**MHA 94**

Take two of today was going a *lot* better, and I woke up with the rest of my class, though, already dressed and ready, I skipped the awkward shuffle as the boys tried to use a bathroom meant for, at most, *half* of us, slowly coming to after yesterday’s strenuous training.

“You okay, Kaminari?” Izuku asked, still in his boxers, as I waited outside of our cabin, the girl’s one down the path and out of sight.

“Huh?” I replied with exquisitely erudite grace, the small boy waving at the fact that I was already in my sports uniform. “Oh, yeah, woke up earlier to avoid all *that*,*”* I jerked a thumb back towards the cabin, the sound of the integrated showers easily audible. “But, like, I couldn’t set an alarm without waking everyone *else* up, so I woke up *really* early.”

The green-haired boy nodded. “Ah, that makes sense.” He laughed, “Wish I had your healing, Kaminari. I’m still tired out from yesterday!”

“Deku, you’re the next coming of *All Might,*” I pointed out, amused, doubly so, at the boy’s instinctive freeze as I hit the nail *directly* on the head. It was a little mean, but Izuku needed to learn to stop reacting to such comparisons, but I couldn’t outright *tell him that,* unfortunately. “I’m pretty sure, in the ‘whose Quirk is better’ game, you’ve got us *all* beat.”

“Kaminari, don’t say that,” the greenette frowned. “You’ve got your *own* strengths, and it’s *really* impressive what you’ve done with them, and how many ways you’ve managed to use yours! I’m strong, yeah, but I couldn’t’ve built that plane!”

I blinked, confused, before I realized that he was trying to give *me* the same sort of speech I’d given Momo in the Sports Festival. Laughing, I shook my head, waving the concern away, “Don’t worry, Izuku, I’m not being down on myself. Now go get washed up before your girlfriends show up.”

“*I, they’re not, we’re not, we haven’t-”* the boy sputtered, turning bright red, before a mental circuit breaker popped, and he sighed, and *bowed?* “Thank you, Kaminari.”

“For. . .?” I questioned, confused.

“For your advice,” he stated. “If you hadn’t said what you did, I wouldn’t’ve *ever. . .* Just, thanks.” The boy chuckled, “Sometimes you seem older than the rest of us, you know? Not, like, *Mr. Aizawa* old, but, like, an upperclassman.”

I internally winced, as, even though I didn’t *feel* like it, I was actually *older* than the man, especially given my combined age with Denki, but I was biologically immortal, never going to age past twenty-five, and most of all didn’t *feel* like I did when I was older in ways that I couldn’t quite put into words. However, from the boy’s tone, and the fact that he didn’t *know* any of that, Midoriya clearly meant that as a compliment.

“It’s not the duration, it’s the mileage,” I deferred. “As far as I can tell, Aizawa’s *seen* some shit.”

“And you have too?” the boy questioned, confused.

Considering my words, I slowly nodded, *something* stirring in the back of my mind, like a half-forgotten dream, or *nightmare*, my body feeling as heavy as it used to before I’d come here, tired in a way I haven’t been since becoming Denki, and not just *physically*. Focusing, I distantly remembered. . . *ruins*? And a smell, not of rot, but of *dust,* only *not.* But it wasn’t the *ruins* that were the problem it was. . .

*“Kaminari?*” Deku asked, concerned, and I snapped to reality, hand rising, fingers curled into claws, sparking, before I caught myself.

“I, er, sorry,” I awkwardly apologized, shaking my head and pulling down on my powers, lowering my hand, Deku having channeled OfA himself, but otherwise hadn’t moved. “I. . . uh, yeah. *Yeah*, you could say that.”

The look the other boy gave me was searching, but I remained silent. “Uh, if you need to talk, I think we have a school counselor?”

“Hound Dog,” I agreed.

“Oh. . . good,” the green haired boy, said, a little awkwardly, looking away. “What happened to that branch?”

“What?” I asked, turning, and. . . *yep,* the branch from earlier stood out a *lot* more in the light of morning than it had at night. And, without meaning to, *yeah,* my vision focused, Hagakure’s **Invisibility** Quirk activating, though thankfully *not* the ‘light enhancing’ aspect of it.

If you didn’t know what happened, it looked downright *odd*, the branch looking like out of place, like it was a single sun-bleached part of a photo, lacking the vividness of its surroundings. I could trace the effect, though thankfully the progress wasn’t stark enough to point out the spot I’d been sitting when I’d accidentally flashed the area with a bit of un-reality. The tree had recovered, mostly, and the bits of ‘ash’ had disappeared into the grass and dirt without spreading they’re ‘drained-ness’ outwards, which is something that I only thought of *now*.

