**MHA 89**

While the looks on their faces was *absolutely* worth it, walking through the water, though it was effective, wasn’t anything close to *efficient.* The real issue was the fact that, well, *I was walking through water.* It wasn’t a thing that you thought about, but while there *was* air-resistance normally, it was slight enough that momentum alone could carry one through a step without issue.

Water, meanwhile, was like trying to walk into an incredibly strong headwind, but in *every direction,* and that instantly became an issue*.*

Which. . . *duh,* but there was a difference between wading through water and trying to walk through it *completely submerged*, and while the super strength of OfA helped, it was still awkward as all hell. Shifting gears, I tried a jump, which worked better, though turning a foot to electricity brought me up short, hard enough that my knee ached, though if I’d *really* hurt it my regen would take care of it.

*If I only I could jump downwards,* I thought, walking towards one of the building’s windows below me, as, behind me, Bakugo and Kaibara went off to the other openings, the latter zipping off as a living sea scooter, while the former could be easily heard by the muted *thumps* of his small explosions, the shockwaves carrying through the water far better than they would through air. My angry classmate flipped over in the air, upside down, and fired another blast to get into position, flipping upright again and flying into the broken window.

. . .

*I’m an idiot.*

Turning a hand to electricity, and releasing my feet, I used *that* anchor point to flip myself over, thankful that Denki had picked up the trick of keeping enough positive pressure in your nose to stop water from going up it, something I never had in my last life. Changing my feet back to electricity, I was now in position to, with the timed use of that power and OfA, take a super-powered leap, arrowing through the water, down towards the one broken window in the side of the building that practically screamed ‘enter here’, copying Bakugo’s earlier movements.

Passing into the dark hallway, I was surprised by how well furnished it was, the space an office complete with inspirational posters, though I had to suppress a laugh as I spotted a chibified Tiger doing a pull up on a branch with the caption of, ‘Don’t just hang in there!’ Reaching out, I found it wasn’t paper, but printed plastic, *meant* to look like paper, but able to be submerged without issue.

Shaking my head, I moved onwards, on a timer, not just to finish this assignment, but to find some *air*. Thankfully, either OfA or my Regen made it so that I could go a *lot* longer without, barely feeling the strain despite not only holding my breath, but strenuously exercising. But now wasn’t the time to ponder how powers worked, there were ‘people’ to save!

I couldn’t jump anymore, the space too tight, but, thinking of it, while the water *did* slow down my movements, from another point of view it was effectively a zero-g environment. There was a *reason* that astronauts trained in pools, after all. With that in mind, I shifted the fingers of one hand to electricity, using that anchor to ‘grip’ the water, and tossed myself forward with OfA, flying a third of the way down the hall before I started to slow, shifting the other hand but already moving my arm so I didn’t suddenly arrest my momentum, pushing forward again to build my speed back up.

Down the hall, most of the doors were half-open, the faint glow from OfA barely enough to see by as I passed windowless rooms. Calling a bit on my original Quirk up, I sparked, feeling the water around me getting charged, *somehow*, but that provided a bit more light, enough for my purposes. Entering a large area, full of cubicles. There was a flash of motion, and my head snapped over, trying to track what it was, but whatever it was seemed to be gone.

*You’re in a lake, Denki. Maybe it’s a fish,* I told myself, nerves starting to act up again. *Everyone else was fine until they reached the bottom. Keep going.*

Going high, able to ‘fly’, I scanned the tiny not-rooms, pausing as I spotted a mannequin, trapped by a fallen cabinet. Throwing myself down, and stopping the slow trickle of electricity from my body, so I didn’t fry any electronics contained within the ‘civilian’, I saw that it had been positioned in such a way that its head was under a slightly-turned-over desk, which had *itself* created a small air bubble that the mannequin’s head was stuck inside.

*Having us see the already dead from a disaster, the ones that there’s no way we ever could’ve saved, is probably a bit too dark for the kids,* I thought, maneuvering myself so *my* head was in the bubble as well, letting out a breath, and taking a few quick ones, to re-oxygenate my blood. Looking at the faceless humanoid form, I muttered a quick, “Uh, relax, I’ll be right back, and then, I’m getting you out,” on the off-chance it had a microphone, and we were going to be graded on *that*, like we would be for our Hero License Exams.

Leaving it there, I moved away, once more catching a small brown. . . *something* that darted out of the corner of the room, the size of a small cat, *or a medium-sized fish*, and I quickly moved, checking the rest of the floor, finding the doorway to the stairs, which was locked, and I was about to smash it when a light flickered on, highlighting a sign that said ‘Please don’t break the door, your civilians aren’t on another floor’.

