

untitled

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12941364) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/12941364>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	僕のヒーローアカデミア Boku no Hero Academia My Hero Academia
Character:	Monoma Neito, Class 1-B (My Hero Academia)
Additional Tags:	Canon Compliant
Stats:	Published: 2017-12-07 Updated: 2017-12-26 Chapters: 4/? Words: 2540

untitled

by [godcheekbones](#)

Summary

Four students enter U.A. through recommendations, and their names are Todoroki Shouto, Yaoyorozu Momo, Honenuki Juuzou and Monoma Neito. The first three have their referee extensively checked; the last has Principal Nezu rereading the letter of recommendation before taking a very tense phone call, to a number that did not officially exist, which lasted all of thirty seconds.

Chapter 1

The robot hums its own unrecognisable tune. The sound is eerie, through a lopsided grin, even more so as the specialist brings forceps to the vacant right eye.

Grimacing, the specialist reaches an arm out. He estimates where the main box is and thumps the robot hard on the back.

“Shut up.”

The robot sits up straighter. While the system does numbers on the robot, matching the voice command to the inbuilt controls, the grey iris unexpectedly moves.

The robot stares past the metal glint of the forceps, straight into the specialist’s face, as artificial lips tug down into a pout.

Freak, the specialist thinks, fingers digging into the jawline harder than necessary. The robot does not understand the concept of pain yet, even if the pale skin is discolouring to blue-black already. Later, he will blame the shoddy workmanship of the dermatology department. He can get away with the white lie. He is among Japan’s best ophthalmologists, and the only one with a Master’s degree in Bioengineering, an achievement he is proud of until he gets approached, blackmailed, and reluctantly poached – in that order – for this; two eyeballs made of glass, fiber optics and a smart camera.

The original blueprints dictate blue eyes to match the blond hair. Instead, grey irises hide the electric wires and white camera lenses stand in for the pupils.

The robot blinks. He still has a vacant look about him and, for a terrible second, the specialist gets gripped by panic.

The strange humming stops. Pink lips mouth words soundlessly before a near-silent whirl of machinery starts up within the chest cavity, only able to be heard within the otherwise empty four walls, and out tumbles, “What an ugly face”.

Monoma Neito is born on May 13.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Like all machinery, it is deliberately simple to shut down Monoma Neito. He is designed to be not particularly athletic, not particularly motivated to use his abnormally high IQ, not particularly dangerous after getting shoved into an isolation chamber for five minutes.

Monoma certainly does not look anything outstanding at all when he stands alone in the field with a shotput in his hand and gets told to throw it as far as possible.

The first two people up – Shishida Jurota and Kaibara Sen – have basic power-augmentation quirks. Between them, they manage to rack up enough miles to cover the distance from Korea to Japan. Shishida makes a passing glance at the girls, puffing up his chest, but they look all the more determined to knock the current record out of the ballpark themselves rather than fawn.

Kaibara stands by the side of the field with his classmates, stretching his wrists and hands. He watches Kan-sensei walk up to Monoma, clipboard in one hand and distance monitor in another, looking the part of intense soccer dad meets Hulk.

“Sir,” Monoma says, in a lazy voice that does not quite hide the physical strain of the past four events. He is vying for a spot at the bottom of the class with Fukidashi Manga.

“Monoma,” Kan-sensei booms, tapping the clipboard. Monoma sees a blank space besides his name, while illegible red scribbles cover most of the other nineteen boxes by this point. “The point of the exercises is to use your quirk.”

Monoma turns to his classmates on the other side of the field, out of hearing range. “A copycat quirk,” he replies, through gritted teeth, gesturing, “will produce a copy of someone else’s results.”

Kan-sensei only goes, “Hmm”. Scratching the side of his face, beneath the X-shaped scar, he plants himself squarely on the ground within an arm’s reach of Monoma and casts his student a meaningful glance.

“If you want a fair comparison, there is somebody on this field who is not being tested,” Kan-sensei says, lowering his voice kindly.

“But–” Monoma protests immediately.

“No buts. You have my permission,” Kan-sensei nods, as if that solves everything.

Algorithms run simultaneously in his system. Slightly above average heart rate, even tone, no hidden meaning behind the single command.

Monoma panics.

A robot cannot use blood manipulation with only water-based actuators.

“Any time now,” calls Tsuburaba Kosei, cupping his hands over his mouth, and that jolts Monoma back into the present as he puts up a middle finger behind his back.

A pro hero is always prepared for an emergency call, which means that Vlad King stores a ready

supply of blood on his body. Monoma blinks, and in that second, in-built cameras magnify the texture on the thick gloves that Kan-sensei wears. The ridges are a millimetre thicker along the thumb and index finger. It is not a leap to assume that clicking the two fingers together releases enough blood for a simple movement.

Monoma squares his shoulders. “One touch,” he says, for both their benefit, as he puts his right hand around Kan-sensei’s bare forearm. “And—”

He squeezes Kan-sensei’s gloved hand with his left hand. The sudden jet of blood that shoots straight into the air between them makes his classmates yell in surprise, but Monoma concentrates on tracking the volume by the millilitre.