“Huh, probably nothing,” I offered. “The Pussycats live here, so they probably know about it. Besides, we need to get ready for another day of getting the stuffing beat out of us.”

“I, yeah,” Deku nodded, looking back my way. “Um, thanks Kaminari. And. . . thanks.”

“No prob,” I smiled. “Now go take a shower before we have to make Todoroki re-up the hot water tank. *Again.*”

That got a laugh from the boy, who jogged back inside, and I relaxed, trying to get Hagakure’s Quirk to once more *calm the heck down*.

< MHA>

While partially zombified, having only *one* hard day of training instead of two meant that, after some stretching, food, and caffeinated drinks, everyone was up and ready, as we were, *once again*, loaded up on busses to go. . . somewhere.

This time we weren’t told to change, so it wasn’t somewhere *aquatic* at least, but the Pussycats were all tight-lipped, though clearly amused about the entire thing, Pixie-Bob notable by her absence. Sitting next to Mina on the way, I made sure she got the window seat so that, after we’d been going for a few minutes, and when no one was looking, I put my hand on hers, Telepathically sending, *‘Guess whose power I copied?’*

She looked at me, eyes wide, smiling with excitement, as I cupped my hands, pulling on **Invisibility** and directing the light coming from the window, concentrating the light from the outside and drawing it so that, instead of dispersing like it should, I took it and collected into a stream that lit up a single spot on my palm until it seemed to glow, warming that bit, while the rest of my hand cooled, cast in dark shadows.

My girlfriend frowned, confused, whispering, “*Kuroiro?”*

Lowering my cupped hand to touch hers, I projected back to her, ‘*Who?’* trying to figure out who that was. Someone in class 1-B, obviously, but while I’d been getting to know them, I didn’t remember all their names. *‘Nevermind,* I said, as we could talk about that later. Letting go of the Quirk, I held one hand in front of myself, casually, fingers slightly parted, and shifted gears, making sure the effect *only* went one way, as, from Mina’s perspective, it suddenly turned translucent.

Her black eyes opened wide, and she repressed a squeal as she perked up, getting the attentions of the others, as I quickly shifted my *other* hand to electricity, but not my fingertips, which was an odd look but provided cover as to what I was doing that got a reaction. Letting **Invisibility** fade, I made my electric hand dance for a moment, before letting it snap back, asking, “Cool, huh? Figured it out at the lake.”

“How much can you do?” she questioned, glancing down at my hand that I put on the hand rest between us, purposefully putting hers over mine.

“Just fingertips,” I told her, “But it’s a start.” Mentally, I told her, ‘*About what you just saw, but Toru’s Quirk isn’t* ***Invisibility****, it’s* ***Light Control****, which means that, as long as there’s a* little *light, I can see now.’*

“That’s *so cool!”* my girlfriend grinned. “But, uh, how are you gonna train it?”

“I’ll do it when we get home,” I replied. “This is more about them training us how to use the powers we have in the way we already can that experimenting with new discoveries.”

Mina waited a second, but I didn’t telepathically add anything else, as that pretty much communicated what I wanted. “Oh, yeah, that works,” she laughed, casting an appraising gaze around the bus. “Any idea what else you might. . . figure out?”

“No clue,” I shrugged, communicating mentally, *‘Maybe Bakugo’s? Every power I’ve gotten has been one that hasn’t required heteromorphic traits, so probably not Jiro’s or Ida’s, but other than that no idea. Toru’s came as a surprise, but fits the pattern.’*

When my heteromorphic girlfriend lifted an eyebrow and jerked a thumb towards herself, I shook my head. *‘Your appearance has nothing to do with your powers. Well, unless you count cuteness as a power, in which case that* ***definitely*** *qualifies.’*

Giggling, Mina leaned up and gave me a peck on the lips, reaching up to mess up my hair, muttering *“Dork,”* as she turned to relax against me, but the buss was already slowing. Looking out the window, we’d pulled up to a clearing, which had two small buildings in it, one a public restroom, like a rest-stop, in the middle of the forest, the bus packing enough borderline Support tech to allow it to drive down dirt paths like they were a highway.

