The Multiverse of BnHA

by gloryasme

Summary

My version of an overused trope because I've read too many

Notes

Make requests of universes you want to see!
Prologue

The dull ache in Izuku’s temple slowly subsided as he seemed to regain consciousness.

“Deku!” Uraraka called, checking him over for any injuries.

“Mom? What’s going on?” He slurs, not fully awake.

“We don’t know.” Izuku’s a fair bit surprised to see Jirou until he realises he isn’t in his home. He isn’t even on a bed! And that was NOT his mother. Uraraka helped him stand and steadied him as the headache fully subsided.

Class 1-A and a few members from class 1-B were gathered in what looked like a large living room with a cinema-sized television screen. Their respective homeroom teachers and other notable characters were present as well; All Might, Present Mic, Principle Nezu, Midnight, Recovery Girl. Shinosou and Hatsume were also present.

On the other side of the room, apparently also recovering from the headache, were the villains that attacked the camp. The surviving ones, anyways. Along with All for One. Because that makes sense. And others. They had a little girl with them. Why did they have a little girl with them?

There seemed to be a sheet of glass separating the two sides.

“Finally!” a voice beams and everyone’s attention flicked to the front. A young girl, it seemed, hovered in the air. She wore a black spaghetti strap singlet and red shorts with reindeer on them. Her hair was brown and lazily flipped to the right. Her eyes were a mix of blue, green and grey. “Everyone’s awake!”

“Who’re you?” Aizawa gets defensive first.

“Call me Glory.” She says placing a hand on her chest, showing off the bright green and orange rubber bands on her left hand, along with a pride band, two coloured string bracelet and two brown hair ties. “I bet you’re wondering what I’ve brought you all here for.”
“More or less,” Nezu replies. “I’m wondering what sort of Quirk you have.”

“My… species, I suppose, are called the Watchers. We actually exist outside of the multiverse. No special abilities here.” Glory gestured with her right hand, a thin rose gold chain dangling off of her wrist. She had a snake ring on her middle finger and a gold band on her pinky that had a heart pattern on the top.

“That explained nothing,” Nezu says.

Glory shrugs. “Basically, I can control your lives with the snap of my fingers.”

“Wonderful.”

(“No special abilities my ass.” Someone whispered.)

“But! I’m not going to- put that scarf down, Aizawa.” The teacher slowly lowered his scarf and wrapped it back around his neck. “-I’m not going to do that. Instead, I want you ALL-” She gestured towards the villains. “-to watch this. It’s a collection of different circumstances and happenings involving you guys across the multiverse. Essentially your lives in different circumstances. Nobody’s quirks can be used to teleport out of here or cause harm to others, the glass sheet was to protect people before this information was available to you for… reasons.”

To test this theory, Shigaraki leaned over and pressed his left palm to a black-haired villain’s face. Nothing happened.

“Huh.” Shigaraki muses, pulling away.

“God, I hate you.” The other villain, Dabi, groans. Someone on the hero’s side wheezes. The glass separation wall disappears.

“During this, a lot of secrets, especially about specific people, may be revealed, and honestly? I don’t give two fucks about secrecy, in this regard.”

“If this involves secrets,” All Might starts, he was in his true form. “Then what are the villains here
“Well, I don’t really plan on letting anyone leave here with memories of this.” Glory replies. “I just want their first reactions to certain events and whatnot.”

“Ah.”

“Wait, wait.” Aizawa cut in again. “What are we watching?”

Glory beams. “It varies!” she says cheerily before disappearing in a fog of light blue smoke.

“Yo,” Kirishima calls to no one in particular. “Did she ever say whose lives specifically we’d be watching?”

“No.” someone replies.

“I bet it’d be me!” and so starts the arguing of who’s life they’re watching. The villains watched the teens argue amongst themselves.

“These are the future pro heroes?” A blonde villain asks, blinking.

“Yes.” Glory replies from literally nowhere. She whipped around and blinked rapidly.

“What the fuck are you spazzing about?” the same black-haired villain asks.

“…Nothing.” Toga replied.

“Okay!” Glory was upfront again. The living room had changed slightly, with more room to accommodate the massive amount of people. “Get seated everyone and I’ll dish out snacks!”

“It’s like a cinema!” Kiminari beams happily, plopping down comfortably on a beanbag. Everyone
else slowly followed suit. The heroes and villains kept to their specific sides of the room.

Glory made everyone’s specified treats appear then floated to the back of the room, settling in a fortress of pillows that sat high above everyone else. She was watching too. With the snap of her fingers, the lights dimmed and the screen lit up.

It showed a roulette wheel in varying colours, but no hint as to what they meant. It began to spin. “Someone tell me when to stop.” The wheel kept spinning.

“Stop,” Aizawa spoke up. The wheel slowed down and landed on an orange fraction of the circle.

“Oh, damn.” Glory comments.

“What are we watching?”

“You’ll see.”

“What ARE WE WATCHING?!”
“Looks like we’re starting off in a dark universe.”

“Dark as in?” Aizawa asked.

“Vigilantes, chaos.” Glory shrugs. “I should mention that people with quirks are the minority here. Most vigilantes or heroes hide their identity and those of you who do have quirks in this universe may have different quirks than you do now.”

“Exposition,” Shigaraki whispered to himself.

“Who’s this universe based on, may I ask?” Nezu asks.

“Since Aizawa spoke up, it’s about him.”

“Oh, fan-fucking-tastic.”

“Is his quirk the same?” Present Mic asked.
“He doesn’t have one.” Glory replied. “You do though, it’s very different.”

“Ah.” The hero nods and bites his lip.

“Let’s get into it!” Glory called after a long silence.

“They say you don’t hear the bullet that gets you.” The camera pans up a stream of blood where someone appears to be stitching a deep cut on their own arm. “Always thought that sounded like a bunch of bullshit to me.”

“It’s Aizawa-sensei!” Exclaims Midoriya, as the camera pans up further to reveal his face.

“We can see that, Deku.” Bakugou sneers.

“How about you, Red?” The camera cuts to a man clad in a red devil suit sitting against a brick pillar. “When I cracked off your forehead the other night did you hear that?”

Chains jangle in reply and Shouta sighs. He watched the man struggle against the chains and scream in frustration.

“Who’s that?” Kaminari asks idly.

“A villain?” Sero guessed.

“You can bash against your chains all night. Only way you get out of here, only way you walk free, is if I want you to. Know that.” He goes back to tending to his arm.

"How gruesome." Inko murmured to herself. Her son took her hand and smiled reassuringly.

“…Why didn't you take my mask off?”

“Hold on.” Midnight murmured. “Is that Hizashi?”
“Don’t give a shit about who you are.”

“You killed everyone else.” Shouta ignores him.

“I guess it makes sense heroes can become villains in alternate realities.” All for One mused.

“I can’t imagine sensei as a villain.” Hagakure whispered to Ojiro.

“Why am I still alive?” Daredevil asks.

Shouta cut the extra thread with a knife. “Huh?”

Toga purred.

“I got in your way twice now and you don’t strike me as someone who just lets that happen.”

“He isn’t.” Present Mic spoke with a chuckle, even if he was chained up on screen.

Shouta stood up and walked over to a tarp. He pulled off the military green colour to reveal crates. They’ve got bullets in them.

“Military-grade hardware.” Daredevil seems to recognise. Shouta tugs one of the crates open. “You seem to know your way around it. And you sure carry yourself like a soldier.”

There’s a beat of silence as Shouta pull out two boxes from it and walks them to the edge of the rooftop. “What are you gonna do with all this?”

“I’ll do what's required,” Shouta replied.

“Those are fighting words,” Kaminari says.
There’s a momentary black screen.

“Some other characters do stuff here but they’re not the focus.” Glory explains.

The screen shows cuts back to panning the night-time city. The camera finds Shouta watching the lights as he unscrews a thermos and drinks from the lid.

“This another one of your missions?” Daredevil asked. “That's why we're here, isn't it?”

Shouta moved to kick a case closed then sit behind it with a sigh.

“How many will this make?”

Shouta tossed the excess of his drink onto the roof beside him.

“I'm guessing you've done this, what ten, maybe twenty times?”

Shouta sighs deeply, screwing the lid back onto his thermos.

“How long's it been?”

Shouta ignores him in favour of reassembling a large gun.

“Six months, a year or your whole life? Something tells me you don't take breaks. You know, no one else has to die. You could stop now. Walk away.”

Daredevil doesn’t reply. “Yeah.”

“I don’t like that.” All Might mumbles.

“Why not?” Nezu asks. “If Hizashi is the hero, and he’s saying he can’t give up his path than I’d say that’s a good thing.”

A church bell tolls in the distance as Shouta stands up and walks past Daredevil with the gun.

“What is that, midnight?” Daredevil asks.

“St. Matthew's,” Shouta replied, pulling up another tarp and leaning down to it.

“You a Catholic?”

“Once.”

“From New York?”

“…Once.”

“I guess we’re in America, then. That’s interesting.”

“It’s nice to see some sort of religious representation in this.” Shiozaki says.

“Well, since the main character suffers from some sort of Catholic guilt I’d say so.” Glory shrugs.

“Catholic guilt?” Kendo asks.

“It’s like the guilt of not living up to the commandments of the religion, especially since one such commandment is; one shalt not kill. Daredevil, the main character, has not directly killed a person but is indirectly the cause of many deaths, those he failed to save and the victims working under men who don’t appreciate failure. I can’t say too much on the subject because I’m not religious and don’t a hundred per cent understand but I believe that’s the general gist of it in this show.”
“It’s like not living up to your own expectations,” Aizawa says.

Kendo nods, thinking to herself.

Daredevil chuckles softly. “You still go to Mass?”

“Stop now, Red.”

“Stop?”

“Stop digging.”

Shouta seemed to be shoving extra bullets in a sash that soldiers commonly wear.

“Ah... You know, a funny thing about New York few people are actually from here. The ones who are they don't leave. They can't, they, uh, they feel like the city's a part of them. You know? Until one day, something changes. Maybe they get older. And then they have to leave, they have to get out. See the world, maybe. Maybe they enlist? Where'd they send you?”


“You a shrink, Red?”

Daredevil looks down and shakes his head.

“Now, come on, you must be something when you're not wearing the long johns, right?”

“I'm just a guy.”
“In a devil suit. Fighting street crime.”

“Yeah? You ever been to war?”

“No.”

“Yeah, then don't talk about it.”

“I've seen some fights.”

“Sure you have.”

“Well, I almost had you beat.”

“You talk about trading hands on a rooftop, Red. I'm talking about shit, okay? Shit that you ain't been in.”

“I know one thing.”

“What's that?”

“War changes people. Sometimes they see things they can't un-see. Come home to find the home's not there anymore.”

“It changed.” Daredevil sighs. “Or maybe they did.”

“Yeah, fair enough.”

“I'm just saying, I know it can be hard.”

“Do you? You know it can be hard? You run around this city in a pair of little boy's pyjamas and a mask. You go home at night, right? Take that mask off, maybe you think it wasn't you
who did those things, maybe it was somebody else. Well, see, soldiers- we don't wear masks, yeah? We don't get that privilege.”

"Some heroes wear masks," Kaminari says aloud for no particular reason. "Hell, Midoriya-kun, Bakugou-kun and Ashido-kun have masks with their costumes."

"Not that it really holds any purpose aside from aesthetic." Sero replies.

"Fair."

Shouta stood up, took the sashes and gun and walked to another part of the rooftop.

“You know what I think?” Daredevil asks.

“What's that?”

“You're still at war.”

“Oh, for crying out loud.” Shouta groans. “So, you charge by the hour, doc, or what?” He plants himself back where he was sitting before.

“Why am I here?” Daredevil asks.

“Everything you do out there in the streets, Red, it doesn't work. Did you know that?”

“Oh, and what you're doing is better?”

“What I do, I just do. It's out of necessity.”

“Come on.” Daredevil, Hizashi, scoffs. “You know you're not the only one, right? Who did you lose? Huh? Was it someone you loved? Well, boo-hoo. Let me tell you something, buddy. Everybody's lost, someone. Doesn't mean you have to do this.”

“Everyone’s lost someone.” All Might mumbles.
“I haven’t,” Bakugou replies. Kirishima kicks the back of his seat.

All Might sighs.

“Well, loss doesn't work the same for everybody, Red.”

Hizashi chuckles. “Yeah, that's right. It's clearly not working for you.”

“Maybe not. We don't get to pick the things that fix us, Red. Make us whole. Make us feel purpose.” Shouta reloads the gun. “My moment of clarity? It came from the strangest of places. What kind of name is The Devil of Hell's Kitchen, anyway? I mean, really?”

“He named himself the Devil of Hell’s Kitchen?” Midnight asked.

“…I didn't ask for that name.”

“No.” Glory replied.

“I'm sorry, I don't see you running from it.”

“I don't do this to hurt people.”

“Yeah, so what is that, just a job perk?”

“I don't kill anyone.”

“Is that why you think you're better than me?”

“No.”

“Is that why you think you're a big hero?”
“Is that the standard?” Dabi asks.

“It doesn't matter what I think or what I am. People don't have to die.”

“Yes, they do,” Shigaraki grumbled.

“Come on, Red. You believe that?”

“I believe it's not my call, and it ain't yours either.”

“Somebody asks you to put on that costume or you take it upon yourself? You know what I think of you, hero?” Shouta stands abruptly and storms over to him. “I think you're a half-measure. I think you're a man who can't finish the job. I think that you're a coward. You know the one thing that you just can't see? You know you're one bad day away from being me.”

“The first day I'd killed someone was a good day,” Toga argued.

Midoriya shakes his head with a sigh. Toga pouts at him.

The sound of keys jangling cuts them off. A door unlocked in the distance.

“Someone's coming,” Hizashi says.

“Shit. Guess I'd better make a run for it.”

“Hey, don't hurt him.”

“Yeah? Let's hope he doesn't give me a reason to.”

“He’s an innocent man!” Yaoyorozu argued.

“What's all that noise? If it's you damned kids again, I swear I'm callin' the cops!” the man yells.
“I'll say this once, Red.” Shouta hisses. “You make one sound, and I'll open his head up all over this roof.”

“Hello?” the man called, creaking the rooftop door open. Shouta appeared behind the door and he dropped his flashlight.

The screen flashed black again.

“That’s a shit time to cut away to a different scene,” Sero grumbled.

“That’s how you keep people interested, kid.” Present Mic replied. “Leaving a cliff hanger.”

“Who the hell are you?” The man asked.

“Shouta.” He chuckles.

“Why tell his first name?” Uraraka asked.

“That’s how most other languages and countries work,” Iida replied.

“What are you doing up here, Shouta?”

“Well, the truth is, um, I'm pretty sure that this here roof, right here, this is the, uh this is the last patch of real estate in the entire goddamn United States where a man can just have a little peace, be by himself, and-” He inhales. “-have a smoke.”

“Nice cover.”

The man stares at him. “Never seen you around.”

“Yeah, no. I'm, uh, in town just visiting my crazy sister.”
“Betty in 2B?”

Shouta chuckles. “I see you've had the pleasure.”

“Can't say I blame you.”

“Nah.”

“My wife's the same. Made me quit a long time ago.”

The camera cuts to show Hizashi straining against the chains. The conversation can be heard faintly in the distance.

“You know what they say. It's for our health.”

“What about the enjoyment of life?”

“Guess they'll worry about that when they're dead.”

The camera cuts back to Shouta as the chains rattle.

“What was that?” The man asks.

“Uh, it's just- just a rat.” The camera shows Shouta holding a gun up to the door.

“We exterminated.”

“Oh damn,” Kaminari mumbled.

Shouta cocked the gun next to the back of the door.

“OH DAMN!”
“Lot of guys they half-ass it. Remember my uncle used to tell me that all the time. He fumigated.”

“Hard work.”

“Yeah, well. It's all he could get after the war. You know, curse of a soldier.”

“Ain't that the truth.”

“Yeah.”

“You serve?” Shouta asked.

“'Nam, third Marine Division.”

“Fighting third, huh?”

“Goddamn right. You?”

“Yeah, yeah. Iraq, Afghanistan.”

“Damn.” Dabi comments.

Someone wolf-whistled.

“Welcome home.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“I gotta go down right now, but, you, you smoke as much as you like, son.”

Shouta chuckles. “Thank you, sir.”
“All right, son.”

“All right.”

Shouta uncocks the gun as the guy goes to leave.

“Hey, Marine!”

“Yeah?”

“Semper Fi.” Shouta chuckles again. The man smiles brightly at him. Shouta lets the door slam.

He walks back around the where Hizashi was tied.

“Shouta. That's your real name? You get off threatening innocent people?” Hizashi asked as Shouta dug through a toolbox.

“Yes,” Toga speaks boldly.

“Don’t- no.” Magne shook her head. “Just- no, Himi.”

“He was only in danger because you squealed, because you can't follow orders.”

“You had a gun on him. You thumbed back the hammer.”

“Yeah, well, that was for you. Part of the show.”

Hizashi laughs coldly. “What does that mean?”

“Means he was being a bitch,” Shigaraki replied, knowing full well the characters on-screen couldn’t hear him.
Kaminari chortles despite himself. Sero elbowed him.

Shouta slammed the lid down with a wrench in his hand. “I really have to spell it out for you, Red? Huh? I'm disappointed. Listen carefully, okay?” He approached Hizashi pulling a gun out from behind him somewhere and points it at his helmet. “You listening? Yeah? How 'bout now?” He cocks his gun. “You listening? Feel it?” Shouta breaths heavily, pulling away. “I’m not a bad guy, Red.”

“You wanna explain that to the orphans and the widows of the men you killed?”

“For Christ's sake, that's what you think? I'm just some crazy asshole going around unloading on whoever I want to, huh?”

“Yeah, that's exactly what I think.”

“That doesn’t sound like Eraser.”

"Some personalities change, y'know."

“That it?” He starts climbing the side of a billboard set up 10 feet from the surface of the rooftop.

“You think you're anything else?”

“I think that the people I kill need killing, that's what I think.”

“You left men hanging from meat hooks!”

Aizawa sighs through his nose.

“Sounds delightful.” Toga purred. Spinner grimaced at her.

“They got off easy, in my opinion.”
“You shot up a hospital.”

“Yeah, and nobody got hurt who didn’t deserve it.”

“Oh, yeah. What about you, Shouta? What happens the day someone decides you deserve it?”

“I’ll tell you what, they better not miss.” He replies, loosening a light that highlighted the board.

“Truth.”

“I think that goes for anyone here.”

“Come on, you run around this city like it’s your damn shooting gallery.”

“Yeah, what do you do? What do you do? You act like it’s a playground. You beat up the bullies with your fists. You throw ‘em in jail, everybody calls you a hero, right? And then a month, a week, a day later, they’re BACK on the streets doing the SAME GODDAMN THING!”

“Yeah, so you just put ‘em in the morgue.”

“You’re goddamn right, I do.”

“You ever doubt yourself, Shouta?!”

“Not even for a second.”

“Doubt can get you killed.”

“Really? Really?! You never think for one second, "Shit, I just killed a human being".”

“That’s being pretty generous.” Shouta climbs down the ladder.
“A human being who did a lot of stupid shit, maybe even evil, but had one small piece of goodness in him. Maybe just a scrap, Shouta, but something. And then you come along, and that one tiny flicker of light gets snuffed out forever.”

Shouta sits in front of him. “I think you're wrong.”

“Which part?”

“All of it.”

“I think there's no good in the filth that I put down, that's what I think.”

“He low-key sounds like Stain,” Kaminari says.

“Don't- please.” Iida groans.

“Sorry.”

“And how do you know?”

“I just know. Look around, Red. This city, it stinks. It's a sewer. It stinks and it smells like shit and I can't get the stink out of my nose. I think that this world, it needs men that are willing to make the hard call. I think you and me are the same!”

“That's bullshit, Shouta, and you know it!”

“Only I do the one thing that you can't. You hit 'em, and they get back up. I hit 'em, and they stay down. It's permanent. I make sure that they don't make it out on the street again. I take pride in that.”

“Let me ask you this.”

“What's that?”
“What about hope?”

“Oh, fuck.”

“Come on, Shouta.”

“You wanna talk about Santa Claus? You wanna talk about Santa Claus?”

“I live in the real world too, and I've seen it.”

“Yeah? What have you seen?”

“Redemption, Shouta.”

“Ah, Jesus Christ.”

“It's real. And it's possible. The people you murder deserve another chance.”

“What, to kill again? Rape again? Is that what you want?”

“No, Shouta. To try again, Shouta.” He pants. “To try. And if you don't get that, there's something broken in you, you can't fix, and you really are a nutjob.”

“…What did you say?”


“You're- You're unhinged Shouta. You are. You think God made you a one-man firing squad.” He chuckles. “But you're wrong. There is goodness in people, even in you. And you're gonna have to kill me, 'cause I'm never gonna stop coming for you until I take you down.”
Shoura scoffs.

“You wanna know why?”

“Why’s that?”

“Because you're insane.”

Shouta chuckles, then promptly knocks Hizashi out with the wrench. The screen goes black.

“That was… intense.” All Might starts.

“Yeah. There’s a lot of stories from that universe to see.” Glory muses.

“I feel like we needed a lot more context for that.” All for One says.

“There is more if you want to see that.”

“Yes, thank you,” Aizawa says.

It’s still night. Hizashi regains his consciousness.

“.357, one round in the chamber,” Shouta says, examining a small gun. “Some things, they just- they feel right in your hand, huh? I know what you're thinking, Red. "You could put a round in my arm, in my leg, but it's not gonna work, 'cause I'm all geared up. Only way you stop me is with a headshot".”

“I'm not gonna shoot you.”

“Nope. Not yet, you're not.”
Shouta walks into a small door then comes out holding a man. “Time to put a face to all your fancy talk about redemption. Elliot Grote, a.k.a. Grotto.”

“I don't wanna die.” Grotto whimpered.

“Weak!” Dabi booed.

“What kind of alias is Grotto?” Spinner grumbled.

“Why is it so close to his real name?” Midnight agreed.

“It’s probably a nickname like the one Bakugou gave Midoriya.” Iida supplied.

“What? Izuku can be read as Deku.” Bakugou shrugged. “Plus it suits him.”

“It means worthless.” Todoroki deadpans.

“Exactly.”

Toga glared at the blonde. No one else had anything productive to say on the matter.

“What did you do to him?!” Hizashi demanded.

“I caught this piece of shit stealing a car, trying to skip town,” Shouta replied.

“I was scared. I'm sorry, I was running for my life.” Grotto explained.

Shouta kicked him. “Shut up.”

“Stop it, Shouta. He doesn't deserve to die, just 'cause you caught him stealing cars.”
“Is that what you think?”

“It's up to the law, not me and not you!”

“Listening?” Shouta quipped, staring straight into Shirgaraki’s crimson eyes.

“No.” The villain deadpanned back.

Shouta turned to Grotto. “Why don't you tell him a little bit about yourself?”

“You have no right to do this!” Hizashi yelled.

“I'm nothing. I'm just nobody.”

“Oh, yeah? That all?”

“I pour their drinks. I drive their cars.”

“You were doing a little more than that a few months ago.” Shouta punched him.

“What are you trying to prove, Shouta?”

“You're trying to step up?”

“N-No.” Grotto stammers.

“No?”

“Who are you? Lafayette Street, second floor. Why don't you tell him what happened?”

“Please, I'm sorry.” Shouta punched him again. “Please, please, I'm sorry.”

“You tell him now.”
“Shouta, I'm not gonna shoot you, Shouta.” Hizashi frowns best he could with a mask hiding the top half of his face.

“Nothing happened, I'm sorry.”

Shouta cocks a gun against Grotto’s head. “I'm only gonna ask you one more time.”

Grotto screams. “I didn't know! It was an address! This guy, I didn't even know his name. He, he got wobbly with the wrong people, owed something to somebody, 'cause the order came from on high.”


“Yeah? What orders?”

“The sort you can't say no to.”


“Say the words!” Shouta kneed him in the face. “You say it. Do you hear me?”

“You don't understand these animals. You can't back out. You can’t.”

“Just shut up! Stop talking, Grotto.” Hizashi snaps.

“You say it.” Shouta urges. Grotto shakes his head and Shouta shoves him down and puts a foot on his throat. “I won't ask again. Say the words, asshole!”

“I did it, I killed him! I killed him. I put two in his head.”

“No!” Hizashi hissed.
“But, I swear to God—”

“Oh, God damn it,” Hizashi whispered.

Shiozaki gasps.

“I didn't know! I didn't know the old lady was in the house.” Grotto whimpered.

“What old lady?” Hizashi asked. “What did you do?”

“Oh no.” Present Mic whispered.

“I didn't know she was in the house. She wasn't supposed to be in the house. She started screaming. I begged her to stop.”

“What did you do?” Hizashi asked.

“She saw my face. I had no choice.”

“Old lady left a husband. Deadman, wife and kids.” Shouta says.

“You gotta understand me. I had to do it.” Grotto whimpered.

“You still think this piece of shit is worth saving?” Shouta asks Hizashi.

“I'm not gonna shoot him.”

“Yeah, okay.” Shouta shrugs.

“What?” Shigaraki groans.
“I will.”

“Oh.”

He pulls Grotto up and holds the gun to his forehead. “If you don't kill me first.”

**Hizashi screamed, struggling against the chains.**

“Next universe!” Glory beams, a bit too happy despite the… scene. She spun the on-screen roulette wheel. “Who wants a turn?”

A small hand raises.

“Eri-chan!” Glory calls, and a spotlight from… somewhere lands on the small girl cradled in Cronostasis’ lap.

“Uh- no-” he starts.

“Let the girl make her own choices, Kurono.” Overhaul groaned. “It’s not like we’re going to remember any of this after the fact anyways.”

“Eri-chan.” Glory speaks. “Do you want to sit up here with me?”

The white-haired girl nods slowly and suddenly found herself engulfed with the cushions of Glory’s pillow nest. Glory smiles warmly. “Tell me when to stop, Eri-chan.”
Chapter Summary

Jane "Eleven" Hopper - Eri
Mike Wheeler - Kota Izumi
Dustin Henderson - Katsuma Shimano
Lucas Sinclair - Mahoro Shimano
Will Byers - Tamashiro
Max Mayfield - (that pink-haired chick who pinched Camie's ass)
Erica Sinclair - Sho
Susie - (the chick with flowers in her hair)

(I know Max and Susie aren't in season 1 but whatever!)
(I also know that the bullies are Troy and James but I don't care)

Johnathan Byers - Eijiro Kirishima
Nancy Wheeler - Izuku Midoriya
Steve Harrington - Katsuki Bakugou
Barb Holland - Shoto Todoroki (sorry, not sorry) or Ochako Uraraka
Billy Hargrove - Neito Monoma
Robin Buckley - Mina Ashido

Jim Hopper - Shouta Aizawa | Eraserhead
Murray Bauman - Hizashi Yamada | Present Mic
Joyce Byers - (Kiri's mom i g)
Bob Newby - Toshinori Yagi (Still not sorry)

Chapter Notes

Warning: threats, knife violence, influenced suicide/sacrifice, attempted suicide/sacrifice, torture

“Stop.”

The pin landed on a blood-red square.

“Oh.” Glory muses. “Another dark universe.”

“Are the majority dark?” Toga asks.
“Yeah, people like to torture you guys.” No one responded to that. “This scene isn’t too bad though, sort of.”

“Eri-chan!” A young voice echoes. The camera panned across a forest path and revealed two young kids to be looking for her.

The first was small with honey brown hair and freckles. No one could put a name to him.

The other people could recognise as Kota. Black spike of hair and his signature red hat.

They’re walking with bikes.

“The smaller boy’s name is Katsuma.” Glory supplied.

“Eri-chan!” Kota yelled.

“Why are they looking for me?” Eri asked softly.

“You ran away.” Glory replied.

“Eri!”

“Eri?!”

They continued to yell for her.

“Did she run into the fucking forest?” Bakugou asked.
“Hey stop.” Kota suddenly says. “Can you hear that?”

“What?” Katsuma asks.

“Eri?!”

“ERI?!”

Two more boys approach from further down the forest path, sneering at them.

“Hey, Frog face.” One greeted Kota, flipping open a switchblade.

Asui writhed from her seat.

“Toothless,” The other addressed Katsuma. The nickname seemed to come from his lack of both his front teeth.

“They could be more creative.” Midnight moans in annoyance.

“Don’t encourage bullying,” Aizawa replied.

“Shit!” Katsuma yelled, dropping his bike. “Run, Kota!”

“He’s awfully young to be swearing.” All Might sighs.

“What?” Kota dropped his as well to run after him.

“That was just fucking stupid.” Dabi groans.
“Run! Come on!” Katsuma takes Kota’s arm and drags him along the path.

“Running doesn’t help.” Midoriya sighed.

“It’s encouraging.” Bakugou mused. Kirishima kicked his seat again.

“You’re dead, Izumi!” One of the boys hisses as they chase the pair.

Toga laughed.

“Sooot threatening.” Dabi mocked.

“Move, Kota!” Katsuma ushered. “Kota, come on, run!”

The camera cut to a girl, older slightly but similar looking to the boy walking her bike against the fence, watching a device strapped to the front of the bike beep.

“That’s Mahoro, Katsuma’s older sister.” Glory says.

There’s a compass on the bike that swivels to south. Mahoro backs up and watches it move towards the north again.

“What’s she looking for?” All for One asks.


“A what?” Kirishima wheezed.
“There aren’t too many other significant younger kids aside from Tsuyu’s siblings that could be put here so Tamashiro is now a part of this universe.”

Mahoro stares into the fence slightly. The camera cuts to a shot of her climbing a tree and spying on the inside facility with binoculars.

The camera cuts to Katsuma and Kota running down a dirt path. Katsuma groans loudly.

“Cramp!” he yells, significantly lagging behind Kota.

“Just keep going!” Kota hisses. The bullies can be seen right on their tails.

Katsuma attempts to and grunts through the pain. “Keep going!”

“It’s nice how encouraging the boys are.” All Might says.

“Katsuma’s compared to Deku a lot.” Glory informs. “Mahoro is compared to Bakugou, the siblings are often called BakuDeku kids.”

“Huh.”

Bakugou was grinding his teeth angrily and Midoriya was redder than Kirishima’s hair.

“Kota is actually compared to both of them, I think, it was this one thing I saw on Tumblr.”

“What’s Tumb-ler?” Present Mic asked.

“Not important.”

The other bully rounded the bend and they had the two cornered. Kota picked up a rock and
Katsuma grabbed a stick. They stood back to back.

“Stay back!” Kota yells. “Don’t come any closer.” The camera zooms out to show an overshot of a large reservoir beside them, not blocked out by any sort of fence at all.

Kota threw the rock and missed completely.

“Nice throw, numbnuts.” The bully mocks.

Katsuma lets out a battle cry and swings his stick violently at the bully holding the switchblade. He dodges and pulls Katsuma into a chokehold, pointing the blade to his neck.

“Oh, he was serious.” Dabi muses. “Huh.”

“Get off me!” He yelled. “Get off me!”

“Let him go!” Kota screamed. “Let him go!”

“Are they in front of a cliff?” Sero asked.

“Did the little girl fall off that cliff?” Rappa adds.

“Why isn’t that cliff blocked off by a fence?” All Might sighed.

“Plot.” Glory answered unhelpfully. Inko's grip got deathly tight on Midoirya's and he cringed.

“Stay back!” The blade-wielding bully yells. “Or I cut him.”

“I’m just gonna call them Tolorant and Blade.” Glory whispers.
“What?”

“Tolerant is not spelt with an "o", damn it.”

“What?”

“Don’t question me."

“What do you want?!” Kota yelled.

“Don’t try to negotiate with your kidnappers,” Kurogiri speaks.

“I want to know how you did it!” Blade replies.

“Oh, I should mention, everyone except Eri is quirkless in this universe.” Glory adds.

“Sounds nice.” Overhaul comments.

“Yeah, well.” Glory shrugs.


“I know you did something to me!” Blade spat. “Some nerdy science shit to make me do that!”

“How old are these kids?” All Might asks.

“I believe most of them are twelve at this point.” Glory adds. “They get a year older every
“You mean piss your pants?” Kota asks.

Most people laugh at that.

“Our friend has superpowers,” Katsuma said. “She squeezed your tiny bladder with her mind.”

“Eri has telekinesis?”

“Shut up!” Tolerant snapped.

“I think I should save Toothless here a trip to the dentist.” Blade sneers. “Help him lose the rest of his baby teeth.”

“Let him go!” Kota yelled. “Let him go!”

“I’ll let him go, sure.” Blade growls. “But first… it’s your turn.”

“My turn for what?” Kota asked.

“Wet yourself.”

“Ew.” Eri comments.

“People can’t… just piss on command.” Kaminari mumbles. “Right?”

“He’s an asshole who wants revenge,” Jiro explains. “Just shh.”
Kota looked confused. “What?”

“Jump.” He tilted his head towards the reservoir. “Or Toothless here gets an early trip to the dentist.”

“Oh.”

“Is this worse than Kacchan? This feels worse than Kacchan.” Midoriya mumbles.

“Bakugou made an offer.” Glory says vaguely. “This guy is threatening him.”

“What does that mean?” Uraraka asked.

“It doesn’t matter,” Midoriya assured her. No one looked convinced.

“Stop! No!” Katsuma cried as Blade inched the switchblade closer to his neck.

“I’ll cut him right now!” The bully threatened. Katsuma whimpered.

“Alright, just hold on!” Kota hissed. “Hold on!” and he walked to the edge of the cliff.

“Kota, don’t do it!” Katsuma yelled at him. “I don’t need my baby teeth, Kota!”

Kota ignored him and walked closer to the edge. “Kota, seriously, don’t!”

“Kota! Seriously, don’t do it, man! Seriously, don’t!”
Tolerant looked concerned. “Man, I don’t think this is a good idea.”

“I like that kid.” Shoji declares.

“Kota don’t!”

“Dentist’s office opens in five!” Blade started to countdown. “Four! Three! TWO!”

“KOTAA!!!”

“ONE!”

Kota stepped off the edge and screamed.

“Oh, Jesus,” Dabi says, mildly surprised.

Eri gasped and begun to tear up.


She looks confused. This Kota character, who apparently is a real person in her world, just jumped off a cliff for his friend. He got into that situation because they were looking for her. It was her fault. And the strange lady that kidnapped them is telling her it’s going to be okay?

Blade lowered his knife as Katsuma gasped and after a beat of hesitance, the three boys ran to the edge.

“Honestly, I’d do the same thing,” Sero says, rubbing his neck.

“Me too.” Mina agrees.
So do many of their schoolmates.

“Holy shit.” Katsuma murmurs.

Kota was floating, stopped halfway down the cliff by an invisible force.

Eri felt her tears disappear. The boy was gonna be okay!

And suddenly, Kota was pulled back up and onto the path again. There’s footsteps and the four turn their heads to look at the approaching figure.

It’s Eri. Missing her horn, oddly enough, and her hair was shaved clean off, but her crimson eyes remained. She wore a pink dress and a blue overcoat. She looked pissed.

Katsuma smiled.

Eri’s head lowered into a small nod and Tolerant was thrown to the ground by the motion.

“Very, very strong telekinesis, it seems.” Nezu comments.

“Indeed.” All for One agrees.

All Might feels a few years of his life slip away.

Eri’s head tilts momentarily to the side and a cracking noise was hears. Blade grips his arm and screams.

“She broke my arm! My arm!” he cried.
“Go,” Eri commanded.

“Let’s get out of here!” Blade cried running away with his friend on his heels. “Let’s go!”

“Go!”

“Yeah, that’s right!” Katsuma yelled after them. “You better run! She’s our friend and she’s crazy! You come back here and she’ll kill you! You hear me?! SHE’LL KILL YOU, YOU SONS OF BITCHES!!”

“I’m not going to say they don’t deserve that… but…” All Might starts.

“No, they deserved it.” Bakugou cut him off calmly. The teen stared his idol dead in the eye, daring him to argue.

“I’m very confused and very scared.” All Might whispered to himself.

“SHE’LL KILL YOU, YOU HEAR ME!” Katsuma’s voice echoes as blood starts to leak from her nose and Eri falls.

Her eyes open and she’s in a black void. Her outfit his different. There’s a creature eating something.

“Literally, what the fuck is that?” Rappa asked.

“The Demogorgon.” Glory replied.

Eri slowly approaches the monster and hold her arm out. Her hand shakes as she slowly touches the monster. Its face opens out like a plant, revealing thousands of rows of teeth and the crowd scream with the girl on screen.
It reveals she’s in a tank filled with water. Scientists and people clambered around as her powers went haywire, shaking the building and cracking the walls. There’s a brief shot of Chisaki looking around shocked.

“Oh, fuck that.” Twice murmured. “Looks fun!”

“Eri are you okay?” Kota’s voice breaks through the screaming and the camera cuts back to him and Katsuma standing over her. “Eri-chan?”

She looks at him and starts crying. “Kota… I’m sorry.”

“Sorry?” He asks. “What are you sorry for?”


“No.” Kota smiles softly at her. “No, Eri-chan, you’re not the monster. You saved me, do you understand? You saved me.”

She sits up and they hug. Katsuma joins in and the camera zooms out on a shot on of the three embraced in a group hug.

“I’m gonna stop it there.” Glory says. “Because it’s a nice ending.”

“This universe is dark?” Mimic asks. “Hardly!”

“Well, by the end of it I believe Aizawa and Monoma die so...”

“Wait, what?” I “I don’t know who those girls are.”
“Onto the next universe!!”
(All for One) League of Villains rap

Chapter Summary

I wanted to update and thought this would be easy. it wasn't.

Alternative title: "Villains Need Therapy"

Chapter Notes

Warning: spoilers for the manga, mention of murder

“Stop the wheel.” All for One’s voice rings calmly, signalling his turn.

“Didn’t know you wanted a shot.” Glory mused. He shrugs.

“If this ends of something where we’re heroes I might be sick.” Dabi comments.

Glory clicks her tongue. “Nope.”

“Good.”

The roulette wheel stops. “It’s a song.” She announces.

“That’s worse.” Dabi groans.