“Good enough,” he breathes, and launches the shotput into the air.

The graceful arc of blood oxidises in the air, rapidly turning from its violent shade of red to a dull crimson. Before it loses all its potency, Monoma uses it as a slingshot and flings the shotput wildly.

Blood sprays all over the green grass. It is frankly grotesque to look at. More than one classmate goes, “Urgh”.

“!!!” says Fukidashi, in bold.

“Two hundred metres,” Kan-sensei says, pleased. “A little untidy, but you got the job done.”

“It’s good for five minutes,” Monoma says, instead. Then, louder, “I don’t want to use your quirk again.”

Kan-sensei does not look up from his scribbling on the clipboard. “Fine. Go back in line and make some friends to borrow their quirk.”

Monoma does only the former. He fails the rest of the events.

Chapter End Notes

It's hard to make friends on the first day of school.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Villain and hero teams!” Kan-sensei says triumphantly, holding two slips of paper between beefy fingers. “If your name is on blue paper, you’re a villain. Pink, hero. There’s a number at the back. That’s your group number. Questions?”

Kan-sensei points to the back of the classroom. Monoma turns halfway in his seat to see Shoda Nirengeki raising a chubby arm halfway. “What about... training?” he asks timidly.

“Experience is the best teacher,” Kan-sensei quips. Half the class groans. “No other questions? Class rep, take this.”

Kendo Itsuka enlarges her right hand and reaches for the lottery box from her front row seat easily.

“Meet me in the second gym in ten minutes, paired up!” Kan-sensei instructs, and promptly abandons his post at the teacher’s table.

As soon as he is out of sight, the class lurches to Kendo’s table.

“Score!” Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu says, brandishing his blue slip together with Honenuki Juzo’s.

“Bite me,” Tokage Setsuna replies, slapping her pink paper down on Tetsutetsu’s table. Sharp teeth visible in a wide grin, Tokage jerks a thumb behind her shoulder.

Kodai Yui raises her matching pink slip, and stares Tetsutetsu down coolly.

“Get a move on,” Kendo yells, above the commotion. The crowd moves.

She weaves between the students to hand Monoma his pink slip.

He takes it, but she does not let go.

“Hello, partner,” Kendo says sweetly, and it takes all of Monoma’s willpower to hold back a groan.

The villain team goes in first. Monoma narrows his eyes as Tsuburaba Kosei and Kuroiro Shihai slap high-fives before running into the building. Before the doors shut behind them, the corridors envelop in darkness.

“This isn’t going to work,” Monoma says, flopping onto the ground to wait out the grace period.

Inexplicably, Kendo hits his head.

“Ow, what the fuck was that for?”

“Your negativity.”

“Kuroiro makes sure we can’t see shit, and Tsuburaba can erect solid walls of air to protect the weapon.” Monoma points to Kendo, mirthlessly laughing. “Between the two of us, we have four large hands.”

Kendo stabs a finger into Monoma's chest, abruptly silencing him. Her side ponytail tickles his face, but he keeps quiet. She lets the silence stretch.

"You're right," Kendo says unexpectedly, straightening up. She puts her hands on her hips. "But all I hear is all of their strengths and none of their weaknesses."

"We only just met them *yesterday*."

"You're going to wait for a villain to type out a SWOT analysis for you, then?" Impatience creeps into her voice.

Monoma looks up at her, astonished. Then, slowly, "The way quirks go, there's a high probability that Kuroiro will have trouble with his quirk in sunlight."

"Better."

Monoma hates the expectant tone in her voice, because it makes his mouth run. "So if we take Kuroiro out, and then use Tsuburaba's quirk against him so he can't reach for the weapon before we do..."

"We win."

Kendo's smile is sudden, radiant, and sends chills down Monoma's spine. "See? And it only took you two minutes to cook up a plan, minus all that negativity!" she adds, giving him an enlarged thumbs up. "Now, tell me how long it takes for four hands to smash all the windows in that building."

Hero team wins.

Chapter End Notes

Monoma is a piece of work.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“I call it, the ‘unforeseen simulation joint’,” cackles Space Hero, Thirteen, spreading their arms.

Somewhere at the back of the troop, Rin Hiryu holds his hair away from his face while he pukes behind a bush. Kan-sensei pats his back.

“???” asks Fukidashi, glancing covertly.

“The bus ride defeated him,” Monoma snickers, behind a hand.

Kendo hits his head.

Thirteen points their way. “Monoma,” they say.

“!!!” Fukidashi says.

Monoma sobers up, and shoots a dirty look at Fukidashi. “You were too loud,” he hisses.

“My quirk is called black hole. It can suck in and tear apart anything,” they say solemnly. “If you copied my quirk, what would you do?”

The robot pulls up a keyword search on Thirteen. He digs deeper, beyond the rescue headlines, gossip columns discussing their gender, and meets a password-protected government file.

Monoma’s grin unfolds at the challenge. It barely takes a second.

