**MHA 37**

Watching Shinso, still cuffed, get loaded onto a stretcher, I stood, letting out a long breath. Midoriya had already left, and I glanced at the two girls on either side of me. Mina’s warm “Good luck!” made me smile, while Mei’s matter of fact, “See you soon,” just made me shake my head. Tohru’s “Give ‘em hell!” was unexpected, as was the smattering of encouraging statements I received from half the class, even Bakugo informing me, “You better not lose that that stupid fuckin’ Nerd.”

Giving the explosion teen a shrug, I jogged out the door, and made my way to my gate. Halfway there I ran into Yaoyorozu, who was walking slowly, deep in thought. “Momo!” I called, and she glanced up, startled, a small smile spreading across her features.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=V-MGM9uPuP0>

“Hello [Denki](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=V-MGM9uPuP0),” she greeted, as I came to a stop in front of her. “Ready for your fight?”

I wanted to say yes, but I was going to be fighting *Midoriya.* Not just Midoriya, but one who’s already gained a level of control over his powers that’d let him go toe to toe with *Stain.* “As ready as I’ll ever be,” I told her instead, giving her a ‘what can you do’ grin that felt only a little fake.

I was fully recharged, I was fully healed, and while I was a little tired from Recovery Girl’s healing, Midoriya didn’t have even the trickle of regeneration that I had, so we were probably even, with an edge possibly to me. He had no gear, while I had my gauntlets and a couple of small devices, not that either were likely to do anything to him, after he’d fought Mei. The ones that might effect someone with his physical capabilities, he’d know to dodge.

“You think he’s stronger than you?” Yaoyorozu asked, giving me a concerned look.

“I *know* he’s stronger than me,” I replied. “I’m strong, but, well, remember our first day? Even if it’s only a single punch, *I can’t match that.*”

Momo hesitated, before her shoulders dropped and she let out a long sigh. “I know what you mean. I can’t think of anything that’d stop Todoroki if he did to me what he did to Mina.”

“He won’t trap you in ice,” I reassured her. “That was an accident, and you could make an oxygen mask if he did, right?” I checked. She nodded. “Then. . . you’ll probably lose, and that’s fine.”

“You don’t think I can win?” she asked, not angry, just resigned, and I was reminded of how badly her loss in Canon had affected her. She’d gotten over it, with Todoroki’s help, but we were already off that timeline, and I was her friend, and a friend wouldn’t sit by while she was hurting if they could help. That said, lying would solve this.

“In this situation? Sorry, no,” I offered matter of factly. “You *could*, but you wouldn’t do what’s required to win, nor should you.” Momo shot a questioning frown my way. “Guns. Poisons. Large-scale explosives. You *could* use them, and have a good chance at winning, but you’d also have a good chance of maiming, or even *killing* Shoto.”

“That wouldn’t be heroic at all!” Momo gasped, scandalized, and I gave her a significant look. “Oh. Yes. Yes, I wouldn’t do any of those things. I just wish I could figure out a way to win.” Her expression fell once more, and I internally winced, completely failing to help my friend.

“Okay, think of it this way,” I proposed. “You are tasked with lifting a car completely off the ground in two seconds, and you can do *nothing* to prepare except plan. Could you?”

“In two seconds?” she echoed, incredulous. “Not without damaging the vehicle. What kind of test would that be?”

I waved to the arena, thankful that there was a break between rounds to let us talk. “What kind of test is combat, on a flat plane, with nothing but what you personally invent, what’s required for your quirk to function, your clothing, and *nothing else?* How often is that going to happen? Todoroki and Midoriya could lift that car in seconds, and I *might* be able to, but that proves very little. Now, different scenario, a person has been hit by a bit of shrapnel in the arm and is bleeding heavily, what would you do?”

“Quick wash with iodine if minimal bleeding, then pressure and bandage, if bleeding is severe apply strong pressure with a specialty bandage, possibly apply coagulant if need be, and get to emergency services so they could remove any embedded material,” the woman rattled off, reminding me that, despite her occasional with awkwardness with combat, this was a girl who *trained* for this job in a way that I hadn’t.

In all the fighting we’d been doing in ‘hero’ class, I guess it was something I’d forgotten.

I shoved that thought back, and pressed forward. “Todoroki could cauterize a wound, or chill it, maybe encase it in ice but then frostbite might be an issue. Midoriya and I? We could apply pressure, and that’s about it. *You* could be a one-woman medical center, creating what was needed, and *knowing* what was needed in a way I don’t think any of the three of us would,” I pointed out. “The fact that, even when *not* in your specialty, you made it to the Semi-finals? That’s *damn* impressive, Momo.”

