

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

A/N: Welcome to my newest weekly Story Poll!

Summary: In an AU where All For One wins but still loses, Izuku Midoriya has spent the last decade and some change as a Quirkless Vigilante in a world that is kind to neither the Quirkless nor Vigilantes. He has but one goal... but when he suddenly accomplishes that goal, the question becomes... what next?

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Infuriating. It was all just so... infuriating. He'd won. He'd won years ago in fact. And yet... it was a pyrrhic victory at best. His great enemy might be dead, but they'd still gotten the last laugh, leaving him entombed in this ruined body. The damage, as it was, had been too great... and by the time he had ways of potentially fixing it, the scars were permanent, as were the injuries.

To make matters worse, his victory had been TOO absolute. He'd finally managed to regain his brother's Quirk, or at least part of it... and in doing so, it had almost immediately started to kill him. The power behind the Quirk was too great for his body to sustain and he'd found himself in a constant fight for survival ever since.

Zen Shigaraki, known otherwise by epithets such as All For One, the Symbol of Evil, Master, and Sensei... was dying.

That in and of itself was not the problem, however. Everyone was dying a little bit each and every day, after all. Sure, he was dying a bit faster than most after his final confrontation with that fool All Might, but such things could be mitigated, even with One For All trying to kill him.

He'd managed to slow things down to a crawl and given himself plenty of time, years in fact, to find a solution. One that would make the pyrrhic victory that One

For All's final wielder had left him with a true victory instead. It should have been easy enough. Simple, really.

... It should have been. Instead, All For One had found his plans failing at every turn. His every contingency had been defeated through the sheer incompetence and low quality of what resources he had to work with. And now, his lynchpin, his final pawn... was dead. Tomura Shigaraki was supposed to be his greatest triumph. Instead, the idiot had gone and gotten himself killed, leaving All For One with little recourse.

A man like him always had another plan, of course. Forget Plan A, B, and C... All For One made sure to go all the way to Plan Z, each and every time. It was just unfortunate when he found himself actually having to resort to whatever Plan Z was. Anything else would have been preferable than this... practically starting over from scratch. But... it was still better than remaining trapped in this tomb of a body.

... Yes. There was no choice, ultimately. No point in wasting time feeling sorry for himself either. Now... was the time for action.

"Kurogiri."

The Mist Nomu appears beside All For One's bed in an instant through the use of Warp Gate, coming at his beck and call without hesitation.

"Master."

Letting out a rattling breath, All For One lifts one hand.

"... It is time for me to get my affairs in order. Send... for the accountant."

Kurogiri bows and then disappears in a swirl of purple mist. All For One lays back in the bed he's been all but married to since his final confrontation with One For All's Eighth Holder... and waits.

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“It’s time. He’s finally slipped up; I know where he is. So I’m going to go and end this. End him.”

Mei Hatsume bites her lower lip as she listens with one ear while at the same time staring at the tapestry of scars all across Izuku Midoriya’s back. They tell quite the story, admittedly. He’s been shot, burned, stabbed, sliced... you name it, she can find a marking somewhere on his body. He’s been tortured half a dozen times, beaten a dozen more... and yet, he’s never broken. He’s never fully been down and out.

Doesn’t mean she doesn’t worry for him though. Her eyes trace one of the thicker lines across his back, one that looked almost like it should have cut deep enough to go straight through his spine. And yet, he’s still standing. Still kicking. He can’t possibly be without pain though. His body must be screaming at him most of the time.

She knows before she speaks what he’ll say, but she tries anyways.

“Midoriya, I-!”

Putting on a sleeved black shirt and covering up his bared torso at long last, Izuku cuts her off.

“No real names, Engineer. We’ve talked about this.”

Grimacing, Mei huffs and tries again.

“Vigil then. Don’t you think... it might be time to bring someone else in? If the information is good, you might need backup. No... you WILL need backup.”

Turning to face her, Izuku puts on another layer over the first, this one an armored black sweater made by none other than Mei herself. Not to toot her own horn, but Mei does good work. You can barely even tell the garment is armored save for some slight padding, but it would still stop most blades and

even hinder small weapons fire. Too bad Izuku hadn't had it for his entire 'career'.

