested.”

Izuku neglects to inform him what his personal preference would be.

“I would listen to him.” Toshi warns with his own hate filled look on his face of disgust as he shows the recording phone with a flick of his wrist. “Our principal has been pretty thorough with the security measures to make sure we are safe. I’m also pretty sure he wouldn’t like how you are talking to his students, especially with the discrimination you are spewing.”

“Discrimination?” Endeavor scoffs with a look of disbelief. "I’ve done--”

“Quirk Discrimination. I’m sure you’ve heard of the law and what it entails.” Izuku supplies without even blinking. “It includes exactly what you’ve said in our little conversation while all I’ve done is tried to figure out your intentions as well as make you leave a restricted area. Unprovoked. So, answer my question. **Why are you here?**"

"That is my own business you rat!" Endeavor roars, clearly past the boiling point.

"Let me guess--" Izuku taunts while bearing his teeth. "You're here to harass him even more, right?"

"It is my Shoto's duty to surpass All Might!" Endeavor counters darkly as he stomps forward into Izuku's face. "And he will crush you like the bug you are!"
"Todoroki will never be you." Izuku growls with purpose at the man's nonchalance to his own abusive nature. "Or are you so delusional that you can't see past your own flame?"

“NEXT UP! THE CLASH BETWEEN TWO HERO LEGACIES!!” Present Mic booms over the intercom. “WE HAVE THE ICY TITAN TODOROKI SHOTO VERSUS THE ROARING ENGINE IIDA TENYA!!”

Internally, Izuku smirks as Endeavor’s rage flares even more at the fact he couldn’t talk with Todoroki before his match. “Why you--!”

“Young Midoriya!” All Might calls from the stairwell. “Are you—Oh!”

Izuku and Toshi direct their attention to a buffed up All Might bounding up the steps. “Endeavor! I see you have found my lost student.”

“I suppose I have.” Endeavor replies dryly with an obvious murderous edge that All Might completely overlooks give how go lucky and positive he is.

“All Might, you were looking for me?” Izuku asks confused, trying to not gag from the amount of death coming from the fake hero at the sight of his mentor.

“Yes, we were all worried when you didn’t show back at the seating area.” All Might replies quickly as if he’s finally trying to read the tense situation. “Are you okay? Is something wrong?”

“Peachy.” Izuku replies with dripping sarcasm as he glares at Endeavor that All Might even catches as Izuku has never really done that before to his knowledge.

Thankfully, he gets the hint and puts on his hidden positivity to deescalate the situation. “Endeavor, we should get some tea! It’s been so long since we’ve gotten to catch up.”

“No thanks.” Endeavor curtly replies as he stomps off, leaving the group behind. Izuku doesn’t trust it in the slightest as he follows the man with hateful eyes while Toshi stops recording on his phone.
"Oh and Endeavor..." Izuku calls from down the hall right as he's about to leave, his eyes burning green in disdain as the monster turns to face him once again.

Izuku smirks as he raises his finger with a particular flavorful gesture that even Kacchan would find appropriate given the situation. "You forgot this."

Endeavor's face twists horrifically, clearly knowing there's nothing he can do about it. It simply grants Izuku immense satisfaction at his discomfort as he wrestles with how to retaliate without the Number One Hero interfering.

“Holy shit, Zu…” Toshi finally breathes easy once Endeavor decides to storm off in a rage. “I don’t know how you…”

Izuku becomes nervous since he said that in front of a now feral looking All Might that is starting to give his own death aura off that makes Izuku feel incredibly sick. “What exactly happened Young Shinso?”

Izuku answers for him quickly to try and end this disaster before it begins. “We were just talking in the tunnel and bumped into him on the way out. I’m sorry for worrying everyone, but I think I really need to be alone right now.”

Izuku doesn’t even wait for either of them to respond before he sprints off to his locker like a man on mission to help his classmate as he knows now exactly what he needs to do to make things right, even if it will hurt him in the end.

After all, there's a kingdom that needs to fall.

“What exactly happened?” All Might repeats to Hitoshi’s dread with a calculated edge.

“Um, well you see…” Hitoshi draws a blank as he doesn’t really know what to say or how to deal with it alone.
“DEKU YOU BASTARD!!” Bakugo roars from another stairwell as he comes running up.

Hitoshi simply sighs as he doesn’t have enough caffeine and naps in the world to deal with this.

Bakugo zeroes his red eyes in on both All Might and him standing in the hallway. “Where is that fucker?!”

“He just left.” Hitoshi deadpans at the explosive firecracker.

“Then where the fuck did he go next Zombie Face?” Bakugo rages with his palms already smoking.

“He needs to be alone.” Hitoshi stresses. “Look, I just had to help him with a…”

Hitoshi hesitates as he doesn’t really want to say anything as Zu didn’t seem very willing to have everyone to know about it, but Bakugo seems to sense the hesitation.

“A what?” Bakugo glares at him, not taking no for answer. “What the actual fuck happened?!”

“He had a meltdown okay!?!?” Hitoshi raises his voice in slight frustration. “It’s my fucking fault too…”

“A…meltdown.” Bakugo blinks, almost as if confused. “Why?”

_Shit. Time to improvise Hitoshi._

“He, uh…” Hitoshi gulps as All Might eyes him just as hard. “The panic attack wasn’t induced, it actually happened…He just didn’t want people being scared of my quirk because he said it wasn’t because of that…”

Both of the males look more concerned at that admission. “Young Shinso, do you know what might have caused it then?”
Hitoshi lies to keep his friend safe but has no problem throwing the Number Two douchebag under the bus. “No, I don’t. It was pretty bad though… and Endeawhore didn’t exactly help.”

“That fucking flame was here?” Bakugo questions with a scowl. “What the fuck did he do?”

“Take a wild guess.” Hitoshi grimaces as the two others’ expressions darken. “I’m not sure if he came down here to harass him initially, but that’s what happened when Zu just tried to tell him he wasn’t supposed to be down here. That went over so well.”

“That fucking flaming prick!” Bakugo rages as his palms start smoking again, making small black clouds. “I’m going to go--”

“Do nothing.” All Might cuts him off to Hitoshi's disappointment. “The teachers will handle it Young Bakugo. Young Shinso, did you by any chance get evidence?”

Hitoshi grins manically as he waves his phone. “Of course I did. Midoriya didn’t spend all that extra time on my special pocket for my utility belt for nothing.”

All Might smiles gratefully while he thinks of all the things he wants to say to his colleague once he sees the video. “Follow me Young Shinso. Young Bakugo, go back to the stands for now as you will be up very soon. We’ll get this all sorted out.”

Chapter End Notes

Update 4/25
Middle Finger by Bohnes

Endeavor: Ah, the worthless
Izuku: Ah, the vibe
Endeavor: Vibe what?
Izuku *war cry*: VIBE CHECK!!
Izuku: *sees Endeavor*

*megolavania starts playing*

Endeavor: 'Where is this ominous boss music coming from...?'

Also! Bingo card! Bingo card! Bingo card!

See if you can figure it out :)
"The cold never bothered me anyway... Did I do it right Midoriya?" -- Todoroki Shoto

"Oh my god yes!" -- Midoriya Izuku

And even more fan art! This one is from Magic_Ninja from our discord server. Check out their twitter to share the love: Magic_Ninja's Twitter

“NEXT WE HAVE THE WILD CARD FROM THE HERO COURSE THAT HAS DOMINATED EVERYONE HE’S MET SO FAR WITH HIS INGENUITY ALONE—MIDORIYA IZUKU!!”

Izuku had to hide from Toshi and his mentor looking for him extensively as he just couldn’t face them at all, expertly evading the notice of the cameras in case they used them to find him. Luckily, he’s had years of hiding from bullies to evade all of their attempts by hiding in an empty locker while he worked on his master plan on his laptop. He knows he’s probably worried them greatly, but he needed to have the peace and quiet to calm down so he can do what needs to be done.

Now exiting the tunnel, Izuku’s determination to see this through outweighs his fear of his mother’s wrath. He can’t be a hypocrite if he wants to save his friend, so he knows what he has to do. Plus, it’s a little too late to stop the timer now, so it’s all or nothing.

Izuku steps into the ring, already loosening his utility belt to throw it away after the match starts. He has to do it then because otherwise he knows Aizawa-sensei will end the match when he realizes what he is about to do. He might kill him for this and the chaos it might bring, but the consequences will come later. Right now, he has a person to save no matter what as winning the match is a luxury.

“AGAINST HIM, WE HAVE THE ELITE ICY POWERHOUSE FROM THE HERO COURSE—TODOROKI SHOTO!!”
Todoroki enters with an angry scowl that Izuku thinks maybe might be because of his awful sperm donor. Especially since he can see said flaming douchebag in the tunnel behind him given the red color shining from there.

Izuku stuffs down his need to go punch the Number Two Hero in the nuts for later when he’s actually done helping his friend.

“Midoriya, I’m sorry about this, but I’m going to win.” Todoroki declares with an icy cold glare.

Izuku stares with hate at the man behind him as he takes off his belt discretely as his own declaration of war while the crowd cheers loud enough for them not to be heard. “Todoroki, I just want to say this before we start. I know roughly what that flaming trashcan did to you and your siblings concerning his quest for the perfect quirk. I will tear Endeavor's empire to the ground if you wish for it after our match, but right now, I'm not going to go easy on you. You better be prepared to give me your all or you will lose.”

"I don't need his power." Todoroki curtly returns.

"You need your power." Izuku corrects before smirking. "Also, we are watching all the Disney movies once we get home starting with Frozen. Endeavor truly is a monster since you haven't gotten to see those masterpieces. Oh! And Avatar. That's a good classic."

Todoroki’s eyes widen considerably in confusion. “What?”

“START!!”

Immediately, Izuku tosses his belt over the edge way past the line, making the entire crowd gasp as they probably think he just gave up since they think he’s either quirkless or at best, has an intelligence quirk. In reality, Izuku readies his right hand for using his quirk against his friend’s ice as his shock factor to his opponent will wear off pretty quickly.

“WOW!! MIDORIYA JUST THREW AWAY HIS SUPPORT ITEMS!” Present Mic commentates despite his own shock to the gesture. “JUST WHAT IS HE PLANNING NOW!??!”

“Problem Child--!”
Aizawa-sensei never gets to finish his sentence as the ice is blown away from Izuku’s quirk being used, his finger already purple and broken. The crowd is deathly silent as the shock from the enormous show of power rushes through the stadium and past the crowd.

On cue, Izuku smirks as his timer on his code finally goes off, hijacking the sound system to play the song *Stronger by The Score* to cover up their conversation as well as give his teachers something to do so they can’t just drag him off the stage yet. The song has a double meaning, a big screw you to his mother by proclaiming his freedom, but also to help Todoroki with his issues to show him how running from himself is hurting no one but himself. He can almost hear his loud teacher’s panicked shouts from here even though the music is blaring around the stadium. But they will have no way to pin it on him at the end of the day.

After all, the sound system accidentally entered that song to play at that exact moment that only his new favorite password of FuckEndeawhore would stop it before the song ends.

*What a beautiful coincidence.*

Sad to think once it stops playing, the password would be deleted and all logs for the system for the past day would be lost as if the system caught the error and force start a reboot. Izuku really thought it was clever enough for the police to catch, but that would draw too much attention. And Switch had always been one for subtlety.

Todoroki braces himself with his ice behind him to weather the shock wave as he looks perplexed to the song playing. Once Todoroki gains his bearings again, he narrows his gaze at Izuku as he sees his injured finger. “What are you doing!?!’”

“I’m trying to save you! You need to let this go before something bad happens!” Izuku warns as he readies another finger to prepare for the incoming ice. “What are you going to do when your ice isn’t enough?! What are you going to do when someone dies because you didn’t give it your all?! What if you die because you didn’t use your full quirk?!’”

Todoroki scowls as he sends another wave of ice that Izuku breaks away right away to keep him from it. Panting, Izuku stands firm as his friend starts to collect ice on his right side. “I don’t need his power!!”

“You need your full power! You have one quirk Todoroki, not two!” Izuku pleads with desperation over the roaring music. “I know exactly how you feel about this because we are the same! And I’m
done being weighed down by my past!”

Todoroki stills. “What do you mean?”

Izuku trembles from his fear as the music quiets slightly. “I’m here giving it my all. I could have stuck with my support items and fought you without ever using my quirk. Hell, I could have kicked your ass completely quirkless. I never had to take this risk at all! But I want you to show me who you are using your full quirk! I want you to be yourself, even if it’s only for a single moment! You are doing nothing but hurting yourself by doing this!”

“Did you go crazy and forget who you were protecting?” Todoroki accuses after sending another pointless ice wave towards him that is simply broken away. "Why would you use your quirk if they--?!"

“I hate them!” Izuku burns right back with no hesitation, causing Todoroki to flinch in surprise as the music picks up. “I hate people who do those things type of things to people! People like Endeavor hurt me too! People like him made me scared of showing the world who I am! And I’m so tired of running from it! I'll protect them with my own power if I have to, no matter the consequences!!”

“So what!!?” Todoroki screams back angrily as another wave comes. “You don’t know anything about me!”

“Todoroki…” Izuku shakes after another broken finger. “I told you when we first met that I knew what your expression was! I knew what it was because I wore it once! I just didn’t know it was because of the same reasons as me!”

“Midoriya…” Todoroki drawls slowly at his classmate as he shivers from the cold. “All Might--”

“All Might has nothing to do with this!” Izuku argues fiercely. “Endeavor has nothing to do with this! No one has anything to do with this fight, Todoroki! It’s only me and you! And I want you to give me everything just like I am to you!”

“But my father--”

“I’m not fighting your father, you knockoff Prince Zuko!” Izuku counters with a fierce look on his
face. “I’m fighting you!”

“I can’t just--” Todoroki shoots back with a darkened gaze.

“IT’S YOUR POWER!” Izuku screams with all his might with his broken fist clenched, reverberating throughout the entire stadium despite the music blaring around them. “It’s all yours Todoroki! Only you can choose what type of hero you will become!”

His friend stills and just stares at him for an uncomfortable length of time that Izuku half wants to crack a joke to break the awkward stare off.

But suddenly, Todoroki’s stoic gaze breaks as his face shifts to a blinding grin as the flames erupt from his left side with a fury, melting away the ice from his right side completely. Izuku takes in the moment as he sees the beautiful flames dance with his own version of a blinding smile in the face of his friend’s amazing quirk as the impressive heat finally hits him.

“Wow.” Izuku watches enamored as happy tears threaten to drop as both sides activate together. “Your quirk really is beautiful.”

“You’re crazy.” Todoroki decides with a slight laugh. “How can you smile like that when you’ll lose?”

“Maybe I am crazy. But--” Izuku’s form starts to glow green as sparks start to emerge from his body, crackling full of power as his desire to win the match returns like a raging fire. Looking up, his eyes flash back with green illuminating orbs of determination as the song reaches its final crescendo. “Who said I didn’t win?!”

As if a silent acknowledgement between the two charge each other with their powers, the two titans colliding as the world turns into a brilliant white from the green and red, a death aura flaring all around him just as concrete walls block their individual attacks.

Izuku snaps his eyes shut as the smoke bellows over him. Everything hurts, but at least he’s still standing after sending his full powered punch forward, though Izuku definitely feels his leg now broken from bracing the pressure.

Gritting his teeth, he opens his eyes to see if Todoroki is alright, though his eyes catch something
sparkling in the dust near him. Blinking a bit to clear his vision, Izuku's heart drops when he follows the sparkling straight towards his own torso.

Oh...

Izuku blinks a few times, not believing the blood dripping down to the concrete as he laughs nervously.

Oh would you look at that... I've been impaled.

Izuku feels the panic start to overtake him as he touches the fragile ice-like barb, the pain finally starting to register to his receptors as he grits his teeth.

Oh god I've been impaled!

Izuku hears a shout in front of him. Looking up, he sees Todoroki's eyes blown wide open in surprise outside of the boundary line.

"Todoroki Shoto is out of bounds! Midoriya Izuku is the winner!" Midnight-sensei declares, clearly unaware to the true state of his being from the smoke as he stares at her inattention towards both of them.

Shit! The entire country is going to know if I don't do something!

Looking back down, Izuku grips the cold ice while he starts panicking internally about them finding out about his quirk. He completely blocks out the cheers of the crowd and Present Mic-sensei’s congratulatory speech as he desperately tries to take it out.

He clenches his teeth as he starts to shift the ice out slowly, the pain shrieking back at him to stop. Izuku looses a choked sob from the pain as it makes his head spin, the barb making more red spill to the ground.

"Midoriya!"
Izuku looks back up and sees the smoke has started to dissipate, Todoroki's gaze strictly on the object embed in his lower abdomen.

No.

Izuku takes a shaky step back.

No please.

Izuku grabs firm on the ice, trying to remove the barb from his body faster before--.

A desperate shriek of pain comes out his lips as desperately tries to claw it out before it's too late.

"Midoriya stop!" Todoroki shouts as he finally reaches him, his hands holding his away from the object. "Don't take it out!"

"Todoroki..." Izuku shivers from the pain and his swirling panic. "Please, I need to just..."

"OH MY GOD..." Present Mic-sensei finally voices as the smoke finally clears enough for the piece of shrapnel to be seen to the entire stadium. "MIDNIGHT! CEMENTOSS! WE NEED A GURNEY!"

"Midoriya. Shit. Fuck." Todoroki cusses as he melts the piece of shrapnel near the end to make it smaller for transport. "God, I'm so sorry. You're going to be okay, alright?"

Izuku feels tears drip down his face as takes hold of the ice again with Todoroki distracted. "No, please..."

Todoroki notices his intentions quickly. "Midoriya, no!"
Izuku sobs as his hands as stopped from removing the stupid piece from his body. "Todoroki, please... I just need to take it out--"

"Midoriya, you can't." Todoroki burns with intensity as he holds him back. "I know this is my fault, but you'll bleed out if you take it out. You need to leave it in till Recovery Girl can--"

"It's not your fault... I'll be fine Todoroki..." Izuku cuts him off with a shaky smile, tears freely flowing down his face. "But I need to take it out, please..."

Izuku chokes down a sob as Todoroki denies him with a shake of his head. "I can't do that Midoriya. I won't let you die."

"I won't die Todoroki..." Izuku pleads. "I just need..."

"Hey sweetie..." Midnight-sensei smiles softly as she holds Izuku's shoulder. "It's all okay. Chiyo will have you good as new soon, okay?"

Izuku shakes his head as his breathes hitch. "I need to take it out... I need to--"

"Gurney's here." Cementoss-sensei informs. "We need to get Midoriya up and out of here quickly Midnight."

"Please let me take it out..." Izuku whimpers, his eyes blown wide open from the panic as he struggles to get out of Todoroki's hold. "Please, I have to--!"

Izuku barely notices the sweet scent before his eyes roll to the back of his head, knocking him straight into darkness.

Chapter End Notes

Update 4/27

Icarus by Bastille
Featured song: Stronger by The Score

*immediately after writing this chapter*

Me: Brain, wtf???

My Brain: My hand slipped

Me: God damn it Brain...

Izuku's bones after this fight:

A/N: To be fair, you can't tell me that there wasn't something debris that hit those two from those explosions. It's just our green boy is very unlucky and also didn't have a quirk repelling everything outward from all sides like Todoroki's was doing.

Also, I recommend this amazing budding fic:

- The Quirkless Hero: Icarus by personifiedanxieties

The author is actually on our discord server if you want to come say hi and show them all the love as I love their writing.
"I’m going to kill them."

“No, you aren’t.” All Might chastises his colleague as they look down on their injured student. “I’m sure Young Midoriya had a good reason--”

“I wasn’t talking about the Problem Child; I was talking about you and Nedzu. Is being emotionally vulnerable a good enough reason for you two to think this was okay? We could have prevented this completely. We should have forbidden him from even fighting the second he went AWOL, which you and Nedzu failed to tell me about.” Shouta accuses with a scowl as he watches both Todoroki and Shinso still at his observation. “Nedzu, you want to explain to me how we managed to lose him completely for a good hour before he just magically appeared for his match, throwing all caution to the wind?”

“The cameras didn’t pick up anything after he left All Might and Shinso-kun in the tunnel. Then he just showed up at the tunnel when we called for him.” Nedzu simply shrugs like the sly dog he is. “You know he’s exceptionally smart when it comes to things like this. He is my personal student after all.”

Shouta simply grumbles as he rubs his face with his hand. “I’m going to end up expelling him at this rate.”
Todoroki and Shinso instantly give him matching silent death glares that scream: ‘Don’t you dare.’

“There will be no fighting in my wing.” Recovery Girl chastises entering the room as she clicks her tongue at the sight of her patient again. “I swear, this boy is too reckless. You just had to get him riled up before the Festival didn’t you, All Might?”

Shouta almost has an aneurysm from that alone. “Excuse me!?!?”

“Now, Aizawa, I had nothing to do with this. True, I had a talk with him after but…” All Might surrenders as everyone looks on, Todoroki also looking pretty feral at the man’s mention. “Young Midoriya had already made it clear to me then he didn’t want to—”

You fucking did not!

“All Might.” Shouta hisses as he has an idea where this went. “Can we have a private chat about my student outside?”

“Sho, can’t we at least wait to hear what Chiyo knows?” Hizashi whines as he pleads with his husband. “We still need to know how the little Green Bean is doing…”

“Fine.” Shouta sighs as he mentally sends his last regards in a neat bow with his eyes to how much he is going to bring the Number One Idiot down a peg or two. “Recovery Girl, how is he?”

She sighs as she provides a grim look from his x-rays of his hand. “Well, his arm and leg should be fine now that I’ve healed them up and wrapped them properly. The ice that pierced his lower torso was largely superficial and required little healing as well. I'm glad you got him to me when you did though. His heart nearly stopped for a small point due to shock. I also think he definitely has a concussion from the blast given the amount of flying objects in the arena, but I won’t know for complete certain how bad till he wakes up. For his hand though…”

Her voice drops off as fast as the mood in the room when they see the carnage to his hand. “I’m going to have to do surgery to put things back in place and let him heal the rest. If it was simply just his hand alone, I probably could have healed him straight after surgery, but since he likes to overdo things like usual, I can’t do that right now because it would kill him if I healed everything at once. The only good thing about it is if it’s done correctly, he should have full range of motion. Other than scars, his hand should be as it was before this.”
“I’m sensing a but…” Nedzu mentions with a slow blink.

“There’s a very big but.” Recovery Girl huffs at the dog as she looks exasperated at two people who will not be named. “If he does this again, he’s going to lose his hand completely. His ligaments are basically gone in this hand. If he does it even one more time to this extent, he wouldn’t be able to move it because of where he broke himself.”

“Where he broke himself?” Shouta questions as the wording is worrisome.

“Aizawa.” Recovery Girl gives him a look as she points to the different white jagged lines on the x-ray. “This isn’t close to being the first time the boy has broken his fingers and hand. I can only imagine the state of his other hand. Try possibly sixteen different times in this one hand alone that I didn’t have the pleasure of healing myself. And those are just the ones where a bad job was done setting them that left bone scars. It’s a miracle he doesn’t already have permeant damage and is even able to still use it.”

The room becomes increasingly frigid. To a literally extreme.

Shinso chokes on his air. “Sixteen?! I knew it was bad, but this?”

Everyone zeroes in on the teen as Shouta takes the plunge without hesitation, not taking no for an answer. “What exactly did he tell you?”

Shinso’s eyes widen in panic. “Uh…”

“Yeah, what did he tell you?” Todoroki zeros in on him as he doesn’t have to outright kill the Number One Hero when his teachers could do it for him while he watches on with pure satisfaction.

