

I want to see you smile

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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Kang Sung asked curious, "What are you looking at, Nezu?"

"That boy," replied Nezu pointing a paw to the one who caught his attention, "Who is he?"

Kang Sung looked confused as he followed the point. It only deepened when he saw the boy.

"I don't know."

Chapter 1

A/N this is a mha/the breaker/veritas.

Warnings: Soulmates, soul parents, Tsukauchi/izuku, Tsukauchi is 10 years older than Izuku, dead inko, Jeon Jang-Il is Inko's brother, good teacher Yoochun.

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Nezu rode in Aizawa's capture scarf as they entered a large arena. Thousands of people milled about. Some were wearing light exercise clothes. Others wore martial art gis. These were of the younger generation. They were between the ages of 14-25 students of the Murim Schools. They were the reason Nezu and Aizawa were here.

Over the last two decades, villains and members of certain Murim groups had begun to work together. Heroes were not prepared for them to be using ki techniques alongside quirks. In the first months over two hundred heroes were murdered across the world. It had forced heroes to realize they couldn't keep ignoring this other world. Things had to change.

Nezu had been part of the meeting that drew a new treaty between Murim and Heroes. Every two to three years Hero Schools would attend two fighting tournaments. There were different tournaments that were held every year. It was a chance for students of the Murim Schools to test themselves. Depending on the tournament it could be open to the general population of Murim. Disciples who did private studies could prove themselves as well.

From what he understood it was rare for a member of Murim to take a private student on. Traditionalists as they were known as had diminished greatly. Or they had gone into hiding. The most well-known Traditionalists were Han Chun-Woo and Yoochun Lee. Both were considered to be villains in Murim. Then there was the Reunion who believed that techniques should be given to anyone who had the ability. This was what had created the school even if techniques tended to stay within clans.

Since the Peace Treaty was signed only one or two students were exchanged at a time. When they chose a student from Murim, the Murim Alliance, the leaders of the group would attend a Sports Festival. They could only choose a student that was in their second year or higher.

Villains who fought with Murim went underground about five years prior. Nezu suspected that the two groups were led by All For One. Without him, they were without a leader. Nezu didn't quite believe that they were complete without leadership. If they were more attacks would have happened in the last five years but there had been nothing.

Nezu wanted to have more heroes trained in the Murim Schools. If something was going to happen they needed to be prepared. They couldn't lower their standards, however. Those chosen from Murim had to have the right values. Hardworking, loyal, etc. So many of the Murim children were spoiled. They wouldn't last a day in Aizawa's class. It was why he brought the man with him. If he were to approve of someone they likely would fit into what they needed.

UA wasn't the only Hero School that sent teachers. Nezu had seen Ms. Joke in the crowd talking to one of the older adults. A man in a suit with fox-like facial features. Some of the smaller schools were around in the crowd looking in with interest.

It wasn't a normal competition this year, however. This year it was the biggest event for Murim. They called it the Shinmujengpe. Not much was known about the Shinmujengpe. It is a contest of upcoming martial artists in which they fight for seats in nine different arts. Its seat refers to a single technique and each seat traditionally belongs to a certain School or Clan. Only that it happened every ten to twenty years.

Each seat was not necessarily attained only by a student of the school to which the seat traditionally belongs. It is possible for a single person to attain more than one with the ultimate level of one person attaining all seats. By tradition, the position of Nine Arts Dragon, holder of all seats, should never be attained by a single person. There were a handful of people that held more than one seat. One such person was part of the Murim Alliance.

"Welcome Principal Nezu," said a warm voice.

Aizawa spent around so that they were facing a tall man. He had four inches on Aizawa and he had light brown hair with hazel eyes. He wore a white dress shirt and black slacks. On the breast of the shirt was a crest of a Bengal tiger. This was Kang Sung the Sammunryong, the Three Arts Dragon.

Nezu returned the greeting, "Thank you, Kang Sung. It is good to be here. How many are participating this year?"

Kang Sung said, "At last count, it was over five thousand. The entrance is about to close and they will move to the arena."

Aizawa gruffly asked, "Anyone of note to keep an eye out for?"

Kang Sung ran a hand over his face thoughtfully, "If rumors are to be believed then the Sunwoo clan will be sending two of its members in. I see Gyu Bum talking to Ms. Joke. He is a retainer for them."

Gyu Bum so that was the fox-like man. He wondered if any of the clans would make it into one of their schools. The Sunwoo Clan mostly kept to themselves. Nezu was curious to find out more but he caught a movement from the corner of his eyes.

He turned in Aizawa's scarf so that he could see it more clearly. A boy entered wearing a black shirt with no signs of any crests on it and black cargo pants. His hair was black in color with the tips shining green when the light hit it. It was cut in an undercut. From his position, Nezu couldn't see his eye color. He could however see something black in color on his neck.

A tattoo? A soul mark? It would have to be a parental soul mark. Then he saw that the boy's hands were gloved. That was unusual. He was the first Nezu had seen that wore any kind of gloves. They looked like regular gloves, not even boxing gloves. Strange.

Kang Sung asked curious, "What are you looking at, Nezu?"

"That boy," replied Nezu pointing a paw to the one who caught his attention, "Who is he?"

Kang Sung looked confused as he followed the point. It only deepened when he saw the boy.

"I don't know."

Round 1 part 1

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Kang Sung waited until the boy was finished checking in. He thought he knew all of the big players that were supposed to be here today. Most masters did their research so they could help their disciples train beforehand. Even if he didn't have a disciple of his own he was curious about who would enter the competition. No one he read about matched this person's description. Anyone who might have matched that description didn't have that kind of power he felt.

It had been a long time since he felt this kind of power from someone so young. Not Goomoonryong had earned his title. That had been so long ago but no one from Murim could forget it. Somehow Kang Sung was reminded of the man in the boy.

The Shinmujengpe was set up in two parts. First was a regular tournament-style fight and would last most of the day. The second day was held for the Nine Seats of the Dragon. Only those who were able to make it to Round 3 of the first day were able to participate. Only the best of the best should be considered so that techniques could be improved on.

Once he was far enough away to not be overheard he made his way to the check-in and asked, "Who was that boy? Was he a Traditionalist? Or someone who went to a school?"