“I, you really think so?” the girl asked, with such naked vulnerability that I just wanted to hug her.

Instead, I reached out, resting a gloved hand on her shoulder. “I *know* so,” I told her, hesitating, wondering if saying how I felt would be too much.

“But?” she asked, misreading my pause.

“Not but,” I disagreed, thinking of the things I’d done. “Just.” Once more I hesitated, before going for it. “Just, you deserve to be here just as much as I do. *More*, really. I’m good at fighting, and *okay* at the other aspects of this, but you’re much more of a Hero than I am, and I, well, it’s *obvious* to me, I just wish it was obvious to you as well.”

From her confused look, I didn’t explain it that well, and let my hand drop. “I, I should go,” I said a bit lamely, stepping past my friend, stopped by her call of, “Denki!”

Turning around, she looked at me, expression determined. “I don’t know *where* this is coming from, but. . . thank you.” A whisper of a teasing smile, shone through, as she added, “See you in the finals?”

“I’ll try my best,” I promised, “But if not, all *three* of us made it to the last round, and then some.”

“. . . That we did,” she nodded. “You should probably go, your fight. . .”

“Yeah,” I smiled.

Now it was her turn to hesitate. “You might not be as strong as Midoriya, but that isn’t everything. I believe you’ll do quite well,” she declared, smiling at me.

“I’ll *try* at the very least,” I smiled back, nodding as Present Mic started to announce that the field was cleared. “See you on the other side.”

Momo nodded back, and I took off at a run, to make it to my entrance in time.

<DR>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tmxep7Nn-ow>

“[*All right sports fans*](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tmxep7Nn-ow)*, it’s time for the first Semi-Final match of the First Year UA Sports Festival!”* Present Mic announced, the crowd a dull roar. *“We’ve got two power-house contenders going head-to-head. On one end, the dynamo of cooperation that’s shocked his foes over and over again,* ***Denki Kaminari****!”*

Taking my queue, I stepped out onto the field, giving a cocky wave with an electric arm as the crowd cheered, striding for the arena.

*“And on the other, the frontline contender who’s come in first in every event, who’s blown away the competition,* ***Izuku Midoriya****!”* Present Mic announced, the crowd cheering even louder.

*Right, cheering for the underdog’s an American thing,* I noted absently, going over my options. It all depended on how much he could use. If he was at the level he’d used against the Hero-Killer, I could do this, *probably*. If he was above, well, my chances started dropping pretty quickly.

Getting an 11th hour power increase was off the table as well, given the specifics of how my ability copying worked. It didn’t matter that Izuku was *just* as powerful as All-Might, my copying cared about *skill*. Every training session with All-Might had given me a tiny, and *ever decreasing*, boost because the man was *very* good with his Quirk. In terms of skill, I might actually be *ahead* of Midoriya, though it was likely he was better, but there wasn’t enough of a difference between our levels of competence to make a, well, *difference.*

I had a half dozen strategies, and anything else I could throw together, and if those didn’t work I was *screwed.* And I was using them against the Hero Nerd who modeled these kinds of fights for *fun*.

*This is going to suck.*

Ascending the stairs, I let out a long breathe, gloved hands clenching, a sliver of electricity running through them, pushing slightly against the metal superstructure of the arena. Looking across the field, Midoriya, uniform singed and torn, was staring right back at me, determined.

*Hit fast, hit hard, and don’t give him time to think*, I decided, nodding to Ms. Midnight, Izuku doing the same.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rSTxGeKCTHE>

*“All right, let’s not keep you waiting any longer!”* Present Mic announced, *“*[*Begin*](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rSTxGeKCTHE)*!”*

At that, I shoved One-for-All to full, or as far as *I* could take it, and ran forward, legs already shifting to lighting. Midoriya took a moment longer, but he had more power to pull on, the lines of power not hair thin, like they were on me, but pencil-thick bands of red, as short green arcs of electricity played down his form.

I cleared half the arena in a few seconds, but when Midoriya moved, he was faster, blasting forward, arms crossed as he yelled, “*Carolina!*”

Slamming a leg down to ground myself, I stopped on a dime, seeing the move coming, my forearms flickering into lightning as well. Izuku’s eyes narrowed, but he pressed forward with a *“Smash!”*, slashing his crossed limbs forward, as I leaned back, legs bending unnaturally. The blow missed me completely, a gust of wind coming off it but without any real force, and I leaned back in, leading with a blow, charged with electricity.

