Ascendance

by Hecate (Maddie_Jade)

Summary

After enrolling into Japan’s top school for heroes, U.A. High School, you soon discover that there is much more to being a hero than you initially thought. You struggle to live up to the expectations set forth by not only your friends and family, but also the ones you hold for yourself.

"I'll always be here to help you whenever you fall."

Notes

I wrote this at 3 am so there might be a few problems. Free feel to tell me if you see any!
All men are not created equal.

With the world's sudden introduction to the strange anomaly of powers, now more commonly known as quirks, awakening within people, this only became more evident.

Life with a powerful and flashy quirk practically guaranteed fame and fortune. As long as you were talented, you were pretty much set for life. Going the hero track in life was a no brainer.

However, not being lucky enough to be born with a hero-worthy quirk did not automatically dismiss you. There were still many useful quirks that could assist in the daily uses of life, instead of solely used to catch villains. While true that folks with these more common quirks were not as highly praised as the heroes, they still lived rather peaceful, normal lifestyles.

Problems began to arise for you though if you were one of the unlucky few born without any indication of a quirk. Just a small percentage, roughly 20%, of the world's population fit this description. While there were no physical or mental inabilities specifically for the quirkless, they were often teased and bullied. Seen as lesser being for simply being without a quirk. Easy targets to control and tear down.

The difference between having a hero worthy quirk and not even having a quirk at all where so vastly different, and you got to experience both sides of the spectrum.

You were six years old when you first discovered your quirk. The first person you told was your mother. You quickly ran home, oh-so very excited to show her, especially considering that your quirk was the spitting image of her own.

And it was true, she was very proud and excited to witness your new found power, just like any other mother would be. To see her smile, to be picked up and spun around, to see the pride filled look in her eyes when she held you. It was everything you had ever hoped it would be.

It was only when she told you, only moments later, that you must never use your quirk outside of your home that you became confused and downtrodden. Weren't quirks something to be proud of? Something to show off? Seeing your hurt and baffled expression, your mother quickly began to explain the situation to you. Your mother admitted that she, herself never openly used her powers in public spaces, where she could be easily witnessed.

As far as the world knew, your family was quirkless.

Growing up trying to hide your quirk proved to be a little difficult, as you grew older and it grew with you, there were parts of it that were hard to control. Sometimes acting of its own accord and going a bit haywire, but you, with assistance from your mother, did manage to keep it under wraps from everyone around you. Some moments, however, you pined to tell all of those surrounding you just how amazing your quirk was. For once, you wanted to be able to brag about your quirk, like the other kids.

Being virtually quirkless did prove to be quite rough while attending school. Not as much in your
earlier years, but towards middle school was really when the teasing began to appear.

"Poor (Y/N), what a loser."

"You can't sit with us."

"What a quirkless nobody."

You took it all in stride though, knowing the truth for yourself. Knowing that one day you would be allowed to reveal your quirk and show them all how wrong they were about you. You weren't helpless.

You didn't go to a particularly nice middle school so the bullying was sort of to be expected. In fact, it was actually a pretty crappy school. It just so happened to be the closest public school to your house and its shabby appearance only enhanced your mother's thoughts about it being perfect for you.

"This type of school is sure to not raise any sort suspicion."

You didn't question her judgment, you knew she had her reasons. She always did.

While the classes themselves were actually pretty advanced and helpful, the students lacked a lot to be desired. There were one or two students that you definitely wouldn't mind if they moved to a different class.

"Alright class, welcome to your first day as third years. It's about time that each of you should start thinking about your futures." The balding teacher at the front of the room half yelled while clutching a pile of papers, "I guess I could hand out these career aptitude sheets, but who am I kidding! You're all planning to take the hero route." He tossed the papers haphazardly into the air as everyone in the classroom began to explode with cheers, showing off their individual quirks.

You sighed to yourself and doodled on your desk in the back row, waiting patiently for everyone to calm down. Turns out you wouldn't just be granted a peaceful morning.

"Hey teach!" An all too familiar voice yelled.

'Oh no'

"Don't just lump me in together with the rest of these losers. They'll wind up lucky to be the sidekick of some washed up, has-been hero." The explosive blond boy sat in the middle row, not too far away from your own desk.