“G-guys?” A meek pained voice breaks the tension as everyone directs their attention to the barely open eyes of the scared boy in the cot. “W-what’s…”

“O-ooh f-fuuuccck.” Midoriya curses as he mumbles, settling more comfortably in the bed after looking at the feral looks in the room as the fogginess of his pain meds are dripping from his iv
hits him. “I’m so d-dead…”

“I-Is it t-too l-late to a-ask for m-mercy?” Midoriya broaches while slurring pretty bad like he’s totally wasted. “I-if it h-helps I’m n-not s-sowwy…”

“Oh course you aren’t and it doesn’t.” Recovery Girl snips back while he looks around dazed. “Definitely a concussion. How are you feeling pumpkin?”

Izuku blinks blearily. “D-did someone g-get the n-number of t-that turck?”

“Truck?” Shinso supplies with a slight smirk at the joke.

“Turck…” Izuku grumbles before giving up. “Don’t m-make f-fun o’ m-me.”

“Midoriya, I am so sorry.” Todoroki looks down with clear guilt written on his face. “I shouldn’t have--”

“Noooo…” Izuku groans as if annoyed. “I’m n-not m-mad…”

“We are.” Shouta snips back with a pointed look. “What the hell were you thinking!??!”

“T-tinking?” Midoriya looks confused.

Shouta sighs angrily because of course his problem child didn’t actually think this through. “You told us you didn’t want to use your quirk until you figured it out. We had a huge talk about this that apparently All Might disregarded after the fact. That’s why you got my permission to use your support items. I thought we were all on the same page with this. What changed?”

Midoriya simply shrugs before hissing in pain for a second at the sudden movement of jostling his cast. “N-nothing.”

“Really? Nothing at all?” Shouta deadpans at him. “Does a conversation with Endeavor after your second match ring a bell?”
Midoriya briefly flashes a look of recognition before resuming his previous pained expression, not bothering enough to comment on it.

“What exactly did my father do?” Todoroki basically growls to everyone’s surprise as he zeroes in on everyone in the room looking pretty guilty at his question.

“He did nothing.” Midoriya’s expression darkens in a stunning moment of clarity from the boy. “I made sure of it.”

…”

“What?” Shouta breaks the silence as that sentence obviously means a great deal to his student but makes literally no sense to anyone else. “Midoriya, explain.”

“H-he wasn’t supposed to be t-there…” Izuku stumbles out as his expression starts to go back to a more doped up one. “I d-don’t care w-what he s-said…”

“Clearly you did.” Shinso points out for them. “Why did you do something so stupid and reckless?”

Midoriya has the gall to pout. “It w-was t-the right t-thing to d-do.”

Shouta is about to point out how very wrong that statement is before he notices both Shinso’s and Todoroki’s expressions shift to a softer more somber tone. Clearly, there is something big he is missing, but none of them are talking as they are having their own silent conversation between the three of them.

“Yeah, well Mr. It Was The Right Thing To Do, do you have any idea what you’ve done to your hand?” Recovery Girl grills with a deadly glare.

Midoriya sighs in resignation that scares Shouta a little as he looks at his cast mumbling. “S-scarred or n-not usable. Probably b-both…”
The fact that his student even says that like it's nothing is extremely concerning that even Todoroki is looking a little worried under his normally stoic unchanging face. “Midoriya?”

Midoriya blinks before seemingly realizing something that makes him groan in annoyance. “I hate pain-kiwwers…”

Before anyone can comment on that, Midoriya’s eyes go wide at the sight of Todoroki and a couple others in the room as he sits up way too fast. “Wait! What about the f-festiwal?! Is i-it already o-ower? I didn’t m-make you--”

“Stop Problem Child.” Shouta commands to get his student to settle down, which he does but with fearful eyes, something makes him try again softer. “The festival is still on, but we are taking an hour break because of your stunt. You’ve been out for about twenty minutes and we were just let in here to see you. Plus, the sound system decided to mess up during your match and needed to be rebooted. We are having some technicians come look at it while you are recovering.”

“O-oh.” Midoriya settles down, but the slight mischievous glint in his student’s eyes is making him suspect he might have had something to do with that particular mishap.

 Damn it Problem Child…

“I am a little jealous though…you are trending right now from your ‘explosive fight’ with Todoroki.” Shinso snickers as he waves his phone in his face to see. “Everyone’s been super curious about both of you, from friends to accusations you guys are lovers. There’s already a few conspiracy theories too.”

Midoriya pales dangerously in horror as he sees his fight is number one on Woogle Trending right now. “W-what!?!?”

“This is a total disaster…” Midoriya repeats over and over in his mumble fest along with a longer list of things he can’t quite catch nor understand.

“Midoriya, pay attention.” Shouta snaps as Recovery Girl impatiently taps her foot.

“S-sorry…” Midoriya trails off as he refocuses on the group with definite hidden panic that makes Shouta file that away for later since the kid actually might not be over with his whole meltdown
from earlier that they still have to figure out. Especially since it led to his public maiming on national television because fucking All Might and the rat didn’t think it was a good idea to tell anyone what was happening.

“As I was trying to say, I was able to heal your broken arm and leg pretty easily. Your stomach wound is just fine as nothing major was hit.” Recovery Girl informs. “You definitely have a concussion from what I have been able to observe as well. Concerning your right hand, I’m going to have to do surgery on it now and let you heal as you don’t have enough stamina to handle my quirk now. If it goes well, you should be able to use it without any trouble with minimal scarring, but I have to warn you. You cannot use your quirk like this again or you won’t be able to use your hand anymore. And I’m not healing any more of these reckless injuries of yours, so you need to find a different way from now on.”


“Hey, chin up green bean. We got your back, just don’t be so reckless from here on out.” Hizashi cheers with a bright smile as he points at himself. “You’re not the only one in the room with a volatile quirk to start out with, ya know?”

“R-really?” Midoriya’s eyes brighten at his husband like a kid in the candy store before it falls again. “But y-your quirk is--”

“Extremely dangerous to people’s eardrums.” Shouta glares at his perky husband even though he’s content that he made his kid smile even slightly. “Including his own.”


“Control yourself.” Shouta growls with his resting bitch face in tow. “We’ll figure it out kid, don’t worry.”

“Yeah!” Hizashi cheers, already energetic again. “We—Oh listener…”

Midoriya sniffles as he tries to wipe his face already drenched in tears with his free hand only covered in bandages. “S-sor…”
Damn, kids and their emotions. Guess the meltdown isn’t actually over then…

“Come on kid, why are you crying?”

Midoriya simply hiccups as he looks at everyone in the room warily. “I…don’t k-know…I-I’m j-just…”

Shinso seems to figure something out before everyone else that Shouta is suspicious of given how touchy they were on the field. Every time he’s seen the kid, he actively avoids touch, so it’s weird to see him so cuddly with anyone but his cat. “Do you want a hug?”

Midoriya instantly drenches himself in tears again as he barely whispers his reply. “Y-yeah.”

Midoriya basically tackles the boy once he opens up next to the bed, crying even harder. Of course, Hizashi is giving him those eyes, even the extra blinks he can never say no to, begging to get the kid for themselves. He’s about to tell him to knock it off before he snaps his attention back to the sobbing kid in deep concern.

“Toshi, I’m so s-sorry… I just…” Midoriya mewls into his friend’s shirt in nothing higher than a whisper, but Shouta has hearing at the level of a vigilante at this point that he doesn’t miss it. “I’m so s-scared…”

“Scared of what Problem Child?” Shouta broaches with deep concern that even Todoroki seems interested in.

The level of panic that shines in his kid’s eyes at that simple question is something he never thought he’d see in one of his students. He’d expect to see that in someone’s eyes that just survived a war or just came out of a human trafficking ring. Apparently, even Hizashi notices and is on high alert since he’s basically adopted the little guy in his eyes, even if it’s not legally accurate.

Yet.

“Sho…” Hizashi turns to him with a very conflicting expression, torn between being protective and deep anger for whoever hurt his kid for him to wear that kind of face.
“Yeah.” He acknowledges. “Recovery Girl, can you escort everyone out of the room and keep them out except for me and Zashi?”

“What? Is something wrong—” All Might starts before realizing how bad of a question it is to even ask.

“For your information, yes, there is something very wrong.” Shouta and Hizashi don’t miss Midoriya’s panicked flinch at that statement. “And we still haven’t had our conversation yet. You went behind my back when we had already had a consensus about this. Nedzu, you didn’t say anything to us and now Midoriya is hurt. So everyone, get out.”

Despite his constant hovering since the match, Todoroki seems to get the message and leaves the room without much fuss, but not without shooting a death glare at All Might. That’s clearly something new to figure out, but for now the problem child needs help first.

Midoriya seems frantic as he hugs onto Shinso like a koala which is impressive as he’s doing it one handed basically as the others leave. Shinso tries to remove himself, but quickly gives up as he stares at the teachers for help since his friend is basically a body builder compared to him. “Uh, I don’t think he’s going to let go…”

“Howler.” Shouta warns that his student responds with hitching breath. “Midoriya, we need to talk about what’s got you upset. We are trying to give you privacy.”

Shinso just looks at his friend as he shakes, his panic clearly showing itself more prevalent that makes him look conflicted on what to do since he promised. Looking at the teachers, he just shrugs as he doesn’t know what to do at all as his friend clutches onto him even harder, sobs definitely exiting him now.

“Howler…” Hizashi tries as he approaches the two as he’s got the most experience with this kind of thing when it comes to the aftermath or asking the right questions. “I know you might be scared, but we are on your side. We just want to know what’s got you so frightened.”

Finally, Midoriya tries to communicate, but it comes out as a simple shake of the head when it ends up being a garbled mess.

Alright, bad cop then…”
“Midoriya, we know something is wrong.” Shouta sternly asserts that makes his student’s eyes go wide. “And no matter how much you are trying to push it away; we aren’t taking no for an answer.”

Clearly, that might have been the wrong thing to say as his student adopts a scary resigned look as if Shouta just told him he expelled him or something.

Finally, the kid lets go, but seems really dejected with his tears no longer flowing as if he’s an expressionless doll. Even though he’s finally free, Shinso is now hesitant to leave and he kind of can’t blame him as he’s never seen the light literally be sucked out his eyes before.

Despite some of his moments that has him walking on eggshells, Midoriya is one of his brightest students along with Kirishima, Ashido, and Uraraka, always smiling brightly. Seeing him like this really hurts and Hizashi isn’t faring any better in that department.

“Kid, we aren’t going to force you to say something you aren’t comfortable with saying.” Shouta adds as he figures he may have taken away his kid’s autonomy and that might be the problem. “But we do need to know the summary at the very least. We want to help keep you safe, not play interrogator.”

A little light comes back, but the disappointment is still hanging there as his student mumbles something under his breath.

“What’s that Green Bean?” Hizashi picks back up, as he motions for Shinso to leave the room now. “Something on your mind?”

Midoriya looks back up reluctantly as Shinso finally exits the room, finally only them in the room. “I s-said i-it’s n-not my choice a-anymore.”

Shit.

“Kid.” Shouta pulls up a chair closer to the bed to get on his eye level to talk. “Let’s start over. Let’s say someone was in trouble. What would you do?”

“Save them.” His student replies automatically as his breathing becomes easier, though the kid’s voice is hushed at best.
“Okay. Then what?” He prods.

Midoriya looks confused for a minute before coming to a conclusion. “Become their f-friend?”

Hizashi looks at him with sparkles, Shouta already knowing what’s going on in his head, but there’s no time for that. “No, next you help them.”

Midoriya tilts his head slightly. “Isn’t that the s-same thing?”

He shakes his head. “Not everyone needs a friend after they are saved. Sometimes they need help, not a friend. Being their friend is something you can offer after helping them. But there’s a tricky part about the helping part. Can you guess what it is?”

Midoriya simply shakes his head as he looks pretty confused to where this is going.

Shouta simply gets straight to the answer. “They have to be willing to accept the help. Even if that means getting out of their comfort zone.”

Like a pro tag team, Hizashi jumps on the bandwagon without a look needed to hand off the baton as their kid starts to not seem so closed off. “Listener, in order to receive help, even when someone doesn’t think they need it, they have to be willing to recognize something is wrong.”

“And that’s a really big deal. Truthfully, it can be quite scary.” Hizashi sympathizes as the boy’s breathing hitches once again. "But let’s think about the alternative. Would the person ever be truly saved if they still were in fear all the time because of what happened or because they feel it might happen again?”

“But--!” Midoriya promptly closes his mouth, obviously wrestling with himself over something, but at least its progress.

“Let’s take a step back and talk about you.” Shouta guides back to the task at hand. “We don’t know what’s got you scared, but let’s talk about what would make you comfortable and safe to tell us what’s got you terrified. Anything that comes to mind.”
Midoriya’s lip wobbles as his eyes dart around, obviously deep in thought before finally settling on something but no words actually come out.

“Okay.” Shouta decides that avenue isn’t going to work out. “We are going to ask you a series of yes or no questions. Please be completely honest with them because I’m going to give you the option to pass the question if you don’t want to answer. At the end, we are going to talk about your answers and where we go from here. At the end of the day, both of us and everyone outside this room wants you to not only be safe, but also happy. Being scared like this isn’t being happy. Does this sound fair to you?”

Midoriya seems to perk up slightly at that as he nods, Hizashi breathing out as he was probably holding his breath for the kid’s answer.

“Alright, I’ll go first Green Bean.” Hizashi picks up. “Do you have a place to stay that provides you proper levels of food, shelter, and water?”

Midoriya nods quickly as Shouta prepares to take his turn. “Do you feel safe in this place?”

Another nod. “Do you feel happy in this place of yours?”

A nod as they switch again. “Have you ever been hurt by anyone without your consent? This can be physical, mental, sexual, and emotional.”

A reluctant nod. “Have you been hurt by an authoritative adult in any of those ways? This can be a guardian, a family friend, a teacher, etc…”

Heavy hesitance catches both of their eyes so Shouta rephrases. “We aren’t getting to specifics or names. We just want honesty, or you can pass it. What’s your answer to that question?”

Midoriya simply loses as a couple tears as he nods slightly.

“Okay, this is going to be a hard one, but I strongly urge you to answer it if you are willing.” Hizashi starts as he’s getting worried at some of the options in that list. “Has an adult figure ever sexually interacted with you in the past or currently?”
Midoriya vigorously shakes his head that is very genuine that makes both of them relax slightly.

“Good job answering kid.” Shouta praises as he continues down the list. “Has an adult figure ever physically hurt you?”

Both of their hearts drop as the boy nods after a moment of deep consideration.

“Has an adult figure ever mentally hurt you?” A slight nod.

“Same question, but emotionally?” Another nod.

_Fuck kid._

“Okay little listener. Another hard one, but we have to know this one.” Hizashi takes the wheel again. “Are you currently in danger? This can be physical harm, psychological harm, emotional harm, or sexual harm.”

Their student scrunches up his face as if he doesn’t really know the answer, so Shouta simplifies. “Midoriya, answer this instead. Is it possible you could become in danger because of what happened today for any of those types of harm?”

A very hesitant nod, but still a nod.

“Is the danger sexual?” Shouta asks carefully that is quelled with a quick shake of his student’s head.

“Is the danger physical?”

A sharp nod, but the reluctance is very heavy in his kid’s eyes to explain why.

“What about emotional?”
A nod.

“Psychological?”

Another god damn nod.

“Do you feel willing to tell us exactly what the problem is?” Hizashi probes.

A quick and decisive shake.

We have to play the long game then…

“Okay. That’s all the yes/no questions. Now we talk where we go from here.” Shouta informs as his student visibly stiffens. “Calm down Midoriya. You did a good job being honest with us.”

“Hey, it’s okay Green Bean…” Hizashi shushes as the kid starts up the water works again. “You were really brave. Just hear us out, okay? I swear it’s not as scary as it seems.”

A slight nod gives Shouta the go ahead to start their plans. “Okay, so this is what is going to happen. I will let the principal know about your answers and I’m temporarily taking you out of your mother’s care under the jurisdiction of deeming you in a hostile environment.”

Midorriya already has his mouth open to protest in a panic but promptly closes it when he catches his narrowed eyes. “It’s temporary. You are going to be staying with me and Zashi at our home for a week at the least while you heal from your injuries. This is for two reasons. One, we are pro heroes and are familiar with you. Two, it’s to protect you in case this danger comes to pass. This means that your mother will not have contact with you or anyone else that you’ve had contact with that is causing you this anxiety. At the end of the week, we are going to see where it goes and if it needs to continue. There’s no pressure to tell us anything, but we want to stress that we want to help and will willingly do what we need to keep you or any other students safe. Does this sound good with you?”

A small voice finally breaks the long silence in agreement, making the two smile for a brief moment before the raging storm of conversations to come.
Haunt by Echos

-Dad (Sports Festival Edition), Part Seven- (written by so_dont_let_in_the_light)

Izuku decided to go for a nice stroll out in the arena. The aftermath of said stroll was not so pleasant.

Aizawa: Do you know what you did?
Izuku: What?

Aizawa: You nearly broke every bone in your body. You almost died because you decided to yeet yourself across the stadium. You want to explain that one?
Izuku: You call it death, but I call it a vibe check from god

Aizawa: *hits him upon the head*
All Might: *desperately searches google for what a vibe check is*

Izuku decides, with his better judgement, to yeet himself out the window before All Might finishes reading that article.
Oh My Dear Lord

Chapter Notes

An angry Aizawa has emerged! Oh my dear lord...

More fanart! This is from Kanashi_Kagawa from our discord server!

And this is from random fandom traveler:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi doesn’t get much reprieve before the two hero teachers come out of the room with furious expressions on their faces.

“What do you know?”

Hitoshi stiffens at the question from Midoriya’s homeroom teacher as well as the clear malice hidden underneath, though he doesn’t let it rattle him as he’s not sure he can trust him with Tsuki’s message yet. “I have no idea what you are referring to.”

“Listener, if you know anything, we need to know.” Present Mic adds softly even though the worry in deep stitched in his expression. “We just want to help Midoriya.”

Hitoshi looks between the two and makes a silent decision to give half of the story as he doesn’t want to betray his friend, especially since he hasn’t gotten a chance to talk to him alone.

“It’s not my story to tell, but he did mention bullying in passing. I just didn’t know it was so bad that it could constitute being actual torture.” Hitoshi spits with venom, vowing internally to make Midoriya’s mother pay for everything she ever did to him.

The fact his best friend only had a small panic attack right after the match is nothing short of a miracle. There’s absolutely no way he’s letting that absolute witch get anywhere close to his—
“Don’t lie to me. We both know Midoriya sustained injuries outside the bullying.” The hobo teacher burns red holes into him. “Midoriya is in danger. He won’t tell us why or who. We need to know everything, regardless of his feelings, so we can protect him.”

“Young Midoriya is in danger?” All Might brings up with deep concern and panic. “Do you know-”

“Shut up, All Might.” Eraserhead growls at the obnoxious blond. “It doesn’t matter what he’s told us, we still haven’t had our little talk about you going behind my back. So, go somewhere else as this doesn’t concern you at the moment.”

“But he’s my student too Aizawa.” All Might starts in protest. “I just want to protect him--”

“You’re doing a great job of that.” Todoroki deadpans with a furious look on his face. “It’s not like he had any help before.”

“Todoroki, that’s--” Present Mic starts with a worried look.

“Stop!” Hitoshi yells at the warring parties before finding all eyes on him, making him tremble. “Just stop fighting. I-Is…is it okay if I just talk to him really quick?”

“Why?” Aizawa glares at him in interest.

“I know.” Hitoshi finally gives. “I know what he’s afraid of. But I literally can’t tell anyone without him or Tsuki saying it’s okay. I want to. I’ve wanted to tell anyone I could since he told me bits of it. But if I did, it would literally destroy him.”

“How much do you know exactly listener?” Present Mic asks with a concerned frown as he searches his mannerisms for clues.

“I don’t know everything. He barely told me anything if I am correct. But I know enough to keep him safe if I told you guys.” Hitoshi admits reluctantly as he knows he could be sent back to the orphanage if this plays out wrong.
But his friend takes priority. He has to keep Izuku safe. If Izuku really was tortured by his monster of a mother simply for him being previously quirkless, then there’s no way in hell he’s letting her touch him every again when she knows the truth, if she hasn’t seen it already.

“But I can’t do it if one of them doesn’t agree.” Hitoshi continues with great hesitance. “He barely trusts me as it is, and I can’t shatter what little faith he has in others.”

Aizawa studies him for a minute before blinking back to the other teachers. “Nedzu, find a replacement for me once the festival is back online as I need to talk to the students alone. Zashi, update the cat on what's going on as I'm sure she's ready to claw someone's lights out at this point. Also, no one is allowed in Midoriya’s room without my explicit consent otherwise, so send for a hero to guard his room. Recovery Girl, go do your best to help him with his surgery. Are we clear?”

“I disagree. I think we should--” Nedzu starts before a call comes to his private flip phone that he answers immediately while Recovery Girl shuffles back into the room. “Yes?”

“I see.” Nedzu’s nose twitches. “You are quite certain?”

Hitoshi internally shifts nervously under the pressure of Todoroki’s gaze, almost like he’s a predator watching for him to slip up so he can go for the kill. It’s unsettling to say the least and he has no idea why the guy is so intense right now, especially since he didn’t seem to be this angry with him when they were following Izuku’s gurney.

Hitoshi has to suppress a flinch when he hears the audible slap of the phone as he turns his attention back to the principal who looks feral at best.

“It seems we have a hacker in our midst.” Nedzu basically growls. “They were in the stadium’s wifi when they accessed our systems, though it’s clear they didn’t get far as the system did a manual reboot when it detected the intruder going further. The music was clearly a distraction to keep everyone occupied while they did as they pleased. It could have been any of our 400,000 attendees. I’m afraid I have to facilitate letting the heroes know to start searches of those leaving, if they haven’t left already for their failed attempt.”

Hitoshi instantly pales as he has a pretty good idea who said hacker was. It’s just like Izuku to try hide their problems while they fought if they were having a serious conversation. Turning towards Todoroki with his eyes only, he wonders what they talked about specifically.
Did Zu tell Todoroki what happened to him during that match? If he did, then—

“Don’t bother. It was Problem Child.” Aizawa deadpans with the most ‘I’m done with life’ look Hitoshi has ever seen before. “You forget he hacked your own cameras. This was probably a piece of cake in comparison.”

"I see..." Nedzu considers the notion carefully. "Then it might do us good for me to use my lip reading software to transcribe their conservation."

"Don't you fucking dare." Todoroki growls loudly at the rat. "That's between me and Midoriya only."

"Listener, we need to know--"

"I said don't." Todoroki growls again, this time with much more malice. "Or I'll have my father hear of this."

"Todoroki, that's not a good idea--"

"You know."

To Hitoshi, whatever that is about, it didn't sound like a question like it should have been.

"Young Todoroki..."

"You knew." Todoroki accuses with burning anger. "You all knew and yet you did nothing."

"That's not--"

"Yes, it is." Todoroki states with cold conviction as he stares down All Might. "And you've done the same when it comes to Midoriya as well."
"Todoroki." Even Todoroki flinches from the dark tone of the hobo teacher. "This is not helping your classmate nor yourself."

"Fine." Todoroki scoffs just as bitterly as he stands a little closer to Hitoshi.

... 

"Alright..." The hobo teacher runs his hand through his hair. "Todoroki, is it correct for me to assume that you don't know what's got Midoriya terrified?"

Todoroki simply shakes his head, but his gaze in Hitoshi's peripheral seems absolutely feral as he watches All Might like a hawk.

"Okay." He sighs hard. "Go back to the stands and await for Mic to call you for the finals."

"I'm not fighting in Midoriya stead." Todoroki growls lowly.

"Listener..."