We disembarked, and were encouraged to use the rest-rooms, several students from both classes availing themselves as the rest of us stood around, or took seats on the provided benches. Meanwhile, Pixie-Bob came out of the other building, sipping on a mug of coffee, which she held daintily in one paw-clad hand. She looked a little tired, but smug, though the woman almost *always* looked smug, so that didn’t mean much.

Once we were all present and ready, for *whatever* this was, the Pussycats came together to do their group pose, taking it in turn to announce, “Alright, everybody!” “Today’s Exercise!” “Is going to be!” *“A race!”*

We all looked around the clearing, which, other than the two buildings, was otherwise unremarkable. There was only the one path *into* the area, the one we’d taken, so this was the destination, but. . .

“A race?” Ida asked, glancing towards the trees, interested, because of *course* he would be. “Where are we going? Back to camp?”

Pixie-Bob grinned, and with a ground shaking rumble, ten mounds of earth lifted upwards in a semicircle, each shifting to reveal the entrance to a tunnel, leading down into the depths, faint green light coming from each.

“You’re going *underground!”*

<MHA>

After much surprise, and more than a little trepidation, the Pussycats explained what was going on. The short version was that, because of the nature of Quirks, underground Villain strongholds were *much* more of a thing than I’d expect. It was illegal to build with Quirks, something that Uraraka was *quite* knowledgeable of, given her family ran one of the *numerous* construction agencies that were employed to undo the casual damage inherent in living in a superhero world, which seemed minor to most people but was actually *ruinous* when you really thought about it.

The same tech that’d let people construct things could be turned to illegal ends, because of course it could, and, paired with illegal Quirk use, could take architectural capabilities to the next level, putting together entire hidden layers under the surface. Turned out, as long as you dropped the initial entrance a little, a carefully cleared path to avoid utility lines, it was fairly free game, and Pros could often find themselves in everything from caves, like we were about to enter, to fully furnished complexes, the only giveaway that you were underground being the lack of windows.

Because of that we were going to go down into the cave complex that, *apparently*, laid below our feet, several dozen miles of tunnels twisting about, crafted *solely* through Pixie-Bob’s ability, as her ‘dirt’ control, it seemed, could be pushed to some *ridiculous* results if she had enough time.

Our missions, which we couldn’t choose if we wanted to accept, was to go down those tunnels, full of ‘minions’ we’d have to fight, with bags of ‘evidence’, helpfully labelled, we needed to gather to ‘make the case against the criminal organization we were assaulting’. Yes, Villains using Quirks at *all* to try and stop Heroes was outright illegal, but that was a minor crime compared to what they could *otherwise* be charged with, and, if allowed to run about freely, with Heroes focusing on subduing foes, said criminals would often destroy evidence of their wrongdoings in large displays of Quirk use to end up a lesser charge.

Thus, *our* task was to delve into the dungeon they’d created and try and find ten bags of ‘evidence’, then make it back to the surface to ‘deliver them to the authorities’. There was just one problem with it.

“Wait, we’re allowed to attack each other?” I checked, brow furrowing, *sure* I’d heard wrong.

“Not enough to *really* hurt them,” Ragdoll grinned, “But if you kittens keep your claws in, you can bat each other around to catch your prey!”

Now I was openly frowning, as I argued, “But we’re *Heroes*. If we’re here to bust criminals, shouldn’t we be doing *that?*”

*“Yeah!”* Kirishima agreed, surging to his feet, fist clenched in a manly gesture.

Glancing around, about half of the students clearly agreed with me, while Ida was looking away, Mandalay looked pained, Tiger approving, Pixie-Bob blank, Vlad uncomfortable, Aizawa tired, and Ragdoll thought I was being *hilarious.*

“Um, Kaminari?” Midoriya asked hesitantly. “That’s. . . *not* how some Pros work.”

“What do you mean?” I questioned, turning towards him. “We’re training to be Heroes. We stop Villains, protect the innocent, and *help* people.”

Bakugo snorted. “*Heroes* do, but extras nip at our fuckin’ heels.”

I looked to Izuku for an explanation, as there clearly *was* one, and the greenette slowly stated, “For heroes with unestablished agencies, there can be some. . . *competition*, when it comes to capturing criminals. But it makes sure that crimes are stopped *really* quickly!” he argued.

“Only *real* Heroes get paid,” Bakugo nodded in agreement.

I started to argue, but paused, the memories of the show distant, but something tickled at the back of my mind. *Right, the first fucking scene.* Where the wood guy was going to take someone down, but Mt. Lady crashed in at the last moment, so she got credit. And we’d learned in Midnight’s class that heroes got ‘rewards’ for successful missions, with only the one that captured the Villain getting the top payout.