Looking over, I swore, flaring with electricity and lighting up the space, as there was a shape a few feet from my head, an eel made out of mud. Trying not to cough as I breathed in some water, the small construct’s head *exploded*, little bits of shrapnel bouncing off me as the mud spread out, killing the visibility in the hall.

Catching one of pieces that’d hit me, I held it up to the door’s light, which survived, seeing it to be part of a tiny lens, scorched, but the curvature still identifiable.

*Pixie-bob’s visor,* I realized, having seen the reverse of the displays. Of *course* she’d stick them in her constructs, which meant she probably couldn’t see out of them herself. With these, however, her effective range would increase manyfold, and I couldn’t help but appreciate the smart use of a support item.

Making a note to apologize to the woman afterwards for breaking her fish, I quickly checked the last room, having cleared the floor in about a minute, and returned to my trapped ‘civilian’.

Grabbing it, the large fake person was a *little* hard to maneuver, though the stiff weight was *far* superior to the dead weight of a real person. Holding onto it with one arm, with my strength it was easy to push away the cabinet pinning it, then leap up, grab the edge of the cubicle, and throw myself in the correct direction. Leaving was much easier, and, as I did so, I saw Bakugo was already heading back down, Kaibara at the boat, handing his mannequin off to Bondo. Leaping upwards myself, and looking around, I couldn’t see any more ‘camera eels’, but, with the small cameras in place on the buildings around us, they clearly weren’t needed.

Making my way to our ersatz sub, the metal-headed teen manning it took my cargo without a word, sticking it to the side of the boat, along with eight others. Part of me wanted to be here when Bakugo came back, to see the boat starting to sink, and to see if I was correct in my calcualtions, but I wasn’t here to be right, I was here to save people! Well. . . ‘people’, but for the exercise we were supposed to treat it as real.

Taking a deep breath, I ducked back down, spotting Kaibara as he disappeared into another broken window, and tracked down the building *I’d* gone in, spotting another ‘entrence’ several floors below the one I’d just entered, and made way towards it, swimming down enough that I could get my feet under me *without* sticking them up into the boat. From there, it was another couple leaps, shifting my body to try and correct the problems my own speed caused with the flow of the water over me, swimming closer to a dolphin than a person, until I was there, ducking inside the broken glass.

Glancing at the shards, there was a thin sheen of grime on them, which is why I could see them at all, but, examining them, they were smoothed over, instead of the sharp, cutting edge of recently broken windows. *Another bit of convenience* I thought, but, given were weren’t able to use our costumes, many of which had pieces that’d be *really freaking helpful right now*, I figured that was only fair.

This time, the floor was styled as an apartment block, which didn’t make a *ton* of sense architecturally speaking, but. . . *sure*, why not? Moving faster, smoother, I was getting the hang of this pseudo-zero-g style, darting in one apartment after another, all of them sparsely furnished, but still appearing to be functional, which just made me wonder how much this training ground *cost*, but, again, *not the point.*

Bouncing from one small set of rooms to another, I found one mannequin, ‘standing’ on a couch to keep its head in the bubble of air across the top of the room it was in, but I left it, making a mental note. Once more, I spotted a flicker of movement, this one at the end of the hall, keeping its distance. Taking a moment to look at it, I mouthed, ‘Sorry’, then moved on with my search, finding a second mannequin in the last apartment, which left me with a choice, and a problem.

*How did I carry both*?

Midoriya had just grabbed them and used his legs to swim, but *that* boy’s level of super strength *far* outstripped my own, and my current method of travel utilized my arms, my legs just not naturally bending the right way to make it work the way I needed to use them in that manner. Bakugo had managed to carry two with his propulsion method coming from his hands, *somehow*, but I hadn’t seen how, nor had I asked, and I couldn’t exactly do so *now*. Taking the second, I moved back to the first, putting the second’s head into the air bubble as I gulped down a few more breaths, trying to figure out how to make this work.

Maybe I could hold onto one with my legs? God, that’d be awkward as all hell to move. Could I use one to hold the other one to me? That. . . might work, but, trying it, it just slipped away, my slick skin not giving me enough purchase.

If only I had Mina with me. . .

Well, in some small way, didn’t I?

