

**(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)**

**Bonus chapter! This story will move to a weekly update schedule once we reach the public release. Until then, we'll update every Sunday/Wednesday for the next couple weeks. And then just on Sundays after that!**

**A/N: Izuku wakes back up and starts to learn the truth behind the ancient adage 'Mo' Money, Mo' Problems'.**

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When he wakes up, Izuku has been moved from the floor to a chair. However, he's still in the same room as before... and the besuited man made of purple mist is standing there watching him from the far wall across the room. Waiting silently for him to rouse from his slumber, apparently.

Not one for panicking or freaking out, Izuku does neither. Instead, he sits quietly... and takes stock of his situation. He's neither tied down nor injured in any way save for the soreness from the blows he took earlier during his infiltration. He also still has all of his equipment except for the tranquillizer pen, which admittedly he'd left buried in All For One's neck.

All For One... Izuku hadn't even known the villain's name before coming here tonight. He'd known him as All Might's killer, he'd managed to uncover evidence of him being part of Japan's underworld for hundreds of years... but he hadn't learned what the man was actually called until he found himself fighting for control of his own body from the bastard.

Not until All Might and all those others had shown up to drag All For One kicking and screaming into the depths of Izuku's psyche had he found out just how badly he'd misstepped. Instinctively, he knows now that those... were all Quirks. They'd manifested as the people they'd once belonged to... back before All For One used his own Quirk to steal them.

That was All For One's Quirk. He could take and give Quirks at will. All he needed was to place his palm on someone and it was done. Izuku had been foolish to ever let himself get within physical range of the man, but to be fair it wasn't like he knew what All For One could do. Still, he should have made a better plan, taken more... precautions.

Of course... where Izuku was concerned, there was nothing to steal. All For One's plan for him had never been simple Quirk Theft... no, he wanted Izuku's body. When he grabbed onto Izuku, he didn't try to take anything... instead, he gave Izuku everything. Every Quirk, including his own... along with All For One himself. He'd transferred his mind into Izuku, expecting to be able to dominate the unsuspecting younger man without issue.

And the sad truth is... it would have worked. Izuku doesn't think he could have defeated All For One on his own, not when the villain had stacked the deck so completely in his favor. Not without a whole lot of forewarning and time to prepare himself... and maybe not even then.

If not for All Might's ghost and all of the other Quirks that All For One stole over the years, Izuku would have been toast. They saved him... this was their victory, not his.

A single tear travels down Izuku's cheek even as a rueful smile etches itself across his face. He'd spent over a decade hunting down All Might's killer to avenge the Symbol of Peace. Only to need the last vestige of the man to save him at the finish line. Fuck...

But now... all that power still resided in Izuku. How had All Might put it?

*"Izuku Midoriya. You have just been unwittingly granted a great deal of power. All For One is no more... but his Quirk, all of our Quirks, will remain within you. What you do next is up to you... but I have faith you will do the right thing. I believe in you, Izuku. In another life... I would have been proud to willingly make you my successor."*

Yeah... so... no fucking pressure, Izuku supposed. Wasn't like he'd spent the past decade and a half focusing on one thing to the detriment of everything else, only to reach the finish line and be 'gifted' more power than he knew what to fucking do with. And by his own enemy, no less!

Huffing, he finally turns his head to regard the bed where All For One's maimed corpse should have been resting... only to jolt and curse at what he sees there.

"Holy fuck! How long was I out?!"

The question is rhetorical in nature, dragged out of him by the state of All For One's body... or rather, remains. The body doesn't exist at this point, having decomposed to nothing but dust and bone fragments. The most intact piece left is the top half of the skull and... not much else.

It's deeply unsettling to see the tranquillizer pen that Mei made for him resting near the top of the pile of what had once been a full-blown corpse with skin and blood and organs.

And yet, even if the question is rhetorical... it still receives an answer.

"An hour, Master."

Right, because Izuku isn't alone in the room. His eyes move away from the bed and over to where the mist man stands with his arms behind his back and his stance that of a perfectly poised servant. Narrowing his eyes, Izuku slowly stands, ready to defend against any aggressive movements... and yet, not seeing any.