The examiner hummed, "Izuku Midoriya age 15, traditionalist. Undisclosed Master."

So the boy was eligible for the Hero Program. Interesting maybe he was there to get a recommendation into a Hero School. Not unheard of but most only took the best. It would all depend on if his skill matched his ki strength.

The name wasn't familiar to him either. So it could be a normal born with unusual strength. There were a few every generation. His strength however was unnatural for someone not born into Murim. Just an oddity? Or was he missing something?

Then a thought occurred to him, "What are his style and form?"

The examiner frowned, "Undeclared on both counts."

All power no technique then. Someone to teach later possibly. For now, he was of no consequence to him.

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The waiting room was bare and packed full of people. Martial artists from all over the world had arrived. Despite being close he had nearly been late as he was training for the days leading up to the tournament. Being one of the last to arrive meant he was put in the C group. Then again he may have been put in the C group for his lack of form and style. Group C wasn't thought to make it past the second round. He would just have to prove them all wrong.

Forms and styles were key in the eyes of Murim. They allowed students to control the power of their ki. His first master was not about forms and styles. He believed that they should make their own path. Only then could they reach their full potential.

Izuku had taken the Tiger's words to heart and kept an open form. It interchanged based on who he was facing. This also allowed him to face multiple opponents at once. One technique that he favored was the Outer Body Training Method. This allowed him to face opponents of his past in his mind's eye. It would not help him during a match but it would help him learn what he did wrong later.

There was a ping from the band he was given. Everyone who was participating wore a band. They all had A, B, or C on them indicating which group they belonged to. It monitored their health and would disqualify anyone who wasn't able to keep going.

The ping announced it was time for them to enter the arena. Izuku stood and headed for the door. He would not show any fear or hesitation. He belonged here and planned to go all the way to the top. All Nine Seats of the Dragon would be his. Just as they were his second masters.

Their arena was on the far right. Most eyes would be drawn to the center where Group A would be competing. That was where those from the strongest clans and schools would be. Izuku's cousin would be there. He just knew it. Ha Ill would be looking to prove his strength. With any luck, their paths would not cross until the final round of today. A confrontation between them was inevitable but he would rather put it off as long as possible.

As they found space in the small arena he stretched his muscles. There was no reason he should get hurt because he hadn't stretched.

A deep loud voice said, "Welcome Martial Artists young and old to the first round of the Shinmujengpe. This is a freestyle competition that has requirements beyond the age limits. In the middle arena is Group A. On the left is Group B. And finally on the right is Group C. If you have not trained for years this will not end well for you. While there are many skilled doctors here not everything can be healed. No one will look down upon you if you leave now."

Silence followed the announcer's words and no one moved. Then he continued, "The goal of this first round is to take as many of you out of this competition as possible. Only 100 from each group will be allowed to continue on. If you are knocked from the arena for more than twenty seconds or stay down for longer than ten you will be counted as out. Anything you have brought with you is allowed. This includes weapons and ki pellets. Ready. Go!"

For a moment nothing happened. His group that had been jam-packed in the arena just stared at each other. It was unlikely any of them had been in a serious bout with another member of Murim. They were all from small clans and schools. Some were even like him and trained by a master without a school backing.

Izuku didn't move. It was too early to show off his skills yet. If someone saw and warned the other groups he would lose his best advantage. The other arenas burst into activity. They

didn't hesitate to try and catch their opponents off guard. Less than 10% of each group would make it to the second round.

Then his group began to move. One man may be eighteen or nineteen lunged for Izuku. His ki presence was barely over that of a normal person. With ease, he dodged to the left not using a foot technique. He slammed his palm using a tiny morsel of his ki into the man's chest. It sent the man flying out of the ring. He crashed into a barrier and stayed down.

Others who had been fighting each other stopped and watched him warily. Izuku yawned. These people weren't the ones he wanted to fight. If they worked hard and had help from the One Moon School they might reach the title of Master. Might.

As if deciding as one they all lunged for him. The closest to him was a heavy-set teenager maybe a year older than him. He had slightly more ki than the first who came after him. Pulling his ki forward it appeared as if everyone around him had frozen.

He moved forward and pushed off the ground. To everyone, it would appear as if he had teleported. Only ki masters would recognize what had happened. He slammed his foot into the boy's back knocking him forward. Turning in the air he planted his left foot and pushed off just as he had seen his master do. He kicked the boy full strength in his abdomen.

Then he used his retreating lightning steps to get distance again. The world seemed to return to its normal state. The one he attacked collapsed like a sack of potatoes. Fear and uncertainty crossed the other people's faces.

"What is he?"

"Does he really belong in C Group?"

"He can't be human. Maybe he is a demon."

"Don't be stupid. There is no such thing as demons."

Izuku simply watched them. Did he belong in Group C? No not really. He was a child of Murim but no one knew that. The only ones who might have recognized him were likely watching Group A.

Are you up there Uncle? Do you even remember the nephew you treated like a burden?

Round 1 part 2

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First rounds of these competitions were always boring. They were always about weeding out the weak who tried to prove that they were strong. All it did was slow down the process and annoy the oldest members of the clans.

Jeon was not one of these even if he was a Clan Elder. At 35 he had taken part in the previous Shinmujengpe and had done well for himself. He earned two seats of the Dragon going farther than any in their Clan had in centuries.

The Sunwoo Clan was one of the oldest Clans in Murim. Their first Ganju had reached the Manifestation point of training. This allowed ki to form into a master's animal. A point few reached even today. Only Murim Alliance Leaders, the Ten Grandmasters, and a handful of others had reached the point where they could reliably use Manifestation.

It wasn't that they weren't skilled enough to use it. That wasn't the issue. Most masters even Jeon's age had the control necessary to condense their ki into an animal form. No, the issue was that to even make a small animal form it took an enormous amount of ki. To get that amount naturally took a lifetime.

It was why Jinyup of the Reunion was working on a way to artificially expand a person's ki center. Doing this would allow more to reach Manifestation and to be able to use it reliably. From what he heard it wasn't far from the testing stages. The One Moon School was aiding in the endeavor.