“Well too bad.”

The song started with a slow eerie kind of intro.

“You wouldn’t believe this was a rap would you?” Glory muses.
“It’s what?”

The camera focuses on Shigaraki.

“Came to battle with the masses, crumble, turn them to ashes.”

“So it’s a song about the league of villains?” Chisaki asks.


“No one did.” Glory chuckles.

“Not gonna have a chance if your class is this passive.”

Monoma snorts.

“We’re massive. I’m bringing the league to victory, placing fingers individually, one two three, watching me, pinkies make history, deliver these injuries, shatter like glasses.”

“I didn’t hear half a word of that.” Toga whines.

“No one did.” Glory chuckles.

“I’m redefining this era. My plan is in motion, it’s almost done. My presence will fill you with terror, inherited power from All for One.”

“Get that promo.” Kaminari comments.

Sero stares at him questionably.

There’s a chilling laugh. “I can do this all night. Pick apart the pathetic cult that worships All
“Might.”

“…cult?” All Might asks slowly.

“This is what I had to be. Held onto by my family.”

“What does that mean?” Midoriya asks.

“It’s kinda literal.” Glory muses. “The hands on his costume have bits of his family’s corpses in them.”

The villains move away from Shigaraki quickly.

“What the fuck, dude?” Twice asks. “Baller move.”

Shigaraki didn’t answer.

“Tactician on a mission. You cannot beat all my strategies. Killing, I’m bringing the casualties. The weight on my heart causing agony. Displaying a brain that’s amazing, decaying, insane, ‘cus I’m making a world from catastrophes.”

The focus switches to Kurogiri. “Kurogiri I’m getting really excited.”

“That man had never been excited in his life.” Toga moans. All for One chuckles.

“Who’s a villain that kinda trick to fight with? Disappear, put the fear inside and I liked it.”

“Does Kurogiri-san like anything?” Mr Compress asks.

Dabi chuckles. “He’s almost like a Nomu.”
Glory stares at the back of his head blankly before turning back to the screen.

“In the dark, I can see you nearing the light switch.”

“Not if you have a light-based quirk.” Iida chides.

“Depends if it’s an absorbent or expelling quirk as well,” Yaoyorozu adds.

Midoriya hums.

“Guys.” Glory sighs. “It’s a song, please don’t over analyse it.”

“You just told us about Tomura-kun’s corpse hands, you ‘don’t over analyse it’. Toga hisses.

“Fair enough.”

“Certain you’re hurting when turning your world so uncertain with teleportation.”

“That sentence was a rollercoaster.”

“If you find anyone killing the veterans better I’ll need a citation.”

“Death Note.” Glory deadpans.

“I am not just playing the role of a villainous seriously underpaid nanny.”

“Are you sure about that?” Dabi asks.
“I’m pretty sure that’s actually his roll.” Toga giggles.

“He is called the mother of the League.” Glory comments.

Kurogiri sighed.

“Passin’ it over, I’m hoping you’re chokin’ them before you burn them up, Dabi.”

“Am I supposed to?”

It switches to Dabi. “The illest villainous superstar.”

“Boo!” Shigaraki yelled.

“I’ve been taking in expectations, shooting ‘em through the bar. Watch me murder every single hero, you’ll see the scars. Incinerating corpses into portions to keep ‘em jar’d.”

“It’s just really annoying.” Aizawa comments.

Dabi snorts.

“Won’t make it far. Yea, ain’t nobody do it like me. I can make a Bakugou flame cold as ice see?”

“No.”

“Whoah. Got the league right beside me, might slap Midoriya if he keeps actin’ feisty.”

“Imagine just getting slapped by a villain,” Kaminari says. “No big fight, no intent to kill, they’re just really annoyed and decided to slap you.”

“For real! You imposters are preposterous, stay anonymous. Scorching everybody is a hobby! Murder is the job, should’ve never stepped to Dabi, yea.”

“I think I just hit with a wave of favouritism.” Toga groans.

The camera cut to Mustard.

“Oh, miss him.” Toga comments.

“Pulling at my mask when I tighten the straps, put a bullet in your back see your life in a flash. Got the gas on tap, I can map your path. Think you’re better than me because you’re in the U.A class?”

“He was our age, wasn’t he?” Midoriya asks.

“Yeah,” Kendou replied.

“It’s Mustard but not the colonel, shots be poppin’ off like a kernel.”

“That was smart.”

“I am sure vexed; this cortex will be the cause of your death.”

The camera switched to Twice.

“That was short.”
“He wasn’t really that important.”

“Look, I’m handing out a summary. Got a team of two, a double team.”

“Cool play on words.” Twice says. “I hate it.”

“Have you ever met the other me? Got a secret and I’m keepin’ it underneath.”

“Oh fuck you.”

“Know that I’m one of a kind. Yeah, you’re facing your demise. C’mon, anybody try. Killin’ myself many times.”

“You need therapy.” Aizawa comments.

“I can’t exactly book an appointment.” Twice replies. “Stupid, I don’t care what you have to say.”

“I doubt there’s not a single villain that practises therapy.” Present Mic says.

He’s met with silence.

“I’ve got some demons that I’m dealing with inside. Yeah, I get it though, I’m in it.”

“Got to therapy,” Kurogiri says.

“I’m not the only person here that needs therapy.” Twice whines. “I don’t need therapy.”

“Gotta show ‘em what they’re missing. I don’t even know the mission-”
“They didn’t tell you what the mission was?” Yaoyorozu asked.

“-but lately I feel like somebody different. So here I go, throwing the dice, I am here to take your life, and maybe give out some advice.”

“What advice would anyone be able to use if they die immediately after?”

“I’m only doing what is right, so if I’m giving you a chance you know I ain’t givin’ it twice.”

“That was a shit pun.” Dabi comments.

The camera cuts to Muscular. “Bloodthirsty, I just came to further ’cause damage. Muscle fibres so outrageous that my skin can’t manage to contain all the power that my body will produce.”

“Is he really that narcissistic?” Kurogiri asked.

“Yes,” Midoriya replied.

“How the fuck do you know?” Bakugou asked.

“I’m the one who beat him.”

“Is that why both your arms were shattered?” Shoji asked.

“Yes.”

“I’m sadistic. Watch me walk into this camp and kill the youth. I’ll put you in predicaments, smashing right through your ligaments. These little kids are ignorant of violence in the hero biz.”
“He’s five.”

“I'm lacking all compassion; you won't see me caught caring. Mercilessly killing heroes, watch me body bag parents.”

“He also murdered Kota’s parents.”

“For fuck sake.”

**Cut to Moonfish.**

“What the actual fuck?” Tetsutetsu asked.

“Imagine having to fight him.” Tokoyami groaned.

“I didn’t like him too much either.” Shigaraki agrees.

“You're messing with a psychotic in bondage. Don't test the god who is chomping on all of your flesh if it's spotted. You won't survive in this carnage; sharp teeth will slice through fuck- all of your bodies caustic when I kill off the lesser race in this story.”

“He- he is human, right?”

“Fuck if I know.”

**Cut to Toga.** “Feel the knife dig deeper in your spine~ Feels nice when I take another life~ Do or die, love the rush of doing crimes. Nice try. You can run but now you’re mine.”

“I smell favouritism.” Dabi quotes, eyeing Toga.
“Yeah, but it’s me now.” She replies shamelessly.

“Slicing I'm cutting you down, look and nobodies around. Love when you're making your sounds, bleeding all over the ground. Never be found, pretty pathetic you face your demise. With your blood ingested I've perfected my disguise.”

“Keeping that note for later,” Midoriya says.

“You know I can erase your notes, right?” Glory asks.

He shushes her.

“Call me Toga, hear my name and then it's over. Not maintaining my composure when the smell is drawing closer. Killing is thrilling I'm spilling when bringing a chilling end. Appetite filling, I'm willing to bend so let us be friends.”

“Note to self; feed Toga blood.” Kurogiri comments.

Cut to Spinner. “What would Stain do? Yeah, I'm slayin' in his name too.”

“Wonderful.” Iida spat.

“Call me Spinner, the killer for Stain with the same view and this sword looking like a Throne Of Games glued together.”

“A what?”

“I think it’s a reference to Game of Thrones but I don’t watch that so I wouldn’t know.”

“Stain's dream came true 'cause my blade is used to sever all these fake dudes claiming who's a hero. When they told me I'm a strange mutant, I was shameful.”
“People like that don’t deserve to be heroes.”

“Till I heard his message, you could say I am the echo ’cause these heroes saving nothing, better switch it to this gecko when I maim you.”

“…gecko?”

“It’s a small lizard.”

“I know what a gecko is!”

Cut to Magne. “Your body I can magnetize and by ya gender, ya polarized. Having this much fun should be labelled as a crime but I gotta do right by the hero killers eyes.”

“Another Stain follower.” Iida had a firm line knitted between his eyebrows.

“You claim to be a hero, that's something you'll never be, had to joined the League now I'm finally free, so here kitty, kitty come play with me.”

“That’s low.”

“Gotta rid the world of this hero hierarchy.”

“Yeah, I don’t really like it either.” Glory comments.

Cut to Mr Compress. “Step right up, gonna show you something riveting, quite a little trick the excitement has me shivering. With a little misdirection, I’m performing Marvel’s Leave. You startled when you see I've turned your squad into some marbles, throw your whole academy into my jacket pocket, walk it right into a warp gate take it off and drop it. Might not be as threatening as all the other villains but the others who were trapped they were begging me to kill 'em.”
“Scary,” Bakugou grumbled sarcastically.

“Wow. Does no one have a comment?” Glory asks.

“Not really.”

Cut to All for One. “How many y'all wanna test me when I'm in the brawl? But fighting my dolls I could tell that you was bout to fall.”

“Dolls?”

“The Nomu, I believe.”

“Ah… ew.”

“Look at the brave, need to behave behind the dry walls, you don't wanna be catching my waves, you just might dissolve. All for One and one for none, so better go out get bigger guns. All Might better go get your son-”

“H-he’s not my son!”

“Bullshit!”

“Todoroki-kun!!?”

“Deku’s dad’s name is Hisashi.” Glory says.

Todoroki makes eye contact with Present Mic, remembering back to their disguises. He gasped loudly.

“I highly doubt it but go off I guess.” Glory sighs.
“The young die, ain’t gonna be no fun, but it will put a smile on my devilish calm demeanour. But I'm in a rage, training your ward with power like a Caesar. It was according to plan, League of the Villains is running Japan even if I was rotting in the can, Shigaraki still running the clan.”

“Great Mr Needs-Chapstick is in charge.” Dabi groans.

“What the fuck did you call me?”

“Looking at me like I'm sick, I'm just pleading the fifth, but imagine myself with your neck and my wealth and just squeezing my grip.” The video ends with a chilling laugh.

“Anyone have anything to say?” Glory asks.

“Villains need therapy.”

“So do you guys.”

“Fair enough.”
(Request) Hero Toga AU

Chapter Summary

I had to plan this out myself so bear with me lol. Don't mind me as I hurt our yandere baby a bit

Request: "So, so far these seem to be extremely au which isn't what I'm personally looking for but thankfully you're taking requests. I really like Hero Toga, sadly there's not enough stories and the ones I do read end up dead, so just a one shot with Toga training to be a hero in UA (class 1a) and no crazy crossover stuff. Really that's my only request."
By: LunaMoonChild

Hope you enjoy this!

Chapter Notes

Warning: none, i guess?? talk/implication of sex, scar description, knives, blood (It's Toga, what were you expecting?), light electrocution

“Stop the wheel!” Toga beamed.

The roulette wheel spins and lands on a random colour. The screen glitches and suddenly the fraction had a question mark on it.

“What does that mean?” Toga asks, tilting her head.

“It means that someone rigged it.”

“Who?”

“Someone named…” Glory looked back to her phone. “LunaMoonChild.”

“What.”
“Leave people’s pseudonyms alone.”

“So, what did they rig it to?”

The screen turns on.

Midoriya was knocked to the ground and looked up at the overshadowing person annoyed.

“I thought you wanted to beat me!” Bakugou yelled. “Don’t make promises you can’t keep, Deku.”

“Odd phrasing.” Aizawa comments.

They both seemed to have panels strapped to them showing off a green screen on the front and back.

“I will beat you!” Midoriya asserted, making a weak effort to push himself up. Bakugou delivered a solid kick to his chest (though, notably softer than those watching expected) and Midoriya sprawled back on the floor.

“Are you even trying?” Bakugou asked. “Cause if not I’m gonna be super pissed off.”

“He’d be pissed off regardless.” Kaminari snorts. Bakugou kicked him.

“I don’t need to try.” Midoriya spat through clenched teeth. “Sometimes you’ve got to lose a few battles to win the war.”

“That was deep.” Ashido swoons.
“The fuck is that supposed to mean?”

“I will beat you, Kacchan,” Midoriya spoke slowly, smiling at his childhood friend slyly. “That just wasn’t the plan this time around.”

“Strategizing.” Shoji muses. “It seems to be Midoriya-kun’s strength.”

Midoriya went red and sunk into his seat. “Thanks.”

A stick, padded at the attacking ends, swung down and hit Bakugou in the square green panel on his back and knocked him off balance. The screen turned red on contact.

“I was just distracting you.”

“Oof!”

“What the fuck, Kaminari-kun?”

“It’s a thing, sensei.”

Toga stood over Bakugou, paralleling his moment with Midoriya second earlier, and grinned down on his with an insane look in her eye. Bakugou averted his gaze from the white eyepatch hiding the burn scars permanently adorned on the right side of her face. Her bangs were still yet to regrow there.

“So not cute!” Toga hissed.

“Who wants to bet Bakugou-kun burned her face?” Sero asked. A good three-fourths of the students raise their hands.

“I guess none of you are questioning why Himiko-chan’s there, then.” Magne sighed.
“I bet there’s a universe that makes villains heroes and heroes villains so I’m not too surprised.” Present Mic replied.

Glory quirked her head to the side and her eyebrows lifted in a ‘you’re not wrong’ way but she stayed silent.

“Togadeko one – Kacchako zero!” Toga yelled energetically, turning casually around to look a Midoriya. He smiled back at her as Uraraka approached. The panels on her own costume red.

“Those name combinations though.” Kaminari snorts.

“I think they’re cute.” Toga grumbles.

Toga looked down on Bakugou and held her hand out. He seemed hesitant, but took her hand and let her pull him up.

“Character development.” Sero chuckles.

“Where did those names come from?” Uraraka asked, thankfully giving Toga something else to focus on.

“They’re our names fused together!” Toga beams.

Bakugou helps Midoriya up as he replies; “Don’t do that to my name, please.”

“HE FUCKING SAID PLEASE!” the students rioted.

“Hush up, Kacchan.” Toga waved his grumbling off as All Might approached them.
“Why does she call him that?” Midoriya asks.

“Well done, kids.” He praised. “Excellent use of teamwork Toga-shounen, Bakugou-shounen.” Both pointedly tensed up after being given the spotlight.

“I can work as a team.” Toga pouts.

“When have you ever done that?” Monoma asks incredulously.

Vlad King gave him the disappointed dad stare™ and the blonde looked away.

Toga hums to herself. “I haven’t worked with others outside of the League before… huh.”

Toga went red and cupped her face. “Awwe!” She purred in some sort of way to keep her dignity.

“If you four are willing I have some things to talk with you about.” All Might continues.

“No can do.” Toga chimed. “Ochako-chan and I have plans to get ice-cream this afternoon.”

“We do-?” Toga pulled Uraraka to the change rooms with her before anyone could say any more.

“Same.” Jiro snorts.

“So, are you going to tell me what happened or not?” Uraraka asked. The girls did, in fact, get ice-cream and were walking in the park with their treats.

“I don’t want to get kicked out of U.A.” Toga replied.
“All Might won’t kick you out,” Uraraka assured her.

“Yeah, okay, but why the fuck is she in U.A.?”

“This universe was rigged, remember?”

Toga looks up and meets the gaze of some passer-byers, who flinch away from her and murmur to themselves. “Everyone knows what I used to do, who I used to be.” Toga’s eye drifts back to the path.

“So, Toga-san was a villain, but switched sides? I guess? But why? Did it have something to do with Kacchan? I mean, it’s obvious he holds some guilt over her eye if before was anything to go by, but it seemed she still holds him responsible and hasn’t forgiven him—” Midoriya continues down his mumble rant, shocking those who haven’t already witnessed it.

“Is he… saying words?” Dabi asked slowly.

“No,” Bakugou replied.

"Izuku, breath." Inko says, placing a hand on his shoulder.

“But no one knows who you’re gonna be!” Uraraka snaps, lifting Toga’s chin to meet her gaze. “No one can tell you what or who you become, you chose that on your own. Don’t let their words hurt you!”

“YAS GIRL!” Ashido yelled. “BE INSPIRING!”

Toga sniffled and smiled at Uraraka. “I’ll try.”

“That’s all you need to do,” Aizawa says.
On the U.A. training grounds, Toga was seen slashing a knife. This time, Asui Tsuyu was on the receiving end.

“What’s with these jump-cuts?”

“Time skips.”

Asui twirled like a dancer to avoid the blade, skipping and leaping, like a predator playing with her prey. Toga grit her teeth angrily. “Stop being so pretty bout it!” she snapped, quickening her movements.

“You’re repeating yourself,” Asui commented, jumping to a wall and curling her tongue around Toga’s arms. “Focus on taking your enemy by surprise.”

“It’s hardly helpful information when you’re already head to head with your opponent,” Kurogiri observed.

“Maybe she means like changing up her fighting style?” Uraraka replied.

“Or doing that tag-team thing like with Midoriya-kun before.”

Toga hissed and squirmed, attempting to slip from Asui’s grip. It was surprisingly hard for being held by a saliva covered tongue. She suddenly stopped, an idea popping into her head. Toga jammed her teeth into Asui’s tongue, sucking as much blood from the veins as she could.

There was a collective “Ew.” from the audience.

Asui flinched back, releasing Toga from her grasp as her tongue came back to rest in her mouth and freeing the blonde. Toga sprinted away, feeling her body change and mould into a copy of Asui’s.
“Who was in Tsu-chan’s team again?” Toga whispered to herself, walking warily past a garage-type building and stuffing her knife in the sleeve of Asui’s glove.

“They’re team fighting.” Aizawa muses. “If that’s the case, why were they fighting alone?”

Asui had most certainly contacted her teammates telling them Toga had gotten away. Toga paid no mind to the idle chatter of her own teammates in her earpiece.

(Mostly Midoriya checking everyone’s status’ which Toga idly replied to in Asui’s voice. Thankfully no one questioned it.)

“Hey, if Toga-san’s in class 1-A, does that make forty-one students in the hero course?” Kendou asked.

“No, they kicked a student out.” Glory replied.

“That doesn’t seem fair-”

“He was arrested.”

“Oh.”

“Was it Monoma?” Tsunotori asked.

Glory stared at her blankly. “No.”

“De- uh, Kaminari-kun,” Toga called, walking towards the blonde that’d just entered her field of sight. He looked at her questionably.

“If he fucking fell for that I swear to god-” Bakugou cursed.
“Tsu-chan?” he asked. “I thought you were with Yaomomo-chan and Kacchan.”

“I kinda get why Toga-san calls him Kacchan, but why does Kaminari-kun?”

“Because it’s canon.” Glory replied.

“What?”

“There’s a scene in your universe where Kaminari calls Bakugou 'Kacchan' in some form of teasing, I guess.” She shrugs. “It’s not really addressed by anyone but Bakugou doesn’t really seem to care.”

“I lost them.” Toga replies. “Have you seen Toga-chan?”

“Since when does Himiko-chan use honorifics?” Magne asks.

“Seems like she’s good at pretending to be others.” Dabi comments.

“Nope,” Kaminari replied. “Why don’t we look together?” He offered.

“Okay.” Toga agreed. They walked together in silence as Toga schemed a way to get out before her façade wore out.

“Toga-san didn’t get much blood; I don’t understand what her limit is.”

“I got a vein so there was more blood than just piercing the skin I suppose.” Toga replies. “I guess, from what I got, a few minutes to half an hour.”

“K’know.” Kaminari mused, slipping a hand around her hips.
“Fuck off.” Both Asui and Toga glared at Kaminari’s head.

“Actually, I think I did see her.”

“Wait, what?”

A small voltage of electricity climbed up Toga’s spine and a pained hiss escaped her mouth as she collapsed on the ground.

“Did Kaminari-kun just do something smart?”

“HEY!”

“Fuck you.” She hissed as Kaminari pinned her down and clipped Quirk suppressors to her wrists. It cancelled out her quirk and Toga’s form swiftly changed back to her own.

“You took too long to attack me.” He says. “Tsu-chan never was with Yaomomo-chan or Kacchan.”


“No, I’m not up for that, thanks.”

“SINCE WHEN?!” half the room yells. Glory snickers.

“Since she was a serial killer.” Kaminari deadpans.

“You’ve heard of the yandere trope, yes?” Glory asks with a cocked eyebrow. “And that there are countless alternate realities?”
Kaminari stopped and just slowly looked at her. “Do I want to know what that means?”

“Probably not.”

He nods at this. “Okay.” And he sits back in his seat.

“Next timeline!”
“Stop the wheel.” Bakugou declares. Sero and Kaminari slide Midoriya a few notes of yen.

It stops on a red and gold.

“Oooh!” Glory purred. “This is the same universe as the first one but it takes place a good four-five years before.”

**Bakugou is sitting inside a giant prop doughnut, eating a proper doughnut. The camera pans out to see Nezu looking up at him. He has an eyepatch over his scarred eye.**

“Stylin’.” Ashido chuckles.

“**Sir! I’m gonna have to ask you to exit the doughnut.**” Nezu called before walking away. It cuts to them inside the building.

“I told you I don’t wanna join your super-secret boy band,” Bakugou says.
“I feel like context really needed to be applied there,” Tetsutetsu mumbled.

“The lack of context is what makes it funny,” Tsunotori replied.

“No, no, no. See, I remember, you do everything yourself. How’s that working out for you?”

“Clearly not very well,” Aizawa says. “He looks both beat up and hungover.”

“Yeah, we skipped the party scene.” Glory replied.

“It’s… It’s… It’s… I’m sorry. I don’t wanna get off on the wrong foot. Do I look at the patch or the eye?”

The room chuckles.

“Honesty I’m a bit hungover. I’m not sure if you’re real or if I’m having…” he trailed off, waving his hands noncommittally.

“I am very real. I’m the realest person you’re ever gonna meet.” Nezu replied.

“Truth.” Present Mic laughs.

“Just my luck. Where’s the staff here?” Bakugou looks around.

“Good question.” All Might mused.

“Hey, kidnapper?” Bakugou called.

“Oui?” She replied.
He rolled his eyes and Aoyama giggled. “What’s up with quirks in this world?”

“You, Nezu- kinda- Uraraka, Shiozaki and Sero, the only relevant characters to this movie, are all quirkless.” She replied. “You do hero work via the armour your character is currently wearing, and Sero is a military officer who works the same but under government laws. Uraraka and Nezu are sort of explained in this scene.”

“You said last time that most people are quirkless in this universe?” Bakugou continued slowly.

“Kirishima was injected, I think, with some form of radiation which allows his transformation type quirk but he had no control over it.” The red-head nods solemnly.

“Aoyama, in this universe, got his ‘quirk’ after rolling off a mountain and finding a way to help heal his hands.” The blonde falters. “It’s not really a quirk since the powers come from a powerful relic in this universe called the Time Stone, which is now under his protection.”

“So, a lot of complicated things happen.” Aizawa sums up.

“Yeah.”

“That’s not looking so good.” Nezu muses, picking at the exposed skin on Bakugou’s neck. Black lines are travelling up his neck.

“What the hell is that?” Kaminari asks.


“Great.” The blonde groaned, not at all worried.

“I’ve been worse.”
Midoriya sighs. Both of them.

A woman walks over. The camera angle is such that you can’t see her face. “We’ve secured the perimeter but I don’t think we should hold it for too much longer.”

“I feel like I know that voice.” Asui mused.

Bakugou looks over the top of his glasses. The camera shows Uraraka. “You’re fired.”

“She works for him?” Sero asks.

“That’s not up to you.” She replies, sliding to sit next to Nezu.

“I doubt it,” Dabi responds.

“Katsuki, I want you to meet Agent Uraraka.”

“First names, for some reason?” Midoriya notes.

“It’s very American based.” Glory replied. “First names and no honorifics.”

“Hi.”

“I’m a SHIELD shadow. Once we knew you were ill, I was tasked to you by Director Nezu.” Uraraka explained.

“Ah.”

“A shadow?” Uraraka asked.
“Secret agent trained specially in stealth missions and assassination.”

“Assassination?”

“The red room, where she was trained, wasn’t a friendly place. She’s since been saved from there though.”

“I suggest you apologise,” Bakugou says.

“For what?”

“You’ve been very busy,” Nezu says, ignoring the comment. “You made your girl your CEO, you’re giving away all your stuff. You let your friend fly away with your suit. Now, if I didn’t know better…”

“You don’t know better.” Bakugou cut in. “I didn’t give it to him. He took it.”

“I highly doubt Bakugou-kun would let anyone steal from him, drunk or not.” Yaoyorozu murmured.

“Did Principle Nezu say he had a girlfriend?” Mineta asks.

“He believes he’s dying, remember?”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. He took it?” Nezu asks, getting uncharacteristically loud. “You’re Iron Man and he just took it? The little brother walked in there, kicked your ass and took your suit?” He turns to Uraraka. “Is that possible?”

“Iron Man? His hero name is Iron Man?”
“That’s the name the public gave him.”

“By the use of saying his suit was taken, I assume Principle Nezu is referring to Sero-kun as the person who beat him up.”

“FUCK OFF DEKU!! LIKE THAT PLAIN FACE BASTARD COULD TAKE ME IN A FIGHT!”

“That’s exactly what happened.” Glory replied.

“Wait, what?”

“Bakugou was piss drunk, couldn’t even stand and Sero was sober. It wasn’t that hard.”

“Well, according to Mr Bakugou’s database security guidelines, there are redundancies to prevent unauthorised usage,” Uraraka replies.

“So, Sero-kun had access to the suit anyway? Why’d he steal it?”

“He was trying to prove a point to Bakugou.”

“What do you want from me?” Bakugou asked.

“What do we want from you? What do you want from me?” Uraraka leaves. “You have become a problem; a problem I have to deal with. Contrary to your belief, you are not the centre of my universe. I have bigger problems than you in the southwest region to deal with.” Uraraka returns with an injection. “Hit him.”

Uraraka shoves the needle into his neck. The crowd winced.

“Oh, God, are gonna steal my kidney and sell it?” The black lines on his neck retreat from
view. “Could you please not do anything awful for five seconds? What did she just do to me?”

“Bakugou-kun calling other people awful.” Kaminari snorts.

“What did we just do for you? That’s lithium dioxide. It’s gonna take the edge off. We’re trying to get you back to work.” Nezu replied.

“Give me a couple of boxes of that. I’ll be right as rain.”

“Why do I feel like that’s something Bakugou-kun would actually do?” Aizawa asks.

“Because it is,” Midoriya replied.

“It’s not a cure, it just abates the symptoms,” Uraraka says.

“Doesn’t look like it’s gonna be an easy fix,” Nezu adds.

“Trust me, I know. I’m good at this stuff.” Bakugou says. “I’ve been looking for a suitable replacement for palladium. I’ve tried every combination, every permutation of every known element.”

“I’m confused.” Kaminari groaned.

“Bakuguo is very intelligent.” Glory replies.

“Well, I’m here to tell you, you haven’t tried them all,” Nezu says. The camera cuts off.

“THAT’S ALL?!” the crowd yelled.
“Of that scene.” Glory replied.

“I want to see more!” Midoriya yelled. It was a surprise to half the room, the other half knew how much he liked to take notes.

“Fine.” Glory mumbled.

Uraraka was decked out in the same black leather outfit hovering over a computer. “Well done with the new chest piece. I’m reading significantly higher output and your vitals all look promising.”

“Yes, for the moment, I’m not dying. Thank you.” Bakugou replied via the communication units in his armour. It seemed they were in the middle of a battle.

“He just said thank you.” Kaminari wheezed.

“They stopped him from dying, that’s good.”

“What do you mean you're not dying?” Shiozaki asks, apparently overhearing. “Did you just say you're dying?”

She’s in a third location with access to the communications.


“Nice save.” Sero snorts.

“What's going on?”

“I was going to tell you; I didn't want you to alarm you.”
“You were going to tell me? You really were dying?”

“You didn't let me.”

“Why didn't you tell me that?”

“I was going to make you an omelette and tell you.”

“Don’t woo me with food.” Shiozaki grumbles.

“Trust me, it's the only good apart about him,” Yaoyorozu says.

“FUCK OFF, PONYTAIL!”

“Hey, hey. Save it for the honeymoon.” Uraraka cut in. “You got incoming, Katsuki. Looks like the fight's coming to you.”

“Great. Ibara?”

“Are you okay now?” She asks.

“I'm fine. Don't be mad, I will formally apologize.”

“I am mad!”

“-when I'm not fending off a Hammer-oid attack.”
“If she gets him to apologise I will give up my crocs,” Kirishima says.

“I’m sorry,” Bakugou says with no hesitation.

“Wait- no- what?”

“Crocs are fucking disgusting, shitty hair.”

“Fine.”

“We could’ve been in Venice.”

“Oh, please.”

“Bakugou-kun built that armour, right?” Yaoyorozu asked. “By himself?”

“Yep.” Glory replied.

“To get the supplies for that must’ve been well funded but Bakugou isn’t from a wealthy family like mine.”

“In this universe, Bakugou’s family made a profit off of creating weapons and became very wealthy. Their money was inherited by Bakugou after they died. Bakugou continued the manufacturing of these weapons until the year before this where he was kidnapped and forced to build one of the new weapons recently released. Instead, he made the first version of this armour, the Mark I, and escaped. Since then he’s cut off making weapons in favour of more civil products.” Glory replied.

“There’s actually one more scene I want to show you.”

Katsuki sat in a SHIELD operative base with the news playing on the large holo-screens and two files on a desk in front of him. He slides the 'AVENGERS INITIATIVE
PRELIMINARY REPORT' towards himself and goes to open it. Nezu stops him.

“I don’t think I want you looking at that. I’m not sure it pertains to you anymore.” He says. “Now this, on the other hand, is Agent Uraraka’s assessment of you. Read it.”

“Is that the 'boy band' Bakugou-kun mentioned earlier?”

“Yep.”

“Personality overview.”

“That’s dangerous,” Kaminari observes.

“Mr Bakugou displays compulsive behaviour.”

“I do not.”

“In my own defence, that was last week.”

Aizawa snorts.

“Prone to self-destructive tendencies.' I was dying. I mean, please. Aren’t we all?”

“Truth.” Shinsou comments.


“Fuck off.”

“Read on,” Nezu instructs.

“Katsuki Bakugou not… not recommended’?” That doesn’t make any sense. How can you approve me but not approve me?”

“Good question.”

“Does that mean they’re saying Kacchan can’t be a hero?”

“They’re saying he’s not ready to work in a team despite being a powerful asset.”

“I got a new ticker. I’m trying to do right by Ibara. I’m in a stable-ish relationship.” Bakugou argues. Nezu walks around the table and leans against it beside Bakugou’s chair.

“Which leads us to believe at this juncture we’d only like to use you as a consultant.” Bakugou stands and offers his hand. They shake.

Clasping his other hand on top of Nezu’s, Bakugou says; “You can’t afford me.”

The bakusquad wheezes.

He goes to leave but turns around again. “Then again, I will waive my customary retainer in exchange for a small favour. Hanta and I are being honoured in Washington and we need a presenter.” He says.

“I’ll see what I can do,” Nezu replies, standing up. Bakugou smiles slightly.

“HE CAN SMILE!” Kaminari declared. “SINCE WHEN?!”
“Since always,” Bakugou replied.

“Bullshit!”

“Oh, cry me a river.”

“Moving on.” Glory mumbled.
“Stop”! “Stop the wheel.” Bakugou and Midoriya stared at each other.

“That’s not fair!” Kamianir called. “Bakugou-kun everyone else needs to have a turn!”

“Fuck off, dunce face!”

Glory clicked her tongue.

The scene opens to Midoriya standing before a large crystalline structure. Bakugou, with cat-like features, can be seen behind him.

“Does Bakugou-kun have a cat quirk?” Yaoyorozu asks.

“If that’ what you want to call it.” Glory replied.
A door opens for Midoriya and he enters, Bakugou following behind.

“Hello?” Midoriya called into the room he was in. “I carry the sword of One for All, and I’ve come here for help. Is anyone there?” his voice echoes.

A hologram popped up. “Greetings, administrator. What is your query?”

Bakugou can be seen snooping around. He’s clearly not supposed to be there.

“Oh. I need help to heal my friend.” Midoriya replies. “She's been cursed, and I don't know how to save her. The legends say that One for All could heal people using this sword. How do I do that?”

“Ah, if only.” All Might sighed.

“I mean.” Glory shrugged. “It could if it was passed on to someone with a healing quirk.”

“…What is your query?” The hologram asked. Bakugou smirks.

“Not this again.” Midoriya scoffs. “For the honour of Grayskull!”

He transforms, he’s taller now, more adult-like, his hair is glowing and floating. (Basically him at 100% OFA)

The room went ballistic. Lot’s of screaming and shouting. Glory covered Eri’s ears.

“How about now?”

“Administrator detected. Welcome, All Might.”
“Wait- what?”

“It’s complicated, don’t question it.” Glory replies.

There seems to be a time skip. “One more time. What can you tell me about this?” He holds up the sword.

“Subject, The Sword of Protection. Classification, portable rune-stone keyed exclusively to Administrator All Might, Prince of Power.” The hologram replied.

“Just prince? Not king?”

“Midoriya, and most of the others, are about seventeen-eighteen. Not quite old enough to be King yet. Plus, it’s not like he has a kingdom to rule.”

“How.”

“How can I use the sword to heal my friend?” Midoriya asks slowly.

“Query not recognized.”

Midoriya sighs. “Legends say the sword has healing powers. Is that true?”

“One of the Sword of Protection many intended functions is to heal and restore balance.”

“How. Do. I. Do. That?”

“Query not recognized.”
“HOW CAN I USE THE SWORD TO HEAL PEOPLE?!?”

“Midoriya-kun is anyone struggling with technology.” Kirishima snorts.

“…One of the Sword of Protection's many intended functions is to heal and restore balance.”

Midoriya groans again. “Is there someone else I can talk to?”

“Query not recognized.”

“Okay.” He closes his eyes and has a vision. There’s a flash of Sir Nighteye. “Let me talk to Sir Nighteye.”

“Who?” Urarka asked.

“All Might’s old sidekick,” Midoriya replies.

“Sir Nighteye.”

“I can bring him here.”

“No- please.” All Might was cut off by four new people in the room.

Sir Nighteye aka Sasaki Mirai, Lemillion aka Togata Mirio, Suneater aka Amjiki Tamaki and Nejire-chan aka Hado Nejire.

“What the hell?” Sir Nighteye asks.

Glory clicked her fingers and the four were informed of their reason to be here.
“You guys hadn’t interacted with the main cast yet so I didn’t bring you here. But now I, sort of, have reason to so yeah.”

“I want to go home,” Tamaki mumbled.

“We all do,” Aizawa replied.

“That’s his name isn’t it?” Midoriya asked. “The man I saw when I touched the sword for the first time. Where is he?”

“Yes. Sir Nighteye is here. He has been waiting for you.”

“Can I talk to him?”


“You will meet him soon enough. But first, you must let go.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You are not ready yet. You must let go.”

“Let go of what?”

“The fucking pronoun game is annoying.” Aizawa chides.

“There were no pronouns mentioned.” All Might says.
“He’s talking about the vagueness of what the hologram said.” Present Mic says. “Like when a book or show hides the name of a character by using pronouns.”

“Oh.”

Bakugou inspects a podium with a pink crystal embedded in it. He grabs it and the lights flash red. Midoriya turns and shoots a beam at him from the sword, destroying the pedestal and barely missing Bakugou.

“Nice shot.”

“Hey, watch it!” Bakugou snapped.

“Kacchan? What are you doing here?”


“No, no, no. Not again.” Midoriya groaned.

“What just happened?” Bakugou asked.

“This isn't good. You're not supposed to be in here.” Midoriya snapped.

“Since when does Midoriya-kun yell at Bakugou-kun?”


“What. Are those?” Bakugou asked.
“Spiders.” Nejire beams. Tamaki shudders.

“Also not good!” Midoriya replied. “Come on! We need to run!”

They run through a different door, the spiders following.

“What’s going on?! Why are those things trying to kill us?” Bakugou asked.

“They’re trying to kill you. This place sees you as an invader.” Midoriya snapped.

“Well, then, can’t you tell them to stop?”

“No, I can’t tell them to stop! Clearly, nothing in here is listening to me!”

“Basically Midoriya-kun trying to use his powers.” Ashido snorts.

“Hey, do Bakugou-kun and Midoriya-kun seem on friendlier terms than here?” Kirishima asked aloud. The room went quiet.

They turn and come to a dead-end, the spiders corner them.

“Deku?”

“Stand back!” Midoriya starts slashing at the end and roof with her sword. The shambles fall on top of them all.

“What are you doing?” Bakugou asks as Midoriya shields them with the sword, that shapeshifted into an actual shield. They climbed out of the rumble coughing and Midoriya
“What the-?” Nighteye asks.

“Oh, you weren’t there for it.”

“You shouldn’t be here, Kacchan. Those things aren’t going to stop until they get you, and as long as I’m protecting you, they’ll see me as a threat too.”

“Oh, good thing I didn’t ask you to protect me.”

“Damn right.”

“Wait- You know, what-- Okay, well. Why are you here, anyway? How did you find this place?”

“It sent a beam of light a mile high. It wasn't hard.”

“Get better fucking security then.”

“Does Aizawa-sensei know you're here?”

“I’d say Aizawa’s got bigger problems right now.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

Midoriya smiled at Bakugou. “Why are you looking at me like that? Wait. No. I know what this is about. I’d knew you'd be weird about me letting you escape. It’s not because I like you.”
“Escape?”