I *hit*, Deku wincing at the impact, and, while I was in contact, I grabbed five percent of my total reserve, and poured it *directly* into the boy as my punch landed. Deku gave out a cry of pain, twitching, as he was slammed backwards, off his feet.

*Good*, I thought, taking off after the boy, the arcs of green lightning playing off his body growing ever so slightly. Charging another fist with electricity, Izuku hit the ground, flipped up, still moving backwards, and I caught up with him, my fist leading, only for the boy to grab my charged hand. Willing to oblige the teen, I shocked him again, but he took the full voltage, flinching slightly, but that was all. Using his hold on my arm as a brace, he threw himself to the side, even as he pushed off, sending me stumbling.

Turning on a dime on segmented legs, I tried to follow, ready to blast through a full *ten* percent of my remaining ninety percent if that’s what it took, as Deku landed, teeth grit, but looking oddly happy as he came back at me with a *“Detroit!”*

My longer arms let me slam my own punch into his face, right in the cheek, before he could hit me. He started to be pushed back by the force of the blow, muscles visibly twitching as I went ahead and threw the charge I’d prepared into the boy’s cheek, deformed from my punch, then another fifteen on top of that as he hesitated, hoping to *keep him down*.

It didn’t stop him.

Instead he grit his teeth, pushed off, with a cry of *“Smash!”*, slamming a red-lined fist into my gut, my metal harness snapping in places as OfA strained to absorb the blow. However, while that kept me from being injured, *physics* still existed and I was blasted back a good twenty feet, thankful of my training with All Might that let me throw down an electric leg, hard enough to crack the concrete, anchoring me enough to pull the rest of my body down to it.

*Okay, plan one, shock him into victory is out the window,* I noted, the boy’s resistance to electricity the same as his mentor’s. I *might* be able to dump the rest in one giant blow, but all the boy would need to do was flare his own power, not even moving, to tank it. He *might* not know he could do that, but I needed that energy for my backup plans.

However, while I’d doggedly followed the boy, Midoriya was content to let me collect myself, the nausea I was feeling from the stomach blow quickly tamping down as my regeneration, however slight, got to work. *Plan two, outmuscle him is a non-starter,* I added, having expected that, but hoping it’d work. I joked as I shifted my stance, “Not used to being the weaker one.” Strategy four was, ironically, the same strategy that’d been used against *me*, which was also why I thought it might work, but number three might work *and* not have me beaten like a red-headed step child.

“I can tell,” Deku smiled, cheek cut and bleeding as he worked his arm, muscles still twitching under his skin. “those gloves really hit hard.”

“Says the guy who would’ve punched me halfway out the arena,” I shot back, feeling my internal charge slowly, *slowly* start to trickle upwards. “I’ll take every advantage I can get.”

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vQKUtNbY10I&t>

[Midoriya](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vQKUtNbY10I&t) nodded, taking a running stance, and I sighed, letting myself relax, taking an open one in return. As my opponent took off, *almost* a blur, leaving a trail of green lightning as he charged and I waited, legs up to my hip now electrical.

Deku took after his idol, which was understandable, but he had *also* picked up his mentor’s flaws. Not flaws you could exploit, when you had that man’s ridiculous strength, but at a fifth, a tenth, a twentieth of his power, they became something I could work with. One for All worked with your existing musculature, and I was just *bigger* than Midoriya, and in better shape, so even with his higher multiplier I had a larger starting value, but it only put me in the ballpark of his strength.

*There.*

Not yelling this time, he sprang forward, leaping up to strike me in the face, *committing to a parabolic arc*. Springing to the side, I threw a leg out, wrapping unnaturally around his waist, not hitting him hard enough to stop him, only secure it.

Spinning on my other leg, twisting in a way real hips *never* could, I pushed myself as hard as I was able, spinning like a top as I dragged Midoriya forward. He grabbed onto the solid electricity wrapped around him, because of *course* he could, and tried to pry himself free, but I was alright with that too.

One rotation, *two,* and he was already prying himself loose, so I let him go, leg unfurling before cracking like a whip, sending the green-haired boy flying high, past the edge of the arena, maybe even making it to the stands before he started to come down. If merely passing the edge was enough, that was my win, but he needed to touch down before it counted. Against a less skilled, or less powerful opponent, this would be game, set, and match.