It should be said... what they're doing right now is pretty fucking illegal. As it has been for years at this point. Mei Hatsume is the Engineer, a Support Item Developer for Pro Heroes. Or rather, that's what she's supposed to be.

In reality, ninety percent of her work is for just one man... Izuku Midoriya. Aka Vigil, aka the Quirkless Vigilante that's been sticking it in the eye of the Pro Hero Establishment, the Hero Commission, and the villains he takes down of course, for longer than either of them have even been adults.

It's been well over a decade now since Izuku Midoriya started going out dressed in all black to beat up criminals, thugs, and villains with nothing but his fists and some serious gumption. More than ten years of throwing himself into the line of fire, throwing down with people who could usually end his life if he made even one mistake... and all without a Quirk to call his own.

Mei remembered back when it started that no one believed it at first. When news of his vigilante antics first reached the hallowed halls of U.A., everyone had their own opinion on what Vigil's Quirk had to be. Something to do with shadows, that was the first guess. When that didn't seem likely, it was decided that it had to be some sort of analysis Quirk.

But as the years went on, somewhere along the way, it got out that Vigil didn't even have a Quirk. That he was literally Quirkless... and still flaunting the law as an illegal vigilante anyways. And ridiculous as that might seem... it was the truth. Mei should know, she was about as deep in it as possible.

The first time they'd met, Izuku had been on death's door, beaten to a pulp and bloody in all the worst ways. Without even thinking about it, before she'd realized exactly who she was helping, Mei had whipped something up to stem the bleeding and get him through the night. He'd survived because of her... he'd said so himself. And from that moment on, Mei was his Engineer.

Sometimes she considered the trajectory her life had taken as a result of meeting Vigil. She'd wound up entangled with him to the point of distraction... and it had cost her quite a few opportunities. If she'd graduated U.A. then there would have been a lot more doors open for her, but when it came down to a choice between helping Vigil fight the good fight and securing that future... Mei had chosen the former.

After all, Izuku had figured out something that, as far as Mei could tell, nobody else knew. Something so big, so important, and so impactful that she couldn't even begin to fathom not turning her entire life towards assisting him in getting to the bottom of things.

The official story of All Might's death... was a lie. The Powers That Be said the Symbol of Peace passed away due to an illness, but Izuku had found out otherwise. He'd uncovered the truth... that All Might had been killed by a villain. A villain who still lived. A villain who got away with murdering the Number One Hero. A villain who absolutely had to face justice.

Sooo yeah, Mei might have torched her entire future and any chance she had of ever being a big name Support Item Developer. Just for the chance to play the 'gal in the chair' to the Quirkless Vigilante with a death wish currently armoring up right in front of her. She'd given up on her dreams in order to support Izuku... because at the end of the day, this mattered more.

Staring her down now, Izuku tilts his head to the side, finally answering her after a long, pregnant pause.

“And who would you have me bring in exactly, Engineer?”

Mei bites her lower lip, knowing what he's going to say before he says it. He says it anyways.

“We don't know who we can trust. We don't know who our target has in his back pocket. Right now I have the advantage... the element of surprise. He has no idea he's exposed himself to me. Even if he realizes what he's given away... all

he'll believe he's done is reveal his location to his organization's Quirkless accountant."

... He's not wrong on that front. Izuku has been embedded in their target's organization for years now, having specifically gone to University and gotten a degree in accounting just so that he could make himself useful in a mundane way. From there, he'd joined the legal shell company that covered up all of their target's crimes. For years now he'd been working for All Might's killer as an accountant by day and hunting him as Vigil by night.

That was how they'd learned that All Might truly went down fighting when he'd died. The man who killed the Symbol of Peace might have won, but he'd still suffered grievous wounds in the process. Mei figured that was probably why the cover story regarding All Might passing by way of illness had held up as well as it did. Because the only one who even could brag about murdering All Might was stuck on life support.