“I mean; I didn’t- I didn't say anything,” Midoriya smirked.

“What are you doing here? Where are your friends?” His smirk fell. “I thought you guys did everything together.”

“Oh, my friends? You mean the ones you kidnapped and held for ransom? The ones you let Aizawa-sensei imprison and curse?”

“Eraser wouldn’t.”

“Alternate universe.”

“…right.”

“He can curse people?”

“Yep.”

“Yeah, obviously. What other friends would I be talking about?”

“Bakugou-kun gave zero fucks.”

“Come on. Those things will be back. We need to get out of here.”

“Well, we don't need to go together. You do your weird little magic quest thing. I'll find my own way out.” He looks back at the caved-in entrance and sighs. They walk together.
Half the people in the room laugh.

There’s a montage of them just walking.

“Another dead end.” Bakugou groaned at a decorated wall.


“Can we see that story?” Kaminari asks.

“No.”

They enter the room and Bakugou scoffs whilst Midoriya lights it up with the sword.

“So he can just… do that… then.” Nighteye says slowly.

“Cool, you found the infinite darkness room. Have fun, I'm gonna find another way around.” Bakugou turned around and stopped. “Uh, where’d the door go?”

“Wait, I think I see something.” Midoriya approaches a red light. “Hello? Sir Nighteye?”

“First of all, I’m offended.”

“Sorry.”

Bakugou leaned down behind him. “What’s-”

The light flashed scanned the two before changing the room. It showed to be green with pipes
in every direction.

Midoriya seems confused and shocked, before slamming Bakugou into a wall. “What kind of game are you playing?!”

There was a collecting; “What?” from the audience.

“Woah, Woah,” Bakugou replied. “I have no idea what’s going on! There’s no way we can actually be in the Fright Zone.”

“The Fright Zone?” Aizawa asks.

“So what is this?!” Midoriya snapped. “Another Aizawa mind trick?”

“Is Eraser a good person here?”

“Hardly.”

“Great.”

“I doubt it. Now, let go of me.” Bakugou pushed away Midoriya and stormed off.

Midoriya continues to look around suspicious and sees the wall glitch. He hardly looks concerned.

Bakugou rounds a corner and approaches a person standing idle. “Hey, you! Guard!”

He doesn’t reply.
“Uh, hello?” Bakugou waves his hand in the guard's face and accidentally fazes his hand through the guard. He gasps, then chuckles. “Hey, Deku! This isn’t real!” He called, getting no answer.

“Deku? Deku?!?” the second call sounded much younger.

“What the fuck?”

“Kacchan?” Midoriya turned around and looked at a much younger version of the blonde. His eyes widened.

Young Bakugou’s ears twitched and he looked nervous. “Deku!” He yelled, running at the older. Midoriya flinched for impact and was surprised when the child merely fazes through him.

Midoriya turned to see a younger version of himself interacting with Young Bakugou.

“Hey, Deku, there’s-”

Midoriya shushes him and Bakugou sees the younger doppelgangers, going silent.

“Bakugou-kun would not accept that.”

“I don’t think Midoriya-kun would do that if he didn’t think Bakugou-kun would listen to him.”

“You guys know we’re right here in the room with you, right?”

Young Bakugou grunts. “Does it look broken to you?”

“It’s not broken.” Young Midoriya replied. “You’re fine.”
Young Bakugou shrieks. “I’m bleeding!”

“You’re not bleeding!” Young Midoriya snapped. “And why would you try to pick a fight with Octavia anyway?”

“I didn’t do anything.” Young Bakugou groaned. “All I did was exist near her.”

Young Midoriya narrowed his eyes. “…and scratch her on the eyeball… and call her a dumb-face.”

“Young Bakugou is a pussy.”

“First of all; fuck you, second of all; the FUCK was that pun?!”

“Not intended.”

Young Midoriya scoffs. “Kacchan-”

“What? She has a dumb face!”

Young Midoriya sighed, holding out his hand. “Where is she?” Young Bakugou pouted, but took his hand and lead him to where Octavia was.

She looked like she had a fish-type-octopus quirk and had bandages over her right eye.

“Hey, Octavia!” Young Midoriya called. Octavia hummed and looked up at him. “You’re a dumb-face!”
Octavia’s eye twitched and she let out a monstrous roar, jumping up to chase the pair.

“She’s coming!” Young Bakugou screeched.

“Run!” Laughed Young Midoriya.

The scene showed the pair, still holding hands, run away from Octavia as kids and pass a pillar. The grown versions of the pair replaced them and Bakugou ripped his hand out from Midoriya’s.

The simulation of the Fright Zone disappeared.

“What was that?” Bakugou asked, leaning against a wall.

“It must be some kind of simulation,” Midoriya replied. “It’s tapping into our memories. Why I have no idea.”

Bakugou groaned. “This place is so weird! How can you deal with all of this magic stuff?”

“I’m only dealing with it because I need to figure out how to heal Ochako after someone got her cursed!”

“Oh, it’s Uraraka-chan.”


“Can I ask you something?” Midoriya asks as they come to an opening.
“Ugh, can I stop you?” Bakugou replies. They both flinch at the edge, having almost fallen into a pit.

“Why did you let me escape after Aizawa-sensei captured us?” Midoriya asks.

“Literally what the fuck? How shit of a person is Aizawa-sensei?”

“You’ll see.”

“Not this again.” Bakugou groaned. They walk across a large beam acting like a catwalk.

“It’s the one thing I can’t figure out. You didn’t have to do that. You could’ve gotten caught. Why risk it?” He slipped jumping off the beam and almost fell into the deep hole in the middle of the room.

Bakugou held a tight grip on his hand. “Did you really think I’d just let Aizawa erase your memory like that?”

“HE CAN-”

“Yes.”

“I don’t know,” Midoriya replied as Bakugou pulled him up. “Probably.”

“Yeah well, you never did have too much faith in me.”

“Lies.”

Midoriya sighs. “Can you blame me?”
Bakugou chuckles. “Not really.” His tail brushes Midoriya’s hand as he walks away. Midoriya jogs to catch up with him.

“It wasn’t all bad growing up in the Fright Zone, was it?” Bakugou asks. “I mean, you still have some good memories, right?”

“Of course I do,” Midoriya replied. “But it doesn’t change the fact that the Horde is evil. I had no choice. I couldn't go back.”

“Does that mean Bakugou-kun is evil? And Aizawa?”


“WHAT?!”

Bakugou’s eyes narrowed at him, then averted to look elsewhere. Midoriya smiled at him.

“Hey.” He nudged Bakugou’s shoulder. “I missed you too.”

“Fuck off, Deku.”

“Wha-?” Bakugou scoffs and kicks Midoriya’s leg playfully. “I didn’t miss you. Get over yourself.”

“Not until you admit you like me,” Midoriya replied, giving Bakugou a noogie. Bakugou throws him off.

“I don’t like you.”
“Then why are you smiling?”

Midoriya laughs and leans against a wall. Which he fazes through. The thuds into green hexagons. They turn red abruptly.

“Oh, come on!” Bakugou hisses, watching the young version of himself run past with a large stick. The young pair of the wonder duo seemed to be fighting or training.

Young Bakugou pokes a claw at Midoriya and laughs. Young Midoriya smiles slightly and swings his baton at Young Bakugou. He jumps into and swings his own at Midoriya. Young Midoriya catches it and uses it to toss Bakugou aside.

“Ow!” Young Bakugou groaned.

“Bullshit!”

“You okay?” Midoriya asked. Bakugou smirked and used his baton to knock Midoriya off his feet. He slams his baton onto Midoriya who dodges then blocks. Midoriya suddenly smirks and Bakugou and he turns around.

Jiro, roughly their own age swings her baton at Bakugou. He blocks it with his own and Midoriya rolls away. Bakugou pushes back on Jiro and she flips away. Bakugou uses the opportunity to shove the end of the baton into a device she was attached to. A red 'X' appeared on it.

“Those look like the things from the other au, with Toga-chan.”

“This is where the inspiration came from.” Glory replied.

Bakugou was panting but reacts in time to block Midoriya’s oncoming attack. Midoriya buzzes him out and the black background lightens, revealing their other classmates. Kaminari and Shoji.
“And there’s our winner.” The instructor says.

Midoriya smiles and offers Bakuogu a hand. He grumbles but takes it, letting the smaller boy pull him up.

“That’s new.”

“Good work, cadet.” The instructor praised. “I like your focus. This win will definitely be reported back to Lord Shigaraki.” Midoriya smiled.

“Euw- What now?”

“What was that noise?”

Young Bakugou approached Jiro. “What was that? Way to gang up on me.”

“You were fighting dirty,” Jiro replied. “I was just levelling the field.”

“Take notes, kids.”

Young Bakugou radiated rage as Young Midoriya came over. “Hey, you were awesome! Did I hurt you?”

“No, I’m fine,” Bakugou replied, knocking Midoriya’s hand off his shoulder. “You’re just lucky I let you win.”

“Riiight.”
“I’m serious. Tch, if I came first, people might expect me to actually start doing stuff around here. Trust me, second-best suits me just fine.”

“You’d still be expected to do stuff in second place.”

Midoriya looked smugly unconvinced. “Yeah, okay.” He shrugged. “Come on, let’s go cool down.”

“In a minute, I’ll meet you there.” Midoriya nods and chases after the others.

Young Bakugou massages his shoulder and walks into the locker room. He approached the sink and hissed, suppressing tears. He stared into his adult form in the mirror and flinched back, gasping.

A few people watch with anticipation, others hid it better. Bakugou glared at the screen. He wasn’t weak, and he refused to let people think of him as such.

The room glitches and the door was gone. The mirror lit up red, one of the spider creatures reaches a leg out to him. “Unauthorised presence detected. Security protocol activated.”

It cuts to Midoriya, his adult form blinking to consciousness as Bakugou screams. The holograms of their friends disappearing in the process.

“Kacchan? Kacchan!” He ran into the locker room.

“Fuck off, I don’t need your protection.”

Bakugou was encased in a green coming from the spider’s mouth. He reached out and screamed through his binds. Midoriya barely caught his wrist as the spider pulled him through the mirror. Their grip slipped and Bakugou was pulled behind the spider. Midoriya couldn’t get through an invisible field on the glass.
Kacchan!

The spider crawled backwards, dragging along a struggling Bakugou. He looked on with fear, then rage and did what he could to tear through the bindings with his claws. The spider shot more of the green casing at Bakugou which he dodged.

He dodged a leg from the spider and jumped up onto it, punching through an eye and revealing wires. He tore off the metal panels, ripped wires apart and attacked anything his claws could get under.

He pulled away and chuckled as the spider malfunctioned. He went to get a final blow in when Midoriya appeared and stabbed it with his sword. Bakugou glared at him.

“Where the fuck did Midoriya-kun come from?”

“Are you okay?” Midoriya asked, jumping off the spider and pulling some of the green slime casing off Bakugou’s shoulder.

“I had it.” Bakugou hissed.

“Sure you did,” Midoriya replied. “We need to make sure we stay together.”

“Will you stop telling me what to do?” Bakugou snapped. Midoriya looked at him shocked. Bakugou pushed his hand off his shoulder. “I’m sick of this stupid place. Let’s just get out of here.”

“I get it,” Aizawa says. “This is their relationship breaking down.”

“The worst is probably season three to four-ish but this is the start of it.” Glory replied.

“…what season is this?”
Midoriya followed him down the hall. They jumped across what remained of the next room nonchalantly.

“What is your problem? I was trying to save you!” Midoriya yelled.

Bakugou turned and glared at him. “For the last time, I don’t need you to save me. I’ve been doing just fine on my own. No thanks to you.”

“Kacchan, wait.” Midoriya took his hand. “I’m sorry for leaving. I couldn’t go back to the Fright Zone. Not after I saw what the Horde was really doing. I never wanted to leave you.”

“This relationship dynamic is fucking me up, are they like siblings or just friends?”

Bakugou’s eyes narrowed. “You could come with me; you could join the rebellion. I know you’re not a bad person, Kacchan. You don’t belong with the Horde.”

A door opens and their surrounds change back to that of the Fright Zone. Bakugou scoffs.

“Let’s just get this over with.”

“He didn’t answer Midoriya-kun.”

The pair watch Young Bakugou run past them and monkey bar off some loose cables in the room, Midoriya attempting to follow.

“Kacchan! Wait up!” He struggled to get momentum on the cables.
Young Bakugou laughed. “What’s it like being the world’s slowest person?”

He ran off as Young Midoriya jumped off the cables and continued their game of Chase, laughing.

Suddenly Young Bakugou skids to a stop, Midoriya following suit.

“It’s open.” Young Bakugou says, the screen showing a door with a large pink-red crystal glowing in the room inside.

“We’re definitely not allowed in there.” Young Midoriya says. The pair look at each other and laugh, running into the room.

Aizawa sighs deeply. Present Mic pats his back

“You don’t have to go in there.” Older Midoriya says. Bakugou ignores him and enters the room.

The young pair ogle the crystal and Bakugou goes up to touch it. He gets shocked with a small portion of red energy. It looks like electricity.

“Don’t rip off my quirk,” Kaminari grumbles.

“Maybe we should get out of here.” Midoriya mumbles.

“At least one of you has a brain.”

Faint groaning approaches them and they hide, just as Aizawa enters, using the walls for support and utterly looking drained.
“Is that any different from usual?”

He groaned in pain and approached the crystal in the middle of the room. A touch and he suddenly seemed more energised, enough to walk properly over to a sink just beside it.

He takes off his goggles and places it on the rim of the basin. Young Midoriya gasps. Bakugou looks at him them Aizawa and flinches. The teacher’s head lifted, his eyes sharp and bloodshot. You can see a multitude of scars across where his eyes were that his visor had hidden, he gasps when he sees the kids.

“What the fuck?!”

“Get out!” the kids run but the door gets blocked off and Bakugou is encased in a red mist as Aizawa pulls his goggles back on. “Katsuki, you stay. What do you think you’re doing in here?”

“Midoriya-kun’s there too.”

“We were just playing!” Bakugou replied. He looked scared.

“Insolent child.” Aizawa spat. “I’ve come to expect such disgraceful behaviour from you. But I will not allow you to drag Izuku down as well.”

“Ooh, can we say favouritism?”

“Aizawa-sensei, it wasn’t his fault,” Midoriya yelled. “It was my idea, too!”

Aizawa ignored him. “You have never been anything more than a nuisance to me.” Bakugou’s eyes widened as the room around him went black. “I’ve kept you around this long because Izuku was fond of you, but if you ever do anything to jeopardize his future, I will dispose of you myself. Do you understand?”
“I feel the need to say this is not how I work,” Aizawa says.

“We know.” Present Mic replied.

Midoriya ran between them. “Please, stop!”

Aizawa looked at him, and his magic retreated, giving the room light again. He groans and goes back to the crystal. Midoriya and Bakugou share a look and then Midoriya follows him.

“He didn’t mean to.”

“Izuku,” Aizawa addressed. The camera cuts to a side view of Midoriya and Aizawa, leaving Bakugou facing the camera shaking, “You must do a better job of keeping him under control.”

“They’re kids. He’s not supposed to worry about shit like that.”

The red magic disappeared from Bakugou’s frame and he collapsed. Aizawa ran his fingers through Midoriya’s hair in an almost affectionate way.

“Do not let something like this happen again.” He pats Midoriya’s head.

Bakugou stared in fear and then cut to them walking away, Midoriya’s warm around Bakugou’s shoulders. They walked past a structure and they were back to their adult forms. Bakugou knocked Midoriya’s arm off his shoulder.

“You always need to play the hero, don’t you?!” He spat.

“I was only trying to protect you,” Midoriya replied.

“These hero comments seem weird to have since we are trying to become heroes.”
“You never protected me!” Bakugou hissed. “Not in any way that’d get to on Aizawa’s bad side! Admit it, you love being his favourite!” It cut to them arguing as kids.

“Trippy.”

“That’s not true.”

“Oh, yeah? When you left, who do you think took the fall for you? Who was protecting me then?” Back to adult form.

“You don’t have to let Aizawa-sensei treat you like that anymore,” Midoriya argued. “You can leave, just like I did.”

“Oh, because I need to follow you everywhere you go?”

“I didn’t mean it that way.”

“I don’t want to leave. What don’t you understand about that?” Bakugou snapped. “I’m not afraid of Aizawa anymore, and I’m a better Force Captain than you would’ve ever been.”

“You said you didn’t care about stuff like that.”

“Well, I was lying, obviously!” Silence, but Bakugo was shaking with rage in his seat. Midoriya had been mostly silent.

Bakugou goes to walk away.

“Kacchan, just wait!” He placed a hand on Bakugou’s shoulder.
He turned around and slapped Midoriya’s hand away. “Why do you think I gave the sword back to you in the Fright Zone? I didn’t want you to come back, Deku!”

Midoriya looked hurt and let Bakugou walk away, his surroundings glitching around him. He looked up at the red eyes of the security spiders and gasped. He raised his sword.

“For the honour of-” a spider shot the sword out of Midoriya’s hand with the green goo.

Bakugou’s surroundings glitched and he was shaking with rage.

“You were fighting dirty.”

“Insolent child.”

The memories from before were glitching everywhere and he clawed through the holograms in his way, screaming.

“I’m sorry, Kacchan.”

“LET ME OUT OF HERE!” He cried, falling onto his knees. There was soft crying behind him and it became apparent he was in another memory. He turned and looked at the young version of himself, hidden under a blanket crying.

“Bakugou-kun need therapy.”

“Kacchan?” Midoriya popped into the frame. They were younger than before.

Young Midoriya walked past Grown Bakugou and kneeled in front of Young Bakugou, pulling his blanket hood down.
Young Bakugou gave a cat-like hiss. “Kacchan, it’s okay. It’s just me.”

Midoriya sits next to him. “It doesn’t matter what they do to us. You know? You look out for me and I look out for you. Nothing really bad can happen as long as we have each other.”

“I’ve never heard a bullshit lie.” Shigaraki comments.

“You promise?” Both Bakugous ask.

“That’s sad!” Toga and Neijire whine, before looking at each other surprised.

“I promise.”

Young Bakugou hugs Midoriya. “Come on, let’s go back out.” The greenette coaxes. They drop the blanket and walk back out. Young Bakugou stares up at his older reflection silently before continuing on.

“Fuck that.”

Bakugou’s face hardens and his surroundings go black.

Midoriya’s destroying the spider bots by hand since he doesn’t have his sword. He rips off a leg and throws it down a cavern, his sword is stuck to the edge by the green goo. He does to rip it from the goo but the spiders approach from behind and encase him in the green slime, holding him over the edge of a nasty fall.

“Stop! I’m not your enemy! Sir Nighteye! Let me just talk to Sir Nighteye!” He kicked the leg holding him up and the slime broke, dropping him over the edge. It sticks to the side and he’s left hanging off the side. The spider goes to rip it, but Bakugou can be heard wrecking the spiders from behind.
“We long a strong boy.”

“What the fuck, Sero.”

“Kacchan?” Midoriya asks. Bakugou destroying the robots can’t be seen where he’s hanging. Bakugou approaches the ledge with Midoriya’s sword.

“Hey, Deku.” He purrs.

“I don’t like that tone.”

“Kacchan, help me. Please.”

“This thing wouldn’t work for me if it tried, would it?” Bakugou asks, ignoring him. “It only works for you. Then again, you’re special. That’s what Aizawa always said.”

“I don’t have a favourite student.”

Midoriya’s eyes narrow. “Kacchan, what are you doing?”

“Ah, you know, it all makes sense now.” He walked away from the ledge. “You’ve always been the one holding me back. You wanted me to think I needed you. You wanted me to feel weak.” He came back. “Every hero needs a sidekick, right?”

“Why does he sound upset? I mean, I get he doesn’t want to be Midoriya-kun’s sidekick but being one itself isn’t so bad.” Mirio says.

“Outside of your universe, I’ve never met anyone who’s **wanted** to be a sidekick. They’re usually shunned by the public and their feats are usually credited to the hero.” Glory replies.
“…oh.”

“Kacchan, no! That’s not how it was.”

Bakugou laughs. Their surroundings are pixilation away slowly. Bakugou kneels down to leer over the edge at Midoriya.

“The sad thing is, I’ve spent all this time hoping you’d come back to the Horde when really, you leaving what the best thing that ever happened to me.” Bakugou looked insane. Midoriya’s eyes widened. “I am so much stronger than anyone ever thought.”

Bakugou cuts some of the goo holding Midoriya up. “I wonder what I could’ve been if I’d gotten rid of you sooner.” He cut the rest and Midoriya caught a stray rock to hold himself.

“Bakugou-kun is trying to kill Midoriya-kun again.” Uraraka sighed.

‘Again?’ The big three thought.

“I’m sorry!” Midoriya yelled. “I never mean to make you feel like you were second best. Please don’t do this.”

Bakugou looked at the sword and smirked, throwing it over the edge into the black below. Midoriya stared up at him shocked. “Bye, Deku. I really am going to miss you.” He walked into the dark.

“I highly doubt that.”

“Kacchan. Kacchan, no!” Midoriya had tears in his eyes and attempted to blink them back. When he looked, Sir Nighteye was leaning over the edge.

“Izuku.” He addressed. Midoriya blinked in shock. “You must let go.”
Midoriya let his tears travel down his face. His fingers loosened and he fell.

“Nighteye just murdered a teen.”

“If there are three more seasons I highly doubt Midoriya-kun died.”

“Fair enough.”

“So, what I got.” All Might says. “Is that they both have emotional issues and really need therapy.”

“Getting attacked by villains twice, for some three times, and being kidnapped by said villains isn’t enough to warrant therapy?” Glory asked.

Silence. “That’s what I thought.”

Kaminari leaned towards Kirishima.

"I got the symbolism." He whispered. "Midoriya-kun let go of their relationship."

"He hasn't done that here, though," Kirishima whispered back.

"Yeah, that's the difference," Kaminari said. "Midoriya-kun hasn't given up here, because he and Bakuougu-kun are rivals, not enemies."

"Do you think something bad's gonna happen to them?" Kirishima asked. Kaminari nods slowly. "Fuck..."
“Another song~” Glory beamed.

“No one said to stop the wheel.” Aizawa deadpanned.

“I don’t care.” Glory replied. “This is like the villain rap from before but it’s about class 1-A.”

Monoma scoffed. Glory blinked at him and the screen turned on.

“Call me Deku I'm starting out on this cypher,” Midoriya immediately sunk into his seat, his face burning red.

“I was quirkless but by working I'm deserving something higher.”

“Deku was quirkless?” Uraraka asked. Midoriya and All Might tensed up. Aizawa eyed them carefully.

“But he was so powerful at the entrance exam,” Kirishima says.

“And during the training camp,” Kamianri adds.
All for One considered them.

“It's my purpose I'm versing my present, future and my past, so I'm gonna rock the mic with a Detroit Smash!”

“He names his attacks after All Might’s.” Present Mic laughs.

“Taking a second and breaking my limit, I'm hitting with everything the pain I can feel it, I'm straining my muscles I tussle with enemies, better be ready I'm more than a critical, I spit it exhibits it all night, I'm killing it chilling with All Might, a villain inhibited by my ability in minutes you're watching my school fight.”

“I missed half of that.”

“Everyone did.”

“When you cross this bird you might get to see me wild the talons, so absurd how I'm applying subversive talents.”

“Tokoyami-kun!” selective members of the crowd chorused.

“Yes, I'm cursed, carry a demon, I'm full of malice.”

“That's mean.”

“Even worse for you when striking a bitter balance. Dark claws harming the vermin that are below me, Star Wars, armed with determination and ONI, get back I've been endangering those who know me, Jet Black Hero they calling me Tsukuyomi.”

“I don’t think you endanger those you know.” Asui comments.

“Clearly you didn’t see him during the training camp,” Bakugou replied.
“I'll make you float as I'm messing with zero gravity,“

“Uraraka-chan!“

“Don't mean to gloat when I'm calculating these strategies, rapidly climbing casually my quirk "lacks in lethality" but actually your apathy will lead straight to your casualty."

“Is this a reference to her fight with Bakugou-kun during the sports festival?“

“Did she just threaten to kill Bakugou-kun?“

“N-no!” Uraraka denied before Bakugou could hit her. His quirk was still being cancelled out by Glory.

“I'll happily fight for justice with all of my capacity, my motive's money, thankfully that don't define morality. Reality is I'm just helping others for my family. I'm saving all humanity; don't you mess with Uravity."

“You go, girl!“

“I've got many a twitch, that's the Tenya Itch."

“Oh my god.” He sunk into his seat, covering his red face. The class laughed.

“I'm like my test scores, I got plenty of tics. Academic, educated, but I never skip leg day, still regretful of the day that I met Stain.”

The laughing stopped abruptly.

“Enraged by what he did to my brother Tensei, I didn't handle it the best way I dare say,”
“You tried to kill him,” Todoroki says.

“He did what?” Shigaraki wheezed.

“Left my hand damaged in remembrance of fair play, I'm representing Class 1-A they're my best mates.”

“Aww!”

Monoma scoffed. Again.

“Ribbit, ribbit exhibit a hero's spirit.”

“Tsu-chan!”

“Please stop yelling each other’s names.”

“Well, now they're gonna do it louder.”

“I'm in it and so I'll win it. When I'm swimming, yeah, I won't stop, this frog's idyllic not a gimmick in a minute I'll be launching in to kill it, like a frog I'm bringing mad hops.”

“That was a rollercoaster.”

“Like that one line Kurogiri had?”

“Certain you’re hurting when turning your world with teleportation.” Glory quotes.

“It makes more sense hearing it slower.”
“Yeah.”

“My tongue's deadly spitting and I take charge and then I’m turning invisible with my camouflage, in the water no villain can dare to stop me, you’re looking sloppy now you’re facing Froppy.”

“Lucky 13 of the A-1 team, kid, I spit great mixtapes, stick your team.”

“SERO-KUN!”

“What’d I say?”

“Did he just fucking rhyme 'team' with 'team’?”

“Wraps so clean and I'm sealing all the matches now that Cellophane will bring the pain all wrapped up in a package. Getting shipped with tons of damage but there's no send backs, shut you up with my bind attacks, get back cause you know that I'll be winnin' in this sticky situation so I think you better stick it.”

“Tape puns!”

“I’m gonna kill someone by the end of this song.”

“(Yeah) You can call me wall that has ears, door that has eyes meaning I'm cavalier when it comes to fighting just like a spy.”

“Shoji-kun!”

“In close combat, my dupli-arms is coming for the harm and I'm laughing at you if you're trying to disarm. I'll sacrifice for everybody exhausting my quirk even when I'm down for the count, I'm disguising my smirk. You can cut off all of my limbs and still coming with a burst, Class 1-A will always come first.”
“Awwe!”

“Ew.”

“It's ya edgy girl Earphone Jack, utilizing my quirk in both stealth and combat.”

“Jiro-chan!”

“I realise my mistake.”

“I guess I can see how you think I fell flat but let me show you I can make up for that with punk rock attacks. When my earlobes are growing, you know they whipping and probing now they gotchu' tiptoeing finding the range that my tone is, it’s not your typical motion and my moves don't need compression, it’s just another jam session, beat you with my form of expression.”

“Rock music?”

“It’s good.”

“DID BAKUGOU JUST FUCKIN’ COMPLIMENT SOMEONE I-”

“Did you just have a stroke?”

“Bakuogou-kun and I trade CDs sometimes.”

“Huh.”

“It's time to put in work I got this cypher on lock.”

“Kaminari-kun!”
“Look I don't need my quirk when this verse will leave you shocked, like a battery, I got the juice, so they put me in a box, when my positive meets negative I'm like "So watt?".”

Aizawa sighed. “If only he had the intelligence to understand that joke.”

“Watt is a unit of power, right? I did enough research on my own quirk to understand that.”

“You don't want that static with me, homie, it's fatal, I got so much energy I'm plugged in without the cable, on the low I'll leave everybody on the scene disabled, I'm underrated but in a flash, I'll leave you endangered.”

“This just admits to how stupid everyone else is to go swimming with Kaminari.” Glory chides. “If he accidentally used his quirk at any point he probably would’ve killed everyone.”

There was silence. “You’d think the heroes would take something like that into account.” She continued.

“It's Todoroki, I chose to be cold and lonely.”

“Dow we shout? He introduced himself.”

“Damn, he chose to be a prick?”

“Nobody can hold me with the inferno I'm overloading from a broken home to know hero, I'm going up slowly but surely and be better than Endeavor whether it's hot or it's snowing.”

“He’s trying to surpass his father… because?”

“Endeavour’s a prick,” Dabi replied.

“That’s fair.”
“It’s true.”

“Even if I’m behind, I’ll be sure to make Bakugou see,” The blonde’s eyes narrowed. “I do it for all of his might or to stop killer Stain,”

“Oh, you were there. I forgot about that.”

“Forget any trophy, so now that you’re immobilised and then frozen in pain, no one can approach me, put up a wall of my ice or a wall of my flames to build your enclosing.”

“Give me 10 grams of white then I’m activated,”

“Sato-kun!”

“Ten grams of white?” Dabi asked slowly.

“Wait I’m talking ’bout the sugar that I took.”

“OH.”

“Got a sweet tooth for taking out these villains, ’cause they’re agitating, plus the girlies like a guy that can cook.”

“Where’s the lie though?”

“When the guy is Bakugou-kun.”

“FUCK OFF!”

“Actually, I believe Bakugou’s won first place in the popularity contest for the past four years.”
“HA!”

“HE FUCKIN.”

“Call me Sato the Macho I'm saving these streets, yeah, these nachos are not yours I need me a treat and this crime fighting's hard work it can leave me beat but like candy and cakes being me is real sweet.”

“That's nice.”

“The corrosive caped crusader Pinky here to save the day,”

“That alliteration.”

“End up taking centre stage upon these lyrics that I lay up. Easy going, I'm passionate, in battle I'm not passive, see it flowing, I don't spit fire, I spit acid. Hypnotic fashion sense I leave you in a trance, I'm good at fighting my other skills are in dance.”

“I feel like that's going to come back later.”

“One hero I know of uses her ballet skills in her fighting.” Glory says. “Her… quirk, I suppose, involves a lot of quick-paced movement and ballet makes certain landings and movements easier.”

“Protect my friends we're going in on advance, Mina Ashido you don't even stand a chance.”

“Kirishima's here everybody stand down,“

“I like that the other set of middle school friends are directly after one another.”

“Why hasn’t Bakugou-kun gone yet?”
“Midoriya started it, Bakugou will finish it.” All for One replies, chilling the room into silence.

“I'mma activate a quirk and give your chest a hand pound. With these 'Red Gun Turrets' yeah the target is locked, I'm a boulder with a boner man I'm hard as a rock.”

Kirishima sunk into his seat, red-faced. His classmates laughed.

“I'm unbreakable cannot penetrate this armour and I don't need a little blue pill to get harder.”

The laughing got louder.

“I'm full of energy enemies looking dead tired, blood running in the street you can call it Red Riot.”

“A homage to his idol.” Glory says. “Despite Midoriya individualising himself from All Might with his own hero name.”

“What does that mean?” Present Mic asked.

“It's a point brought up in a time travel theory about your world.”

“Time travel?”

“You don’t need to know just yet.”

“I'm the quiet type, lying with the wildlife.”

“Koda-kun!”

“When I'm on you wouldn't even need subtitle lines. Nervous around others, I'm the last one
who would yell loud but to be a hero then I need to break this she'll now.”

“He’s so soft!”

“Yo, it's Koda bringing massive noise flowing with that Anvoice.”

“Spoke too soon.”

“That timid kid with rabbit toys no longer actin coy, drinking honey tea, facing my fear of bugs and bees, get a bull stampeding with words like I'm Dougby.”

“Who?”

“An English rapper. His real name is Dan Bull.”

“Never needed fame or money I can get it later.”

“AOYAMA-KUN!”

“Even though it hurts my tummy when I use my Navel Laser. I have got finesse, snazzier than all the rest,”

“Oui.”

“I'm the best, nothing less, being honest, not a flex.”

“Bakugou-kun would disagree.”

“I'm a threat, it's getting harder to stomach, I've got the smarts and I love it. I'm certainly perfect, it hurts just like the art of seduction. Heart of a puma, get ready to lose, I'll be spreading the truth and y'all are stupid if you choose to fight against the Yuga.”
“Man, I kicked your ass in the Sports Festival.” Ashido chuckles.

“T've got the quirk 'Creation' and patience to work it,”

“YAOMOMO-CHAN!”

“Balancing equations don't even need to research it. Sequencing elements, a testament to intelligence. You better watch out, cuz I'm not feeling very benevolent if a person's in trouble just wait and see what I'll do. I can literally make anything, overpowered who?”

Yaoyorozu laughs.

“Overpowered who? I meant I'll overpower you. It's true, sincerely class 1-A's Momo Yaoyorozu.”

“Where the ladies at? (Ay) Where the ladies at? (Ay) Mineta's here to peek at women's that I'm gazing at.”

There was a collective ‘Ew’ from the audience.

“People thinking that I'm weak but you know what I say to that, leave you in a sticky situation with my grape attacks. Underestimating me? You're lacking information. Incapacitation, when you're facing me, frustration.”

“That’s true enough, I guess.”

“Master of flirtation, pretty much the top dog,”

“There we go.”

“You ain't ever coming close when I pop off.”
“Ojiro, the Tailman, you get what you train for. Master martial artist, black belt on my waist though. Nobody even really understands me,”

“We understand you!”

“Haha, thanks.”

“Got intelligence, can't predict any hit that I'm landing. A classmate you confide in with dignity, you can wear a costume all I got on is a gi. Noble attitude that's my personality, accept results that I earn with my own abilities.”

“I think you’ll make a fine hero.” Glory says.

“Take you by surprise, yeah, I can do it easy, miss me with your eyes, yeah you can't even see me.”

“Hagakure-chan!”

“No matter what you try, yeah, you can never beat me, feels a little cheesy, like a wish from a genie. When it comes to action, my quirk is in light refraction, so it has the side effect of never being a distraction. Sneak up on my enemies, let me be the best assassin.”

“I feel like assassination is the opposite of what we want.”

“Toru Hagakure, you can feel my passion.”

“I don't think you other heroes are even listening.”

“There’s Bakuogou-kun.”

“Maybe I should focus your attention with some glycerine. You don't even get it there's really no competition, I'm lighting these rookies up, boy, I'm slaying on every mission. I’ll show them once for all little Deku won't know what hit him.”
“I know exactly what Kacchan is capable of,” Midoriya says.

“You’d make a great spy, Midoriya.” Glory replied.

“That drifted strangely into stalker territory.” Kamianri comments.

“I will get the recognition, exploding the opposition, I will be the greatest hero, that ever took the position, so come at me little bitches I'll make you wish that you didn't.”

“Of course Bakugou-kun’s the only one that swears.”

“You’re ignoring the drug comment from Sato-kun and the sex jokes from Kirishima-kun.”

Glory chuckled. “Please keep in mind that the students didn’t write these lyrics and shouldn’t be held accountable for the outside interpretation of their personalities and quirks.”

“Bakugou-kun should be held accountable for how people interpret him, he’s a fucking jackass.”

“OI, FUCK YOU!”

“Moving on.” Glory whispered, spinning the wheel.
Chapter Summary

Asura - Katsuki Bakugou
Augus - Endeavour

Request: "Could you do the Augus boss fight from Asura's wrath? With Endeavor as Augus and Bakugou as Asura."
By: Calder50

Chapter Notes

Warning: Fight scene, you can hear me crying in the background, gaming fight scenes are difficult, death scene, Bakugou murders a bitch in cold blood

The screen roulette wheel glitches and the question mark appeared again.

“Another request?” All for One asked.

“By…” Glory clicked her tongue. “Calder50. It’s another Bakugou one.”

“That makes three!” Kaminari whines.

“Hush up.” Glory replied.

(“What’s a request?” Nejire asked Mirio. He shrugged.)

It starts with an image of the Earth, renamed Gaea, then zooms out onto the moon. Bakugou walks into frame. He was scowling at Endeavour.

Todoroki and Dabi stared curiously at the scene in front of them.
“Are they on the fucking moon?” Shigaraki asks.

“This will do,” Endeavour says. “It’s just you… and me.”

“What relationship to Endeavour does Bakuogu-kun have?” Yaoyorozu asks.

“I don’t have one,” Bakugou replied with a hiss.

“Time to raise some hell.”

“Is Endeavour a hero?”

“I don’t know or care.” Glory replied.

Bakugou growled, but Endeavour continued speaking. “Now that I think of it, the last time we fought like this… you were still my pupil.”

“Why is he fighting Bakugou-kun, then? Instead of Todoroki-kun?”

“Personality.”

“You were wild, unfocused and had the eyes of a beast.” Bakugou can be seen shaking with anger. “Even then, I knew someday you’d become the opponent I was waiting for!”

“All Might.” Half the room droned. All Might chuckled quietly.

“I hope you don’t disappoint!” Endeavour laughed.
Bakugou launched forwards and slammed a right-handed punch into the side of his face.

“DAMN!” The students (and Present Mic) yelled.

Endeavour smirked and smacked Bakugou off. Bakugou flipped mid-air to land on his feet again and Endeavour aimed a punch with his left hand and Bakugou was tossed back into the rocks of the moon.

“How are they on the moon without space suits?” Sir Nighteye asks.

“What’s up with that gravity?” Mirio asked. “They shouldn’t be able to move like that.”

“They’re demi-gods.” Glory replied. “Endeavour of greed and Bakugou of wrath.”

“Oh, damn.”

“At least it’s accurate.”

“FUCK OFF!”

“See?”

Bakugou stood up and screamed; “ENJI!!” loudly, a swirl of fiery magic around him.

“Kacchan suddenly has six arms.” Midoriya comments.

“What’s his quirk?” Uraraka asked.

Glory’s chest rumbled, somewhere between a laugh and crying. “I don’t know.”
“That man does not deserve to be called by a name,” Todoroki says.

Glory made a face. “Well, I- okay. Do whatever.”