Suddenly, the ‘Agency’ system made a *hell* of a lot more sense, because otherwise there was no guarantee that heroes would split a bounty unless they were on the same ‘team’, by working for a single incorporated entity. You could get minor bounties for civilian rescue and protection, but the big money was in *Villain capture*.

However, it *also* created the situation that’d nearly resulted in Bakugo’s *death,* as, once you committed to stopping a villain, if something went bad, *you* could be held responsible, unless you could shift the blame. It was meant so that Pros something out of their league and make a bad situation worse when someone else was already handling it, which I only now realized was a real danger, but what it *actually* resulted in was a situation where, rather than try, and fail, Pros would sit back and try to do minorly ‘heroic’ things, like crowd control, instead of try and take on a Villain they weren’t sure they could handle.

Even if that meant the Villain was rampaging freely.

Honestly, I hadn’t paid it much attention, as it was a background detail, and one that UA had glossed over, only giving us the barest of details of instead of illustrating the unfortunate implications, but. . . “The perverse incentives that creates,” I muttered, tapping into the model of Denki I had which. . . yeah, this was one of those ‘known’ things, that people just didn’t talk about because it was ‘rude’ to do so, but created an almost sports-team like culture where friendly, or *less* than friendly, rivalries existed. Which was. . .

*“Fine,*” I said, “ignore me. I’m being stupid. *Apparently*. So we can try and go looking for evidence, or snipe it from other teams, but if we all go the second option then we’ll *all* lose, however those that try the second are more likely to do better as they’ll have fewer ‘Villains’ to fight through before they pick a fight with the Heroes, however *dishonorable* that is,” I noted, eyes scanning the crowd.

Some, like Kirishima and Ida, frowned, just as unhappy with the implications as I were, though the latter, coming from a Pro family, likely knew the score. Others, like Sero and Setsuna, looked guilty, probably having considered doing just that, while a few, like Monoma, levelled challenging looks my way.

*They’ll be the ones I’ll have to look out for,* I thought, as there was no one so prone to lashing out as a self-righteous hypocrite that felt called out, seeking to shut up those that highlighted their cognitive dissonance instead of addressing the issue and finding a solution.

Then, of course, there were those that clearly knew the game, but just as clearly didn’t give a rat’s ass, and would do their best to win the *correct* way, given what this was supposed to be a simulation of. Amusingly, Midoriya and Bakugo *both* looked like they fell into that camp, while, glancing at Mina, her expression was, fondly pained?

That was *definitely* something I’d have to ask her about, but for now, I waved the Pussycats to continue.

*“Ah?”* Ragdoll tried to tease. “Is the little lion cub done roaring?”

The others, oddly, all shot the insane-looking woman warning looks, which she ignored, opening her mouth to say something else, Aizawa interrupting her, “The teams, Mandalay?”

The brunette quickly brought them up, informing us that they were random, though I noted that they’d not put Midoriya and Yaoyorozu on the same team again. Spotting Mina’s name, she was part of team eight, along with Sato, Honenuki the softening guy, and Pony. Momo was on a team with Jiro, Bondo, and Kendo. Midoriya got to be with Ida, who’d be of. . . *limited* utility underground, along with Setsuna and Kodai who, I think, could make things bigger?

Spotting my own name, I blinked, and sighed. I was with Komori, the mushroom girl; Shiozaki, the vined proselytizer; and *Mineta.*

Random my *ass.*

 As a capture team, we would be *great.* In fact, if we wanted to prey upon other teams, we’d be practically unparalleled. Well, mushroom girl still seemed kind of useless, but she had to be *some* kind of badass, however slight, to break the robots and make it into UA. Mineta and Shiozaki could tie almost *anyone* down, and I could meet anyone, except Midoriya, in single combat, given the tight quarters. While it meant I couldn’t dodge as well, it *also* meant that I could get in close and taze pretty much anyone that couldn’t defend against such an alpha strike.

Too bad I wasn’t going to be a *team-killing fucktard.*

I didn’t care if *technically* we were on different teams, none of us were pretending to be villains. Hell, the caves would be *full* of villains. No, I was here to be a *Hero*, and, as odd it may be to say, I agreed with Bakugo on this one.

My three teammates walked over to me, Shiozaki smiling, hands clasped before her. “Oh, blessed day. Truly the Lord has guided me to be working, side by side, with another believer!”