Focusing, I extended a little bit of weak acid, which, *yes*, was invisible underwater, but I could still feel it, ever so slightly. Spreading it out from the hand gripping the second ‘civilian’, the mannequin became a *lot* easier to move, and, loosening my grip, *yes,* I could move the fake body through the power of my copied Quirk alone. Not a *lot*, but *enough.*

[*Success!*](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QADtpUj7bhA&ab_channel=Animeri)

Grabbing the first mannequin, I pushed it up into the crook of my arm, extending another bit of acid from my chest over it as well, holding onto it with that substance, and used *that* to press it up against myself, keeping it from slipping out.

Nodding to myself, I used my free hand to push myself off, maneuvering myself through the door, then the hallway, but the window was much smaller. As the mannequin I was physically holding onto had less acid, I paused, holding onto the other with my free hand, and just *hurled* the first one out the window, passing myself through, and catching up to it as it rose, looking around, but not finding the boat.

Worried, glancing about, I realized it was now *below* me, still sinking, and went down after it, managing to get ahead of it and anchoring myself, letting it come down over me as Bondo, looking a little worried himself, held onto the central pole. The boy accepted both of my mannequins, and I noted that our count was now up to *sixteen*, counting mine, the time I took to figure out the acid trick eating into our available time, while the other two divers did a better job.

I slipped back out, Bakugo on his way to the boat, and. . . was he holding onto one mannequin’s arm by his fucking *teeth?*

He was, which. . . seemed to work, and, realistically, real civilians could just be directed to hold *onto* us, so it was no big, just. . . *that boy* sometimes. Nodding to him, I kicked off, making my way for the next floor down on my building, getting close to the bottom, our sub still sinking.

Ducking inside, it was another office area, and I set to searching, glancing inside offices, wishing there was an easier way of doing this. *Actually, if I could use acid to move the ‘civilians’, why can’t I move myself?*

If I used too much, and the second we hit the bottom, I’d be clearly outlined, like Mina was, but if I *hid* it. . .

Spreading it out, exuding the substance as I moved, I shifted it under my trunks, which felt. . . okay, it felt fucking *weird.* Not like I was grabbing my own dick, *thank god*, as there’d be *no* way to explain a sudden mid-mission erection, but like I was wearing too-tight underwear, the entire thing dragging me forward, *by my hips*, in the direction I wanted. Not *quickly*, the amount of force generated scaled with the amount of acid being moved, the mass sticking together with pseudo-surface tension while each *individual* drop created its own force when controlled, but it *certainly* helped!

Now, zipping around, I could change my direction on the fly, in a way *with* my fly, which made maneuvering a *whole* lot easier, though that itself seemed to require a slightly *different* skill set, as I started to bounce off walls, desks, and the like, but with OfA I barely felt it, and I was getting better the more I did so. After a minute or so, *knowing* our time was running out, the only mannequin I found was stuck in the break room, wedged in an air bubble on top of a fridge, which, when I tried to open it, turned out to just be a metal shell, which made me feel a *bit* better about the expense the Pussycats went through building this place.

Grabbing the fake person, I swum out, the extra mobility letting me spin in midair, or midwater, and land feet-first on walls, leaping off of them to go faster without using my electric limbs, a bit like how Midoriya moved. No, *exactly* as Midoriya moved, I realized, as I found my steps shorter than they should be, **Martial Talent** having copied his skill apparently *verbatim*, or whatever the physical equivalent was. It took a little bit of concentration, but it was fairly easy to widen my steps to match my greater height, the foreign skill sitting in my head accepting the changes, implementing the base concepts as the technique slowly became my own.

Reaching the window, I stopped, saw the upturned boat sitting on the bottom of the lake, and *hurled* my ‘civilian’ towards it, taking a second to judge the curve as its natural buoyancy started to pull it up, then threw *myself* down with as much force as I could muster, catching the mannequin on my way down, carrying it further, a flip-anchor-leap carrying me to the bottom, where I could just run along the lake floor, each step shifting electric to move me forward.

Ducking under the lip of the boat, Bondo was knee-deep in mud, struggling to hold up the boat, and I realized the issue, as the bottom of the lake was *covered* with a thick layer of silt, and the negative buoyance of the boat meant it was still trying to sink.

Popping up, taking a breath, I shifted one arm to lightning and used it to pick up the boat, lifting it higher, my electric feet giving me the stable platform that Bondo lacked.

“Th-thanks!” the glue-teen sighed. “I-I didn’t know what to do!”

“Yeah, my bad,” I winced. “We need to make you a base. First, take care of this?” I suggested, holding out the ‘civilian’, the boy hesitantly doing so, its weight added to the boats own, which required my super strength to hold up, being well over a thousand pounds, as we now had twenty mannequins stacked along the inside, doubled up in places, and we still hadn’t cleared the bottom.