**Endeavour leapt the gap to him and the pair charged.**


“What about that other one?”

“That doesn’t count.”

“I waited a long time for this.” Endeavour comments between Bakugou flipping and attacking in the air and his own flames circling him.

“And you’re going to get what you deserve!” Bakugou replied, slamming him into the ground, the flames flickering out. He proceeded to attack whilst Endeavour was on the ground.

**Endeavour flipped up and jumped away. Flames circled him again. “This is fun! It’s like hunting!”**

“That looks nothing like hunting.”

**Endeavour charged at Bakugou again. He punched Bakugou in the gut, making the blonde flip mid-air and fly back. “And you’re the game!”**

“I thought he just said it was like hunting.”

**Bakugou jumped and attacked from the air again. Endeavour again being circled by flames that flickered on and off.**
“If his quirk fire, or something? He’s not really using it to fight.” Sero says.

Glory made a high pitched groan noise. “I don’t know.”

“How would you like to die, pup?”

They all laughed. The entire room, one way or another.

“He just called Bakugou pup.” Dabi wheezed.

Bakugou got Endeavour on his knees and continued to relentless attack. “Don’t make me laugh!” he managed to spit regardless.

The extra arms on Bakugou’s back glowing as he punched Endeavour into the sky. His arms seemed to shoot bullets of a sort at the man when he landed. “It’s over, old man!”

“Why does that sound like something Bakugou-kun would call his dad?”

“He does call his mom old hag.”

“He does what?” Spinner asks. Dabi laughs again.

The pair continued to swing wild punches between each other. The glowing arms-bullet attack repeated twice. Bakugou went for a punch and Endeavour caught his arm. He threw and other and it was also caught.

“I have four more arms why isn’t he using those?”

“You turned ‘I’ into 'he' in the same sentence, why did you do that?”
A third arm uppercut Endeavour’s chin.

“There you go, Kacchan.”

Endeavour flew back and Bakugou charged at him, three right arms decking him in the face. Endeavour smirked and Bakugou charged again. They met knuckles to knuckles.

“That looked like it hurt.”

Bakugou charged with the other side and met Endeavour’s other fist. Bakugou growled loudly and the pair started wildly swinging, their fists blur on the screen.

“Hey, Endeavour has a sword he hasn’t used all battle.”

“It’s like… an honour or some shit to get him to fight using the sword, only one person managed to get him to do it.”

“Oh.”

“You’re beaten!” Endeavour yelled, punching Bakugou’s face. He stops in his knees and punched Endeavour back. And they were back to swinging wildly. “Fall, fall!” Endeavour’s fist met Bakugou’s face straight on.

The room reacted like they felt the hit.

Bakugou skidded back through rock on his knees and punched Endeavour back.

“There should not be skin on his knees after that.”
And once again their fists were blurs.

“It looks like repeating animation.” Glory stares at them.

“How old are you?” Aizawa asked, glaring at them.

“Scream for me!” Endeavour yelled.

“That’s what he said.” Kaminari chuckled, along with Mineta.

Their faces were inches apart, teeth bared angrily as they had a battle of strength, fingers entwined. Before Bakugou pulled back and slammed three hands into Endeavour’s chin. Endeavour flew back and launched himself right back into battle, their fists blurred in a rapid-fire for the fourth time.

Their fists skimmed past each other and Bakugou slammed his fist into Endeavour’s cheek. He flew back, grazing against the moon stone before slamming into the wall of the crater they’d formed. He stood up and a circle appeared behind him, summoning fire.

“Is that a magic circle?” Glory whispered to herself. “A summoning circle?”

“I have had carnal knowledge of the fairest maidens in Heaven…”

“What the fuck!!” Present Mic yelled loudly, it was muted compared to his quirk (Aizawa was eternally thankful for that) but it still shook people from their seats.

“Who says that mid-battle?” All Might agrees.

“Well, now I want to die.” Todoroki grimaced.

“Agreed,” Dabi says.
“Let’s add ‘sex life’ to things no one wants to see,” Aizawa says to Glory.

“I already knew that.” She replied. “It’s just something I decided not to censor.”

“Why?”

“Because.”

“-and have tasted the finest wines of Gaea.” He grabs his scabbard.

“Of where?”

“So he’s just… gloating?”

“But none of it – none of it – excites my blood more than using my blade!” He unsheathes his sword.

“Did he just admit to having a blade kink?”

“I think he admitted to having a fighting kink.”

“Please stop talking about my father’s sex life.”

“Fun fact,” Glory says. “The sword is named; Wailing Dark.”

“That sounds like Tokoyami-kun named it.”

“Don’t attack me.”
He threw the scabbard and it embedded itself into the stone.

“What the fuck.”

“Prepare to meet your end!” Endeavour yelled, holding his sword up and engulfing it in thick flames. “KATSUKI!”

“Ah, he’s yelling Bakugou-kun’s name instead of mine.”

“Is there something you need to tell us, Todoroki-kun?”

“No.”

The screen went black, then cut to a castle of some sort, panning down to All Might, in his skinny form, on the throne. Midoriya stood by his side.

“Katsuki forced his hand.” All Might muses.

“How the fuck does he know?”

“I believe they’re watching, one way or another.”

“The only other person Enji has drawn his sword against is you, my lord,” Midoriya says.

“MY LORD!” Kaminari mocked. All Might and Midoriya both went red.

“Does that mean Endeavour considers Bakugou-kun as much of a threat as All Might?”
“In this world, I guess.”

“Is he that powerful?”

“Damn right!”

“…How interesting.” All Might mused.

“WOW! He does not sound like a good guy.” Ashido says.

“I don't know or care.” Glory replied.

The screen cut back to Bakugou and Endeavour. The man of fire sent a wave of golden light towards Bakugou with his sword. The blonde swerved to the side to dodge it, roaring.

“Show me what you’re made of, Katsuki.” Endeavour hissed. Launching at him with his sword. Bakugou caught the blade in his hands and forced it still enough for him to move. A giant wall of rock appeared beside them.

Bakugou charged at Endeavour, who sent a vertical line of golden light toward him. Bakugou slipped between two collections of energy and continued to charge. Endeavour sent it again, horizontally this time, and Bakugou just jumped over it. Bakugou jumped again and slashed at him with his arms.

“Don’t die yet!”

“Who said that?”

“I don’t know.”

“You are worthy of my blade!” Endeavour yelled. Bakugou’s arms glowed and shot out
individually into Endeavour’s gut, tossing him backwards like a ragdoll.

“Go to hell!” Bakugou tried to attack Endeavour, but he’s curled up, getting ready for some big attack. In a flash of light, he’d sped to another part of their area, shooting golden flashes of energy at the charging ball of rage that was Bakugou Katsuki.

“You need to enjoy this a bit more!” Endeavour yelled and Bakugou flipped and jumped around the attacks.

“You need to shut up and die!” Bakugou snapped.

“That’s the most Bakugou-kun thing I’ve ever heard.”

“Shut up and drive~” Glory mumbled to herself.

Endeavour attempted to slice down on Bakugou with the blade of his sword, which for some reason expanded the few miles of distance between them. Bakugou caught the blade in his hands again and charged the length of it.

“Don’t do that with a blade.” Aizawa sighs. “That’s just stupid, you’ll cut your hands.”

“They’re demi-gods, though.”

“They’re still beating the fuck out of each other.”

He punched Endeavour square in the jaw with a sharp; “DIE ALREADY!” and he flew backwards.

“I’m just getting started!” Endeavour replied and Bakugou charged at him again. Endeavour sped to another part of the area and shot more golden light from his sword.
“This is kind of repetitive, like a video game.” Kaminari comments. Glory stares at him and sighs sharply.

Bakugou was knocked back by the light and Endeavour sneers at him. “I never taught you to run away!”

“He’s not.”

“That’s the insult.”

Endeavour zipped around the arena rapidly, shooting random waves of light and Bakugou tried to focus on him. This repeated until Endeavour tried to cut him again. The same thing happened as before, complete with Bakugou decking his jaw.

“It has to be broken after that twice, right?”

“I don’t think you understand how videogame fights work.”

“I expected nothing less!” Endeavour yelled as the pair got caught in a fist/sword fight. He sped off again.

“Wait- what did you say?”

“This fight is based off a game called Asura’s Wrath.”

“’Cause he’s the demi-god of wrath.”

“I hate you.”

“I taught you better than that!”
“You better take this fight seriously!”

“Can you guys tell who’s talking?”

“Nope.”

“Is that all?”

Bakugou knocked Endeavour back and charged at him, jumping at his with three thick arms ready to strike. His fists slam into Endeavor’s gut and he skids back further.

“This is what I live for!” Endeavour yelled. “This is why we exist! But all good things must come to an end!” He holds his sword up like he was going to bow and arrow it to Bakugou. “You knew this was coming!”

The sword’s blade expanded and Bakugou caught it once more, the force pushing him back in the stone.

“This is where real men belong!” Endeavour continues. “In the fight!”

“I don’t give a damn!” Bakugou yelled back.

“I call bullshit they can hear each other that far away.”

The sword continued to push him back. “Only the strong survive! I taught you that much!”

“That is not for you to decide!”

“Bakugou-kun preaching.”
“No.”

If Shiozaki knew who made that comment, she would’ve glared at them.

Bakugou’s extra arms shot off from the force of the sword leaving the blade held by two palms pressed together.

“HOLY FUCK!”

Eventually, his feet lifted off the stone surface off the moon and the sword pointed towards Gaea. Endeavour leapt and the pair started rocketing to the planet.

“What the shit?”

“Wish I could do that, damn.”

“RIP Endeavour’s scabbard, then.”

“Only one fighter can walk away alive!” Endeavour yelled.

“I’ll rip out your blind eyes!” Bakugou spat.

“Is Endeavour blind?”

“I don’t fucking know.” Glory laugh-cried.

“His fucking arms are missing, what the hell is he going to use to do that?”
“I mean, he still has two, right?"

“Right?”

“I don’t fight for good, and I don’t fight for evil, I just fight!” Endeavour yelled. “I’ll say this once more. I am you, and you are me!”

Bakugou seethed. “I am NOTHING like you!”

The pair comet down to earth. Mahoro watches in horror.

“Why is she there?”

“Story-wise, I believe she’s Bakugou’s daughter.”

“What?”

“Yeah, I don’t know.”

They cause a crater in the earth, Endeavour's blade passing his hands and sliding into is abdomen, spitting red and burning Bakugou’s insides. He cried out in pain.
The flames can be seen from space.

“Then tell me!” Endeavour yelled, he was swinging off the hilt like a monkey, his weight sliding the sword further into Bakugou’s gut.

The crowd winced.

“How are we so different?!”

Bakugou glares up at him. Mahoro flashes on the screen.

“Bakugou-kun’s a better parent than him.” Todoroki comments.

“I don’t doubt it.” Dabi agrees.

“No one’s connecting the dots, then?” Glory asked herself. “Right, of course, half these characters are dense as fuck.”

“What are you talking about?” Eri whispered.

“N-nothing.”

“...You wouldn’t understand, even if I send you to Naraka!”

“Where now?”

“The realm of the souls of the dead.” Glory read off her phone.

“...Makes sense.”

Endeavour laughed, sliding down the blade (maybe retracting the blade). “Then make me
understand with your fists, Katsuki!”

“Ew, no, don’t like that phrasing.”

“Get your head out of the gutter, he means fighting.”

Bakugou clenches his fist and you can see his arm glow. He punches through the blade and it swings out of their grasp. Bakugou, having now lost all his arms, grabs the sword with his teeth, spun on his heels and sliced through Endeavour’s stomach.

“What a fuckin’ badass.”

Endeavour falls back as Bakugou slices all the way through. The blonde turns back to look at him angrily.

“Yes,” Endeavour says. “That was one hell of a battle!”

“Yes, it was.”

“What now? Where will that anger take you?” He asks and Bakugou spits the sword out of his mouth. Mahoro can be seen walking to the crater. “You are not me… yet you continue to fight…”

Bakuogou hears Mahoro’s footsteps and turns to look at her. Endeavour follows his gaze and chuckles. “You no longer need my training…” He reaches out to Bakugou. “The one who stands is righteous…” He chuckles weakly. “Katsuki. Walk the path that you must.” And his arm goes limp.

“Yo, Endeavour just fucking died.”

“According to the Wiki, Endeavor’s character, Augus, is reincarnated into a modern world where he became a wandering Japanese person and since then became a calmer person.”
“Lies,” Todoroki whispered.

Endeavour’s body gets obscured in lights and then disappears completely. Bakugou growls to himself.

A roar in the distance made him perk up. The sky lit up with red thunder and a snake-like monster rose from the earth.


“We can see it.”

Mahoro falls to her knees beside Bakugou and whimpers something in a different language. He looks at her the grunts and kicks the blade up to catch it in his mouth again.

“I’m borrowing this.” He says, walking away.

“Damn.”

“Dude doesn’t have fucking arms anymore ’n he’s gonna go fight that turtle-snake thing.”

Mahoro stands and watches him walk before following. Noticing, Bakugou starts to run, even without arms he manages to go farther than her, to the point she just gives up.

She watches and explosion erupts from the direction he went, fear in her eye.

The screen goes black.

“NOO!” the crowd cries.
“I’ve been working on this for at least five and a half hours! I’m tired!” Glory snaps back.

“THAT was an eleven-minute video!” Bakugou shot back.

“I don’t care! I’m in control here!” Glory yelled.

“Dude, did you time it?” Sero asks.

“What? No.”

“Wait, Glory-san, how do you know you took so long.”

“I did three and a half hours of it at school, then procrastinated for hours and now here we are. It’s seven-thirty.”

“Did you just say school?”

“WE’RE MOVING ON NOW!”

“WAIT, NO-”
Chapter Summary

Steve Rogers | Captain America - Izuku Midoriya
James "Bucky" Barnes | Winter Soldier - Shoto Todoroki
Margret "Peggy" Carter - Melissa Sheild

Chapter Notes

Warning: guns, fake character death, time debate x2
Imao i forgot Deku's mom is supposed to be here so just... yeh

“I’ll go,” Todoroki says.

“Coolio.” Glory replied as the wheel spun. It landed on a red star. “Oof.”

“What is it?”

“Same universe as the first one, but a good seventy to a hundred years before.”

“What?”

“Two of the characters get frozen in time and released seventy or so years later and the story follows them.”

“Oh… kay?”

“They’re preserved in the ice so they don’t age.”

“Ah.”
The screen lights up with snowy mountains. Men with guns seem to be on guard. Another two are messing with a radio. It then cut to Midoriya and Todoroki.

“I like how these tend to not focus on a singular person.”

“That’s not how stories work.”

“Remember when I made you ride the Cyclone to Clooney Island?” Todoroki asked.

“BITCH HE FUCKIN’ WHAT?”

“Yeah, and I threw up?” Midoriya replied.

“HOW DO YOU RIDE A CYCLONE?? I DON’T-”

“I believe ‘Cyclone’ is the name of a train.”

“…oh.”

It showed them looking over train tracks with an overhead zip line.

“This isn’t payback, is it?” Todoroki asked.

“What the fuck are they doing?”

“Catching the train.”

“That is not- …that is not how you catch a train.”
“Now, why would I do that?” Midoriya asked.

“You were right.” A soldier says, catching their attention. “Dr Zola’s on the train.”

“Who?”

“Bad guy.”

“His villain name is Dr Zola?”

“His real name is Arnim Zola and he has a doctorate, hence the title. He technically doesn’t have a villain name.”

“Huh.”

The camera cut back from the pair to show off the rest of their outfits. Midoriya with a white and red striped shield and Todoroki armed with a gun strapped to him. The camera then cut to the two manning the radio.

“HYDRA dispatcher just gave him permission to open up the throttle. Wherever he’s goin’ they must need him bad.”

“HYDRA?”

“The League of Villains but for Nazi’s.”

“This takes place during World War two?”

“Yep.”
“Are Midoriya-kun and Todoroki-kun soldiers for World War two?”

“Yep.”

Midoriya looked at Todoroki and pulled on a helmet. Todoroki nodded. Other soldiers can be seen getting ready for battle. One looks through binoculars at the oncoming train. “Let’s get going because they’re moving like the devil.” He says.

Midoriya straps a handlebar to the zip line. “We’ve only got a ten-minute window! You miss that window; we’re bugs on a windshield.”

The binocular solder seems amused. “Mind the gap.”

“Better get movin’ bugs!” A different soldier yelled.

“Just go with the metaphor, that’s great, I love that.”

“It seems Midoriya has enough authority over them for them not to question it.”

“Yeah.”

A guard yells a signal and Midoriya slides down the zip line, followed by Todoroki and other soldiers. The dropped onto the roof of the train cars and clung close to the surface. They ran across the carts until Midoriya climbs down the ladder of one. Todoroki follows as a soldier gets up his gun.

The room Midoriya steps into is sliver and lifeless. Used for the storage of crates and barrels. The pair walk around the display in the middle and approach the next cart door slowly. Midoriya steps into it carefully and the doors between the two shut automatically.

Glory snorts.

**Todoroki starts shooting at something with his gun and Midoriya turns around to face a giant silver machine glowing blue.**

“Ew, robots.” Toga grimaced.

“You at least got to appreciate the coding ‘n shit it takes to build one of those fuckers,” Dabi replies.

“So?”

**Midoriya raises his shield as it shoots at him, hiding behind a crate. The camera cuts to a man watching over security feed. “STOP HIM!” He shouted. “FIRE AGAIN!”**

“That’s Dr Zola.” Glory says.

“He looks lame.” Bakugou deadpans.

“I think that’s the point.”

**Todoroki, who his facing actual opposing soldiers, reloads behind a thick box, sinking closer to the floor to avoid the gunshots. He leant out of his safety cacoon to shoot, stopping the opposition from getting too close.**

The robot Midoriya was against shot a laser straight through the door. Midoriya jumped out of his place as was it was loading and grabbed onto a moveable hanger in the middle. He held his shield out to the robot to shoot at, which it did, then tackled it as it was reloading. His shield bounced back to him and he slammed the rim into the circuits on the neck.
Todoroki has since discarded his machine gun and was stuck using a handgun. Midoriya fiddled with his own gun in the process.

“I don’t want to see Midoriya-shounen shoot someone.” All Might sighed.

Midoriya punched the door open and Todoroki looked at him. Midoriya nodded and tossed his gun to him.

“Oh, thank god.”

Midoriya ran into the room and slammed his shield into a long box the area was containing. The opposition jumped to the side to avoid it and Todoroki shot him. They came to stand together.

“I had him on the ropes,” Todoroki says, clearing his throat.

“I know you did,” Midoriya replied.

“Reminds me of that cat-Bakugou one.” Kaminari comments.

“Fuck off, electric-charge.”

The robot from before recharged its blast.

“Get down!” Midoriya yelled, holding his shield up. The beam reflected off the shield and slammed him into a wall. The other side of the car had a huge hole in it. Todoroki picked up Midoriya’s shield and shot back at the robot. It blasted the shield again and Todoroki went flying out of the hole in the car.

The room flinched, some gasped. Everyone was surprised in one way or another.
Midoriya picked up his shield and slammed it into the robot, watching it fall back. He tugged his helmet off and leant out the car window. “SHOTO!”

The peppermint haired soldier was clinging to the side of the train, literally for his life. Midoriya slowly etched way out using the same bar his friend was holding on to. “Hang on!” He yelled over the wind.

“No, I’m just gonna float peacefully to the ground,” Todoroki mumbled sarcastically. A few people snort.

Midoriya leaned out. “Grab my hand!”


Glory’s head tilted in a ‘just you wait’ way.

Todoroki reached out with one hand to do as instructed. The bar he was holding onto snapped and he screamed, falling into the white snow.

Silence me the surprising turn of events.

“You were saying, Katsuki?” Glory asked knowingly.

All Might was unnerved about how the, apparently teenage, girl was so casual about death.

“Did I really just die, on-screen?” Todoroki asked.

Glory face scrunched up and her head tilted on way to the other, debating to herself. “No, not really. The worst is you lose an arm…”
“That… good.”

“…and free will.”

“What was that?”

“Nothing.”

Midoriya stared into the snow in shock, then buried his face into the wall of the train and cried. The train passed through the tunnel. The video ends.

“That was… something.” Present Mic mumbled.

“Why do the heroes never die?” Shigaraki asked, scratching at his neck.

Glory looked at him. “I was going to say some of them are immortal, but then I realised Deadpool wasn’t a hero.”

“Deadpool?”

“He’s actually an anti-hero from that same universe.” Glory frowns. “A lot of shit goes on there, actually. This is gonna take a while.”

“You don’t say?”

“How long have we been here?” Aizawa asked.

“Probably a few hours in your time.” Glory replies.

“How much in your time?”
“Two-ish weeks. I think, which is actually a surprise to me, it thought it was longer than that.”

“Huh.”
(Nezu) Suicide Squad "Introduction" + Bakugou being soft with child

Chapter Summary

Floyd Lawton | Deadshot - Katsuki Bakugou
Harleen Quinzel | Harley Quin - Himiko Toga
Chato Santana | El Diablo - Dabi
George "Digger" Harkness | Captain Boomerang - Denki Kaminari
Waylon Jones | Killer Croc - Spinner
The Joker | Izuku Midoriya

Chapter Notes

Warning: murder, torture, car crash, joker/deku being unstable, talk of the "dabi is a toodoroki" theory, death

“If I may,” Nezu says, drawing the rooms attention to him. “I would like to have a turn.”

“Finally.” Glory whispered.

A book was set on a table. Nezu’s voice narrates.

“Bakugou Katsuki, aka Deadshot.”

“It’s still better than Lord Explosion Murder.” Kaminari comments.

“Fuck. Off.”

“He's the most wanted hitman in the world. Let's say he has an elite clientele.”

“Oh.”
The screen shows Bakugou setting up a device and watching cars pool in. He calls someone.

“What?” they answer.

“Same.”

“Hey, Angelo.” Bakugou greets. “This is the exterminator you called for your rat problem. My account’s looking a little thin.”

“No one gets paid until what needs to get done gets done.”

“Nope. That’s not the rules. No money, no honey.” Bakugou says.

“Why do we have to watch Bakugou-kun be a dick again? This is like the fourth time in a row.”

“Whoa, here is your boy right now. With about twenty of his new best friends. I’m still seeing zeroes over here, Angie.”

“Listen. Stop being cute and do your job!”

“Oh. They’re taking him outta the car now. In about thirty seconds, your window is gonna close forever.

“Okay, okay, okay, okay. Relax. There was an accounting error. We sent it.”

There’s now 1 million in his bank account.

“I don’t think I’d charge that much.” Chisaki muses. “Or pay that much.”
“Agreed,” Shigaraki says.

Uraraka’s eyebrows raise.

“Now double it for being a dickhead. You got ten seconds.”

“Same.”

“We’re not the kind of people you play with.”

“Did you just... Did you threaten me?” Bakugou asks, genuinely seeming confused. “This dude’s gonna get a sore throat from all the singing he’s about to do.”

“You son of a bitch.”

“I doubt there’s a universe where he isn’t.”

“Personality swap AUs.” Glory muses. “Inverted AUs, Mirrored AUs, Amnesia AUs, I can think of plenty where Bakugou acts differently.”

“Huh.”

Now there’s 2 million in his account.

Uraraka’s mouth drops and she momentarily considers becoming a hitman… hitwoman? She decides against it.

“Pleasure doing business with you, Angie.”
He shoots a small device and the bullet bounces off and hits the victim. He grasps a grappling hook and jumps down the wall.

“But everyone has a weakness.” Nezu’s voice continues. “And a weakness can be leveraged. His is an eleven-year-old honour student in Gotham city. His daughter. So we watched her and waited.”

“That sounds like blackmail, but okay.”

“He’s a contract killer, fuck off.”

“You should talk to mama more,” Mahoro says.

“Yeah, yeah, I know.”

“Mama stays in bed a lot.”

“Yeah. She's still going out at night?”

“Dad, it's okay. I can take care of her. I know how to make pancakes now.”

“That’s cute.”

“That means it’s not going to last.”

“Why do you have to attack me like this?”

“Hey babe, that's beautiful. But she's supposed to be taking care of you, you know. That's how that's supposed to work.”
“Bakugou-kun, giving good advice.”

“Fuck off, I can give good advice.”

“I second that.” Glory says. Most don’t bother to question her.

“I’m going to need video evidence,” Aizawa tells her.

“At the end,” she replies.

He kneels to her. “I want you to come live with me. All right? I came into some resources. I’m gonna get us a spot. It’s gonna be nice, all right?”

“He’s using illegal hitman money to pay for his kid, awe!”

“Was that genuine or passive-aggressive?”

“Interpret it how you will.”

“Mama says I can’t live with you because you kill people.”

“That’s not true. That’s a lie. She’s lying to you.”

“Daddy... I know you do bad things. Don’t worry. I still love you.”

“Can’t lie to kids.”

“Come on.” Bakugou took her hand and they kept walking.
“And you caught him?” Someone asked.

“Not me,” Nezu replied. “I just gave an anonymous tip to the right guy in Gotham city.”

“I'mma figure this out. All right?” Bakugou says. He and Mahoro were walking down an alley. A man held out his cape and glided down.

“It's over, Deadshot,” Batman says, engaging into a mini-battle as Mahoro was pushed off to the side. Bakugou held him at gunpoint. “I don't want to do this in front of your daughter.”

Mahoro stood between the cocked gun and vigilante hero. “Daddy, please.”

“Makes sense he’d fight heroes if he’s a contract killer.”

“If it makes anyone feel better about their hero work, Batman here is quirkless.” Glory says. “He’s also one of the heroes most people in the world think of when they’re asked which hero is their favourite. He’s the face of D.C.”


“Mahoro, move!”

“Please Daddy. Don't do it. Please. Don't do it.”

He sighed and lowered his gun. “All right.”

He and Mahoro hug before he’s shoved him a squad car. “I love you, Daddy.”

“So now we have the man who never misses.” Nezu continues.
“Where'd you put him?” The stranger asked.

“Let's just say. I put him in a hole and threw away the hole.”

Some people snort.

“Harley Quinn. Before she ran off and joined the circus... She was known as Dr Toga Himiko. A psychiatrist at Arkham asylum. She was assigned to the clown himself.”

It shows Toga, in a doctor coat, sitting across Midoriya.

“Midoriya-kun’s a villain?”

“Seems like he was caught.”

“Weird for him to be in an asylum instead of jail.”

“Dr Toga. You know, I live for these moments with you. What do you got?” He purred.

“I got you a kitty.” She replied, holding up a plush kitten.

“So thoughtful.”

“She thought she was curing him... But she was falling in love.”

Midoriya shuddered, Toga purred.

“There is something you could do for me, doctor.”
“Anything- I mean, yeah.”

“Smooth, Himiko-chan.”

“I need a machine gun.”

“…A machine gun?”

“Talk about a workplace romance gone wrong.”

People in animal masks were shooting up the asylum. Comical goat noises can be heard. Toga was being shoved onto a table by some goon that supposedly worked for Midoriya, also wearing an animal mask.

“Get off me! Get...!”

“WOW! WHO WOULD’VE THOUGHT?!”

“STOP BEING A BITCH MONOMA-KUN!”

Chisaki groaned and covered his ears during the yelling. Eri buried her head into the pillows of Glory’s nest.

“What do we have here?” Midoriya cooed, approaching the head of the table.

“I did everything you said. I helped you!”

“You helped me by erasing my mind!” Midoriya spat. He slammed his fists into the table with each new word spewing from his mouth. “What. Few. Memories. I. Had!”
“Deku…” Uraraka murmured. The energy in the room dissipated.

“Now,” He continues calmly. “You left me in a black hole of rage and confusion. Am I not the medicine you practice, Dr Toga?”

“What are you gonna do?” Toga asks. “You gonna kill me, Mr J?”

“Mr J?”

“He’s constantly referred to as The Joker.”

“What? Oh, I'm not gonna kill you. I'm just gonna hurt ya... really, really bad.”

“You think so? Well, I can take it.”

Midoriya shoves a leather restrictor in her mouth. “I wouldn't want you to break those perfect porcelain cap teeth when the juice hits your brain.” He explains. The electricity turns on and Toga screams.

“And this is why shock therapy is no longer a thing.”

“This just makes me scared of Kaminari-kun.”

“H-hey!”

“They became the king and queen of Gotham city.” Nezu narrates. “And God help anyone who disrespected the queen.”

“Izuku~” Toga purred happily. He sunk into his seat in an attempt to hide. Bakugou didn’t
complain about the other teen's feet pressing into his side.

“We finally meet.” A man, a criminal by assumption, holds his hand out to Midoriya. The greenette’s eyes are trained on Toga dancing.

“Sexy~” Mineta drooled.

“Mhmm.” Glory agreed. “And dangerous.”

“He don’t shake hands.” A lackey comments. “But sit down and have a drink.”

“Hey, J.” the criminal greets. “On behalf of everybody, welcome back. I wanted to come by and personally say thank you. You making me good money. I'm making you good money.”

“Are you sweet-talking to me?” Midoriya asks, finally turning his attention to the criminal. He raised a tattooed hand to his mouth and mimicked laughing. “Ha. Ha. Ha.”

“Fuck that noise.”

“I love this guy. He's so intense!” The criminal laughed. “You're a lucky man. You got a bad bitch.”

Midoriya stared at him. “Oh, that she is. The fire in my loins. The itch in my crotch. The one, the only, the infamous Harley Quinn!” He whistled to her. “Oh, come to Daddy.”

“I wish I didn’t have ears.”

“I had to write it.”

“What?”
“What?”

“Puddin’!” she purred, entering their little booth.

“Listen…” Midoriya says. “You are my gift to this handsome hunka-hunka!” he gestured to the criminal. “You belong to him now.”

She squeals and sets herself into his lap. “You're cute! You want me? I'm all yours.”

“That was quick.”

He looks uncomfortable. “I don't want no beef.”

“You don't want no beef?” Midoriya asks. “You don't want no beef?”

“Why, what's wrong? You don't like me?” Toga asked.

“You don't want no beef?”

“Fine. Don't waste my time then.” She huffs and sits onto the plush couch instead.

“This is your lady.” The criminal says.

“Look... are you enjoying yourself?”

“No. That's your lady, Joker.”
“That’s right.”

“Yeah. Yo, J.”

Midoriya shoots him. It was silhouette and sound-based, no blood was seen.

“I think I get it.”

“God help anyone who disrespected the queen.” Sir Nighteye quotes.

“And that was just the beginning.”

“Come on, puddin’.” Toga whined. They were speeding down a highway in a car. “Do it!”

The caped crusader, Batman, jumps and lands on their car.

“Christ on a crutch.”

“What?”

“Oh... We have got company.” Midoriya says.

“Batsy, Batsy, Batsy.” Toga purred. She grabbed a gun.

“She’s crazier than him. And more fearless.”

“Not surprised.”
“Nope.”

“Stupid bat, you're ruining date night!” She yells, shooting the roof of the car.

“That’s actually something Toga would do,” Dabi says. “And she didn’t go through that electric shock initiation shit.”

Midoriya accelerates the car. It’s headed towards a fenced-off area of ocean. Batman jumps off the car with a grappling hook.

“Puddin’.” Toga warned padding at him fearfully. “Puddin', I can't swim!”

The car smashed into the fence. Batman twirled in the air and dived into the water. Midoriya was missing from the car but Toga was through the windshield.

“He just fucking abandoned her, what a bitch.”

“He comes back to save her, don’t worry.”

Batman went to pull her out of the glass, but she slashed at him with a knife. He knocked her out with a punch to the nose.

“But the bat got her, too.” Batman bridal carried her to the dock and tested her breathing. He sighed to himself and breathed into her mouth. She brought him into a kiss and he pulled away abruptly. Toga laughed. “She's in the same hole as Deadshot.”

“Huh.”

“And then there's the halfu. Kaminari Denki. Or as the tabloids call him. Capitan Boomerang.”
“We're gonna be rich.” Kaminari’s partner cheers.

“Yeah, you and me, mate.” Kaminari agrees in a slight Australian accent. “Go and get the car.”

“Is Kaminari-kun half Australian?”

“Yeah.”

“Australia’s badass as fuck.”

“Why thank you.”

“You’re from Australia?”

“Yep.”

“He robbed every bank in Australia at least once. Then he came to Japan for a fresh target set. Doesn't work well with others.” Nezu describes as Kaminari throws a boomerang that slit his partner's throat.

“If you ever do that I will ruin your life.” Bakugou threatens.

“Noted,” Kaminari replied.

Kaminari was making his escape when he was thwarted by a red and yellow blur.

Flash, as it were. “No honour among thieves, eh?” He asked.

“But he tangled with a metahuman and lived to tell about it.”
“Metahuman?”

“This world’s version of people with quirks.”

“Oh, wow.”

“And have you heard of the pyrokinetic homeboy?”

“How’d you catch him?”

“We didn’t. He surrendered.” It shows Dabi exiting a flaming house with his hands above his head. He leans across the police car and lets the cops cuff him.

“Bullshit.” He says.

“Watch and listen.”

“Todoroki Touya. On the streets, they call him Dabi.”

Stunned silence.

“I- this-…”

“I’ll give you an explanation after.” Glory says. “Just watch.”

“This LA gangbanger-”

“He- what.”
“-thought he was the king of the world... until he lost his queen.”

“HE WAS MARRIED?!”

“Please, shut the FUCK up,” Chisaki growled.

“Gets jumped in a prison riot and incinerates half the yard. The security video is incredible.”

The security feed displays. It shows a bunch of men approaching Dabi then the entire field being engulfed in flames, then the lawn becoming black ash. He stares at the camera.

“Oh, Jesus. What the hell is that?”

“His name is Iguchi Shuichi. Evolution took a step backwards with this one.”

Spinner scoffs.

“Yo, S.I!” A prison guard yelled. It seemed like they kept him in a closed-off sewer line. “It’s supper. Go ahead, open that up, B. Got something real nice for you today, boy.”

“Hey boss, is it true he chewed the dude's hand off?” One asked.

“Look at that, right there, vulcanized rubber.” Another says.

“What does vulcanized mean?”

“Hardened by heat,” Aizawa replied.

“Give me that, Smitty. Where you at? Don't make me get you.” The lead guard yelled.
“They call him Spinner.”

“Personally,” Glory says. “I prefer that name over 'Killer Croc'.

“Croc wouldn’t make much sense, he’s a geko.”

“I’m a lizard at best.” Spinner hissed.

Spinner raised from the water. “There you are, are you hungry? You want some food? Go ahead, feed the man.”

“What are you in the mood for tonight? I got a double cheeseburger, onion rings, a little coleslaw. Or a giant skinless goat?”

“He looked like a monster. So they treated him like a monster. Then he became a monster.”

“Good thing Shinsou can ignore bullying.”

“Can you not. Expose me- like that??”

“He was chased out of Gotham by the Bat. Went searching for sanctuary elsewhere. He never found it.”

“That’s sad.”

“I saved the best for last. The Witch.”

“A witch?”
“I'm talking a flying, spell-casting, making-shit-disappear witch. A sorceress from another dimension. Another world. Archaeologist Dr Yaoyorozu Momo... Wondered into the wrong cave.”

“Nooo…” She moaned.

It shows Yaoyorozu doing just that. “Momo...” A ghostlike voice purred.

“She opened something she shouldn't have... releasing a metahuman more powerful than any we’ve encountered. The Enchantress.”

Again, just that happens. The Enchantress is pale, covered in black and grass. Her body turns to smoke and invades Yaoyorozu’s body.

“Ew, on many levels.”

“She inhabits Dr Yaoyorozu’s body now.”

“Where is this witch?”

“In my pocket.”

“Now tell him why she won't turn you into a frog.” A third voice says.

“Some say the witch has a secret buried heart... And whoever finds it can control the witch. So we searched the cave where she turned up... And we found her heart.”

“Wait, so is Yaomomo-chan the Enchantress, now?”
“No, it’s like a coexistence.” Glory replied. “It’s Momo’s body but sometimes the Enchantress can take over.”

“Huh.”

It shows people looking through the cave and finding a wrap of leaves and grass. Nezu opened a briefcase where the same wrap now sat.

“That thing's her heart?”

“Mmm. She's vulnerable without it.”

“You want to put our national security in the hands of... witches, gangbangers, and crocodiles?”

“Good question.”

“What about Batman, and that other guy?”

“Flash.” Glory corrects. “And because they’re vigilantes that don’t get on too well with the cops. Plus, they’re talking about the security of the whole of their country, not just a singular town those two happen to be in.”

“Right..”

“Don't forget about the Joker's girlfriend.” The third voice adds unhelpfully. He doesn’t speak again.

“These are villains, Nezu. What makes you think you can control them?”

“Good question.” Shigaraki groans. “Can barely get these assholes to follow the plan.”
“That’s what happens when most of you are soloists.” Glory chides. All for One chuckles at her.

“Because getting people to act against their own self-interests... For the national security of Japan is what I do for a living. You take the finest special forces officer this nation has ever produced... Colonel Ojiro Mashirao.”

“Colonel.”

It showed him busting into a hotel room, and then the bathroom. Yaoyorozu was sitting in the bathtub, encompassed in black water, grass stuck out of the water and lily pads floated on it recreating a swap of sorts.

“She whimpered. The room made noises of sympathy.

“I assigned him to watch Dr Yaoyorozu, and just as I hoped... It got personal.”

Ojiro and Yaoyorozu were sitting close together with wine glasses.

“Are you gonna kiss me or not?” Yaoyorozu asks. They lean together and kiss slowly.

Both of them went bright red.

“NO FAIR!” Mineta pterodactyl screeched.

“I have the witch's heart. And Dr Yaoyorozu has his. Now he'll follow my orders as holy writ. In a world of flying men and monsters... This is the only way to protect our country.” The screen goes black.
“HO-LY SHIT!”

Glory made a noise indicating indifference.

“Can-” Todoroki turned to face Glory. “Can you explain that… thing with Touya?”

She sat up, preparing herself.

“So, we know a fair amount about Shigaraki’s backstory, and Toga’s backstory, but we know hardly anything about Dabi.”

The black-haired villain turns his attention to her.