"Midoriya won the match fair and square." Todoroki snarls back at Present Mic. "If you want to forfeit him, do it for the place he actually deserves."

"The viewers--" Nedzu starts in protest.

"If the viewers can't handle the fact a participant was hurt beyond repair to where they can't even fight--" Todoroki cuts off the rat. "-- then maybe you shouldn't have children fight against each other on national television to begin with."

The entire hallway becomes icy, figuratively and literally.
"We will take that into consideration." The hobo's gaze softens quite a bit. "Todoroki, you are dismissed until I can talk more about your own situation later. Go back to your friends."

"My only friend is in a hospital bed." Is all Todoroki states before stomping off down the corridor.

"Shinso, you're with me." Eraserhead commands. "We need to have a talk."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 5/1

Oh My Dear Lord by The Likely Candidates

~Dad (Kids Edition), Part Eight~ (written by just__shayne)

After a long day of training Izuku returns home to his apartment and kicks off his shoes.

Izuku: Kids, I'm home!

Shouto: Welcome Home dad!

Eri: Hi DadDoggy!

Kota: I heard his costume is based off of a Nudist

Shouto: I think you mean anubis

Eri: Is daddy a nudist?

Izuku Backtracks, grabbing his stuff and leaves to go crash in Nedzu's office for the night.
More and more fanart!!! I AM SCREAMING!!! :D

This one is from randomfandomtraveler on our discord server:

And this one is also from randomfandomtraveler for Chapter 123:

Also! We got cover art on Chapter 87 and Chapter 100 if you want to go check it out :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Up next, we have Bakugo Katsuki from Class 1-A..." Vlad King grumbles unenthusiastically into the microphone.

"VERSUS THE DARK ABYSS, TOKOYAMI FUMIKAGE!!" Present Mic screams beside him, thought the cracking in his voice makes them question his current mood as the difference between them jarring to say the least.

"Do you think Midoriya is alright?" Tokoyami broaches once he enters the ring, upset from being turned away like all of the other extras from visiting him.

Clearly, he also noticed the new voice in the announcer box given his current worried glances towards it.

"Just shut up Bird Brain and fight!" Katsuki declares as he has some steam to burn.

"START!!"
"You better be okay you damn nerd."

"You need to tell me everything Shinso."

"I already told you I can’t do it if one of them doesn’t agree.” Shinso repeats again on loop.

"I don't think you understand the gravity of the situation Shinso.” Shouta growls at the boy.

"Oh, I don't think you understand the true gravity of it yourself Mr. Pro Hero." Shinso burns right back. "Because if you did, you'd understand that someone should be dead right about now."

Shouta blinks before hardening his gaze. "Who?"

"No one." Shinso crosses his arms in protest. "You don't get that answer unless I get permission from Zu."

Shouta feels the oncoming headache before the wording of that phrase peeks his interest. "Permission?"

"Yeah." Shinso scoffs. "It's also called consent."

_Fucking brat..._

Shouta grumbles tiredly as he nearly forgot how stubborn teenagers could be. Nearly.

"Sure.” Shouta rolls his eyes. "And this is totally helping your friend by staying silent."

Shinso's eyes darken as his body tenses. "I need permission."
Permission...

Shouta bites his lip as he swears that sounds awfully familiar.

"Thanks Dad."

Goddamn kid after my heart... Shouta grumbles internally as the door finally closes. "Well, you better get to stalling Zashi."

"Right!" Hizashi chirps before heading back to the control panel.

"The second mouse is the one who receives permission to the spoils." Tsuki purrs to him as she trails behind them.

Shouta perks an eyebrow at that as he looks down at her. "Where did that even come from Tsuki?"

"It's simply a truth of nature. It came from nowhere."

"Whatever you say..."

"The second mouse is the one who receives permission to the spoils..." Shouta mumbles out loud, trying to figure out if that's part of the permission the brat keeps repeating.

What the ever fuck does that mean?

"You..." Shinso's eyes go wide. "You know."

"Know what?" Shouta narrows his eyes in confusion.

"That's Tsuki's permission." Shinso breathes out, almost as if in relief. "I can't say everything, but I
can tell you what I know if she gave you the seal of approval as a part of our group.

*That cryptic ass cat.*

Shouta shakes his head to clear it. "So, what do you know then?"

"It's awful!" Shinso bleeds with panic, his shift in mood rapid as it all comes tumbling out. "Zu's mother is a complete monster! I just know she saw his quirk on television. She's going to kill him or worse when she knows he lied to her. You have to protect him!"

"Slow down." Shouta puts up a hand to calm the easily excited teen. "One thing at a time please."

"Right." Shinso rings his wrists. "Do you at least know Zu's mother is abusive?"

Shouta nods. "The entire staff have known since the first week of school despite Problem Child's best efforts to keep it from us."

"Yeah, well might want to upgrade that to an extreme because it's bad." Shinso states with urgency. "Like murder levels of bad."

Shouta frowns. "What do you mean by that?"

Shinso hesitates and it already gives Shouta a bad feeling. "I can't tell you, but just trust me when I say that she's going to kill him once she knows he lied."

"Lied?" Shouta echos in worry. "Lied about what?"

"He told her he was still quirkless."

And Shouta already feels a headache incoming. "When?"
"Apparently right after the USJ incident."

Yep. Headache's here.

"Shit."

"More like fuck." Shinso corrects.

"Language."

"Sure."

"Alright..." Shouta sighs as he runs his hand through his hair. "Let's start from the beginning of what you know in order so I can understand the situation fully."

And boy does the kid talk.

He talks about his kid being trained from a young age to gain his quirk but failing to do so. He talks about his mother abandoning him at age seven, just to come back when she thought he had manifested a quirk. And then that led to Shinso watching her use her quirk on his kid in the hallway, which led to their friendship. He also mentions everything that he knows concerning Todoroki, which just makes his upset stomach want to hurl given the implications that the boy is clearly ignorant of.

The whole thing makes Shouta's heart hurt that his colleagues unknowingly led the witch straight back to him, forcing him to have to run away and subsequently be hurt right on their campus. But there's no time for sorrow as there's a more pressing issue at hand.

"Do you have any proof?" Shouta finally broaches after the info dump.

Shinso's mouth drops. "You don't believe me?"

"No. God not that. Of course I believe you." Shouta quickly corrects. "I just need proof to help
"make this permanent."

"Permanent?"

"I have removed Midoriya from his mother's custody under the suspicion of a malicious threat being identified. For the next week, he's going to be under me and my husband's care." Shouta informs quickly to save time. "But that will only last for a week. After that, I need either a witness testimony from Midoriya himself or proof of his mother's abuse to keep him away from her."

"What about his scars?" Shinso questions with dark eyes. "Wouldn't those be enough?"

"Yes and no." Shouta sighs at the boy's sharp change in mood at the answer. "We need definitive proof in his mother's case. She's a snake and fully prepared to take UA down completely if we don't go about this the right way."

Shinso slumps in his chair. "You know, I wish Zu was on our side with this. He'd be able to tear her entire empire down to the ground and he doesn't even know it."

"You can't simply force someone to talk Shinso." Shouta offers wisely. "Especially a victim of abuse."

"Boy do I know that." Shinso crosses his legs angrily. "It's just frustrating sometimes how much power she holds over him when she could be taken down so easily..."

..."Speaking of power, do you know what Midoriya's quirk is?" Shouta asks on a whim. "The faculty and I have had our suspicions that--"

"I can't tell you that." Shinso responds immediately to his genuine surprise, almost fear-like.

*Interesting...*
"Fair enough. I won't pressure you for it." Shouta offers as a peace offering since he's pretty sure Midoriya has a telekinesis or pyro-telekinesis quirk given his parentage. "How did you come across all this stuff?"

"Meaning?" Shinso perks an eyebrow.

"How did you connect with him to get him to open up?" Shouta clarifies. "I want to know if I'm doing something wrong so I can correct it."

Shinso laughs. "Man, I have no idea why. Zu's just very trusting to almost anybody usually. I think he's just scared of you guys and what it would mean if he told anyone the truth about everything."

"That makes sense, but what is making him scared?"

Shinso goes unnaturally quiet.

**Guess that topic is a no go. Probably something to do with the experimentation he's either neglected to tell me or he doesn't know.**

"Instead, what would give him the confidence to let us help him?" Shouta questions. "We just want to protect him and get him in a household where he can receive the love and care he deserves."

Shinso still stays silent, though he sniffs, almost like he's going to cry.

"Is there something you aren't telling me that I need to know?" Shouta questions, already feeling a migraine start.

Shinso nervously fiddles with his gym shirt. "N-no..."

**Goddamn it.**

"Kid, I know you lied. Spill."
"I'm j-just..."

And there are the tears...

"You'll p-protect him, right?" Shinso silently sobs. "Y-you'll take c-care of him, right?"

"Why do you sound like your grieving--" Shouta instantly stops his mouth when an awful thought comes to mind.

"You p-promise me..." Shinso burns with intensity beneath his tears. "P-please promise m-me you'll t-take him in and t-treat him right. R-right?"

Shit.

"Shinso, I want you to be completely honest with me." Shouta carefully instructs. "Where are you staying?"

Shinso instantly stiffens and it's all the confirmation he needs to know the truth.

"Alright new question since I already got my answer." Shouta charges right along. "Were you abused before staying with Midoriya?"

...

"You aren't going to send me back there, are you?" A small whisper finally comes from the boy in return instead of answering the question after a few seconds of buzzing silence.

And Shouta now feels like throwing up as yet another student under their care has been hurt without them having the slightest notion it occurred. Another victim Midoriya found for them and already saved.
"Good grief I've got another Problem Child to worry about.

"No kid. Never." Shouta shakes his head. "Where...?"

"Orphanage." Shinso sniffs as he tries to shrug off his own tears. "Midoriya was the first person to not hate my quirk you know..."

"Which one?"

"Zetsubō." Shinso laughs bitterly. "There's literally no hope for anyone who goes there."

"So you're up for adoption?"

Shinso chokes to stifle a sob. "Y-you--"

"I'm not separating you boys if that's what you are worried about." Shouta infers. "But I'll still have to run it by Zashi first. I doubt the answer would be no in a million years though."

"W-why?"

Shouta blinks before giving the boy a small smile. "Because it's the right thing to do."

"O-okay..." Shinso sniffs as he clears up his face. "So, do you have a plan to get evidence or...?"

"Yes, we do." Shouta states, determining it might be in his best interest to work with his kid on helping his other kid. "This is what we have planned."

"STUN GRENADE!!" Bakugo barks out as Fumikage braces himself for impact.
There isn't much warning before he finds himself on his back with a weight holding him down.

"Did you know Dark Shadow's weakness, Bakugo?" Fumikage broaches as the feral boy tightens his grip on his beak.

"It was pretty easy to notice while attacking over and over again you moron." Bakugo sneers with a killer smile as more light explosion dance across his vision.

Fumikage closes his eyes in submission as it's clear there's not much else he can do against his opponent. "I surrender."

"Tokoyami gives up!" Midnight exclaims with a swish of her whip. "Bakugo advances to the finals!"

"Good fucking choice Bird Brain." Bakugo scoffs as he gets off of him. "Now it's fucking time to hunt a Deku..."

Midoriya... Tokoyami sighs as he gets off the ground himself. Are you actually okay?

"So what do you think?"

Shinso nods. "I think if he doesn't know what's going to happen, it might just work."

"Good." Shouta states in relief before noticing a slight conflict on his kid's face. "What's wrong?"

"What's going to happen with Todoroki?"

Shouta mentally stops. "What do you mean?"

"Zu was planning on basically kidnapping Todoroki from his bastard of a father." Shinso points out
helpfully. "Even though he strongly stated he would let him choose what would happen."

Shouta laughs slightly at the absurdity of his Problem Child. "Of course he was going to kidnap the Number Two Hero's kid."

"I know, right?" Shinso laughs. "He totally was lying to himself the entire time."

Shouta sighs as he shakes his head. "At this rate, I'm going to end up adopting all of the children."

"Isn't that basically being a teacher?"

"..."

"Okay, too far I guess." Shinso chuckles. "Sorry."

"It's fine." Shouta assures. "Is there anything else groundbreaking you should tell me before you leave?"

Shinso hesitates, but his answer is firm. "Not really."

"I'll take that. You're dismissed."

"Okay." Shinso gets up to leave as Shouta frowns as something weighs heavily on him.

Given their conversation, it has only grown more traction as time goes on.

Especially since Shinso was very adamant of Problem Child's mother being a murderer in his arguments.

"Does Midoriya possess an immortality quirk that I should be aware of?" Shouta finally voices just as Shinso opens the door to leave the private room.
"No." Shouta breathes a sigh of relief. "No, he doesn't."

Oh thank merciful god.

"Okay." Shouta nods. "Go be with your classmates."

"Right."

Shinso closes the door, leaving him alone to his thoughts on the situation, already not looking forward to the headache inducing meeting he now has to make for another student of his.
This meme was made by Xehanorto from our discord server for this chapter!

And these two memes was made by 'oh me oh midsis (mothman)' from our discord server for this chapter!

A/N: Just a heads up, I'm going to be moving out of my residence very soon, so I will need a small break to do that. I will be moving out and heading back home for the summer starting on May 7th, so I may not have a chapter out on that day. It depends on how much I can pre-write to keep my ten chapter ahead cushion before that day and I shall inform you on the next chapter update how that goes. It's going to take at least a three day drive to get back home, so I expect to be posting chapters again the May 12th or a little later. I'm going to try and get a chapter up on Mother's day on the 10th, but fair warning that might not happen as I will be on the road at that point. I shall provide more details on the next chapter about the move if you guys scream for it in the comments, but otherwise, I hope you enjoyed this chapter! :D
Shouta stiffens as the door to the private room slams open, a very fiery display now clouding his vision.

"Speak." Endeavor demands as he storms into the room. "I don't got all day."

"I'm removing Todoroki from your custody under the impression of him being in a hostile environment." Shouta declares once the evil man sits down.

Endeavor simply snorts. "That's preposterous. How would he be in a hostile environment with the Number Two Hero in the home?"

"I don't know Endeavor." Shouta glares down at the hero as he leans against the wall. "You tell me."

...
"Endeavor, I want you to understand one thing. I may not personally know the full story yet, but no one..." Shouta asserts with malice as he ignores the question completely. "...ever fucking touches one of my kids and gets away with."

Endeavor's eyes darken. "Someone touched my masterpiece?"

...  

It takes everything in Shouta to not puke from how very wrong that whole sentence was. "Yes."

"Tell me which villain touched him and I shall be rid of them by nightfall." Endeavor demands with his flames flaring dangerously. "There is no reason for this."

"I don't think you quite understand the allegations I am putting forth Endeavor." Shouta counters with pure hate. "I never said the villain wasn't in the room. And it's clearly not me."

Endeavor stops as he looks at him with a baffled expression. "You think I touch my son?"

Shouta eyes narrow. "Abuse is abuse. Or were you not aware hitting your son constitutes as that?"

"You dare accuse me of--!" Endeavor roars as he knocks his chair back, his quirk flaring dangerously.

Shouta doesn't even blink as he's suddenly off the wall, his capture weapon around the monster and his eyes a cold cruel red. "Don't do something you'll regret."

"You!" Endeavor thrashes pitifully in his capture weapon. "Don't you command me--"

"That was more for me." Shouta reveals as his own bloodlust is getting too high to contain. "Personally, I love the idea of you giving me a reason to continue."
Endeavor stills in his capture.

"Good." Shouta smiles and it's not friendly as he removes his bonds. "Good to see that you have some semblance of self-preservation still left."

"I do not hit my son." Endeavor protests pathetically. "You are mistaken."

"Does training him to be a 'fighting machine' sound familiar?" Shouta counters coolly. "Because last time I checked, training doesn't force a child to become a personal soldier for their parents."

"It's just training." Endeavor pitifully excuses.

"Training him doesn't constitute a fucking Quirk Marriage Endeavor." Shouta spits as he recalls Shinso's direct words and what he unknowingly described to him.

"Quirk Marriage?"

"Don't be a fool to me Endeavor." Shouta growls at the man. "You can't seriously think you didn't know what you were doing."

"I did not participate in a Quirk Marriage." Endeavor denies.

"Yes. Yes you fucking did." Shouta hisses right back at the liar, wanting to punch his lights out.

"I did not." Endeavor stresses.

"If you are so convinced, let me ask you this." Shouta smirks as he has an idea of exactly where they are. "Where is your wife Endeavor?"

For the first time during their encounter, Endeavor goes completely silent.
"If my guess is correct..." Shouta drawls out. "Then she is in a hospital, right?"

Again, Endeavor is dead quiet.

"Did you know that over 90% of Quirk Marriages end in some kind of domestic violence?" Shouta snarls at the man. "Good to know you just upped that statistic."

"She went mad!" Endeavor roars at him. "Did you even know she burned my masterpiece!?!"

"Don't you fucking dare call a child that!" Shouta roars right back with his teeth barred at the disgusting man.

"My Shoto will surpass All Might!" Endeavor yells, getting right up into his face. "It is his duty to do so!"

"How dare you!" Shouta punches the man right in the nose for his shit. "How dare you view your own child as an object you can control and play with!"

Endeavor doesn't even recoil from the punch as red starts to dribble down, but instead his quirk burns even brighter. "You will pay dearly for that, I assure you."

"I am so scared." Shouta deadpans at the man as he shows his slightly singed arm. "I'm sure using your quirk to burn me gives me enough reason to retaliate in a court of law Endeavor."

"I didn't--"

"Intention and actions are two different things Endeavor." Shouta growls at the ignorant man. "Clearly, you don't know the difference, do you?"

"..."
"Here's what's going to happen Endeavor." Shouta breaks the silence. "Todoroki is going to be in my custody until I can find a suitable home for him to occupy, preferably the woman you wrongfully imprisoned in under your care. If not, I'm sure even All Might himself would be willing to take him under his wing. While that happens, our legal team will be making sure you go to prison for your crimes. You will have no contact with your son during this period of time without my permission, which I can assure you will be never. Do I make myself clear?"

Endeavor clearly carefully considers his points as he shifts his weight, though his face is twisted in rage from the mention of the Number One Hero. "Why are you showing your hand to me like this?"

"This isn't me showing my hand at all." Shouta declares as he throws open the door for him to leave. "This is me warning you that if you ever touch one of my precious students again, I will end you Endeavor. Permanently."

"You dare--"

"Oh, yes. I dare." Shouta growls. "If it wasn't for the laws of the land, I would absolutely destroy you where you stand for ever raising your hand toward a child."

"You won't win this." Endeavor promises with a dark look of his own. "I will have my Shoto back."

"You don't deserve to call anyone yours." Shouta snarls as he gestures for the disgusting man to leave. "So, get the fuck out of my sight villain."

"This isn't over Eraserhead." Endeavor assures as he stomps out of the room.

"I sure hope the fuck not." Aizawa snaps back as he slams the door in the Number Two Villain's face when he turns around to continue their fight.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 5/5
Endeavor: *abuses his kids*

Aizawa: So, you have chosen death...

Aizawa: Class, what is worse than an abuser?

*rips off the tape covering the word 'child'*

Kaminari: A child!

Aizawa: No!

~Dad (WTF Edition), Part Eight~ (written by just__shayne)

*izuku enters the halls of UA, seeing some people he has never met before.*

Izuku: Dad, I'm here!

Endeavor: i'm going to kill you, son

Stain: Kill him and I will snap your neck

Nomu: graogrugrrugglir!

*Izuku turns on his heel, having no clue why he walked into a prison thinking it was UA.*

And this meme was submitted by 'sad binch hours(empusa)' for this chapter:
Assassin

Chapter Notes

"If you ever want to succeed in life, you are going to have to get your hands dirty." -- Midoriya Inko

And more fanart!! This is from 'Insomniafreak// demon' on our discord server:

This is from 'too lazy to log in' from our discord server:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nedzu clearly isn't having a good day.

First, his festival was nearly ruined. Now this monstrosity is at his doorstep, biting at his heels.

"May I remind you that you assaulted a student at my school?"

Nedzu could hear the smile on her face before she could even speak. "And what proof do you have of this accusation?"

Nedzu only hesitates for a single second and it costs him.

"Thought so." Inko laughs in the receiver hauntingly that makes Nedzu's whiskers twitch in annoyance at his own cursed silence. "I am allowed to be here Principal. You should let me in before I sue you for keeping my own child away from me."

"I am sorry to inform you..." Nedzu smiles into his own phone. "But I received word just moments ago by one of my teachers that they have invoked Law 326, Section C. I am certain you have heard of it, yes?"
"You snake!" Inko growls ferally at the news. "You are protecting my son from nothing!"

"Correction." Nedzu points out helpfully. "I am protecting the wellbeing of my student from the likes of a dangerous villain."

"I see." Nedzu doesn't like the quiet coming from the device. "Then I shall tell you a short story then, Principal."

"Please do." Nedzu cordially accepts, but he swishes his tail to calm his nerves.

"It's been Izuku's dream to be a hero ever since he was a tiny tike in my arms." Inko continues, her tone becoming increasingly condescending. "Even more so, he's always wanted to come UA. It's his dream school you see..."

Nedzu's nose twitches as he hopes it's not what he thinks.

"It would be such a shame to tear him away from said school, now wouldn't it...?" Inko drawls ever so slowly to make her disgusting point that she truly is in control at the moment. "We certainly wouldn't want that, now would we Principal?"

Nedzu's breath gets knocked out of him at the amount of malice concentrated at that one sentence.

"You have a week Principal. I expect to have my son in my arms by then." Inko determines with a wicked laugh. "Make sure you use it wisely."

The second the call drops, Nedzu nearly throws his phone across the room, but the ringing of it stops him from destroy his property needlessly.

**What more can the universe want from me today?**

"Hello detective." Nedzu greets into his phone, though it's not nearly as friendly as he would have liked for a old friend. "How may I be of service?"
"I got interesting news today." Tsukauchi breathes out in slight excitement. "It's about Endeavor."

"I see." Nedzu's tail flips in anticipation.

"My department just received moments ago all of the information required to take him down once and for all."

Nedzu's jaw hits the floor. "You are certain?"

"Yes. Deadly so, Principal." The detective reassures. "I would suggest watching him carefully while he's at your event."

"And how did you come by the information?"

Tsukauchi sighs into the phone. "I just got this 'package' straight to my email from an anonymous source. We were instructed to not open it until further correspondence from them, but you know we can't do that. I'm not even sure how they got my email in the first place."

Nedzu twirls his straw with intrigue as he only knows one person who would have had access to such vast amounts of information on the hero. "Do you know if the source signed it or if their email can be traced?"

"Yes." The detective affirms that makes him tense. "It's from a vigilante named Switch, but we only know that from the signature on the email. The email is untraceable as it's being hosted on a private server that keeps changing locations around the globe."

*Clever boy...*

"Clearly the vigilante is smart enough to cover their tracks..." Nedzu twitches his nose in extreme interest. "What do you know about the vigilante?"

"We haven't heard anything from them for almost four years. We had presumed they had hung up their cape or were dead."
Interesting. That would make our little vigilante as young as ten years old at the time...

Nedzu sighs in character to mask his giddiness for stumbling upon yet another part of the puzzle. "Apparently not."

"Yeah." He agrees with his own exhausted sigh. "Right now though, everyone in the precinct is scrambling to get an arrest warrant for Endeavor. The Safety Commission is probably going to riot. I can only imagine the fallout with the media and the public at large."

"How long will that take?" Nedzu inquires, not caring much for the opinions of others as there is another precious student of his in need of saving.

"Probably a couple days at most."

"I see." Nedzu ponders for a moment before settling on a solution. "I am more than sure my teachers shall be willing to take in Todoroki during this time of uncertainty in the meantime since he is a minor."