But I wasn’t the only one trained by All Might.

“*New Hampshire Smash!”* the boy yelled, facing the stands, punching forward with both fists, setting off twin blasts of air and slamming himself back for the arena, no, not just back, but *straight for me.*

Throwing my self to the side, I barely dodged another fist as Midoriya, twisting in mid-air, punched right where I’d been, missing and hitting the ground at a slide as he turned to face me, grinning. “You’re gonna need more than that,” he told me, not arrogantly, or even challengingly, but almost encouragingly.

“Well, there goes plan four,” I muttered, causing the boy to smile wider, taking in the are around me, and leaping away from him, closer to the center, to get the space I’d need. “Of *course* you’ve figured out what I got *days ago*. Okay, let’s try this,” I invited, shifting stance again, to a more traditional martial art footing, waving him to me with a twitch of my fingers.

The boy complied, charging me once again, and this time, instead of dodging his blow entirely, I tried to deflect it, just as Bradley had to me when *I’d* overpowered *him*. Almost tai-chi in its patterns, I didn’t try to meet him strength to strength, using my own to push his strikes to the side, creating openings I could use to attack.

deflecting his momentum into the ground, I slammed in three more strikes with metal-glad fists as Midoriya, eyes wide, tried to block, but even as he tried to defend, not ready for this kind of combat, I continued to slam hits into the smaller, *stronger* boy. He started to go down, and then there was a moment where the lightning around him surged, and he brought his arms up. Again, I could only deflect if we were in the same strength range, and this strike slammed through my attempted redirection like it wasn’t there, catching me before I could dodge and sending me flying with a rising strike.

*Shit,* I thought, as I tried to right myself, only to have Deku jump up without hesitation, following me. I shot out a grasping tendril of electricity, but he twisted around it to slam another high-powered punch me into my chest, though, thankfully, he didn’t have the leverage to make the most of it.

It still felt like getting smacked by Hercules, my copy of OfA shattering under the strain as my harness further broke apart and I was dropped back to normal levels of toughness, even as I desperately tried to pull that power back online. I was sent flying backwards, past the point I could recover by throwing down an electric room, so I twisted in the opposite direction, ironically mirroring Midoriya.

Pulling my charge to my hands, I didn’t shove it straight outwards, like I did to attack, but instead twisted it in tight, circular patterns, even as the wall neared with frightening speed. Feeling the push, I slammed more and more of my reserves, until I was pushing another five percent of my maximum. From my palms twin golden disks of energy bloomed into existence, insubstantial yet crackling with electricity.

The push spiked, the disks spreading out in twin blooms as I was shoved back for the arena, and I twisted around, Midoriya ready for me to come back with a prepared strike, but I slammed a leg down, vaulting over him, and coming down on his other side, dodging backwards even as he moved forward with a punch, narrowly missing it.

Lashing out, as he leapt forward again, I kept the end of my electrical arm as a fist, even as my instincts pushed me towards a spear, and slammed into the boy, shoving him backwards. He took it with a grunt, but I wasn’t strong enough to force him the forty feet over the line, only managing a mere dozen. However, even as I did, I noticed that Izuku’s arms were reddened, not quite bruised, but still slightly inflamed, one leg hidden by a torn pant leg looking the same.

“That cost you to pull off, didn’t you?” I asked, shifting strategies in my head. *Had I been playing this wrong?* I wondered, as the teen grimaced, glancing down at his hands, lacking *any* kind of poker face. *He’s not wrecking his limbs all in one go, but the habit, and the damage is still there*.

“Thought so, let’s see who you break first: me, or yourself?” I asked, starting to walk forward, rendering the ends of my limbs into lightning. I’d been making *some* progress pushing myself, and while I could shift my limbs completely, that only lasted for a minute before the muscle spasms set in, and if I was turning this into an endurance match, even that time-limit was too short.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=azLmOO3KB9I>

“[*We will*](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=azLmOO3KB9I),” Deku agreed, blasting forward, but back at what seemed like his ‘holding’ level, *still* stronger than me, but only by a little. Leading with what looked like it was going to be a flying punch, I saw his leg twitch, and dodged as he darted to the side, coming in at an angle with a haymaker, which let me catch him in the gut with a knee, knocking him backwards, following him for another two punches but leaping back as he tried to counter-attack. All of the strikes I’d landed on him, however, barely did more than raise bruises, his higher level of OfA blunting my blows.