“People have made the theory of Dabi being Touya based on the facts we have;

1. Touya, as far as your family goes, is presumed dead.
2. Dabi has a fire quirk he must’ve inherited from his parents.
3. Dabi’s eyes match yours and your family’s, by colour and shape.

“That’s a creepy mention.” He muttered. Glory realised she was talking to the room, even those who were pretending not to listen were silent. (*cough*Chisaki*cough*)

1. People have photoshopped Dabi without his scars and have said he looks similar to Endeavour.
2. He knew Todoroki.
3. Dabi seems to have been trained to use his fire the same way Todoroki has.

Glory hummed. “I’m not really sure if there are too many others.” Todoroki blinked, believing the conversation was over. “On the other hand,” she continued, unaware of the others around her. “People have played with the idea of them being more distantly related, like cousins, or even not being related at all and just seeming similar. It’s all just speculation, there’s nothing confirmed nor denied about this.”

“So we’re not related?” Todoroki asks.
Glory shrugs. “Don’t ask me.”

He looks pointedly at Dabi. “I ain’t answering shit.” He says, slouching in his chair.

“I’m going to cut in here,” Aizawa says. “You have proof that Bakugou-kun can give good advice?”

“Ah, yes.”

The screen lights up again.

“Hey, you get in there, too.” Bakugou, in his hero costume, goes to grab the hand of a kid.

“What are you doing?” The kid snaps, looking up at him with mixed emotions.

“You’re their leader aren’t you?” Bakuogu asks. The kid tenses. “If you keep looking down on everyone, then you won’t notice your own weaknesses.” The kid’s eyes widen and Bakugou averts his gaze. “Just some advice from one of your elders.”

“HOLY FU-”
"Guys, listen up!" Glory rallied for no reason other than she wanted to. "Because there aren't any other songs specifically about you guys I wanted to share, we're watching Halloween Heist part one of - currently - six because they're fun."

"So we don't get a choice?" Aizawa asks.

"The pattern remains the same." Glory replies. "If you've noticed the pattern, at least."

"Why did you even give the illusion of our choices if you're planning this out like that?" All for One asked.

"Because I have like eight requests waiting and I don't have the mental patience or motivation to deal with those, hence this pattern. I deal with one at a time then copy a script for the rest."

"Isn't that against copyright laws?" Midoriya questions.

"Any fan-fiction or fan-art is technically against copyright laws since the fans don't own the rights to the characters and the creator doesn't have rights to the story or art piece unless there's an agreement. But most people don't care as long as it doesn't hurt their creation."
"Huh."

"Now, before we begin, a little run-down about this universe. There are no quirks and our main characters are detectives. The heist is all in good fun, though they do get… excessively comparative."

"Bakugou." Someone coughed.

"Actually no, Bakugou helps win but it's never really accredited to him, or others."

"Great." The blonde drawled.

"Like… how you described sidekicks in other worlds?" Mirio asked.

"Precisely." Glory nods. "I'm also skipping right to the explanation because I find that the funniest part of the episodes."

"How?"

"You'll see."

Shota opened the door to the questioning room where Kaminari sat, dressed in black and a beanie. He's handcuffed to the table.

"Captain," he addressed. "Welcome to the end game. Would you care to shake the hand of the man that defeated you?" He goes to offer his hand but is yanked still by the handcuffs. "Forgot I was wearing handcuffs. Augh, that hurt!"

"Yeah, dumbass just rammed into a table."
"That does not happen," Aizawa mumbled. "That does not- That does not happen."

"What the fuck did Kaminari-kun do to get arrested?"

Shota sits across from him. "Climbing the side of the building with a blowtorch? What were you thinking?"

"That, apparently."

"I was thinking I had better core strength, I got winded like ten feet up."

"An actual sentence that Kaminari-kun would definitely say."

"Truth."

"I knew you wouldn't win the bet." Shota sighed. "Your performance tonight has made me question not only how good a detective you are, but, quite frankly, how smart you are."

"Alter a few words and there you have a sentence Aizawa-sensei has probably said at one point."

"Well that's not surprising, you constantly underestimate me."

"No, you've been correctly estimated."

"This is an actual conversation they've had."

"Repeating jokes are annoying." Shigaraki groaned.

Ashido grumbled.
"You have five minutes until your deadline and here you are; handcuffed to a table in a locked room."

"What were the stakes?" Jirou asked.

"Kaminari had to steal Aizawa's medal of valour from his office by midnight."

"Huh."

"Which is precisely where I planned on being." Kaminari folded his fingers together and leaned forwards onto the table. "Captain, let me tell you a little story."

"Ohh, we're going to get it told in flashbacks."

"You remember when I fell through your ceiling?"

Aizawa sighed, the students laughed.

"Yes, that was six hours ago."

"It was, I admit, a disastrous failure. But, it gave me the idea for Herman, the friendly janitor you met. With Herman, I commenced the perfect crime."

"Who?"

"I caught you as Herman."

"Oh."

"But you didn't catch Katsuki."
Cut to a flashback. "Come out of there," Shota yelled. Kaminari grumbled but followed his order, the camera pans down to Bakugou picking the lock of a draw and sliding it open.

Kaminari narrates. "As it turns out, our friend Katsuki is great at picking locks."

"Does not surprise me."

"No, me either."

"Okay, but why does Bakugou-kun know how to pick locks?"

"Part of his character is; mysterious badass."

"Great."

"Of course, I had to figure out a way to get him out of your office without you seeing him."

Cut to Shota and a disguised Kaminari talking in the main office area. Kaminari pressed a button behind his back and a nearby bin goes up in flames.

Kaminari continues his narration. "So I created a diversion. Not mistimed, perfectly timed, so he could escape unseen."

Bakugou slips out of the office and down the hall. Cut back to the interrogation room.

"I want to know how Kaminari-kun got Bakugou-kun to help him."

"What about the pigeons?"
"Oh, the grey pigeons? They were a red herring, thank you."

Cut to them in a file room with Kaminari holding pigeons. The camera panned over to Shota's office.

"Their only purpose was to draw you to the copy room while two of my team-members broke into your locked office."

Iida lowered Yaoyorozu in a harness cord. She unlocked the window and Iida pulled her out. "So now I had a way into your office and an open cabinet."

"You're all expelled."

"WHAT?!"

Cut back to the interrogation room. "All that was left was for the royal babies to steal your keys."

"Yes, but you didn't need the keys, the cabinet was already unlocked. You needed a way into the safe."

"And I got it." Cut to a bunch of men in crowns and diapers tossing identical keys around.

"You were so concerned with getting your keys back you didn't even notice the sergeant steal your phone."

The flashback showed Iida slips past him and steals Shota's phone from his belt. "That's right, even the sergeant's on my side!"

They pulled the plastic cover off and Bakugou clipped the phone back onto Shota's belt. Iida handed the plastic cover to Sero, who's actions were narrated.
"I then had Hanta dust you screen cover for prints. The greasiest smudges revealed the four numbers you used the most. The four numbers in your passcode. Based on your advanced age I assume you use the same passcode for everything. Your phone, your email, and, of course, your safe."

"That would be a fair assumption."

"I'm not that old."

Hizashi would've made a snide comment about how Toshinori was that old but, with the current company in the room, decided to keep his mouth shut.

"It was at that point I bumped into a girl dressed as a sexy robot and we got our flirt on. Hard."

"And how was flirting part of the plan?"

"Oh, it wasn't. It just ruled."

"Why is that something Kaminari-kun would actually say?"

"Why do you think these characters were compared?"

"It's stupid," Bakugou grumbled.

"I think mentioning it was smart." Glory opposes.

"...why?" The room asked.

"And that brings us to five minutes ago when Momo came to your office telling you I had been arrested. I knew she was the only one you'd believe because, frankly, she's usually too
lame to take part in these kinds of things."

"I am not!" She argued. The room silently disagreed.

"And while you walked over here, Hanta awkwardly stuffed himself through your window and opened your safe. We have the four numbers of your code, which means there are twenty-four possible combinations Hanta had to try, that could take up to four minutes which is why I really dragged this explanation, I mean really stretched it."

"Oh!" Midoriya perked up. "The flirting line! He was stalling."

"Congrats, Deku." Bakugou hissed. "You realised something the rest of us managed to figure out."

"It's always good to vocalise something." Glory says. "Otherwise some people might get left in the dark."

"Like who?" The blonde sneers. Glory gestures wordlessly at the albino child in her nest. "Oh, fuck off."

"I don't know if you noticed but there were moments where I was like; what am I even talking about? This isn't- oh." His watch beeped. "But, now, four minutes is up. Which means Sero is either on the other side of that door holding your medal, or I've lost."

Shota opens the door. There stood Sero, holding up the medal.

"Well, Captain, seems like Denki wasn't the only person you underestimated-" Aizawa closed the door in his face.

The room laughed. Sero whined and Aizawa gave him half an apologetic look.

"Twenty seconds to spare," Kaminari says, looking at his watch. "Game over, Captain. Check me."
"I think you meant check *mate*, you really need to learn how to play chess." Denki nodded. "How did you get everyone to help you?"

"I appealed to their sense of teamwork and camaraderie with a rousing speech that would put Shakespeare to shame."

Cut to Kaminari standing on a chair, speaking in a Scottish accent. "*For too long we've been put down, ridiculed, made to wear ties! But no more! For today, we defeat him!!*

"And that worked?"

"No, no, not at all." The others can be seen walking away. "My speech did not inspire them."

"I'd do that too if Kaminari-kun suddenly turned Scottish."

"So I bribed them. I told them that if we pulled this off, I'd do all their paperwork and since *you're* doing all my paperwork…"

"Those were the stakes?"

"Eraser has to do his own paperwork, plus- like- five other peoples'? Damn."

"I'm impressed, Kaminari." The blonde felt shivers go down his spine. "Well, done."

Kaminari smiled. "Thank you, sir."

Shota stood up and left, ignoring Sero's ramblings.

"Sir," Kaminari called, still handcuffed to the table. "Sir?! He's not coming back."
Aizawa laughed. "I would do that."

"Please, don't."
Glory groaned loudly, the screen before them glitching to black.

"What does that mean?" Kaminari asks.

"Request." Glory replies. "It's a bit different this time. Also, sorry."

"... For what?" Mirio asked.

"I kind of blanked on this entire thing for like... a few weeks."

"How the fuck did you do that?" Bakugou asked.

"I had a request to do I don't know how to handle, I'm now typing from my phone that refuses to work for me, there's a global pandemic happening right now but I still have to go to school, I have a ton of assessments because there's a pandemic happening and I'm a lazy piece of shit."

"I'm sorry," Aizawa cut in. "Did you say global pandemic?"

"COVID-19 or Caronavirus, yes. People are going into self-isolation to avoid it."

"Are people... dropping dead because of it? Like the plague?"

"No, only elderly people and I think young children are affected, also people with weak immune systems, but tons of people have had to stop working because of it so." Glory shrugged. "But that's
not to focus of right now. Today, I decided to take a break-

"Didn't you break for a few weeks?"

"And instead you're going to be meeting some people. Because I had no goddamn clue how I was supposed to do this. This was also the only reason I watched Demon Slayers."

"Demon...?"

"Everyone," Glory announced flicking her wrist and a half attempt to mimicking an enthusiastic event speaker. "Please welcome; three young demon slayers; Kamado Tanjiro, Agatsuma Zenitsu and Hashibira Inosuke plus Tanjiro's younger sister, Nezuko."

Four people appear in a sudden flash. Three boys and a girl.

"Nezuko is a demon, the boys are demon slayers. Tanjiro's personal mission is to find a cure for his younger sister. Enjoy. I'll be around."

Glory disappeared before any more could be said.

"Uh, hi then, I guess," Tanjiro muttered. "I wish she'd not do that but whatever."

"Sounds like you've got experience." Aizawa comments.

"Something like that," Tanjiro replies. "Glory-sama already told you our names, what's yours?"

"I DON'T CARE WHAT THEIR NAMES ARE!!" Inosuke roared beneath his boar mask. "LET ME FIGHT THAT GLORY BITCH WHO DARES DRAG US AROUND LIKE SHEEP!!"

"Inosuke!" Zenitsu wailed, holding him back from rampaging the room. "Stop stamping around like a wild animal! I know you grew up in the mountains but still!"
The slayers did still have their swords after all, in a room filled with normal people no less! Actually, the guy covered in burns and the other guy covered in hands were starting to freak Zenitsu out.

Dabi and Shigaraki were innocent, they did nothing but watch.

"Hey!" Bakugou yelled, earning the attention of the room. "If you're going to fight someone, fight me! I've been itching to fight for a while now!"

The blonde was being held back by his friends.

"Kacchan, we don't have access to our quirks-"

Explosions sparked from Bakugou's hands before Midoriya finished, signalling that Bakugou had his quirk back. No one else had access to theirs, as proved when Shigaraki attempted to touch Dabi's face. Again.

"I guess Glory-chan is letting them fight." Yaoyorozu mused.

"Is that honorific right? Kamado-san used sama." Iida says.

"It's not like she's a classmate or friend, wouldn't san be best?" Todoroki asked.

"SHUT UP!!" Bakugou and Inosuke yelled simultaneously.

'oh, no. there's two of them' the room thought collectively.

A large purple box surrounds the pair, lifting them a few feet off the floor. Glory appeared sitting on top of it, crossed legged and bored.

She was wearing a blood-red t-shirt, black shorts with a daisy pattern and black socks.
"This thing is called Perfect Cube, it cannot be broken by any force except a spell called Absolute Cancel, or y' know... convenience. It's from another anime I watch. This will allow the boys to battle it out for however long they want.

For the sake of my own convenience, neither of them can die during this battle, but they will bleed. A lot. So we're just going to ignore them for now."

She looks at the readers beyond the fourth wall. "Comment if you want the fight scene and maybe I'll add that in as an extra chapter or something. Maybe... depends on how many votes that gets."

She turns back to the others. "Have fun." And she left again.

The crowd of anime characters introduced themselves.

The villains found themselves drifting around the edges of the room, eating food off the - seemingly unending - void magic food out of boredom or to occupy themselves, rather than being hungry.

The other adults followed this trend, seeing as the Demon Slayers were teenagers and got along better with other teenagers than them.

"Y'know, for a group called Demon Slayers, you'd think there's be more of them." Magne murmured.

"There are." Glory days, suddenly standing next to her. "But I don't know if I want to bring them here, I know fuck all about them and most of them are relatively new to where the anime is at."

"Anime?"

"Who are you referring to?" Dani asked, overshadowing Twice's question.

"The pillars, basically the 'pro-hero' version of what Tanjiro and Zenitsu are." Glory's face scrunches up. "Actually that's not right. They're higher ranking, is all."
"I'd say just bring them in." Shigaraki grumbles. "You already have too many of us here."

"Mmm. I should probably keep track of you guys better." Glory muses, before standing on the table (she used Magne as a stand despite being able to teleport because she's a baka). "I'm adding more because I can."

("Maybe using sama isn't too far off if she can basically do anything." Kaminari whispered to Kirishima. The red-head nodded.)

"Meet Tomioka Giyu, Kanroji Mitsuri, Iguro Obanai, Shinazugawa Sanemi, Himejima Gyomei, Rengoku Kyujuro, Uzui Tengen, Tokito Muichiro and Kocho Shinobu."

The mine pillars stood stunned for a moment, before being bombarded with questions by the UA teens.

Nezuko shied away under her brother's arm and fumed at Shinazugawa from afar. She was still angry at him for stabbing her.

Tokito stood spaced out as usual, unintended by the questions the strange teenager threw at him.

Iguro met Aizawa's gaze and the pair had a silent brood competition. The pair said not a word to each other, but everyone could sense the competition anyways.

"Kamado-kun," Shinobu says, catching Tanjiro's attention.

"Hai, Shinobu-san?"

"Where is Hashibira-kun?"

Tanjiro sighed and pointed towards the purple box emanating low grunts and pained yelps. "In there."
"Whatever for?"

"Fighting." Zenitsu groaned. "Him and a blonde boy."

"That was Kacchan," Midoriya says. "Sumimasen about him by the way."

"It's no trouble," Shinobu says, giving that painfully fake smile. "I was just curious. Now, Glory-san."

(No one knew what honorific was appropriate. Glory didn't care.)

"Oui?" She answered.

"What was the point in bringing us, but not Kanao?"

Glory blinks slowly. "No. Not adding that garbage fire to this group of unstable personalities."

"I didn't know you hated her so."

"Kanao-san wouldn't start a fight."

"No, and I don't hate her. I just can't be bothered adding another character. Not that I EVEN know what I'm doing this chapter- uh, fuck."

"Chapter?" Midoriya asks.

"It's nothing. Don't worry about it. Enjoy your free period of Bakugou's attitude." Glory disappeared again.

So they did. The girls (and Aoyama) were able to talk amongst each other easily, relating to one experience or another to someone from the other universe.
The boys were more interested in the abilities the others possessed. The demon slayers confessed to not knowing what quirks were and Glory allowed them to demonstrate. The slayers made comments on how demons had similar powers (which ended with them being mildly wary of anyone with mutant quirks).

In the end, Glory rounded everyone up and let them say their goodbyes before returning the slayers to their own adventures.

"Let's get this show on the road!" She called to no one in particular.
Chapter Summary

(Bruce Banner | Hulk - Eijiro Kirishima)

Chapter Notes

Warning: violence, I guess?? not much else it's kinda short but who actually remembers the Hulk movie?

AYYYYE GUESS WHOS GOT A NEW COMPUTER BITCHES, hopefully, I'll be updating a bit more now

“So, if free will is an illusion here,” Aizawa addressed. "Who's turn is it next."

"Kirishima's." Glory replied.

The red-head beamed.

Eijiro walks into the frame, staring out the door widows the camera was just outside of. A split-screen showed an old man ordering another man off before charging towards the door. It opens and Eijiro addresses the man by name. He shoves Eijiro back and the black-haired man stumbles a bit.

"Looks like middle-school Kiri." Ashido chuckles.

Kirishima blushes.

"Hol' up." Kaminari raises his hands. "Your natural hair colour is black? How the fuck do you die black hair anything??"

"I bleached it first??" Kirishima replied.
"Well, how I have blonde Kirishima-kun in my head," Sero says. "Ew, it's cursed."

"Inside, asshole, I wanna talk to you."

"Anyone who calls Kirishima-kun an asshole is clearly misguided."

"Thanks, I guess..."

"Listen to me, my father's going after Betty," Eijiro says, fearlessly getting into the man, Talbot's face.

"Who's Betty?"

"Love interest that's never mentioned after."

"Is that why there isn't a crossover?"

"Pretty much."

"What makes you think you can go behind my back and get Ross to cut me out, huh?" he shoves Eijiro into the back of a recliner.

Eijiro stood back up and rushed at him. "Listen to me, Betty’s in trouble!"

Talbot catches him by the neck and shoves him face-first into the cushion on the recliner. "You pathetic freak."

"WOW! I hate- I hate him."
"Me too."

"Betty's in danger, I swear to you."

Talbot takes Eijiro's hand and uses it to drag him up. "I can state the obvious, something tells me you aren't in much of a position to be making stupid threats to anyone."

"He thinks Kirishima-kun is lying??"

Eijiro tries to hit him but Talbot blocks and shoved them both into the wooden floorboards with one hand on his throat and the other delivering a swift punch to Eijiro's face. He breathed slowly.

"Talbot."

"Yeah?"

"You're making me angry."

"Didn't you mention Kirishima-kun's quirk in this universe was based on his emotions or something?"

"I said, quote; Kirishima was injected, I think, with some form of radiation which allows his transformation type quirk but he had no control over it. End quote. I think you just assumed based on that one-liner. Kiri usually transforms when he gets pissed off, yes. I don't believe it reacts with any other emotions but I could be wrong."

Talbot grinned, an arm held back to punch again. "Oh, am I?"

Eijiro looked to him and Talbot's grin faltered. Eijiro took his hand and tugged it from his neck, a few pops and a low, pained groan from Talbot accompanied this. Eijiro's face was hardening and Talbot looked alarmed before Eijiro threw him off. Talbot spun in the air and landed lopsided on the couch. He backed away and Eijiro groaned and growled, hunched
over the floor as the rest of his body hardened. His hair spiked outwards and turned a crimson shade of red. He looked feral. Eijiro got taller, and his clothes tore apart on the sharp edges of what was once his flesh.

"DAMN!"

"That's called Red Riot Unbreakable, a super move first performed by Kirishima during the internships, which haven't happened yet. Except this is more extreme."

"Aight."

He stood before Talbot a moment, then walked closer. The blonde backed away fearfully.

The entire couch was then thrown through the wall. The side of the house was destroyed as this version of Eijiro broke free, roaring in rage. He kicked Talbot, who had previously landed on the deck railing, and he sprawled out on the road.

"That looks bad."

"Open fire!" someone shouted as various agent-like people drew their weapons. Eijiro blocked the bullets with his arms and stepped forwards. He got angrier and his body grew, growing sharper. Talbot watched on horrified.

"Grow, baby, grow!" Ashido yelled. Kirishima blushed redder than his hair.

The creature that was once Eijiro kicked the top off a car and threw the small body of Talbot across the street, slamming him into another agent before leaping away.

"That jump though."

"Let's spin the wheel!" Glory cheered.
"Why?" Shigaraki asked. "It's rigged anyways."

"Shh."
Chapter Summary

Luther Hargreeves "No. 1" | Spaceboy - Toshinori Yagi | All Might
Diego Hargreeves "No. 2" | The Kraken - Enji Todoroki | Endeavour
Allison Hargreeves "No. 3" | The Rumour - Nemuri Kayama | Midnight
Klaus Hargreeves "No. 4" | The Séance - Hizashi Yamada | Present Mic
Number Five | The Boy - Shota Aizawa | Eraserhead
Ben Hargreeves "No. 6" | The Horror - Tensei Iida | Ingenium
Vanya Hargreeves "No. 7" | The White Violin - Hiruma Umeko (no confirmed name) | Thirteen
Pogo - Mirai Sasaki | Sir Nighteye
Leonard Peabody - Danjuro Tabita | Gentle Criminal

Chapter Notes

Warning: character imprisonment

"Shigaraki's being a sour puss bitch." Glory chides. "Anyways, we're focusing on a few pro heroes now since most of the before ones were students."

"You mean 1-A?" Monoma asked venomously.

"And Monoma's still a feral rat, alright. Let's get the ball rolling shall we?"

Hiruma's eyes opened abruptly as she took in her surroundings. A familiar soundproof room that made her heart drop. She rushed at the door and screamed, slamming on the thick glass window pleading to be let out.

Toshinori, Enji and Hizashi watched on, the latter two horrified.

Todoroki glares a the on-screen projection of his father. Seemingly younger than current.
"You locked up our sister because you think she has powers?" Enji asked accusingly, not taking his eyes off the glass.

"They're all related?"

"In this universe, no, they're adopted siblings. They're also the only people with quirks. The time agency Aizawa fucks with is sort of a stretch, but they mostly advanced technology to travel to different eras."

"Goddamn, time travel just makes shit complicated." Bakugou hisses.

"Didn't I mention a time travel theory in your world?"

"No, I know she does. Sasaki told me." Toshinori replied. Enji touches the chamber, watching Hiruma scream inaudible. "He's always known, and so did Dad."

"I don't like hearing my name like that." Nighteye comments.

"Because it's coming from on-screen All Might or because there's no honorific?"

"Why would they hide this from us?" Enji asked. "I mean, am I the only one that didn't know this place existed?"

"He hid so much from us," Hizashi whispered.

"He hid it because he was afraid," Toshinori replies. "Of her."

"Oh, that's ridiculous," Hizashi grumbles.

"Is it?" Toshinori asks. They stare at Hiruma, still pounding on the glass. "Dad's lied about
"Everything else, why is this so far-fetched?"

"I feel like they didn't have a great childhood."

"No, but Present Mic, Thirteen and Aizawa probably got the brute of it, based off of their quirks. And Tensei's dead." Iida flinched at the casual mention of his brother being dead. Glory pretended not to notice Todoroki place a reassuring hand on Iida's shoulder.

"Our quirks?" The loudmouth hero questions.

"There's no specific name for them, but on-screen you can see and summon ghosts. His 'training' was being locked in a mausoleum when he was thirteen."

"Oh, shit."

"Well." Enji sighs. "If you're right, maybe she's the one that killed Tabita."

"Who?"

"A villain Deku manages to defeat single-handedly right before the school festival."

"Wow, really?!" Uraraka asks.

"Focus."

"And cut Nemuri's throat."

"Salty bitch."

"You think that's the reason Umeko-san slit Kayama-san's throat?"
"Whoa, no. Let's..." Hizashi ran his fingers through his hair. "I ju- sorry, just, let's go back, alright? This is Hiruma we're talking about. Our sister! The one who always cried when we stepped on ants as kids."

"What a classic fucking Deku thing to do."

"Did I actually cry over you stepping on ants?" Midoriya deadpanned.

"Probably, fuck if I know."

"I wouldn't've. Right?" Midoriya looked to his friends for assurance. None met his eye.

"I know it's difficult to accept-"

"It's not difficult to accept, it's impossible to accept!"

"Hero Bakugou to Villain Deku." Glory comments idly.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"No, he's right." Enji agrees. "Look, we can't keep her locked up without proof."

"Wh- what more proof do you need?" Toshinori asked defensively.

"Why don't we just open the door and ask her?" Hizashi suggests, going to unlock it.
Toshinori catches his arm. "No, she's not goin' anywhere."

"No, even if you're right, she needs our help, and we can't do that if she's locked in a cage." Enji hisses.

"Yeah!" Hizashi agrees. "And for all we know, she might be struggling with this new power. I mean, it must be scary. Terrifying, really, to discover that you can do something that you never thought you could do."

All Might looked over to Midoriya, who met his gaze, smiles softly, then went back to paying attention to the screen.

"Look, if what Sasaki told me is even half true, then she is not just a danger to us."

The three trail off as faint footsteps approach. They turn and Nemuri stands in the archway, white bandage on her neck and a notepad in her hand.

Toshinori sighs. "Nemuri, what are you doing down here? You should be in bed."

'Let her go' she writes on the note pad.

"I can't do that. She hurt you."

"Is that why he's so bitter. Siblings hurt each other all the time." Asui muses.

"What kind of siblings do you have?" Iida asked.

"Two younger ones."

"Yeah, but most siblings don't slit each other's throats."
"Fair."

Enji and Hizashi turn back to look at Hiruma.

'My fault' Nemuri writes.

"I'm sorry, but she's staying put."

Nemuri shakes her head and tries to walk past him. He catches her. "Just until we know what we're dealing with." she tries to go around the other way. He stops her. Nemuri shoves at him, twice. "She stays put." Nemuri tried once more to push past him, smacking his arm, but he doesn't give way. "Come on." He ushers her away. "Come on, you need to rest."

"All Might, stop being a bitch!" Dabi booed.

"I have no control over the actions of my counterpart." All Might chides.

"Obviously I wasn't talking to you."

Enji and Hizashi have already left.

Hiruma continues to bang on the class, crying, screaming.

"Come one, let's go." he wraps an arm around Nemuri's waist and escorts her down the hall.

"That didn't feel right to watch," Yaoyorozu says.

"You're just weak-spirited," Shigaraki responds.

"I have to disagree," Toga says. "Being locked up really isn't fun."
"You sound like you have experience?"

"... Glory-chan what's next?"
Shota slammed the door open and closed as he stepped into the interrogation room. Kaminari was handcuffed to the table, wearing an orange shirt. “Talk now!” he snapped, sliding into the chair opposite the blonde.

“Has anyone ever seen Eraser so angry?”

“I guess he’s pissed Kaminari-kun got arrested. Again.”

“It’s bad rep as a cop to be arrested.”

“You seem upset.” Kaminari cringes. “Well, here's how the story goes. Remember that little Halloween bet that we made? You probably don't even remember; it was so early this morning.”

“He definitely remembers.”

“That’s the joke.”

“Anywhoozle,”
“Stealing that.”

“I t turns out the criminal I hired to lift your watch was not trustworthy, and I ended up contracting tuberculosis of the foo t and subsequently losing your death watch. But in the end, I like to think this whole thing is gonna bring us closer together. And isn’t that what it’s really all about? Merry Christmas!”

“Trying way too hard not to get in trouble.”

“Sounds like a child talking to a parent.”

“He said ‘Merry Chrismas’ when this is called the Halloween Heist, he’s mixing up his holidays.”

“They’re only two months apart.”

“What are you saying? My watch is right here.” Shota says, pointing to the watch on his wrist.

“No, I made a switch. That's a fake.” Kaminari sighed.

“No.” Shota pulled down his sleeve, showing off a second watch. “This one's a fake.”


“Like Frans Bruggen plays the flute.” Shota sneered playfully; all previous rage was gone.

“Who?”
“A flute player.”

“No shit, really?”

“But how?” Kaminari asks. “I've been planning this theft for three months.”

“Kaminari-kun plans nothing.”

“I know, but I've been planning it for a year,” Shota replies. “Last Halloween, after you won the bet, I went back to my office to do everyone's paperwork, but I did no paperwork. I started to plot my revenge. I began by creating a word cloud.”

“But how could you possibly have known I was gonna try and steal your watch?” the blonde asked.

“I knew you would try to take something important to me,” Shota replied. “During the year, I drew your attention to my watch.”

A flashback started with Kaminari walking through the gate from the precinct elevator.

“You're eight minutes late.”

“You're fourteen minutes late.”

“You're three minutes early... in Chicago.”

Cut back to the interrogation room.

“You annoyed me into stealing it.”
“That sounds backwards.”

“Exactly.” Shota chuckled. “Now you had a target, but you needed a plan. Fortunately, it walked through the door, handcuffed to Bakugou.”

Flashback to Bakugou dragging a guy into the holding cell. “This scumbag pickpocket is Dan McCreary. He can take anything off of anyone.”


Cut back to the interrogation room.

“The look on your face, priceless.” Shota laughed. “I put McCreary into my employ immediately. Fast-forward to this morning. You commenced your plan. McCreary stole my watch, and then replaced it with the replica. And while you celebrated, McCreary put my watch back in my pocket. The watch never left my person. Dun-dun-duh!” he was very monotone in his mocking.

“I can see that you're enjoying this.” Kaminari blanched.

“Not nearly as much as I enjoyed phase two.” the older man replied. “Phase two. While you met with McCreary, Yaoyorozu placed a fire hydrant in front of your car, which she then towed away. Next, I had to take Hanta out of the equation. He had a badge and a gun, and he would do anything to help you. Enter a parade of drunks that separated the two of you long enough for Teanya to kidnap Hanta. Then two bears spilled their drinks on you and stole your wallet. Those bears? Kouda and Mineta.”

“Never in hell would Kouda agree to work with Mineta on anything.”

“If Tenya kidnapped Hanta, how did Hanta tell me to get on the party bus?”

“Eight months ago at a morning briefing, I told the squad that a group of thieves was targeting party busses, so I could record Hanta saying...”
“Denki, party bus! Toot toot! Get on board!”

“I knew Sero would never knowingly betray me.”

“Thank you for your faith in me.”

“Are you saying you would betray me?”

“...no.”

“Convincing.”

“With your jacket and shoes gone, you didn’t look like a cop, but you still had your badge. That is until you entered the party bus. Bakugou’s feline dancing distracted you as a mysterious partier stole your badge on...” he changed the tone and pitch of his voice. “Halloween!”

“Bakugou-kun sexy dancing to distract Kaminari-kun gives off too many vibes to discern.”

“My gaydar is ringing.” Glory chuckles.

Both blondes blushed, Kaminari sunk into his seat and Bakugou took pride in tearing apart a pillow.

“It was you in the mask! You sly son of a bitch! Well done. But I do have to ask, those guys at the impound, did they really smash my car?”

“No, in fact, I had them wash it.”
Kaminari laughs. “Good one, Captain. You can't ‘wash a car’.” Shota gave him a slightly worried look.

“This Kaminari concerns me.”

“Agreed.”

“So, how’d you convince the whole squad to betray me? What'd you offer them?”

“I asked them if they wanted to embarrass you and they instantly said yes.”

“That hurts.”

“It’s true.”

“I'm not gonna lie, that turns me on a little bit.”

“Jesus fucking Christ.”

“Humiliation kink.”

Shota gave a weirded-out hum. “So, in addition to the five weeks of free overtime, I believe I'm owed one more thing.”

“Yes. Here we go.”

“One second.” Shota snapped his fingers and the darkened window lit up, revealing everyone cheering, waving and recording.
"Very well. Captain Aizawa Shota..."

“Mm-hmm.”

“You are an amazing police Captain slash genius.”

The squad cheers again.

“But be warned,” Kaminari leans over the table. “I started planning next year's heist just this minute.”

“Good, then you're only three months behind.” Shota chuckled.

“You sick son of a bitch.”

“Would I get away with calling Aizawa-sensei that?”

“Absolutely not.”

“Didn’t think so.”
(Request) Accelerator!Deku

Chapter Summary

Requested by: LunaMoonChild

Request:

"Ok so I had this idea, I know I said I only had one request, but this would be to awesome to pass up. A quirkDeku au with Accelerator's ability as a quirk. If you don't know who Accelerator is or what his ability can do then look it up, I don't wanna go into the effort of explaining it if you happen to know him and I wouldn't really be able to explain it well anyway. You don't need to look to much into how his ability works, just the basics, since these are only short oneshots and ofc this should be action oriented since it's the best way to show this off. Imagine Izuku fighting the Nomu in the usj and beating it easier than all might could, that's how powerful it would make him."

Chapter Notes

Warning: I had no idea what the fuck i was doing, ambiguous au ending

The screen glitched and people could already tell what was happened.

"This is a re-enactment of the USJ battle, but Midoriya's quirk is different." Glory explains, scrolling on her phone.

"What's the new quirk called?" Midoriya asked. All ears were on Glory.

"Uhhh." She looked at her phone. “It's described here as Vector Manipulation. 'To freely control the direction of every kind of power'. It's super OP."

“Where does it come from?”

“An anime I didn’t bother to watch.”
“I-”

“Then, how can you hope the quirk is portrayed correctly?” Iida asked.

“I hope it’s good enough. I watched a couple of fight scenes.”

“Wow, you watched Demon Slayer, or whatever, for our visit but not the anime this quirk comes from?”

“Demon Slayer has one season and twenty-six episodes. Toaru Majutsu no Index has well over three seasons made of intertwining series’ like it’s Marvel.”

“Like what?”

“That reoccurring universe that’s been showing up.”

“Oh.”

“Anyways! Let’s get this shit on so I don’t have to bother with making shit up for a while.”

“What?”

“What?”

(They/them pronouns for the nomu because yes)

The boy launched forwards, hurtling at speeds faster than the eye could see and body slammed into them. They make a noise of distress as the teenager’s quirk pulled at their regeneration, cancelling out their ability to heal. They barely got there quick enough to protect Tomura.
I remember that.” Shigaraki mused idly.

Tomura spat at them to reform, and they did what they could. But the boy was too fast. They couldn’t watch the teenager for more than a second as he bounded around them. What part of their forcefully collective consciousness that could think questioned what the teenager was planning, as he was yet to attack again.

“The fuck is Deku doing?” Bakugou asked.

“He is a pacifist. He’s not gonna kill the nomu if he doesn’t need to.” Kirishima scolds.

“He’s distracting you!” Tomura snapped. “Kill her!” His order was directed by a pointed finger at the amphibian girl who was bothering him, allowing time for the small one to waddle the bleeding Eraserhead to safety.

“Thank you, Asui-chan,” Aizawa says.

“You’re welcome Aizawa-sensei.” She replies.

“Guys, I’m there doing the labour!” Mineta cried.

“Are you risking your life, Mineta-kun?” Asui chirped. He grumbled but decided not to lie.

They ran at the girl, as they were ordered, and were kicked by the boy again. They could feel the torn ligaments of their arm out in the open but were unable to heal. They wailed. “Stop complaining and kill them!”

“Deku has an OP ass quirk and he’s not using it to it’s a hundred,” Uraraka says. “I understand this for the quirk he has now because of the drawbacks but why not now?”

“Well,” Yaoyorozu speaks before Glory can. “If I were to make an educated guess-”
“Please just say hypothesise.”

“-It’s because Midoriya-kun still has drawbacks to his quirk.”

“Yes.” Glory nods. “Despite having the same ability as Accelerator, the character this ability was lowkey stolen from, he is not the same person. Mostly because I’m eighty per cent sure Accelerator was a villain to begin with and isn’t a hundred per cent sane.”

“...what?”

They did their best to communicate, only a pathetic screech coming from their vocal cords, but the boy drew their attention back to him and began his game of cat and mouse.

“That’s so sad!” Ashido whined. “Why do I want to pet the nomu now? Can I pet the nomu? I want to pet the nomu.”

Glory summoned a particularly small version of one and it happily chirped and cuddled into Ashido’s welcoming arms. She got odd looks by some people and jealous looks by others. It seemed more people wanted to hug a nomu.

The girl steadied herself and her tongue launched out, wrapping around Tomura before he could get too close to the small one and Eraserhead and proceeded to launch him across the nearby water.

“She got rid of him awfully quick.”

“Did you forget what Shigaraki’s quirk is…? Or?”

Kurogiri’s black clouds caught Tomura and he reappeared on the dirt, landing with a grunt and definitely a scowl beneath the hand pressed to his face.

Dabi laughed obnoxiously, Toga and Twice laughed genuinely, no one could tell if Rappa was laughing genuinely or not but he was. Bakugou was snickering, but would certainly doubt it later
on (or make a snide remark).

More kids came by, yelling about something.

“Hey, it’s us!” Kirishima beamed, elbowing Todoroki.

The green-haired boy yelled back.

“It seems this Deku has more confidence.”

“Obviously, he didn’t have Bakugou-kun breathing down his neck for the same reasons.”

Tomura yelled; “KILL THEM!!” There was lots of yelling.

Glory clicked her tongue.

They screamed, cried, begged to not have to hurt these children.

“What’s it saying?” Hagakure asked.

“Dunno, don’t care,” Jirou replies.