His clan only had two who could use Manifestation. Himself and Elder Kwon. Kwon was something of a stick in the mud and had been for nearly 20 years. Ever since the last Clan Head had passed away. They all had been close to the man even Jeon who had only been 15 at the time. His death had broken something in them all. Kwon though he never fully recovered from it. He treated everyone including his own granddaughter like a puppet to be manipulated. It made him sick to think about.

Jeon hadn't been much better less than 10 years ago. He was 25 when his older sister died in an accident. She had left a son orphaned for all intents and purposes. No one could find the father and it was either take the child in or let him be sent to an orphanage. Unwilling to leave a relative in an orphanage he had taken the boy. For the most part, things had been easy. The Clan took care of their own and Izuku had fit in well with the others. At five he was the same age as Jinnie. Kwon's granddaughter. She hadn't taken kindly to someone new hanging around. She didn't touch him but neither did she let him hang out with her. Older children such as Ha Ill mostly ignored him. Especially those who had started their ki training.

When Izuku was seven he was tested with the other children. To everyone's surprise, he had open lines which meant he would be able to use the ki he had. Unfortunately, that was not a lot of ki. When testing the children they found out that Izuku barely had enough to be

considered alive. Every living thing required ki to live. If he learned martial arts he would simply be killing himself.

So they didn't let him join with the others in their training. They gave him the ki gathering exercises but that was it. No one thought he would make it to disciple status much less master. Then one day he was simply gone. No one could remember the last they had seen him. Jeon had been forced to pull his head out of his ass and really look for the boy. Unable to practice martial arts or not he was still family. No sign of him was ever found nor was a ransom made. One would have thought a kidnapper might try to extort the Clan for one of their own. Just as they had done for Lady So-Sul. But there is nothing.

So he was once again left alone in the world. Jeon wasn't interested in trying to find his soulmate. His life belonged to the Clan and he needed to do his best to protect it. With the Alliance trying to tighten its grip on the Clans they needed to have as much strength as they could.

Which was why they were here. It wasn't just to support Jinnie and Ha Ill. They were looking to recruit any promising disciples who weren't bound to a Clan. In older times it was something done often. Clans weren't nearly as large as they were now back then. Sunwoo Clan needed to rebuild its strength and prove itself as one of the strongest without the Alliance stepping in. Goomoonryong had taken So-Sul just a few months prior right out from under their nose. Their only trusted source of information had been Gyu Bum. He had seen and spoken to her.

"Lady So-Sul has ordered that we wait for her chosen Head of Clan," calmly said Gyu Bum, "He will have the Phoenix Medallion."

That's all they knew about this supposedly trustworthy person. All they could do was trust in their Lady and that Gyu Bum hadn't betrayed them.

"Flicker steps?"

Jeon jerked his head up at the question to look. Next to him was Kim Sul-Joong a tall thin man ten years his senior. Jeon could not see anyone using that particular foot technique in Group A or B. Had his fellow Elder been mistaken?

At his questioning look, Kim Sul-Joong pointed to Group C. That made him frown even more. They had agreed to ignore Group C until Round 2. They wanted new members but they didn't want those with bad habits or who would only bring a bad name to the Clan.

To use Flicker Steps reliably in this kind of condition though. That would be someone they wanted to keep an eye on. The screen was on Group C where two teenagers he guessed 15 years old were exchanging blows. Nothing unusual there. It would be their first major competition. What was unusual was that he recognized one immediately.

The one he recognized was a dirty blond-haired boy with bright blue eyes. Kavar Karasu, the disciple of Jinyup. Now, why was he in Group C? At the very least he should have been in Group B. Did he lie to avoid attention?

Then the other boy with black in color with the tips shining green when the light hit it caught his attention. His form flickered in and out as he moved around Kavar with ease. That was definitely Flicker Steps a low-level foot technique that was easy to learn but difficult to master. Someone had put a lot of effort into that boy if the ease he was using them was any indication. Who was he?

"So the Cub has come to sharpen his claws against the trees of the world?"

Jeon had to force himself not to jump at the voice of Jinyup who had come out of nowhere. How had he not sensed the other man's presence as he approached?

Forcing himself not to show his surprise he asked evenly, "Do you know the boy using Flicker Steps?"

Jinyup sounded contemplative as he replied, "Do I know him? I guess you could say I'm invested in him. How far is the Cub willing to go to prove himself? Will the Tiger acknowledge him after all? Or will he fall? So many interesting possibilities. I look forward to seeing what that one does."

Tiger? What in the world did he mean by that? Jeon noticed how the man didn't use the kid's name. Only a title. Cub. The pieces were there if only he could make them fit.

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Izuku caught the kick on his shoulder before shoving Kavar off balance. He had let the hit land just as Kavar allowed him to land a strike to the other's abdomen. It was just like old times. They were exchanging strikes to understand how the other had grown since the last time they met. For them taking light blows was nothing. If they were serious few in Group C would have been able to keep up much less intervene.

More than once members tried to intervene only to be thrown back or out of the arena entirely. Both Izuku and Kavar were holding back a great deal. It was simply they were on an entirely different level than the other disciples. Some of them even began to leave the arena in fear.

There was a flicker of movement and Izuku brought his arm up to block. A fist powered by ki glanced off his block and the person stumbled forward. As Izuku released his breath he slammed his lower leg into the other's abdomen. This sent him flying back before he crashed down onto the floor. He didn't get back up.

Kavar scratched at his chin as he said, "This group is so weak. Why did Master Jinyup want me here? I'd get better practice from fighting with first years at the school."

Izuku snorted, "It's because we are in Group C. If we wanted a real challenge we should have gone into Group B."

"And risk alerting everyone?" Grinned his friend.

Izuku shared it and they both said, "Nah."

Before they could say or do anything else the announcer said, "And that's it! Group C Round 1 is done! Contestants head to your waiting rooms for further instructions."

Round 2 part 1

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In the waiting room they found a screen with brackets waiting for them. Below the brackets he saw that their names were next to a new group number. He was in Group 1 with a bunch of no names. The only notable person was So-Chun Hyuk. If Izuku remembered correctly he was the Second in Command of the Chundomoon. On the right side of the the screen was the rules for the upcoming round.

They were practically the same as the previous round. Weapons and all styles were accepted and encouraged to be used. What was different however was the conditions to move onto Round 3. It was individually based conditions.