“Okay, *new plan,* we need supports,” I instructed, walking up a little in the water and crouching, then standing, so I was supporting the boat with back instead, the vessel tilting slightly, but not too bad. Taking a moment to put together the design, I extended my hands, interlacing warped electric flesh and instructing him to, “Fill this mold and harden it, please.”

Bondo looked confused, but did what I asked, and I noted that the displaced air from his ex-nihilo creation caused the water level to ‘drop’. When it was done, I dropped the disk, which floated on top of the water, and ordered him, “Again.”

With both of those made, I closed my arms up, until only a narrow channel was left, commanding, “Again.” Once six long poles were created, I dropped back down, holding the boat with one hand as I maneuvered the first base underwater. Standing on it, three of the poles were used to ‘secure’ it against the rugged floor of the boat, the wider structure enough to cause it not to sink into the mud like Bondo’s feet had.

As we were doing this, Kaibara popped in, looking around, and handed his classmate a mannequin, telling me, “Only the bottom floor’s left.”

“Kay, wait here then,” I replied, setting up the other base, letting the boat settle onto it, which sank a few inches, then stabilized, Bondo sighing in relief. Looking to the metal boy, I told him, “Dude, you *really* need to do some strength and endurance training. Not here, this isn’t for that, but after we all get home.”

*“Hey!”* the spinner objected. “Don’t talk to Kojiro like that!”

“N-No. He’s right,” the other teen disagreed. “I-I thought I was gonna die.”

That got a lifted eyebrow from me. “You were in an air-bubble, worst would be the three of us having to pull you out. *Actually*, worst would be Pixie-Bob doing the same, but you were fine. You see why you need the training, though?”

The adhesive creator nodded, and I felt vibrations through the water, telling me that Bakugo was on his way, the explosive teen dipping under the side and carefully moving between the supports as he tossed his mannequin at Bondo, demanding, “What are you weaklings doin’? Jerkin’ each other off?”

“I told them to,” I countered, a flash of annoyance flashing across Bakugo’s features, but he suppressed it, giving me a look that said, ‘this better be good’.

Motioning towards the only open entrance, I stated, “Every team that goes in there gets jumped, so we probably will be too. Kaibara, you saw the two loops on top of the boat?” He nodded, and I explained, “Those are foot-straps. When it’s time to jet, hook your feet into them and use your propellers to rise. If possible, Bakugo and I can grab the handles on either side and help, but if we’re fighting, you two get out.”

“You think we can’t fight?” the 1-B’er demanded.

“On our level? *Fuck no*,” I replied instantly.

Bakugo laughed, nodding, “Damn straight!”

“I went to toe to toe with Aizawa, and Bakugo fought fucking *All Might,*” I stressed, “because, and I quote Principal Nezu, ‘Robots would be too easy’.”

“Fucking *lost,*” the explosive teen beside me grumbled.

“Fucking *timed out,*” I corrected, “against ***All Might!****”* which got me a scowl, but a grudging nod. “Am I saying you two can’t get better latter? *No*. I’m just saying, as you guys saw in the Sports Festival, unless you’ve got an insta-win ability, we’d *wreck you*, but we *also* couldn’t build this boat, Bondo, *at all*, or tow it up *nearly* as easily as *you* could, Kaibara. Know your strengths, and play to them. If you’re not happy with them, *get more,* but know when someone’s better at something than *you are*.”

There was a moment of silence at that, and while I could keep going, I’d already wasted too much time starting to ‘speechify’ as Mina would say. “Now, Bondo, stay here and get ready for the last few. Expect four, because I can see them stacking up as *many* as they could on our run, but we *were* being thorough, right?”

Kaibara nodded, my classmate starting to look as if he was insulted, then glanced at the other boy, and nodded in agreement as well. “Okay,” I said, “lets go in there, but there *will* be ‘Villains’, so don’t drop your guard. Ready?”

“Let’s *go* already,” Bakugo growled, and I nodded, smiling, ducking out under the boat, the others following suit.

Kaibara shot forward, followed closely by Bakugo, only my anchoring keeping me from being shoved away by his miniature explosions, my ‘harness’ keeping me on track as we entered the lobby of the building, which extended up three floors, because of *course* it did, a large air-bubble stretching across the top. While it was clean-looking, the battle damage was clear as day, bits gouged out of *every* surface, sections of the walls seemingly scorched, and the window Todoroki had burst through was now covered in a wall of mud.