"Thank you for your generosity Principal."

"Nonsense." Nedzu waves him off. "It is my pleasure to help the youth of today in any way I can. My teachers feel the same. If they didn't they wouldn't be employed under me."

"Still, I thank you from the bottom of my heart." Tsukauchi gratefully offers. "Not many would do it."

"Here at UA, we go above and beyond for the safety of our students." Nedzu parrots, knowing the call is probably on a conference call given the shuffling in the background. "If you need anything on my end, all you have to do is ask."

"Of course."
"Speaking of favors..." Nedzu drawls. "How is the Midoriya case progressing?"

Nedzu's heart aches at the depressed sigh that follows his inquiry. "Not well."

"In which way?"

"This poor kid..." The detective starts as he clearly readjusts the phone given the rustling in the background. "It's honestly a miracle he's not a villain. I've seen many children go villain for much less."

"That doesn't bode well then..." Nedzu notes.

"It's a testament to how dedicated the boy is honestly," Tsukauchi notes himself. "I've almost combed through all of the footage for his middle school. Though, the worst I've seen so far doesn't bode well for his psyche..."

Nedzu grips his phone a little tighter. "What do you mean?"

"Ah gosh..." Tsukauchi sighs as another ruffling sound comes from the speaker. "I don't think there's a way I can sugar coat this..."

"Then don't." Nedzu offers intelligently as he opens the floor for him.

"The poor boy was nearly raped by his peers."

"I believe there is already warrants out for the arrests of the students who conducted themselves in this manner?" Nedzu questions, trying desperately to hide the grinding of his teeth.

"They are already being questioned as we speak. We had picked them up this morning." Tsukauchi hesitates. "We don't know truly how far it went as the only thing we have right now is footage. We are hoping for confessions."
"I see..." Nedzu ponders for a moment. "What about the case with his mother?"

"She's been much more elusive to us, so we don't have much."

"Oh? But you do have something?" Nedzu's tail raises in surprise.

"It's really not much I'm afraid..." The detective stresses, souring Nedzu's mood further.

"In what way?"

"Tax evasion is the only thing we could get her on..." Tsukauchi informs. "But the problem with that is that it happened around the time she lost her husband. She could say in court she was grieving and that was the reason for her lapse in judgement. Even then, the amount could be easily settled."

Shit.

"Is there anything else you need from me detective?" Nedzu tiredly offers as he wants to throw his phone across the room again.

"Not today. I hope you have a good day, Principal."

"You as well." Nedzu offers as he lowers his phone to think.

How very interesting... Nedzu takes a shaky sip of his tea as he ponders the new information given graciously to him, trying desperately to focus on the positives of today. My student is a vigilante.
Updated 5/7

Assassin by Au/Ra

And this meme was made by 'oh me oh midsis (mothman)' from our discord server for this chapter!

A/N: Alright! Guess who's moving out today? This gal! Let the games begin! :D

In all seriousness, I shall be away for a couple days because I am now moving back home for the summer. I think I will be able to get a chapter out on Mother's day to break up the break, but I will still be moving at that point, so it may be late in that day when I update depending on when I get home. In the meantime, enjoy the stuff I left for you in this chapter.

And here is a list of fics you should definitely check out while I'm gone for a small bit:

- echoes like church bells by nightskywrites
- Before my heart gives out by kira18
- Better Than A Hero by sally3015
- Just Like You by SilveRanger
- Listen to the Sound by lalaluisa
- Notice Me, Nerd by useless_donut
- Plunge Into Darkness, Bring in the Light by miraculousemily47
- Who said the only green thing about him was his hair? by TheLegendaryGoblin
- A Happy Medium PolearmPolaris
Disaster Party

Chapter Notes

Happy Mother's day everyone! Check the bottom of the chapter for all of the cool art you guys did for Mother's day! I shall add more at the end of the day, so I'll keep watch for anymore art you submit! :D

Even more fanart! This one is from CHIKARA on our discord server:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"AND NOW, THE MATCH YOU ALL HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!"

Finally... Katsuki grins cockily as he stares at the opposite tunnel in pure anticipation. It's my turn to crush the nerd!

"WE HAVE THE EXPLOSIVE BAKUGO KATSUKI THAT HAS DOMINATED HIS OPPONENTS WITH BOTH SKILL AND PHYSICAL PROWESS!" Present Mic grins into the mic as Kastuki proudly struts into the arena.

His eyes stay on target though. He doesn't even blink as he eagerly awaits Izuku in the opposite tunnel, just brimming with excessive energy.

This is what I've been waiting for... Katsuki flexes his muscles as he wrings his wrists, ready for the fight ahead. A real challenge that's actually worth his time. Time to see how much I've grown these last two weeks...

"And in the other tunnel we have..." Vlad King unenthusiastically announces.

Come on Deku! Katsuki grins ferally in anticipation. Come show me what you can do!

"THE ICE PRINCE HIMSELF!" Present Mic hypes up, making Katsuki's grin start to fall.
"TODOROKI SHOTO!!"
"WHAT!?!" Katsuki screams in pure anger.

It doesn't take long for the crowd to start booing, but Katsuki blocks them out as something horrid passes through his mind as the Half and Half strolls out of the tunnel with a furious look on his face.

*Did Izuku...?* Katsuki's eyes narrow at the angry looking bastard as he stops in front of him, his expression never dropping once.

"Oi Icy bastard." Katsuki doesn't like the flinch the little shit does at the nickname. "Where's Izuku?"

"I thought he was Deku to you." Todoroki sends right back with a sharp tone.

"Don't play with me Icy-Hot! You know damn well they turned us all away!" Katsuki growls at his opponent. "WHERE'S IZUKU!?!"

"He's--"

"NOW, NOW AUDIENCE--" Present Mic tries to soothe the audience but it only makes them boo even harder.

"Midoriya has been incapacitated." Vlad King grumbles into the microphone as he cuts him off, clearly not wanting to be there. "It was a terrible thing that happened to Midoriya, but we need to move on with the matches. Todoroki was the winner due to his opponent being unable to fight anymore."

While Katsuki is now extremely worried for the fate of Izuku, he is overcome with another emotion he knows all too well.
"This was supposed to be our fight!" Katsuki barks out in a rage. "Deku fucking won! He deserves to fight me and for me to crush him!!"

"I agree." Todoroki states to Midnight. "I forfeit and give Midoriya my place."

"Todoroki--" Midnight starts in protest.

"You stupid Icy-Hot--"

"If you make me fight, I will step out of the ring." Todoroki warns making Katsuki's anger over the situation rise even higher as he'd rather at least have an opponent to crush, even if it means fighting the sloppy seconds.

"Todoroki." Midnight sighs. "In the rules, if an opponent is incapacitated to fight after the match ends, the winner of the match is considered to be the other opponent. You are technically the winner of the match."

"Okay." Todoroki agrees, but Katuski notices the acceptance in his face over something. "I'm ready then."

"Mic, we are ready to start." Midnight swishes her whip towards the recording booth.

"YEAH!" Present Mic yells, though the crowd doesn't cheer along with him. In fact, they are strangely quiet. "LET THIS PARTY GET STARTED!!"

Katsuki gets into an offensive stance, his quirk already crackling to get himself to sweat more.

"AND BEGIN!!"

Katsuki is about to move before Todoroki says something that makes his own heart stop for a single second.
"I forfeit."

Katsuki’s jaw drops through the floor in pure horror.

"W-what?" He barely chokes out as Midnight adopts a disappointed look adorned on her face.

"I give up." Todoroki repeats as he glares at their teacher who still hasn't called it.

"Todoroki gives up!" Midnight announces to the stadium, though despite her tone, her voice wavers quite a bit. "Bakugo Katsuki is the winner!"

"No..."

It can't be...

"No."

I refuse to accept this.

"No!"

I can't accept this!

"NO!" Katsuki blasts his way over to the bitch as he screams. "THIS ISN'T A WIN FOR ME!!"

It doesn't take much for Todoroki to be underneath him, Katsuki already having a explosion at the ready.

"FIGHT ME YOU COWARD!!" Katsuki basically spits back in his face as he shakes the little brat. "AM I NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU!?!"
"I can't." Bitchoroki whines. "What if I hurt you like Midoriya? Did you even know his heart nearly stopped?"

Katsuki's eyes go comically wide at the news as his heart nearly stops again in fear.

"YOU!" Katuski finally snarls at the bastard once he gains his bearings. "YOU NEARLY KILLED--"

Katsuki barely gets to raise his fist before he smells something sweet that knocks him straight to darkness.

"How interesting..." Tomura ponders with intrigue as he watches the teachers have to use their quirks on yet another student.

"Something catch your eye Tomura?" Sensei inquires with a slight playful lilt to his tone.

"You could say that Sensei..." Tomura grins ever so wide. "It seems the heroes can't truly control the next generation. They seem to have a mind of their own. A mind that seems to not be completely tainted by those pesky heroes..."

Tomura could almost hear the smile that follows his observation as the Bakugo brat gets dragged away from the arena while his opponent simply strolls away with him.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 5/10

Disaster Party by MAGIC GIANT

Izuku: Happy Mother's Day Mom!
Inko: Aww, thank you--

Tsuki: *Moon Child was referring to me you walking pile of shit.*

Izuku *gasp*: Mom! You can't just say that...

Tsuki: *You're right Moon Child.*

Izuku: Oh thank good--

Tsuki *sharpening her claws*: *She'll be a sad excuse for a pile of meat once I'm done with her.*

These art pieces was done by Magic_Ninja on our discord server of all the moms of Apertum Mortem, me included!

These art pieces was done by 'Lil Sis Arachne' on our discord server:

This art piece was done by 'Fire_and_Soul' on our discord server:

This art piece was done by 'Captain Adri ❤' on our discord server:
This art piece was done by 'Typoan' on our discord server:

This art piece was done by 'Potato' on our discord server:

This art piece was done by 'ohmeohmidsis[ct] (mothman)' on our discord server:

This art piece was done by 'ειιο X﹏X' on our discord server:

This art piece was done by 'YourInsecurities {Griffin}' on our discord server:

A/N: Currently on the road heading home. Driving for such long amounts of time sucks, but what can you do? But at least I get to do it with my mom <3
Izuku blinks a few times in confusion before he moves to sit up in the bed abruptly.

A groan of pain comes from his lips as he accidentally puts a little weight on his right arm.

"Slowly sonny!" Recovery Girl scolds as she rapidly comes into room as much as she can.

"What happened?" Izuku asks blearily. "D-did the surgery work?"

"It went fine dearie."

Izuku shuffles a bit in his bed as he feels an awkward amount of silence come between the two of them. "B-but...?"

"But there's actually something I would love to ask you mister now that the pesky nosy ones aren't here." Recovery Girl sends right back with a click of her tongue. "You aren't telling me something, and it's clearly important to my work."

Izuku gulps very audibly as he mentally prepares for a scolding. "What do you mean...?"

"Sweetie..." Recovery Girl takes his uninjured hand in her feeble ones. "I am not an idiot. I've seen many patients in my time and many of which have sadly passed on. I simply wish for you not to become one of them."
"I don't understand..." Izuku nervously notes. "What are you saying?"

Recovery Girl sighs deeply, almost as if something is troubling her. "Well, I guess I should start with what I do know."

"O-okay...?"

"You came in with a terribly low oxygen count." Recovery Girl states with purpose, giving him the stink eye as he shrinks into himself on the observation. "If I didn't know any better, I would say you should have died out there on those types of levels."

Izuku stiffens.

"But you didn't." Recovery Girl's eyes become terribly sad. "And then I noticed some small parts of the wound were superficial after you nearly had cardiac arrest."

"M-Meaning...?" Izuku stutters.

"Sweetheart..." Recovery Girl rubs his hand carefully and softly. "Do you have a healing quirk?"

Izuku's breath hitches once at the question and it's all the confirmation she needs to slowly nod at his reaction.

"I feared as much. All the signs point towards it." Recovery Girl asserts while Izuku feels the wind get knocked out of him. "I had looked into your paternal and maternal records to see what I could find when I found that you had a dormant quirk listed. It seems being a nurse runs in your family."

Izuku's breaths become even more erratic of being found out.

"Pumpkin, breathe for me, okay?" Recovery Girl soothes as she rubs his hand. "You aren't in trouble at all, I swear by it."
"I-I'm n-not...?" Izuku barely squeaks out while his panic rampages.

"No sweetie. Anything that is said in this room won't leave it. That includes my own theories on what your quirk is." Recovery Girl assures. "Patient confidentiality is important to me and that includes the patient believing in me to help them all I can when it counts."

Izuku clearly must have a look of disbelief on his face as she sighs deeply again.

"If you don't believe me, believe in my good will that I have not spilled All Might's condition to the media." Recovery Girl points out. "If there is anyone you should trust with your quirk's secret, it's me dear."

Izuku considers her points, but the fear inside still overwhelms him from the complete truth. "I do sorta have a healing quirk, but it has special activations."

"I figured as much. Only the ice wound seemed partially healed." Recovery Girl nods in confirmation. "What are the activation requirements, dearie?"

Izuku instantly closes his mouth as he squirms in the bed.

...

"I guess that's enough of my prodding for today." Recovery Girl sighs as she moves to get up. "I do expect a full answer by this year's end as I don't want to accidentally send your system into shock from my own quirk. Healing quirks can be finicky like that, you know..."

"O-okay..." Izuku whispers out, the tension still not gone from his shoulders.

"You can't keep injuring yourself like this, even if you have a healing quirk." Recovery Girl chastises as moves to grab her funky looking cane.

"I know..." Izuku echoes.
"I won't heal injuries of these caliber anymore." Recovery Girl warns.

"I know." Izuku depressingly repeats.

"I hope you truly understand that and aren't just saying that, young man." Recovery Girl huffs. "Though, that's enough of my harping for now. For now, rest up sweetheart. I shall be in the other room if you need anything..."

Recovery Girl pats his bed before shambling out of the room to go do something.

After a moment of silence, Izuku looks at his hand as he twirls it around. Bile coats his mouth as he notices the dark marks underneath the bandages, clearly stitches of where he shall have new scars that he won't be able to hide from others. While he wouldn't change what happened, some things are weighing heavily on his mind, especially concerning Inko.

"IN TEN MINUTES, WE WILL BE HANDING OUT THE AWARDS FOR THE FIRST YEARS!" Present Mic's voice booms throughout the stadium, knocking Izuku out of his thoughts. "YOU BETTER BE WATCHING, YA DIG!!"

*Oh no!* Izuku panics as he rushes to slip on the fresh gym shirt beside his bedside as he eyes the window. *I'm missing everything!*

After a moment of fumbling with it, Izuku makes his way to the door to see where Recovery Girl is. To his relief, she's currently cleaning some tools, probably from his surgery.

As soon as he feels she's out of earshot of hearing the window come up, Izuku slips out to go see his friends.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 5/12

Scars by Boy Epic
Recovery Girl: You stay here.
Izuku: *nods*
Recovery Girl: You will stay here and rest up.
Izuku: *nods*
Recovery Girl: Good
*leaves the room*
Izuku: I leave now.

Izuku on his way to support his friends:

Izuku: *gets injured and sent to Recovery Girl*
Recovery Girl: You stay here.
Izuku: *looks toward the window*
Recovery Girl: No, you stay here.
Izuku: *blinks toward the window*
Recovery Girl: No. You are staying right here.
Izuku: *nods once*
Recovery Girl: Perfect. Now I'll be right back.
Izuku: *yeets himself out of the window the second she's gone*

*A/N: I AM ALIVE! Finally made it back yesterday, so I can finally start writing again! Wooo Hooo!!!*
Oh my gosh guys! We hit over not just 75,000 hits, but 80,000 hits and over 4,000 kudos while I was away! Thank you all, for the bottom of my heart. You are what make this fic great. I truly can't thank you enough.

More fanart!!! This one is from 'Eccedentesiast_Simona' on our discord server:

"That stupid son of a bitch! I don't accept this!" Katsuki growls loudly, snarling at the people who put him in chains for the awards ceremony. "You can't make me--"

Katsuki's voice dies in his throat as he eyes the muzzle in the worker's hands.

No.

"What the fuck are you doing, you stupid ext--!?!" Katsuki rages as he fights against his binds.

The second the blasted device clamps down on his mouth, Katsuki can't help but feel like he's right back there stuck in the sludge monster, drowning all over again.

His breathing become erratic as he thrashes, only his muffled screams coming out of the mask as the extra that put him in it just sighs in exhaustion.

Take it off! Take it off! Take it--!

"Midnight, we need another small dose for sparky." The worker voices, making Katsuki's eyes go wide. "He's acting crazy and he might hurt himself at this point."
No! No, no no, no--

Katsuki barely notices when he slumps against the post behind him.

Izuku sneaks back into the arena, careful to keep his head down and away from the rushing heroes that run past him, shouting about him. He's not sure why they are so freaked out about him leaving the infirmary, but he's not taking any chances by getting caught.

Blending into the crowd, he watches as Midnight-sensei struts her stuff into front of the podium.

"Now, we will hand out the medals for the first year winners!" Midnight-sensei smiles to the crowd. "For this year, the medals will be handed out by none other than this man--!"

Izuku perks up with awe as he hears All Might's signature laugh coming from above them.

Oh my gosh All Might is going to award everyone!??!

"All Might himself!" "I have brought the medals here!"

Izuku holds in a snort at the face his mentor makes towards Midnight-sensei.

"My bad..." Midnight-sensei nervously laughs. "I talked over you."

"AND NOW!" Present Mic booms over the intercom. "YOUR CHAMPIONS!!"

Izuku watches eagerly as Todoroki and Tokoyami appear from under the ground for second and third place respectively.
Though his eagerness drops the second something thrashing starts to emerge from the first place pedestal.

After all, Izuku recognizes the fear in his brother's eyes.

It's eerily similar to a certain horrid day.

Without a second thought, he's already running.

"KACCHAN!"

Katsuki stills his thrashing with wide eyes as he watches someone emerge from the crowd, knocking past all the extras.

Deku?

"KACCHAN!" Izuku screams as his own breathing starts to hitch from watching him hyperventilate under the horrid mask.

Though, it doesn't stop his pursuit to get the darn thing off his brother.

The second he's up on stage, he notices the pricks of tears in Kacchan's eyes, making his own anger spike. The fact that his brother was on the cusp of a panic attack just makes his blood boil.

Izuku instantly starts fumbling with the clasp one handed as he can't quite bend his fingers well enough on his right hand due to the bandages. When the attempt isn't very fruitful, he abandons that train of thought and goes straight to using his teeth to get the horrendous mask off of him.

"Young Midoriya--"
"Shut up!" Izuku snarls between his teeth as he finally loosens the clasp enough to rip the horrifying thing off of his brother's face.

The second it's off, Kacchan gasps for air as his shaky panicked breaths make themselves known to the other teachers.

"Young Bakugo... Are you alright--?"

"O-of fucking c-course I'm a-alright old m-man!" Kacchan shakily trembles.

Izuku instantly sees how much of a lie that really was as he turns to figure out what the hell even happened while he was in surgery.

"What happened?" Izuku demands with no room for excuses.

"Well, uh--"

Izuku fully bares his teeth at All Might as it's clear none of them actually thought this through given Midnight's guilty face at Kacchan's continued wheezing. "Who the fuck thought it was a good idea to put a fucking child in chains?"

"Young Midoriya--"

"No All Might." Izuku's eyes burn green for being so over this stupid day. "Tell me exactly who thought it was a great idea for my brother to be in chains. I'll fucking wait."

"Deku--"

"You were in a fucking muzzle Katsuki!" Izuku snarls right back at him as he recognizes that tone, his own breathing becoming more erratic. "No one deserves a fucking muzzle!"
"Young Midoriya please calm down--"

"No!" Izuku breathes in sharp gasps as he loudly growls towards his mentor. "No, I won't just--!"

Izuku doesn't even breath much more before a sickly sweet aroma pervades his panicked breathes, dropping him out of consciousness.

Tomura grins as Sensei starts loudly chuckling at the beautiful scene on the television.

"Well then..." Sensei staves off his laughter in favor for his curiosity of the young boy so willing to bare his fangs at even the number one hero. "I think we have found the perfect candidates, would you not agree Tomura?"

"I think I found the perfect one Sensei." Tomura corrects with a wide demented smile. "I think I truly did."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 5/14

Animal In Me by Solence

-Dad (Class 1-B Edition), Part Nine (written by so_dont_let_in_the_light)

Class 1-A enters the classroom before seeing the seats occupied by Class 1-B.

Izuku: Guys?

Monoma: Can't believe Class 1-A was late
Ibara: I wonder why God has brought me here today in particular?

Kendo: Monoma, calm yourself before I knock you out!

Izuku makes the smart decision to yeet himself out of the window before Vlad-sensei could drag out the heathens chanting around a bon fire for Class 1-A's demise.
"We are all made of glass. After all, all it takes is one crack for everything to come crumbling down around us." -- Tsuki

We have cover art for this chapter! This is from 'MinaSmile' on our discord server:

Fanart of the best mom!
This one is from 'SadisticCat☪ || Nekomata':

And this one is from 'Nyxwolf':

*Warning*
Yelling/Verbal Fighting

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"What the fuck were you thinking!?!" Aizawa all by nearly screams at Zu while Hitoshi winces.

Ouch...

"What was I thinking!?!" Zu gets right in the teacher's face. "My brother was in chains Sensei. Chains!"

"Kid, that's--"

"No Sensei." Zu burns with venom. "My brother was literally being chained to a pole for what? An award? And then I was forcibly removed by Midnight with her quirk because I got mad over what happened? What the fuck is wrong with that picture? Tell me. I'm curious to your answer."

"Problem Child--"
"Oh so now I'm a problem!?!" Zu huffs right back. "Why does everyone do that to--?!?"

"Midoriya Izuku!"

Hitoshi doesn't like the flinch that Zu makes when his eyes go wide with fear.

...  

"Kid, I don't agree with what happened. In fact, I want to go strangle someone right now over it." Aizawa offers as an olive branch when he flinches at Zu's reaction. "But I can't change what happened. We made a bad call and now it needs to be fixed. I'm going to take care of it, but we aren't going to lose our heads over it, okay?"

"Okay..." Zu mumbles under his breath.

"Now, we need to address that you left the infirmary without permission."

Zu's eyes go wide in shock as he blubbers. "I'm so sorry Aizawa-sensei, I just wanted to--"

"I'm sorry?" Aizawa parrots back to him. "Kid, I'm not mad about it."

Zu blinks at him, almost as if in confusion.

"I'm absolutely furious."

Hitoshi watches as Zu curls into himself as he stares at the ground as if it's the most interesting thing in the room.

"You literally told me you were in trouble." Aizawa growls at the poor boy. "Do you even know what this means?"
"Uh, no...?" Zu hesitantly meets his gaze after a good moment of thinking about it.

The hobo simply sighs, clearly exasperated as Zu simply blinks at him like an idiot. It makes Hitoshi want to smack the idiot because of course he didn't think anything through like usual.

"Kid, I can't protect you if you are running around getting into more danger."

Oh... You're worried about me..." Zu points out helpfully once it finally dawns on him.

_Oh my god Zu..._ Hitoshi actually face palms as their teacher's face contorts painfully at the slow realization.

"You are going to stay here." Aizawa states with a side of malice as Zu flinches. "You are going to have a hero watching you at all times because clearly, you can't stay still for even five minutes. _Are we clear, Midoriya?_"

Zu's eyes light up. "You're going to watch us?"

"No." Zu's eyes lose their sparkle. "I still have things to attend to. Vlad will be watching the door for now. Though, I need an answer kid. You are to stay right here where you'll be safe. Do you understand?"