First was that a participant must beat at least two opponents. Second they cannot lose more than one fight. Team loss would count as a point against every participant in the ground. Teams would face each other based on the bracket. Losing team would face losing teams. A person like So-Chun Hyuk could carry an entire team by taking on an entire team alone. Izuku didn't know his reserve levels but technique wise he could pull it off. This would prevent them from having a team loss but they wouldn't get their individual wins required to move.

The administration was definitely trying to cut down their numbers by more than half. It was a brilliant plan as he realized that groups would have a mixture of participants they wouldn't want to go forward. Too bad they didn't plan for someone like him.

Glancing through the brackets he looked for interesting fights. Kavar he wouldn't see again until team finals if the fights lasted that long. Then he saw a very familiar name and a feral grin cut across his face. Yuri Linus the youngest of the group that his master had been apart of. At 25 she was barely within the age limit of participating in this competition.

They would be facing each other in the arena should they win this first bracket. Izuku had no doubt they would considering who they were against. It would be useless for him to participate in the first fight. So he decided he was going to watch her first bracket rather than fight in his own. What he knew of her style was from Yoochun. Things could have changed since the two last fought.

"Midoriya?"

Izuku turned to face the speaker. So-Chun Hyuk was of medium height ith black hair and dark eyes. He was maybe a year or two older than Izuku. He wore a lightweight gi that had the school's crest on it. It was a stark contrast to Izuku's own plain clothes that gave no hint to his own origin. No better not think about that. He was no longer a seven year old boy.

Putting on a fake bright smile he said, "That's me! You must be So-Chun Hyuk. It's an honor to meet you."

The older boy didn't so much as blink as he said, "Yes. We were searching for you so that we can discuss our strategy."

With feigned excitement he followed the other. So-Chun would definitely make it to the next round. This was his best chance to find out about the other's fighting style. To his disappointment however the discussion was focused on everyone else. So-Chun was judging their worth in the upcoming fights. By the look on his face he was not impressed by their capabilities.

When it came to his turn Izuku downplayed his abilities, "I most focused on foot techniques. The ones I favor are Flicker and Lightning steps. I also have some ability towards close combat. Focusing ki to a single point mostly."

There was a flicker of annoyance in So-Chun's face. The others had explained what he had done during his fight. His explanation would be enough for them to underestimate him. Unless he fighting Yuri, Izuku had little interest in showing his true strength until the next round.

So-Chun then said, "This is how things are going to go. Two of you will fight the other team until you lose. After that I'll step in and finish them. The first bracket is just going to be no names."

The like yourselves was left unsaid. His teammates began quietly discussing who was going first. Everyone was eager to get their two wins. After much arguing and So-Chun having to intervene the two were decided. Less than five minutes later they were called out into the arena again. As the others went to their set area Izuku slipped away.

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As Izuku predicted the vain Yuri Linus was standing in arena. She would be the only one to fight this bracket from her team. She looked bored out of her mind. If one didn't know any better they would have thought she was modeling for a magazine. Her clothes were skimpy and definitely not made for battle.

It wasn't just her clothes that were off putting either. Her presence was weak and if that was the only criteria she would have been put in Group C with him. She must have been using a technique to suppress her presence. Anyone who thought her weak was going to be in for a nasty surprise. He almost pitied them.

The team she was up against was a mix of Group B and C. No one was particularly powerful but a few carried weapons. He hoped for their sake they could actually use them.

The announcer stepped into the arena and announced excitedly, "Welcome back everyone to Round 2. Like with the previous Round we will have all three arenas being used. To move onto the next Round fighters must have at least 2 wins and no more than 1 loss. Losses are counted both as individual and team. So be careful or you may just end up not making it into the second bracket. Now for the first fight in this arena this is Team 7 versus Team 11. Remember anything goes. From quirks to weapons. Now for our fighter. From the Reunion

we have Yuri Linus of the Heavenly Riches Clan. From the Iron Body Clan we have Tetsu Tetsu. Remember no maiming your opponent. Ready. Fight!"

It happened in the blink of an eye. One moment Tetsu Tetsu was lunging for Yuri. The next he was being thrown back by a blast. Vacuum Blast. It was a blast that expands the emptiness in a distance. From his understanf at least. According to his master it had less power than other techniques but required less ki. Thus it could be used more often. Was Yuri saving her strength for the real fight? Probably.

Everyone in the arena was absolutely silent unsure of what to do. Every fiber of Izuku screamed at him get in the arena. Fight her even if he lost it would be an interesting experience. Not to mention he would be able to fight her as often as he liked. Without the risk of her killing him. That was the best perk of the Outer Body Training Method.

The rest of this bracket was done much of the same way. Including a girl with a quirk that allowed her to enlarge both of her hands. She lasted no longer than anyone else had against Yuri. They just were no match for the master of Heavenly Riches. In less than five minutes all of Team 11 were finished. Izuku did not wait for the announcement of their win instead he headed towards his own arena.

Round 2 part 2

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When he returned to his arena he found the fights were over. As expected So-Chun had taken out everyone on the other team. He would likely need time to recuperate. He was no Yuri after all. Sure the boy had large center but it was not artificially enhanced like most of the Reunion.

So-Chun asked with a mild sneer, "Did you get the information you wanted?"

Izuku barely gave him a glance as he replied, "I did. I request that I be the one to face off against Yuri."

"Yuri Linus?"

"Yes," he answered shortly.

"You've lost your mind if you think you can take her," said another member of their team, "You should just let So-Chun do it again."

Izuku rolled his eyes and asked, "You do realize you have to fight to make it into the next round? To let him continue to fight will do nothing to help you."

"Oh and fighting a losing battle is better?"

Izuku shrugged but his green eyes were on the dark haired man. For his part So-Chun simply shrugged and disinterestedly replied, "Do whatever you want. If you lose don't blame me."

"Good."

They didn't have to wait long to be called into the next arena. As he expected Yuri Linus was there. Still waiting on her next opponent. She looked positively bored. Time to end that.

The announcer noticed his approach and asked leaning away from the mic, "Name and title?"

Izuku paused considering his answer. He could name himself as his true self, a disciple of new of the most dangerous members of Murim. Or he name his heritage. His eyes shifted to the audience briefly before he discounted that. They would know as soon as they heard his name.