Tomura wasn’t having it. “KILL THEM YOU PATHETIC EXCUSE OF A CREATURE!!” How Tomura was the only one to understand them, they couldn’t tell. But really, they couldn’t think too hard about anything, so what did they know?

“Don’t be a bitch, Shiggy.” Toga whined.

“Fuck off, Himiko.”
“Tomura-” Kurogiri starts. The USJ doors slam open and All Might walks in, glaring down on them, teeth bared in a scowl.

“Scary.” Overhaul scoffs.

“Nomu.” Tomura summoned. “You know your mission, ignore the kids. Kill All Might.”

Nomu launched the same time All Might did. However, their targets weren’t each other. The green-haired kid cut the nomu off, slamming a fist into their brain. Fuck, that hurt like a bitch.

Someone with sympathy for them winced.

All Might, instead, went to the corrupted minion wannabe and Eraserhead, then across to the other students.

The freckled boy flipped back to dodge a punch the nomu delivered and the force of the hit was slammed back at them by some invisible shadow.

“There we go.”

What kind of quirk did this kid have? Nomu was struck by another wave of force just as large as before, it ripped at their flesh and the pain burned.

Anyone with scars winced. They knew that feeling.

The spikey, blonde-haired boy yelled something harsh at the boy fighting them, who snaps something back, momentarily losing focus on them.

“What did they say?”
“Nothing important.”

They gave a shrill cry and sped at the boy to attempt to get the upper hand. Emphasis on attempt. Freckles spun around and heeled them square in the eyes.

“DAMN!” Kaminari yelled, jumping to his feet. People looked at him strangely so he plopped back onto his seat, sitting on his knees.

“Nomu!” Tomura screeched. They turned and sped for him, slamming into All Might for enough of a distraction for their master to wrap his fingers around the big man’s arm. Freckles appeared behind them and slammed his feet into their shoulder blades. They screeched and pulled away, giving All Might the chance to throw Tomura off.

“YEEET!!” Most of the teenagers screamed.

“KOBE!!” Others yelled.

“YOBE!!” The truly intelligent memers cried.

They noticed the decay of All Might’s arms regress, then felt the sheering pain of flesh flaking off their back. Could this kid trade damage? Did he have a dual quirk?

“Eww!” Ashido and Hagakure squealed.

“Shit.” Tomura spat, clearly seething with anger. “Get rid of the kid. He’s protecting All Might.”

“Even in a universe where they don’t have the same relationship.” Aizawa sighs.

“You’d be surprised.” Glory quips.
“Tomura,” Kurogiri speaks up again. “The pros will be here soon. We need to leave.”

“Not now.” Tomura hissed, but the resounding sound of gunshots cut him off and Kurogiri’s darkness scooped them all up.

“In other words,” Kaminari starts. “FUCK YA CHICKEN STRIPS!”

“Is that really applicable here?” Sero asks as Bakugou slaps the back of Kaminari’s head.

“They don’t know Tumblr but they know Vine.” Glory mutters. Anyone who doesn’t know vine didn’t understand the reference.

No longer in the green-haired boy’s force of reckoning, the nomu’s regeneration healed it.

“That also looks… not great.” Ashido comments as Hagakure gags.

Tomura spat out a hiss of curse words as Kurogiri tended to his newly earned bullet wounds. Nomu decided to sulk in the corner. “Pathetic creature can’t do a damn thing right.”

“Don’t be mean to Kitahachi.” Ashido hisses at Shigaraki.

“…Who?”

“That’s what I named my nomu. Thanks, by the way.”

“You are not keeping that thing.” Aizawa snaps.

“You’re not my dad.” She retorts back, petting the happily chirping nomu in her lap.
Present Mic opens his mouth to say something, but decides to wave his own comment off with; “Not even going to bother.”

There’s a momentary silence.

Chapter Summary

Thor - Mirio Togata | Lemillion
Loki - Tamaki Amajiki | Suneater
Valkyrie - Nejire Hado | Nejire-chan (She's not in this but I thought it fit her)

Chapter Notes

Warning: Villain!Tamaki ig

Mirio waits as Tamaki enters codes to a door's security panel.

“Oh look, a reason to be here.” Togata comments.

“Ohw.” Glory whines.

“Hey, so listen, we should talk.” Mirio starts.

“I disagree. Open communication was never our family's forte.” Tamaki replies icily.

“Are we… brothers, here?” Amajiki asked softly.

“Tamaki is adopted, but yes.”

“Makes sense!” Hado giggles.

“You have no idea. I've had quite the revelation since we spoke last.” The door opens, revealing a bunch of guards. Mirio and Tamaki heft up two Sakaarian guns. “Hello!” he greets a bit too cheerfully.
“Hi!” Tamaki adds as they blast all the guards, moving to another door.

“Damn, they’re acting like this is no big deal.” Kirishima comments.

“They’ve dealt with worse.” Glory shrugs.

“Odin brought us together, it’s almost poetic that his death should split us apart. We might as well be strangers now. ‘Two sons of the crown’ set adrift.”

“…Crown?”

“Adopted into the royal family, I’m afraid.”

Amajiki shudders at the thought.

A guard tries to ambush Tamaki through the door. Mirio takes out the guard. “Thought you didn’t want to talk about it?” Mirio comments. He presses a button on the elevator, and they go up.

“Here’s the thing, I’m probably better off staying here on Sakaar.” Tamaki says.

“What an odd name for a country.”

“Planet, actually.” Glory corrects.

“BesCUSE me?”

“That’s exactly what I was thinking.”
“...Did you just agree with me?”

“This place is perfect for you. It's savage, chaotic, lawless. Brother, you're going to do great here.”

“Do you truly think so little of me?”

“They don’t sound like they get along.” Amajiki mumbles.

“Well, one was a villain who faked his death.”

“...Which one was that?”

“Two guesses.”

Mirio pauses, considering him. “Tamaki, I thought the world of you. I thought we were gonna fight side by side forever. But, at the end of the day, you're you, I'm me...” he huffs. “I don't know, maybe there’s still good in you, but let’s be honest, our paths diverged a long time ago.”

“TAMAKI IS A VILLAIN IN THIS AU?!” Hado and Togata explained as the shyer of the three sunk into his chair to hide.

“Villain turned hero.” Glory corrects. “It’s complicated but you’ll see later on.”

Tamaki is wounded by Mirio's willingness to discard him. He masks his feelings with; “It's probably for the best that we never see one another again.”

There’s a pause. Mirio pats Tamaki affectionately on the shoulder. “That's what you always wanted.”
“I don’t want that.” Amajiki mumbles.

Another pause. “Hey, let’s do ‘Get Help’.”

“What?”

“‘Get Help’.”

“No.”

“Come on, you love it.”

“I hate it.”

“It's great. It works every time.”

“It's humiliating.”

“Do you have a better plan?”

“No.”

“We're doing it.”

“We are not doing ‘Get Help’.”

“This sounds like something the Dekusquad would do.”
“Really?” Glory asks. “This gives me a Monoma-Shinsou vibe.”

“Them too.”

“I think you’re stereotyping us and I don’t like it.”

“Too bad.”

The elevator doors open. Mirio supports Tamaki’s weight with Tamaki faking a fatal injury.

“Oh, they’re doing it.”

“Get help! Please! My brother, he's dying.” A small group of Sakaarian guards turn toward Mirio and Tamaki. One guard aims his gun at them. “Get help! Help him!” Mirio picked up Tamaki and flings him at the guards, knocking them down like bowling pins.

“Oh, Jesus, I can see why Amjiki-san doesn’t like it.”

“Definitely a Monoma-Shinsou thing.”

“You know we barely know each other… right? Like we’ve probably met once and that was it.”

Tamaki stands up and Mirio steps to Tamaki's side. “Classic.”

“I still hate it.” Tamaki declares. “It's humiliating.”

“Not for me, it's not.” Mirio laughs.
“Yeah, you’re not getting thrown at a bunch of guards,” Amajiki grumbles sarcastically under his breath.

“Don’t be mean,” Togata whined, loudly, causing his friend's face to flush a brighter red if that were possible. God, Tamaki wanted to die.

“Moving on~” Glory sang, much to the embarrassed teens delight.
Chapter Summary

Blake Carrington - Marasu Bakugou
Alexis Carrington - Mitsuki Bakugou
Cristal Flores / Celia Machado - Cristal Flores
Fallon Carrington - Katsuki Bakugou
Steven Carrington - Izuku Midoriya
Sammy Jo - Hitoshi Shinsou
Liam Riddley - Neito Monoma
Joeseph Anders - Shota Aizawa
Kirby Anders - Hanta Sero
Michael Culhane - Eijiro Kirishima
Jeff Colby - Dabi
Kory Colby - Shoto Todoroki

Chapter Notes

Warning: SPOILERS Obvi for season two

“Ah.” Glory muses. “I’m expecting this one to show up a little bit more.”

“Why?”

“Because there are multiple scenes from this show I want to use.”

“WHERE THE HELL IS SHE?!” Katsuki barges in angrily screaming for his mother.

“How small is what Bakugou-kun is angry about.”

“I’d say anyone of you would be yelling like this.”

“Huh.”
Seeing him all rifled up, Izuku asks what is wrong. Katsuki doesn’t respond but slaps Izuku as he storms past.

“Bitch slap.” Kaminari laughs.

“She’s taking Krystle for a piddle.” Aizawa. “The dog not-” he sighs because Katsuki is already gone.

“They named a god after a person? The fuck?”

Katsuki reaches Mitsuki as Hitoshi, Cristal, Izuku, Marasu, Neito, and Aizawa look upon them from the balcony.

“Why is Monoma-kun there?”

“I’m choosing not to answer that question.”

“Why?”

“YOU LYING BITCH!” Katsuki starts yelling at Mitsuki.

“You know what? I would be pissed if my mom lied to me.”

“I guess it depends on what.”

“What in God’s name?” Marasu muses.

“Izu, what happened?” Cristal asks.
“Who the fuck?”

“In this AU Bakugou’s parents are divorced and his dad remarried her, who happens to be Shinsou’s aunt.”

“That explains why Shinsou-kun in there, I guess.”

“I have a feeling we’re about to find out.”

“Was any of it true?” Katsuki asks his mother. “Or has it all been a lie since you arrived?”

“What on earth are you talking about?” Mitsuki responds.

“Good question.”

“Where have you been the last ten years, the last five, or hell! The last month?”

“I told you I was all over Europe, Dubai.”

“You couldn’t afford to send a postcard to Dubai.” Katsuki snaps. “I know all about your ‘duck dynasty’ trailer.”

Mitsuki pales slightly. “You went there? Well, that’s just a temporary situation.”

“Oh, as in temporary insanity?”

“I am in the process of developing that land for a summer home. Casa Morell.”
“Where did that name come from?”

“Both Mitsuki and Katsuki’s middle names.”

“Of course.”

Cristal looks at Hitoshi who snickers at her. “The architects are doing the plans as we speak.”

“How dare you call your mother a liar.” She spits. “You don’t even know me.”

“How could I?” Katsuki chuckles. “I’m not the child you chose to stay in touch with!”

“W.H.A.T.”

“Midoriya and Bakugou are, spoilers, half-siblings.”

“How is that a spoiler?”

“Because of stuff that happens in season two.”

Izuku realizes why he was slapped, and everyone looks at him shocked. His lips form a line so he says nothing.

“Well- I-” Mistuki struggled with her words for a moment. She straightens her back and walks past Katsuki. “Izuku at least bothered-!”
Her son cuts her off with a laugh. “Oh! There it is! Now we get to see what it looks like when Bakugou Mitsuki runs out of lies.” He got up close to his mother’s face. “You know, for a second, for a split second, you actually had me believing that you cared, but you don’t care about anybody but yourself!” Tears well in his eyes and his voice got defensively louder. “WHAT KIND OF HORRIBLE WOMAN ABANDONS HER SON?!”

“How… how long did that happen?”

“Eleven years, I believe.”

“And Midoriya-kun was on contact all that time?”

“Pretty much.”

“Ouch.”

“That’s not true.” Mitsuki denies. “My feelings for my children are completely genuine.” She goes to walk away as Katsuki seethes.

“NOTHING about you is genuine!” to prove it, he tore at her hair and forced out her extensions. Mitsuki shrieks and Katsuki throws the faux hair into the pool. Cristal laughs.

“You spiteful little brat!” Mitsuki hissed. Grabbing at Katsuki’s arms. The fight intensifies, Katsuki and Mitsuki throw themselves into the pool. As Katsuki and Mitsuki splash in the pool, Krystle, the dog, is frantically is barking nervously.

“What’s up with the petty fighting?”

“Bakugou isn’t that versed in combat. Mostly because there was no need for him to be here.”

“Okay, I better break this up,” Marasu says. “Before someone drowns.”
“Don’t you dare.” Cristal snaps, her and Hitoshi smiling over the balcony. No one else seemed that amused, however.

Katsuki and Mitsuki continue to throw water at each other. Mitsuki splashes Katsuki’s face into the water and he screams.

“YOU WERE NEVER A MOTHER TO US!” Katsuki growls after he resurfaces.

“Yeah, she just tried to drown you.”

“I’m right in the fucking room with you, smart-ass.”

“AS IF ANYONE COULD MOTHER YOU!” Mitsuki hisses, walking out of the pool. “YOU WERE BORN AN EGOMANIAC!”

“LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON!”

Before leaving, Mitsuki spits; “OBVIOUSLY, WE SHOULD’VE SPANKED YOU MORE AS A CHILD.”

Cut to inside. Mitsuki enters wearing a robe. “I always told you he needed to see a specialist. Now he’s gone and lost his mind.”

“I still firmly believe that’s a good idea.” Glory says, staring into the souls of the teachers.

“Actually,” Hitoshi says, speaking quietly to Neito in the corner. “That was rather subdued behaviour for Katsuki.”

“He isn’t too much a physical fighter, but he still has his anger and bite I see.”
“I guess your lies finally caught up with you, Mitsuki,” Marasu says lowly. Clearly, they did not divorce on good terms.

She gapes at him. “You’re the one who poisoned him against me!”

“You poisoned yourself.” Katsuki cut in, suddenly entering the room, still dripping wet and holding a gun. He shoots the ceiling.

“You forgot to mention the gun.”

“No quirk AU. People have to defend themselves differently.”

Cristal shrieks. “Katsuki, what’re you doing?!?” Marasu snaps.

“That’s more typical,” Hitoshi says to Neito, who looks very shocked.

“Yes, yes it is.”

“You may remember this,” Katsuki says, waving the gun specifically towards Cristal, but not pointing it at her. His glare settled on his mother. “A little gift Mommy dearest sent me for my sweet sixteen. You know, to show me how much she cared.”

“That’s messed up.” Dabi nods.

“Kacchan, put that away,” Izuku warned.

“Glad the nickname stayed.”

“Listen to him, Katsuki.” Mitsuki agrees. “Just sit down and let’s talk about this.”
“Why? So you can feed me more of your lies? You want the house? Fine, take it. But if you think we’re gonna be one big, happy family here, I have news for you.” Katsuki starts shooting. First, he shoots the champagne bottles to which Mitsuki screams in horror. Izuku grabs his mother and takes her back as Katsuki shoots one of the lights. “I will never, EVER,” He shoots the windows of the door in front of him. “I live under the same roof as you again.” Katsuki walks in anger and throws the gun away, leaving Cristal in smiles and everyone else shocked – especially Mitsuki.

Marasu looks at the door Katsuki shot at. Neito gave Hitoshi a look of concern.

“This lowkey gives off a Todoroki family vibe.”

“It’s should, it’s about a dysfunctional rich family.”


“Alright, I’ve had enough weirdness, can we move on?” Overhaul asks.

“Glad you’re embracing the fact you’re not getting out of here anytime soon.”
Norm Scully is Mashirao Ojiro this time because I can

“HALLOWEEN HEIST PART THREE!” Glory screeched.

“Is it anywhere near Halloween for you?”

“Nah.”

The cast slam into the rooftop, Kaminari and Aizawa first.

“Yes. I did it. I am the greatest athlete in the world.” Kaminari wheezed.

“No. No, you are not if you’re that winded after climbing a few flights of stairs.”


“Whomst?”

“Oh, there he is.” Kaminari points to someone who had their back to them. “There he is! I did it. I did it.”

“Good God.” Aizawa groans. “Are you Al the janitor?”

“Nope. I'm your worst nightmare…” She turns around, whipping off the fake moustache and cap. “Yaoyorozu Momo.”
“Oh, worm.”

“What the fuck Kaminari?”

“Oh, no.” Kaminari coughs as Aizawa stares at her in disbelief.

“I don't understand what is happening.” He mutters.

“Allow me to explain.” Kaminari grins, walking over to Yaoyorozu and wrapping an arm around her shoulders. “Momo and I were ahead of you the whole time.”

“No, you weren't part of this.” She snaps, pushing him away. “Get back over to the loser side, loser.”

“All right. Worth a shot.”

“Isn’t it supposed to be between Kaminari-kun and Aizawa-sensei?”

“Just listen.”

“Do you really think I’m a loser?” Kaminari asks.

“Uh-”


“So, how’d you pull it off?” Bakugou asks.
“Well, it all started when I went to tell Denki how badly he hurt my feelings, and he yelled at my breasts.”

“What?” half the room gaped. The other half laughed.

“Both Kaminari and Aizawa assumed Yaomomo was working for the enemy and that the “camera” they had recording was between her breasts.”

“So you’re saying Eraserhead yelled at her boobs too?” Shigaraki asked.

“Aizawa apologised upfront. Kami did not.”

Kirishima punched his blonde companion. “WHAT THE HELL?! I DIDN’T DO ANYTHING!!”

“Oh, boy, I am not going to come off well in this story.”

“Nope.” Yaoyorozu snickers. “Remember when you set off the witch? You made Captain Aizawa flinch, which was weird, since his door as closed, but not weird since he actually heard it over a bug he planted at your desk. It was in an old muffin that you never threw in the trash.” There’s a flashback of what she says, including the very rotten muffin.

“That’s why people throw away garbage,” Kaminari exclaims. The others grimace at him.

“What? That’s disgusting! Even Mineta isn’t that gross.”

“Yeah, even I’m not that gross.”

“Why did you agree to that?”

“How are we together?” Yaoyorozu asks. Kaminari shrugs.
“They’re dating?!”

“Yup.”

“That makes him yelling at her boobs slightly more okay… slightly.”

“Anyway, I tapped into the bug’s frequencies, so I had ears on Denki. I needed to know what Aizawa was up to. That’s where Mineta came in.”

“I masterminded the entire plan.” He brags.

“You did one small thing, and I had to explain it to you, like, forty-five times.” Yaoyorozu scoffs.

“That sounds about right.”

“He left a tiny crack in the blinds, so I could read the Captain’s lips. "Kyoka and your kids will distract Denki.”

“Iida-kun and Jirou-chan dating, let alone having KIDS is strange to think about.”

“I think they’re trying not to think about it.”

Both were bright red and stiff. Silently watching.

“They’ll be here at nine-thirty sharp. My waffle xylophone on the cheese man”.”

“What?” Aizawa asked at the same time as his on-screen double.

“My lip-reading is not flawless. Now that I knew your plan, it was simple to disrupt. While
Ojiro gracefully moved the witch, I got into character. Aizawa triggered the witch, which brought Denki into the room.”

“Witch, which.”

“And I threw the crown in the trash can.” Aizawa realises.

“Exactly as I planned. Then I sent you all here, placed an out-of-order sign on the perfectly functional elevator, made you all walk up and vomit twice.”

“Actually, it was four times, if you count all the stairwell stuff.” Kaminari corrects.

“Ew, Kaminari-kun.”

“I HAVEN’T DONE ANYTHING!!”

Yaoyorozu jabs a finger into the blonde’s chest. “You thought I was just Aizawa’s lackey.” She then sends her wrath at Aizawa. “And you thought I was just Denki’s girlfriend. Well, I’m my own person, capable of making my own decisions, and I decided to humiliate you both.”

“Well done.” Aizawa comments.

“Me or her?” Yaoyorozu asks.

“You’re the same person.”

“Well, you did, and it was awesome.” Kaminari praised. “One last question: where’s the crown?”

“Oh, it’s at Shaw's Bar, the official site of my coronation.”
Jumpcut to the bar. Kaminari is lowering a plastic crown onto Yaoyorozu’s head. “All hail the crown of destiny. And all hail she who wears it, Yaoyorozu Momo, the…”

“Queen.”

“Queen of the Nine-Nine.”

“I believe there's something else you both need to say.” She adds.

“Gladly,” Aizawa replies.

“Yaoyorozu Momo is an amazing detective-slash-genius.” He and Kaminari say together.

“Drinks are on us,” Aizawa adds.

“Nope.”

“Drinks are on me.”

“Yeah!” They all cheer.

“Kaminari-kun’s too broke to pay for anyone else’s drinks.” Ashido chuckles.

“Mood,” Uraraka replies.

“I’m concerned about that.” All Might mused to deaf ears.
“What’s next?” Glory asks looking at a book in her lap. “Ah. It’s a request.” She clicks her tongue. “At least it’s easier than the last two.”
(Request) Bullied!Aizawa

Chapter Summary

Request: If I could get please a abused/bullied young aizawa universe where cause his quirk he's an outcast/freak (can be erasurmic if you want since you're the one writing it) I'd be happy cuz I can already imagine the classes reactions! but really I just love your ideas in general so I don't care! I can't wait for the next one!! Kind of inspired me to try this trope out!

By: ostrichriderforever

This is not what you asked for but it happened n I hope its okay

Chapter Notes

Warning: implies rape, animal abuse, death, animal death, aizawa get's beat up, it's not described but his injuries are, abuse description

I am so sorry

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The tell-tale signs of a request were enough to settle the talking crowd down, but Overhuals gaze sought out the small girl he hadn’t heard talk in a while.

“Where is Eri?” he asks.

Glory cringes. “She doesn’t need to be here for this one. She’s hanging out with some other kids around her age.”

Overhaul clicked his tongue. “But she’ll come back?”

“Of course.” Glory replies, but the man notices the look she gives him.

Shota was walking down the street to go back home, minding his own business with his head lowered. The teenager hoped he could get home without issue; however, the universe seems adamant is bothering him.
“Isn’t it always?” Shota sighed.

Glory hummed a response.

“Is Sensei in Middle school here or High school?”

“Middle school.”

There were a group of four or five men crowded around an alleyway, kicking something. God did Shota want to ignore it, but a low hiss stopped him dead in his tracks.

“Oh, no.”

He turned his head and tried to peer through the wall of bodies. When that didn’t work, he got closer and snapped out the strongest; “Hey!” he could. The boys turned to him, staring him down with a predatory gaze, but now Shota could see inside the group.

A guy Shota hadn’t noticed before was towing over a girl with a cat quirk, simple cat ears protruding from her hair and a tail flicking out from beneath her skirt. The boy had an arm hooked behind her elbows, holding her still.

The others were standing in front of a litter of small kittens, almost newborns. Most were beaten bloody raw, definitely already dead. The poor girl was crying, but the tie shoved in her mouth muffled it enough.

Shota felt his blood run cold.

The room seemed to get colder. Some people cursed under their breath; others shielded their eyes. Someone breathed out a quiet; “What the fuck?”
The boys in the group seemed to have some predator quirk, making their glares make more sense. The boy holding the girl was a wolf, the others were a range of canines to bears to even an eagle.

“Look what we have here~” One cooed. He had a cheetah quirk but was certainly more “cat” than the girl. “A little girl who thinks she knows what she’s doing.”

“How the fuck can Aizawa-sensei ever get mistaken for a girl?”

“Look at him.”

“I am!”

“On the screen, you dumbass!”

Aizawa blinked at his students.

Shota was thrown off by the comment. Did he really look like a girl? He hardly sounded like it, but he shook these thoughts off. “Leave them alone! What the fuck are you doing?!”

(“Male.” He idly hears someone correct. “Smells like one, sounds like one.”)

“Thank Mr dog man.”

F*ck animal quirks and their heightened senses. And f*ck mutation quirks because Shota can’t erase those.)

“Having drawbacks must suck.” Shigaraki comments.

“Do you… not have drawbacks?” Midoriya asks. The villain doesn’t reply.
“We’re teaching this slut loyalty.” The cheetah purrs, his tail flicking against the girl’s face. She wails something that was muffled by the tie in her mouth. “She needs it.”

“I’m so confused and really scared.” Kaminari shudders.

“Oh… my god.” Yaoyorozu gasps like she’s just realised something.

“Those are kittens,” Shota says, eyeing the small creatures, then the girl, racking his brain for anything he could remember about feline instinct and dealing with their young. Males generally kill kittens that aren’t their own, but the difference in species confused him. And the implication that these kittens were the children of this high school looking girl made the situation worse. Far worse.

“Jesus Christ.” All Might cursed.

“Mind your business kid.” The eagle squawked. “Don’t get caught up in trouble that don’t concern you.”

“Good advice, bad dude.”

“Keep walking.” The wolf barked, his claws digging into the girl’s arms. She sobbed.

Shota frowned, steadied his breath and stood his ground. “No.”

“That isn’t going to end well.”

The girl was left alone after he was pounced on, but she didn’t leave. She cradled the dead kittens and cried, petting the blood-stained fur and ignoring the poor kid getting trampled.

“I don’t blame her.”
The predators left once they got bored, hardly sparing Shota a second glance, but the cheetah
did look back at the girl and hiss lowly. She cradled the kitten’s bodies in her arms and
hissed back. He left.

“You go, girl!”

“Can that really be applied here?”

The girl stood up with a wobble and walked over to Shota, attempting to nuzzle him awake,
as her arms were occupied.

“That’d be cute if Sensei wasn’t beaten the fuck up.”

He eventually jolted awake by a weak kick delivered to his stomach and he grunted, leaning
over and spitting up a mixture of blood and vomit. The girl grimaced. So did most of the
people in the room.

Maybe he should’ve called the police before intervening. His entire body ached, many places
discoloured or bloody. His ankle was sprained at the least and his arm was definitely broken.
There was a chunk of flesh missing from the other arm where the eagle guy had put his beak
to use. He was littered in rough claw marks and grazes from sharp teeth. More people went
pale.

Shota swayed as he stood, and the girl pushed her shoulder into him to steady.

“Thanks.” They both say. Shota scoffed, a bitter smile on his face.

“I didn’t really do much.” He admitted, his good arm dragging through his hair.

The girl held up her arms. Whilst most of the kittens were dead (Shota balanced) one still
moved, just enough to be alive. They hadn’t gotten to it.
“That’s good, at least,” Ashido says, hugging the little Nomu in her lap.

“I’m going to bury the others.” She says.

“Are they yours?” Shota asks and the girl picks up on the subtlity of the actual question he was tried to ask.

“Yes.” She didn’t want to talk about it.

Yaoyorozu cringed as some others finally realised what happened.

“Thank you again…”

Another subtle question. “Aizawa Shota.”

“My name is Masaki Yawara.” She looks at his ankle. “Do you need help?”

“No, he’s just gonna hobble home and sleep off a broken arm.” Dabi mutters.

Twice snickers; “That was hilarious!” pauses and then hit Dabi. “Don’t make me laugh at that.”

The answer to that question was obvious. “If I could inconvenience you with a drive to the hospital.” He replies.

“Just say ‘yes’ like a normal person.”

“How about no.”
“Of course.” She says, leading him to her car.

“That was sad!” Uraraka whined.

“That actually prompt was bullied but this happened and now I’m upset.” Glory muses, scrolling on her phone. “But we’re doing more marvel next so happiness shall return.”

There was a pause. “Eri wants to stay with the others because alright it’s not like they’re in immediate danger or anything.”

“Are they in danger?” Toga asks because she had no idea if Glory was being sarcastic or not.

“No.” the brunette replied. “But they could be, if I let the demons run rampant.”

“… you can do that?”

“What can’t she do?”

“Take care of myself.”

“Is that a joke?”

“Haha, I wish.”

Chapter End Notes

  oof this was dark
  do u guys wanna know who eri’s with?
(Various) The Avengers "New York Battle"

Chapter Summary

Tony Stark | Iron Man - Katsuki Bakugou
Steve Rogers | Captain America - Izuku Midoriya
Thor - Mirio Togata
Bruce Banner - Eijiro Kirishima
Natasha Romanoff - Ochako Uraraka
Clint Barton - Hitoshi Shinsou
Loki - Tamaki Amajiki
Nick Fury - Nezu
Maria Hill - Yu Takeyama | Mt Lady
Phil Coulson - Neito Monoma

Chapter Notes

Warning: fight scene, graphic description of violence

it's super fucking long guys holy shit I'm so sorry

“The battle of New York from the Avengers.” Glory clicks her tongue. “This happens before that one with Mirio and Tamaki.”

“I feel like that’s important?”

“It is.”

“Am I still a villain?” Amajiki asks.

“You’re the main villain.”

He groans.

Katsuki lands his suit and goes through the gauntlet, the armour mechanically being pulled
apart so he’s in casual clothes.

“That looks cool.” Someone comments. Mei was drooling. She was ignored.

Tamaki looks up at him, smiling. They proceed to walk into the penthouse. Tamaki walks in, holding his sceptre. Katsuki casually walks down the steps, towards the bar.

“Bakugou has a bar in his penthouse, I’m not even remotely surprised,” Monoma mutters.

“Well, you clearly don’t know Bakugou-kun then,” Ashido replies.

“Please tell me you're going to appeal to my humanity,” Tamaki says as if they weren’t mortal enemies.

“Uh...actually, I'm planning to threaten you,” Katsuki replies.

“You should have left your armour on for that.”

“Yeah, it's seen a bit of mileage. You've got the blue stick of destiny.” He gestures at the staff. “Would you like a drink?”

“Stalling me won’t change anything.”

“No, no, no!” Katsuki denies. “Threatening. No drink? You sure? I'm having one.”

“The chitauri are coming, nothing will change that. What have I to fear?”

“That what?”

“Yes, I've met them.”

Katsuki smiles. “Yeah, takes us a while to get any traction, I'll give you that one. But, let's do a headcount here. Your brother, the demi-God;”

Mirio

“A super-soldier, a living legend who kind of lives up to the legend;”

Izuku

“A man with breath-taking anger management issues;”

Katsuki Eijiro

“A couple of master assassins,”

Hitoshi and Ochako

“And you, big fella, you've managed to piss off every single one of them.”

“That was the plan.”

“Not a great plan. When they come, and they will, they'll come for you.” From underneath the bar table, Katsuki pulls on colantotte bracelets, a honing device.
“I have an army,” Tamaki says as Katsuki approaches.

“We have a Hulk.”

“I thought the beast had wandered off.” Tamaki sneers.

“You're missing the point,” Katsuki says. “There's no throne, there is no version of this, where you come out on top. Maybe your army comes and maybe it's too much for us, but it's all on you. Because if we can't protect the Earth, you can be damned well sure we'll avenge it.”

“Fucking PREACH!”

Tamaki raises the sceptre. “How will your friends have time for me, when they’re so busy fighting you?” Tamaki taps Katsuki on the chest with his sceptre. Nothing happens. Confused, Tamaki tries again. Nothing. “It should work.”

“What the fuck is that supposed to do?”

“Mind control him.” Shinsou flinches.


“He’s referring to Tensei.”

“Yes.” Iida, Tenya specifically, replies. “I remember from last time we focused on this version of Bakugou-kun.”

“Cool.”
Tamaki grabs Katsuki by the throat again. “You will all fall before me.”

Tamaki throws Katsuki out the window. Katsuki freefalls down the tower. From behind Tamaki, an elevator opens, and a red pod shoots out. The pod laser signals the colantotte bracelets on Katsuki. The pod begins to transform into the Mark VII suit. It latches onto Katsuki. The suit flies up before he hits the ground or the gazing people.

“AWESOME!!”

Tamaki looks up, angry as the man in armour hovers just above his eye level. “And there's one other person you pissed off! His name was Neito.”

Monoma raised an eyebrow.

“Tamaki apparently killed you and so the team is avenging you. You’re not actually dead though, so.” Glory shrugs.

“Ah.”

Tamaki raises the sceptre. Iron Man fires at Tamaki, sending him on his ass.

On the roof, Selvig looks up at the sky. The Tesseract's energy beams into the sky. The beam then forms a vortex, which then opens up another portal.

“Whom the fuck?”

A hole in space rips open, and from it, the chitauri army spills out in flying chariots, carrying energy rifles with a bayonet on the end.

Back to Katsuki. “Right. Army.”
“How is that something you forget about?”

Iron Man flies up towards the portal. From his shoulders, a miniature multiple rocket launcher pops out and fires. Like the Jericho missile, several targets are taken down. It's useless, though. Thousands of chitauri fly out. Iron Man flies towards the city.

Over Manhattan, the chitauri unleash. New Yorkers fill the streets, staring at the firefight in the distance. The chitauri unleashes blasts as they go past, blowing up cars, setting storefronts aflame.

An explosion rips out the windows of the top corner of buildings. Flame and stone rain down. A domino-effect of explosions rippling across the bridge.

Tamaki walks onto the balcony as the sounds of the chitauri rings out. He admires his soon to be kingdom. Mirio lands on the tower. Tamaki turns to his enemy.

“Tamaki! Turn off the Tesseract or I'll destroy it!” He yells.

“You can't. There is no stopping it. There is only the war!”

“So be it."

Tamaki and Mirio rush at each other. They and their weapons collide. The two battle - Tamaki unleashing pent-up rage and jealousy, Mirio having no choice but to defend himself.

Amajiki manages to sink further into his seat. Togata was focusing intently on the screen. Hado looked between them both.

In the streets, soldiers and cops have taken positions covering the roads. They see from the sky, Iron Man leading a trail of chitauri towards his tower. The Quinjet booms into the city.
“Bakugou, we're heading northeast.” Ochako’s voice says through the comms.

“What, did you stop for drive-thru?” Katsuki asks sarcastically. “Swing up park, I'm gonna lay 'em out for you.”

Iron Man banks around his tower. Sees Mirio and Tamaki still going at it. Iron Man swoops down the street, causing a chitauri to crash. Flying up, Iron Man puts the following chitauri in view of the Quinjet. Ochako takes out machine gun and fires at the chitauri.

“Sir, we have more incoming.” Iida Tensei’s voice says to Katsuki communications unit.

“Fine. Let's keep them occupied.” Iron Man heads back to the portal.

Mirio and Tamaki battle savagely. Tamaki fires energy from the sceptre, sending Mirio sliding across the floor. Inside the Quinjet, Hitoshi looks out to his left window, watching the pair fight. “Yeah.”

“See them,” Ochako replies.

Hitoshi banks the jet towards the Bakugou tower. Ochako aims the minigun at Tamaki and shoots at him but misses. Tamaki aims the sceptre at the Quinjet and fires a blast of energy. Mirio gets to his feet, tackling Tamaki down hard.

The Quinjet is caught on fire. Hitoshi manoeuvres one wing of the jet. They spin and slow, dropping out of the air as it passes over skyscrapers. Then they slam into the street.

“Most of these people don’t have quirks and they’re dead-ass taking on aliens.” Dabi muses. “I kinda don’t want to fight them.”

“No one should but people do.”
With everyone okay, Hitoshi and Ochako unfasten their seatbelts and open the ramp. Izuku runs down, followed by Hitoshi and Ochako. Each one has their respected weapons in hand.

The trio arrives in the middle of a four-way street. Suddenly, the city lurches to a stop. A deep, primal rage bellows out. With that roar, a shadow comes over them. From the portal, a chitauri leviathan flies out, carrying hundreds of soldiers, the chitauri leviathan passes over the trio. They look up, out of their element. From both sides, chitauri soldiers cling off and attach themselves to the sides of the buildings, sliding down. Some crash into these buildings and begin firing from their energy rifles at innocent people.

“Bakugou, are you seeing this?” Izuku asks.

“EW!!” Ashido cries. “Hearing Midoriya-kun say that ehhh.” She shudders. The rest of class 1-A seem to share this sentiment.

Bakugou was frozen in his seat, Midoriya was mumbling into his palm.

“I'm seeing, still working on believing.” He replies. “Where's Kirishima? Has he shown up yet?”

“Kirishima?”

“Just keep me posted. Iida, find me a soft spot.” Iron Man quietly flies behind and parallel with the chitauri leviathan.

At the tower, Mirio holds down Tamaki’s face straight ahead, forcing him to watch the city falling to ash. “Look at this! Look around you! You think this madness will end with your rule?”

Tamaki tries to look away. “It's too late. It's too late to stop it.”

“No. We can. Together.” Mirio says.
Tamaki looks at his brother, showing a sign of hope. Then... Tamaki stabs Mirio with a small knife. Mirio keels over.

Most of the villains laugh, a genuine laugh. Some of the teenagers laugh too.

“Sentiment.” Tamaki spits.

Mirio gets up, kicks Tamaki and lifts him into the air. Mirio then slams him down, hard. Tamaki, bleeding, rolls over the edge. Mirio looks down. Tamaki is riding on a flying chariot. Dozens of chitauri follow his lead.

“He went nyoom.” Kaminari mimics a noise that didn’t happen. Amajiki fucking stares at him.

The trio run behind upside taxis. They look up and see Tamaki taking his band down the street and fire at the street in a chain of explosions. Smashing cars and hurling people as it goes off in one final conflagration. Terrified people running from Tamaki, looking over their shoulders, coming straight at us.

The shy boy whines slightly. He really didn’t like this.

Izuku looks down the bridge. “Those people need assistance down there.”

Chitauri soldiers that have landed near them and begin firing at them. Ochako pulls both pistols and fires. She turns to Deku. “We got this. It's good. Go!”

Izuku turns to Hitoshi. “You think you can hold them off?”

“Captain,” He starts, pulling a trigger on his bow; an arrow is mechanically chosen. “It would be my genuine pleasure.”
“The fandom to anyone in your world.” Glory comments. “Except probably Endeavour. And maybe All for One.”

“What?”

“What?”

Hitoshi shoots an arrow into the creature's head, gaining a few seconds for Izuku as he falls down the bridge, followed by an explosion. Deku races over to the plaza, jumping over dozens of exploding cars. The first avenger runs like a fucking cheetah.

“Whaaattt?”