The propellered teen was floating, looking unsure, while Bakugo was already disappearing over the ledge into the second floor, so I pointed the other boy towards the third floor while taking off for the first myself, glancing back to see he’d gotten my message, before he was out of sight, and I shifted from running to leaping in the tight confines of the hallway. Meeting rooms were empty, and then I found a fast-food restaurant, with bare-bones seating and everything, a logo that read ‘McPawnalds’ on one wall, with Ragdoll in clown makeup posing, which made a certain degree of sense.

After all, I hated clowns.

It was empty, but, looking around, I could see where gouges had been torn out of the wall, floor, and some tables, in a pattern I recognized as Shoto’s ice, now melted, which mean he’d been jumped here, but I didn’t see anything. Moving to check out the back, there was a kitchen, also empty, and the door to the walk-in freezer was open, the feet of a mannequin visible resting on shelving unit. It was easy enough to get in, reaching out for it, when, with a heavy *slam*, the door shut behind me, the sound of metal on metal telling me I’d been locked in, and I turned, seeing there was no handle on this side.

*Really?* I thought, unamused. Moving to it, even pushing against it with OfA as I hard as I could, the door was secure, which seemed. . . *excessive.* Looking around, I couldn’t spot any cameras, but that didn’t mean much, so I moved away from the ‘Civilian’ and started to release electricity, the charge spreading out from me in an invisible cloud. Closing my eyes, and focusing, I couldn’t *control* it, exactly, but I could *direct* it, arcing it away from the mannequin, pouring out more and more until with, muted *pops*, the *three* cameras hidden inside the room exploded, overloaded, their batteries detonating.

Now, with some *privacy*, I exuded acid, covering my form, packing it as tightly as I could to myself. I *need* this, because otherwise this was going to be *monumentally* stupid, instead of only somewhat idiotic.

Moving back to the door, anchoring my feet, I pulled back, as I had once before. *This* time I kept a low level of OfA circulating through my body, strengthening it, a defensive barrier of acid forming around me, my head in particular, dense enough to cause visible distortions between it and the water, packing itself tight to absorb the incoming shockwaves. Going through the bodily mechanics required, I pulled from the ‘pool’ of energy I could allocate with All Might’s power, targeting specific muscles, joints, and bones for *maximum* efficiency.

Only allowing myself a couple seconds to center my mind, I twisted about, crackling with golden lightning, as I ***Slammed*** my fist into the metal, punching with *every* bit of strength I could muster, the reflected kinetic energy blasting in ever direction, but the metal deformed under my knuckles, the heavy door pushing forward fast enough to cause *cavitation*, only my anchors keeping me from getting sucked forward, the shockwaves blasting water in *every* direction, ripping apart the shelves next to me, my acid barrier splattered apart, but holding together long enough that, when what was left hit my enhanced flesh, it *hurt*, but I could take it, and I was *free.*

Looking down, my knuckles were bloody, the skin torn up and leaking red into the water, but they’d heal, and I had a job to do.

Grabbing my mannequin, which thankfully *hadn’t* cracked, being at the far end of the room and *mostly* out of the water, it was easy enough to head back, in time to see Kaibara fly out of the third floor, two spandex-clad muddy humanoids in hot pursuit.

*“Here!”* I yelled, the sound distorted, but I got his attention, and he arrowed down towards me, nodding as I let go of my mannequin.

He grabbed it with one hand, the other still spinning as he took the ‘civilian’ out the front door, and both my opponents leapt down after me, slowed by the water, but with a speed that spoke of some *serious* heaviness, meaning they probably had some kind of stone skeleton.

Which, considering I could *break* stone if I hit it hard enough, wasn’t that big a deal.

With their weight and my anchoring, we could probably fight on fairly even ground, but since Pixie-Bob was being *tricky*, there was no reason *I* had to be nice about it.

Leaping up, they reacted, moving to try and grab me, clearly to drag me to the ground, but grabbing *them* I could find stability *wherever the hell I wanted*, which was *stupidly* useful, now that I was able to do so. Also, while they *were* made of stone, and thus immune to electricity, I had a feeling that they, too, were wired, and a quick burst of voltage netted me twin pops as their heads *exploded.*

However, as they weren’t, you know, *alive*, that didn’t stop them, which is the argument I’d use if the Pros tried to bitch me out for exploding their puppets’ stone skulls in the after-action review I was *sure* was going to come. That said, their movements got a *lot* less sure, which allowed me to break the grip of one and toss it up, as, with OfA humming through me, I grabbed the other one with both hands and *pulled*, ripping it apart.