It looked a little bad, and he was bleeding slightly, but I didn’t do enough damage to slow him down in the slightest, while I was *still* feeling his hits.

This pattern of attack-counter-follow-break off repeated again and again, with Midoriya trying something new every time, pushing his Quirk just a *little* further with each iteration, but I realized that, while he was *physically* faster than I was, my reactions were just a hair faster than his. Maybe it was the electrical limbs, maybe it was something else entirely, but I read him, his gaze, and his arms, able to twist out of the way each and every time.

Until the asshole kicked me.

I watched his arms, as I had, only for the boy to fake a punch, twisting as if to dodge, a leg slamming into my side, breaking ribs, and sending me flying towards the edge of the ring, faster than I could stop. With only a fraction of a second to save myself I slammed amorphous arms and legs down, lifting high into the air, arms transforming fully as they reconfigured to wings, pulling me further up and starting to turn around as I buzzed the crowd, barely paying them any mind.

*“And what looks like a ring out has turned into a high-flying performance! But neither combatant has a ranged attack, so it’s only a matter of time ‘till they clash again!”* Present Mic yelled, and he wasn’t wrong. Technically, Midoriya could throw rocks, but if he missed he might hit the crowd.

It was the same reason why, despite feeling the necklace of iron coins around my neck, I hadn’t reached for them either. That, and it was possible that, if the scale of how much damage Izuku take was different than I thought, I might *kill him*, and this was a *sports festival*.

*Okay, I can do this, I just need to watch out,* I told myself, each breath a little less painful, though I knew my options were *rapidly* running out. If Midoriya took off his kid gloves, I was *screwed*. The boy was now skilled enough not to waste his trump card on anything but a sure shot, and he was able to take any attack I could throw out to do so. No, I was running out of options, and running out of them *fast*, with no real solution in sight.

I had electrical grenades whose output was already something Midoriya could power through, a wire capture net he could snap like a twig, capture foam grenades he’d dodge as he’d already seen them, and a collapsible shield which’d do *absolutely freaking nothing.* Against Todoroki, my grab-bag might turn the tide, but they weren’t any good against ‘don’t care, am stronk’ *Deku*.

Hell, the only reason I wasn’t spitting blood, even *with* OfA was my harness, banged and broken as it was, working as pseudo armor. It’d done it’s job, thought it was practically scrap now, and I wouldn’t trust it to carry a charge, Midoriya just *hit that hard.*

But I was bleeding momentum, gliding as I was, and whining wouldn’t help. I needed to *move.* Banking hard, I moved over the arena, arms returning to normal as I dropped down past the level of the stands. Twisting legs to electricity instead, forming myself into a living lightning bolt as Izuku started to move to intercept, before backing off as I sparked, ready to shock him to *kingdom come* if need be.

Hitting, my legs coiled as they absorbed the fall and I leapt to the side, a small dust cloud kicking up from the force of my landing. Midoriya blasted through it, leading in with a punch, even as I moved out of range. Seeing him while he didn’t see me, I slammed a leg down and reversing direction to come back at him right as he turned to face me, hearing me move. Before I could even get another hit in, his arm, wreathed with lightning, slammed upwards in a rising uppercut faster than I could block with a cry of “*New York* *Smash!*”

Barely getting my left arm up to take the blow instead of my fucking *chin*, my bones *ached* as I was blasted *directly up*, OfA shattering in an instant. The shockwave of the hit cleared the cloud as he landed and I was fired *out of the god-damned arena*.

Pain shot through my arm, and I wondered if it was fractured or just outright broken. Turning it to lightning shutting off the pain like it was a switch, the suddenness of the sensation, paired with seeing the rapidly shrinking arena, dosed my battle fervor like a bucket of ice water to the face, forcing me to realize how truly outmatched I was.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7SvLAPzTlgw>

“Well, [*shit*](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7SvLAPzTlgw)*,*” I swore, a good, I didn’t know, thousand, two thousand feet up as I slowed, barely able to make out Deku far, *far* below me, only picking him out as the one dark spot on the arena. “I guess kid gloves are off.”

Okay, last plan, the *dumb* plan, the plan I’d get exactly *one* shot at, but was my only hope at winning this. God, I hoped this work, and I was *only* trying this because they had medical staff on hand. Part of me wanted to just take the loss, I was only *technically* not out of the ring by the weakest of reasonings, and I was overmatched. I was already head and shoulders past where Denki was supposed to be, letting me ignore the knowledge that *he* would’ve kept going no matter what, talking a good game of laziness but in the moment giving his all.

