My Hero Academia AU, The Bloodline Hero: Vanguard

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My Hero Academia AU, The Bloodline Hero: Vanguard

by Seth_Rahill

Notes

I've been working on some stories over the past few years, most are fanfiction, some are original stories. I've currently hyper-fixated on My Hero Academia, and have been considering what might happen if One for All were given to someone with Vlad King's quirk, but not Vlad King specifically. Particularly, someone who uses Blood Control for constructs (Melee weapons and armor) and traversal (blood tendrils).
Suppose instead of bonding to the body, One for All bonded directly to the blood quirk itself? Of course, All Might will have still trained the body, assuming that that would be necessary.
The first chapter is my original character concept.It is indeed a self insert, though the original tragic backstory is altered (Father disowned a lot sooner, mother died, born and raised in Ireland instead of the States and moved to Japan.) The learning Japanese thing is something I'm actively struggling with now, so Google Translate will be heavily relied on by me for all of the parts Síat doesn't understand in the first few chapters. (I got a little sick of the constant Google Translate tricks and gave myself a narrative workaround.) Apologies in advance for the butchering of the language.
And finally, many of the characters personalities are heavily influenced by Matt the Curtin's MHA skits, this isn't something I can help, he was my introduction to MHA. The words Dadzawa and Baku-bro WILL come up.
I know it says eventual smut, but that's for after the time skip when everyone is 24-25. Also, I'm not really sure I'm doing it. I've never written smut, and I want to try, but I keep chickening out.
Added this from chapter 86's authors notes, in the hopes seeing it at the start will discourage further botvertisements in the comments:
If you comment offering things like drawing fan art or comic panels, or offering critique or theories, and you ask to move the conversation outside of ~~AO3~~ Fanfiction.lol, your comment will be ignored. All of these things can be done in the work's comment section. Including the pictures, I'll prove it by image sharing in the comment section of Chapter 1 with a HeroForge image of Síat.
It's nothing personal, I just don't know you, and am not comfortable having a private conversation with a stranger where I could potentially be scammed, cyber bullied, or phished, and am tired of saying as much and feeling like an asshole about it. So here's the blanket announcement about it.
It also doesn't assuage the suspicion that your accounts are usually brand new, and you have nothing on your profile. I am aware that some of you with older blank accounts have AO3 accounts specifically to read stories and comment on the ones that only allow registered users to comment, but it becomes sketchy when you try to bring the conversation outside of AO3.
Those of you uploading my story to Google A.I. mode or ChatGPT to get a quick summary for use in your sales pitch, however, are the ones whose comments get deleted automatically by AO3, so most of the people who go looking for you are going to think I'm just being random here, but I do see you. Stop that, A.I. has no place on a creative platform.

That said, for those of you curious how to post a picture in comments, what I did was open a new chapter, switch to Rich Text, select to add a picture, use the link to my picture, then switch back to HTML, copy that line of HTML, and paste it in the comment.

Chapter 1: Character Concept

Authors Note:

> The following is the full character concept (Including abilities he doesn't have yet) and will be added onto should a narrative direction lead me to doing so. It does not reflect his full current scope, but rather his endgame scope. This chapter may be skipped if you like, as each ability is described in its first appearance.
> ⚠⚠⚠
> Be advised of ability spoilers as well as a small number of narrative spoilers. Many of my narrative thoughts are still locked in my head, but there ARE things in this chapter that show narrative plot points, including some abilities. The curse of ADHD is that spoilers are inevitable when you're writing a hyper-fixation.
> ⚠⚠⚠

Síat Rahill

Male, 185.42cm, obscenely muscular, and powerful. Inexplicable endurance and stamina, and a downright unfair amount of agility. And that's without the One for All. Brunette, hazel-green eyes, Irish born.

His quirk: Blood Control. Like Vlad King, he can manipulate his blood and solidify it when it's outside of his body, though he uses it in a... Considerably different manner, creating weapons like swords, axes, and hammers in combat and using tendrils of his blood for traversal.

Secondary Quirk: One-for-All.

Southpaw fighter.

Hero Name: The Bloodline Hero, Vanguard.

Hero Costume: A pair of material skintight pants, for modesty, in case he loses consciousness and the blood-formed clothes melt off, then over that, an opaque, sanguine, 3 piece tailored suit made from his blood, that can proactively harden into armor when attacks are incoming, and return to the opaque fabric-like texture immediately after.

One for All techniques:

Passive: The blood in Síat's body automatically replenishes to above max, boosting his already tremendous strength and stamina, but, as an unfortunate side effect, means he has to leave his excreted blood behind.

Oileán na Smaragaid SMASH!!!!!!!: A blood maul shoots out from his fist at mach 3, liquefying at 3 kilometers.

Donnybrook Affair: Up to 8 Blood constructs, each resembling a previous holder of One for All, form to fight by Síat's side. The six that had unique quirks each bear their original quirk, and all bear full use of Blood Control. All Might's construct also functions as All Might did in his prime. They can speak aloud, bearing the Vocal Mimicry ability, and they fight independently of Síat's consciousness. They can only go as far as 340 meters from Síat before there's a tug between them and him, and at 350 meters, a construct destabilizes and has to be recreated.

Rogue's Dagger: A Combat Knife with a window shatter pommel forms in his hand, and holds its shape until dismissal. If he throws it, it hits whatever he's looking at, traveling around obstacles, or through them if a standard Combat Knife could pass through them completely, like glass or paper, and then extracts itself and flies back to his hand.

Blood Web: Tendrils surge along the floors and walls of a small area (a building floor or an alley) that extends Síat's awareness. If an entity touches the blood, he knows their location and body orientation. The closer he is to the target, the more fine details he can make out, up to being able to see facial features and hairstyles even if they're behind him or invisible, within 2 meters. Does not work on the intangible. First used externally in the Provisional Hero License Exam, but used internally during Present Mic's anatomy lesson on voice production to map his own vocal system as a blueprint.

Vocal Mimicry: using blood to adjust his vocal cords, Síat can sound like anything and anyone, including animals. A Bengal Tiger is his personal favorite.

Variable Blood: He can sometimes come up with situational techniques on the fly, incorporating any combination of the six quirks within OfA into his blood constructs. (This is pretty much to explain any techniques Síat uses that are one offs, like the gag where he uses blood replicas of D&D spells, or the practical way he turns his blood into a glide suit that comes with acceleration.)

Bloodline Armor: during All Might's final battle at Kamino Ward, Síat developed a technique where he encases his full body in blood, shaped to incorporate aspects of each of the six quirk-bearing former wielders of One for All. While in this armor, he has use of those six quirks, his other techniques distance limits and power outputs are tripled (for example, Oileán na Smaragaid Smash travels at mach 9 and doesn't liquefy until 9 kilometers out), and his Donnybrook Affair constructs also have this same armor and their distance limit is tripled.

Crimson Oni: A variant of Bloodline Armor (The variant he uses during the Kamino Ward crisis) that is larger, shaped to appear as an Oni, and has Síat curled up in the torso. He doesn't use most of his enhanced OfA techniques, instead creating new ones using the 6 quirks, in an effort to keep a low profile, except Vocal Mimicry, and has two vocal cords providing a layered voice of a deep bass and an ethereal feminine voice. This form also incorporates Ghost Might's strength, and he only uses this form when he's especially angry, or doing vigilante heroism. Due to the nature of the use he makes of this form, the vestiges, despite this being a variant of Bloodline Armor, refuse to aid him, and the Donnybrook Affair is unavailable. The public comes to call this "Wrath Demon".

Crimson Oni techniques:

Chein Debiru (Chain Devil); Barbed Whips of Judgment: Using Blackwhip, Fa Jin, and a healthy coating of blood control, metallic crimson chains with barbs on them sprout from the Wrath Demon's arms, acting as whips and painful bindings.

Cambion's Assault: Using Float and Fa Jin, the Wrath Demon sprouts cosmetic bat-like wings and takes flight.

Domain Expansion, Sanguine Circle: Named for the popular ultimate techniques in Jujitsu Kaizen, utilizing Danger Sense and Gearshift, the Wrath Demon surges his blood outward, engulfing a large area (Roughly the area of a football (Soccer, for the Americans) field) in blood, and creating walls around it. The coating acts much in the same way as Blood Web, but without the gaps that could be stepped through. The walls are nearly impenetrable by force, though still weak to heat, requiring a level of force on par with or higher than the Wrath Demon's. By adding Float, this ability works in the air, but creates an enclosed sphere with rapidly declining oxygen as the blood feeds on it, giving 12 minutes of clean air before breathing becomes labored. The floating sphere has various shifting platforms within it that move chaotically at varying speeds. First used during the Overhaul Arc, after Síat dies and Eri rewinds his death. That incident is also the one and only time when the Donnybrook Affair is partially available to him while in the Crimson Oni form, as Ghost Might, Nana, and Bruce also take on Crimson Oni armor.

He spent his first ten months in Japan (in addition to getting trained by All Might, because he replaced Midoriya in this version of the story) learning Japanese from All Might and, after getting One for All, also the eight vestiges, so he can thrive in UA, introduce himself properly, and answer that fundamental question.

" "

("My name is Síat Rahill. I am from Ireland. I came here to become a hero.")

?

("Why do you want to become a hero?")

"

  "

("For the sake of peace. For the people who quietly clean up trash-strewn beaches so that others can enjoy the scenery. For that moment when tears turn into laughter. And because, if there is something I can do but fail to act—leading to a bad outcome—then the fault is mine.")

He was, funnily enough, already training at the beach before he met with All Might during the Sludge Villain attack on Bakugo.

He has no family back home, and considers the previous holders of One for All his family now. He calls Nana "Ma". His Vocal Mimicry and the Donnybrook Affair's ability to speak didn't happen until after he had Present Mic teach him how vocal cords and lungs work,

pretty much relying on his telepathic communication with them until then, though the Donnybrook Affair was available to him from day one of having One for All.

Dorm Room

Irish flag hanging on the wall, big enough to be the first thing you see when the door opens. The bed, desk, and wardrobe were the ones provided by the school, though the Sham-Rock sheets were his own. The rest of the walls are coated in posters of various Irish Heroes, including Sham-Rock, a few of which actually went to UA, which inspired his enrollment. He also has a recliner, which he sleeps in, generally only using his bed to relax, because sleeping while completely horizontal is problematic due to his sleep apnea, but sleeping at an angle tends to mitigate that issue. The recliner is pink, because while his favorite colour used to be Sanguine, by the time Heights Alliance is built, pink has become his favorite colour. For obvious reasons.

"Ma" taught him to dance via frequent private uses of Donnybrook Affair because he took one look at Mina Ashido and decided he absolutely had to see what she looks like in the light of the full moon. He and Mina have done movie, dinner, and even beach dates since day one, but the dance lessons finally culminated on the roof of Heights Alliance, the night of the Room Tours, with his Donnybrook Affair playing instruments made of blood constructs.

He calls most of the previous holders by name, but Nana is of course "ma", and All Might... well, he feels weird calling him All Might while the REAL All Might still lives, so he calls his OFA spirit "Ghost Might".

The following is the conversation between Síat and Ochako immediately following his rescue of her from the 0 pointer during the entrance exam. (25 villain points and 45 rescue points by the way)

("To begin with, why did you want a hero license?")

"

……

"

("The truth is, it’s about someone I couldn’t save. I didn’t have a license back then, so I tried to help without using my Quirk—but I failed. I simply lacked the power. That’s actually what drove me to train until I achieved this superhuman strength. But I knew the truth: if I had just used my Quirk back then, my mother would still be alive, and my father wouldn’t have disowned me. Living with that reality... I chose to become a hero. To ensure that something like that never happens again. And to make sure no child within my reach is ever forced to make a choice like that.")

……

("It wasn't your fault...")

"

……

"

("That was the reality of it. If I had the means to do something but didn't use them, and something bad happened as a result... then the fault would lie with me. If there had been absolutely nothing I could have done, I might have been able to accept that it wasn't my fault. But the means *were* there—it was just that I was told I shouldn't use them. I will never let that kind of logic stand in my way again.")

Chapter 2: The Sludge Villain

Authors Note:

> Without Midoriya in this story, Bakugo needs a reason to hate Síat, and what better way than to put that cannon event in there?

Today was going so well...

Síat finally found a restaurant with pictures of the food, and wasn't ordering **completely** blind. Kamo Nanban Udon was *way* better than Katsudon...