Once he's on his feet, he moves through his muscle groups carefully but also swiftly, making sure his preliminary check of his physical health from before hadn't missed anything. No further injuries. He's still in fighting shape. Actually... he's better than that. An ocean of power resides within him now. Hundreds of Quirks at his beck and call.

Breathing out slowly, Izuku considers lying for a long moment. Clearly this... other man had a Heteromorphic Quirk. And given how he'd entered the room, it was one that let him teleport at will. And for some reason, he thought Izuku was his Master.

Well... no, not some reason. A very good reason, Izuku must admit. Because without the help he'd received, it would be All For One that the heteromorph was talking to right now. Not Izuku. So yeah, Izuku had a choice to make. Did he try to pretend to be the villain who had given him all this power? Or was he honest, potentially to his own detriment?

In the end... Izuku shakes his head.

"I'm not your Master."

It's not that lying is beneath him or anything. It's more that he doesn't have a hope of hiding his true nature from this heteromorph if he was in any way particularly close to All For One... which all things considered, seemed rather likely. Better to be upfront from the beginning, he figured.

"You are. You are the Young Master now. The inheritor of all that belonged to the old Master."

Wait... what? Izuku narrows his eyes.

"Oh? Explain that."

"Of course. Put simply, Master, that is the old Master, wrote his Will in such a way to bequeath everything he owned to one man... you, Izuku Midoriya, his trusted accountant."

Izuku's mouth opens... and then closes. His jaw clenches. Of fucking course All For One would do that. He thought he was going to end up controlling Izuku's body, of course. And so he'd made sure that when he 'died', his next of kin, the one to receive his inheritance, would be his new body.

Did that mean All For One hadn't trusted this man with his real plan? Who even was he... actually, best to start there probably.

"Who are you, exactly?"

If the besuited man is remotely perturbed by Izuku not knowing him on sight, he doesn't show it. Instead, he simply bows low at the waist, a hand of purple mist and shadow held to his chest.

"I am Kurogiri, Young Master. Loyal servant to the old Master, and just as loyal to you as well. Your orders?"

Kurogiri... Izuku recognized that name, his eyes narrowing thoughtfully.

"Hang on... you're with the League of Villains. Wait a second... All For One was behind the League of Villains?"

The moment he says it out loud, the question feels incredibly stupid... but Izuku had truly never made the connection. Why? Because the League of Villains was fucking incompetent to say the least. At least from what he'd gleaned, they were complete morons from top to bottom and not worth his time.

Not to mention their whole attempt at trying to standardize villainy or whatever they were after, had completely crashed and burned when their leader, some mad man with a disintegration Quirk, had gone and gotten himself killed by a group of Pro Heroes a few months back.

Izuku wouldn't lie, he'd not paid that much attention to the League of Villains because he'd been more focused on what he considered the true threat... All Might's killer. And he'd never really stopped to think if there might be a connection between who he now knew to be All For One and the bumbling buffoons in the League.

"Fuck... am I stupid?"

Once again, it's a rhetorical question. Once again, Kurogiri answers promptly anyways.

"I do not believe so, Master. Merely... young and inexperienced."

Izuku can't help but glower at the heteromorph for that. His tone, when he answers, is deadpan... and maybe just a little weary.

"I'm in the latter half of my goddamn twenties and I've been operating as a vigilante for over a fucking decade. I'm pretty fucking far from being able to hide behind the 'young and inexperienced' excuse.

Kurogiri just tilts his smokey purple head to the side as though inclining it.

"And yet... the old Master had been operating for over two hundred years... Master."

Well shit. He had him there, didn't he? Izuku covers his face with a palm, groaning into it for a moment before rubbing the bridge of his nose. Then, he takes stock again. This time with more information. All For One is dead. Not just dead, the ancient villain has rapidly decomposed into a pile of nothing.

Without all of his Quirks, everything had apparently caught up with him in a big way. Not just the massive injuries that All Might managed to deal him, but the past two hundred plus years as well.

Izuku, meanwhile... was his inheritor. In more ways than one. He had All For One's Quirk... and all of his stolen Quirks besides. And apparently, he had everything the bastard had ever made too.