"If I do anything except for go after him right now, if I deviate from the plan in any way... then it could all go up in smoke. This is my one shot, Engineer. I'm not going to risk it by potentially tipping him off."

With his piece said, Izuku moves over to the nearby table, picking up the devices Mei has created for him. All of them are made in a shoestring budget. Izuku gives her money of course, both to pay her bills and to make him support items, but neither of them are swimming in cash, exactly. He gets paid well enough as an accountant, but not Pro Hero levels of 'well'.

In the end, aside from the armored attire she made for him, he also picks up a gauntlet with a grapple hook in the wrist and a tranquilizer pen designed for close quarters nonlethal takedowns. It has enough doses to knock out fifty full grown men... or kill a dozen if used... recklessly.

Putting on the gauntlet and tucking the pen away, Izuku turns to her and nods.

"Thank you Engineer. For everything."

Mei startles. Fuck him, how dare he sounds like he's not coming back. Before she knows what she's doing, she lunges forward and grabs him by his front, pulling him in for a deep, passion-filled kiss. Izuku never sees it coming, caught completely off guard by the action.

She lets him go and pulls back a moment later, glaring daggers at him as she crosses her arms under her chest and growls.

“Fuck you Vigil. You're coming back, you got it? To return my babies, alright? I won't forgive you if you don't bring them all back.”

Glancing down at himself and the items Mei has never quite stopped referring to as 'her babies', Izuku snorts derisively after a moment.

“Right. Got it.”

Then, he pulls his mask on, covering his face... and leaves. Mei wishes she could say she calls out to him, but after over a decade of working side by side, she knows there's no use. She can't go with him; she'd just be a liability. And he won't accept help from anyone else because he doesn't really trust anyone else.

Izuku Midoriya is on a one-man crusade to kill the man who killed All Might... and all Mei can do is hope he actually succeeds and comes back to her. Because if he doesn't, she's not sure what she'll do next.

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Arriving at the location, Izuku takes a deep breath even as his eyes analyze what he can see from his perch on the rooftop across the street. Completely naturally, mind you. He really is Quirkless, not a single innate super power to his name. Just him and his completely normal mind and body. No enhanced senses, no enhanced physicality, no enhanced brain.

He'd made it work well enough in the end, regardless of everyone telling him for most of his life that he would never amount to anything. Though to be fair, it had been a long time now since anyone had said that to him. In his day to day, he

was Izuku Midoriya the Accountant and he did a good enough job while keeping his head down that nobody really bothered him. And at night... well, at night he became Vigil. And no fucking villain in this city was safe from Vigil, Izuku had made sure they all knew that.

Ultimately though, he only had one true enemy. Every other villain he fought, every drug lab, every crime ring, every stash house... they were all nothing in comparison to his true foe. The myth himself, the man who had seemingly pulled the strings of the Japanese Underworld for centuries... the killer of All Might.

The journey getting to this point had been long and particularly painful, but nothing worth doing was without a little (or a lot of) pain in Izuku's experience. And even if everyone else had bought the deception or decided to let sleeping dogs lie, Izuku refused. Tonight... tonight, he would finish what All Might started.

But first, he had some goons to take care of. Watching from his perch, Izuku counts five men on top of the building he's surveilling, each and every one armed with a rifle. If even one of them gets a shot off... well, he'd probably survive, but the whole building would be alerted. Can't have that.

Instead, he waits for the right moment... and fires the grappling hook in his wrist launcher. It flies through the air, silent as can be, and hooks itself in the top of a tower protruding up from the target roof. With a quiet grunt, Izuku throws himself over the chasm, using the grappling hook to swing up onto the other roof. He comes in as nothing but a shadow right in time to land both feet in the solar plexus of a guard who barely has time to exhale and widen his eyes as Izuku appears out of the night.

That's why he wears all black of course. Reduced visibility and what not. Well, that and black hides the blood stains better. His... and others.

Dropping forward with the tranquilizer pen already in hand, Izuku completely takes the goon out of the fight with a single press to his bare neck. Then, he rips the rifle off of him and quickly breaking it with practiced movements that make sure even if the guard wakes up, he won't be able to fire it. Stealing the man's radio is the last thing Izuku does before he moves on.