But it was on his way back to the junkyard that he spotted it.

A gathering of terrified civilians and pro heroes staring into dead end shopping district. And at the end of that alleyway...

"Is that sentient sewage... Eating a kid?" Síat glanced at the pro heroes.

… … “ ” The biggest one grunted frantically, while gesturing at civilians to back up.

“ ” The one who looked like some kind of armored wood woad had muttered back.

That one from some guy dressed as a cartoon firefighter.

Now some giant woman he'd literally JUST seen shrink down on live TV not four days prior was struggling to get into the alley at full size.

… “ ” The big powerhouse again.

Síat was done. He bolted under the police line. "There's a kid dying over there, and you pro heroes are having CONGRESS**?**"

…… The big one started to shout, but then looked confused and a little scandalized.

The wooden one replied.

But Síat was halfway across the center already.

Great, while they're busy having a chat and pissing their heroic panties, this kid's drowning in a river of sentient seaweed shits! "I'm coming kid, keep fighting for air..."

Blood surges out of Síat's palm.

A weapon won't work here, it's fluid, I'll only end up hurting the boy... I'm not used to his methods, but I think I gotta handle this like Vlad King. Surge my blood THROUGH the shitstack, and I can make it move where I want it to. But I have to brace my body, figure out a way to communicate that I'm going to pass out soon and someone needs to bring me a container to put it in.

…… …… …… Síat couldn't understand him, of course, but he could hear the boy's strangled, fading consciousness.

His blood shot into the sludge.

The sludge quickly went from dirty green to a deep brown. It spoke.
and began slowing down.

The front of the sludge opened, and the little blonde boy fell out. …… …… …… He sounds unafraid... But nauseous... Yep, he just threw up. Forcing blood into the sludge villain also meant force-feeding some to the kid to pull out the sludge, and unfortunately, swallowing blood makes people queasy.

Speaking of nauseous, as the villain becomes rigid and immobile, Síat drops to a very pale knee. "SOMEONE GET ME A... Get me a tank... Before I... Pass out..."

"There's two kinds of people in this world when you boil it all down. You got your talkers and you got your doers. Most people are just talkers. All they got is talk. But when all's said and done, it is the doers who change the world. And when they do that, they change us. That's why we never forget them. So, which one are you? Do you just talk about it? Or do you stand up and do something about it? Because believe you me all the rest of it is just coffee house bullshit."

-David Della Rocco

Síat barely had the chance to register that the massive blonde man in civilian cargos and white T-shirt who brought the requested tank, a conveniently empty propane tank, was All Might, before his vision faded to black. "All Might... Took you long enough... Ngh..."

His last conscious thought was that the hand stopping his head from hitting the concrete was abnormally warm. Though as far as he knew, that could be the blood loss making his own body cold.

Chapter 3: And Then I Woke Up

Authors Note:

> You ever lose enough blood to pass out? Does the nightmare where you're drowning in a river of blood happen to everyone, or just me?
>
> Anyway, figuring out how I was going to make this scene play out was a little difficult.
>
> I've also decided that Japanese will be written in ***bold italic English*** when it's words Síat knows, to help with differentiating the words he knows vs someone actually speaking English.
>
> I really hope I got that placement right, I had to type "American tourist" and then just "American" to figure out which words meant "tourist".

The first thing Síat noticed was the smell.

Antiseptic fluid, isopropyl alcohol, and the unmistakable metallic scent of blood.

He tried to open his eyes.

"NGH!!!! Fuckin'... Why is that so bright..." he groaned.

"Oh, good. You're finally awake." The voice was deep, and carried an exhaustion that Síat could hear in every syllable. "Do not try to open your eyes, young man. You've lost a lot of blood, I imagine you're feeling something akin to the absolute worst hangover ever."

"Ngh... Gimme a gallon of Pedialyte, some oranges, and some more of that Kamo Nanban Udon, and I'll be right as rain." Síat lifted the pillow out from under his head and covered his eyes with it.

Síat could hear what sounded like the rattling of a curtain being pulled, then a lilting feminine voice.

That same exhausted voice switched to Japanese with an affable ease.

Her tone became a little more agitated. ***tourist***

"Oh look, a word I know." Síat's tone was somewhere between apologetic and exhausted.

The tired man's voice chuckled.

"That one's a little trickier, I know one of those words means 'Visa', but I don't know which one..." Síat groaned. "Is there an IV in my arm, or can I roll over?"

The tired man paused for a moment. "There's two IVs in you. You're lucky to be alive, young man." That downright unfair talent for switching languages makes another appearance.

The nurse's voice seems more cheerful now.

Goodbye The rattle of those curtains again.

After a pause, possibly checking that the nurse stepped away, the exhausted voice seems to have been brought closer. "Young man, what possessed you to run into that crisis like that?"

"Ngh... Buncha folks, what looked like Pro Heroes, sitting back and chatting while a kid was dying. Someone had to do something, and I'm not one to sit back and watch people die." Síat groaned again and finally lifted the pillow off of his eyes, squinting into the bright hospital room.

The exhausted voice, belonging to a skeletal man with sunken eyes, and oversized clothes... Actually, the same clothes All Might was wearing earlier... Sat back and became troubled. "What you did was highly illegal..."

"And I'd do it again. The law is not gonna be the reason someone I could have saved had to die. I refuse to let that happen again." Síat's eyes were open and determined, now.

"Okay, okay, relax, I'm just trying to get a picture of the kind of person I'm talking to. You've applied to UA, so you're at least taking steps to make the law stop being a factor. If you don't mind my asking... What's driving such vitriolic determination?"

Síat looks at his hands. "I let the law stop me once. Tried to save my ma with nothing but my hands. Didn't pan out so good, I was an 8 year old boy who didn't have the slightest clue how to stabilize a wound, let alone six of them. She bled out in my arms. All it would have taken was a little bit of artificial clotting with my quirk, but 'you aren't supposed to use your quirk without a license'. Because of that, my ma's dead, my da disowned me, and I had to live with that guilt. When you have the power to stop tragedy, and you don't use it, and the tragedy happens, it's your fault. I refuse to live with more of that. If there's a chance I can stop more death, I'm taking it." Síat looks back at the skeletal man. The blonde hair, the sunken blue eyes, the clothes meant for a much larger man, clothes he JUST saw a much larger man wearing. "You of all people must understand that."

Skeletal All Might flinches. "'I of all people'? You don't even know who I-"

"Don't take the piss, All Might. I know what a laoch ceanndána looks like, I see one in the mirror every day, and you didn't even bother changing clothes." Síat gestures at the oversized cargo pants and white T-shirt. "People here don't recognize you because they see what they want to see, but I'm from Ireland. All Might, to me, is a warrior who fights for his people, not some immortal god. You're getting slower, but you still fight. It's who you are. A hero. Your little secret is safe, but it'd be wise to conceal it better. Not every citizen of Japan idolizes the symbol of peace, and eventually, one of those that doesn't is gonna notice All Might disappear while a scrawny fella leaves the building in his clothes."

Toshinori's jaw hit his sternum. "Y-... I... Uhh... What's a lay-ock chan-... Uhh..."

"Laoch ceanndána. Stubborn Warrior. Or Headstrong Hero. The word for 'hero' and 'warrior' is the same." Síat finally closes his eyes. "You're getting older. Might even have an injury catching up with you. Either way, you're fighting well beyond something that should be forcing retirement. Why? Not for fame, or money, you have plenty of that, if that were your goal, you'd have retired long ago. No, you still fight because you refuse to let tragedy happen as long as you have the power to stop it."

Toshinori's jaw slowly closes. "Just like you. Kid... What if I told you I could give you my quirk?"

Síat chortles. "I'd be suspicious, but intrigued. I've spent almost half of my life trying to push my body past its limits. I've been largely successful. There's an illegal junkyard I've been cleaning up to keep my strength up while I wait out the Entrance Exam, and my goal is to get strong enough to pull that Prius buried to its axles out of the sand. That and make the beach pretty." Síat flexes, and his bicep is... Well, really soft, due to the blood loss he's still recovering from, but impressive nonetheless. "I think I might be getting close. Your quirk can take you from... That... to the All Might that the world knows..."

"That's not exactly how my quirk works." All Might, having just exhausted his time limit, barely stretches his muscles briefly, but shrinks back before he can keep talking. "It might build on your strength, like it did mine, but it interacts uniquely with people who already have quirks. There's no telling what might happen to you. I'm asking you to consider the possibility that you might get stronger, but you'll *definitely* get more powerful."

"Yeah... Yeah, I'd take that opportunity. A chance to be strong enough to save more people? I'd be a damn fool to pass on that." Síat grins, his eyes still closed.

Toshinori chuckles a little. "I wouldn't be so sure, young man. It does come with a heavy burden."

"Can't be heavier than the weight of the world. Let me guess, a secret? If the world finds out it can be shared, its holders become a target. Am I in the right area?" Síat glances back at Toshinori.

"I... yeah. You're a perceptive one, you know that? I think my friend Nezu is really going to like you." Toshinori smiles. The real smile. Then it fades into grim reality. "Do you think you have it in you to keep the secret? You'll have to be able to explain why you can do things you shouldn't be able to."

"That's an easy fix, you said it interacts with quirks. One could explain it away as a quirk awakening. And if anyone has been through enough emotional stress to reach a quirk awakening, it's the kid whose mother died in his arms." Síat sits up with a groan. "Go ahead and tell me I'm wrong."

"Shit... Yeah, I can't." Toshinori stands up and folds his arms. "Alright. We'll need to get you out of this hospital, first thing, then I want to see if you can reach that goal of yours. A Prius, you said? What beach are you cleaning up?"

Síat's brows furrow in concentration. "I think... I think it's called Dagoba. I could be wrong, I'm still working on Japanese. Another reason I came so early was to try to force myself to learn through osmosis, but spending all of my free time training is making immersion difficult."

Toshinori chuckles. "I'll see if I can help with that, too. You'll need to be able to speak the language if you're going to be going to school here."

Chapter 4: Training Montage

Authors Note:

You didn't think already being decently strong meant the quirk was already his, did you?

As they walked to the beach two days later, Síat still a little sore, but healthy enough to function, and All Might back to fighting form, they discussed the concept of the transfer.

"So you're the eighth holder, then?" Síat kept glancing around, making sure nobody was in earshot.

"Yes! And you will be the ninth! I think your body is more than ready, too!" All Might looked him up and down, and gave an enthusiastic thumbs up.

"Well, I do appreciate that, but I want to shoot for my goal before I get it." Síat looked up at him with a grin. "I'd never forgive myself if I didn't try. Let's say I take nine months to try getting that Prius out of the sand. If I can do it before then, we'll have more time to see what your quirk does to me, but if not, I'd still like a month to get used to it before the exam."

"That sounds... Actually reasonable." All Might's grin was less performative here. "A man who wants to try to reach his goals without help, just to see if he can, but practical enough to account for time."

They stop at the stairs leading down into the junkyard.

"Well... This is a magnificent amount of garbage... Is that a bank vault?" All Might looked it over.

"Yeah, it's not even blown open or anything, it was just filthy." Síat smacked the side of it. "32-21-00, by the way. I'm keeping it, I've cleaned it out and sanitized it. It's where I've been sleeping. The insulation is perfect for the weather."

All Might froze. "You've been... Sleeping here?"

"All Might, I've been homeless since I was 8. Y'didn't put that together when I told you my da disowned me?" Síat didn't seem bothered by this, he just leaned back against the vault.

"Young Rahill... How did you even get to Japan?"

"Took a construction job. I had a DEEP voice for a 13 year old." Síat preened.

"So your strength..."

"Been carrying a hod and lifting steel beams for almost a year before I got here." Síat flexed proudly, then grew serious. "Didn't like the forklift. The reverse beeps... Loud, high pitch noises are an anathema to my central nervous system. You know what an absence seizure is? Yeah, if I go more than five minutes sitting in that thing in reverse, I just... Stop. Last time it

happened, they thought I died. Woke up well before the ambulance, and my eye was almost hurting worse than the stiffness. One of those English Cu-... ***ahem***... one of those *assholes* pried my eye open and flicked it to see if I was faking. I wasn't, but when I came to, it still hurt."

"That... Is something we will need to work on. Has that five minute threshold ever improved in any significant way?"