"Okay..." Zu mumbles.

"Speak up or nod." Aizawa scolds. "Pick."

A short quick nod is given to him in response, clearly Zu feeling really awful for upsetting his
"Good." Aizawa huffs at the poor boy. "I suggest going the fuck to sleep so you can rest for a bit. For gods sake, you just had surgery but you are running around like you want to run a marathon. For now, I'm going to be gone for a bit dealing with the other problem children after strangling one of my co-workers. I'll be back as soon as I can so we can go home."

"Are you going to go adopt them too?" Hitoshi quips with a smug smile on his face.

Zu chokes on his air while the hobo gives him a death glare.

Instead of answering them, he simply elects to start moving out of the room.

"It's always the problem children, I swear..." Hitoshi swears he hear the hobo mutter under his breath as he strolls out of the room, their guard opening the door for him.

As soon as the door is shut, Zu huffs as he flings himself onto the bed, not actually missing his injured hand as he groans out in pain. "Crap!"

"What did you expect?" Hitoshi smirks as he cradles his arm. "Stop flinging yourself at beds that clearly don't like you."

Zu only stares back at him with judging eyes before he rights himself in the bed, staring at the ceiling.

"Toshi!" Zu whines after a moment of silence. "It's boring here. There aren't any windows!"

"I wonder why Zu..." Hitoshi chuckles right back at his pout.

"I just wanted to see you guys..." Zu mumbles to the ceiling. "I wanted to know if everyone was okay..."

"Only you would jump out a window after being injured already just to see if we were the ones that
"Hey! It's not my fault that stairs are cursed." Zu protests loudly. "Did you even know that stairs cause over 12,000--"

"Yeah, I know." Hitoshi cuts him off. "You've only told me ten million times already."

"But they are..." Zu whines with a cute pout.

*Cute?*

Hitoshi blinks before a more important thing comes to mind. "Zu, what all did you tell them?"

"Tell them?" Zu blinks too, almost as if in confusion for a split second. "Oh! They don't know anything."

...

"Zu!" Hitoshi scolds. "What the hell!?!"

"Toshi?"

"How the hell did you get their protection if you didn't tell them anything?" Hitoshi demands with disbelief laced in his voice.

Zu sighs. "No idea really..."

Hitoshi groans in response. "You're such a dumbass sometimes, you know that?"

"Maybe..." Zu shifts to cradle his legs in a hug.
Hitoshi takes a deep breath when he sees the conflict on his face. "What's wrong Zu?"

...  

"Zu?"

"I'm scared Toshi..." Zu trembles, almost borderline shivering. "I don't know what's going to happen."

Hitoshi moves over to the bed and engulfs him in a hug. "That's okay Zu."

"It's not though..." Zu sobs as the tears start to fall down. "It's really not. What if she comes after you guys because of me? I can't... I can't..."

"You aren't alone Zu." Hitoshi rubs circles into his back. "You aren't alone anymore. We will all get through this together, no matter what, okay?"

"Okay..."

...  

"You're mom is going to kill you." Hitoshi realizes after a good few minutes of trying to soothe his sobs.

"Uh, yeah?" Zu states with confusion as he wipes away his tears. "That's kinda why they are helping me."

Hitoshi's face twists terribly at the misunderstanding. "No, I meant your actual one, you idiot."

"Wait, what do you mean--" Zu visibly pales. "Oh."
"Yeah." Hitoshi provides helpfully. "Oh."

"Shit."

"Language."

"Fuck you Hitoshi." Zu growls back.

And Hitoshi grins. "Fuck m--"

The door slamming open cuts Hitoshi off, making Zu flinch terribly at the raw sound.

"MOON CHILD!"

Hitoshi mentally gets his popcorn for the show with a shit eating grin on his face.

"Oh god I am so sorry mom..." Zu pleads for his life on his knees as he scrambled so fast out of the bed for her forgiveness. "I didn't mean to--"

"Uh, why is Midoriya kneeling to a cat--?" Todoroki's eyes blow wide open as he looks at the angry hissing feline as he steps into the room. "Oh..."

"Please Tsuki-chan, I really am sorry but I couldn't just--"

"You broke your hand till it's irreparable. You revealed your quirk to the world. And you got impaled by ice." Tsuki lists off with a dead calm tone that not even Hitoshi trusts as Present Mic makes his way into the room as well. "Is there anything else I am missing?"

"Well?" Tsuki demands as it's not a request.
"No..."

"Good." Tsuki throws herself into Zu's arm as she starts mewling. "I am so glad you are alright my precious kit."

"I have no idea what's going on..." Todoroki mumbles under his breathe as he watches the two cuddle as they cry.

"Welcome to my life." Hitoshi quips as he mentally puts the popcorn away now that the show is over.

"Wait..." Zu sniffs as he finally takes in the room. "Why are you guys here?"

"Heya Green Bean." Present Mic waves dramatically. "We were dropping by to see how you both were doing. How ya feeling?"

"Ah..." Zu sniffs. "I'm okay I guess..."

"That's great!" Present Mic beams. "So, how did you like my performance?"

"It was awesome." Zu smiles underneath the tears.

"It was obnoxious." Hitoshi points out that gets a tired wheezing sound out of the both of them to his immense satisfaction.

"I tried really hard, okay?" Present Mic huffs dramatically that only makes Hitoshi snort at the pettiness.

Though, a nervous motion catches his eyes as he looks over to Todoroki. The second they lock eyes, Hitoshi glances down to the object in question.

With a smile, he nods in approval, Todoroki also nodding as well in agreement.
"Here Midoriya. Your medal." Todoroki offers the medal down to him.

Zu looks perplexed at the outstretched item as he cuddles with Tsuki. "But this is the silver medal?"

"You beat me fair and square, no matter what the teachers say." Todoroki explains. "It's yours by right. My only regret is that you never got a chance to fight for the gold."

"But--"

"Just take the damn medal Zu." Hitoshi instructs as he sees the true conflict behind Todoroki's eyes.

"Okay..." Zu takes it with his free hand, never stopping his petting of his mother as it's clearly his first priority.

...

"Can I talk to Midoriya privately?" Todoroki finally broaches as he eyes both of them with wary eyes. "It would only take a few minutes."

Present Mic's cheery smile drops slightly. "Sorry listener, we can't do that right now. But there's plenty of time for that tonight at the house."

"House?" Hitoshi questions.

"Yeah, me and Sho's home!" Present Mic smiles widely. "Todoroki will be staying with us too, so we need to start getting over to his place to grab some stuff."

"Who's Sho?" Todoroki frowns.
"Aizawa." Present Mic provides for him. "We are together. A pair if you will."

Todoroki eyes widen in slight excitement. "I knew it."

Zu frowns. "Why would Todoroki be staying with me?"

"Ah..." Present Mic nervously eyes Todoroki. "That's private--"

"I'm free." Todoroki provides, which causes more tears to form in Zu's eyes.

"Really?" Zu whispers in awe.

"Yes." Todoroki confirms. "Sensei is pulling me from his care effective immediately."

Zu crashes into Todoroki, nuzzling him in the hug. "Oh my gosh, I am so happy for you!"

Hitoshi bites back a laugh at Todoroki's increasing pigment change from the gesture, though a small snort does find its way out.

"We should get going." Present Mic broaches after a good minute of Zu's tight snuggling. "We have very limited time before the switch comes into effect."

"Oh, okay..." Zu pouts as he releases Todoroki from the arm prison.

"I am coming with you Loud Bird." Tsuki declares as she bounds toward the door.

"Loud Bird!?!" Present Mic squawks in indignation.

"But Tsuki-chan--" Zu starts with a worried look on his face.
"No buts Moon Child." Tsuki scolds at his whiny tone. "I am still furious at you, so I need space right now to distract me."

"Oh..."

"You will always be my precious kit." Tsuki assures as she purrs toward him. "But I think it is best I calm my own temper for now."

"Okay mom..." Zu mumbles, though the disappointment is still wavers in his voice as a few stray tears start to fall.

"Alright, let's go grab your stuff Todoroki." Present Mic cuts in, ushering the poor confused boy to the door.

The second the door finally closes, Hitoshi embraces Zu into another hug when all of the tears inevitably come crashing down.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 5/16

Porcelain by Skott

If Class 1-A knew Izuku and Shinso room together:

Sero: And they were roommates!

Kaminari: Oh my god they were roommates...

Bakugo: About fucking time, damn stupid nerds...

Mina *jumps on a desk*: Can you feel the love tonight~!?!?

Iida: GET OFF THAT DESK RIGHT NOW! You'll scoff the craftsmanship!

Koda *signing*: 'Guys, I think we are overreacting--'

Tsu: It's about time they all figured things out.

Iida: ASUI!
Tsu: Call me Tsu.

Uraraka *giggling uncontrollably*: My ship is *sailing*!

Aizawa: This is why I don't tell you anything.
"Some days, all you need is coffee. Other days, you need murder." -- Aizawa Shouta

Fanart!

This is from 'eridanus (Nuckelavee)' for Chapter 123:

And this is from 'Asphodel' on our discord server:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Nemuri, what the hell were you thinking!?!" Shouta shouts at the dense woman.

"Shouta I--"

"You've read the reports made on all of our students for possible triggers." Shouta growls at the ignorant woman. "So why would you restrain a child who was nearly drowned in a similar situation!?!"

"I was just told to do it, okay?" Nemuri states, close to tears. "I really didn't mean for this to happen Shouta..."

"You need to do better, regardless of what others tell you." Shouta determines with a stern look.

Nemuri's lip wobbles but she nods. "I guess I should tell Nedzu what happened."

"You should more than guess." Shouta warns that makes her eyes go wide.
"Oh..."

"Yeah." Shouta deadpans. "Oh."

"I'll look over the student's profiles tonight as well." Nemuri offers as well.

Shouta nods as it's the responsible thing to do. Thankfully, she gets what she did wrong and is trying to correct it. "I want you to look over all of our students' profiles again and write a report to me on what stands out. It's due by the end of the week. If it's not on my desk or I'm not happy with it, I will cash in that favor to Nedzu for negligence on your part."

"Sho..." Nemuri's expression falls. "I'm so sorry..."

"Don't be sorry. Do something about it." Shouta snarls before whipping towards the Number One Idiot. "And you!"

All Might flinches at his tone, subconsciously stepping backwards from his current rage level. "Aizawa I'm--"

"Don't you dare finish that sentence." Shouta commands with absolute authority. "I don't want to hear it or any fucking excuses."

"But--"

"Don't 'but' me Yagi Toshinori." Shouta burns with malice. "You aren't a fucking child, so stop acting like one!"

All Ass considers his points before speaking again. "I made a bad call."

"No shit." Shouta scoffs. "You literally influenced Midoriya to maim himself on live television."
"But I swear I did it with the best intentions--"

"The road to hell is built on good intentions All Might!" Shouta hisses at the dense man. "Try again."

All Bitch just sighs, making Shouta be on his last nerve with the man. "What should I say?"

"This is why you should have never been a teacher. If it was up to me, you would be out of here. You have three strikes and you've already struck out." Shouta cuts deep as the man finds the floor interesting. "You don't even know the first thing about how to help them. Hell, I bet you can't even take care of yourself."

"I'm sorry..."

"You don't have time to be sorry." Shouta growls at the man. "You need to prove it."

All Bite raises his pathetic head in surprise. "And how do I do that?"

"That's something you have to figure out on your own. And I swear to god if there is something else that is groundbreaking you are hiding from me--" Shouta's voice dies as he sees the horror stricken expression in front of him.

"A-aizawa..." Yagi fucking Toshinori trembles. "I--"

*You son of a bitch.*

"Shouta, maybe we should--" Shouta glances at Nemuri who instantly shuts up looking at him like he might actually kill the hero.

Clearly getting the cue to go cool off, Shouta's red eyes glare at the Number One Fuckup. "This isn't over All Might. I want to know everything you are hiding from me by the end of the week as well as whatever you come up with."
"But--"

"And I don't want you either of you interacting with my son without my direct permission." Shouta states before storming off to deal with his other kids, leaving behind a spurting Ass Might and a cackling idiot.

"Are you sure you don't want to stay with your kid Tsuki?" Present Mic inquires to the cat as they walk down the hallway, the black cat swaying ever so slightly as she prances.

The silence that follows makes Shoto start to think his teacher has truly lost it or something.

"I understand you are upset, but he really looked crushed by that. He clearly loves you a lot..." Present Mic pauses as his brows furrow. "But don't you think that punishment is too harsh?"

"Why are you talking to Tsuki like that?" Shoto finally questions as the curiosity is starting to get too great to ignore. Especially since the entire room acted like--

"Because I can talk back." A foreign voice snips back with a fury.

Shoto's eyes blow wide open in surprise as he stops in the middle of the hallway. "How?"

Tsuki simply laughs in his mind at the question. "You inquire why when all around you there are quirks that can make the impossible seem possible?"

"Fair point." Shoto surmises as he watches the cat run along beside them.

"Though, it is great to make your acquaintance finally, my Confused Child." Tsuki mentions after a time, Present Mic leading the way out of the stadium. "I have heard a great deal about you from my Moon Child. My sincerest condolences for your previous situation."

"Moon Child?" Shoto questions in confusion.
"She means Midoriya, listener." Present Mic provides helpfully.

"Oh..."

**Weird...**

"Also, you should plan to quickly grab only the necessities when we get to your house." Present Mic instructs as they pass a hero checkpoint. "We don't have much time according to the law for the transfer to take into effect."

"Yes sir."

"None of that yes sir stuff, little listener." Present Mic shakes his head to Shoto's surprise. "You can call me Yamada or Hizashi, whatever's more comfortable for you. While you're at our home, you're family."

"Okay Yamada."

A great minute of silence passes over the group before the tension becomes too great for Shoto ignore anymore.

"So, I have a question Tsuki." Shoto finally brings up as it's been itching under his skin for far too long now. "Are you and Nedzu related?"

Present Mic chokes on his air while Tsuki gets a particular glint in her eye.

"Oh my poor Confused Child, no I am not. Though..." Tsuki drawls out. "I guess I shall instead tell you the story of my upbringing."

"Congrats on your results." Shouta dryly congratulates his class as they watch him nervously.
Clearly, his rage hasn't quite dissipated as much as he would have liked to.

"You all have the next two days of school off to recuperate, so we will be starting up again on Monday." Shouta continues undeterred. "Make sure to get some rest as we've still got a lot of training to do."

"Yes sir!"

"Where is Iida-chan, Todoroki-chan, and Midoriya-chan, Mr. Aizawa?" Asui points out after a moment of silence as she eyes the three empty desks with definite wariness.

Shouta sighs because of course they would pick up on it. "Iida is currently away due to a family emergency. Todoroki is also away due to an emergency."

"And Midoriya-san?" Yaoyorozu interjects with very worried eyes.

"Midoriya is just fine." Shouta grumbles slightly as he runs his hand through his hair. "He's currently recuperating from surgery."

"SURGERY!?!"

"He's just fine." Shouta assures the rowdy kids. "As you saw earlier when he should have been in bed resting."

"Ooooo..." Kaminari jeers as he stands up in his seat. "Looks like someone's in trouble!"

"Sit down Kaminari before I assign you detention." Shouta growls as the boy quickly moves back into his seat for fear of learning of what happens in detention. After all, Shouta is the teacher that manages detention.

"What about the internships Sensei?" Yaoyorozu prompts dutifully. "You mentioned them before the Sports Festival."
"Internships solely depend on how you marketed yourselves in the festival." Shouta explains. "We shall go into more detail on Monday concerning internships."

"I see. Thank you Sensei!"

"Also..." Shouta continues. "On Monday, we will also be having a special guest that will be helping us with a specific type of training. You all need to have these forms signed by your guardians so you can participate."

"What type of training will it be Sensei?" Uraraka inquires with a puzzled look on her face as Shouta starts handing out the release forms.

And Shouta smiles.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 5/18

Heading Home by Alan Walker feat. Ruben

*Someone messes with his kids*

Aizawa *activates quirk*: Do you want to have a bad time?

All Might: I don't know what I did! I didn't mean to--

Aizawa: Don't talk to me or my son ever again

This meme was made by 'YourInsecurities {Griffin}' over on our discord server:
"Alright, it's time to go." Aizawa-sensei grumbles as he enters the room once again.

Izuku gets up to leave with his teacher before something finally crosses his mind. "Wait..."

"What is it now Problem Child?" Aizawa-sensei's eyes narrow as he looks back at him.

"What about Tosh--" Izuku chokes on his words as he nervously eyes his friend, realizing pretty quickly he shouldn't mention him since they don't know they are living together.

"What about Tosh what?" Aizawa-sensei prompts as he faces him more directly.

Izuku shakes his head as if it was nothing, but his eyes tell a different story. "It's nothing. I was mistaken."

"I think he means me Aizawa." Toshi voices to Izuku's horror. "And it's totally fine Zu."

"But how is it--" Izuku starts in a panic.
"Oh." Aizawa-sensei cuts him off. "Shinso is under my protection too."

Izuku's eyes go wide in surprise. "W-what?"

Aizawa-sensei smiles. "You didn't think I would forget your roommate, would you?"

Izuku freezes.

That makes Aizawa deeply frown as it's clearly not the reaction he thought he would get. "Problem Child?"

"C-could you repeat t-that?" Izuku shakily requests. "I d-don't think I q-quite heard you r-right..."

Aizawa grumbles at his deadly pale face. "Kid, I already know you basically kidnapped Shinso."

Izuku's eyes grow dark as a dark rumble comes from his throat. "You aren't sending him back there, are you?"

"No kid." Aizawa shakes his head to dismiss it. "Never."

Izuku's eyebrows perk up at that as that wasn't the response he was expecting at all. "Then?"

"He's stealing me too." Toshi smirks as it finally dawns on him what their whole exchange was about.

"Oh..." Izuku breathes out in relief. "Okay."

"By the way, take my coat kid." Aizawa-sensei offers Izuku as he opens the door to reveal a downpour. "It's raining pretty heavily outside right now."
"Water won't hurt me as my costume is waterproof. I also have a spare coat in my car. But you need to keep those wrappings covered and dry." Aizawa-sensei informs before turning towards the door to lead them out. "Shinso, here's my umbrella."

"Okay..." Zu shrugs on the coat while Toshi takes the umbrella as they follow his teacher outside so they can go grab their stuff from their home.

Izuku opens the door slowly as he peers in, almost expecting his mother to be right behind the door. Satisfied with finding it to not be the case, he shrugs off the coat and puts it on the hanger to dry while they go grab the essentials.

Toshi heads off to his room while Izuku heads straight for the bathroom first. Before he enters though, Izuku warily eyes Aizawa as he peruses the living room, clearly looking for any types of threats. Deciding to let him do his thing, he heads off to get their stuff.

Poking around the bathroom, he fills a spare bag with their toothbrushes, toothpaste, and other hygiene products before heading to the kitchen for Tsuki's stuff.

"Hey, I grabbed your bathroom stuff!" Izuku shouts down the hall as he exits the bathroom.

"Even the tiny kittens?" Toshi calls back to him.

_Oh my god Toshi_...

"No, we aren't taking the tiny kittens!" Izuku grumbles right back at the dumbass.

"Tiny kittens?" Aizawa-sensei startles thoroughly. "Did Tsuki have...?"

Izuku blinks in confusion for a moment before groaning in pain. "Nooooo, Aizawa-sensei. We
mean the rubber ducks."

"Oh..."

"Yeah." Izuku giggles at his crestfallen expression. "Oh."

"But you know Tsuki loves to cuddle with them!" Toshi whines right back to protest his decision.

"I'm bringing her bed and a few toys!" Izuku sends right back, not taking his protests into account as he grabs said items and places them inside his bag. The bed is a tight fit, but it fits snugly as he squishes it inside. "She'll be okay for a week without them."

"Whatever you say Zumbie~!"

Izuku simply snorts at his best friend's antics as he heads over to the bedroom to fill a suitcase with his clothes.

Though, the second he opens the door, he gets chills that makes him shiver a bit. Not thinking much of it, he simply enters the room, though his nervousness only grows.

Izuku's heart skips a beat when his attention is drawn to the lone white envelope on his bed in front of him. Shakily, Izuku reaches out to grab it.

He can't help but drop his bag as his breaths start to hitch in fear.

"Zu?" Toshi calls from outside but Izuku doesn't answer as he turns it over to see where it's from.

The envelope starts to tremble in his hands as he never thought he'd ever have to see another one like it.

"Zu, what's that?" Shinso asks warily as he shambles into the bedroom while Izuku starts shaking violently after seeing the handwriting on the outside of the letter when he turns it over.
"No..." Izuku whispers in horror as he tears it open, hoping it's just a joke or a mistake.

Inside, he finds a check instead of the normal cash, but it's the handwritten note that spurs forth his tears.

Izuku,

I hope moving into the new place went well.

I'm sorry that we left on such a sour note so I couldn't help you out with it, but I understand your frustration that caused you to lash out at me.

Regardless, I would like to hear from you soon. I want us to be a proper family again, but I understand that you would like some space at the moment.

Especially since I recently heard about our dear late land lady.

I want you to meet me tonight at the cemetery so we may catch up again. If you decline, understand there will be severe consequences concerning your little friends. I just want what is best for you, so I hope you make the correct choice.

Also, congratulations on your placement in the Sports Festival. Your quirk is certainly spectacular.

I intently await your presence.

With love,

Your Mother ☪

"She knows." Is all Izuku can choke out as he drops the letter, his breathing ceasing as he fades into his panic entirely.
Chapter End Notes

Updated 5/20

Control by Halsey

Fear of mysterious white envelopes? Check.

-The Dreams of Tsuki- Part One (drawn by 'eridanus (Nuckelavee)')
Outrunning Karma

Chapter Notes

Please thank 'Fire_and_Soul ~CT~ [Hellhound]' on our discord server for this chapter's cover art:

And we have fan art for Chapter 134 as well from 'Insomniafreak//demon' on our discord server:

*Warning*

Panic Attack

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Izuku can't breathe. He just can't.

It was one thing when he was safe at UA. But now?

She knows.

*Oh god she knows...*

And now, Izuku is literally left to the sharks.

He doesn't just think so. He knows so. After all, he's had years of experience of just that with her.

Nothing has ever gotten past her except his notebooks. And even then, he knew she had her suspicions on it. He could always tell there was a certain glint in her eye over it.
And he knew. He knew it would ended up like this. He knew this would happen, but to actually see it right in his shaking hands, it just makes everything so much worse. It makes it just so much more real and tangible.

I shouldn't have done that. Plays on repeat in Izuku's mind as he sucks in as much air as he can. I shouldn't have showed my quirk, no matter what happened.

His breathing hitches even more dangerously as he thinks about what would happen to his friends. His new family.

They would be gone. Dead forever if Inko ever got her disgusting hands on them.

Toshi, Tsuki-chan, Kacchan, and even Aizawa-sensei...

She would come after them instead of him if he wouldn't give her what she wants.

But what does she want?

Izuku doesn't know nor can he think straight anymore in his panic to figure it out.

All he can think about is their deaths being played over and over in his head from her. Just watching as she rips them away from him. His only happiness. Gone. All gone.

He can even hear their desperate screams of pain right now.

I can't let that happen. I can't just let her win like thi--

"Zu, stop. You need to breathe." Toshi takes ahold of his hand to try and see the paper after Izuku picked it back up. "You're okay, okay?"
"N-no, she k-knows." Izuku whines pitifully as he struggles to keep it away from him. "She k-knows..."

_and she's going to kill them all._

"Zu, you aren't making any sense!" Toshi hisses at him as he goes for another swipe. "What is that? Just let me see it!"

_she's going to kill all of them and there's nothing I can do about it!_

"She just knows, o-okay!?!" Izuku shouts back as he struggles away from his Toshi's grasp. "She knows!"