Deciding he said, "Izuku Midoriya, Disciple of Two"

"Who?"

Izuku simply shook his head refusing to answer that. It was enough for him. He was declaring himself a private study without giving a name. His techniques would speak for themselves.

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Jeon sipped at the whiskey that was brought for him. He was bored out of his mind but at least the second part of round 2 should be interesting. Already two entire teams were dropped.

A new team was brought out into the arena in front of them. As expected Yuri Linus was still in the arena looking bored. Dark eyes narrowed as he saw one teenager head towards the arena. That child looked familiar.

He leaned forward trying to get a better look. Kwon was giving him an odd look as he did so. It was too far for him to see the child's face.

The announcer began, "Welcome to part two of Round Two. This time we have a match between Team 1 and Team 7. Yuri Linus of the Heavenly Riches Clan as chosen to remain in the arena and face another team. For Team 1 we have Izuku Midoriya."

Jeon jolted. What?! It couldn't be. He looked up at the large TV screen who showed the dark haired boy who was jumping into the arena. He was older than Jeon remembered. Older and colder than he thought was possible. His features were unmistakable. That was his nephew.

"It that," Kwon questioned.

All Jeon could do was nod as the announcer continued, "Izuku Midoriya is the Disciple of Two. What that means who knows. He did not face anyone in their previous match. And has no previous tournament stats. Time to see if you can truly stand up against the Reunion's hand chosen."

Izuku didn't deem the man worthy of a comment. What was he doing here? He couldn't use his ki. There wasn't enough in his body for him to survive a battle.

"Ready? Begin!"

A loud explosion rocked the arena.

...

Yuri was not fooling around. Izuku had a bright grin on his face as he jumped back. No use in trying to use Flicker Steps here. It would only get him injured. Lightning steps were the next step then.

There was a flicker of anger across the woman's face. It made his grin turn into a full smile. He was his master's student and in this moment he was proving it. Yoochun did always love annoying the Heavenly Riches Clan.

Around him the world blurred as he shifted his weight back. Twh, the retreating foot technique. Gasps sounded it as people realized he was more than he seemed. Lightning steps. Still not his full capabilities but enough. For now.

When he stopped now at the very edge of the arena Yuri looked at him. She no longer seemed to be bored. Or interesting enough did she seem angry. Just curious.

"Who are you?"

His head tilted to the side as he asked in return, "What's it to you, Yuri? Afraid of someone your sister's age?"

"I do not fear someone whose center is so weak," she snarled, "You are barely more than a normal person."

Izuku pointed a finger at her as he said, "That's where you're wrong. I am the Disciple of Two. One of whom you know. As does the leader of the Reunion who I know is watching."

"Oh and who might be so high in the weak clans that we might know their name?"

"Figure it out," he snipped.

As Izuku breathed in she used Spatial Void Fist. Instead of retreating Izuku went forward and slipped around her. This was Hweh the avoidance foot technique. It allowed him to go behind her. They were back to back now.

Confused she looked around. She snapped, "Coward! Where are you?!"

He turned and shoved her lightly. It forced her to forward and he retreated again. Yuri was getting serious now. In the last battle no one had gotten close to beating her. Izuku wasn't just anyone however.

Around him the air felt as if it was being sucked away. Shit! He shifted to the left narrowly avoiding the full strength of Vacuum Strike. The leg of his left pant was torn from his body. It nearly caused him to drop against the floor.

Looking down he could see the way it began to swell. That was going to bruise nastily later but he was sure nothing was broken. Keeping his breathing slow and steady he watched Yuri. Every attack she made had a tell such as the air being sucked away.

Her foot shifted to the right and Izuku went left. Lightning steps kept him just ahead of the attack. There was no chance to counter attack much to his annoyance. All the while Yuri continued to berate his repeated evasions.

She continued to throw out Vacuum Strike after Vacuum Strike. Unlike the first time she used it he was not caught off guard. The current injury was not causing him any issues. Only the constant use of a mid level foot technique. It would be time to take a ki pellet.

Did he want to switch to his first teacher's teachings? Currently he was using the second's and it would only last so long. He could also switch to offensive mode from here still using the second's teaching. Which would be more fun?

Izuku brought his hand down to the dispenser at his side. Pushing it down twice brought two pellets the size of marbles into his palm. They didn't have any taste as he popped them both

into his mouth and crushed the pellets. The surge of ki was almost immediate. It filled his center and overfilled.

Around him the air began to crackle. Ki pressure was made the announcer flinch. His eyes trailed up towards the booth that held the Alliance members. They would be interested in anyone that didn't fit the mold. A description that fit him perfectly.

Internally Izuku grabbed at his ki and pushed it through filtering it into a pure form. Across his chest blue lightning began to appear. It was small almost unnoticeable at first unless someone knew what they were looking for. By the way Yuri's eyes blazed with anger she knew what it meant.

Heavenly Riches and Heavenly Paths. Two sides of the same coin. Once they were allies now they were enemies. The Enlightenment of Thunder and Lightning was his path. His first Master was the Lightning Tiger and was once a friend of Yuri's. They had a falling out over her views along with the Fire Dragon and Earth Beast.

"The Cub," she breathed.

Only a second passed before she released the full force of her ki pressure. The entire arena with a handful of exceptions took a collective breath. She had more ki in her body than entire teams in the competition. If he had been anyone else it was likely that he would have given up right then. However he knew the truth. Quality over quantity.

She lunged and the killing intent was strong. An open palm made to strike him in the jaw with enough ki to remove his head from his neck. Keeping his back foot planted Izuku stepped to the side the attack barely missing. To ensure she didn't try to follow through with a backhand he brought a hand up and pressed it against the wrist.

His lighting ki made her muscle contract painfully. Her jaw locked almost immediately. Then she retreated her eyes angry. No more words would be exchanged now.

Confrontation part 1

...

A smoky bar packed full of Murim members watched the TV screens intently. Some were from the Reunion. Others were Traditionalists. It was one of the few neutral grounds that no one would attack their enemies. Nor could they be attacked on the grounds. Information exchanges most commonly happened here as well.

This was why Yoochun Lee was here. He was looking to gather information about the Heavenly Riches Clan. While he had been friends with Yuri and Jinyup things changed. Like the Reunion deciding to take part in the Shinmujengpe. That was not normal and he had the feeling that they were up to something.