"Oh aye, to be sure, when I was a wee boy, I couldn't last ten seconds. Fire alarms used to be a major issue." Síat shrugged. "Seems like I'm naturally growing resistant to it, I never really tried building resistance with immersion, I just kept building resistance as I got older."

"Ah! Well, that's a relief. So, do headphones help any?" All Might hopped up onto the vault to sit.

"Mmm, a little. Mostly it's the rattling in my chest and spine. But I'm betting denser bones will probably make some of that problem go away."

"Possibly. I'd have to ask a medical professional. I might know one that would have an answer. You'll meet her at UA. Recovery Girl."

Síat tilted his head. "That's the hero with the Mommy Kisses quirk, yeah?"

All Might's eyes widened so much his white sclera became visible. "The Mommy Ki-HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!" He wiped a tear from his eye. "PLEASE let me be there when you call her quirk that to her face!"

Síat chortles. "You'll have to be there at our first meeting, then. It'll be awkward if I say it after having met her a few times. Right then, I should probably get to work."

"Ah... You should probably take it easy for now. You're still low on blood." All Might scratches his head.

"Aye, but I'm also learning Japanese from you too, right? Come on, tell me how to say my name."

The training was grueling. Over the next few months, Síat pushed his body to its limits, and then pushed it some more. All Might sat with him, coaching, encouraging, and eventually only speaking in Japanese, with the occasional English translation when Síat looked confused about something. By month four, there was actually sand that Síat could use to practice writing. By month five, he was packing refrigerators with metal parts to make them heavier. And by month seven...

Come on, young Rahill! Dig deep! That Prius is rising, I can see it! All Might was not in fact looking at the Prius, though it indeed was lifting out of the sand. He was instead marveling at the clean beach. The only thing left was this Prius. (All Might insisted on paying

for a motel room, and had moved Síat's vault to his agency for safe keeping [ ] until Síat had a permanent residence to put it.)

"Ogma of the wide shoulders," Síat whispered to the air, *"I am a warrior of the dirt. Give me the back to lift this world..."* He gritted his teeth and dug his heels in as he pulled. "AR SON NA HÉIREANN!!!!!!!" Síat roared, as the little hybrid tore from the sand and rolled on its flat tires.

All Might beamed. He went over to Síat, but apparently Síat wasn't done.

Síat pulled the driver door open, grabbed the wheel and the doorframe, and pushed the car, steering it up the stairs. When he got it to the top and parked it in the parking area, he then collapsed into the seat. ***My next goal, after I acquire One for All, will be to be able to lift a semi truck. I will never be satisfied with my strength until there is no weight on this planet I cannot lift, for then, nothing shall stop me from saving a citizen.***

Ah, young Rahill... All Might seemed to think better of doubting him in that moment.
Well, you've certainly shown determination, and proven yourself capable of the impossible.

Impossible is a word society taught themselves to limit what they can do. Quirks are just the evolution that biology used to remind us that the word is made-up. Síat held up a triumphant fist.

All Might laughed as he reached for his head.

Chapter 5: Bad Texture

Authors Note:

> Seriously, why did it have to be hair? THE MAN LITERALLY COUGHS UP BLOOD ON THE REGULAR, AND ADMITTED THAT THE DNA DOESN'T HAVE TO BE HIS HAIR!!!!!!

You want me to eat a hair. Síat looks at the golden strand. ***You've seen me get my OWN hair in my mouth and gag until I threw up, and you think YOUR hair is going to be different.***

Yes, well, I-I thought perhaps you'd have a bigger problem with a drop of blood... All Might stammers.

Hold on... You thought I, Síat Rahill, the blood quirk guy, the one who literally forges weapons with my blood, you thought THAT guy would rather swallow hair than blood. All Might, buddy, comh-laoch, ***Symbol of Peace, if you're not the blonde with the brain cell today, then who is?***

Meanwhile, somewhere in a distant Japanese Middle School...

Kaminari, I'm impressed. You've finally gotten higher than 65%. You've gone all the way up to a 92%. I expect this performance to continue.

Ah, dammit...

Young Rahill, there's no need to be harsh, now... Come on, you lifted a car today, surely you can muscle your way past a gag reflex... All Might chuckled nervously.

Síat snatches the hair, grumbling. "Can't even believe... Show *you* Plus Ultra..."

Okay, I'm already gagging just thinking about it, but I think I have an idea...

All Might watches in offended disbelief as a tendril of blood leaves Síat's mouth, engulfs the hair completely, and disappears back into his mouth. ***Young Rahill, this is... !***

"Okay, I don't know that one, but I got the hair down." He did not in fact get the hair down. He shoved the tendril down his throat, but the hair was threaded into the fluid, so when it retracted back into his bloodstream, the hair went with it.

All Might sighs. "It means irreverent, or sacrilegious." ***Which is what that method was!***

Síat shrugged and folded his arms. ***So, what're we doing until that digests? I feel like... Like...*** Síat grimaced and rubbed at his sternum. ***I don't feel so good, Mr. Stark...***

Uhh... Mr. who?

Síat's pop culture reference would have to wait, his chest was burning and his breathing was labored. "Chest hurts! Hard to breathe!"

All Might's eyes widened, and he grabbed Síat's shoulder. He looked down at Síat's left arm, which hung limp at his side. "Your arm, Young Rahill, can you move it**?**"

"Can't... Can't feel it..."

"Young Rahill, you didn't pull the hair into your stomach, you've pulled it into your bloodstream! You're having an embolism!"

Deep inside the vessels surrounding his lungs, there was one swelling artery that a fight was occurring in.

Keratin is not easily broken down by the leukocytes, but the root, where all the real DNA is, that broke down quickly.

Síat gasped as every vein in his body began to swell, and to glow crimson. His blood shot through his body, ripping the ruined hair from his lung and feeding it into his heart, where it curled up and rested within his left ventricle.

His left arm clenched as feeling rushed back into it. "Ngh... mac na striapaí," ***thought I was dying... Why do I suddenly feel like I could run at mach*** Caílte mac Rónáin ***for five days straight?***

Your veins, young man... they're swollen... and glowing... I think One for All may have activated faster than it was supposed to... All Might's hands shook.

What is this? I feel... Alive again... A voice within Síat's head, male, and disembodied, seemingly in shock, spoke with a tremor.

Oh good, so that's not just me... Another voice, this one feminine.

Could it be? This successor... Does he have the means to call us forth? With his quirk? This voice...

All Might? Are you in my head? Who are... Who are those other voices? The woman? The... Other man? Síat shuddered.

All Might was stunned. ***Other... Voices?***

Magnificent... One for All is fundamentally changing his biological baseline. It has done nothing to his body, but it is replenishing his blood to above baseline, effectively enhancing his strength and stamina... Yet another voice.

Dar na déithe, ***there's people in my head...*** Síat pours blood from his palms. He stares at it. "Why won't you move..."

The blood moves of its own accord.

"Ní mise é sin..." Síat backs away.

All Might sees his expression and follows suit.

The large pool of blood shifts into eight mounds, solidifying into 8 distinct sanguine figures. One of them looks nearly identical to All Might, but... Slightly bigger, more broad in the shoulders.

All Might isn't looking at that one. He's looking at the one who took the shape of a woman in a cape that seems to billow despite the lack of breeze. ***...Master?***

Síat looks at her too, his less sunken eyes more visibly misty. "Ma?"

Nana Shimura looks at All Might. Her mouth doesn't move, save forming into a smile. Síat hears her speak, but All Might doesn't seem to. *Toshi... You picked a...* Her brow furrows. *You picked...* the smile fades and she places a hand to her chest. Her lips purse, and she looked at Síat with a grim smile. *He picked a good one...*

Chapter 6: Family

Authors Note:

> Nana always reminded me of my mother. Different hair and eye color, sure, but this is her in full crimson. My mother's hair was brunette, (Former redhead, but her hair darkened when she hit her mid twenties) and her eyes were hazel. My mother's not dead, but given the fact that she's cool with the state of the US, I might've preferred her that way, so I could remember her as a good person.
> She's homophobic and transphobic, she calls it a "sin". But when I was little, I'm sure she still felt that way, but she caught me being homophobic once and shut that down immediately with a "god didn't call us to judge". It's funny how she taught me to be better than her and ultimately made me feel safe enough to explore my own sexuality. It sounds dark, but in a way, this version of me is getting a better version of her with her dying while he's young.
> Anyway, Nana gave me serious mom vibes from back then, so on some level, maybe I'm writing the mom I should have had.

Why does she look upset, did I do something wrong? All Might's voice shook, and he broke form into Toshinori again.

No, no, she's upset because she tried to speak to you. Unfortunately, she doesn't have Vocal Cords yet. I'll work on that, it sounds like she's got a lot to say. Síat was still staring at her. Hard.

You look like Toshi's not the only one who's seeing a ghost... Nana stepped closer to Síat.

"You've no idea, ma... -dam... You look just like..." Síat's throat tightened.

Nana's physical form flickered in understanding. *Oh... If you need to-*

"Not yet. I just... I need a minute... You... You're actually... Whoever All Might is recognizing, so you can't be her. We'll... We'll talk about the other thing later, when I'm not standing in front of a man who's also fighting tears. You're his, he deserves whatever moment he needs."

I'm going to hold off too... I need... I need to process this. Especially considering the big one. And what it might mean... Toshinori coughs. He's not bleeding, he hasn't pushed himself, but he is staring hard at his own sanguine form, who seems to be as big in stature as he was 20 years ago, before age and an injury started slowing him down.

Síat looked too. ***Whoa... Ghost Might...***

Ghost Might? That... is cutting, Young Rahill... I AM HERE, as a manifestation of the 8th holder! Ghost Might puts his fists on his hips. That smile **is** pretty iconic...

"Okay, fair, but what else am I supposed to call you? It feels weird to call you All Might while the real... Sorry, the **living** one is still... Well, living." Síat held his hands up.

That is... I am... Touché, Young Rahill. Mmm... Stick with Ghost Might, then. Who knows? It might grow on me. Ghost Might stops pouting under his smile.

"Good. Okay. Alright, we're gonna... Why can I read that newspaper?"

Mmm? Young Rahill, you've been studying for seven months. Toshinori looks at the newspaper page in question. ***Ah... I haven't taught you much in the way of career vocabulary yet... Wait...***

Right... An older man, not necessarily in appearance, more in spirit, steps forth. *I've noticed you're still struggling with the language a little, and with only three months left to the entrance exam, and another two weeks to school, so I thought I'd bump your vocabulary a little. Be warned, I'm a bit old fashioned, so you'll have some trouble with parsing intent, certain words can mean multiple things based on context and tone nowadays, but you'll generally get the idea of what people say and what you read now.*

Are you telling me that I just got a Japanese cheat sheet? Síat's eyes widen.

You... Well I suppose you could put it that way, but it's... Hmm... There's at least still going to be a learning curve while you relearn how to use tone. Yoichi Shigaraki chuckled, defeated by semantics. *Though Toshinori has given you decent strides there over the last seven months.*

Young Rahill... Are you suggesting that...

That I just got a linguistics upgrade? Yeah, that's what I'm saying. I still apparently need to finish learning to parse tone and context, but I've gone from conversational to fluent with one little embolism. Síat grinned. ***Right, then. Think it's high time you lot introduced yourselves...***

All Might, apparently needing a break from the menagerie, had told Síat he'd be by tomorrow to help Síat figure out the full scope of his One for All integration.

Yoichi was the first to dissolve. Síat attempted to reabsorb the blood, leading to the discovery that he couldn't fit the blood he spent back into his veins. "Shit, that's gonna be a mess... Okay, go into the water, the beach just got pretty."

Kudo and Bruce followed, after noticing they had access to their quirks.

Upon seeing this, Banjo tested Blackwhip. Other than being coated in a thin layer of blood, it functioned just as it used to. *Kid, we're gonna have to see what we can DO with this, I'm seeing one-man rescue squad potential, if you ever figure a way to give us our voices back. It's probably best we can speak reassuringly to civilians.*

"Oh, to be sure. I think the problem is none of us really know how biology plays into human speech. I'll take it up with the first teach' I meet that seems to have knowledge on the subject."

As he and Hikage melted into the sea, Ghost Might lingered for a bit at the water's edge. *I didn't have a quirk... But I feel as mighty as my prime self...* He glanced at the seaside, and reared back his fist.