"Well, your grades are exceptional, Bakugo. You might actually get into U.A. highschool." The teacher said glancing at the list of potential high schools each student wished to attend that students filled out before school. You had left yours blank.

While you still absentmindedly drew on your desk, the rest of the class was baffled at the revelation that Bakugo, the school's biggest trouble maker, was applying to the top hero school in the country. You honestly couldn't care less. However, it was whenever the teacher revealed the other student also applying to the same school that you became interested.

"Oh, Midoriya, you wanted to attend U.A. as well, didn't you?"

The small green haired boy in class was notorious for only two things, his intense studying habits,
and the fact that he was completely and utterly quirkless. While the entire class, save Bakugou, laughed at the green haired boy, you just simply smiled at him. You admired the fact that he was willing to follow his dreams, despite his short comings. That was, until Bakugo backed the poor kid into the wall in anger. Right next to your desk.

"Deku, what the hell is your problem? You don't even have a quirk! You trying to show me up by entering the same school as me!?!" The blonde boy held onto Midoriya with one hand and showcased his explosive quirk with the other. You took the opportunity of them being so close, you quickly stood up from your desk and grasped the wrist of the arm that was holding poor Midoriya.

"Let him go Bakugo." You were proud of yourself. Your voice was even and your glare was steady, despite knowing for a fact that you would definitely lose a fight against Bakugo, especially without using your quirk. And you couldn't risk revealing your secret to everyone over a spat with a classmate.

Bakugo's fierce look now focused onto you. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" He snatched his hand away from your own and let out a small growl. "Don't ever fucking touch me again, you quirkless wannabe."

You dropped your gaze to the floor, fist clenched at your side. You weren't some weakling that couldn't take care of themselves. You were strong. You just wished that you could show them. You threw Midoriya an apologetic look before heading back to your desk.

'I'm sorry I couldn't do more to help you.'

Chapter End Notes

There's a mean girl's reference somewhere in there
The rest of the day proceeded smoothly without any more serious interruptions. You kept quietly to yourself, trying your hardest to keep your gaze down and avoid eye contact with anyone, particularly Bakugo and Midoriya. Doodling and writing personal notes in your journal felt like the only tasks that could keep you sane after the previous 'excitement' you had experienced in class.

When the bell rang to dismiss the last class of the day, you quickly grabbed your belongings and made a bee line for the exit, ignoring everyone around you. You didn't relax until you were finally outside the school building. It felt as if you had been holding in your breath the entire trip from the top floor down to the exit doors. Letting out a sigh, you continued on your way.

You're pace gradually slowed to normal as you traveled across the school campus, towards the front gate. The events from earlier in the day began to replay in your mind and you felt your eyes begin to sting with tears. You tried you're best to hold them back, you always were an angry crier. If only you had been able to do something more, then maybe Midoriya wouldn't have to face such intense bullying day after day. The poor boy was always so kind to everyone and terribly tender hearted. You weren't sure how much more he would be able to handle.

A sudden splash from the school's koi pond diagonal to you drew your attention away from your thoughts. Curious, you walked over to it in order to examine the mysterious object that fell in. When you reached the pond you let out a small gasp. Floating on top of the small body of water was the charred remains of Midoriya's notebook. A small scowl formed on your face.

'Bakugo did this, no doubt. That jerk.'

You gently picked up the notebook before the fish could get to it, careful as too not damage it any further. Poor Midoriya had already gone through so much torture today, it would just be cruel to let his notebook get completely ruined. You felt tears prickling at your eyes again. You needed to get better control of your tears.

As you held the book in your hands, your curiosity about its contents began to grow. You knew you shouldn't, the book wasn't yours, but it was just so tempting to take a small peek. Just seeing the title egged your curiosity on.

'Hero Analysis for the Future No. 13'

Thirteen? He had thirteen of these books? Well, if there was one thing you could say about Midoriya it would be that he always paid close attention to the details. He was also the biggest fanboy for heroes that you knew, so it really didn't surprise you that much that he had multiple journals full of information. You wondered just what information the small book held.

'A small peek couldn't hurt, could it?'

Just as your fingers began to lift up the journal's cover a voice grabbed your attention.

"(Y/N), you're still here?" The owner of the voice was the same one of the notebook you held in your hand. You tensed up as you turned to face him.