Izuku had spent the last several years working as an accountant on the legitimate side of All For One's organization so he had a pretty damn good inkling of what that meant. More wealth than he could ever spend in a single lifetime, to put things succinctly.

... Izuku looks to Kurogiri again. He presses his lips into a thin line and narrows his eyes. Time for a test of the villain in front of him.

“And what do you think I should do now, Kurogiri? What are your expectations of your ‘Young Master’?”

The heteromorph shakes his head.

“I have none, Master. Your next actions are your own. I am here merely to serve and obey.”

... Izuku wracks his brain, trying to recall everything he knows about the Kurogiri said to be associated with the now-defunct League of Villains. He probably should have recognized the heteromorph from his Quirk to be honest... because teleporting the League around was what Kurogiri was best known for if Izuku was remembering correctly.

He'd pulled the other members out of more than a few fires born of their own incompetence but aside from that, Izuku didn't know of any truly heinous crimes the man had committed. Lips thinning out, he considers that for a long moment before coming to another test.

“If I told you to turn yourself into the authorities right now, would you do it?”

Kurogiri doesn't even hesitate.

“I would obey, Master. Though I would advise against it.”

“And why is that?”

“Because I can still be of use to you.”

Alright, admittedly Izuku could have predicted that answer. And the annoying part was, he didn't even think Kurogiri was wrong. No, he knew Kurogiri wasn't wrong because his mind was already coming up with a dozen ways to use the other man for his own ends.

Of course that led right into another problem... what even were Izuku's own ends at this point? He'd dedicated half of his life to hunting and killing All Might's killer. Everything else he'd done, every single achievement, decision, and action had all been in pursuit of that too. And he'd done it. He'd won.

... So now what? What was he supposed to do with all this power, all this wealth, and nothing in front of him to chase anymore?

As the full breadth of everything hits him, Izuku covers his face with both hands this time and groans.

"Fuck... I need to talk to Mei."

In his defense, he doesn't mean it as an order. He doesn't intend for it to be anything really, it just slips out in the face of all the bullshit he's dealing with. Mei Hatsume, his ever faithful Engineer who had fucking *kissed* him for some reason before this mission, has been the only person Izuku has been able to rely on for a long, long time now. So of course in the midst of all this spiraling, he thinks of her.

"Mei Hatsume? Very well, I will bring her here immediately, Master."

But of course, Kurogiri is awaiting orders. The heteromorph seems to have a pathological need to show Izuku his worth and how useful he can be. So Izuku's thoughtless words are taken as a holy command.

"Wait-!"

But it's too late. Kurogiri opens his hand and a portal opens up in the ceiling, promptly depositing Mei through it with a yelp as the pink-haired mechanic is dropped to the floor on her ass.

"Whoa what the fuck?!"

Izuku just stares for a moment as the portal winks out. Mei looks at Kurogiri and blanches... and then notices Izuku and blinks.

“Wha- Midoriya?!”

“... No names, Engineer.”

His tired, drawled, altogether instinctive reminder draws a blush from Mei, who scrambles to her feet and quickly moves to his side, watching Kurogiri carefully.

“A-Ah, right sorry... um... Vigil, what’s going on?”

Her eyes dart to the bed, where she blanches at the skull amidst the dust and other bone fragments.

“H-Holy shit... what happened there?”

“... That’s what is left of All Might’s killer.”

Mei looks horrified... but also has the characteristic gleam of curiosity in her eyes that Izuku is already used to preceding numerous questions.

“Okay wait, are you saying my Tranquillizer Pen did THAT? How many doses did you even inject into him? No, even if you saved every last dose, that sort of reaction shouldn’t have been possible. So what, it was something on his end, maybe? But what would cause such rapid decomposition and-!”

As she continues to babble on and on, Izuku can’t help the fond smile that spreads across his face. Of course, he has all the answers that Mei could possibly want. But he hadn’t actually meant to summon her. And now that she’s here, he’s second guessing himself. Does he really want her to know everything that’s just happened?

If he’s going to tell anyone everything, Mei would be it. But then the question remained... SHOULD he tell anyone everything? Because there was certainly an argument to be made that some secrets deserved to be taken to the grave...

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**Remember to go back and VOTE!**