Toshi, wait... Nana grabbed Síat's shoulders.

TEXAAAS, SMASH!!!!! A tidal wave burst forth from his fist, thankfully **away** from the island. *HA! AS LONG AS THE BOY LIVES, THE SYMBOL OF PEACE LIVES ON!*

"OI!!!! Ghost Might! That was still ME using an unlicensed quirk, ya daft gobshite! You take a timeout before you get me arrested!" Síat, despite being absolutely correct, was laughing.

Ah! Shit, right, I'll save that sort of fun for sanctioned training... He washed into the sea. His voice buzzed in Síat's head once more... *Apologies, Young Rahill, I shall behave henceforth.*

"Ah, I can still hear you if you're not out... That's somehow both reassuring and unnerving... On a scale of one to ten, how over is my dating life before it even began?" Síat scratched his head with a wince.

Nana was the only one left. *He's not paying attention. Which, I suppose, answers your question.* She shifted her weight in the sand, as if uncomfortable. *So... Is it later enough to...*

"It's a little spooky how much you look like my ma... But... I miss her a lot. I don't know if this is exactly healthy, but..." Síat clamped his mouth shut.

I would bear the honor proudly. When you're ready to commit to it. I can't speak for 'healthy', but I too have a bit of a rough familial history. Maybe this is my second chance. I don't intend to repeat that history. She looked at her sanguine hand. *Not that I'd have much of a choice in the matter, being more bound by blood in a literal sense...*

Síat smiled through pursed lips and hugged her. She hugged him back.

"I'll take it... Ma..."

Chapter 7: Training Montage Mk. 2

Authors Note:

> With 3 months to discover how OfA has interacted with Síat's biology and quirk, he has time to refine techniques and adjust to the upgrade.
> By the way, I actually like spinach now, but I didn't when I was little, and spent most of my teenage years assuming that hadn't changed.

Alright, so my blood just replenishes passively, rapidly, now? I feel like I'm going to need to update my diet... Not by much, I suppose, most of the things I like are iron rich and good for blood loss, but I definitely need to get to being able to eat more of it. Maybe find richer alternatives, like... Eugh, spinach... Oh, and bone marrow. That'll help keep my bones from hollowing out, getting nutrients that boost my own marrow directly from similarly structured sources all but guarantees I'm getting everything I need. Síat looked over his notes. "Since when do I default to kanji?"

Yoichi, deep within the well of One for All, chuckles warmly. *It's not your default, boy, it's just an instinctual adjustment. You know these notes are going to the school at some point. Oh, you forgot the in 'marrow heavy focus' for the Gyukotsuzui. Remember that adjectives rule.*

"Ah fuck." He starts rewriting on a new page.

All Might looks over his shoulder. ***Oh good, you caught that... That was driving me crazy.***

Yes, definitely caught it myself, no voices in my head gently correcting me... Síat cleared his throat.

All Might looked over Síat's jagged hard blood armor. ***I think it works, but it's a little... Scary. Does it have to look like that?***

Ah, see, that's where the infusion of Hikage's essence comes in. It only looks like this when I'm about to get hit! Though I haven't actually decided what to make it look like at other times, yet. I was thinking a duster, or something, but I dunno. Maybe something less Noir Detective and more Gentleman Hero. Maybe... Síat furrows his brow. The armor shivers and shudders, softening into shifting fabric. "♪If you're blue, and you don't know where to go to, why don't you go where fashion sits...♪" The fabric settles into the shape of a 3-piece suit, with shoes, a shirt, and a tie.

All Might can't help himself... "♪PUTTING ON THE RITZ!!!!!♪"

Síat laughs. ***Alright, what do you think?***

All Might looks it over. ***Better. Can you maintain it? I assume when it hardens, it can crack.*** He touches Síat's shoulder. ***Wow, it actually feels like fabric... Not silk, but definitely close...***

Oh, yeah, it can crack, to be sure, but it'd take a massive blow. I'm pretty sure I can get it to tank a punch from that Death Arms fella with little more than a spiderweb fracture. You could probably knock it off completely, though. And that's without adding a smash technique. Gotta work on that, I need to be able to make up for the fact that my body didn't get your durability, if I'm gonna face off against people on par with Sham-Rock's hardest hitting foes. Síat rolled his shoulder.

What happens when you lose consciousness? A rare moment of genuine practicality from All Might.

That's what the pants I'm requesting from the support department are for. Keeps the public from seeing my willy**.** Síat chuckles.

All Might, Ghost Might, and Síat are standing by the water's edge.

All right, Young Rahill, this is what we've been practicing for! Show the real me that smash we've put together! Ghost Might's grin is incandescent.

All Might scratches his head. ***So you're telling me you've come up with a way to knock down heavy fortifications, potentially with a single blow?***

To be sure, to be sure. I haven't really been able to lower or raise the power output, or the distance, but I figure if I aim it right, I can blow through what needs blowing through, and minimize collateral. Síat stares out into the ocean, and takes a deep breath. He draws his fist back. "Oileán na Smaragaid..." A large hammer head forms in solid blood at the end of his fist. He launches his fist forward, and the head extends out with a long handle. "SMASH!!!!!!!" The blood maul launches from his fist, and the air pressure warps, a loud boom blowing sand and water back. The maul clears 3 kilometers before becoming a pink mist, the water between parting like the red sea.

All Might and Ghost Might brace against the blowback, their grins matching in sincerity.

Síat staggers backwards, pale, but rapidly flushing again as his passive regeneration does its work. "MACH 3 HAMMAR!!!!!!!" He pumps his fist into the air, bouncing a little in excitement.

Hey, All Might, can you come be Ghost Might's sparring partner for a bit? I need to figure something out. Síat had the whole Donnybrook Affair out on the beach.

All Might looked a little incredulous. ***What could our sparring help you figure out?***

Well, the whole family moves independently, relying on their own reflexes, but I need to know if that eats at my own brain's processing power, or if I'm still fighting at 100% while

they're also fighting. I needed an even number of sparring partners, and since you can't summon a blood weapon, and also don't really need one, I figured pairing you with the one who also doesn't need a weapon would be best. Síat stretches. ***I'm gonna be sparring with Yoichi. He's spent every generation being in a hero's head, but he doesn't have a quirk style, so he's pretty much the closest to evenly matched I have. You're the variable. You're not in my head, you'll DEFINITELY be fighting at full processing power, so while your opponent is physically stronger and faster, if you can pin him, that would mean I'm a little bit slower with everyone out.***

And if I can't?

Síat grins. ***Then I am an entire team in one convenient 185cm package. With a distance limit, but still. Once I can get them talking, rescue work will be just as amazing as villain fights.***

All Might did NOT win. Toshinori sat wheezing in the sand. ***He fights with strength I no longer possess, and the experience I've obtained since I did. I should feel inferior, but... If I'm being honest, this is the most reassuring thing I could have possibly discovered. Even when I'm gone, the symbol of peace will continue to thrive. But how will you explain being able to summon me?***

Síat, it turns out, did not win either. Bruises and welts covered his face and body from the blood sparring katanas. ***Ngh... That's easy... So if my quirk was awakened by my mother's death, and I claim ma IS my mother, then the other six could be other people I have to come up with a story for. Some of them, maybe, are other people I've tried to save, and some of them... Some of them could be people I've acquired through blood transfusions. As for Ghost Might... I'm a foreign kid looking to apply to UA, and you're one of the few heroes who speaks English. Of COURSE you spent time training me, and of COURSE your blood ended up in me. It would also explain why I started leaving my blood behind. I'm trying to avoid copying anyone else. Especially a villain, considering your copy thinks and talks like you.***

Toshinori takes this in. ***It's clever, but... Are you sure you're comfortable using your mother's death as your cover for One for All?***

Síat's voice grows grim, but determined. ***She's been my motivation as long as I can remember for becoming a hero. She's the reason I started, and I think she'd be honored to be a part of it. And given the danger to me of people finding out about One for All, I feel confident she'd be okay with her role being my alibi.***

If you're certain, Young Rahill... You should run your alibi by Nezu. He'll be able to help you refine it. The other 6 vestiges will need good stories. Toshinori placed a skeletal hand on Síat's shoulder. ***The Entrance Exam is in two days. Rest, and eat, well. You'll need everything you have to put behind your efforts.***

Chapter 8: The Day of the Exam

Authors Note:

> Ayo, I did the math, and based on the most common fan theory that the first year of UA is set in 2136, and therefore the class was all likely born in 2120, making Síat born on September 13th like I was actually gives him a Friday the 13th birth date, just like me (I was born in 1996)! Cool! I didn't have to fudge that year!
>
> And yes, I used Telltale Games references. I have them on the mind. Can't think of why, haven't played any of them in years...

You're going in with blood forged clothes? Toshinori looked over Síat's outfit. A hooded sweatshirt, baggy "denim", and running shoes, all rendered in sanguine.

Síat shrugged, his hands in his kangaroo pouch pocket. ***Yeah, I don't want to wear my hero costume, I want that unveiled when everyone else's is, but I want to have its function available. I even have pants on under this. They're yoga pants, but they'll serve the same function of modesty if I somehow lose consciousness.***

I suppose that makes sense, though I have to say, it does make you look a little like a 1990s street thug. You should consider changing it.

Síat pondered for a moment, then pulled the hood up, detaching a chunk of it. The outfit started to shift, and the detached piece solidified into a pair of sanguine sunglasses.

His jacket became a sanguine leather punk-style jacket, and his shoes morphed into combat boots. ***Better?***

Better enough that it's not worth trying to change again. At least now you only look like a music punk, and not a street punk. Toshinori lingered on the sunglasses. ***Those glasses are trippy, can you actually see out of them?***

Oh yeah, but only in shades of red. I can make them thicker and look directly at the sun, though.

Síat strode through the quad. His grin was incandescent.

Other examinees were whispering as he passed him.

Isn't that the kid who fought the sludge villain? He looks so much bigger in person...

Those are some awesome shades, where do you think he got them?

Is he gonna be okay? I heard he passed out after the villain was captured...

You hear that, kiddo? You're already famous... Nana's voice sang in his head. He could hear the smile in her voice.

You...

Síat turned to find an angry looking blonde boy scowling at him.

Tch. You probably couldn't understand me if I told you to leave. Bakugo's posture shifted. He was still furious about being made to puke on live television, but what could he say?

Síat smiled warmly. ***It's you! Good to see you're alive, boy!***

Bakugo's jaw dropped. His hands began popping.

May The Morrigan foresee victory in your battles, friend. Síat pounded his chest with a fist and turned back to head inside.

The auditorium was a packed house. Síat found his seat, up in the nosebleeds, back row. He sat looking over his pamphlet, next to a girl with what looked like vines for hair. Then the stage lit up, and his pamphlet was set down.

A tall, lanky man with long blonde hair styled with what had to be an unholy amount of hairspray, in rockstar threads, took the stage. ***What's up UA Candidates, thanks for tuning into me. Come on and let me hear ya!***

A lone voice, low bass, was the only one to ring out. Síat stood up and hollered, ***YEAH!!! WHOOP WHOOP WHOop whoo-... Oh, come on, where's the energy?***

Present Mic will remember that...

The vine-haired girl flinched. Many, many heads turned to look at the tall foreigner whose embarrassment seemed to be entirely on their behalf, and not his own.

Present Mic was shocked. This has never happened before. His dropped jaw spread into an incandescent grin. ***THAT'S THE KIND OF ENERGY THIS RADIO HOST LIKES TO SEE, LISTENER!!! If I could give you points for that, you'd have already passed the practical! But speaking of, allow me to explain the rules! ARE YOU READY⁉⁉ YEAH!!!***

Síat matched his enthusiastic ***YEAH!!!*** in sync. Once again, he found himself alone in the tradition of Call-And-Response, and once again, his disappointment in the rest of the auditorium was palpable.