I nodded to the zealot, ideas forming for what we could do. I knew she could move her hair-vines, and be moved *by* them, but I’d need speed and force numbers to figure out a plan. Komori was smiling, but I noticed the girl was *always* smiling, the 5’ even shortstack possessing whatever the opposite of resting bitch face, which made her surprisingly hard to read.

Mineta, meanwhile, was clearly nervous.

“So, I, uh, we’re not gonna try and nab some bags from the other teams, are we?” he questioned, obviously wanting to do so, but knowing what the answer to his own question was going to be.

“Do you want to be merely a Pro, or do you want to be a *Hero?”* I questioned right back.

To his credit, he gave it a moment to seriously consider the question, before he sighed, and nodded, and he had a spark of resolve in his eyes as he looked up at me and declared, “I want to be a Hero!”

“Then no, we’re going after the ‘evidence’ ourselves,” I informed him, with a small smile, proud of the little guy. From what I remembered of how he used to be, I was expecting a ‘winning was winning’ speech.

“Ha, I like a guy with *morels*,” Komori noted, and I turned to tell her I was taken, but she was looking at *Mineta.*

He was just as surprised as I was, blinking, and slowly responding, “I, uh, it’s just the right thing to do, ya’know?” he replied, trying to play it off cool.

“It is by following the Lord’s grace that we shall find true strength,” Shiozaki agreed with a smile.

“I, uh, yeah?” the grape-headed boy agreed, confused as both girls looked upon him fondly, shooting me with an expression that screamed *‘help!’*

Standing, I stretched, looking around, the teams forming, but before I could start to get the details I needed, Tiger yelled, as Pixie-Bob jogged back to the other building in the clearing, “*Get in front of your gates, kittens!”*

They were numbered, and we headed to the far left, where the number ten was written in katakana, as I got the most pressing question out of the way. “Hey, fun-girl, I know the basics of what everyone else can do, but how would you take someone down in a hurry?”

Komori grinned, though the expression held a slightly manic, dangerous edge. “I’d grow mushrooms in their lungs, shroom!”

My step paused, and I was ***so*** fucking glad I’d picked up **Body Defense**. “I’m sorry, *what!?”* I questioned.

“I can grow my lovely little fungi wherever there’s spores, *and* I can make them if I need to! The wetter, the warmer, the better, shroom!” she explained, as Mineta looked at her in horror, while Shiozaki just nodded, confirming this all. “And there’s nowhere better than somebody’s lungs! They disappear after a few hours if I make ‘em from my own spores, so filling someone’s lungs with a little *Schizophylum commune* isn’t gonna kill anybody, but good luck doing anything other than gasping for a bit, shroom!”

The just. . . *delightfully* excited way she casual mentioned it only reinforced my theory that the only difference between a ‘Hero’ power and a ‘Villain’ power was how you used it, and that the mind-controlling boy from the Sports festival had just been *so* full of shit. “Time to take someone down?” I checked.

She grimaced, revealing “A minute or three, shroom. Less if I can spread my spores before.”

“So great at crowd control, hostage situations, and any kind of base assault if you’re allowed to go hard on them, but if you’re ambushed you’re in. . . *truffle?”* I questioned, going for the pun, and the girl laughed so hard she snorted, nodding with a happy grin. Thinking about it, I asked, “But, how’d you do well enough to pass the entrance exam, if you need that kind of setup time?”

“Oh, that’s if I’m fighting *people,”* she grinned viciously, waving the worry away. “Ya gotta be careful with people after all! But for everything else? Some *Talaromyces flavus*, if I prod the little fellas, will cut through rock and metal like they’ve got a *million* tiny little knives! Isn’t that the *greatest*, shroom?”

Unable to stop myself, I nodded, “It is, *believe it!”*

*“Alright!”* Tiger bellowed, all of the teams having gathered. *“You have two and a half hours to gather the evidence!”*

“Isn’t that a lot of time?” Mineta questioned.

I shook my head, “Depends on how deep the tunnels go, how much resistance we meet, and how big the evidence bags are. They’re probably giving us time for multiple trips.”

*“Get going!”* the burly Pro yelled, and several of the groups took off running as fast as they could, but Bakugo, Kirishima, Pony, and Honenuki, the next team over, started walking in at a more sedate pace, the explosion creator giving me a nod as he disappeared down his tunnel.

I went down my tunnel with the rest of my team, taking point as I started asking everyone for as much hard data as they could give me on their Quirks, the passage almost instantly starting to curve off to the side in additional to being steep at about a thirty-degree angle, until we were going in the *opposite* direction we started, the tunnels, despite starting in a tightly packed, likely fanning out.