Hitoshi runs over a bus full of people. From the windows, small children are held by their parents for Hitoshi to pull them out to safety. He runs over to the jammed door and jerkily opens it. People begin to run out. Ochako empties out her clips. Hitoshi fires arrows into the ranks of the chitauri, hitting his mark each time he shoots.

“Just like Budapest all over again!” Ochako yells over the noise.

“You and I remember Budapest very differently,” Hitoshi replies.

“What happened in Budapest?”

“No one knows.”

The cops continuously fire at the flying chariots. It’s pretty pointless. A young cop runs over to his police sergeant.

“We need to get out! They gotta bring the National Guard!”
“National Guard? Does the army know what's happening here?” the sergeant asks.

“Do we?” the younger counters.

Izuku jumps in front of them. They look up at this ridiculous looking man. “I need men in these buildings. There are people inside that can run into the line of fire. You take them through the basement or through the subway. You keep them off the streets. I need a perimeter as far back as thirty-ninth.”

“Why the hell should I take orders from you?” the sergeant snaps.

Suddenly, an explosion comes up from behind Deku. An energy blast is blocked by his shield. Two chitauri soldiers attack. The cops watch in shock as Izuku fights them off with ease. The sergeant turns to his officer and repeats Izuku’s orders.

“Get fuCKED!”

Iron Man swerves around a building and faces the chitauri leviathan. He pulls out his miniature multiple rocket launcher and fires. The chitauri leviathan roars in annoyance. The chitauri leviathan turns to him.

“We got his attention. What the hell is step two?!” He flies away.

“Me too.”

“That’s concerning.”

Hitoshi trips a chitauri soldier and rams an arrow down its throat. Ochako gets her hands on an energy rifle and stick fights the hell out of them. Izuku joins back in and using his shield, swaps and whacks oncoming chitauri soldiers. It's all too much on them, until...
Lightning strikes down from the sky, channelling the blast, firing the electricity out at the chitauri soldiers around them. They're blasted back in a massive shockwave. The chitauri soldiers convulse, drop dead to the ground. Mirio touches down.

“What's the story upstairs?” Izuku asks.

“The powers surrounding the cube is impenetrable.”

“Mirio is right.” Katsuki says over the coms. “We gotta deal with these guys.”

“Bakugou-kun?? Admitting someone else is right?? Bescuse me?!”

“FUCK OFF!”

“How do we do this?” Ochako asks.

“As a team.” Izuku replies.

“I have unfinished business with Tamaki.” Mirio adds darkly.

“Yeah, get in line.” Hitoshi deadpans.

“What did Tamaki do to him?”

“Mind controlled him to escape custody and then used him until Uraraka knocked him out of it.”

Shinsou leans over to Uraraka. “Thanks.”

“No problem.” She replied, even though she really didn’t do anything.
“Save it.” Izuku barks. “Tamaki's gonna keep this fight focused on us and that's what we need. Without him these things could run wild. We got Bakuogu up top, he's gonna need us...”

Just then, Eijiro arrives on a small motorbike. Getting off, he looks around the city. “So, this all seems horrible.”

“I've seen worse.” Ochako replies.

“Sorry.”

“No. We could use a little worse.”

“Bakugou? We got him.” Izuku says into the coms.

Someone in the room makes a sobbing noise.

“Kirishima?”

“Just like you said.”

“Then tell him to suit up. I'm bringing the party to you.”

Iron Man comes out from behind a building. The chitauri leviathan follows, impatiently. The rest of the avengers look up, getting ready and standing still.

“I... I don't see how that's a party...” Ochako comments.
The room laughed.

Iron Man swoops down the street. The chitauri leviathan also swoops down, barrelling down the street like a freight train that keeps building and building its intensity. Eijiro looks behind. Deku looks at him. Eijiro begins to walk towards the monster.

“Dr. Kirishima, now might be a really good time for you to get angry.”

“DOCTOR, EXCUSE ME?!”

“That's my secret, Captain.” He says. “I'm always angry.”

Eijiro's body starts to swell and stretch and harden. He gets taller and sharper.

Hulk pops the chitauri leviathan in the nose. The creature flips over a 360. Iron Man, in mid-flight, extends his arm out and a rocket, ready to shoot comes out of a metal pocket. Iron Man fires -- the rocket hits a soft spot. The large chitauri leviathan is blown completely away. Other pieces of meat catch fire and withdraw... Sizzling as they hit the pavement.

Izuku raises his shield to block them. From above and on the buildings, the chitauri army watches in horror as a group of earth's mightiest heroes find themselves united against a common threat. To fight the foes no single superhero could withstand. The Avengers assemble!

Tamaki watches below, motionless. “Send the rest.”

From the portal, thousands more of chitauri soldiers and even more chitauri leviathans fly out. The Avengers look up. Way out of their fucking element.

“Guys,” Ochako warns.
“Call it, Deku.” Katsuki says.

“Alright, listen up,” Izuku says, gaining everyone else’s attention. “Until we can close that portal up there, we're gonna use containment. Shinsou, I want you on that roof, eyes on everything. Call out patterns and strays. Bakugou, you got the perimeter. Anything gets more than three blocks out; you turn it back or your turn it to ash.”

“Wanna give me a lift?” Hitoshi asks Katsuki

“Right. Better clench up, Legolas.” Iron Man lifts Hitoshi up to the building.

“Who?”

“An archer from Lord of the Rings, I believe.”

“Mirio, you've gotta try and bottleneck that portal. Slow them down. You've got the lightning. Light the bastards up.” Mirio flies up; Izuku turns to Ochako. “You and me, we stay here on the ground, keep the fighting here. And Hulk. Smash.”

The Hulk smiles a most magnificent grin and leaps, soaring high up into the nearest building, Hulk runs up the wall hits several chitauri soldiers, snapping in half. He dives towards a building on the other side of the street, throwing the dead chitauri soldiers towards other soldiers. The chitauri soldiers fire at him. The Hulk backhands them, seizes them and with raw power, throws them down. In his most powerful leap yet, the hulk flies up and is in the middle of a flying chariot traffic jam, to which he smacks them out of altitude.

“DAMNNN KIRI!!”

Mirio grabs onto the tower, raises mjölnir and a blinding bolt of lightning strikes down from above, colliding on mjölnir. Mirio aims this massive shockwave towards the portal. Mirio channels the blast and fires the electricity out at the chitauri soldiers flying out of the portal. They're blasted back in a massive shockwave. The chitauri soldiers convulse, drop dead to the ground. He even rips the shit out of a chitauri leviathan, which then fucking explodes.
Back in the bridge, Nezu sees on his viewscreen the destruction going on in New York. Agent Takeyama walks up to him.

“Sir. The council is on.”

Nezu presses his screen.

Atop the rooftop, Hitoshi fires arrows into the streaming flow of the chitauri riders, hitting his mark each time. Hell, he even aims his bow behind him, without looking and releases the arrow, exploding a rider.

“Bakugou. You got a lot of strings sticking to your tail.” He says.

“Just try and keep them off the streets,” Katsuki replied.

“Well, they can't bank worth a damn. Find a tight corner.”

“I will... roger that.”

Ashido laughs obnoxiously. “SiNe wHeN!!”

Iron Man does so and leads towards tight corners and in Hitoshi's view, who fires arrow upon and arrow, exploding the chitauri riders. Iron Man keeps leading chitauri riders under tunnels, through open parking garages. He looks back. None left.

“Nice call. What else you got?”

“Well, Mirio's taking on a squadron down on sixth.”

“And he didn't invite me?”
We are looking into a conference room where office workers sit around a table. But the noise has caught one worker's eye, then another, and soon they are all rising, stepping to the window, mesmerized by what lies beyond. Workers’ pov a chitauri leviathan swims right in front of them. Suddenly, another noise catches the worker's attention. The hulk crashes through their floor. Slashes his through the room, pounding away and jumps out onto the jaw of the chitauri leviathan. The chitauri leviathan begins to head down, trying to wave off the hulk.

Ochako, using the energy rifle, is taken off her feet by a chitauri soldier. She tiresomely takes it down by cutting its throat. She grabs the energy rifle, turns to attack. Deku stands there, holding his shield. She slumps back, tired.

“Ochako-chan really almost murdered Midoriya-kun, ribbit.”

“Captain, none of this is gonna mean a damn thing if we don’t close that portal.”

“Profanity.”

“Our biggest guns couldn't touch it.”

“Well, maybe it's not about guns.” She gestures the flying chariots.

“You wanna get up there, you're gonna need a ride.”

“I got a ride. I could use a lift though.”

Ochako backs up giving herself a running start. Deku lifts and angles his shield. “Are you sure about this?”
“Yeah. It's gonna be fun.”

Ochako runs at Izuku. Ochako does a parkour move, using her feet to run up the car and jumps up on Deku’s shield, who gives her a boost with the shield. She grabs onto a flying chariot.

“Awesome.”

[Note: The following sequence will take us through the action in one extended shot.]

Ochako climbs onto the chariot and cuts the turret shooter's linkage to it. She then jumps on the rider and sticks her knives into his nervous system. She gets him to bank over a building.

Iron Man arrives and shoots any other chitauri riders following her. He makes his way down to Izuku, who fights off more chitauri soldiers. Iron Man points his hand boosters at his shield. The energy comes off and Deku uses it as a reflection beam and takes down nearby chitauri.

“Teamwork for the win!”

From above them, Hitoshi sends down remaining arrows. He sends one across the street, taking down a chitauri rider following Iron Man.

Finally, we have Mirio and Hulk fight on top the back of the chitauri leviathan, tearing apart and fighting soldiers. Hulk breaks off a massive piece of armour and slams it down onto the spine of the chitauri leviathan. Summoning all his strength he, Mirio, raises mjölnir drawing lightning to it from all sides and brings it down with a final, terrible blow.

The chitauri leviathan crashes into a history museum. Dead. Mirio and Hulk stand on the back of the chitauri leviathan after bringing it down. They stand still, admiring their teamwork. Hulk punches Mirio with his enormous hand and he goes flying. Hulk smirks.
“Kirishima-kun said ‘fuck Mirio’ rights.”

“Hey…” Mirio pouts.

Selvig wakes up from Tamaki’s mind control. He looks around, confused where he is. He looks up at the sky, amazed.

Several humvees aim their mounted .50 cal guns into the sky, firing and hitting chitauri riders. Izuku fights off a soldier who is pinning him down with its energy rifle. Deku breaks its leg. He stands up, picking up his shield.

“Captain, the bank on forty-second past Madison, they caught a lot of civilians there,” Hitoshi informs him over the comms.

“I'm on it.”

Dozens of civilians are gathered in the bank. Tension and uncertainty surround them. Three chitauri soldiers oversee them, pointing their weapons at them. One of them charges a bomb. It beeps.

Izuku jumps through the window and throws his shield at the chitauri bomber. The two chitauri soldiers aim their rifles, but Deku heads for cover under a desk, which he kicks at them. Izuku jumps over the desk, headlocks a soldier while backhanding another one over the railing. The crowd moves away. A chitauri soldier attacks him from behind and rips off his helmet. The bomb is beeping faster.

“Everyone! Clear out!” Izuku flips over the soldier, grabs his shield and just as the bomb is about to go off, the chitauri bomber dives for it, trying to stop it, but it goes off, sending izuku through the window, landing very hard on a car. The civilians look up from below. They're okay.

Someone wolf-whistled.
Deku gets off the car, looks around the city. Destroyed. The police and firemen arrive, pulling out those civilians he saved. A waitress looks back, thankful.

Back in the bridge, Nezu sees on his viewscreen the world security council.

“Director Nezu, the council has made a decision.” Member #2 says.

“I recognize the council has made a decision, but given that it's a stupid-ass decision, I've elected to ignore it.”

“I’m stealing that.”

“Director, you're closer than any of our subs, you scramble that jet-” Nezu cuts member #1 off.

“That is the island of Manhattan, Councilman. Until I'm certain my team can't hold it, I will not order a nuclear strike against a civilian population.”

“If we don't hold them in the air, we lose everything.”

“I send that bird out, we already have.” Nezu shuts off his viewscreen.

Ochako, still driving the chariot with the rider, is hit at her side. She looks about, wondering whose energy fire it was she looks behind. “Oh. You.”

Tamaki follows in hot pursuit. They race downward, trailing between buildings. They race madly, driving and dodging.

Hitoshi looks at Ochako, astonished. “Chako, what are you doing?”
“Nicknames, OWO?”

“Did you really just say OWO out loud?”

“Uh... a little help!” she asks.

Hitoshi pulls the trigger twice, nocks an arrow, and points it at Tamaki, smiling. “I've got him.”

He fires. The arrow streaks down the city, straight at the Tamaki’s head. Like a cat, Tamaki grabs the arrow straight out of the air, looks straight at Hitoshi, smiling. The arrow explodes in Tamaki's face, causing him to crash into the Bakugou penthouse pad.

“That was ‘fuck you’ three times in a row and Shinsou-kun won.”

Ochako looks down and building her momentum, she jumps off the chariot, lands on top of Bakugou tower, rolling herself to the edge.

As Tamaki looks up, shocked at what just happened, the Hulk is leaping up and kicks Tamaki, hurling towards the glass window. He collapses as he hits the wall. The Hulk jumps in, ready to attack. Tamaki rolls himself up in a flurry of broken glass, standing up to the Hulk.

“Enough! You are, all of you are beneath me! I am a god, you dull creature, and I will not be bullied.”

Hulk grabs Tamaki by the legs and smashes him against the floor repeatedly and finally throws him aside to the ground, flattening Tamaki.

“Puny god.” He rumbles, walking away. Tamaki whimpers in pain.

The room laughed again.
Ochako walks up the CMS machine. Selvig, slumped down, weakened, looks at her desperately. The Tesseract's energy is firing towards the portal, gaining in strength, at the surge of energy moving through the sky.

“Doctor.” Ochako addresses.

“Tamaki’s sceptre, the energy...the Tesseract... can't fight. You can't protect against yourself.”

“It's not your fault. You didn't know what you were doing.” She assures.

“Well, actually I think I did. I built in a safety to cut the power source.”

“Tamaki's sceptre...”

“It might be able to close the portal.” Selvig looks down. He sees a gold gleam. “And I'm looking right at it.”

“Can you say convenient?”

Mirio rides on top of the chariot, smacking several riders with the hammer. As Mirio takes the reins, a chitauri leviathan crashes through a building, knocking him down to where Deku is, fighting off soldiers. Iron Man flies right next to the chitauri leviathan and aims his laser booster at it. Nothing.

“Sir, we will lose power before you cut through that shell,” Iida says.

Iron Man flies up ahead, facing the oncoming monster.
“Iida. You ever hear the tale of Jonah?”

“I wouldn't consider him a role model.”

“Jonah and the Whale?”

“I believe Pinocchio has a similar scene.”

Iron Man flies towards the chitauri leviathan, unleashing every arsenal on the suit. The chitauri leviathan opens its mouth. Iron Man flies in and bursts out the other end, making the chitauri leviathan collapse. Iron man rolls down the street. The wind is knocked out of him. He looks up with an overwhelming sigh as a small band of chitauri soldiers rush towards him, holding out their rifles.

Hitoshi turns to fire his last arrow. Using his bow as a staff, he knocks some chitauri soldiers, before yanking his last arrow off the dead body of a chitauri soldier. Hitoshi nocks his arrow, jumps off the side building and fires his grappling arrow up into the side of the building. Falling down, Hitoshi finds the momentum and swings himself into a building and cannonballs in.

The Hulk holds chitauri soldiers by the face and slams them down. More keep coming. Hulk looks up. Hundreds of riders hover over him. Then they begin to fire energy blasts. Hulk takes them like he's running through a light rain. Blocking the stream of streaking blasts, as though swatting at bees.

A lone pilot sits in his cockpit, listening.

“Director Nezu is no longer in command. Override order, seven alpha eleven.” Councilmember #2 says.

“Seven alpha eleven confirmed. Prepare to take off.” The piolet replies. He ignites his engine.

Back in the bridge, Agent Takeyama sees on her screen 7 ALPHA 11 preparing to leave.
“Sir, we have a bird in motion! Anyone on the deck, we have a rogue bird! We need to shut it down! Repeat! Take off is not authorised!”

Nezu runs out to the deck, holding an airtronic RPG-7. He takes aim and fires, hitting the tail end of the jet. The jet skids off towards the edge. Pilot unharmed. Suddenly, another 7 ALPHA 11 jet flies off. Nezu stands there, knowing he can't do anything about it.

“Bakugou, you hearing me? We have a missile headed straight for the city.” He chirps through the comms.

“How long?”

“Three minutes, at best. Stay low and wipe out the missile.”

Iron Man fights off as many chitauri soldiers as he can sustain.”

“Iida put everything we got into the thrusters!”

“I just did.”

Iron Man leaves the streets and flies up into the sky. 7 ALPHA 11 arrives outside the city. He flips the switch to press the button. He presses it. The missile is flying out to Manhattan.

“Destination is in two minutes, thirty seconds mark.” The pilot records.

Izuku and Mirio battle, side to side. Deku and Mirio both throw their respected weapons. Mirio catches mjölnir, but as Deku turns, an energy blast strikes him down hard. Mirio runs over to a broken car, swings the hammer and flips the car over and over on its side, crushing a few chitauri soldiers. Deku tries to get up. Mirio helps him back to his feet. Deku raises his
shield back up.

“You ready for another bout?” Mirio asks.


Selvig, back in scientist mode, clacks away at his laptop. Ochako grabs Tamaki's sceptre, slowly breaks into the force field, almost touching the Tesseract.

“I can close it! Can anybody hear me? I can shut the portal down!” she yells.

“Do it!” Izuku yelled back, despite the actual communication earpieces they all wore.

“No, wait!” Katsuki countered.

“Bakugou, these things are still coming!”

“I got a nuke coming in, it's gonna blow in less than a minute. And I know just where to put it.” Iron Man catches up, now comes at the missile from behind. The missile speeds on. Iron Man grabs it from behind, gripping it tightly. With a mighty effort, he wrenches the rocket off its course. Steering it from behind, he accelerates quickly, flying straight up into the sky, towards the portal.

“Bakugou, you know that's a one-way trip?” Izuku asks. Katsuki ignores him.

“Save the rest for return, Iida.”

“Sir. Shall I call Miss Shiozaki?”

“You might as well.”
“Oh yeah, I forgot they were together in this AU.”

“I’m trying *not* to remember.”

Ibara, along with her crew, watches on T.V., in horror, the destruction in New York. On the table, her cell is vibrating, with Katsuki’s picture on it.

Back in the bridge, every single agent holds their breath as they too watch Iron Man fly up into the portal.

Iron Man climbs higher and higher over the city, gaining speed, suddenly flings himself through the portal. Communications die. The suit begins to freeze. Katsuki looks in horror.

The room seems to get colder.

“Holy fuck…!” people tense.


We then see Katsuki’s horror. An armada. The black sky is filled with what must be ninety ships in a vague cluster. Most of them hang still in the air. Some move swimmingly about.

“HOLY MOTHER-!!”

Iron Man lets go of the missile. It whistles off into the blackness as Iron Man idly falls back down the portal's opening. The missile reaches the main ship. The main ship implodes, causing the entire armada to burst into a supernova, creating a spectacular heavenly display.

Suddenly, all of the chitauri soldiers and chitauri leviathans keel over and begin to shake, then stop. They all fall over.
"A hivemind..."

The Avengers look up at their consultant, not sure if he'll make it through.

Still holding the sceptre in hand, Ochako shifts around, waiting. "Come on, Bakugou..."

Mirio and Deku see the supernova coming towards them. Mirio nods to Izuku.

"Close it." He says to Ochako over the coms unit.

Without hesitating, Ochako pulls the sceptre out, the Tesseract turns off its energy beam. The portal quickly closes. A small figure is hurled backwards into the open now closed portal. Iron man. Plummeting to the earth.

Izuku smiles. "Son of a gun!"

"Profanity." Someone mocked.

Iron Man He keeps falling. And falling. And falling.

"He's not slowing down." Mirio says. He swings Mjölnir around. Just as Mirio flies up, the Hulk snags iron man out of the air, both crashing and sliding down a building.

"Kiri said 'fuck Mirio' rights again!"

Hulk throws Iron Man off him. Mirio and Deku run over to him. Mirio rips off Katsuki's helmet. He appears to be dead. They stand around not sure. Then... the Hulk yells in fury. The noise startles Katsuki awake.
“What the hell? What just happened?” He hisses. “Please tell me nobody kissed me?”

“That’s what he’s worried about?”

Izuku pauses a beat. “We won.”

“Alright. Hey. Alright. Good job, guys. Let's just not come in tomorrow. Let's just take a day. Have you ever tried shawarma? There's a shawarma joint about two blocks from here. I don't know what it is, but I wanna try it.”

“Honestly, if I almost died, I’d want to do something like that too,”

“You have almost died, USJ remember?”

“And the training camp.”

Mirio looks up at Bakugou Tower. “We're not finished yet.”

They pause. “And then shawarma after.”

Tamaki crawls onto the stair, looking like a piece of shit rag doll. He takes a few breathers, senses someone is behind him. He turns to find the Avengers staring at him, PISSED. Hitoshi has an arrow pointed at him, Ochako still holding his sceptre.

“If it's all the same to you.” He settles against the stairs. “I'll have that drink.”

The Hulk snorts at him.

“And that’s a wrap.” Glory clicks her tongue. “Eri’s hanging out with some other traumatised children by the way.” She adds when Overhaul looks at her.
“Other… traumatised… children?” Midoroya asked slowly.

“Georgie from IT, technically he’s dead. The crying child from FNaF, also technically dead. Six and Seven from Little Nightmares, the siblings from Tattletail, Ruby from Mr Hopp’s Playhouse, Elizabeth, also from FNaF, the ghost children, the kids from Baldi’s Basics, the kids from Kindergarten… Fran Bow, Misfortune Ramirez Hernandez, both of whom I believe are dead… yeah…”

“…most of them are dead…?”

“Oh, yeah, definitely. Georgie was killed by an alien clown, the crying child by his older brother, accidentally, Elizabeth was crushed by a robot, the six kids but probably more were murdered, Fran was shot but I believe she was healed or something, Misfortune was hit by a car.”

“…I refuse to believe this kid’s name is Misfortune.”

[From here on its just exposition about the games/movies so if you don’t want to read that cut off here]

“Well… it is. Damn, most of them had to deal with demons or some shit.”

“You say kids, what’s the actual age range?”

“Kindergarten aged kids are four to five so that to ten or eleven with the stretch of the Baldi’s Basic’s kids being high schoolers. I doubt it but I don’t believe there’s a confirmed age.”

“What…”

“Basically four (4) to eleven (11).”

“And most of them are dead…?”
“Yep. The kids like Ruby, the siblings in Tattletail, their deaths are depending on whether or not you win the game.”

“Game?”

“But they’re not the focus, let’s continue.”

“They should have responsible adult figures in their lives,”

Glory laughs. “

1. Elizabeth’s father built the animatronic that killed her,
2. The crying child’s older brother killed him accidentally, his parents weren’t around,
3. Georgie was technically under the care of his older brother, who was sick at the time,
4. Six and Seven are orphans in a place called the Maw where they’re eaten the second they’re seen
5. I believe the mother from Tattletail is dead,
6. Ruby’s father was murdered, her mother is presumed dead,
7. The Baldi’s Basic’s kids are hunted by their teacher, technically just the protagonist but whatever
8. The teachers from Kindergarten and the other students are all murderers,
9. Fran Bow murdered her parents and then tried to kill her aunt when she killed Fran’s cat,
10. Misfortune comes from an abusive family.”

No one had much to say about that. They continued on.
Chapter Summary

This is what I do in my free time it seems
make upsetting scenes.

...

I'm not sorry

Chapter Notes

Warning: murder, casual talk of murder, me trying to be casual, sexual tension because
I was too pussy to make my ship kiss

“I was supposed to do a crossover here, but ya bitch didn’t want to so this exists instead.” Glory
sang to herself. “And I needed to update.”

“What’s this one about?” Dabi asks.

“Some bullshit AU I came up with like an hour ago.” She replied.

Izuku looked up into the dark sky, rain pouring from the sky just hard enough for most
people to be inside.

“Oh, it’s me.” He says a little awkwardly.

“No shit.” Bakugou scoffs.

“Don’t be happy about it.” Glory deadpans.

It was awfully convenient. A man protected by only a hoodie signalled his attention and drew
his attention towards an alleyway between two tall buildings. They shared a roof, so the alley was dry. It was a strange structure design. But they were dry so whatever.

“What do you want, Tomura?” he asked dully.

The villain tilted his head with a mocking smirk. “Too late to be out, Deku?” he chirped. “Or just dying to get home?”

“You came up with this one?” Aizawa asks pointedly.

“Is it just me, or does Deku look older in this AU?” Uraraka asked.

“So… we’re ignoring the fact that Midoriya-kun’s probably a villain here, then?”

“I mean… it was ‘bout to come up eventually.”

“You didn’t call me out here for nothing.” Izuku scoffed.

“True, true.” Shigaraki conceded. “That mission you and your partner pulled off for us went well, so the League decided to give you a gift, as a thank you.”

“Midoriya-kun’s a villain and he has a partner, who do we think it is?!” Kaminari yelled.

“Uraraka-chan!” a few people yelled.

“Iida-kun!”

“Todoroki-kun! Obviously!”

“Why me?” the bi-coloured teen asks.
“You have more of a reason to be a villain than the others,” Asui replies.

“I think it’s Kaminari-kun.”

“ME?!”

“Maybe we’ll find out if you guys shut the fuck up!”

…

…

“If someone jumps out of the alley with a weapon, I will force your own quirk against you.”

“Noted.”

Some people snort.

A large hulking figure walked over slowly, but Izuku still narrowed his eyes. Then realisation hit him like a truck, and he jumped back a bit, recoiling from it. “Jesus fuck!”

“Profanity, Midoriya-shounen!”

Midoriya whined.

“Yep.” Shigaraki seemed pleased about that reaction. “It’s a Nomu. It was created using the quirks of the people from that agency you took down.”
“An agency? Like… like a hero agency? Or…?”

“Why the hell are you giving me one of those things?!” Izuku snapped.

“Don’t be mean!” Ashido whined, petting the one on her lap.

“Why do you still have that thing?” Bakugou asked.

“Because he’s cute and he’s mine now.”

Shigaraki scoffed. “Because, Deku, quite frankly, I still don’t trust you two enough to let you wander and do your own shit.”

“We’re not part of your stupid League, Tomura!”

“Yes, but we work together, and you already know too many secrets. We don’t want you or your partner snitching on us.”

“Why would they do that if it puts their own work in jeopardy?”

“Some people get excused from their crimes by the police if they help take a bigger threat down.”

“Is that legal?”

“So, it’s just babysitting us?”

“In short, yes. Yes, it is.”

Izuku scoffed and sniffed in the cold. Shigaraki clicked his tongue. “Don’t want to get sick
now, do we?” he teased.

Izuku was about to respond when another voice cut in.

“There a problem over here?” the young man, maybe Izuku’s own age, stepped into the light of the streetlamps, a jacket over his hero costume and holding up an umbrella.

The class cheered. The “hero” in question chuckled.

“Not at all, sir,” Izuku replied pointedly. The hero’s eyes were red, like Kacchan’s.

The hero looked from him to Shigaraki, to the large hulking Nomu. His eyes widened. “You’re the one who’s been creating those things?” he asks.

Shigaraki shrugs at him, casually. “So, what if I am?”

“I’m not.” Shigaraki denies. “The doctor is.”

Dabi looks at him. “We have a doctor?”

“His name is Ujiko,” AfO says. “He was primarily kept around for my health and continues to create Nomu’s since my arrest.”

“That’s a pseudonym.” Glory says to the heroes.

“I’ll have to take you in.”

The villain laughed. “I don’t think so.” He said bitterly, slinking behind the creature and into the alley. Izuku cursed as the hero’s gaze locked on him.
“Do you work with him?”

“Not really.” He shrugged. “Now, I’d like to go home—” the hero caught his arm.

“I don’t think so.” He echoed.

“Don’t steal my lines.”

“I do whatever I want.”

Izuku pulled his free arm up and backhanded the hero. The sudden attack seemed to spur the Nomu into action, moving to tug the hero further away from him. It picked the hero up and started to pull-

“Stop!” Izuku commanded, the creature obeyed.

“Shigaraki says this thing is supposed to babysit Midoriya-kun and his partner but it’s fucking conditioned to obey him??”

“It could just be conditioned to obey whatever commands it hears.”

“X to doubt.”

“What language are you speaking?” All Might asks quietly.

“Teenager,” Aizawa replied, completely deadpan.

The hero scoffed, breathing roughly between his teeth. “These things wreak havoc all over the city, turn in the guy who’s making them!”
“You’re awfully confident for someone in the monster’s grasp.” Izuku comments, stepping closer idly to take in the hero’s face. He could add to his notes.

“I know you.” The hero replies. “Your pseudonym is Deku, your real name is Midoriya Izuku. You don’t usually kill people, just beat them into a coma.”

“I feel like I’d rather die than be in extreme agony for an extended period of time.”

“That’s why we torture people instead of killing them.” Glory responds. Everyone stares at her. “I’m saying this because there’s no canon incident where any of our villain groups have actually tortured a person. Also, I’m a writer, which means I happen to know specific things a serial killer would.”

“Great, another reason to fear book writers.”

“You have a list?”

Izuku tuts. “Almost right, but I don’t usually fight to begin with.” The hero gives him a confused look. Izuku blinks at him. “You really haven’t figured it out yet? I don’t work alone anymore.”

“Any more?”

The hero grounds himself. “You’re still gonna run away and leave me with a few head injuries at most.”

Izuku sighs. “Confidence, a fool’s substitute for intelligence.”

“Holy fuck.”

He looks at the Nomu. It seems to get his silent command and completely tears the hero’s body apart.
“HOLY FU-uuh.” The person yelling cuts themselves off with a bite to the lip, unable to properly relay their feeling here. The portrayed “hero” pales.

Izuku takes note of the man’s attempt to use his quirk to save himself before turning his heel and walking away, idly noticing the Nomu following.

Katsuki was sitting on the coffee table when he got home, staring at the black T.V screen and kicking his legs.

“HE WAS WORKING WITH BAKUGOU-KUN?!?!?”

The man in question let out a rage-filled scream of his own. Glory sunk into her pillows to cry about her ship preferences in peace, even though their relationship was up for interpretation. AKA don’t attack me plz. i am but a smol choild. TwT

“Y’know, you’re supposed to turn the T.V on when you use it, right?” He chirps light-heartedly from the doorway to mask his inner panic. Katsuki turns to look at him and deadpans at the Nomu standing behind him.

“Is that what Hand Job wanted?” he drawls, blinking slowly.

Despite the dark scene from before, people laugh at the joke.

“Do people actually call me that?” Shigaraki asks.

“And ‘handyman’, yes, they do.”

“To give you one of his pets?” Izuku shrugs as Katsuki gets a better look at him. “You’ve got blood on you.”

“So do you.” Izuku sighs and the pair walk to the bathroom to go through their usual
routine. Izuku grabbed the medkit and got to tending to the fresh cuts on Katsuki’s face.
“What happened?”

Bakugou scoffed. Midoriya was hiding behind his hands.

“When girl, new hero,” Katsuki replied with a shrug. “Killed her at least, I think you would’ve liked her. She was sickeningly sweet.”

Izuku hummed. “What was her quirk?”

“Something with gravity, I think. She touched things and they’d float.”

“Uravity, her name is.”

Uraraka paled.

“What’d you do?” Katsuki rebuttals, using a thumb to wipe od a small splatter of blood off Izuku’s cheek as the other sticks a bandage patch to a thick cut on the side of his (Katsuki’s) jaw.

“Nothing, really.” He replied. “The hero got in the way is all. The Nomu dealt with him.”

“Damn, Midoriya-kun, you fucking murdered me and called it nothing.” Kirishima laughed. Was this twist hidden well? Not when the characters are reacting to it, it was better when it was just the one-shot but oh well.

“Sorry.” Midoriya whines.

“…So we’re just keeping it, then?”
Ashido snorted.
Chapter Summary

I've decided Hitchcock and Scully will be whoever is convenient

“It’s the Halloween heist.” Glory sang to herself.

“Has anyone told you, you can sing well?” Shigaraki asks.

She pauses. “Uh, actually-”

“That person is not your friend.”

“Well, can’t say I didn’t see that coming.” Glory sighed. “Let’s continue.”

“Something strange is afoot,” Aizawa mumbles as three teams consisting of Bakugou and Yaoyorozu, Aizawa alone and Kaminari and Sero stood in a semi-circle holding identical plaques. “Which of these is real?”

The precinct suddenly goes dark with certain things glowing or strung up lights maintaining glow.

“Black lights.” Bakugou realises. “What the hell?”

“Oh, my God. Our precinct is disgusting.” Yaoyorozu gags as the camera cut around the office area with germs aluminated in the dark.

“Ew!” the people groan. Overhaul is clearly uncomfortable.

Overhaul deadass passes out.

“I understand Mineta’s desk,” Ashido starts. “But why Sato’s?”

“For his quirk to work Sato requires sugar, despite not having that necessary anymore, it’s just a reference to his quirk.”

“Ew.”


“‘Heists’.” Sero says.

“Why switch it up like that?”

“‘Dumb’. Are heists dumb? Of course not. That was a stupid question.”

“No, Denki, it says, ‘Heists are dumb’.” Yaoyorozu corrects, her and Aizawa swapping plaques so they were in proper order.

They all gasp. “Tenya!”

“Whaaat?”

Iida was doing paperwork in the interrogation room, Kirishima and Ojiro on standby.

“The Oscar for best liar goes to you!” Kaminari yells, barging into the room with the others
on his heels.

“That’s not an Oscars category,” Iida says, clearly annoyed. “What’s going on?”

“Not to be harsh, Sarge, but you’re setting a terrible example for your daughters, and they’re gonna grow up to be total failures.” Yaoyorozu snaps back.

“That’s extremely harsh!” most of the students yelled.

“Aren’t his kids my kids too?” Jiro asks. “Fuck you Yaomomo.”

“I didn’t even do anything!” she cried.

“NOW YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL!!” Kaminari snapped. Apparently, he was still bitter from the last heist.

“You take that back.” He hissed.

“No, she’s right, Iida. Your children are doomed.” Aizawa agreed. “Where’s the plaque?”

“Fuck you too, Aizawa-sensei!”

“I standby what alternate me said.”

“Why?” Present Mic asks.

“No use getting attached to kids that don’t exist.”

A long stretch of silence.
“Ouch, man, could’ve been nicer about it.” Glory cringed.

“For the last time, I don’t know! I’ve been working here the whole time! Ask them.” He gestured to Kirishima and Ojiro.

“Well, actually, we both fell asleep,” Ojiro admits.

“And Iida never woke us up,” Kirishima adds. “Coincidence?”

“I don’t need this.” Iida groans, standing up to leave.

“You’re not going anywhere.” Bakugou hisses, holding out batons threateningly.

“Damn, Katsuki!” Iida yelled. The lights turned off and he shrieked uncharacteristically high.

“What the fuck was that Iida-kun?”

“This is a portrayal of me I can’t speak for, much like that last universe version of Midoriya-kun.”

“Don’t remind me.” The shorter comments dryly.

“He's trying to get away!” Kaminari yelled. “Everyone start panicking!”

“He had someone lock the door,” Bakugou informs, banging on the window. The lights flicked on again and the group turned to the window.

“Thup, lotherth?” Ashido teased with a noticeable lisp. “I have the real plaque! Unh, unh!”
“So Ashido-chan is the winner this time.” Uraraka muses.

The Nomu in Ashido’s lap recognises her on-screen and screeches happily. Ashido coos at it.

“Mina! Of course!” Kaminari yells. “It all makes sense, except for the parts I don’t understand and the fact that I still kind of think Tenya did this.”

“Clearly he didn’t, he’s locked up with you.”

“Nope, it wath all me.” Ashido denied. “Three weekth ago, Captain Aizawa athked me to order a plaque that read, "The Ultimate Detective-thalth-Geniuth." I did it, and I ordered three copieth and a thtatue of Tyreth(s)e riding a dolphin.”

“Is that relevant?” Bakugou asks.

“To my life, yeth.” He nods.

“I appreciate this relationship solidarity they seem to have in this AU.”

“It’s recently come to my attention that I headcanon Bakugou gets along with girls in platonic relationships too much.”

“Bakugou-kun barely has a relationship with his own group of friends how did you come to that conclusion?”

“Just a weird Danganronpa crossover AU I came up with that mixes a bunch of different people.”

“I feel like we need more context on that.”
“We’re here to watch the spoopy video not talk about my failing attempt to create an AU.”

“Once I had the plaqueth, I manipulated Captain Aizawa into choosing Thero as his partner. All it took was thith bottleth of dith thoap.”

“How many?”

“Six.”

Flashback to sometime before with the kitchen flooded with bubbles. “See, this is what happens when Denki tries to wash dishes by himself. It's like he's helpless without Sero.”

“Yes. He is helpless without Sero…” Aizawa mused.

“I am not helpless without Sero-kun!” Kaminari cried incredulously. “I didn’t even know him before this year!”

“And you fell for my trap like a greedy little rat.” Ashido teased.

“Easy,” Aizawa warned.

“Yes, it was easth! And the next phathe of my plan: a quote-unquote ‘thkating accident’.”

“But you knocked out your two front teeth.” Kaminari comments.

“Falthe teeth. Fake blood.” She replied. “I lotht my real teeth at Jenn Th(S)utton's birthday party in fourth grade.”

“Oh, you made sure I didn't remember that!” Kirishima hisses from the back.
“It was minute five of theven minutes in hell with Todd Cohen when he bumped the wall and a bowling ball fell on my face.” Ashido places her fake teeth back in her mouth and the lisp disappears.

“Oh, dear.” All Might comments.

“Maybe I just wasn’t at that party…”

“Once I had faked the skating mishap, I swapped out a dummy plaque for the real one. Then I left to go to the dentist.”