Present Mic took it in stride. He stage-whispered to himself, something like "Can't wait to tell Shouta..." Then stood tall. ***As it says in the application requirements, you listeners will be conducting ten-minute mock urban battles! You can bring whatever you want with you. After the presentation, you'll head to your specified battle centers, okay?***

The screen behind him shifted into silhouettes matching the bots on the pamphlets, minus one. The silhouettes shifted into pictures as he spoke. ***Each site is packed with three different types of faux villains! You earn points for each one you take down, based on their difficulty level. We have 1 pointers, 2 pointers, and 3 pointers! Your goal, listeners, is to use your Quirks to incapacitate these faux villains and rack up points! Of course, attacking other examinees or any other unheroic behavior is strictly prohibited!***

A tall boy with blue hair stood up, closer to the front. ***Excuse my interruption, but I must ask; On the printout, there are four types of villains listed, not three! If this is a misprint, then U.A., Japan's most prominent academy, should be deeply ashamed! We examinees are here because we wish to be molded into exemplary heroes!*** He turned to face Síat, revealing glasses. His hand chopped the air mechanically. ***Furthermore, you there, with the unsettling sunglasses! Your disruptive outbursts are not befitting a U.A. student! You should leave, if you do not intend to take this seriously!***

Síat didn't miss a beat. ***Disruptive? Lad, I only answered the big man's Call and Response, unlike the rest of you disobedient wet blankets! If anyone's disruptive, it's the Diesel Weasel interrupting this amazing man's performative timing!***

Iida froze, his face lighting up crimson. His lips pursed, and he turned back around.

Iida will remember that...

Present Mic stood frozen on stage, his hand still hovering mid-air from where he'd been preparing a response. The massive, toothy grin on his face slowly morphed into an expression of pure, unadulterated awe. He clutched his leather lapels as if struck by a bolt of cosmic lightning, looking between Iida and the rowdy teenager in the blood-forged sunglasses.

PERFORMATIVE TIMING?!?! Mic gasped dramatically, his voice echoing with theatrical reverence through the auditorium speakers. ***Oh, my heart! Finally, a listener who respects the sacred rhythm of the stage! You hear that, listeners? That is the soul of a true headliner! Rock and roll isn't just about the music, it's about keeping the energy alive! Thank you for protecting the groove, Examinee 7235!***

He snapped back up, spinning smoothly on his heel to face the Engine Boy. He pointed a sharp, double-finger gun directly at Iida, dropping his volume to a slightly more conversational, but still heavily amplified, radio tone. ***As for your data check, Examinee 7111! Excellent eye, but no need to put the academy on blast! Our specs-wearing listener hit the nail right on the head. That fourth model on your handout is worth zero points! Think of it like a stage hazard or a giant roadblock that's going to rampage around in tight spaces. It's not impossible to beat, but there's absolutely no villain point reward for doing so! My professional recommendation to all you listeners? Avoid it entirely, keep your momentum, and focus on the bots that actually pay out!***

Iida blinked, his rigid hand dropping to his side as he processed the explanation. Realizing he had completely misread the situation, his face paled again. He quickly bowed so low his forehead nearly clipped his desk. ***I see! It was an intentional hurdle to simulate a chaotic battlefield! I apologize for my unseemly interruption, and for questioning the curriculum! Please, carry on!*** He promptly sat back down, stiff as a board.

Present Mic threw his head back and laughed, throwing his arms out wide to recapture the entire room's attention as the massive presentation screen behind him lit up with giant, sparkling golden characters. ***Alright, listeners! The vibe is restored, the setlist is clear, and it's time to see what you're made of! As the great hero Napoleon Bonaparte once said: 'A true hero is someone who overcomes life's misfortunes!' Now, let me hear you get those batteries charged up for the main event! Go beyond...*** Mic thrust his fist straight up into the ceiling, his voice reaching a booming crescendo.

PLUS ULTRA!!!!!!! Síat beamed when he realized he wasn't the only one responding this time. He was backed by at least half the auditorium.

Present Mic was also beaming. ***Examinee 7235, if you make it into U.A. and you ever need anything, you let me know! Thanks for tuning in, listener!*** He shot Síat a thumbs-up, his eyes misting behind his shades.

Chapter 9: Ten Minutes of Whack-a-Mole

Authors Note:

> HAMMAR!!!!!!!
> (That's not a typo, by the way, that's a meme, you should check out Tank Toleman, Nerd Gym Trainer, the man's an Icon.)
> By the way, "Puckish Rogue" isn't his hero name (I don't think, I actually still haven't decided, though "The Sanguine Hero: Puckish Rogue" actually doesn't sound that bad...), It's foreshadowing for the Rogue's Dagger, and a nod to his non-malicious mischief.

And now, at the gates of Battle Center B, Síat stands poised next to four of his future classmates (though he doesn't know that yet), Iida, Uraraka, Shoji, and Aoyama, along with many other hopeful applicants.

He has pre-forged a blood maul that rests on his shoulder like a demolition worker holding a sledgehammer.

He looked down at the little brown-haired girl with the round face. ***You look nervous, lass. You're going to do great, breathe.*** *She looks just like my little sister... But with brown eyes...*

The gate began to open, and Síat shoved through it.

Iida sputtered. ***They haven't said to-***

Present Mic's voice cut in. ***WHAT ARE THE REST OF YOU WAITING FOR???? YOU THINK VILLAINS ARE GONNA GIVE YOU A COUNTDOWN???***

Iida bolted in. ***Once again, I find him infuriatingly more correct than me!***

Síat rounded a corner.

Three 2 pointers stared him down.

TARGET ACQUIRED

OPEN FIRE

A torrent of rubber bullets pelted his outfit, which had rapidly solidified.

When the wave ended, Síat grinned. "Ceart go leor... Mo sheal..."

A CRITICAL ERROR HAS OCCURRED

Síat leaps forward and smashes the closer bot's head into its torso.

CRITICAL DAMage sustaaaaiiiiinnnneeeed...

He spun and swung his maul, knocking another bot's head into the third.

The third staggered back. ***OWW... WHY DID THEY PROGRAM ME FOR PA-*** And Síat's hammer once again made a torso swallow a head.

"What's that, ma, like 18 points?"

19, sweety, the big one's a 3 pointer.

"Thought the big one was 0 points..."

"FORE!!!!!"

Síat's maul swung down at a bot next to the stairwell he was standing on, knocking its head clear across the street.

"Right, 25. Kinda feeling a little lied to about the big o-"

The entire mock city shakes, and a building down the way crumbles as a massive skyscraper of a bot simply walks through it and turns down the street.

Examinees are bolting. Síat turns to do the same...

HELP!!!!! SOMEBODY!!!!! PLEASE!!!!!

A tendril shot out of each of Síat's shoulders, and flung him back. He spun in the air, fist raised. He saw it, the little round faced girl pinned beneath a slab of rubble, trying to touch it with her hand, and seeming to struggle to reach it with that fifth finger...

"Oileán na Smaragaid SMASH!!!!!!!"

The 0 pointer lay just on the other side of the arena border, a large spray of blood coating its caved in chassis, where the maul became mist after pushing it this far.

Síat skidded to a stop and lifted the rubble, grunting with effort, and threw it to the side.

It's alright, lass, I've got you...

He gingerly lifted Ochako into a bridal carry, wincing at her swelling ankle. ***Right, little bit, you're not walking on this.***

TWO MINUTES REMAINING, LISTENERS, BETTER KEEP UP THAT MOMENTUM!!!!! Also, kid, I don't care that that was 0 points, that was pure Rock and Roll! Shouta, that's the examinee I was telling you about!

A loud sigh that was cut short by the mic feed clicking off immediately followed.

You should put me down, you can still ge-

Síat cut her off. ***I've got twenty five points, I've got time to make sure nothing attacks you while you're injured, lass. You're my ward until you're home safe, clear?***

A three pointer rounded the corner, and locked optics on Síat. ***NO THANKS, THIS UNIT CHOOSES LIFE.*** It promptly turned and rolled away.

Ochako's eyes widened at the bot's apparent capacity for fear. ***C-crystal...***

Tap Tap Tap

Recovery Girl was so tiny... And...

It's remarkable how many of these Japanese people look like my family members, seriously, you put her in an attorney's uniform, she's a dead ringer for my gran. Síat stood carefully and brought Ochako to Recovery Girl.

You're a menace, you know? Ochako giggled.

I'm really more of a puckish rogue... *(epic foreshadowing...)* Síat knelt in front of Recovery Girl. ***She had a bit of a mishap with a chunk of building, I think she needs one of your...*** Síat caught himself. All Might isn't here. ***healing touches.***

Mmm. And you?

Nothing a nice Kamo Nanban Udon bowl or some boiled bone marrow won't fix. Doubt your quirk can fix this particular issue, I've spent a fair chunk of blood, and while my quirk replaced it instantly, I need nutrition to make up for what it used to do that.

Recovery Girl gives a rare smile. ***Good to see a prospective student who knows his limits.***

Síat chuckles. ***Trust me, I'm still reckless, I just tend to listen when my body tells me it's operating at reduced capacity.***

Recovery Girl huffs and kisses Ochako's ankle. ***Better than nothing, I suppose. But if you're in my office in the first week of school, I'm thumping you with my cane.***

Tap Tap Tap

Síat watches her go as Ochako's leg heals, then looks down at a suddenly drowsy girl in his arms. ***Aye lass, where do you live?***

Ochako's eyes widened a little. ***Mie Prefecture... It's a two hour train ride from here.***

Right, you're not taking a two hour train ride alone while drowsy. I'm coming with you.

You don't have t-

You aren't sleeping on a train for two hours without protection, there's creepy bastards on trains.

Ochako's eyes mist a little. ***O-okay...***

Chapter 10: Sweet Dreams are Made of Screams

Authors Note:

> You'll understand the title soon, don't worry.
>
> By the way, Síat's views on the cult of Christian Mythology are my views as well, if you have a problem with that, sorry, not sorry. Because of that cult, I can't find a single book on the Celtic Pantheon that doesn't call them "Celtic Mythology". If it sounds cruel to you to call it "Christian Mythology", you should think about how I feel that people who aren't even part of your cult still call my gods a myth because of your cult's influence.

As Síat carried Ochako to the train station, now on his back, to give her a little more dignity, he bore a small smile. This was bringing back memories.

Ochako did her best to fight the sleep. ***So why did you join the hero course?***

Síat's smile faded quickly. ***Because I failed to save someone once. I didn't have a license back then, so I tried to help without using my Quirk, but I failed. I wasn't... strong enough. That's actually what drove me to push my body into a raw physical powerhouse. But the thing is, if I had just used my Quirk, my mother would still be alive, and my father wouldn't have disowned me. That guilt is why I chose to become a hero. To ensure that I never let that happen again, and to make sure no child in my presence is ever forced to make a choice like that.*** Síat's voice trembled.

Ochako was wide awake now. She hugged him tightly, her eyes pouring. ***That wasn't your fault...***

It was. Síat's jaw set. ***When I have the means to stop tragedy, and I let it happen anyway, then it's my fault. If there had been nothing I could have done, then maybe I wouldn't hate myself so much. But I did have the means... I just let the law tell me not to use them. Never again.***

Ochako cringed. Síat noticed, but didn't pry.

So, deirfiúr bheag***, you're aiming for a school a bit of a ways from home...*** he said, giving her a subject change he suspected was mutually much needed.

Ochako giggled. ***You're one to talk... What's that mean?***

Síat chortled. ***Oh, it means 'sweet girl'.***

He felt a sharp flick on his forehead, and Nana Shimura's distinct voice filled his head. *Liars don't go to heaven, boy.*

I'm druidic, not part of the cult of Christian Mythology, ma. Síat replied in his head, a little too smug.

Easy now, I'm not either, but there's no reason to use harsh language about it... She sounded a little nervous...

Síat's mental reply actually contains a chortle. *When they convince the world to stop calling my gods, the Norse gods, and the Greek gods a myth, which their influence caused, I'll stop calling theirs one. Turnabout is fair play.*

Síat didn't even notice Ochako using her phone. Wouldn't matter if she were looking it up, anyway, Irish is REALLY hard to spell when you don't know the language.

Ochako Mom

[***Mom, can we have Kamo Nanban Udon, or something else that's iron-rich for lunch? And could you set a fourth plate at the table?***]

The steady rumbling of the train didn't take long to lull Ochako to sleep, especially when Síat started singing about Molly Malone. Ochako's English wasn't great, but his voice, in that deep resonate baritone, slowly pouring out the song about a fishmonger, left her breathing slowly with her head resting in her lap.

The train's first two stops were fine, but that third stop at the home stretch brought a creepy fellow in casual wear that made Síat's skin crawl.

It took him two minutes to notice Ochako. His eyes tracked up her legs, and Síat took off his shades.