Surprisingly, the caverns, while naturalistic looking, were well lit, recessed sections above us fitted with glowing green crystals, and, while it was faint, I could sense a slight breeze coming down from them and blowing past us, likely to avoid any ‘bad’ air issues. Which, if Yaoyorozu, Todoroki, or possibly Bondo cut loose, would be an issue.

Did the metal-headed boy’s glue have fumes?

*Not important.*

After a solid minute of walking, the cave levelled off and opened up, widening into an irregular area that, while tight, one could fight in, as I’m *sure* we soon would.



<https://cdn.discordapp.com/attachments/1004149851702964356/1040090132025446400/PlateGlassArmour_dark_underground_cave_arena_magic_crystal_vein_e9130095-6022-44d4-a706-ea76a9073471.png>

It was almost peaceful, but, from somewhere distantly in front of us, I could hear the sounds of dirt hitting stone, which meant *we’d* be hitting resistance soon. I didn’t see any cameras around us-

My vision shifted, brightening, Hagakure’s power letting me pick out a single dark speck of ‘wall’ that had a shine slightly different than the cool, almost moist cave surfaces surrounding us. Nodding, pushing the focusing aspect away as I kept the low-level night vision, I told the others, “We’re being watched by Pixie-Bob, but her creations have cameras in them, likely in their heads. Cover that up, or destroy it, and they’ll get ‘clumsy’ as she goes from first person to third person controls. Also,” I glanced at the three of them, “Mineta, good job on the physical training, keep it up, but you two girls might want to look into doing so when we all get home. Quirks are great, but they’re a toolset, and if your body can’t keep up, it becomes a liability.”

Shiozaki looked at Mineta curiously, “You train diligently? From what I had heard, you were afflicted with Lust and Envy.”

Before the short guy could objected, I nodded, putting my statement in ‘churchy’ terms, “He is a sinner in recovery, as we all are, instead of one who claims false saintly virtue. That said, his path is a little longer, given his youthful forays downwards, lacking a guiding light.”

The Christian, looked at me for a moment, processing, before breaking out into beatific smile. “Oh, how wonderful. It is true that even the meekest amongst us hold the seeds of greatness within their breast!”

“Good things can come in little packages,” Komori agreed, giving the boy a salacious wink, “and there’s nothing wrong with getting a little *dirty*, shroom!”

Mineta looked to the fungirl, then at me, then back to her, then back to me, grabbing my sleeve and pulling me away from the others, and I squatted to put myself at his level when he stopped. Glancing back, both students from 1-B looked at us curiously, and the small boy leaned in towards me, whispering, “Be straight with me, Kaminari. Is she. . . is she hitting on me?”

“Pretty sure Shiozaki doesn’t hit on *anyone,*” I remarked quietly, taking the bass out of my voice so it wouldn’t carry, and chuckled at the small boy’s aggrieved look. “No idea if Komori’s hitting on you. I don’t know her that well, to be honest. She could just be like that with everyone. Let’s focus on the mission, and you can chat her up after. Though if she, I don’t know, kisses you or something after we succeed, she *probably* is,” I teased.

*“Probably!?”* the boy squeaked. “How would that be. . .whatever. Right. Head in the game. But kissing a *girl!* But that means we need to win!” he declared, psyching himself up. “I don’t know how to win,” he admitted right after, looking worried. “Uh, you got a plan?”

“Most of one,” I offered. “Not enough intel for a full one.” Standing fully, I waved the other two to join us, turning and continuing down the earthen passage. Looking over my shoulder, I called back, “Come on, we’ve got a dungeon to delve!”

1 Kamakiri (mantis), Awase (Welder), Koda (voice), Hagakare

2 Kendo, Bondo (glue), Jiro, Yaoyorozu

3, Monoma, Shoda (re-hit), Sero, Aoyama

4 Tokage (Lizard), Kodai (bigger), Midoriya, Ida

5 Fukidashi (manga), Tetsutetsu, Asui, Tokoyami

6, Shishida (beast), Rin (scales), Uraraka, Shoji (arms)

7 Kaibara (spin), Tsubaraba (air), Shinji (wrath), Todoroki

8 Yanagi(ghost), Kuroiro (black), Sato (sugar), Ashido

9 Honenuki (soften), Tsunotori (pony), Bakugo, Kirishima

10 Komori, Shiozaki, Mineta, Kaminari