The rest of the rooftop guards go down similarly, though not without fighting back a little bit. Izuku takes a fist to the jaw and a boot to the ribs at two different points, but nothing he can't handle. And most importantly, none of them manage to raise the alarm before he knocks them unconscious with Mei's tranquillizer.

From there, he slips down into the building itself. It doesn't look like a super villain's lair or anything like that. In fact, it looks like a nondescript, stereotypical office-warehouse hybrid. The number of armed guards give away the truth though, as does the information he'd just received earlier today.

A bit of accounting work that had come across his civilian identity's desk. Nothing special... unless you knew you were working for the man who killed All Might and had been waiting for a slip up that revealed his physical location for years.

Which was exactly what these papers had done. An address, a certain set of medical supplies... and a room number. It was all right there. Izuku knew for a fact that he had the right place. There are more goons inside of the building of course. Izuku takes them down as quickly and quietly as he can, though he takes a few more blows in the process. Nothing he can't handle. Nothing he can't endure.

Finally... he's there. The door to a room he knows will contain his prey. The end of the line for All Might's killer. With a certain relish, Izuku uses a keycard stolen from one of the knocked out guards to open the door and slip inside, closing it tightly shut behind him. And then, at long last... he lays eyes on his prey.

The scarring is... extensive. No eyes, no nose, no hair, no ears. The man in the medical bed is completely bereft of identifying characteristics... unless one considers scarring across the entire skull to be itself an identifying characteristic. From the look of things, his body is covered in similar scarring all the way down. Alive? Yes... but just barely.

... Its even worse than Izuku imagined and that brings a vindictive smile to his face, he has to admit. There's a grim satisfaction in seeing the final work of the

late, great All Might. The Symbol of Peace had done his best to end the vile monster laid out in front of Izuku... and though he'd ultimately failed, he'd still left his foe weak and helpless. Case in point...

"Who... is there?"

The words come out raspy from under the oxygen mask that the man in the bed is wearing. Izuku stiffens, his jaw clenching as he steps closer. He's thought about this conversation for a long time. What he would say. How he would say it. Straightening up, he smirks.

"I am All Might's Vengeance... and you, villain, have clung to life long enough."

There's a pause as his words hang in the air, a sense of rightness to the moment as Izuku imagines the man's fear begin to evolve into terror as he realizes this is the end of the line. That lasts for only a handful of seconds however before...

"Heh... aha...ahaha-hack-cough!"

The man in the bed laughs at him until it gets to be too much and he starts to cough and hack. Izuku immediately tenses up, his eyes narrowing and his hands curling into fists... one contains the tranquillizer pen, ready to deliver a lethal dose to the bed-ridden villain. Half a dozen presses of the injector button should be enough to end it all.

"Please... don't make me laugh. It hurts too much. Still... don't you think that's all a bit dramatic, Midoriya?"

... What? Izuku's entire world shrinks down to a pinprick. His prey knows his name. That shouldn't be possible. That shouldn't...

"Or do you prefer Vigil? Hm... no, I think I like Izuku Midoriya. After all... a boss should be familiar with his employees, don't you think?"

He knew. He knew precisely who he was dealing with. Such a thing should have had Izuku running for the hills. This was all just one big trap, apparently. He'd been made for... who knows how long. And yet... Izuku isn't the kind of person who flees in the face of fear. He's a bit broken like that. His fight or flight response has been firmly stuck on fight for... well over a decade now.

In the face of his enemy's knowledge, Izuku doesn't turn and run. Nor does he freeze for longer than a second. Instead, he takes a few steps forward, getting closer to his prey, pen still clenched in his fist.

"Ah... so eager to end it, aren't you? So eager to... kill me."

He shouldn't let himself get drawn into further conversation. Rationally, Izuku knows that. And yet... emotionally, he can't help himself.

"You deserve to die. You killed All Might. He needs to be avenged."