The ear hooks liquefied and coated his eyes, and the glasses coated his teeth. The coating on his canines sharpened into fangs, and he tilted his head up to make eye contact with the man, snarling, and hissed.

The man flinched, squeaked, and scrambled out of his seat to bolt into another car.

Síat's blood trickled back over his eyes and re-formed into his shades. Ochako stirred a bit, and he ran his fingers through her hair. ***Easy,*** deirfiúr bheag***, one more stop.***

Ochako mumbled something about cockles and mussels and nuzzled into his lap.

That... Was an approach you took. Yoichi's voice wavered a little in Síat's head.

Oh, don't listen to him, sweetie, that was flawless. Where'd you learn to hiss like that? Nana's voice was audibly beaming.

Oh, that? Síat grinned. *I was the class favorite during the Halloween walkthrough in primary. I could even spook the teachers.*

Ha! A flawless display, young Rahill! Ghost Might's mental back pat actually stung a little. *Oop... My bad...*

Síat lifted the still sleeping Ochako carefully and carried her off the train. He paused when a soft-faced woman waved at him.

You must be the famous Rahill-kun my daughter texted me about. She didn't mention you were so... Tall. She gaped up at him as she approached.

Heh, yeah, it... Doesn't run in the family, believe it or not. Síat whispered, and shifted a little. ***I was just making sure she got home safe, she had to get a little healing, and it drained her stamina, making her drowsy. When she told me she was taking a two hour train ride... Well, that's not a trip any little girl should make sleepy without an escort.***

So you're the one she invited for lunch, then? She cradled Ochako's head.

Oh... No, she didn't say anything about lunch...

Chapter 11: Gentleman of Honor

Authors Note:

> Uraraka will never find out from Síat or her parents that Síat views her as a little sister. But she will find out. That is all I will say until it happens. I wouldn't mind seeing theories in the comments, but I'm definitely playing the long game.

What exactly are your intentions with my daughter? Mr. Uraraka was *almost* as tall as Síat...

Heh, just seeing her get home alive and okay, sir. I know you've little reason to trust me, doing the bare minimum, and all, but you can trust me when I tell you my intentions are platonic. Síat scratched his head, shifting his feet.

They'd noticed, of course, that rather than kicking his shoes off at the Genkan, his shoes just disappeared as he stepped into the house...

I wouldn't call two hours out of your way 'the bare minimum', boy, it looks desperate.

Síat sighed. He glanced at the couch, where Ochako was still sleeping until lunch was ready.

Síat drew his phone, opened his photos, and scrolled. And scrolled. And scrolled. He opened a picture and showed Mr. Uraraka.

That's a picture of my daughter as a toddler!? his whispered voice is seething.

THAT, sir, is the last picture of my little sister I will ever get. Look into her eyes, sir. Your daughter's eyes aren't hazel. Síat emphasized by zooming into the eyes by hand.

Oh... His eyes darted between the picture, and his daughter. ***Platonic.***

Very. Síat put his phone away.

Visible tension seeped out of Mr. Uraraka's shoulders. ***Okay. So you weren't being desperate, you were just genuinely protective.***

"Aye." Síat shook his hand again, noting that it wasn't NEAR as stiff this time.

Mr. Uraraka glanced at his daughter to make sure she was still asleep. ***So just between you and I, what is...*** Jyafua Byagu***?***

Síat clamps his hand over his mouth to bite down on the laugh at the VERY Japanese mispronunciation. When he's got himself under control, he smiles warmly. Deirfiúr bheag ***means 'little sister'. Sorry for laughing, sir, I was struggling with Japanese pronunciation just a few months ago, I have no room to laugh at you inadvertently saying 'small cabinet'...***

And now it was Mr. Uraraka's turn to laugh.

At lunch, Síat and Mr. Uraraka were still laughing.

Ochako was deeply suspicious. ***Dad, why aren't you doing the weird dad thing?***

What can I say, honey, I like this kid. Her dad grinned.

Mrs. Uraraka sipped her tea to hide a smirk.

Ochako just looked offended. ***He's huge, and covered in his own blood, be suspicious, come on!!!***

Síat choked on his lunch.

I'm sorry, Ochako, I don't know what to tell you, there's just... Something about the way he carries himself that puts my mind at ease. Mr. Uraraka just shrugged.

Mrs. Uraraka chuckled. ***Yes, there's just something about him that radiates gentleman vibes.***

Yes, to be sure, that's the old Irish Charm. But make no mistake, I can be quite the puckish rogue. Síat said, as he recovered.

I'm sure you can, kid. Mr. Uraraka beamed.

You be safe on that train, Síat. Mrs. Uraraka beamed.

Aye. And deirfiúr bheag***, I'll see you at school. I'm pretty sure you're getting in, they'd be crazy not to let a quirk like that make waves in the hero business.*** Síat gave a two finger salute. "Go gcoimeádfadh an Dagda slán thú agus sinn scartha, deirfiúr bheag."

Chapter 12: Unexpected Delivery Man

Authors Note:

> You and I BOTH know Present Mic would have DEMANDED to record the acceptance letter for the Listener With the Pulse. But All Might still has to tell Síat he took a teaching job.

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Síat opened his motel door with mild annoyance.

I AM HERE, WITH MAIL!!!!!! All Might stood, holding a thick envelope with a red wax seal. ***They would have delivered it via post, but I insisted, because I wanted to tell you; I have joined the faculty this year! I would have let them, but another teacher took over my address to the examinees, specifically for YOU! Apparently you make quite the impression!***

Okay, great. You and I are going to have a talk later about how to do Shave and a Haircut. Síat took the letter. ***You know, you don't see wax seals anymore, I think I'll try to save that... Memento, and collectible.***

He slid a sliver of blood out of his thumb and sharpened it, slicing through the top of the letter. A small round disc fell out first. As soon as it clattered to the ground, the Motel's ceiling lit up.

Present Mic popped up from the bottom of the frame. ***EXAMINEE NUMBER 7235!!!! OR AS I LIKE TO CALL YOU, THE LISTENER WITH A PULSE!!!! WELCOME BACK, AND THANKS FOR TUNING IN!!!! As you might've guessed, your written exam for UA high was just a little too close to failing, don't worry, we graded you on a curve for the essay portion because of your foreign status, though! As for your villain points, you did well enough to pass! 25 VILLAIN POINTS!!!! YEAH!!!!*** Present Mic air guitared, and somehow ended up with a sound effect.

Síat smirked and folded his arms.

BUT WAIT, THERE'S MORE!!!! You tuned in to listen to the cries of that helpless little examinee, and earned yourself a secret score! Rescue points! You earned 15 points for rocketing that titan back, another 15 for lifting that massive chunk of wall off of her foot, and another 15 for keeping that sweet little muffin safe for the remaining time! That's 45 total rescue points for a final total of 70! Present Mic leaned in conspiratorially.

Between you and me, you'd have earned more for riding home with her, but that'd have exposed a dear faculty member for stalking you through an illegal hack of the train's security footage. We still all watched it though, because Shouta went through all the trouble. That face you made at that creep on the train was SO Punk Rock!

Síat became very pale.

That's all the time I have on the air, remember to tune in on April 2nd for your first day, mkay? Present Mic tilted his sunglasses down. ***And I meant what I said, Síat Rahill, ANYTHING you need, Uncle Hizashi's got you.*** He reeled back and struck a rockstar pose. ***GO BEYOND; PLUS ULTRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaa...*** The disc dimmed.

All Might, that man is crazy, I made NO faces on the train...

Oh! What a shame, I'll have to find the one who did! I too think it was pretty rad! All Might's smile shimmered, and Síat could swear he saw the man's thumbs-up do the same.

Chapter 13: Sizing Confusion

Authors Note:

> 15 year old me was unaware that clothing sizes from 2 different countries were so different. Síat got this lesson early, and it's fixable, I had to find out by ordering a cosplay outfit online.

Síat grabbed his phone and made a call.

"Come on, come on, come o-" ***All Might, hey, I was just looking at my school uniform they sent over, and I was noticing that, uh... Some shit was fucked up, what's up with that?*** Síat's voice was manic.

Alright, calm down, young Rahill, and tell me what happened. All Might was sounding suspiciously like Toshinori right now.

Well, I ordered a 3L, and they sent over a godsdamn small!

THREE? Young man, you are at LEAST a 6L!

Síat blinked. ***Come again?***

Toshinori cleared his throat. "It's alright, your hero costume inner pants are designed to stretch tremendously, and we can salvage the uniform situation, I'll be there with replacements as soon as this meeting is over."

Another voice in the background, feminine, and just a little too sultry, faintly broke in.

Toshinori chuckled nervously. ***While I appreciate that offer, Ms. Midnight, Young Rahill is in quite the state of distress, I believe your... Enthusiasm might frustrate him. ... Well, if you're certain you can reign it in...***

"Toshinori, I swear, if you send a strange woman to this motel room while I am in crisis, I will PERMANENTLY affix a tulle tutu to Ghost Might's construct form and make that how the public remembers yo-"

click

"Fuck..."

Ghost Might's voice in Síat's head sounds deeply troubled. *Young Rahill, you aren't actually going to do that... Right?*

Oh PLEASE do it! Nana's voice cuts in, cackling.

Master, PLEASE, Young Rahill, be reasonable!

Pacing the floor with increasing anxiety, Síat was terrified by the all too calm knock at his door.

Knock Knock knock...

"Oh, son of a..." He walked over and pulled it open.

Nemuri Kayama, in business formal, stood immaculate and unbothered, preening. She carried a large briefcase.

She looked Síat up and down. ***Mmm... Toshinori had it wrong, you're definitely a 7L in the shoulders, though the rest of you will fit in a 6L outfit. Don't worry, honey, I came prepared.***

"Damn, the gene pool is unfair in Japan..." **Right... Yes, come in, if you like, there's a chill *in the air.*** Síat stepped aside to allow her to glide in, and was immediately hit with a profound wave of calm as he shut the door. ***What is that, lavender and poppies?***

Lavender, yes. The rest of what you smell is my quirk, it's mild when I'm not pushing.

The measuring took just a few minutes. They should have been uncomfortable, but Síat couldn't seem to muster any anxiety.

It's a little strange, meeting someone who doesn't recognize me instantly. Refreshing, really, a proper first introduction is something I haven't been able to make in years. Midnight measured Síat's inseam with an unbothered calm.

Well, if I'm being honest, the only reason I recognize All Might is because he's done international work. He teamed up with Sham-Rock during the Reliberation, where we reclaimed our independence from England. He acted as a neutral mediator, but if I'm being honest, I just think the English didn't want the smoke. Síat smirked. ***Getting to read about that after reading about the original invasion so long ago healed something in me.***

Ghost Might chuckled nervously. *See, Young Rahill? So you shouldn't ma-*

Relax, Ghost Might, I can't explain it, but I feel perfectly calm right now. All Might's legacy, and your dignity, are safe. Síat watched Ms. Midnight select a uniform out of the 3 (Yes, 3) stacks of folded clothes.

She wrote something down, and collected his mishap, and the rest of those clothes, leaving the correct sizes on his bed, folded. ***Wear this, and you'll have three more uniforms ready when you come in Monday.***

Luv***, you're a gods send.*** Go leanfaidh Brighid uirthi ag cothabháil an aghaidh gan locht sin a chruthaigh sí de láimh go follasach.

Ms. Midnight actually blushed. Fully blushed. "Go leanfaidh an Mhórríoghain de bheith ag réamh-fheiceáil bua i do chuid iarrachtaí."

Síat's jaw hit the floor. An Mhór-Ríoghain!? ***The goddess of war, death, and fate, and you gave a proper blessing, in MY native tongue, with her proper name? Ms. Midnight, I'd kiss you if you weren't like, five years older than me, or if I were just three years older...***

Ms. Midnight choked on her shock. ***FIVE!? Oh, honey, I LIKE you.*** She glanced at his posters. She could recognize Sham-Rock. Despite the heroine hitting the hero stage a full fifteen years after she did, Sham-Rock looked at least 20 years older. ***Right, you said Japan's gene pool was unfair. I guess I can't argue...*** she laughed.

Chapter 14: That's a Bigass Door

Authors Note:

> Let's be honest, if the door is big to accommodate growth quirks, why exactly are the desks still small?

Monday, April 2nd, 2136, 06:32.