"M-midoriya," you stuttered out, hoping he didn't notice you were about to snoop through his stuff, "I found this in the fish pond. It's yours, right?"
"Yeah, thanks a lot" He was visibly upset and you wished you knew something cheerful or poetic to say to try and help him.

You sighed as he accepted the charred journal from you. "Midoriya, don't worry about what Bakugo says. It's not your fault you were born without a quirk."

He gave you a soft smile. "It's honestly fine, (Y/N). I've gotten used to it. It does feel a little better knowing you understand though."

You bit your lip. While you were both perceived as quirkless, your situation was very different than his. But you kept your mouth shut, you couldn't reveal your secret and you didn't want to crush that little heart of his.

With that, you ended your exchange with the boy and left for your home.

The small apartment you and your mother lived in was the epitome of normal. Your mother wanted to make sure every aspect of both of your lives were as inconspicuous as possible. It was a simple two bedroom apartment on the second floor of a complex that looked identical to every other one around it.

You stepped up the creaky steps, jammed your key into the lock, and announced your prescience to your mother when you opened the door. You knew she was home. She almost never left the apartment.

The older woman called out a greeting from the small kitchen as you entered farther into the living space. There were various different scents engulfing the room as your mother cooked away.

'If she's cooking that must mean there's more groceries now. Wonder who dropped them off this time?'

"So how was school today?" She inquired as you plopped onto the sofa that was practically five feet away from the kitchen due to the small size of the apartment.

"It was okay, they asked us about our career goals and practically everyone wants to go the hero route," you twirled a piece of hair around your finger, "but I'm still not sure what exactly I want to do." You lied. You knew exactly what you wanted to do.

"Well whatever it is that you decide, you know I'll support you!" She smiled over at you. You looked at her and pondered over if you should ask the question on your mind. You decided to just go for it.

"Even if that meant I wanted to be a hero too?"

There was silence in the room as your mother took a few minutes to ingest your words. You knew it might have been a sensitive topic for her, but it was something that you had been itching to ask for a while. There was a part of you that longed to use your quirk like all of the other kids, and to show them you could be a powerful hero. Even if it hurt your mom.

After a few minutes, she finally responded, "(Y/N), I've been thinking about this for a while and I...," your mother sighed. She knew it was only a matter of time before you brought the topic up.

"I'm going to help train you to enter U.A."
Sonata

Chapter by Hecate (Maddie_Jade), Maddie_Jade

Chapter Summary

I threw in a Treasure Planet reference in there because that’s how I roll

Chapter Notes

Hello, a bitch is back a year later with a new chapter!
First of all, major apologies it took so long with this. I kind of fell out of the fandom for a while and I was going through some irl problems that kept me from wanting to write. Tbh I kind of see it as a blessing in disguise that I paused this at such an early point in the story because a lot of what I had originally planned for this story has changed, but for the better in my opinion. I started this story when bnha was still pretty new and since then a lot of new characters have popped up that would have made this story flow kinda weird. Plus I originally had the readers quirk as psychokinesis which tbh is kinda overdone now and so I’ve come up with something a hell of a lot better. I’m still gonna keep it a secret for a while though but I’ve done so much research for this god damn quirk y’all better like it lmao. BUT ANYWAY! Here’s the long awaited update and I’ll try to upload another chapter NOT a whole year later this time <3

There were no amount of words to express the overwhelming joy at hearing your mother’s words. Not only did she approve of your dream of being a hero, though probably only after some intense internal deliberation, but she was going to help you enter one of the top hero schools in the country. Your dream school. The school your mother once went to. Where she had met your father.

You knew that UA once held great memories for your mother, but they were also painful for her to look back on. It couldn’t have been an easy decision to make after all she had been through in life. Your body moved suddenly without you noticing, leaving the couch to close the small space between you and your mother. Embracing her in the tightest hug you’d given her in years, you let out a shaky, “thank you” and rubbed your now bleary eyes into her shoulder.

She returned your affections, placing her head atop of your own. “Please just promise me that you’ll do everything in your power to not get hurt.” Her voice was wavering, betraying the strong personality she always put up in front of you and everyone else.