His words aren't as grandiose this time. Izuku keeps his tone clinical. Factual, even. Letting out another raspy chuckle, albeit one that doesn't cause a coughing fit again, the bed-ridden villain sneers.

"Yes, yes. The poor, poor All Might, a hero right up until he became my victim. And only you, Vigil the Quirkless Vigilante, Izuku Midoriya the Accountant, can possibly see justice served. Nobody else. Because they wouldn't get it right, would they?"

Izuku clenches his jaw as the other man huffs in amusement and shakes his bald, scarred head.

"Quirkless, a body already damaged by your poor choices and your single-minded crusade, and a determination that won't let you quit. Admittedly, you're far from perfect for my purposes... but then, there's a reason you were my last choice. Alas. We must all work with the hand we've been given... you know that better than most, don't you Midoriya? You-urk!"

He doesn't know what All Might's killer is talking about. He doesn't know what he means by 'his purposes' or 'his last choice'. But Izuku does know one thing... he's reached the point where he can't listen to this bastard talk for even a minute longer.

Taking the final steps forward, Izuku lashes out with the tranquillizer pen and jams it directly into the bed-ridden villain's neck before rapidly pressing the injector button over and over again to administer a lethal dose directly into his bloodstream. Every last drop of tranquillizer flows out of the pen in a handful of seconds. It's done.

Only, before Izuku can pull his arm back... a hand snaps up and latches onto his hand with deceptive strength. His eyes start to widen as the sightless, noseless, earless horror show of a villain laid out in front of him chuckles mirthlessly.

"I promise to treat your body well, Midoriya. Better than you have treated it, anyways."

A moment later and something hits indescribable Izuku like a freight train. He doesn't know what, all he knows is that his legs buckle and he collapses to his knees, still held in the iron grip of All Might's killer. And then... he's falling further, through the floor, into darkness. Down, down, down...

Just as Izuku is realizing he's fallen into the depths of his own mind, he hits the metaphorical water, an ocean of power that now lies within him. He lands with a hard splash, the nonexistent air driven out of his lungs from the metaphysical impact. And then...

Welcome to the end, Izuku Midoriya. The end of your little crusade... and a new beginning for me.

There, standing on the surface of the ocean as though like it's solid ground... is a man with white hair and red eyes, smiling down at him. Izuku kicks his legs and scrambles against the liquid, trying to pull himself out and get to his feet... but he can't. In fact, what had the consistency of water initially rather rapidly develops the consistency of quicksand. And Izuku Midoriya... is starting to sink.

Do not fight it, Midoriya. There's no point. You're a Quirkless nobody with delusions of importance and I... I am the most powerful man to ever live. Once I have finished taking over your body, I will have a new lease on life... I will walk the world once more with my remaining enemies none the wiser. All thanks to you.

No. No, damn it! Izuku couldn't have... it's not possible. He can't have unleashed All Might's Killer. He can't... it can't end like this. And yet, the more he fights, the more he sinks. There's no escaping it. His legs are more and more restricted too, and he's barely keeping his face out of the ocean of power beneath him. His ears, his hair, his neck... all of it is under as his chin starts to go too. And he can feel, if he is completely submerged... he will be gone.

That's right. Despair. And know that you and you alone are to blame for my return. You will-

Abruptly, the villain is cut off. The atmosphere changes. And suddenly, a hand reaches down and grabs Izuku by his shoulder underneath the surface of the ocean, gripping him tightly and yanking him upward.

"Do not fear! I am here!"

Impossible!

As he's set down on top of the ocean of power, able to stand on it like solid ground all of the sudden, Izuku can't help but agree with his enemy for a brief moment. He blinks and stares in baffled awe and abject wonder at the sight of All Might standing beside him, hand still on his shoulder. The Symbol of Peace bares his pearly whites in a snarling grin as he stares down the man who took his life.

"Impossible? Haha! No... this is your comeuppance, All For One!"

Sneering, the white-haired man lifts a hand.

My comeuppance? You are nothing but a remnant! A fragment of a man I have already killed! You are nothing before my power!