“I might kill a classmate,” he read aloud, grey eyes blank.

“K-k-kill,” Tsunotori Pony repeats, terrified.

“Uh, accidentally,” Monoma adds, belatedly.

Thirteen stares at Monoma for a beat too long. Then, they nod. “That is correct,” they say, wagging a finger. “We must never forget that it takes only *one* wrong move for people to die. Listen. Your powers are not meant to harm.”

The class hangs on to every word. Pony mouths the foreign words she does not quite catch, looking near tears.

Thirteen jerks a thumb to their chest. “You’re meant to help people, and I will help you understand that.”

Beside Monoma, Awase Yosetsu sighs. “I’m fucking terrible at rescue,” he mutters darkly.

“You ranked 10th in the entrance exam,” Komori Kinoko points out, patting her fringe.

“Yeah, with six rescue points, what’s your fucking problem?”

Komori slowly puts her hands up in surrender. “I had zero rescue points,” she says, voice turning sour. “What are you trying to say about me, huh?”

“Now, now,” Shoda placates hurriedly. He stands between them uncomfortably. “Thirteen-sensei is still talking.”

“There are four zones I will use today,” Thirteen is saying, “flood, landslide, conflagration, toxic chemical release. Well, not toxic enough to give you *lasting* damage at any rate. We’ll do five students in each zone, one zone at a time. With me so far?”

“Yes,” the class replies, in varying degrees of dread.

“Good. I have robots built by the general department—” Thirteen gestures to a pile of plain-looking mannequins, roughly six feet in height and of slim build, behind them. “—I will put five in each zone. You have 15 minutes to rescue them.”

“C’mon, sensei!” Shishida shouts, from the back.

“By the time you get to your third year, you get five minutes,” Kan-sensei interjects. His hand is firm on Rin’s shoulder. It looks about like the only reason why he has not tipped over yet. “I’ll excuse Rin from today’s exercise.”

Thirteen nods. “Now, for groups!”

“You again.”

Tsuburaba and Kuroiro stand in front of Monoma. Standing further away, Kaibara frowns.

“Me,” Monoma says, agreeably.

Tsuburaba looks up at the cloudy sky with large, worried eyes. He takes a deep breath. “You did well as a hero.”

“Maybe you just suck at being villains,” Monoma suggests, shrugging.

Kuroiro looks like he wants to punch Monoma.

Kaibara walks over, before their grade ends up in jeopardy before the exercise begins. “Look, we’re a team now,” he says, authority in his voice. They listen. “We need a plan.”

“Five robots and four people, right, since Rin-kun is not here?” Tsuburaba says. He looks uncertainly around the circle they have formed. “How does the maths go, if we split the work?”

Monoma holds out his hand. “My quirk limit is five minutes,” he says, a trace bitter. “I’d need to meet with somebody at the end of each five-minute interval.”

“Alright, how about this,” Kaibara suggests, “we split two-two and fan out. The pair needs to be within hearing distance, okay? Each pair takes out at least two robots to ‘safety’, or the start line.”

“Works for me,” Monoma says.

“Yeah, whatever,” Kuroiro says, at the same time.

They glare at each other. Kaibara frowns more. “Monoma, best for you to use Tsuburaba’s quirk, I think.”

“Why me?”

Monoma replies flippantly, “Solid air’s the most useful against fire. Probably.” He adds, wistfully, “You have a nice quirk.”

They all stare at Monoma. “What? It’s true.”

“Well then,” Kaibara says, his frown deepening, “You can use more than one quirk, right?”

Monoma opens his mouth a little, in surprise. So somebody in class is using his smarts. “Yeah, I can hold two, but not at the same time.”

Kaibara holds out his hand. “You can use my quirk, it’s a basic power-up.”

“Don’t frown so much,” Monoma says, shaking the hand. “...*oh*.”

Power surges through artificial muscles. It makes his titanium frame lighter. He wants to run, for some reason.

“I like it,” Monoma says. It is more honest than most things he says, and it shows. Kaibara turns away, but just after the sides of his lips quirk upwards.

“Right, you’re with me. Within sight at all times, got it?”

“What happens if we get split?” Monoma asks, and dodges a punch. “Yikes, alright, alright, no more stupid questions.”

“If you get lost on purpose, so help me, I’ll kill you,” Kuroiro growls.

A foghorn sounds in the background. The four look up in unison.

“It starts,” Tsuburaba says, just as five mannequins dash by in a sloppy, ungraceful gait.

“What the *fuck*—”

“Run after them!” Monoma shouts, already in motion. “That’s the handicap Thirteen-sensei is giving us! We’ll know where they drop!”

The wall of smoke makes it difficult for the class to monitor the group from the safe zone. They huddle in their groups instead, discussing strategy. The flood zone group, dripping and miserable with only two saves, gets wrapped in fluffy blankets and brought steaming mugs of hot chocolate by Kan-sensei.

Thirteen checks their watch. “Kill programme,” they say, and press a big red button on a handheld device.

Six robots drop on the spot.

Chapter End Notes

Merry Christmas.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!