"Look, it's been a long time since I've gone to school, I forgot they start at 08:00, okay? Besides, this gives me time to figure out where the hell the classroom is." Síat pushed open the front entrance.

I realize that, but you're giving mad Freshman Nerd vibes, kid.

"Shut up, En, you don't get to use that word. Only WE get to use that word!" Síat looked up. "Perfect. Signs. Everywhere. There goes the 'trying to navigate' excuse."

"Gods damn, that's a bigass door..." Síat actually found himself craning his neck to look up at the top of the door to class 1-A.

I think that's to accommodate students with growth quirks. Nana supplied helpfully.

"Oh, that makes sense. So there's probably going to be a desk or two that's more like a dining table, then..." Síat slid the door open and stepped into the empty room. "Huh... Any other theories, ma?"

I was right. A hobo-looking man slid out of a yellow sleeping bag from behind the teacher's desk. ***When Nezu told me he had to forge your records, I had a feeling you'd make the mistake of coming early. Let me guess, the construction site you worked at in Ireland began operating at half 6, is that right?*** He picked up the sleeping bag.

Uhh... Yeah? Sorry... Sensei?

I'm not your sensei for another hour and sixteen minutes. I'm just a guy whose nap you spoiled. Stay in here or hang out in the quad until 8, I don't care which. I'm going to go make myself coffee. He started for the door, but stopped at its threshold. ***I pulled the security footage from the train after the exam. You illegally used your quirk. But you did it without violence. Rational. Somewhat. Just be careful. You can't afford to be reckless this close to being licensed. I've got my eye on you, problem child.*** He slid the door shut behind him.

"Oh my shit..."

Good news, he thinks you're somewhat rational. Banjo teased.

"Oh, sod off, you're named after a hic instrument..."

Okay, hurtful...

Seven distinct laughs filled his head, followed after an obvious fight of suppression by Banjo's.

Chapter 15: Meeting the Class

Diesel Weasel was the first to show up. 07:30 sharp. Would have been predictable if Síat knew for a fact that he'd passed.

Ah! A fellow prompt stude-... You. You're the one who correctly surmised that we would not be getting a countdown. He stood rigid at the spine and walked straight to Síat.
Tenya Iida, formerly of Somei Academy. His hand extended forward.

Síat clasped his forearm, and looked a little puzzled when he didn't return it immediately, before remembering that people nowadays grab the hand. But Iida had adapted quickly, likely recognizing the warrior-like gesture after a moment of contemplation. ***Síat Rahill, formerly of... Saggart Construction and Demolition. Sorry about coming down so harshly on you, I won't say I was in the wrong for defending myself, but it wasn't necessary to escalate with name-calling. It's a cultural thing, you should hear how we talk to people we actually like. I'll try to refrain while I'm in Japan.***

I see. I appreciate the apology, but I must also apologize for the confrontation, myself. You were correct, Present Mic indeed called for a response. We Japanese are not used to that sort of energy from a superior.

Síat chuckled as the handshake broke. Aye, ***Uncle Hizashi is wasted on Japan, his energy belongs in Ireland, or maybe Scotland.***

Iida looked immediately scandalized. ***Uncle!?***

Síat held his hands up placatingly. ***The man recorded himself calling himself that, I don't know if it's universal, or specific to me, but I'm not gonna refuse. When a man calls you family, that's a bond you take and hold onto.***

Fair enough. I believe you've already shown me twice now that I should not question your tactics. At least, perhaps, with him. Iida seemed to soften. Then became puzzled.
Did you say you attended school in a construction and demolition site?

Síat coughed. ***School... Right, yes, I went to school for construction work. I figured a heavy manual labor school that also pays its students would help me get to Japan for U.A. and also help me get strong enough to be fit for hero work.***

Iida seemed to ponder that for a moment. ***That seems... Rather reasonable logic. I approve of your methods!*** Iida turns to take the desk closest to the door.

Close one, kiddo, maybe try to avoid name-dropping your previous illegal child labor.

I know, ma, I wasn't thinking.

A couple of quieter kids slipped in, a scarred boy with heterochromia of both the eyes and hair, a relatively plain looking boy, save for the massive, muscular tail, and... Well the bird-headed boy himself was relatively quiet, at least, but his evidently sentient quirk clearly wasn't. There was also a fellow with a rocky head, and a guy in what looked like a mask, with... Extra arms connected by patagia.

Well... Can you call it patagia if it's thick and appears to contain muscle? A patagium is a thin stretch of skin evolved for aerodynamics.

Ner-

I swear on my movie bootleg collection, En, I will staple your ghost lips together if you use our word again.

Okay, first of all, damn, for real? And second, ***it's my word too****. I'm a nerd. Actually, these books you've read are cool, if you can get your hands on any physical copies, I'd love to know what parts you've forgotten, I'm really liking the Chronicles of Vladimir Tod.*

Oh. Bet. Well, no, not for real, I'm being dramatic, but- oop, incoming.

And there she was. Entering with a... Floating uniform? Neat, an invisibility quirk. But the visible one... Pink skin, eyes like obsidian gems with pretty golden rings in them. Tiny, crooked little yellow horns protruding out of short, curly pink hair. She locked eyes with him, and grinned.

She bounced right over to Síat. ***You're the one who gave Present Mic the callbacks he was asking for, right? And didn't you help capture the sludge villain?***

The invisible girl behind her... Well, next to her, now, gasped. ***That was YOU?***

Síat blinked. "Os mo chomhair tá féileacán bándearg thar a bheith álainn."

That's not Japanese, that's not even English, kiddo... Nana's voice was strangled with laughter.

I know, help me, I've forgotten how to function!

The "incredibly beautiful pink butterfly" that was "before him" blinked those pretty eyes. ***Okay, I was pretty decent in English class, and I didn't get a word of that...***

Síat coughed. "It's Irish. 'Before me is an incredibly beautiful pink butterfly.' I don't..."

The girl's face flushed deep into magenta. She looked at the space above the invisible one's collar and they both squealed.

Foreign charm. Sixty percent of the time, it works every time. Nana preened.

Six men groan in Síat's head. And one Ghost Might simply says *I understood that reference!*

Síat cleared his throat. ***Would you like to watch a movie with me after school? And its sequel? If we leave right after school, I should be able to pull off getting you home before dark...***

The invisible one seemed to back away. ***You haven't even learned her name...***

I am now the incredibly beautiful 'Pink Butterfly', and he will ONLY address me as such! But she's right, my name is Mina Ashido. She beamed.

Iida glanced up at the wall mounted clock, and his hands, in his lap, began to clench.

More students continued to trickle in.

One of them seemed to be more irritating to Iida than the conversation at the front row.
YOU, WITH YOUR FEET ON THE DESK!!!!!

Síat. Síat Rahill. He gripped his desk. "So, what do you say, Mo Fhéileacán Bándearg?"

Mina grinned. "After school. Where are we watching?"

"Well, I was thi-"

If you're here to make friends, you can pack up and leave.

20 students quickly bolted into 20 seats.

Chapter 16: Holy Shit...

Authors Note:

⚠Minor Spoiler in the Author's Note⚠
I know, I know "He's just too powerful!"
Relax, he's getting humbled, I made him good at literally everything that doesn't involve an actual villain being within 50 meters of his vicinity, and made him situationally good at those times. He's going to be in intensive recovery in several chapters, and is still stubbornly going on a beach date, because hospitalization doesn't get in the way of romantically looking at the stars.
⚠Minor Spoiler in the Author's Note⚠

It took you all 8 seconds to quiet down. Time is an important resource, rational students would know that. The hobo man emerged from his yellow sleeping bag and picked it up.

Síat chortled. ***I count at least 4 blondes in the room, and a dye job. 'Rational' is a tall order.***

HEY!!!

HEY!!!

"Moi? Mon Dieu!"

HA!!! Nice burn!

The hell did you say, Extra?

Aizawa sighed. ***Damn Irish jokes, he's not being serious, it's how they make friends. Trust me, you'll know when he actually despises you.***

"Oh."

"Oh."

"Peasant..."

Knew it, so manly...

Fuck you and your friendship!

If you're done... Aizawa pulled a gym uniform out of his sleeping bag. ***Put these on and meet me outside, we're doing a quirk apprehension test.***

Kirishima slid in next to Síat in the locker room. ***So how'd you know it's a dye job?***

Síat chuckled. ***Even if you'd thought to dye your eyebrows, only a fool would dye their eyelashes, I was always going to be able to tell. But yeah, less people would notice if you also dyed the brows. I don't recommend it, though, you're in too deep, too many people expect your dark ones, they'll know immediately.***

Perceptive. So what movie you and Ashido seeing? You mentioned a sequel, right?

Mmm, I'll tell you after. It's a test for her, and if it gets back to her beforehand, she'll look it up, and might figure out how to pass. I want her passing organically.

What exactly are you testing?

First film? Whether she can handle shock and tolerate me bracing her for it silently by wrapping an arm around her protectively, whether that shock stops her from laughing at the second dumbest line in the movie, and closer to the end, whether she can tolerate me crying. If she passes that, and enjoyed the rest of the movie enough to watch the sequel, the second movie starts with a more universal version of my hero philosophy, is tense at a certain part for first timers, and then ends with both of us crying again and then feeling psyched all of a sudden.

Kirishima whistled in awe. ***And if she passes?***

If she passes, I learn to dance for her, and then, when the time is right, I take her somewhere pretty and dance with her under the light of a full moon, where I'm betting that silver glow will make her pretty pink skin look ethereal.

Bro... I know I called you manly before, but gaaaaaaahd damn!

As they headed back to the field, Síat could hear Mina and Kirishima talk. His shoulders tensed.

Kiri, come on, Jiro is giving me NOTHING but a blush and sealed lips, you promised!

Nope. I refuse to rob you of this with a spoiler. Kirishima was a stone wall. (How 'bout that.)

Síat's tension eased, and he smirked.

Teeeell meeee...

Síat glanced over his shoulder. "Patience, mo Fhéileacán Bándearg. I promise, you'll know more about me with these two movies, and I you, than we'd learn of each other in a week."

You've been doing these physical fitness tests since middle school, but you've never been allowed to use your quirks. It's completely irrational that the ministry of education still tracks your baselines that way. Aizawa glanced between Bakugo and Síat. He squinted at Síat, but whatever he was debating seemed to go out the window. ***Bakugo, you scored highest in the entrance exam. In middle school, what was your farthest softball throw?***

Bakugo saw the glance, and gritted his teeth. ***67 meters...***

Try using your quirk. Aizawa tossed the mechanical softball at him.

Bakugo caught it, gave another glare to Síat, and stepped into the circle. He looked at the ball in his hands. ***Limitations?***

Just one. Don't leave the circle until the ball leaves your hand.

Bakugo snarled, winded up, pitched... ***DIIIEEE!!!!!!***

BOOM...

Aizawa watched the ball disappear, then, after a glance at his tablet, held up the result. [**705.2m**]

Almost the whole class looked shocked.

Rahill... Aizawa locked eyes with him. ***You look remarkably unbothered.***

DON'T YOU DARE LOOK DOWN ON ME!!!!! Bakugo seethed.

No, it was sure a good throw. Easily will be the third best in the class. Síat glanced at Ochako. ***NOBODY is beating the antigravity of*** mo deirfiúr bheag***.***

Ochako blushed.

Mina Ashido will remember that...

Bakugo took a step forward, his hands popping like a black cat firecracker. ***And you think you're taking SECOND?***

Enough. He absolutely can beat it. Even if he makes the mistake I suspect he'll make, he'll beat it. Aizawa folded his arms.

Kaminari's eyes widen. ***Holy shit, he'll beat it WITH a mistake!?***

WHAT MISTAKE? Síat was equally surprised.

Figure it out on your own. The Ball Throw is the fourth test, you have until then to piece it together. Now, Iida, Asui, line up at the 50 meter dash line.

Chapter 17: Think You're Cool?

Authors Note:

> Okay, now I know what you're thinking. "Why didn't Aizawa make an expulsion threat?" Well, because Mina was distracted and never said "this [was] going to be fun". Duh.

The 50 meter dash was interesting, Síat launched a tendril of blood from his palm into the end line and yanked himself forward. He'd managed a time of 4.05 seconds. Aizawa spent a good few seconds staring at the blood pooled in the dirt before recording it.

While he watched everyone else go, Síat casually attached the rest of that blood to his forearm as a brace. Seemed foolish to just keep dumping ALL of his blood.