"Kid has balls," said a gruff unknown voice.

Yoochun ignored them. It was none of his business who was participating in the Shinmujengpe.

"Going against Linus," said another, "He's got to be suicidal."

Yoochun blinked in surprise. Someone was going against the Heavenly Riches. That was suicidal if they didn't have the Heavenly Paths training. Not his business. It was not his business.

"No one sane would purposely go against the Heavenly Riches," agreed the first.

Against his better judgment Yoochun looked up at the screen and he had to clench his jaw to stop it from dropping open. He recognized the boy who was expertly exchanging strikes with Yuri.

What in the hell was his Cub doing there? Izuku was told to keep his head down and avoid the Reunion's notice. This was the farthest from avoiding their notice he could possibly get. Then he saw the lightning and swore under his breath.

No more hiding it seemed. Izuku had announced himself to the world. The Cub was there and he was going to show the world what he could do.

...

In a similar bar on the other side of the country another man sat sipping his beer. His brown eyes were glued to the screen as he watched Izuku face off against Yuri Linus. He had to hand it to the brat he had balls.

Chun Woo had spent a year teaching the boy with Kang Sera. He had wondered what she had taught him in the last year. Whatever it was it had the intended effect. Izuku was expertly

using techniques they had barely touched on. Foot techniques he had only been shown once on the last night.

"Isn't that your disciple?" The bartender questioned.

Chun said over the glass, "He is. I'm surprised at how well he's doing."

"You think he might take the seats?"

Now wouldn't that be interesting? He would be the second generation of Goomoonyrongs. Would they set a new precedence?

That would certainly be interesting if Izuku did in fact win. Chun Woo doubted however the kid had the strength. His ki center was smaller than all of his peers. Most children starting out had more ki than he did and no matter what they had tried it refused to grow. He had not told Izuku that but it was the unfortunate truth.

Ki techniques could only get the kid so far. Without access to more ki he would be unable to keep up the fight.

"Oh shit."

Chun glanced up sharply just in time to see the cameras of the event go dead. He could hear the commentators asking what was going on. There was no answer however. What in the world?

...

Izuku pushed himself painfully to his feet as he tried to understand what happened. Two versions of Spacial Void Fist collided. In the end the referee had to intervene or risk Izuku and Yuri killing each other. Izuku's shirt was no longer whole. It barely had a sleeve left to it. The rest was no longer in existence. Yuri wasn't much better off and if he wasn't Chun's disciple he might have looked away in embarrassment.

Instead he took a breath before releasing it calming his anger. If he didn't keep it down his ki would try to manifest. That would prove disastrous.

For his part the referee seemed to be consulting with the administrators. The argument was heated even if he couldn't hear what was being said. From the corner of his eye he could see Yuri was glaring at him. The barest twitch of his lips showed his amusement at her antics.

The twitch was gone when he looked to the left and saw a man standing there. He was over six feet tall with shaggy black hair and a scraggly beard. His dark eyes were fixed on Izuku and a shiver ran down his spine. That man.

Izuku was half tempted to turn from him and act as if he didn't recognize him. He didn't. He couldn't. For they both knew that just as he had recognized Izuku just as Izuku had recognized his uncle. The man was Jeon Jang-Il elder to the Sunwoo Clan, the youngest to date.

At his side his hands clenched. He refused to turn away from the man who had ignored his existence. The man who was supposed to look after him and treat him as his own. Yeah. Right. Izuku had been a burden in their eyes.

Behind his uncle there were other familiar faces. Ones he hadn't seen since he left the clan to train under Yoochun. Elder Kwon gave him the same disapproving look he had before. He never accepted Izuku's position in the clan. If he had his way Izuku would have been thrown into an orphanage. It made the youth want to use his untraceable quirk on the man. That would be murder however and he didn't think that would look good on his resume.

The referee returned to the center of the arena drawing his attention. He waved him and Yuri forward so that stood in the center glaring at each other.

The referee said staring at them intently, "This battle is declared a tie. Neither of you will be allowed to fight in the rest of the Round. You both will get a point in the win as a consolation."

Well that was something. Though if he couldn't fight for the rest of this battle that was annoying. He had wait until the next round to fight anyone else.

Yuri growled, "You should just let us continue this fight. I want to continue this."

The referee said coldly, "This is my final decision. If you continue to argue I will have you disqualified."

Izuku said with a cold smile, "We will meet again in the next round Yuri. Just ensure that you make it."

She sneered, "Of course I'll make it. You had better as well."

Then she turned on her heel and stalked out of the arena. Relief seemed to flood the referee and Izuku also turned away. Only to bump right into his uncle. So they would be doing this now.

Confrontation part 2

...

Dark eyes glared down at Izuku as he stepped back just out of reach. Jang-Il was the young Elder of the Sunwoo Clan. His skills were not to be underestimated, if he wanted to hurt Izuku he could. Space between them would be the best of his options.

Jang-Il asked softly, "Izuku?"

Izuku folded his arms across his chest and glared, "What's it to you, Sunwoo Elder?"

Jang-Il flinched at the use of his title. Izuku refused to feel sorry for his uncle. This was the same man who abandoned him.

Jang-Il took a breath before he said, "I didn't expect this. Your ki center shouldn't be able to support you fighting with it."

Izuku bared his teeth and growled lowly, "If you had given me the chance you would know that its possible. I learned from one of the most notorious members of our community. That's why I have these!"

He unclipped the pellet dispenser from his belt and waved it in front of the man's face. There was a flash of confusion across Jang-Il. If the man wasn't a Clan Elder he might have believed that he didn't know about ki pellets. Unfortunately for his uncle, Izuku knew that there were members of the Sunwoo Clan who used them before. Even weeks before Izuku had run away someone had gotten ki pellets. Yet no one thought they might be useful to him.

Jang-Il questioned still confused, "Ki pellets? What do those have to do about anything?"

"They are what allowed me to get to this point," he snapped, "My teachers have taught me and expanded my ki center. Unlike you and the clan treated me like I was their own."

Izuku tried to get past the man. He wanted to relax and go over his mistakes before the next bout. He would make it to the next round he had to. The unofficial prize would make all the difference in the next day's events.