_she's going to take them all away from me and I won't be able to stop it!_ Izuku chokes back a sob. _Oh god, she's going to kill them..._

"Who knows what?" Aizawa demands as he rushes into the bedroom. "What's going on?"

"Sensei--"

"Nothing." Izuku snarls outwardly, cutting off his friend as he shoved the cursed paper in his pocket. "I thought I saw something. I was mistaken."

"Zu, you can't keep--"

"Don't bother wasting your breath lying to me Problem Child." Aizawa growls protectively. "Tell me why you are freaking out worse than this afternoon. I need to know if there is a threat here or not."

"There's no threat her--"

"His mother." Toshi answers for him. "I think the letter he has that he won't show me has
something to do with his mother."

"Toshi!" Izuku protests loudly for telling his teacher about that.

Aizawa's gaze hardens. "What does it say?"

"Nothing!" Izuku answers in a panic. "It's nothing I swear!"

"Clearly not." Aizawa points out.

"But she gave him the note." Toshi points out as he points to the hidden parchment in his pocket. "Where did you get that Zu?"

And Izuku pales instantly at the directed question.

"Zu please..." Toshi pleads to him as he clearly recognizes his expression. "When did you see her? You can tell me. Please don't..."

Izuku stays silent as he covers his pocket with his hand, not wanting to answer the question at all.

"Zu... **When did you see her?**" Toshi warns with his own aura starting to flare up dangerously. "Was she there at the Festival? Did she hurt you? Did she--"

Clearly something snaps in Aizawa-sensei at the question as the aura he projects becomes overwhelming.

"**When?**" Aizawa asks with a darkened aura that tells Izuku he's not playing around. "When did she see you? Did she come after you when you left the infirmary? Was she--"

"It was just here!" Izuku spits out in a panic as his breathing becomes erratic at all the questions, pointing to his bed. "I just found a letter here on my bed."
"She knows then." Toshi grimly repeats for him. "I guess this means she knows where we live."

Izuku's heart drops to the floor as he now understands the true weight of the situation.

Aizawa stiffens immediately to the news. "Then we must be careful as we leave so she can't follow us when we leave this place."

"Stop." Izuku whimpers as the two continue talking about his mother.

"You need to know what she did to him then." Toshi concludes to Izuku's horror. "Because if she's wanting him again this badly now that he showed his quirk, then no one is safe anymore. And I mean no one. She's completely insane and will kill anyone in her way to get to him."

"Then tell me." Aizawa demands. "I need to know everything if I am going to protect you both from her."

No...

"Right." Toshi nervously wrings his wrists. "His mother is abusive. She has been since he was four and was diagnosed wrong as quirkless."

Please no. Don't do this Toshi--

"I already know that." Aizawa huffs annoyed. "I need details Shinso."

"Stop, please..." Izuku whines as tears start to flow.

"I know, okay?" Toshi huffs angrily right back. "Look, a lot of shit happened like Izuku's quirk--"
"JUST SHUT UP!" Izuku shouts, exasperated and terrified of Aizawa finding out about that. "Just shut up Toshi!"

Izuku's tears block his vision as his friend and teacher instantly cower from something unknown to him.

"Midoriya..." Aizawa's eyes appear blown wide in pure panic once he gains his bearings. "What the fuck was that?"

"W-what?" Izuku brokenly cries, blinking through his sobs.

"What was that feeling Zu?" Toshi clarifies as he continues to shake himself.

Izuku's eyes blow open in terror as he figures it out pretty quickly even though he doesn't know what happened. "I'm a monster."

"Zu no--" Toshi starts as he watches him pale in horror.

"I'm just like h-her." Izuku continues, taking in sharp, harsh breaths. "I hurt y-you..."

"Problem Child--"

"Stay a-away from m-me!" Izuku takes a shaky step back away from his teacher. "Please d-don't--"

"Kid stop." Aizawa steps forward anyway, his aura flaring ever so dangerously. "You're upset. We all are. We can figure all of this out if you would just--"

"Just stop!" Izuku shrieks, freezing his teacher in place.
That's all the opportunity he needs before he rushes out into the rain.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 5/22

Outrunning Karma by Alec Benjamin

Izuku basically this entire chapter:

-The Dreams of Tsuki- Part Two (drawn by 'eridanus (Nuckelavee)')

Also, rock! :D
"You wanted to meet me." Izuku growls lowly as he approaches the lone umbrella out in the night rain out in the Mustafa Cemetery. "So talk."

Inko turns slowly to meet his gaze before her expression upturns in humored pity. "Oh you poor, poor child... You'll catch a cold if you don't warm up soon. Come. I'll take us to a shop so we can get you all changed."

"No thanks." Izuku snarls. "I'm only here to talk."

Inko laughs slightly as an amused expression enters her face. "You really are the little businessman, aren't you dear?"

Izuku bares his fangs at her prideful smirk. "I'm a hero, not a floozy."
"Well then..." Inko's lips purse tightly as her smile drops. "It seems your manners are rustic at best."

"I wonder who's fault that is." Izuku sharply returns as the rain dribbles down his face in angry streams. "So why don't you do me the honor of telling me why are we here?"

"I simply wanted to meet on neutral ground." Inko twirls her umbrella ever so slightly. "And there is nothing better than showing your good faith in such a place as this. Wouldn't you agree?"

"No." Izuku growls loudly in discontent. "I didn't even want to see you."

"You wound me Izuku." Inko's voice breaks ever so slightly as if she did have feelings. It's too bad Izuku doesn't fall for her cute manipulation trick. He bristles when her smile starts to grow at his clear indifference.

"You know, many of a men have fell for that simple trick." Inko sighs into the night air, the tiny clouds rising away from her face. "I'm so grateful you are not one of those pigs."

"How lucky for me." Izuku tosses right back.

"You know, your father would be so proud of the man you've grown into..." Inko smiles with fake pride. "As am I."

"Cut the crap Inko. How dare you use Pappy to try and manipulate me." Izuku snips back before growling loudly when her aura flares dangerously.

"I recall--" Inko starts as blood starts to flow from Izuku's nose. "--telling you last time to call me your mother."

"Are you going to just try and kill me once again then?" Izuku counters, wiping the blood from his
face as he struggles against the pain from showing on his face. "I'm not a fucking idiot Inko!"

"Like you could ever die my precious little prince..." Inko coos right back with a chilling smile that stops Izuku cold.

"W-what?" Izuku chatters in pure fear that she knows the whole truth.

"No son of mine can ever die." Inko smiles ever so dementedly. "You'd never leave me behind Izuku, would you?"

"I can die." Izuku counters finally in pure fear as her aura washes over him.

"And yet you are lying..." Inko's eyes narrow slightly. "So, why do you lie to me now?"

"I don't know..." Izuku loudly sasses. "Maybe because I'm fucking human and everyone dies if you try to literally stop their heart!"

"And yet you didn't like so many others." Inko points out with a pleased smirk. "Because you can never die my sweet child. Isn't that right?"

Izuku only glares at her, unfazed by her taunting as something else peaks his interest. "What do you mean like the others?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" Inko laughs sharply. "I must say Izuku, it's a surprise you haven't figured out why exactly we are here given how clever you usually are..."

"What do you mean...?" Izuku's voice dies on his throat as he looks around him, finally spotting the carved family name of Monoka on the family grave marker, already prepped and ready for the funeral to take place soon.

The hair on Izuku's arm raise instantly as his eyes go wide. "Why are we--?"

"You know, I am attending the funeral should you wish to join me." Inko states with indifference
as she inspects the carved stone. "It's really was such a shame..."

"Y-you d-didn't..." Izuku stutters in fear as something horrid crosses his mind.

"I didn't have to." Inko smiles cruelly as she turns back to him. "That old coot wouldn't stop going on and on about how I abused you. It took all the self-restraint in my body to not laugh at her distant fairy tales. What an awfully pitiful creature she was..."

"What?" Izuku hisses as the hairs on his neck raise.

"You see Izuku..." Inko smirks as she looks back at him. "I didn't lay a finger on her."

_She_...

"You..." Izuku snarls protectively as it becomes abundantly clear why she had a heart attack. "Killed her."

And Inko's lips upturn into a smug smirk at his internal pain. "See, that's the true beauty of it. I didn't even have to soil my hands. Her body simply did it for her. Though, I guess you could say your foolish attempt to flee was the root of the cause of her untimely demise. If only you had stayed by my side..."

And that's all the proof Izuku needed to lunge straight at her in pure rage.

It's too bad that the screaming pain in his chest that jerks him backwards sends him straight to the ground without even so much of a sound ripping through his throat as it makes his vision swim.

"Izuku, Izuku, Izuku..." Inko squats down as she grabs his face with her sick painted nails. "Why do you always fight me so?"

"You're a murderer!" Izuku grunts out as his head starts to buzz from the pain. "You killed her!"

Inko simply huffs at his naivety. "Did you really expect anything different, my boy?"
"How you dare call me your boy!?!" Izuku roars before feeling a ripping sensation come from his chest that makes him yelp out in pain.

"Don't you dare use your quirk on me young man!" Inko screeches right back in his face while Izuku sobs in pain. "Haven't I taught you better than that!?!"

"No." Izuku doesn't even register his own words before he starts screaming in pain.

"Oh Izuku, Izuku..." Inko softly patronizes. "Why must you always fight me over the simplest things? You know I just want what's best for you... right?"

"I--" Izuku can barely choke out before another scream of pain graces his lips.

"Now you've been a very bad boy Izuku..." Inko coos while he drowns in pain. "And you see... all bad boys deserve to be punished."

Stop! Izuku shrieks as he struggles in his mother's clutches, the pain radiating throughout his whole body, almost like she's tearing him up from the inside at different points.

Please stop!!

After an eternity of silence from the witch, the pain finally ceases and Izuku can't help the choked sob that graces his lips in relief.

"You do realize this hurts me to see my prince in such pain, right?" Inko pets his hair gently. "So why do you insist on fighting against me so vehemently...?"

"Y-you won't get a-away with t-this!" Izuku snarls at her once the pain subsides enough to speak again. "You'll n-never get a-away with t-this!"

"Of course I will dear..." Inko affectionately pets his face with her finger tips ever so slightly, with grace and poise befitting a dancer. "After all, I already have."
With that, Izuku feels something tear his chest apart from the inside just as Inko stands back up, her aura flaring so very dangerously towards him. He can't even sob with how much pain radiates from his chest, his heart feeling like it's about to explode from the pressure the pain is causing.

"I'll be back soon Izuku." Inko's heels click on the pavement beside him as she starts to move away. "Do make sure to clean yourself up by then, won't you?"

Izuku can't even groan out in pain in response before he's completely gone.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 5/24

CEMETERY by AViVA

-The Dreams of Tsuki- Part Three (drawn by 'eridanus (Nuckelavee)')
"You're sure he's going to be here?" Shouta asks for the millionth time.

"Yeah." Shinso basically whispers back from the passenger seat. "He would go there if he was scared."

"I don't understand why he would want to go to a cemetery of all places," Shouta huffs as he focuses on the road, watching as the windshield wipers move in a dance across his vision. "You were already wrong about the playground."

"Hey!" Shinso protests with a snarl. "It's not my fucking fault that Zu doesn't talk about himself that much, okay?"

"I know that." Shouta sighs. "I just am concerned he's not here either. What guarantee can you give me that he's here?"

"He told me once he wanted to go after the Sports Festival to visit his dad." Shinso provides with a hushed whisper. "He wanted to pay his respects and tell him about the results."

"Oh..."

Shouta feels dumb as of course the kid would cling to his one good parent, even if they were dead.
"You do realize I need to know what I'm dealing with right?" Shouta growls as he turns into the cemetery parking lot, ignoring a fancy black car driving out of it. "The whole truth with no omissions?"

"Me talking about it is what caused this to happen." Shinso glares in his peripheral. "Or did you already forget, old man?"

Shouta simply sighs as he pulls into a parking space. "I can protect you. Both of you."

"Zu doesn't need protection. He knows how to take care of himself." Shinso curtly responds. "He needs stability. Something his bitch of a mother never gave him."

"If you two aren't safe, you can't have stability." Shouta points out as he grows frustrated with the boy. "As long as she is free to do what she pleases, neither of you will have stability. In fact, you'll be in extreme danger."

"I don't care." Shinso shakes his head. "It doesn't matter what I need right now. Just him. If he doesn't want to talk about it, then I'm not talking either."

Shouta sighs again as he clicks off the ignition. "Alright, here's what's going to happen."

Shouta shifts in his seat to face the angry teenager. "I'm going to go find him if he's here. You are going to stay here. I don't want to lose two kids tonight, okay?"

"Fine." Is all Shinso offers, looking straight ahead, not even blinking.

_Alrighty then._

"I'll be back in ten minutes. If I'm not back, call Zashi and tell him where we are. He'll know what to do." Shouta commands as he gives him his phone. "The password is Present Michael."

Shinso snorts. "Are we going to talk about this or--?"
"Not now." Shouta hisses at him. "I need to find Midoriya as soon as possible."

"Okay."

Shouta leaves the despondent teen behind as he starts moving through the cemetery with a brisk pace to meet the deadline.

He passes by many family headstones as he searches for the Midoriya headstone, but none contain any sign of his kid. He's about to pack it up and leave before something stops him cold.

A low guttural scream comes from the deeper part of the cemetery, sending Shouta scrambling towards the raw sound in a panic. Especially since said sound bears a stark resemblance to his kid.

By the time he gets there, he sees his kid just wailing into the night as he punches the ground in front of a grave marker with his one good hand, his tears clearly mixing with the pouring rain.

"Kid..."

"I failed to save her." Midoriya hangs his head as a quick sob graces his lips. "I f-failed..."

To Shouta's horror, it's the only thing he'll say in his daze, his shivering only getting worse the more he cries.

"Problem Child."

"She's gone!" Midoriya howls at him, his tears descending down his face in large angry streams. "And it's all my fault!"

*Shit.*
Shouta swallows. "Midoriya, we need to get you out of the rain before you get sick..."

Midoriya just stares at him for a good second before more tears grace his face. "W-why?"

"Because I care." Shouta gruffly offers with a strained smile to see his kid in such a state. "And I don't want to lose you."

...

Midoriya sniffs quietly. "O-okay..."

"Can you walk?" Shouta inquires before seeing his kid stagger like a new baby fawn to get up, answering his own question without prompt.

"Come on kid..." Shouta softly rumbles as he scoops up the trembling teenager into his arms. "Let's get you home."

"Shinso, get the blankets from the back." Aizawa commands as Hitoshi scrambles desperately out of the car to help his very pale friend.

Once he finds the blankets from the back, he throws them to the front through the car to not get them wet. Hitoshi jumps in the back of the car on the opposite side as the teacher places Zu into the blanket pile to warm him up.

"I'm s-sorry..." Zu chatters as he shivers terribly. "I f-failed..."

"Hey Zu, it's okay, okay?" Hitoshi soothes as he gets under the blankets as well to provide some body heat. "There's nothing to be sorry for, okay?"

Zu's only response to his comment is a pained wail.
Trying to comfort his best friend, he hugs him tightly. To his shock, Zu feels like a corpse.

"I-I'm so s-sorry..." Zu wails as trembles. "I just c-couldn't--"

"Sshh..." Hitoshi shushes him as he envelopes him into a deeper hug, the wetness of his friend making him wince a little in discomfort. "There's nothing to be sorry for. It's okay Zu, I got you..."

Zu only sniffs in response as he buries himself into his shoulder, still mumbling incoherent things out.

The door to the driver seat snaps closed abruptly, bringing Hitoshi out of his daze to care for his cold friend. "Alright, I'm going to try and get us home as soon as possible so we can get him out of those clothes, got it?"

"Okay." Hitoshi offers as he runs his fingers through the wet curls as the car lurches backward to start their journey towards their new home.

He smiles quite a bit when Zu starts purring from the gesture, though it doesn't stop his broken sentences from spilling out in between like he hoped it would.

The drive to Yamazawa apartment is all but silent as Hitoshi is forced to listen to his best friend in the world sound more and more broken as the time slowly ticks on.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 5/26

Meet Me in the Woods by Lord Huron

-The Dreams of Tsuki- Part Four (drawn by 'eridanus (Nuckelavee)')
"Kocchan!"

"Sorry for the delay Micchan." Auntie smiles in return as she moves with grace to sit at their private booth in the restaurant. "Those pigs at work decided to have phone call that I just had to be present for. It's like the world stops turning once I leave the workplace. What rubbish..."

"Well, we are married to our work after all, right Masaru?" Mitsuki jokes with a laugh that just makes Katsuki rolls his eyes in annoyance.

**Oh my fucking god...**

"Of course dear."

Katsuki never got the idea of reserving spots in restaurants for important events, but if he ever protested, the old hag would make everything ten times worse for him. And essentially losing the Sports Festival in his eyes isn't helping his already sour mood.

He picks at his food, just hoping for that is holy that this evening would just hurry the fuck up and end. After all, he could do without more of the old hag's bragging about her 'precious brat' winning.

"Where's Izuku Kocchan?" Mitsuki frowns.
Auntie's smile falters for only a second, but it makes Katsuki wonder what excuse the nerd used to get out of it something like this celebration shit.

"Sorry Micchan, but Izuku couldn't make it this evening."

"Why the fuck--?" Katsuki growls without even thinking.

"Language Katsuki!" Mitsuki yells as she hits him on the back of his head before turning back to Auntie with a smile like she didn't even hit her kid. "So little Izuku is still tired from his injuries then?"

"Yes Micchan." Auntie's gaze drops slightly. "I wish things had gone differently in the Sports Festival though. It breaks my heart to see my baby boy breaking himself like that..."

"They were such horrid injuries..." Mitsuki notes in clear pity that makes Katsuki's skin crawl.

"Yeah, well you can thank Endeawhore for being an asshole--"

"Katsuki!"

"A jerk." Katsuki corrects with a huff. "The jerk freaking terrorized Izuku apparently."

"How dare that flame bastard!" Mitsuki rages, making Katsuki slightly wince at her sharp tone. "What did he say Katsuki?"

"Don't fucking know. All I know is that the bastard cornered him or something," Katsuki grumbles as he plays with his chopsticks even though he knows it is rude. "Whatever it was, the nerd fucking decided breaking bones was worth proving the asshole wrong..."

"Well then..." Mitsuki huffs. "The Endeavor Agency just lost their partnership with our fashion design company then! Not like we need those pretentious assholes anyway..."

"Well said dear..." Masaru winces.
"You can say it's a fucking awful idea old man." Katsuki scoffs. "Though, I'd get the fuck away from that agency as quickly as you can."

"Oh, do you know something we don't?" Mitsuki grins at the implication.

"You bet I fucking do," Katsuki grins back at her at the prospect. "I overheard that Izuku's been digging dirt on the flame bastard with a friend and he's clearly confident enough to take him down too. You've been helping him with the legal shit, right Auntie?"

Auntie's lip purse, almost as if in anger. "No."

"No...?" Katsuki furrows his brows in confusion.

"No son of mine is taking down an established Pro Hero unless he's actually done something reproachful." Inko determines with a deep sigh.

Katsuki feels the collar of his dress shirt start to get heated.

"I must have a long talk with Izuku over the act of suing an entity and what it entails then since clearly he doesn't have a good reason to..." Inko determines after a slight pause. "I guess this means I will have to--"

"But he fucking has a reason!" Katsuki rages as the feeling overwhelms him to no end.

The entire table freezes at his outburst.

"What do you mean Katsuki?" Mitsuki words very carefully.

"The fucker has been abusing his kids, alright?" Katsuki growls angrily as his parents' expressions shift violently. "Izuku found out and he's been trying to help. I don't know everything, but he's got a reason to be mad, okay? So don't going saying shit when you don't even understand everything..."
"You should have started with that from the beginning Katsuki." Auntie brightens. "I apologize for my rude assumption."

"It's fine Auntie." Katsuki rumbles before realizing something. "You didn't know?"

"No sweetheart." Auntie's eyes crinkle slightly, almost in sadness. "Izuku keeps a great many things from me as do I. It's only fair that I give him his privacy to grow into a distinguished young man."

Katsuki considers her words carefully, but doesn't comment on it.

"So Kocchan, how is Izuku doing?" Mitsuki furrows her brows in concern. "His injuries seemed so grievous on screen. I nearly thought him to be dead till he came to Katsuki's aid during the award ceremony."

"Izuku is fine now, but clearly very tired." Auntie notes as she swirls her wine glass. "The poor thing could hardly stand when I left for here."

Katsuki furrows his brows as that seems weird. Especially since Izuku was literally full of energy the last he saw him.

"Such a shame..." Masaru comments as pity drips from his expression, something Katsuki clearly catches as there is something more hidden under his submissive personality.

"What the fuck you moping over old man?"

"Katsuki!" Mitsuki chastises. "Treat your father with respect brat!"

"Fuck off old hag!" Katsuki rages back at the feral woman.

"You little--"

"It's fine dear." Masaru shakes his head as if to clear it, stopping the both of them from escalating
their fight more. "I'm just deeply worried for the boy. He seemed so scared during the Sports Festival is all."

Katsuki may curse the old man for being a quiet coward most of the time, letting his hag run all over him, but when he does speak, he usually tells the truth about a situation. It definitely where Katsuki got his observant nature from, that's for damn sure.

"What do you mean?" Mitsuki questions as she eyes him with a great level of concern.

"He seemed very stiff during the games is all."

Masaru frowns. "I'm not sure why he seemed to question his every move as if it was critical to be honest."

Katsuki instantly stiffens as he's pretty sure he's got an idea why, but not who is causing the nerd to be scared of even his own shadow.

"Oh really?" Auntie asks in surprise before turning to Katsuki. "Do you know anything about it Katsuki-kun?"

Katsuki shivers under her gaze as it starts to turn cold when he delays his response for a little too long.

"No." Katsuki gruffly replies as he decides to keep that little tidbit to himself for now.

"Such a shame..." Auntie's head shakes as her happy demeanor returns. "I wish I could figure out what's going through that head of that son of mine sometimes. First hiding his quirk from me and now this..."

Katsuki growls at the pointed dig while his parents act surprised.

"You didn't know?" Mitsuki voices in complete shock.

"No Micchan." Inko's voice shakes. "I just don't understand why he'd want to be a hero if he won't be honest with me. It scares me a lot..."
Katsuki takes an aggressive bite of his cold food to stop the rumbling from getting louder.

"Oh Kocchan!" Mitsuki just laughs. "I think that's just boys being boys! Right Katsuki?"

"Shut it old hag!" Katsuki snarls back as she rubs her disgusting hand through his hair, messing it all up.

_Don't rope me into your shit!_

"See?" Mitsuki just laughs heartily again at his scowl. "Boys being boys."

"Yes well..." Auntie sighs deeply. "There's a difference between being boys and stubborn. He's even using his quirk all wrong..."

"No shit." Katsuki growls before taking a large sip of his water.

"You know, it wouldn't kill him to ask for help. After all, his quirk takes after mine..." Inko tsk as a waiter brings her a cup of water that causes Katsuki to frown.

_What?_ Katsuki questions. _Since when was Deku's strength quirk telekinesis?_

"I swear, he's such a pain when he gets stubborn like his father..." Inko continues while he struggles to catch up, trying to figure out if the nerd is hiding something from him once again or if he's simply over thinking it.

After all, he was absolutely terrified of that blond copy bastard touching him...

"Men." Mitsuki rolls her eyes. "Am I right?"

"Yes, well this stubbornness is going to get him injured or worse." Inko points out that makes Katsuki clench his teeth as he recognizes that tone. "How is he going to be a hero when he won't
"He's going to be a fantastic hero." Katsuki counters before taking a big swig of his water to keep his cool. "With or without a quirk."