Again, brutal on a living opponent, but my lighting would’ve been enough on a regular person, and we’d discovered you had to do a *lot* of damage to Pixie-Bob’s constructs to take them down, while any sufficiently powerful enough strike to do so instantly would fill this place with shockwaves.

Kaibara came back as the second ‘Villain’ started to fall, flailing, before it gracefully turned and oriented on him, a camera-eel peeking out over the third-story ledge. I looked to my teammate, slamming a fist into an open palm, and pointed at it, the boy double-taking upon seeing the small creature, but he sped off, as I leapt up, intercepting the ‘Villain’.

It slammed a fist in my face, which I reflexively released a small amount of acid to deflect, hardening it right before impact, and as I tried to get a hold on it, the thing was able to break my grip, fighting *far* better than the other one had, moving faster and hitting harder as well. I blocked the hits, my own grip keeping it on the same level as me, denying it the ability to set a stance and put *real* power behind its blows. However, I had to let go as it went for a wrist lock, maneuvering for a different approach, then blocking a spinning kick which made *no* sense with how *physics worked*, telling me there was some degree of telekinetic control to these things, because of *course* there was.

The sudden increase in fighting ability confused me *right* until it suddenly lost coordination, pulling its blows, and missing me completely, and, risking a glance over, I saw that Kaibara had broken the camera-eel, and was ducking back into the halls.

It still *could* fight, which told me that there was some kind of sensory aspect to her Quirk, but it was *not* something that Pixie-Bob could rely upon for high-end combat. At least, not without possibly hurting me, the woman having clearly been pulling her punches, which was. . . kind of terrifying, actually.

Regardless, ripping *that* one apart, now that I could get a good hold, was easy enough, its costume tearing and revealing the *metal* skeleton underneath, which just raised *so* many questions. I could hear distant explosions, and Kaibara darted back out, holding another ‘civilian’, yelling a blurbled *“Clear!”* my way, darting up to the top for air, then heading out.

Nodding, and grabbing another lungful myself, I went back down, and finished searching the first floor, running into another Villain who, when I let off a burst of electricity, popping every camera nearby, was simple to dispatch, but there were no more mannequins on that floor.

Returning, Bakugo was struggling, trying to hold off *three* more of the Villains, while carrying two Mannequins, barely dodging their grasping hands and swinging fists.

Darting up, I took both Mannaquins from him, lashing out with a kick to the head of one mudman, from which I discharge a quick burst of electricity, exploding its head, then turned the foot to lightning and used it to leap away from the now wide-eyed boy. The angry teenager, in turn, screamed *“DIE!”* and let off a *large* explosion, one that blasted us both backwards, my ‘harness’ letting me keep stable as he tumbled, while the Villains were just *gone,* blown to bits.

Letting go of the ‘civilians’, Kaibara coming back, I darted over to Bakugo, who was having trouble, starting to *drown*, the blast having knocked the wind out of him, and I hurled him upwards, where, breaching the surface, he grabbed the textured ceiling tiles, coughing and gasping.

My spinning teammate grabbed both of the mannequins, holding onto one with his arm while, like Kirishima did, hooking his legs around another, pseudo-piggybacking it as he zipped back out the door.

Looking upwards, Bakugo had gotten his breathing under control, and shook his head, yelling something that was muffled by the divide between air and water, before taking a deep breath and throwing himself back down into the lake, a small detonation bringing him to my level, the boy looking *furious*, but giving me a sharp nod, heading back out, Kaibara just reaching the boat as we exited the building.

Then, [*the lake-floor moved.*](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WV5fLkTE3gg&ab_channel=ArestameSound)

The boat lifted a little, a couple of the supports falling away as it came down, but they held, the mud and silt that covered the ground below us shifting and moving, kicking up clouds that stilled, before they were sucked down unnaturally, shifting as an *enormous* shape started to move, a stream of dirt that compacted until it formed a worm, no, a *serpent*, easily a hundred feet long, that coiled up around one building before it turned to regard us, a predatory gleam in its dark eye sockets, and it started to coil, getting ready to strike.

Glancing to an incredulous looking Bakugo, it was clear we had the same thought.

*You’ve gotta be fucking kidding me.*

Music

Success! - Boku No Hero Academia [Original Soundtrack] - Combat Training Extended

The lake-floor moved - Boku No Hero Academia [Original Soundtrack] - "Villain" (Villian's Theme)