Jang-Il however refused to let him pass and grabbed his bicep. Eyes widening with fear Izuku immediately tugged his arm away and put distance between them. It was only a few seconds. The man should be fine... He hoped.

"What happened to you?" Asked Jang-Il exhausted.

Izuku frowned as he replied, "I grew up. I had to, given who was teaching me the ways of Murim. If you had actually cared about me like Mom wanted you would know what happened. You wouldn't have abandoned me because my center couldn't handle regular

training. It took someone not related to me to realize a solution. A solution mind you that had been used on others within the clan. Yet I was the one left out."

"Izuku..." He tried contritely but Izuku was done listening.

Roughly he pushed past the man and in a fit of bad luck Jang-Il lost his balance. Izuku barely glanced at him to make sure he was still alive. Then he left for the waiting room passing right by Elder Kwon. The two glared at each other and Izuku could feel the air pressure around him grow heavy with his ki pressure. Besides a slight stutter in his step he didn't freeze in fear. In years prior he would have been terrified but this man's ki presence was nothing compared to either of his teachers'.

"Will you try something here?" He asked in a dark tone.

Kwon didn't answer and Izuku gave a feral grin reminiscent of Goomonyrongs'.

"Will you risk the Tiger or the Dragon's wrath? The Sunwoo Clan is powerful but can you risk such enemies?"

In the man's eyes anger flashed. Izuku prepared for an attack. He didn't get the chance to find out what the man would decide. Behind Kwon another man came out and looked between them. He realized it was Kang Sung one of the highest ranking members of Murim.

Bowing low in respect towards the man he greeted, "Greetings, Kang Sung Er. My teachers send their regards."

Kang Sung raised an eyebrow at him before looking at his disciple marks. Thanks to his shirt being destroyed in his fight two tattoos were revealed. Hazel eyes immediately locked onto the black and green dragon with nine spines that ran down its back. There were only a few who would be able to recognize it as the mark of Goomonyrongs' disciple. All nine seats were shown by the spines. He knew that Kang Sung held three seats himself. But unlike Izuku he had not learned the Black Heaven and Earth Techniques. So his coloring would be different.

Behind Kang Sung a scruffy looking man who could be mistaken for being homeless was coming out. Izuku's interest was peaked by the grey scarf that was wrapped around his neck. Now what was the Underground Hero Eraserhead doing here? This wasn't normally somewhere he would attend. And was his capture scarf moving?

A white furry head popped out of the scarf and Izuku immediately recognized him. What the fuck was Nezu doing here? This had to be one of the... No THE strangest day of his life. And that included the time he spent an entire day at the beach babysitting instead of learning foot techniques.

Kang Sung said snapping out of his shock, "Give your master my greetings in return. Mr?"

"Izuku. Izuku Midoriya."

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Midoriya," easily continued to Murim Master, "These gentlemen would like to speak to you. This is Aizawa Shouta and Nezu from UA."

Offer

...

Shouta wasn't sure what to make of the young man. There was a history between the two members of Murim. Even without being able to sense ki the same way Murim members could, he could sense the pressure they were putting off. The younger was glaring hatefully with bright green eyes. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea to talk to this one.

A glance at his boss told Shouta retreating wasn't an option. Damn it. When they were introduced by Kang Sung the green eyes turned towards them. There was a flash of recognition in them.

What? A member of Murim being able to recognize Shouta? Nezu he could understand but him?

"The Pro Hero Eraserhead," said the young man in a breathless voice and a shallow bow, "I didn't expect to see an Underground Hero here. And Principal Nezu. Welcome to the Shinmujengpe. May your ventures here prove useful."

Manners from one of the Murim? That was even more of a shock than anything else. Sure they tended to greet each other in such formal ways. But them? That was not normal no matter what anyone might say.

Shouta returned the bow with a nod of his head and greeted, "It is nice to meet you, Mr. Midoriya. Your fight was well done despite it ending in a draw. I haven't seen anything like that so far."

Midoriya stared at him hard for a long moment unblinking. Then he bowed his head and said, "Thank you. It's the first time I've competed in the tournaments."

"Really?" Questioned Nezu, "Extraordinary. For someone who has not fought in a tournament you are holding your own. Now I was hoping to have the chance to speak to you. Normally we don't make offers until after the tournaments but you are a special case."

The boy tilted his head to the side just enough so that Shouta got a better look at his neck. He gave a jolt of surprise at the mark that was there. On the young man's neck was a black cat stretched out almost from collarbone to chin. Around its neck was a very familiar white cloth. This was his soulmark.

Midoriya's attention was no longer on him however. Its sole focus was on Nezu who was showing his own curiosity. Something told him they should not be left alone together. Ever.

"What kind of offer?" Asked Midoriya suspicion clear in his green eyes.

A feral grin spread across Nezu's face, "An offer for you to attend UA. It is my understanding that you do not belong to any school as it is. We can offer you schooling and protection. As

well as allow you to pursue any dream that may interest you."

"And if I refuse?" Demanded the boy unflinchingly.

Well now. That was certainly unusual. Most people would be honored to attend a school like UA. Then again he was a member of Murim. There was a very real chance he didn't hold the Hero Course in high regard.

Kang Sung gave him a sharp look as did Jang-Il as he walked up. How long had the Sunwoo Clan Elder been listening in? Midoriya gave Jang-Il a wilting look before returning his focus to Nezu. There was a history there. Interesting.

Nezu finally answered, "We would of course accept any decision you made. But I do hope you will consider it. There are many things you could learn at my school and many things we could in turn learn. However the decision does not have to be made now. I'll give you time to think about it. I simply wanted to put the offer out there."

Green eyes considered them for a moment before he agreed, "I'll think about it. Now if you'll excuse me."

...

The final battle for the round went smoothly. Izuku knocked four people out before he stepped out of the ring. After fighting with Yuri it simply didn't compare. He was bored half to death.

This was not what interested him. All that interested him was making it to the next day. That was when they would be fighting for the Seats of the Dragon. Izuku fully intended on being the second person to earn all seven and thus become Goomoonyrongs himself. Chun-Woo could keep the title itself for all he cared. It was a matter of pride and proving himself. He wanted Murim to recognize him as more than just the weakling he had been growing up.