“And you convinced your dentist to help you carry out the rest of the heist?!” Sero guessed.

“No.”

“Of course not. Go ahead.”

“I came back, wearing the perfect disguise to make sure I was never noticed by anyone. Something so drab and uninspiring…”

“This feels like it’s gonna be a dig on me.” Yaoyorozu sighed.

“I wore Momo’s clothes.”

“Yaomomo-chan’s clothes are actually very stylish.” Ashido comments.

“That’s because she’s rich,” Uraraka replied almost disdainfully. Yaoyorozu doesn’t seem to notice though.

Glory hums.
“There it is.”

“This is your doing, you and your male prostitute!” Flashback Aizawa scoffs.

“Bill is not a male prostitute, I don't think,” Kaminari replies as the camera zooms in on Ashido, somehow unnoticed in the background.

“Should we talk about that conversation Aizawa-sensei and Kaminari-kun were having?”

“No one wants that.”

“That suit is not drab. It has a fun salmon lining.” Yaoyorozu comments in an attempt to keep some dignity.

“No, Momo, it made me invisible.”

“Ripping of Hagakure-chan.”

“Damn, guys, I’m right here.” The invisible girl sighs.

“And now that I had that power, every time one of you stole a plaque, I replaced it with a fake. And no one had any idea until the lights went out, revealing a secret message: ‘Heists are dumb’.”

“Then we raced in here to blame Tenya, and you trapped us.” Kaminari sighed. “But how did you know he was gonna say "heists are dumb"?”

“Tenya says that about everything.”
“I do not!” He sputters.

Flashback to Iida talking to Sato. “Everyone should wear suspenders. Belts are dumb.” Cut to Iida talking to the whole squad. “People should swim forward. The backstroke is dumb.” Cut to him in the kitchen. “Thirty grams of fat? Hummus is dumb.”

“And now here you all are, locked up behind the glass like a bunch of loser fish. I bet you’re wondering why I did it.”

“Because you wanted to win?” Yaoyorozu guessed.

“No!” Ashido snapped. “I had a loftier goal in mind. Can you do me a favour and tell me what that says right there?”

“The Ultimate Detective-slash-Genius.” Aizawa reads aloud questionably, visually perplexed.

“Detective!” Ashido focuses. “Can you imagine what that word sounds like to someone who's not a detective? Discriminatory. It's worse than segregation!”

“Uh-uh.” Aizawa and Iida both deny.

“That’s a very bad line to cross.”

“Too far? I’m sorry. But I think I’ve proved a point, and that's why we're changing the name of the plaque forever!”

“To what?” Aizawa asks.

Cut the Shaw’s bar with Ashido wearing a cape and crown. “Ashido Mina is the ultimate human-slash-genius.” They all say together.
“Thank you. And now I'd like to say a few words.”

“You talked for, like, an hour when you had us locked in that interrogation room,” Bakugou complains.

“I'm a fair ruler. Your comment has been heard. But seriously, you guys, I just want to say, I freaking love you losers. Happy Halloween.”

“Happy Halloween!” they all cheer.

“It’s true, I love you all.” She pauses, eyeing the villains. “Almost you all. No offence.”

“None taken,” Dabi replies smoothly. “Didn’t think we were counted to begin with.”

“Is it just me or would those two be good friends in different circumstances?” Glory mused, more to herself than anything.

“From what we’ve seen so far,” Overhaul starts. When did he wake up? “I believe so.”

“Is it actually Halloween?” someone changes the subject.

“It’s not spoopy season yet, I’m afraid, but it is gay month. HAPPY PRIDE EVERYONE!!!”

Notes about the author in the spirit of gay month;

- Author is non-binary (she/they/he pronouns, personally no specific preference, just uses she cuz she got them tits n bits)
- Author is bisexual
- Author is bitter over the fact she’s single but also has too much social anxiety to make new connections
Feel free to comment your preferences below if you want to, hate will be deleted. Love you guys!!
Chapter Summary

This is *not* what was asked for I'm so sorry

Request: I suggest making them react to villain!1A AU

By: Angstyfanfics

Chapter Notes

Warning: talk of suicide

Reminder: Kitahachi is Mina's pet nomu

The screen glitched and Glory’s lip pursed.

“Something on your mind?” Aizawa asked.

“These more recent requests aren’t really turning out how the person asked is all.” She replies. “This one was supposed to be class 1-A as villains, but it was mostly just Midoriya, I’m only posting it because I like how this specifically turned out.”

("Posting?")

“Why do people like to make me the villain?” the green-haired boy cried.

“Because, personally, it would’ve made more sense for you to be a villain than a hero.” Glory replied. “All things considered; I mean. But maybe that’s just me. Let’s get started.”

Deku sat on the rooftop, one leg hanging off the edge and the other resting underneath his thigh. He stared out into the raging fires that was once his peaceful home city. Being quirkless meant Deku was stuck unable to fight, but now it seemed like it didn’t matter. He swung his leg subconsciously, as he listened to the sounds below him.
“Did this version of villain Deku rip off Overhaul’s jacket?”

“No, it’s actually based off of how I wear a jacket I have.” Glory replied. “That’s why it’s four-
times too large and brown.”

“Makes sense.”

Most people had either evacuated, died or were hiding, so there wasn’t as much screaming as
before. The sound of the fire crackling, a few buildings crumbling away, and the distant,
echoing laughter of his teammates as they played in the carnage. And the sounds of the
remaining heroes attempting to fight them off.

“Some call it stalkin’, I say walkin’ just extremely close behind.” Glory sang to herself. People
stared at her. “Sorry, the song’s good.”

“Midoriya-shounen,” The hero called him by his name, directing Deku’s attention back to
where he was sitting.

All Might and Midoriya both flinched, knowing damn well where this scene was going.

He had a sword steal-borrowed from Stain embedded into his wounded side. The blade was
stopping him from bleeding out. “What’re you doing? I thought you wanted to be a hero.”

“It’s an AU, bitch could be a villain ‘cause he stubbed his toe for fuck sake,” Shigaraki
commented. Glory choked.

Toshinori remembers vividly, the small junior high boy that’d spoken to him that day. This
kid, barely two years older, had none of that hopeful shine in his eyes anymore.

“I did,” Deku concedes, turning back to the city view.
He watches Shoto boost Alien Queen up. She flips wildly, delivering a swift kick to Ryukyu’s chest whilst spraying a fistful of acid at Fatgum, both of whom taken by surprise as they were dealing with Uravity, Froppy and Red Riot respectively.

“Oh, nice,” Ashido commented, Kitahachi chirping once again at seeing Mina on screen.

Riot… that reminded Deku that Suneater still needed to be dealt with, wherever he was.

“But it was clear to me I couldn’t do that, so I did the next best thing.”

“The next best thing would be police work! Like I told you!” Toshinori argued, grunting and coughing up the usual amount of blood as his movement made the blade shift.

“I feel like we’re missing some crucial info.” Kaminari comments.

“Ten months before the entrance exam, I met All might and asked if I could become a hero quirkless, he said no, the slime villain incident happened with Kacchan and after I saved him, All Might offered to give me his quirk,” Midoriya replied.

…

…

…

“WAIT YOU WERE QUIRKLESS?!”

“ALL MIGHT GAVE YOU HIS QUIRK?!”

Nighteye grumbled into his seat. Something about Mirio being a better candidate. Shigaraki mentally noted another similarity between himself and Midoriya. Todoroki was shaking the poor boy whilst Aizawa was degrading All Might for being irresponsible enough to not train Midoriya
to handle the quirk properly and letting him consistently break his bones.

“Guys,” Glory rallied. “Can we focus on this… please?”

“Yes,” Deku looked into the sky. “But that wouldn’t have gotten your attention. I needed you to see me,” he looked back towards the hero, eyes wide and sincere. “I wanted to show you what you did to me.”

“Ow.”

“Shut the fuck up, Yagi.”

“Wow, Aizawa-sensei’s pissed.”

“Midoriya-”

“DEKU!!” the raging blonde blasted onto the rooftop ledge, effectively cutting the pro-hero off.

“Noooo! Go away Baka-gou you’re ruining the scene.” Ashido whined.

“I’LL RUIN YOU FACE!” Bakugou spat back.

“…kinky.”

“Yes, Kacchan?” Deku answered, exasperated. The blonde stared at the pro-hero for a moment, before turning to his partner.

“He’s still alive?”
“Yes, is that a problem?”

“Snarky Deku is best Deku.”

“N-no-”

“When are we leaving?” Deku paused, looking out over the rooftop again. “Deku.”

He looked up at his partner. “We’ll leave when this city is nothing but ash.” He spat. “I don’t want any survivors, kill them all.”

“What just happened there?”

“Deku is angsty as fuck.”

“…Right.”

Zero, as he’d been named for one reason or another, spared Toshinori another glance before blasting away. Deku stared after him for a moment before looking down at Toshinori. “You’ve met him, right?”

“NO! REALLY? YOU DON’T SAY!” someone cried sarcastically.

“Ow, my pride.” Glory comments.

“…sorry.”

“No, you’re not.”

“He won the sports festival,” Toshinori replied. “Bakugou Katsuki.”
“So, Bakugou-kun still went to U.A??”


Deku smiled a sick smile and clapped his hands together like a schoolgirl. “Oh, I was so proud of him.” He cooed. “He’s so talented. It’s a shame the school was picking up on him being a traitor so quickly.”

Someone whined. “I really don’t like obsessive Deku.”

“…Do you mean Deku with Toga’s personality?”

“…that’s worse.”

“No one thought he was a traitor,” Toshinori replied. “Not after…”

“After the Training Camp?” Deku finishes, smiling curtly. “We couldn’t have him caught so easily I’m afraid, that would’ve ruined my plans.”

“So, in this universe, the kidnapping was just a hoax to get U.A off Bakugou’s back?”

“Were you not listening?”

“Just making sure.”

“So you are working with the league?”

“Eh.” Deku shrugged. “Kinda are, kinda aren’t.”
“How did you get the rest of Bakugou-shounen’s class to join you?”

“Why the fuck is All Might just interrogating him?”

“Well, All Might can’t exactly fight now, can he? He’s distracting him until help comes.”

“Or he passes out.”

“Or that, yes.”

“Well…” Deku sighed. “Uraraki was easy to convince since she needed the money,”

“You can’t use money against me.” Uraraka insisted.

“Doubt.”

“**Ingenium- Tenya-kun, wanted revenge against Stain,”**

“I don’t- I’m sure-”

“Iida, sweetheart, there’s AU’s where you work with Stain, shut the fuck up.”

“I’m sure you can guess for Shoto,”

“Asshole father,” Todoroki grumbles.

“Bingo, bongo.”
“We… might’ve staged an accident involving Froppy’s family.”

“Motherfucker!”

“Asui-shounen, language!”

“You manipulated her.” Toshinori realised.

“Yeah, now, Chargebolt was already a traitor. Surprise, surprise.”

“You don’t fuckin’ sound surprised.”

“Why are our hero names also our villain names.”

“It’s a big ‘fuck you’ to the hero society.”

“He works with the league, oh, Phantom Thief!” Monoma flinched, his class suddenly eyeing him in suspicion. “You see, his sister is actually a member of the league, so he works with her.”

Monoma blinked. “I don’t have a sister…?”

“Yeah, it’s similar to the Dabi is a Todoroki theory, but less popular. It’s cause you and Toga look alike and have similar appearances and family backgrounds.”

Toga eyes Monoma with interest before looking back at the screen.

Toshinori had to think properly a second, having honestly focused a bit more on the third years, but he gets it. “Monoma Nieto.”
“We been knew.”

“Please use proper grammar.”

“Grammar between Japanese and English is so different I can barely tell.” Glory mutters.

“What?”

“What?”

“Bingo. Now, see, Hitoshi-kun was a tough nut to crack, especially since he was working directly under Eraserhead.”

“Oh, for fuck sake.” Shinsou spat. “Of course, I’m a villain!”

Glory clicked her tongue. “To be fair, if Deku asked me to be a villain with him I’d do it no questions asked. And I’m sure half the fandom would agree with me.”

Shinsou blinked. “What about the other half?”

“The other half are turning our current villains into heroes.”

Dabi gagged loudly.

“What we did was have Chargebolt and Toru-chan sneak into Eraserhead’s apartment while he was out, and they stole some files. Some involving the harsh reality involving Hitoshi-kun’s brainwashing quirk.”

“Wait, why did he not call Hagakure-chan by her hero name?”
“Because I didn’t want to write Invisible Girl.”

“Surely manipulating your allies like this will backfire on you.” Toshinori comments, suddenly wondering where Aizawa was, now that the colleague he’d seen every now and again had been brought up.

“Oh, no, it definitely will.”

“Probably, but then again…” Deku clicks his tongue. “I wasn’t really planning on keeping any of them around.”

“Oh damn, bitch really finna kill us!”

“Could you, like, no? For once?”

“No.”

Toshinori stares right into Deku’s eyes, as the teenage villain does him. “What about Bakugou-shounen? He was so determined to-”

“That was an accident.” Deku cut in, breaking eye contact to stare into the street again. “I didn’t mean for Kacchan to come down this path. I wanted him to achieve his dreams… I guess trauma can change a person, y’know?”

“What trauma? The sludge villain thing didn’t do shit even though the heroes present did fuck all.”

Toshinori blinks, not that Deku can see him.

“It was the day after we met.” Deku continued, regardless. “I’d just had my dreams crushed by my hero and was not feeling great. So, I went to the roof and tried to take the easy way out. It wasn’t just because of you, by the way, there were many factors leading up to that conclusion.”
“You jumped?” Toshinori gaped.

Bakugou’s heart stops hearing that, and he goes pale. Midoriya’s brain stops functioning altogether, his body tenses and the room chills.

Bakugou slowly turned to Midoriya. “You wouldn’t.”

“Of course not.”

“Yep.” Deku popped the ‘p’. “And guess who found me? He got me to the hospital and they just barely saved my life.” He chuckled bitterly. “Went through a shit ton of physical therapy to be able to walk again.”

“You’d think so.” Twice comments quietly, attempting to lighten the room up but being too anxious to speak any louder. “WAIT WHY?!” his other half did not get the hint.

They sit in silence for a moment before Deku continues speaking. “It’s not that Kacchan’s goal is to be a villain, or a hero, necessarily, I think he’s just keeping his eyes on me. I don’t a hundred per cent know why, but it’s a nice thought.”

“I think he just doesn’t want his childhood best friend to kill himself.”

“I thought you weren’t planning to keep any of your teammates around.”

“Kacchan isn’t just a teammate.” Deku spat, for the first time since Toshinori encountered him that night, he looked genuinely pissed. It seems he found Deku’s trigger. “I- he-” Deku scoffs. “He’s different.”

“Oh, really now?” Dabi asked.
“Shut the fuck up.” Shigaraki hissed.

“You shut up; do you know how annoying your voice is? It’s like you need to cough and drink a gallon of water.”

“Both of you calm down.” Magne hissed.

Toshinori stared him down. “How so?” He could see Deku’s exterior breaking. By such a simple question, too.

He began to mumble, pulling himself into a ball and tugging on his hair. Toshinori calls the villain by his name when he sees him tremble. Villain, he may be, but a child he still is. And suddenly, it stops. Deku’s entire body relaxes and his knees lower to his face comes up to meet Toshinori’s gaze.

“Literally what just happened?”

“I think Deku had an epiphany.”

Deku’s eyes were dark, his voice was steady despite shaking just a second ago, and with every word that spilled from his mouth, he got closer to the defenceless ex-pro.

“Kacchan- no. Katsuki is different because I dealt with his bullshit for fifteen awful, goddamn years. I know that man like the back of my hand… and I want to be the one to kill him. None of you pro-hero assholes or villain-wannabe's are gonna get it my way.”

“…great.”

“So it’s a weird spin on the ‘only I can hurt this person’ thing.”

“Reverse yandere?”
He tore the sword out of Toshinori’s side and pulled the skeletal man up by his collar. Toshinori gripped at his wound in a desperate attempt to stop the bleeding as Deku manhandled him over to the rooftop ledge.

“OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK!!”

“Y’know, I should probably thank you, y’ know? Since you’re the reason I’m like this? But I don’t think you deserve the pleasure.” Deku looks to the street. “Say ‘hi’ to Twice and Magne for me in the afterlife, ‘kay? I miss ‘em.”

“Wait- what.”

And he dropped Toshinori off the ledge.

“Are we fucking dead?” Twice asked.

“I might’ve mentioned Overhaul murdering Magne before, but yeah, Twice is also dead.”

“What? How?”

“He was murdered by Hawks.”

“… fucking Hawks of all people?”
Chapter Summary

Oh, look... I've updated...

“So, for this one there are teams I need to specify.”

“Alright.”

“Bakugou, Sero, Shoji, Uraraka, Iida and Eri versus Midoriya, Todoroki, Tokoyami, Shinsou, Yaoyorozu and Ojiro.”

Eri was suddenly forced back into the cushions. She pouted. “It was playing!” She whined.

“Sorry, but you’re in this.” Glory replies. “Also, Kai isn’t a huge asshole in this AU.” Overhaul looked at her with a raised eyebrow. “It’s not touched on, your name is just mentioned once...”

“...okay...”

Izuku, in his uniform, strides through an underpass, then jogs onto a private runway, heading for a grounded chopper. An electro-disabler slams onto the chopper and Izuku looks up. Iron Man and War Machine decent.

“Wow, it's so weird how you run into people at the airport.” Katsuki comments. “Don't you think that's weird?”

“That doesn’t look like a coincidence…”

“Definitely weird.” Hanta agrees.
“Hear me out, Katsuki. That doctor, the psychiatrist, he's behind all of this.” Izuku says.

Mezo leaps over a truck. “Captain.” He greeted.

“Oh look, it’s me.” Shoji comments, slightly surprised and grateful he could hide it behind his mask.

“Your highness.” He replies.

“OH!”

“Anyway,” Katsuki says. “Ross gave me thirty-six hours to bring you in. That was twenty-four hours ago. Can you help a brother out?”

“AS IF Bakugou-kun would ever say that.”

“I- fair enough…”

“You're after the wrong guy,” Izuku warns.

“Your judgment is askew. Your old war buddy killed innocent people yesterday.” Katsuki hisses.

“… does he mean Todoroki?”

“Yes.”

“And there are five more super soldiers just like him. I can't let the doctor find them first, Katsuki. I can't.”
“Izuku…” Ochako sighs. “You know what’s about to happen. Do you really wanna punch your way out of this one?”

“All right, I’ve run out of patience. Underoos!” Katsuki shouts. Eri shoots a web, stealing Izuku’s shield and binding his hands as she flipped and landed onto a nearby car. “Nice job, kid.”

“Oh, she’s a teenager.”

“I doubt any version of Bakugou would let a child fight.”

“Well, if there really *are* countless alternate realities, I’m sure it’s not too far out of the realm of possibility.”

“I don’t wanna think about that.”

“Thanks. Well, I could’ve stuck the landing a little better. It’s just the new suit… Well, it’s nothing, Mr Bakugou. It’s--it’s perfect. Thank you.”

“Yeah, we don't really need to start a conversation.”

“Okay. Cap- Captain. Big fan, I'm Spider-Woman.”

“Yeah, we'll talk about it later. Just-”

“Hey, everyone.”

“…Good job.”

“You've been busy.” Izuku comments.
“And you've been a complete idiot.” Katsuki retorts. “Dragging in Hitoshi. 'Rescuing' Momo from a place she doesn't even want to leave, a safe place. I'm trying to keep… I'm trying to keep you from tearing the Avengers apart.”

“Since when?”

“You did that when you signed.”

“Signed what?”

“The Sokovia accords. Basically placing the avengers at the government disposal and leaving people who do their job outside of government order get arrested. Basically, what your world does except it ruins most of their jobs.”

“…O…okay…”

“Alright, we’re done. You're gonna turn Todoroki over, you're gonna come with us. NOW! Because it's us! Or a squad of J-SOC guys . . . with no compunction about being impolite.” Izuku looks aside. “Come on.”

Fumikage radios Izuku. “We found it. Their Quinjet's in hanger five, north runway.”

Izuku holds his hands up and Hitoshi shoots the web off. “Alright, Ojiro.”

“Hey, guys, something.” Mashirao grows in size, kicking off Eri’s body and flipping over the Izuku.

“DON’T TOUCH DA CHILD!!”

Ojiro flinched. Eri whimpered.
“Hey, your character is really strong, okay? She’s fine.” Glory assures.

“Whoa. What--what the hell was that?” Hanta snaps.

Mashirao returns Izuku’s shield. “I believe this is yours, Captain Deku.”

“Oh, great. Alright,” Katsuki scoffs, using the heat signature function on his suit to find where the others are hidden. “There’s two on the parking deck. One of them's Yaoyorozu, I’m gonna grab her. Hanta, you want to take Cap?”

“Got two in the terminal, Tokoyami and Todoroki.” He responds.

“Todoroki is mine!” Mezo hisses, running after him.

“...why?”

“I guess we’re gonna find out.”

“Hey, Mr Bakugou, what should I do?” Eri asked.

“What we discussed. Keep your distance. Web ’em up.”

“See!”

“Okay, copy that!”

Izuku blocks Mezo. “Move, Captain. I won't ask a second time.”
Mashirao faces Ochako. “Look, I really don't want to hurt you.”

“I wouldn't stress about it.” She kicks him in the groin, and he miniaturizes, throwing her head over heels. She zaps him off her wrist and he slams into a nearby truck, leaving a small dent.

“Does Ojiro-kun have Mt Lady’s quirk?”

“No, his suit manipulates the density, I think, of atoms, shrinking or growing things. It’s science, not a quirk.”

“…huh.”

Eri lands on the terminal window where Fumikage and Shoto are running.

“What the hell is that?” Shoto asks.

“Everyone's got a gimmick now,” Fumikage responds.

Eri swings through the glass wall and kicks Fumikage backwards. Shoto throws a punch, Eri catches his fist. “You have a metal arm? That is awesome, dude!”

“Ah, you mentioned I lost an arm.”

Fumikage hits Eri, taking her up into the air with him as he flies. “You have the right to remain silent!” She cries. Mid-air Eri fends Fumikage off, then swings after him using her webs.

Iron Man shoots rockets that explode just beyond Hitoshi and Momo.
Izuku fights hand to hand with Mezo. War Machine locks on.

“Sorry, Cap,” Hanta says to himself. “This won't kill you but it ain't gonna tickle either.” He smacks Izuku’s shield with a mace.

Katsuki hovers above the ground. “Momo, I think you hurt Tenya’s feelings.”

“What does Bakugou care?”

“He’s being a bitch.”

“You locked me in my room.” She replies.

“Okay. First, that's an exaggeration. Second, I did it to protect you.” He defends. “Hey, Toshi.”

“Hey, man.” The archer greets.

“That’s much too casual for a guy that I spoke to once,” Shinsou says.

“Clearly, retirement doesn’t suit you. You got tired of shooting golf?”

“Retirement?”

“Well, I played eighteen, I shot eighteen. Just can't seem to miss.” He fires an arrow which Tony deflects.

“First time for everything.”
“Made you look.”

Suddenly a car slams past Iron Man. He looks up as dozens more come crashing down. Momo rows her glowing hands until Iron Man is buried under a pile of cars.

“Multiple contusions detected,” FRIDAY says.

“Yeah, I detected that too.”

The room laughs.

Eri wings through the rafters in the terminal, chasing Fumikage who flies backwards firing shots. Eri stops on a high beam. “-Oh god.”

Shoto throws something at her then hides behind a collum. “Hey buddy, I think you lost this!” Eri throws it back. Fumikage kicks her off the beam and Eri fires a web which sends Fumikage crashing to the floor. Eri webs Fumikage’s wrist to a balcony railing. “Those wings carbon fibre?”

“Is this stuff coming out of you?” he retorts.

“That would explain the rigidity-flexibility ratio, which, gotta say, that's awesome, man.”

“I don't know if you've been a fight before but there's usually not this much talking.”

“I mean- it depends on who you’re fighting- we spoke a fair bit with Stain before- uh- before Endeavour came to help us.”

“Alright, sorry, my bad.” She swings down and Shoto jumps in the way. Shoto and Sam fall through the glass down onto the next floor and Eri webs them. “Guys, look. I'd love to keep this up, but I've only got one job here today and I gotta impress Mr Bakugou, so, I'm really
sorry.” Redwing drags Eri through the glass wall before she could web them up.

“Why does she want to impress Bakugou?”

“You couldn't have done that earlier?” Shoto spits.

“I hate you.”

“Ouch.”

Outside Izuku kicks War Machine out of the air, then sends Mezo reeling. War Machine's mace is broken.

“Great.” Hanta scoffs.


“Oh, come on!” Hanta cries. The truck lands and explodes.

“Oh, man. I thought it was a water truck.” Mashirao murmurs. “Uh… sorry.” Mashirao and Izuku runoff.

“Alright. Now, I'm pissed.” Hanta hisses.

“Yes, he was just ‘slightly agitated’ before.”

“Where did that come from?”
Katsuki helps Ochako up. “Is this, part of the plan?” she asks.

“Well, my plan was to go easy on them.” He replies. “You wanna switch it up?”

Hitoshi speaks to Momo as he spots the Quinjet. “There's our ride.”

“Come on!” Izuku yells. Everyone on his team run towards the Quinjet. A fizzing stream of energy slices across the runway and they stop. Tenya hovers overhead.

“DAMN, IIDA!!”

“Captain Midoriya. I know you believe what you're doing is right. But for the collective good, you must surrender now.”

Katsuki’s team arrive. They’re all face to face now.

“What do we do, Cap?” Fumikage asks.

“We fight,” Izuku replies.

“This is gonna end well.” Ochako scoffs.

The two teams stride towards each other with grim determination etched on their faces.

“They’re not stopping,” Eri says warily.

“Neither are we,” Katsuki replies.
“Are heroes usually like this?”

“Believe it or not, no, no they’re not.”

Everyone breaks into a sprint. Izuku blocks a punch as Iron Man lands. Hitoshi fires an arrow at Tenya. War Machine flies after Falcon and Shoto trades blows with Mezo. An explosive arrow hits Iron Man. Ochako throws Mashirao, as Eri swings through the air, struggling to evade vehicles projected by Momo. Shoto lands punches on Mezo, Hitoshi and Ochako battle with batons. Hitoshi pins her down with his bow.

“We're still friends, right?” Ochako asks.

“Depends on how hard you hit me,” Hitoshi replies. She spins him with her legs. As she's about to kick his head, her foot stops and glows bright red. Momo projects Ochako down.

“You were pulling your punches.” She snaps. Hitoshi nods sheepishly.

“I don’t get that comment.”

“Usually it’s a sign of respect to go all out against your opponent, think back to Bakugou versus Uraraka during the sports festival. And that’s what Shinsou meant about how hard she hit, but he didn’t really want to hurt a friend.”

“So… Uraraka’s doppelgänger is probably upset then?”

“I’d say she’s got more pressing things to think about at the moment.”

Shoto and Mezo have each other by the throat. “I didn't kill your father,” Shoto says.

“There we go.”
“Then why did you run?”

“I mean… if I see someone running at me full force in a catsuit, I’d fuckin’ run too.”

“Are you sure you’re just not afraid of furries?”

“Oh my god, no- don’t bring furries into this. They’re usually respectable people- like any other fandom there’re some toxic people but that doesn’t mean they all are and I want to end this topic of conversation.”

“… but no one said furries were bad-?”

“It’s always where the conversation goes.”

“Wha-”

Mezo pulls Shoto’s hand off his neck, then spins him and fly-kicks him backwards. He sprouts claws and aims for Shoto’s neck, but Momo stops his hand, then waves her arms and sends Mezo crashing into a passenger gangway.

Eri swings past, Izuku snaps the web with his shield.

“That thing does not obey the laws of physics at all.” Eri scoffs.

“Look, kid. There's a lot going on here that you don't understand.”

“Mr Bakugou said you'd say that. Wow.” She fires webs which stick to Izuku’s shield and ankle. She pulls and Izuku slides towards her. Eri kicks him backwards, then rolls clear. “He also said to go for your legs.” As Izuku runs to get his shield, Eri webs his hands and pulls. Izuku grits his teeth, spins and somersaults, propelling Eri through the air.

A few people keep note of that.
Fumikage evades fire from Iron Man. “Hitoshi, can you get him off me?”

“Buckled in?” Hitoshi asks a miniaturised Mashirao.

“Yeah. No, I'm good. I'm good, Arrow Guy. Let's go. Let's go!” Miniaturized Mashirao is on the tip of Hitoshi’s arrow. As he fires it, the head splits and Iron Man shoots the shards. Mashirao dives between Iron Man's splayed fingers and slips inside the Iron Man Suit at the shoulder joint.

Izuku catches a web and tugs Eri towards him, knocking her down with the shield. Eri recovers and pulls herself up on top of a gangway.

“Bakugou tell you anything else?” Izuku asks.

“That you're wrong. You think you're right. That makes you dangerous.” She swings down and Izuku leaps to kick her backwards onto the gangway's leg.

“Guess he had a point.” He throws his shield at the leg and the gangway falls. Eri holds it up. “You got heart, kid. Where're you from?”

“Queens,” Eri grunts out, struggling under the weight of the gangway.

Izuku chuckles. “Brooklyn.” Izuku leaves Eri holding the gangway.

“Where?”

“Those are New York suburbs, they’re like twenty minutes apart.”

Hitoshi fires arrows at a hovering Iron Man whose arm-lasers malfunction.
“Friday?” he beckons.

“We have some weapon systems offline.” She replies.

“Who’s that?”

“His replacement for Iida.”

“They what?”

“Oh, you're gonna have to take this into the shop.” Mashirao comments, messing around inside Katsuki’s suit.

“Who's speaking?” Katsuki asks warily.

“It's your conscience. We don't talk a lot these days.”

The students in a particular laugh as Bakugou rages at the particular comment.

“Friday?”

“Deploying fire suppression system.”

Inside the suit, Mashirao sprints through narrow banks of components, chased by a rolling cloud of CO2. He's ejected from the suit.

“Looks like Iron Man-Bakugou is immune to our Todoroki.”
“In his suit, maybe.”

“We gotta go,” Shoto says to Izuku. “That guy's probably in Siberia by now.”

“We gotta draw out the flyers. I'll take Tenya. You get to the jet.”

“No, you get to the jet! Both of you!” Fumikage shouts whilst being chased by War Machine. “The rest of us aren't getting out of here.”

“As much as I hate to admit it, if we're gonna win this one, some of us might have to lose it,” Hitoshi adds.

“This isn't the real fight, Izuku.”

“Alright, Fumikage, what's the play?”

“We need a diversion, something big.”

“I got something kind of big, but I can't hold it very long,” Mashirao replies. “On my signal, run like hell. And if I tear myself in half… don't come back for me.”

“Wait what-”

“He's gonna tear himself in half?” Shoto mutters.

“You're sure about this, Mashirao?” Izuku asks.

“I do it all the time. I mean once… in a lab. Then I passed out.” He says. “I'm the boss. I'm the boss. I'm the boss. I'm the boss. I'm the BOSS!” he hyped himself up. He leaps from mobile stairs and lands on War Machine's back as he flies past. He operates his suit's wrist,
shuts his eyes and activates a remote. Scott grows into a towering Behemoth and grabs War Machine's leg.

“Holy shit!” Eri curses.

“Language.” All Might scolded.

“Shut the fuck up.” Someone spat back. He blinks, baffled, and Aizawa laughs at him.

“Okay, tiny dude is big now,” Hanta mutters. “He's big now.”

“I guess that's the signal.” Izuku shrugs.

“Way to go, Tic Tac!” Fumikage praises.

“Give me back my Hanta.” Katsuki hisses. Fukikage flies feet first into Iron Man.

“…my?”

“Protective, are we?”

“I mean if Bakugou cares then probably.”

“I'M RIGHT FUCKING HERE YOU DIPSHITS!!”


Mashirao kicks a bus towards Mezo. Tenya descends and braces himself, splitting the bus in two and protecting Mezo from harm. Mezo spots Izuku and Shoto sprinting past. Chasing
Fumikage, Iron Man evades Mashirao swinging the wing of a plane at him.

“Okay, anybody on our side hiding any shocking and fantastic abilities they’d like to disclose, I’m open to suggestion,” Katsuki calls.

“That’s a no.”

Fumikage arrows towards Iron Man, firing Red Wing which cracks into Katsuki’s helmet.

Mashirao blocks Mezo’s path. “You wanna get to them… you gotta go through me.” He tells him.

He sweeps his gigantic foot through the crates Mezo’s standing on, smashing them to pieces. Mashirao is engulfed in explosions as War Machine swoops towards him with Eri clinging to a web stuck to War Machine's back. She fires more webs and wraps them around Mashirao’s over-sized arms.

Hitoshi fires arrows at Mezo who catches two right in front of his face. After the arrowheads explode, he drops them and rises, extending his claws.

“We haven't met yet.” He flattens his bow and spins it around. “I'm Hitoshi.”

“I don't care.” Mezo spits, wielding the bow like a staff Hitoshi attacks Mezo who acrobatically ducks then counter with a high kick.

“Ouch.” Shinsou comments, dead-faced.

“I’m sorry.” Shoji apologises.

“I- uh,” Shinsou perks up, surprised, and blushes from embarrassment. “No- it’s okay.”

Giant Ant-Man punches War Machine in the air and swings a gangway towards him as he
recovers. War Machine opens fire and the gangway disintegrates. Mashirao tries to stamp on War Machine who dives clear evading a lunge of Mashirao’s hand. War Machine is struck by something. Momo waves her hands flinging vehicles into War Machines path.

“Get off.” Mashirao hissed, swatting at his helmet. Distracted by Eri, Ant-Man doesn't spot Tenya curling into a ball and ramming into him. Tenya spots Izuku and Shoto approaching the hangar as Ant-Man wavers. He simply floats through Ant-Man's chest. “Something just flew in me!”

“Woah.”

Tenya fires a shining beam of energy from his mind stone and the control tower collapses towards the entrance of the hangar. Momo struggles to slow its collapse. Then War Machine descends behind her fires a sonic disruptor. Momo holds her head and screams. The tower falls all around Izuku and Shoto, but they make it into the hangar where Ochako is waiting for them.

“You're not gonna stop.” She says.

“You know I can’t,” Izuku replies.

“I'm gonna regret this.” She stuns Mezo, who's arrived behind them. “Go.” Izuku and Shoto run for the Quinjet as she keeps Mezo at bay.

“Sorry,” Uraraka says to Shoji.

He chuckles lightly. “It’s okay.”

“Hey, guys, you ever see that really old movie, Empire Strikes Back?” Eri calls as the others continue to evade Mashirao.

“Jesus, Katsuki, how old is this chick?” Hanta scoffs.
“I don't know, I didn't carbon-date her. She’s on the young side.”

“She’s fifteen.”

“Our age!”

“There… don’t happen to be schools teaching people to be heroes are there?”

“…If you pretend the X-Men don’t exist then- well, technically that school is just a safe haven for mutants, UHM. No, there aren’t.”

Eri swings towards Ant-Man. “You know that part… where they're on the snow planet… with the walking thingies?” She wraps webs around Mashirao's legs.

“Maybe the kid's on to something.” Katsuki muses.

“High now, Katsuki. Go high.” Hanta orders.

Eri swings around and around Ant-Man's legs as Iron Man and War Machine power towards his head, both landing blows together. “YES! Haha! That was awesome!”

Giant Ant-Man topples. A flailing limb catching Eri and knocking her flying just before Mashirao slams into the ground on his back. He returns to normal size and removes the faceplate of his helmet, grimacing. “Does anyone have any orange slices?”

Ojiro snorts.

Katsuki lands by Eri who's in a heap. Retracting the helmet Katsuki looks concerned. “Kid, you alright?”
“Hey! Get off me!” She hisses.

“Same side. Guess who. Hi. It's me.”

“Oh. Hey, man.”

“Yeah.”

“That was scary.”

“Yeah. You're done. Alright?”

“What?”

“You did a good job. Stay down.”

“No, I'm good. I'm fine.”

“Stay down.”

“No, it's good I gotta get him back!”

“You're going home, or I'll call Uncle Kai! You're done!”

“So, that’s what you meant earlier.”

“Yeah. You’re actually a good father figure here… the only one that, so far, won’t die in this
universe... not for long, anyway.”

“What?”

“Wait. Mr Bakugou, wait! I'm not done, I'm not...” She slumps down. “Okay, I'm done. I'm done.”

Ochako is in the partially wrecked hangar the Quinjet's engines fire and the guns blast debris from the entrance. Ochako keeps Mezo held until the jet rises. Black Panther leaps but can't keep hold and the Quinjet flies out of the hangar. War Machine flies after it. “I said I'd help you find him, not catch him. There's a difference.” She says.

Outside Tenya kneels beside Momo and gently holds her in his arms. She pants for breath.

“I'm sorry.”

“Me, too.”

“It's as I said. Catastrophe.”

Piloting the Quinjet, Izuku looks over his shoulder and spots War Machine encroaching to the right. Izuku pushes forward on the thrusters. Iron Man flies beside War Machine and Falcon follows them.


Tenya takes aim and fires his head laser. Falcon spots it coming and tucks into a tumble. The laser overshoots and slices through the core on War Machines chest plate. War Machine loses power and goes into a spinning free fall.

“Oh, shit.”

“Katsuki, I'm flying dead stick.” As he plunges the suit emits black smoke. Iron Man swoops down towards him. Rhodes' eyes start to close.

“SERO!” War Machine smacks into a wide, grassy field just before Iron Man lands nearby. His helmet retracts and he pulls off War Machine's faceplate. Hanta’s eyes are closed and there's blood on his face. “Read vitals.”

“Heartbeat detected. Emergency medical is on its way.”

Fumikage swoops down and lands on his feet. His wings retract. “I'm sorry.”

Katsuki zaps Falcon backwards with a blast of energy from the palm of his suit. Tenya glides to the ground just in front of Falcon. Stony faced Katsuki remains with his arms around War Machine.

“Did Sero just fucking die?”

“No.”

“Oh, thank god.”

“He’s paralysed from the waist down.”

“What?!”