Inko purses her lips. "You can't be a hero without one Katsuki. I thought we were over this."

Katsuki gives her a cocky smile to keep the rage inside hidden. "That's what you think. Nerd's the best fucking nerd out there. He trashed our asses without lifting a finger of his quirk for most of the Festival."

"Oh I'm sure. That's why he needed to be carried off in a stretcher today." Inko growls right back. "Just like a doll, broken into pieces because he couldn't defend himself against a powerful quirk like that Todoroki boy."

Katsuki's hairs on his neck raise. "What?"

"After all..." Inko drones on as she takes a sip of her wine. "I wouldn't be surprised if he ends up dead at this rate instead of retiring peacefully."

Alright, that's it!

Katsuki throws his napkin on his plate, standing up abruptly as he bares his teeth at her. "How fucking dare you talk about him like this!"

Inko gasps as if surprised. "Katsuki-kun, what is wrong--"

"What's wrong?" Katsuki parrots. "What's wrong is how fucking lightly you are taking all this shit! What's wrong is that you are making Izuku look bad like a fucking jealous school girl!"
"I don't understand Katsuki-kun..." Inko's lips wobble. "You're scaring me..."

"Good." Katsuki snarls. "Maybe it will fucking make you realize how much you've fucked up by leaving Izuku alone for such long periods of time."

"I had to work." Inko measly excuses.

"Well, maybe you should have brought him with you!" Katsuki returns the volley, despite his own heart hurting with that type of solution.

"I didn't want to separate the two of you." Inko pleads with tears threatening to spill.

"Well maybe you should have." Katsuki denies the wetness on his own cheeks. "Then maybe the nerd would've had actual friends!"

...

"Katsuki..." Mitsuki softly responds like she's about to erupt in pure anger for whatever he says next. "What do you mean by that?"

Shit...

"We hated each other--" Katsuki lies smoothly as he tears away at his tears. "Until recently that is. Nerd's been alone because he was fucking quirkless and you did nothing to help him."

"I helped--"

"He has fucking scars!" Katsuki growls at his own mother's growing shock. "More than I could ever count. And yet you did nothing to those fucking bullies!"

"Kocchan, is that true?" Mitsuki barely whispers, almost in disbelief. "Does little Izu have scars...?"
"H-he has s-scars...?" Inko drenches herself in tears as she looks at his mother in confusion. "W-who would've d-done such a t-thing to m-my baby?"

Katsuki's faith in her crumbles to nothing when he sees the expression falter for a second as Mitsuki comforts her in a hug. And that's all he needed to know the truth that she lied.

*That bitch...*

Katsuki abruptly bangs on the table up as he glowers at the woman he thought he knew, shocking the entire table at his abrupt outburst.

"Katsuki, what the hell are you--" Mitsuki starts.

"If I find out that you willingly stood aside and just let whoever's terrorizing Izuku like this do it, I swear to you--" Katsuki's eyes burn red. "I will end you Inko."

Inko gasps, almost like she's hurt. "Katsuki-kun! How could you say such a--"

"Sit the fuck down brat and apologize to your Auntie!" Mitsuki snarls right over her, cutting her off.

"No."

And with that, Katsuki storms out of the restaurant, regardless of the consequences.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 5/28

Mother (Don't Cry) by Ella Vos
A/N: Hey guys. So, I'm kinda sick right now. I have a stomach bug right now that I'm dealing with. Plus, I have overworked myself a little too much these last couple weeks, so I am going to be taking a week off after this chapter. I'm sorry for the short notice, but life hits you where it hurts sometimes. Love all of you guys and see you in the next chapter! <3
Good Things Fall Apart

Chapter Notes

We have fanart!

These two are from 'Emi_Hemyx0520' on our discord server of a human version of Tsuki:

We also have our very first Apertum Mortem animatic from 'inky ancistrus [Amphiptere]'!

Here is the link: Wolf in sheep's clothes - Aperum Mortem animation (bnha)

A/N: We hit over 100,000 hits! Like, what???? I'm so speechless and thankful for you amazing beautiful people!

From the bottom of my heart, thank you for making such an amazing community. I am so happy to see you all enjoying the fic and the community it has built. <3

And now, on with the show! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa pounds the on the door with a heavy fury using his foot, probably scaring the crap out of anyone inside. "OPEN UP!"

A loud shuffling comes from behind the door before it finally crashes open.

"I swear I didn't murder that one guy Osekkai-san. He was just a common criminal that--" Present Mic starts before his eyes go wide at the scene before him. "Sho--"

"Move you big oaf." Aizawa barks as he rushes into the apartment, grabbing a towel off a rack near the door for some strange reason that Hitoshi doesn't have a chance to ask about.

Hitoshi follows closely behind, just watching his best friend shiver in the teacher's arms underneath
She couldn't have met with him today, did she? Hitoshi shakes his head to clear it. Stop overthinking Hitoshi. She couldn't have seen him today. He already said that she wasn't at the Sports Festival...

He watches as Aizawa places him in front of the kotatsu before peeling off the very wet blanket off of him while Tsuki mewls in distress at her child.

Hitoshi takes in a shaky breath when he sees how much trembling was still hidden by the soaked blanket. He only hopes Zu hadn't had hypothermia already set in.

"Sho, what happened--"

"Questions later." Aizawa dismisses immediately. "Zashi, get me some warm soup going."

"You got it Sho." Present Mic assures as he moves towards the open kitchen area to do just that.

"Alright Problem Child." Zu whines. "We are getting you out of those clothes now. I'm going to take them off so we can get you dry..."

The second Izuku's shirt finally comes off, a harsh intake of breath is audible from two different sources, one from the open kitchen and the other from a very pissed off looking heterochromiac.

"I'll kill him." Todoroki voices with complete malice that makes Zu flinch from whatever the vibes that come from it while he shivers from the cold AC of the apartment. "I'll fucking kill him. I can't believe he--"

"Todoroki, not now." Aizawa scolds as he wipes the towel over Izuku's wet torso. "We need to get him dry or he'll die from hypothermia. Get the hair dryer from the bathroom and a spare blanket from the bedroom. The hairdryer the big fancy one. You can't miss it. There are a ton of blankets around the house and any of them will do. Just pick one up from anywhere."
"Fine." Todoroki scoffs as he stalks away.

Aizawa zeroes in on Hitoshi with his harsh red gaze that makes him shiver for a second after feeling his quirk slip away from him. "Shinso, get some new clothes from your bags for him. We need to get him out of the cold stuff. Here's my keys."

Hitoshi snatches the keys out of the air when thrown to him.

"Alright." Hitoshi answers quickly as he rushes back outside to grab their bags as the last thing they need right now is for Zu to die in front of them.

Tsuki doesn't know what happened.

And no one will tell her anything.

Her protests to Tired Dad are fruitless as he concentrates more on cleaning her precious kit while Confused Child brings a hair dryer and fresh blanket. And her desperate whines to her kit lead to nothing. Not even a peep comes from her treasured Star Child.

It just makes her guilty to see her baby kitten in such a state, so distressed to the point it makes her want to gag.

After all, she may not know what happened, but there is one thing she knows.

It's probably all her fault.

Shouta rubs small circles into the cold boy's torso with the towel as he gets him all cleaned up. Finally with his body finished, Shouta works on his hair to get it all dry. It doesn't take too long compared to what he thought it would be given the boy's curls. Surprisingly, the boy's hair is very fluffy despite it's messy appearance.
Though, the shivering doesn't cease in the slightest once he places a new dry blanket on the boy after helping him fumble into his new dry clothes. Given how cold of a day it was, he wouldn't be surprised if the boy developed a fever.

The problem with that is that his hand needs to heal. Recovery Girl couldn't heal it completely, so he's right out of surgery, meaning he's vulnerable to sickness.

*Shit, we are probably going to have to call Recovery Girl if he gets worse*... Shouta grumbles as that realization hits him as he inspects the bandages. *She's going to have my head over this one*...

Leaving that for later, Shouta starts on a different task as he eyes where the blasted letter lays.

Quick as a viper, Midoriya feeble free hand stops his from reaching the boy's pants laying on the side of the table. A whine comes from the boy in protest when Shouta tries to untangle himself from his iron grasp.

Shouta becomes defensive in his tone when their struggle takes him slightly longer than needed. "Midoriya, I need to see the letter."

Midoriya simply shakes his head as he shivers.

"Problem Child, it's not a request." Shouta informs. "I absolutely need to see the letter."

Peeling the boy's weak hand off of his arm, Shouta finally reaches the pocket where the blasted thing lies. He just hopes the evidence isn't destroyed at this point. After all, he could take a little good luck right about now.

The second the paper is out of his pocket, Shouta can see how much of a fruitless venture it was. Especially since the paper is completely drenched, the ink already gone as it clearly wasn't waterproof.

*Fuck...*
"What did it say?" Shouta demands as he looks back at the shivering boy. "I need to know."

To his disappointment, Midoriya only shakes his head even more as he curls into the blankets even tighter.

"Sho--"

"What?" Shouta hisses right back before noticing his husband's hurt look. "Sorry..."

"It's fine." Hizashi smiles warmly back at him, lifting the bowl of his requested food with one hand. "Soup's ready. I also got some spare bandages from the kit."

"Thanks Zashi." Shouta breathes out as he takes the bowl from him before turning to his kid. "Alright kid, we got something to help you warm up."

Though, Midoriya only shakes his trembling head at the soup.

It takes all of the restraint in his body to keep from lecturing the kid over it. "Problem Child..."

Izuku shakes his head harder, this time a soft whimper coming out as he does.

"It will help you warm up a bit. Just a few quick bites." Shouta bargains, not wanting to force his kid to eat by shoving it down his throat.

Midoriya shakes his trembling head even harder, denying the sight of the food from even his line of vision.

"Midoriya..." Shouta warns that causes the boy to flinch, making him feel even more guilty. "You need to eat something. You should be starving by now."

The boy opens his mouth to protest, but a look of horror comes over the boy when he tries to form words with his lips.
"Midoriya, please talk to me." Shouta pleads as his heart hurts to see his kid so distressed.

Tears start to flow out of the boy as he finally raises his uninjured hand in defeat to finger spell something. "I C-A-N-T."

And Shouta's heart sinks when he finally realizes the boy can't even speak.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 6/4

Good Things Fall Apart by ILLENIUM feat. Jon Bellion

Hitoshi: Hey Aizawa, there's a weird fucking cat!
Izuku: I'm not a--
Tsuki: Star Child, what are you--
Hitoshi: Don't worry Tsuki-chan. They won't hurt you.
Aizawa: Shinso, that's just--
Hitoshi: It fucking looks like grandma!
Izuku, moves towards Shinso: Toshi--
Hitoshi: AAAAAAAAAAAAAA!
Izuku: Oh my god...

Basically this chapter in a nutshell:

-The Dreams of Tsuki- Part Six (drawn by 'eridanus (Nuckelavee)')
"Sometimes the hardest thing to do is breathe." -- Midoriya Izuku

We have cover art from 'YourInsecurities' on our discord server for this chapter:

We also have fanart!
This one is from 'YourInsecurities' on our discord server:

*Warning*
Self-Deprecating Thoughts, Panic Attack, Dissociation

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"He's got a slight fever." Present Mic-sensei declares to the group as he beeps off the thermometer. "Shit."

"Language." Aizawa-sensei chastises, which makes Izuku smile slightly at their antics, but it doesn't stay long as he shivers more. "Just great..."

"S-O-R-R-Y..." Izuku signs out between his chatters.

Aizawa-sensei blinks at him for a good second before groaning. "Kid, you don't have to apologize for getting sick. You can't help it."

"S-U-R-E." Izuku states but he doesn't believe it in the slightest.

After all, he knows he's just bothering them.
What did you expect? A traitorous voice in his head tells him. You always do.

Izuku gulps very hard as he tunes out their conversation as his own demons take the forefront of everything.

No, I don’t.

Oh yes you do. Izuku flinches at the shrill tone. Why else do you think Monoka-san is dead?

Izuku feels tears start to cloud in his eyes as he can’t come up with a better excuse to counter the point made.

"Moon Child?" Tsuki purrs, though it still doesn't have a happy lilt to it like normal. In fact, it's still quite distressed. "Are you alright?"

"I-M F-I-N-E." Izuku provides her with his hands, but he can see the disbelief in her sad eyes as he knows deep down, she doesn't know what he said.

You knew it was your fault. The voice whispers sweetly in his ear. And yet you didn’t listen to me...

I didn't kill Monoka-san. Izuku pleads his case. It was her, not me.

No, you are right. Izuku breathes in a sigh of relief. But you might as well have left her for dead.

Oh.

Izuku's breathing hitches very dangerously as he crumbles inward, his tears showering down his face as he knows it's true.

She killed her. The voice whispers in his roaring ears. But you did the same by proxy by leaving her behind:
Izuku can't fight against the voice's sweet murmurs as he knows it completely true. He ran when he should have stood his ground and faced his mother. It's all his fault she's gone. He left someone in his place to fight his own battle and they lost. Monoka-san wasn't like him. Izuku could've taken it. He could have taken anything his mother dished out. Everyone else can't. They would just die if she pushed too far while Izuku could come back like nothing ever happened.

And despite knowing this, he ran like a coward because he couldn't handle being around her again. How pathetic all of those days of waiting around for his mother to return seem now. It was the best part of his life being free of her and yet he never realized it because he had grown comfortable without her.

_I didn't..._ Izuku pathetically protests with big fat tears. _I never hurt her--_

_You hurt everyone by just breathing!_ The voice screams at him. _You destroy their lives by simply knowing them!_

_No I don't._ Izuku barely whispers as the fight has mostly been sucked out of him. _I don't hurt anyone. I just want to be a hero._

_Yes you do!_ The voice counters. _You kill everything you touch!_

_That's not true._ Izuku whines back. _That makes no sense--_

_Who's next then?_ The voice taunts. _Maybe your Toshi? Or Aizawa-sensei? Tsuki-chan? Or maybe even your Kacchan?_

_Next?_ Izuku brokenly cries.

_Who's next to die?_

_Oh..._
Izuku feels his chest explode with pain as he lets that tidbit sink in.

Especially since he couldn't protect Monoka-san from his mother. It's just a matter of time before she comes after him for whatever she wants from him. And when that happens, she'll kill them. Izuku knows it. She'll kill all of them and leave Izuku all alone to be haunted by her forever.

You can't protect anyone.

Izuku hates that the voice is right. He *hates* it.

You're just a monster.

Izuku knows it. God does he know it.

And there's one thing you can do about it.

Izuku blinks through his tears in confusion.

What?

Just do everyone a favor and pray that you'll be born with a better quirk in your next life.

Izuku's breathing starts to catch as he feels his ears start to ring from the familiar phrase.

Then take a swan dive off the roof of the building.

"Shit! Kid what's--"

Izuku just wails as he buries himself in the blanket, finally unable to keep the feelings down.
I know I'm a monster! He screams inside when he finds his voice is still stolen from him. I know that! But that won't work on me!

You don't know that.---The voice snips right back. You never stepped off a building before!

That's not important--

Why do you cling to life?

I just want to save people!

Why do you keep fighting something that is inevitable?

I don't know!

"Kid, breathe with me." Shouta instructs as he pulls out his good hand to place on his chest. "Just feel my chest rise and fall, okay?"

You shouldn't even exist!

S-stop... Izuku pleads with his demons. P-please just s-stop...

You should be dead already!

After a moment of following his movements, Izuku calms down, but his tears don't cease in the slightest as his demons still shriek and thrash around in his head.

"Kid, swearing?" Aizawa-sensei chuckles when he finally registers the jumbled sentence. "Something must have pissed you off."

Though, while that comment was probably supposed to be light hearted, it only makes the tears come faster.

"Look, I get it." Aizawa-sensei continues as he tries to soothe him. "I made a mistake. I shouldn't have pushed you when you clearly weren't ready."

**That's not what I need right now.** Izuku realizes, but his mouth won't work with him to voice it.

**I just need everyone to be safe.**

**I wish Monoka-san was here.**

**I wish my mother was normal.**

**I just need to be dead alrea--**

"O-O-K-A-Y..." Izuku shakes out between his pain-stricken sobs.

"Is that an 'Okay, you're forgiven' or an 'Okay I don't care'?"

Izuku doesn't answer as he doesn't know either honestly. It doesn't matter either way. For some reason his jaw still feels heavy, almost like it's clamped down by a vice whenever he wants to talk to them. His cries that come from his throat come out just fine, almost like he can only share his misery with them through his pathetic whimpers at the moment.

"Look kid, it's okay to be mad and I don't care which it is. I messed up and these things take time." Aizawa rubs circles into his back. "But I'm willing to make it right, okay?"

Izuku really does feel for him, but right now, all Izuku can feel is emptiness. Almost like a black
hole has opened up in his chest, sucking away all the feelings he once had.

Aizawa seems hurt by his silence, but it doesn't stop him from talking more about stuff, even dipping into introducing their own cats to him, who have clearly made their acquaintance with Tsuki already.

He watches as Present Meow, the ginger tabby cat come right up to him blinking curiously, obviously picking up on his distress like Tsuki who hasn't ceased her pleas to speak with her. Izuku feels bad for the cat name Bastard, but to be fair, the gray cat seems pretty moody and self righteous in the way he carries himself. Though, the look in the cat's eye shows he's loyal to the death, despite his outward persona. He has yet to see Ghost, but according to Aizawa-sensei, that's pretty normal for the white female cat. She's apparently extremely shy around strangers and even Aizawa-sensei and Present Mic. The only time they really see her is during food time.

While Izuku listens to his teacher talk about nothing, Tsuki doesn't stop her attempts to talk though despite his zoning out as he watches the world turn without him to hide away from the mental pain that spikes in him ever so often.

Izuku just wishes with all his heart he could find the strength inside himself to respond to them.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 6/6

Breathe by Fluerie

Happy Pride Month everyone!

Please thank 'Typo -CT- [Wyvern]' for the pride fanart for our favorite gay green bean:
"The simultaneous hardest and easiest thing to do in the morning is putting on a smile. But it's worth it every time when you make someone's day." -- Yamada Hizashi

We have more fanart!

These ones are from 'Animme [imp]' over on our discord server:

*Warning*

Mentions of Self-Harm

Shouta just watches with hidden pitying eyes as their boys heading off to their room for the night.

Hizashi has always wanted three kids since forever, so having the teenagers here is sort of like a dream come true. As much as Shouta gripes about the notion of having children, he secretly wished for them as well. And today has been quite illuminating on what that could look like.

Ever since they got married, Hizashi begged like no tomorrow for one day having kids of their own. As one can imagine, having kids just wasn't very feasible, especially given their pro hero statuses and Hizashi's three different jobs. There were just so many variables to consider, like where the children would go if they both died in the line of duty. As dark of a situation of that would be, it was very possible. After all, it is better to be prepared for the worst so that the best could happen.

After a year of being hounded about it, Shouta agreed to the proposition and they purchased bunk beds in preparation for the kids they would eventually adopt. They spent a whole day setting the darn things set up and they couldn't have been more happy to see the home they created, just waiting to be filled with their tiny laughs and smiles. Even just the notion of having their own little terrors brought a smile to his cold old heart.

Literally the next day, they went to many adoption facilities, but none of the children really clicked with them. More specifically, they clicked with Hizashi and were deathly afraid of Shouta. Some
called him a hobo and others were absolutely terrified. To say children wasn't his forte was accurate as it was never his strong suit. So, every time they went to one, they always left empty handed. After all, it just wasn't logical to put a child in a situation they simply didn't feel comfortable in.

It even became a tradition. Every year, they would go to a different orphanage in search for a child. At that point, even just one would do. They didn't want to adopt a baby as those get adopted very easily. They wanted a child that no one wanted or would give a second look. One that they could shower with all the love in their hearts. The perfect family.

But the perfect family doesn't exist nor did their luck. Every year, it just ended up with both of them on the couch binging some ice cream and MetFlix. But this year? Maybe they were looking in the wrong place all along.

A small snuffle is what breaks his thoughts as Shouta's gaze lingers on the broken and zombie-like expression his Problem Child has on as he shambles slowly along after the boys.

Despite the foul mood given the Problem Child's current depressed state, Hizashi has been all sparkles and rainbows cooking for the little gremlins. He even made his special katsudon dish and went all out on it too.

But all throughout dinner, the Problem Child still didn't eat. He didn't even speak unless prompted too. Even then, it was through sign language, which Hizashi was completely ecstatic to provide the translation for him as most of his sign language is basic commands. The whole time, it was painful to watch his kid try to speak before realizing he couldn't. It's almost like there is a disconnect and boy does that make him feel even more guilty. Especially since he's absolutely certain it's all his fault.

The only positive was that he finally stopped shivering, but it was reluctantly replaced with a slight tremor that would appear at random intervals. Plus, the boy seemed like he was cyclically coming and going in his thoughts and reality. To say the least, it's been eating at him the entire time and he's not sure if he can keep it all bottled up any longer.

"Hizashi." Shouta calls sternly to his husband before he can leave the kitchen.

"What's up Sho?" Hizashi inquires while still walking out of the kitchen.
"Hizashi." Shouta basically growls in warning that stops him in his tracks.

"Oh this is serious..." Hizashi notes as he makes his way back to him.

...

"Sho?" Hizashi looks at him quizzically.

Shouta sighs as he knows he has delayed it as much as he could. "I messed up."

"Oh I'm sure you didn't--"

"I did." Shouta sighs as he runs his hand through his hair. "I made a bad call and now..."

"Now?" Hizashi prompts with a concerned look on his face.

"Now he won't eat. You saw him. He completely rejected the notion of food even when I basically begged him. Shinso said it's his favorite and yet he wouldn't even look at it." Shouta sighs deeply. "I know Shinso told me that Midoriya couldn't take people knowing the truth but..."

"You weren't expecting this?" Hizashi offers, already starting to see the point of his argument.

"No." Shouta replies dryly. "No, I wasn't."

"It'll be okay." Hizashi assures as he gives him a soft peck on the forehead. "I promise."

"No, no it won't." Shouta can't help the traitorous tear that falls in frustration. "I broke him."

"You didn't--"
"Yes, I fucking did Zashi..." Shouta growls. "He's acting like he's broken and I don't know how to fix it."

"He's not broken Sugar Cube..." Hizashi reassures. "Just probably really depressed."

"I'm so fucking worried..." Shouta admits as he wipes his traitorous tear away. "What if he...?"

Hizashi gasps. "You don't think...?"

"It's a possibility." Shouta points out as it's a rational jump in logic given what he's seen ever since this afternoon. "As much as I don't like it, self harm a possibility we have to consider. You know what I was like when I was younger. Plus, you've seen the scars. It's possible a few are self harm. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised at this point given what the kid has gone through to deal with it."

"We need to watch him carefully then." Hizashi affirms with a wary gaze towards the boy's room.

"Agreed."

"Self-harm?" Tsuki brings up with a wary lilt as she bounds over to the group.

"Yeah..." Shouta narrows his eyes at the cat, hopeful to get some answers if he can from the feline. "Do you know if he does?"

"In a way, yes." The cat gives them cryptically as Shouta's heart drops in worry. "I suppose he does."

"What do you mean ‘in a way?’" Shouta interrogates with a stern look. "Midoriya either self-harms or he doesn’t. Which is it?"

Tsuki’s eyes turn sad as they find the floor. "Well, I believe it is a yes then, even if it's not in the traditional sort..."

"Is he burning then?" Shouta inquires, thinking the cat may just be confused on the types of self-
harm the boy could be doing.

The feline’s eyes slightly widen for a single moment before returning to her cool façade. “No, he is not burning himself. Though, he rarely partakes in such an episode to begin with.”