What happened next made it seem as if the universe heard his thoughts in that moment and decided to fuck with him. With acrid smoke burning appearing and burning the back of each of the contestants throats the head judge appeared. In response to his appearance Izuku bared his teeth like an animal. As a member of Murim he should have known better than to do something so stupid.

A tall arrogant looking man in his late twenties appeared on the main stage. He had slicked back brown hair and bright hazel eyes. Looking at the man he wouldn't have expected him to be Murim. In that suit he certainly wasn't a hero. All those had come in costume. The weirdos.

He greeted the crowd in a voice that wasn't loud but the power behind it carried, "I am Heo Won-Jae, Munju of the Sun and Moon School. Over the last few weeks we have been in negotiations with the Murim Alliance to make a prize on the first days festivities. As most of you know today was the preliminary for the real trials tomorrow."

Izuku hummed. He was curious to know why the man was here. Around him the others were ignoring the man. All except for a handful of them thought he wasn't worth their time. The prizes were typically some money or spending time learning in a school. What did the Sun and Moon School have to offer?

Noticing the lack of interest the man smiled, "It seems you are not interested. Then maybe I should take back the Il-Wol Shin-Dan since it won't be appreciated here."

That got everyone's attention. Even those who were in the crowd. What did he just say? He couldn't be serious. That was the thought on each of the minds.

Il-Wol Shin-Dan roughly translated to Sun And Moon Divine Pill. It is the greatest creation of medical sciences in the whole Murim. There are said to be only three pills in the entire Murim and the cost for each one is one billion yen. Upon ingestion the pills causes the body to create limitless amounts of Ki resulting in the break down of the individual's body and death. It is also the only known confirmed cure of the Yin Body Types. This is probably because since the pill creates so much Ki the areas that are blocked from Ki distribution are forced opened and the formerly suppressed Ki begins circulating.

Izuku had to have it.

Beginning of the final round

...

The final round were duels against other competitors. To his surprise out of everyone who passed the second round only 16 agreed to continue to go forward. Fear was on the faces as they looked at the Linus sisters. They obviously thought that they were the obvious winners. Izuku refused to back down however. That prize was worth the fight he was facing.

Though as he looked at the brackets he felt a shiver go down his spine. The second fight would have him facing Yuri and then Vera in the third. How unlucky. He hoped that he would only have to fight one of them. Fighting both would be exhausting.

His current opponent was a boy with straight blond hair and brown eyes. He wore a light grey shirt and black shorts with fingerless gloves. They called him Rud Han and he was part of the Reunion. That made him Izuku's enemy. If Izuku had to guess he was about two or three years older than himself.

Rud rubbed the back of his neck as he said in a rough tenor, "You should just give it up. You are just a nobody within Murim. While you've done well to make it this far you won't beat me."

Izuku tilted his head to the side and asked, "You haven't seen my previous fights have you. That's fine. The more you discount me the more you'll regret it later. Take my advise. Don't hold back."

The referee came up to stand in between them with a stern look. There was no hype or boosting the crowd. Everyone was ready for things to get started. They would start building up the crowd again in the semi finals.

He asked, "Are you both ready?"

Both he and Rud nodded.

"Begin!"

Rud lunged for him. His claw-like fingers shone with ki as they swiped at Izuku. Twelh allowed him to avoid the strike easily. As he moved Rud spun on his heel and came for him again. Reading the movement however Izuku kept retreating across the arena.

Discontented noises came from the spectators. They were used to his flashy fights when he wasn't on the sidelines. Izuku ignored them. Out of all opponents he could face this boy was the one he knew the least about. He wanted to see as many techniques as he could. Training to use during the Outer Body Training Method.

There was frustration in the brown eyes as Izuku slipped to the left of another strike. Izuku's green eyes were bright with excitement. New opponents that had the skill to back up their

words were always exciting.

When the attacks stopped Izuku paused his head tilting to the side in confusion. Surely that wasn't it. Izuku could sense the amount of ki Rud held within his body. It was that of a mid ranking Master; artificially raised by the Reunion. There was no way he knew only a minor technique. Jinyup wouldn't allow it. So what was his game?

Rud chose to use a flowing foot technique to bring himself swiftly to in front of Izuku. This technique was different. It was an open palm headed for his chest. There was a lot of ki behind that attack. It was on the level of Inner Strike Technique.

Instead of dodging Izuku grabbed Rud's wrist and turned it away from him. The feeling of ki exploding from in front of the palm only proved his theory. Izuku kicked Rud with all of the force of his ki as he released the wrist. Rud was thrown to the far side of the arena and he coughed up blood. It splattered the white arena floor.

A sigh escaped Izuku as he relaxed his stance; his hands went into his pocket and his shoulders rolled back. The crowd erupted into loud cheers as it didn't seem Rud would be getting up anytime soon. This would be his win it would seem. Izuku hoped Vera Linus would prove as much of a challenge as her sister.

A groan caught his attention and he saw Rud rising up to his hands and knees. More blood was spit up and Izuku made a face. Maybe he should have held back some. He didn't want to kill the older boy after all.

"I'll give your words back to you," Izuku said coolly, "Give up. You won't beat me. Not as you are right now."

"You bastard," snarled Rud, "What the fuck are you?"

Izuku rolled his eyes as he replied, "I am just another fighter. Don't blame me for not being strong enough to keep going. Blame your own luck for having me as your first opponent."

As he expected Rud collapsed back into the blood pool. The referee immediately put himself between them and declared, "Izuku Midoriya is the winner of the First Fight of the Final Round."

There were disappointed mutters but nothing could be done. Rud was likely only a member of the Reunion by association with Jinyup's school. Jinyup and his school were Izuku's enemies by association. Just as Izuku was their's because of his association with Yoochun.

Izuku headed towards the waiting he was using. It was away from the others as he was not affiliated with any clan or school. The two Dragon Schools representatives would be up in the next two fights. They would go against the Linus sisters and they would lose.

As he left the arena he pulled his hand out and dropped a pellet into it. A quick toss of the pellet and he felt a rush of unpurified ki. While he didn't use much in the fight he wanted to be sure that he was at the top of his game. Vera Linus would be an interesting fight for him. He hoped she didn't disappoint.

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