You gave a light chuckle, somewhat muffled from having your face pushed into her shirt, and looked up towards her with a bright smile you didn’t even know you could muster, “That won’t be a problem, I have the world’s greatest hero right here at home to teach me.”

After that, things in your life changed rapidly. The first thing you did the day after your exchange with your mother was to alter the list you had given your homeroom teacher concerning what high school you wanted to attend. The look on his face after you handed it back to him was honestly one
of the funniest things you had seen in a while.

Despite all the sudden new changes in your life, you were still quirkless to all of your peers at school. Once you returned home, however, you began your intense training with your mother. While you had kept in pretty decent shape growing up and you knew the basics of how to use your quirk, there was still a lot of missed time that you had to catch up on.

You weren’t the only one in your class that had changed though. Midoriya and Bakugo had both become so different after their run in with that sludge villain; you had seen the events unfold on the news. Luckily All Might had been around, otherwise you might have been down two classmates. You were embarrassed to admit that you had been worried for both of the boys, clutching onto a couch cushion the whole time, nearly ripping it in half.

Midoriya’s changes seemed for the better, he was becoming a bit more confident in himself and you could see him bulking up little by little as the weeks passed, even though he looked extremely beaten and tired. His mumblings in class kept up though, if anything they might actually have gotten worse. You thought you had heard him muttering about a pretty intense training routine once. You guessed he was getting pretty serious about his goal to make it into UA. You wished the best for him. It was hard being quirkless in today’s world.

Bakugo, however, had suddenly become reclusive after the attack. He ignored both you and Midoriya for the most part, opting to just immediately leave after the final bell for the day instead of sticking around. It was apparent he was growing stronger as well. The muscles in his arms had definitely grown, not that you were looking at his arms. No. You figured that the incident with the sludge villain had shown him he wasn’t as strong as he thought he was, needing to be rescued probably took a hit to his pride. He most likely wanted to train and become stronger, he never liked appearing weak. A bit of humility was probably good for him though, honestly.

Seeing your classmates taking their own training and goals so seriously help to push you as well. There was no way you were going to get left behind, not when you had so much to prove. Luckily, your mother still had some of her old connections from before and you were able to use a secure a small facility not too far from your home to practice your quirk and overall fighting abilities. It was hard work. You had never used your quirk this much, especially since you had to hide it during school, which took up most of your day.

Your mother had personally watched over your training and gave you pointers and tips whenever you needed them. She had lived with this quirk longer than you had, of course. She had extreme, precise control over her power whereas yours wavered and occasionally did the opposite of what you wanted it to do. She assured you every time you got frustrated that complete control was something that would gradually happen overtime as you progressed, you had to work for it.

She helped you in every way that she could, outside of actually sparring with you. No matter how much you had begged of her, she would never use her quirk for combat. Not anymore.

Before you knew it, ten grueling months of training had past and the entrance exam for UA High School was quickly approaching.

You wondered how Midoriya and Bakugo were fairing. You had no doubt that Bakugo’s pure strength would no doubt impress, but you knew his abrasive attitude was enough to put anyone off. Maybe that would keep him from being able to enter the school? While Midoriya was the complete opposite to the blond boy. He was a kind, caring boy, but he was quirkless. There was no denying that he would pass the written exam no problem, he was as sharp as a tack after all, but the thought of him getting hurt in whatever physical trial the school had prepared caused you to worry to no end.
Your concern must have been pretty evident because you were knocked out of your stupor by a swift smack to the head.

“Ow! What the heck was that for?” You turned to peer up at your mother.

She had a knowing look on her face and sighed, “I’ve been calling your name for almost five minutes! You’re gonna be late for your exam at this rate.”

At her words, your eyes quickly moved to the clock on your wall. You let out a small groan of irritation and you immediately grabbed your bag and made a dash for the door.

Your mother smiled and let out a soft laugh meeting you at the door, “Don’t worry, you’re going to do amazing. You’ve got the makings of greatness in you,” she paused for a moment and put her hands on your cheeks, you could see small tears welling up in her eyes, “You’ll be the best hero the world has ever seen, I just know it.”

Her words hit you deep. You knew this was tough on your mother, sending you deep out into the world that scared her. You felt your own eyes sting with tears and let out a breathy laugh as you moved to give her a quick hug before having to leave.

“There is no way I can fail when such a great hero has this much faith in me”

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