No, I could stop here and hold my head high; I didn’t *need* to do this. This wasn’t even a ‘saving people thing’, this was *just* a competition, and I’d already have internship offers, and I had nothing to do but prove to myself that I could win against Midoriya, a Midoriya that was *already* stronger than he should be.

In short, I had *no good, logical reason to do this.*

I could *stop.*

*. . .*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lsHCzboWK0U>

[***Fuck it.***](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lsHCzboWK0U)

Reaching down, I toggled both electrical grenades, more miniature generators than anything else, spinning up and wreathing me in electricity. Starting life as an omni-directional taser that’d hurt like a bitch, but based on my own powers so it wouldn’t actually *kill* anyone, they were still in the testing phases for use against anyone not supernaturally durable, but for *this*, they worked just fine.

Drinking in the electricity that ran over me, directed across the sparking remains of my harness, my reserves refilled, then *over*-filled, an uncomfortable feeling like being too big for my skin starting to spread through me. I could take this, *a bit*, but if I didn’t start dumping now, I’d start to do it indiscriminately, something I’d learned from experimentation.

Well, *time to get to work.*

Keeping arms electrical, I manifested my hands, specifically my *gloves*, and pushed electricity into them. Without a metal superstructure to work with, I needed ten times as much charge, pushing against the magnetic field of the *earth itself,* but I had that to spare, the grenades good for a solid ten seconds of output.

A slight push re-oriented me towards the arena opening, as I was now falling, letting me twist in the air to stretch out, minimizing drag. In position, I directed the flow pouring into me through my hands, spinning about to create the effect, the metal assembly in each palm heating up as I did so.

Twin golden auras spread out around and behind me, ten, fifteen twenty feet wide, before expanding outwards in an glowing bloom as I was shoved forward, electrical arms taking the pressure as I was shot back towards Midoriya, ready for my last shot.

Squinting my eyes against the wind, my arms spread out, forming wings to better control myself as I arrowed in, Present Mic’s voice coming in louder as I neared, *“You were right not to call it Eraserhead, Denki’s coming back with a vengeance, but can he pull it off!?”*

Feeling overfull again, I started to pump a long stream of energy into my gloves, dumping it as fast as it came in, pushing myself even faster, leaving twin golden streams as I descended, coming through the hole in the roof as I started to spiral down, going faster, *faster,* ***faster.***

My eyes watered as the world whipped by, moving on instinct, as Midoriya turned, wreathed in lightning of his own, watching and waiting.

*Three, two, one*, I counted, until I was below the level of the audience, skimming along the wall of the arena, *almost* touching it, but down where the shrapnel wouldn’t hit. Grinning, *terrified,* but diving headfirst into the craziness of this world I yelled *“Fulgur!”*

Midoriya, seeing what was coming, not that I had any way to hide it, grinned in response, looking just as determined as I was, pulling his right arm back, his left a limp mass of purple bruises, as he returned with a call of *“Detroit!”*

I spun midair, twisting around until I was pointed directly for my opponent, hands behind me as I took every *ounce* of power within me, *far* more than one hundred percent. With that energy, so much it set my veins on *fire*, I pushed *all* of it into my hands, a torrent of electricity crashing through me and forming twin vortexes of lightning behind me as I *committed.*

Practically feeling the arena shake, twin golden auroras of light blasted out, my hands burning as the gloves caught fire, metals structures turning molten as they held long enough for me to blast forward, a living rail-gun as I screamed *“Strike!”*

The world collapsed into a single point, my target, the remains of Izuku’s uniform shredding along his arms and legs, thick bands of ruby energy networked across his body as he returned with a matching cry of, *“Smash!”*

I was able to get a hand of lightning forward, faster then flesh and blood could ever move, and struck forward with everything I had, my opponent meeting my blow with one of his own, and time seemed to slow as he was pushed back, further, *further,* the shockwave enormous as the arena seemed to come apart around us, but my focus was laser tight. Midoriya’s maximum effort was met with my own and he was *losing.* That single thought, overcoming the pain, the tiredness, the *everything* that I was feeling, that I could *win this* was dominated my mind.

Then he used his legs.

I’d matched his *arm* with everything I’d had, the overcoming it, but with a mighty heave, the ground coming apart under his feet, Midoriya pushed me back the way I came, overcoming my momentum, until he sent me flying backwards *just* as fast as I’d come in to hit him

Panicking, I went full electrical the moment before I hit the wall, the world going dark.