Shouta frowns. “Then how is it not traditional?”

“I cannot say.” Tsuki informs, bringing a scowl to Shouta’s face. “I do not understand it myself if I am being honest.”

“Look Tsuki…” Shouta bends down slightly to get on her level on the counter. “This is important information. If we need to explain some options for you to identify it, we can provide that, but we must absolutely know if he is so we can watch out for it.”

“I believe the term is cutting, correct?” Tsuki questions after a moment of pondering. “I am under the impression it is a form of that, but I am not certain. I have never personally witnessed an episode happen to my Moon Child after all.”

“How often does this happen, then?” Shouta’s scowl lessens.

“I do not know.” Tsuki tosses her head as if to clear it. “As I stated, I have never truly witnessed an episode myself. My Moon Child has only mentioned doing it in passing.”

Shouta pauses in thought before speaking again as something is still bugging him. “Do you think he’s in danger of self-harming right now?”

Tsuki shifts her stance a bit, her tail flicking to the side in repetition as if frustrated. “My kit won’t talk to me. And his scent is highly distressed...”

“So, then it’s possible.” Shouta asserts automatically as the cat stiffens.

“Yes.” Tsuki confirms though her face is clearly written in guilt. “Perhaps it is.”
“What’s wrong?” Shouta questions instantly as he knows that look very well. After all, he’s currently wearing it.

"I am afraid this might all be my fault..." Tsuki finally gives them with tearful eyes. "If only I had stayed by my kit's side then maybe--"

"Don't blame yourself." Shouta automatically states as it's not the feline's fault at all. In fact, it's his. "You didn't know."

"Perhaps you are indeed correct and I have been too hard on myself over this..." Tsuki clearly picks up on his own conflict though. "Well, I don't believe it's your fault either. So don't blame yourself for something out of your control."

"Yeah Sho!" Hizashi grins at him. "You know you did your best. So don't go getting down in the dumps because things went wrong, okay? Think about what went right today. That witch doesn't have him under her thumb right now, so that's gotta mean something, right?"

Shouta exhales a breathy laugh. "When did you two get so wise?"

What did I do to deserve you guys...?

"I was always like this." Tsuki flaunts with a tail flick. "You need only to ask."

"Brat." Shouta denies the smile on his face as he messes up her fur while petting her.

"That's Tsuki to you Tired Dad." Tsuki sends right back before she works on cleaning up her fur unkempt.

"Right." Shouta chuckles softly before a great silence comes between the group.

...

"Do you need a hug Sho?" Hizashi inquires after seeing the conflict still written all over his face
due to the situation.

"Yeah." Shouta nods slowly. "I think I really do. And some of your famous cuddles after this monster of a day..."

Hizashi lights up like a Christmas tree, almost blinding Shouta in his radiance. "You got it!"

"I love you." Shouta wraps his arms around his husband's waist in thanks as he sighs in relief to have someone have his back. "Thank you for keeping me sane."

Hizashi smiles as he pecks him on the cheek in thanks. "And thank you for being the voice of reason."

And Shouta offers a small smile. "Always."

Chapter End Notes

Updated 6/8

Unstable by Bad Suns

Also, we have these memes submitted by 'inky ancistrus [Amphiptere]' on our discord server:

We also have an amino, which was created by our discord's own 'The CrackHead God [Satyr]':

Apertum Mortem Official Amino
“Midoriya, can I talk with you?” Todoroki states with urgency once the door to their room closes. “Privately.”

Izuku turns and attempts to open his mouth to speak on instinct. But not to his surprise, his mouth is completely wired shut. Shaking his head, he raises his free hand. “S-U-R-E.”

Todoroki blinks for a second before disappointment floods his face. “Oh…”

Toshi looks between the two of them before conceding defeat with a heavy sigh. “Look, I can translate if needed--”

“No, it’s fine.” Todoroki churns out just a little too bitterly that makes Izuku flinch slightly in response. “Shit… I’m sorry Midoriya. You don’t like loud noises, do you?”

“It’s fine.” Toshi translates for him. “I’m okay.”

Toshi’s gaze snaps right at him with a look of disbelief. “Like hell you are okay Zu--”

“I said I was fine!” Izuku signs angrily as he fumbles with his hurt hand to move. “Just please… let it go.”
“You aren’t fine!” Toshi shouts right back, almost as if spitting in his face. “You aren’t talking again. The last time I saw you like this, that bitch was—”

"T-toshi." Izuku's voice rasps. "D-don't."

Please don't...

Todoroki's head perks up at the sound, not really reading the room well. "So you can talk again?"

Izuku tries again to speak, but it comes out like an exhale of breath. Shaking his head, he confirms that it was just a fleeting moment that his mental block was gone.

"Look that doesn't matter. What matters is that everyone knows--" Toshi starts in frustration.

Izuku's eyes go wide in terror. "They know? They know what!?"

"They aren't idiots Zu so stop treating our teachers like them." Toshi chastises him with a stern look. "Wake up and smell the roses. They know what she's done to you, but not how it happened. All they need to know is why and exactly what she did to you. But only you know that."

"They can't know." Izuku states in panic. "They just can't."

"And what's going to happen if they do?" Toshi grills him as he switches to sign. "Because in my opinion, they are willing to save us completely from her!"

"They would lock me up." Izuku signs in a tizzy, the room starting to spin at the notion.

"Why?" Toshi pushes. "Why would they lock you up? For what? You've done nothing to deserve it!"

Izuku's breathing hitches as he can start to feel his friend's own vibes starting to bleed out. "I just know okay? If they knew my quirk, I would be experimented on. You don't know how much the
government would want someone who can't die normally. I would just be a glorified pin cushion to them. Something to poke and prod until I finally figure out how to die for real."

"Then don't tell them your quirk." Toshi signs with a fury, his face twisting in disgust at the notion. "Just tell them the stuff that's important and nothing else."

"I can't. They would be able to figure it out if they question my mother." Izuku pleads his case. "I would just be trading one cage for another. At least right now, I'm free to do what I please in freed-

"What is going on?" Todoroki questions but all he gets is two glares in return, making him become silent once again.

"Zu you aren't making any sense at all!" Toshi yells at him once he starts to ignore Todoroki's brooding from not being a part of the conversation. "Stop panicking for one sec and actually think about what would happen to you if she--"

“Everything alright in there?” Aizawa-sensei calls from the living room’s direction, his footsteps rapidly approaching their door.

“Yeah, we are fine.” Todoroki answers for them but his face says otherwise as he wants with clear intent to figure out what exactly is going on.

“Let it go.” Izuku signs. “I'll be okay, I just need some time to…”

"Some time?" Toshi questions with a look of disbelief on his face. "We don't have time Zu! We only have a week before she comes after us!"

"Are you sure that everything is alright?" Aizawa voices from behind the door with concern.

"Just peachy." Toshi drips with venomous sarcasm. "Everything is totally fine."

"Well, if you need anything, me and Zashi will be in the living room then..."
Everyone listens as the footsteps head back where they came before anyone dares to open their mouth again.

“Look Zu, I just don't want you hurt again. She’s not going to hurt you again while I'm here, alright?” Toshi empty promises as he reaches out to him for a hug. “I promise.”

“Who are you talking about?” Todoroki inquires, throughly confused by the spectacle.

“Too late.” Izuku signs against his better judgement, flinching away from the hug on pure instinct.

"What?” Toshi blinks before rage enters his face, his hand retracting as if he was just burn. “What do you mean, too late?”

Izuku shivers from the vibes his friend starts to emanate, but he gives no answer to the direct question.

"What do you mean, too late?” Toshi repeats with clear intent as he takes a step forward, not taking no for answer.

“Do you really think we should be fighting like this?” Izuku accuses instead once he gains his bearings. “You know she’s never going to stop until she has me. So, why do you even care if she hurts me or not? Why can't you all just leave me alone and let her have me!??”

Toshi's eyes become incredibly sad. “Zu you can’t just--”

“Just leave me alone.” Izuku growls with his throat, but his hands shake from the sentence. "Please. I don't want anyone hurt because of me. Not anymore.”

“Fine.” Toshi surrenders. “If that’s what you want, I’ll leave you alone. I won’t talk...”

“Thank you--”
“...to you Midoriya.”

Izuku feels tears start to cloud his vision as that wasn't his wish at all. “Toshi...”

“You can’t keep running from this Midoriya.” Toshi emphasizes with purpose as he signs his answer. “Eventually, things are going to catch up with you and your little secret is going to be revealed whether you like it or not. Your best option is to put some trust in others and let us help you while things are easy and it won’t be revealed.”

Izuku blinks past his tears as he attempts to breathe properly. “Toshi, why are you...?”

“I’m worried out of my god damn mind for you!” Toshi almost yells as tears start to descend. “And if you can’t understand that, then I don’t know how to help you. I won’t support you if all you want to do is send yourself to an early grave because you won't accept help!”

“I’m s-sorry Toshi...” Izuku cries while his hands shake. “I’m s-so fucking s-sorry...”

“Then do something about this whole mess.” Toshi commands. “Or I will.”

“But--” Izuku protests stubbornly, his lips shaking with a slight tremor.

"There is not buts. This isn't a choice you can afford to make anymore Midoriya." Toshi argues. "If you need help to talk, I'll be there for you. But I won't just stand back and let you destroy yourself like this."

Izuku's lips wobble as he struggles to keep his emotions in check. But he doesn't answer.

“I can’t deal with this right now...” Toshi declares with a sigh as he moves towards the bathroom door. “I’m getting a shower.”

The second Toshi slams the door, Izuku’s tears start to descend in a heavy rain.
Chapter End Notes

Updated 6/10

Match In The Rain by Alec Benjamin

Basically Shinso this chapter:

We have another meme from 'inky ancistrus [Amphiptere]' on our discord server:
Izuku doesn't know what to do.

In all his life, there's always been one constant. He's never truly had much of a choice with anything.

From his mother to his supposed quirklessness, he's been always put in a corner and forgotten by the entire world. Ostracized and thrown away like a piece of worthless trash.

From the outside, it would seem like he always had a choice. A choice to either accept it and move on or strike out against those who have persecuted him.

But Izuku knows better. That choice isn't really any choice at all just like revenge never leads to anything more than just another bloody war. And he knows what it's like to be trapped. To be controlled. To have no vote on what happens to him.

And now he has another choice that's really not his to make.

Izuku can't help the tears that descend in a heavy rain down his face as he moves to the bed of one of the bunks. Sitting down, Izuku cries in silence like he knows how to do. Like he's been trained to do in order to hide away from those who would capitalize on his moment of weakness.
In doing so, Izuku ignores Todoroki's worried glances toward him as he drowns in his own sorrow by simply averting his head away from him.

He just doesn't understand why his best friend is so upset. In fact, he doesn't know why he himself is so upset either.

He just can't stop the feeling of his heart being violently ripped out and burned to ashes like the worthless piece of wood he is. Not even his mother actively using her quirk on him has ever hurt him this much.

**Why does this hurt so much?** Izuku ponders with curiosity as he starts to hiccup from the tightening and constricting pain. *Why am I so...?*

"Midoriya."

Izuku spins his head around before erasing the traitorous tears in his eyes to face his friend. It's almost as if he believes for a second his friend never noticed his distress before that point. Like he can keep lying to the world that everything is totally fine. *Yes T-O-D-O-R-O-K-I?*

Todoroki sighs as he shakes his head in defeat. "I don't understand that. Father never thought sign language was worth it to learn."

And Izuku's face instantly falls once that tidbit registers.

*Oh...*

Todoroki shuffles nervously until he spots a notebook on the desk. "Wait..."

Izuku watches as he walks over to the desk to pick up something. When he sees it's a notebook, his eyes light up slightly as it would help solve their communication problem with ease.

"Can I please talk to you privately?" Todoroki nervously shifts as he tries again, offering the notebook and a pencil. "I swear, it's really important."
Izuku frowns at his friend's nervousness, but he takes the items anyway and starts scribbling. Once he's done, he positions it to where Todoroki can see when he sits down on the bed next to Izuku.

'Sure we can. What's up?'

Todoroki's heterochromatic eyes search his own viridian ones for a good minute before speaking again. "Who is your Endeavor? I don't believe you have ever specifically shared that with me. And given what just transpired, I feel confused..."

'Oh...' Izuku writes as it's the last topic he'd want to talk about honestly at the moment since him and Toshi are fighting over it.

Especially since he doesn't even know what's even happening anymore in regards to it.

"Oh?" Todoroki parrots, almost as if in confusion as he tilts his head slightly. "Do you not want to tell me?"

'No not that, I swear!' Izuku panics slightly as if anyone would be able to understand, it would be Todoroki. After all, he knows what it's like to be trapped with no way to breathe. To be forced to have no choice at all.

"Then?"

Izuku takes a deep breath in as he scribbles down his answer, hopeful it may help him with his current predicament.

'Todoroki, my Endeavor is my mother.' Izuku reluctantly gives with averted eyes, Todoroki's eyes going wide in surprise.

"How is that even possible?" Todoroki mumbles rapidly. "I thought..."

'Thought what?' Izuku writes, catching his friend before he goes on a tangent.
Izuku would know how much they just suck you in and never relent. After all, he's had them.

"I thought All Might was your Endeavor." Todoroki clarifies with a deep scowl on his face.

Izuku frowns as he scribbles. 'Why would you think that?'

"Your quirk." Todoroki supplies as if it was obvious. "It feels exactly like All Might's."

'Oh.' Izuku writes back as he tries to think of something to not expose his mentor's secret.

Todoroki clearly picks up on the distress and disappointment in his writing. "Was I wrong?"

'Wrong about what?' Izuku nervously asks.

"Midoriya..." Todoroki almost looks hurt under his normal cool visage. "You don't have to protect All Might's image in front of me. I already suspected for a while he's your father."

Izuku yelps in confusion as he scrambles to scratch out his inquiry. 'F-father!?!'

Todoroki cocks his head in confusion as well. "Yes, your father."

'No!' Izuku protests frantically with giggles that hurt. 'Oh my gosh Todoroki no!'

"No?"

'No.' Izuku definitively states with underlines once the laughs calm down. 'My father is Midoriya Hisashi.'

"A likely cover story."
Izuku full on bursts out laughing at his ridiculous friend. "Oh my GOD, Todoroki. Please NO!"

"Please what?" Todoroki looks confused to Izuku's outburst, ceasing Izuku's laughs slightly.

"Sorry Todoroki." Izuku exhales, not really recognizing he's talking again. "No, Pappy is dead. He died when I was three."

Todoroki perks an eyebrow at that. "Are we still talking about your cover story?"

"No Todoroki." Izuku shakes his head sadly. "My dad is dead. It's the truth."

"Oh."

"Yeah."

...

"Sorry if I was insensitive." Todoroki finally breaks the tension. "Then your quirk isn't All Might's?"

"Not really." Izuku dodges with a knowing smile. "It's technically mine."

That makes Todoroki chuckle slightly. "Right."

...

"So your mother...?" Todoroki starts back up.

"Yeah..." Izuku instinctively gets smaller in his cot. "Please don't tell anyone."
"Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me." Todoroki reassures before a worried expression flashes underneath his inexpressiveness. "God, we really are more alike than I thought..."

"Yeah..." Izuku's gaze finds the ground as he twiddles with the pencil in his hand. "I guess we are Todoroki."

"Shoto."

Izuku blinks before turning to his friend in surprise. "Todoroki?"

"I'd prefer it if you called me Shoto." Todoroki reaffirms. "I don't want to be associated with my old man anymore."

Izuku smiles warmly at Todoroki’s intent to distance himself from his own monster. The monster that will soon be gone for good. "Could I give you a nickname then?"

Todoroki looks at him in confusion. "Why would you do that?"

"Cause we're friends." Izuku offers with a big smile.

Todoroki chuckles. And then he starts laughing for real, though it's very soft and more like an exhale of breath. Almost like a kitten laugh. "I guess we are."

"I told you we'd be friends." Izuku reminds even himself while chuckling at the notion. "It was only a matter of when, not if."

"Perhaps." Todoroki smirks slightly before frowning slightly. "Does this mean I have to give you a nickname as well? I'm afraid I'm not good at that sort of thing..."

"Oh no, you don't have to if you don't want to." Izuku reassures. "You can just call me whatever you like."
"So I can call you Bunny?" Todoroki inquires with a completely serious face.

"Noooo..." Izuku whines playfully as he pushes slightly on his friend's shoulder in protest. "You can't call me that. I'm not even a bunny..."

"But your costume--"

"Is a Jackal." Izuku points out with purpose. "A jackal."

"Right." Izuku swears Todoroki's eyes smile at his kitten pout even though his mouth doesn't follow suit.

"So, what would you like?" Izuku rambles through his thoughts for a nickname, getting excited for dealing with something much lighter than dealing with his mother. "Shoto is too bland. So maybe Shocchan? Or maybe Shoniichan? Oh I know!"

Izuku grins. "What about Shotan?"

"Sure Izuku." Shotan gives him with a small smile, making Izuku beam.

But once his first name actually catches up with his brain, Izuku blushes slightly at his first name being used so casually.

Though, Shotan notices the red instantly. "Are you okay? You look very red. Is your fever still giving you trouble?"

"It's nothing!" Izuku waves him off, his blush becoming a slightly darker color in his embarrassment. "Really!"

"That's a relief." Shotan breathes out before his expression becomes serious again. "I'm glad you are feeling better."

"Y-yeah..." Izuku nervously laughs as he sweats a little from his fever.
A pregnant pause of silence comes between the two of them, neither not really knowing where to take the conversation next. Though, Shotan finally breaks the silence with his own inquiry.

"So, what was your mother like?" Shotan questions with a slight longing in his eyes. "I mean, if she ever wasn't Endeavor anyway..."

"Ah..." Izuku nervously laughs as his mood drops back down instantly. "I don't really know..."

Izuku gulps. "I think she was always like that honestly, but after my dad died, she..."

"Snapped?" Shotan offers as if he knew the feelings that type of event would bring.

"Yeah." Izuku nods sadly. "She did."

"What did she do to you?" Shotan basically whispers. "I've already told you what Endeavor did to me, but..."

"Oh..." Izuku's face falls at the question. "I'd rather not talk about what she did, if you're okay with that..."

"Oh..."

Izuku instantly picks up on his disappointment and he tries to remedy it by giving a little context. "She trained me similar to Endeavor, but I'm sure you know what that was like."

"Ah." Shotan nods sagely. "I understand."

"Yeah..."

"Does anyone else know?" Shotan broaches after braving a shiver. "About her I mean..."
"Toshi does." Izuku shrugs noncommittally. "But, I think we are on bad terms right now though..."

Shotan's eyes turn inquisitive. "Why would you say that?"

"He wants to tell the teachers and well, I..." Izuku trails off.

"Don't?" Shotan supplies for him.

"Yeah." Izuku nods as he palms his blanket. "I don't really know what is the right thing is. I'm just scared of what would happen next if I did."

"And what would happen next?"

"I don't know." Izuku whispers as he lies. "But I feel like it would be bad. Like really bad."

"Why?"

Izuku visibly stiffens and Shotan visibly backs off. "Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you."

"No, no don't apologize." Izuku groans. "I just don't know what to do anymore. Things were much easier when mother was out of the picture..."

Shotan frowns. "What do you mean by that Izuku?"

"I mean..." Izuku bites his lip. "My mother left me all alone when I was seven because I was quirkless. I didn't have anyone except for Monoka-san and now she's..."

Izuku can't help the tears that descend from his face.
"She's what?" Shotan prods for more.

"She's dead Shotan..." Izuku gives as he hiccups in pain. "And it's all my fault..."

"Oh." Shotan's face scrunches up, almost in conflict. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry." Izuku shakes his head to clear it. "Those were the best years of my life and I didn't even know it."

Shotan's face completely lights up in pure curiosity. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, my mother is back now." Izuku offers limply. "And she's... she..."

*Killed her because of me.*

"Wants you back?" Shotan infers instantly instead.

Izuku nods as he mumbles dejectedly. "Something like that..."

"Well, she doesn't deserve that." Shotan looks over his face. "And neither do you."

Izuku sighs in defeat. "I know."

"Then what's holding you back?" Shotan prods for answers. "Because I may not trust our teachers, but they are at least making an effort to help me."

Izuku opens his mouth to answer but strangely doesn't find one. After a moment of pause, Izuku gives his honest opinion. "I d-don't know."

"I see."
"See what?" Izuku frowns.

"You're frozen in place." Shotan intelligently offers. "Take it from me, it's a cold place to be."

Izuku snorts at his silly friend. "Did you just...?"

"Maybe I learned from the best." Shotan mischievously smiles before returning to his neutral face. "Seriously though, you should at least try to give them a chance to help you. I don't know about you, but our teachers have been eyeing you since the beginning of school like you're a puppy they can adopt."

"I'll consider it." Izuku offers after stifling a giggle with his good hand.

Izuku sighs as he leans back on the bed in thought before another thing crosses his mind.

"So, what do you want to do about Endeavor?" Izuku finally broaches as he shifts to a more comfortable position in the bed to face Shotan.

"What about him?" Shotan narrows his eyes to the point Izuku can feel his aura flaring slightly in anger.

"I mean--" Izuku starts to catch himself. "--what is the best course of action for you?"

Shotan freezes as his inquiry finally registers with him. "You... you're really serious aren't you?"

"I don't say things I don't mean." Izuku reassures. "And this is not an exception. Everything that your heart could ever desire for burning Endeavor to the ground, I've got it. All I need is your decision."

"I could live with my mother?" Shotan barely whispers, almost in awe.
"Yes." Izuku nods. "You could live with your mother if that's what you wanted, regardless of what happens to Endeavor. All it would take is a little blackmail from my vigilante friend and we'd be set."

"You know a vigilante?" Shotan questions with very concerned eyes.

"Yup." Izuku smirks as he decides it wouldn't hurt to tell him the truth about that since it would be his plan in the first place. "You're looking at one yo."

Shotan's mouth drops. "Y-you..."

"I'm a legal one if you are worried." Izuku assures with a warm smile. "Never used a quirk nor hurt anyone past the legal limit."

"You were actually serious." Shotan notes as he looks at his face in a new light. "You actually were a vigilante."

"Yeah, I told you guys didn't I?" Izuku reminds before rubbing his eyes with his t-shirt's sleeve to clear away any stray tears from earlier. "So, what's your answer?"

"My answer?" Shotan parrots in confusion.

"Yeah." Izuku confirms with a nod. "So, what do you want to do about your Endeavor?"

And Shotan actually grins for the very first time as they start to lay out the plan.

Chapter End Notes

Updated 6/12

What Are We Fighting For by The Federal Empire
Izuku finally arrives home from school one day...

Izuku: Dad I'm home!
Deadpool: TIME TO MAKE THE CHIMIFUCKINGCHANGAS!
Izuku: Who the hell are you?
Hitoshi: I don't know Izuku, run!
Deadpool: Oh, didn't you hear? I'm dadpool now, you're illegally my son now.

End Notes

We now have a spotify playlist of the songs for the chapter titles that you can find here:
A BIG shout out to fourtharm for the creation of the playlist! Thank you! <3
Official Apertum Mortem Spotify Playlist

A BIG shout out to Magic_Ninja for the creation of the Youtube playlist! Thank you! <3
Official Youtube Playlist

We also have a tumblr for all content from me, so come say hi, post art using the official #apertummortem tag or ask questions you have.
Here is the link to the official tumblr: so_dont_let_in_the_light's official tumblr

And finally, we have a discord server for you to DM me at or meet fellow readers of the fic.
Here is the link to the official discord server: Apertum Mortem Discord Link
Works inspired by this one: Not Quite a Deku by Wolfmagic

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