As if to prove it, he slashes his hand downwards. In an instant, All Might is in front of Midoriya, crossing his arms in an X in front of his chest and catching the explosion of power that washes over both of them. And yet... when the dust settles, All Might remains. Standing tall and proud, the former Number One Hero shakes his head.

“That might have been true before... but now you have died as well, All For One! Making you too... nothing but a mere fragment!”

Tch! That’s not true! I transferred the totality of myself along with my Quirk to this new body! I am far more than you could ever hope to be! Even if you can withstand me for now, in a prolonged battle between the two of us, I will STILL win!

In response, All Might... nods.

“Indeed, you are correct. Between the two of us, you would win every single time. We are not equal even if you have left the mortal coil the same as I. And yet... who said it was just the two of us?”

Izuku tenses up. Right, he’s here too. He’ll fight. He won’t let All Might down. He won’t- oh.

He’s mid-internal peptalk when he looks around and realizes it’s not just the three of them anymore. Or rather... it was never just the three of them. The ocean of power that All For One tried to drown him in... was never really an ocean at all, but rather a collection of souls... of fragments... of stolen strength. And that strength was angry. It was furious. It was... wrathful.

No... this isn’t... you all are mine. MY power. MY strength. You can’t...

Hundreds, maybe thousands stand there, surrounding them and staring at All For One. In particular, seven individuals step up alongside All Might. Izuku only

recognizes Nana Shimura, All Might's mentor, as she takes up position on his right with the other six split into three on either side of them. And yet... All For One takes a step back, his eyes focused on neither All Might nor Shimura... but instead one of the other of the eight.

Another man with white hair and green eyes steps forward. The familial connection between him and All For One is... blatantly obvious at a glance. But then he opens his mouth and all but confirms it.

"You brought us all here, brother. You brought us all together, one crime, one theft, one atrocity at a time. How did you think this would go, really? You thought that we were silenced under the weight of your power... but the truth was, we were simply biding our time. Waiting."

You can't... I OWN ALL OF YOU! You can't- NOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Its not so much a fight... as it is a swarming. The seven lead the charge as the thousands pile onto All For One, slowly pushing him down, down, and down into the very same ocean of power that he tried to submerge Izuku in. Frankly, it's over before Izuku can so much as blink.

All the while, All Might stands next to him, hand on his shoulder. And when it's done, the Symbol of Peace turns to him and smiles wide.

"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."

His... successor? Before Izuku can even begin to unpack that, everything starts to shrink down. If he 'fell' into his mind before, then this is the reverse, him being sucked back up out of the dark recesses of his thoughts. The last thing he sees is All Might's broad grin and one last sharp nod before he's back in the real world.

Though to be fair, it's not like he ever truly left. He's been kneeling beside All For One's medical bed the entire time. The now-dead villain's hand has dropped from Izuku's, going limp as the tranquillizer overdose did its work and finished him off.

But the power... the power that All For One wielded, that Izuku didn't even know existed until now... it rests within him now. He'd entered this room Quirkless. Now... he might have just become the most powerful man in all of Japan.

As that thought crosses his mind, a sudden swirl of shadow to the side causes him to jerk his head over and stare as a man made of dark, purple mist wearing a very elegant suit and tie appears on the other side of the room. The man looks between Izuku and All For One's corpse for a moment... and then bows low at the waist.

"Master. What are your orders?"

Izuku, supposedly the most powerful man in all of Japan... promptly passes the fuck out.

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A/N: So yeah, that's how it starts. I'm very curious to know what you all think, so please let me know!

And yes, this is a MHA/Dispatch crossover fic!

The Dispatch elements will be imported female characters, a bit of Robert's personality and mindset in Izuku, and the whole central conceit of the game, which is redeeming villains.

The MHA elements will involve Hero Commission corruption, Pro Hero corruption, and Izuku solving one problem while powerless, only to gain unfathomable power... and a hundred NEW problems.

Also, feel free to throw me some title ideas for this fic. Right now I've got 'Inheritance' and 'The Inheritor', but I'm definitely down for other possibilities~