Mina finished her set next to Aoyama, who bit it in the dirt pretty hard, being flashy. As she jogged back over, she glanced between Síat and Uraraka, before skidding to a stop next to Síat. ***What does*** Jyafua Byagu ***mean?***

Síat belted out a laugh, and glanced at Ochako as she set up. ***Her father mispronounced it the same way.*** Deirfiúr bheag ***means 'little sister'. What you said, if you're interested, is 'small cabinet'. Don't tell her, I told her it means 'sweet girl', I don't think I'm ready to tell her she looks like my little sister.***

Mina Ashido will remember that...

Oh... So it's not a flirt? Tension eased from her shoulders.

I get that a lot, you know. I was flirting with YOU, yes, but I mostly talk to people the way people talk to me when what they're saying doesn't make me feel like they hate me. If that's what flirting is, I'll do my best to learn the difference, but... Síat scratched his head.

Oh. You're a social mirror, but you only reflect what you like. Mina nods.

Síat chuckles. ***My childhood psychiatrist called it 'on the spectrum', but yeah, that's sorta how I describe it.***

The next test, the standing long jump, was a little more straightforward. Síat crouched low, and the bracer became a tendril again. His other three limbs protruded three more, and he launched upward, and snagged at the end of the pit, pulling himself just inside the line.

Aizawa watched his blood become bracers and shin guards. ***You can go farther. You didn't. Why?***

Síat winced. ***Is further not out of bounds?***

Aizawa blinked. ***We're testing your maximum output, why would... Right. It's where the sand pit ends. Do it again. There is no out of bounds.***

Aizawa looked up at Síat, hanging on the field light he slingshot himself to, dripping blood from his head where he hit it too hard and his body wrapped around it like a wet towel.
There is now an out of bounds. Walk it off.

"Ngh... Okay, but the pretty stars have to move first, I can't see..."

Ribbit... Is he gonna be okay? Asui looked at Aizawa with what presumably was deep concern.

Give him a minute. He just has to get enough mental clarity to make himself clot. He has to do that manually.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine, I'm..." Síat fell off the light. "Oww..."

The grip strength device creaked, groaned, and finally, the spring snapped.

Aizawa sighed. ***Every damn year...***

Finally it was time for the ball throw.

"Okay..." Síat held the ball in his hands. "45° angle will give the ball its maximum distance once the hammer turns into mist..."

Aizawa sighs.

What?

Nope. Figure it out, or don't. You learn better through experience than teaching.

"Alright... What could I be missing? Thrust, lift... Drag. Terminal velocity. Shit, when the maul turns to mist, the ball hits a wall of air because its terminal velocity isn't mach 3. A 45° angle will actually rob me of roughly 800 meters." Síat blinks.

Would you look at that, the kid figured it out. Aizawa's sarcasm hit like the rest of his deadpan, which, unfortunately for Síat, means;

Yeah, I got lucky there, I almost wasted this. he took it seriously.

He clenched his fist, rested it against the ball, and held it in place with a thin blood tendril. Looking straight into the forest, where there's no city to damage, he draws that fist back...

"Oileán na Smaragaid... SMASH!!!!!!!"

3000? I'LL KILL YOU!!!!!

Chapter 18: Room for Improvement

The tower shield made of hardened blood turned out to be unnecessary. Bakugo didn't quite make it over to Síat.

HAH? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS SCARF MADE OF? Bakugo, whose hands were noticeably not sparking, was straining hard against Aizawa's capture scarf.

Aizawa's hair seemed to float, and his usually dark eyes were glowing red. ***It's a carbon fiber weaved with a special metal alloy. Now settle down. If you make me use my quirk again, I'll expel you. It gives me serious dry eye.*** He retracted his scarf, and his hair and eyes settled.

Bakugo snarled and huffed over to the line.

Aizawa looked at Síat through the shield. ***Rahill... Why can I not disable your quirk?***

Well, if I had to guess, it's because you need line of sight on me, and you don't currently have that through my shield. It's not attached to my bloodstream anymore. But that's just a theory.

Sound theory... We're testing it later. You have a medical condition on your file that suggest someone will need to be able to suppress your quirk, that's why you were assigned to me. Otherwise, you'd be in class 1-B with the teacher you have something in common with.

Síat dropped the shield, and, with no place to put all that blood, coated his body under his gym clothes. "Oh, aye, I was actually hoping for him. I'd always been interested in what kept him from making weapons with his quirk. The Japanese have a history of warriors much like the Irish, though their weapons were more of a finesse type."

Aizawa squinted at him. "Nothing is really stopping you from asking, when you aren't busy. You shouldn't try to emulate someone if you aren't comfortable with their style, but his insight on your quirk is still valuable." ***Side steps. Line up and make it fast, we're burning light, and I WILL keep you all for lunch.***

Síat smirked. "I'd never try to be just like him. I could only fail. But I CAN strive to be better. Settling is how you peak. Striving higher is how you never stop improving."

Aizawa's mouth quirked up, not quite a smile, but the threat of one. *Vlad, looks like you have a second rival.*

The side steps were just legwork. Síat did well, really only getting beaten by Mineta.

The sit-ups were easy. Ojiro was really close to keeping pace, but Síat's blood regeneration kept his endurance up, so while they matched pace at first, only one of them started slowing

down.

The seated toe touch was... Not as good. Síat could barely get past his knees before his ACLs began screaming.

Finally... The endurance run. Most of the kids collapsed pretty quick. Some of them held out pretty good, but they were overexerting. They missed the point, it was an endurance run, not a speed run. The rest collapsed while Síat passed where they had collapsed at a controlled sprint.

He rounded another lap before Aizawa sighed. ***Rahill, enough. You aren't even slowing down, you're already in first place, and despite my earlier threat, I do want to eat today.***

Rank and Name:

1. Síat Rahill

2. Momo Yaoyorozu

3. Shoto Todoroki

4. Katsuki Bakugo

5. Tenya Iida

6. Fumikage Tokoyami

7. Mezo Shoji

8. Mashiro Ojiro

9. Eijiro Kirishima

10. Mina Ashido

11. Ochako Uraraka

12. Koji Koda

13. Rikido Sato

14. Tsuyu Asui

15. Yuga Aoyama

16. Hanta Sero

17. Denki Kaminari

18. Kyoka Jiro

19. Toru Hagakure

20. Minoru Mineta

Alright, this is where you stand now. I expect to see improvement from those of you at the top. I'd BETTER see improvement from those of you at the bottom. Aizawa's eyes locked hard onto Mineta. ***The class syllabus is on your desks, lunch is in fifteen, wake me up from my nap at your peril.*** He walked back into the building.

Chapter 19: Proper Introductions

Authors Note:

> So I have a narrative plan later, and since I'm making yet another Telltale Games -Will Remember That reference, but all my dialogue is already bold and italic, I'm making the conversation English so I can highlight the part getting remembered in italics. That's gonna be important, and I will not be elaborating why, here, but I welcome theories about exactly where that comes into play.
>
> It's also a little perfect that I'm throwing in an encounter with Uncle Hizashi, because it gives Síat the opportunity to set up that private lesson.
>
> Also, Síat's response to Tsu about going by Seth is true about me, too, my name is Síat, but I tell people they can call me Seth because "Shee-ot" is apparently a little too complicated, or gets people giggling because it sounds like a small child trying to get away with saying "shit".

Lunch Rush seemed especially thrilled at Síat's arrival to the cafeteria. Apparently he really likes students with massive dietary needs. He didn't even ask, he just pulled up a display of Síat's commissioned food orders and started piling food on a tray. ***I also took the liberty of including an attempt at a dish from your home country, please feel free to leave a review on the Liver and Bacon, I understand it's a common comfort food!***

My man, this is no place to be making me cry... It smells like home...

Mina all but dragged Síat to a table with the girls, Kirishima, and Tokoyami.

"We have Present Mic's English class next, we should practice introducing ourselves with the native speaker!" Mina squeaked enthusiastically.

Uhh... What? Kirishima tilted his head.

Ashido is proposing practicing English with Rahill. Momo supplied helpfully. ***You can go last, if you like, it'll give you a chance to hear multiple introductions so you have an idea of how to say yours.***

Oh! Sweet! Yeah, let's do it! Kirishima pumped his fist.

Síat blinked. "English is my second language, but I have a good grasp on it..."

"Second?" Mina blinked.

"Aye, my ma insisted on teaching me Irish first. You know, all of 30% of the population of Ireland actually speaks the old tongue. Feckin' English Cu-... Bastards." Síat cleared his throat, like the start of that other word was just a cough. "Our language was nearly wiped out

due to forced conversion when England invaded. They outlawed the old tongue so we couldn't secretly pray to the old gods, because they wanted to force us to convert to the cult of Christian Mythology. Did the same to the Scots."

"Oh..." Mina, Momo, Tsuyu, and Fumikage, bowed their heads in contemplation for a moment.

Dark shadow peaked out of Tokoyami's school blazer. ***Harsh...***

But valid... Fumikage added.

"Introductions, ribbit." Asui seemed to think a subject return was in order. "I'm Tsuyu Asui. Call me Tsu. *All my friends do.*"

Síat Rahill will remember that...

"Good to meet you, Tsu. Síat Rahill. I don't really have a 'friends only' nickname, but I let people call me 'Seth', because it's usually easier for English speakers, and it's what 'Síat' is Irish for. Though I noticed the Japanese don't seem to have trouble pronouncing it, probably because the syllables are common in the Japanese language."

"Ribbit... Do you want me to call you Seth?"

"If you don't want to call me Síat."

Tsu seems to consider it. "Síat it is, ribbit."

"Haha! Fun! Okay, my name is Mina Ashido, and I'm SUPER psyched to see what movies you're taking me to see!" Mina's eyes widened, and her grin became feral. "Is it horror? Rom-Com? Action? Sci-fi? Ooh, is it Irish?"

"No hints, mo Fhéileacán Bándearg." Síat watches her deflate, and winces. "One hint. Norman Reedus, the guy who played Darryl from the Walking Dead, is in it."

Mina's little obsidian and golden eyes light up. "OMG, he's so cute!"

"Not as cute as me right, he said, knowing full well he thinks Norman Reedus was cute too?" Síat smirked.

"You're bi?" Jiro's head whipped up.

"Finsexual, actually. Gender or sex aren't a factor in my attraction, I like feminine traits. Norman Reedus had the cutest little jawline, especially in these movies. And in Charmed." Síat winced again. "The scruffy look doesn't really do it for me in TWD. Personality also works, and presentation, but some masculine guys just have feminine physical features. It happens. Johnny Depp's another good one. He managed to pull off attractive (for me) even with facial hair."

"Fair. And I'm definitely with you on Depp."

Mina chortled. "Who wouldn't be?"

Ochako peeled her eyes away from Mina's hand on Síat's arm. "My name is Ochako Uraraka."

"That's all, deirfiúr bheag?" Síat tilted his head.

"...Yeah." She picked at her food.

You wanna talk about it? Síat leaned over the table.

Nope. She shoved food into her mouth. ***Can't. Mouth's full.***

Síat and Mina exchanged glances. *I have to tell her...*

Fumikage cleared his throat. "I am called Fumikage Tokoyami, and my companion is called-"

"♪**Dark shadooooooow!**♪" Popping up with jazz hands was... Well, adorable.

Síat grinned. "A pleasure." He clasped forearms with Dark Shadow before the entity retreated beneath Fumikage's uniform.

"My name is Momo Yaoyorozu, of the Yaoyorozu family." Momo nodded.

Hagakure hesitantly stumbled through hers, "I... Am... Toru Hagakure, and... My... Quirk... Is... Invisible."

Síat nodded. "Not bad, a little hesitant, but keep practicing."

Jiro looked a little shy, but didn't stumble all that hard. "My name is Kyoka Jiro, I do music and sound."

"Ha! Knew it, you've got punk star energy for days." Síat offered a fist bump, which was returned with less hesitation.

Alright, Kirishima, you've got this... Kirishima pounded his chest. "My name is Eijiro Kirishima, and I'm hardening."

Five of the table's residents blink at him. Síat coughs. "Did you mean 'and my *quirk* is hardening'?"

"...yeah."

Chapter 20: Standby

Stand by for the rest of the story, I need a break from copying and pasting, I have 118 chapters to do one-by-one.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!