

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

**A/N: Momo has had it a little rough in this AU...**

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Momo Yaoyorozu sits behind a well-appointed desk in a somewhat sizable office and finds herself contemplating both the past and the future. It feels like an eternity ago, but in fact it was only a little over half a decade now when she'd graduated from UA with every intention of becoming a Pro Hero in her own right.

Alas, it had been a long, long time since the Everything Hero 'Creati' had taken to the streets of Japan to fight evildoers and protect innocents. Why? Well, mere months after Momo's graduation from UA and the beginning of her career as a Pro Hero... her parents had died.

This tragedy had put into stark relief the true nature of Momo Yaoyorozu. She wasn't just a UA graduate. She wasn't just a Pro Hero. She was also the heiress to the Yaoyorozu Group, a rather large business that had suddenly been left rudderless and leaderless with the demise of her father and mother.

Technically, Momo had had the option to let it all... go. Sort of. She could have remained rich and in control of the family fortune while at the same time signing away control of the family business to the Board of Directors and high-level executives waiting in the wings.

She would have never wanted for anything; she would have never needed to worry about where her money was coming from... and she would have had absolutely nothing to do with the family business. It would have allowed Momo to continue being the Pro Hero that she'd always wanted to be. To continue patrolling the streets and helping the little guy with her Quirk.

... But it wouldn't have been the most responsible decision, or so Momo had told herself at the time. It wouldn't have done the most good, leaving her family's

business, their legacy really, in the hands of a bunch of soulless suits who only cared about profit margins and stock prices and the next big product.

Indeed, Momo had convinced herself that she could have her cake and eat it too. If she took over the Yaoyorozu Group, as was her right as her father's heir, then she could steer the ship into the future. And in the end... that was precisely what she has done.

This building she was sat in right now was the main office of an organization that Momo herself had created... the Pro Hero Defense Network, otherwise known as PDN for short. It was sort of like a Hero Agency, but at the same time something completely new as well.

Essentially, subscribers paid a monthly fee to PDN for the ability to call in to their offices at any time for any sort of emergency they came across. This not only provided a steady income stream to the organization but also gave them a network of concerned citizens able to sound the alarm or call for assistance at the drop of a button.

Or rather, that was how it was supposed to work if it was all functioning properly. It was how it HAD worked at the start, in fact. By partnering with Melissa Shield, the daughter of the famous Professor David Shield, as their Chief Support Item Developer, and her friend the Pro Hero known as 'Blonde Blazer', PDN had gotten off to a fantastic start. Between Momo's business acumen, Melissa's genius mind, and Blonde Blazer's can-do attitude, they'd had a stupendous first year or two of action.

... Too stupendous, some might say. Everyone was so excited with what they were doing. The energy was high within PDN and their subscribers were happy with the cheap and affordable service being provided to them. But outside of their bubble... discontent had brewed without Momo even realizing it.

It was all the Hero Public Safety Commission's fault; Momo was pretty sure. Otherwise known as the Hero Commission, they were supposed to be a law enforcement agency keeping a close eye on Pro Heroes and making sure they weren't abusing their power in any way.

On the face of it, the Hero Commission was an important part of Quirk Society, Momo had always felt. However, these days she knew better. The Hero Commission often went beyond their remit... they often went beyond just keeping an eye on things and straight into influencing everything.

Put simply, the initial success as well as the unique nature of PDN had threatened the status quo. From the already established Hero Agencies feeling slighted by PDN's enthusiastic work ethic, to the corporations who normally sponsored Hero Agencies feeling cut out by PDN's straight-to-the-consumer business model, and finally on to the Hero Commission, who apparently didn't like that PDN was working so effectively without their 'help'.

In the end, Momo couldn't help but take responsibility. She should have seen it all coming. Unfortunately, before she'd even realized what was happening, the discontent had boiled over... and turned into enemy action. All of the sudden, Pro Heroes unaffiliated with PDN were speaking up against the service, calling it 'filthy' to 'force' your average citizen to 'subscribe' in order to be saved. This was a gross misinterpretation of what they actually did of course, but on the surface it was difficult to argue again.

At the same time, PDN Heroes suddenly came under far more scrutiny from the Hero Commission's officials. The Pro Heroes working hard for PDN couldn't go a single patrol or mission without one of them being stopped and questioned by someone from the Hero Commission.

Momo did her best of course. She fought back against the propaganda as much as she could. She made meeting after meeting with the Hero Commission to try and figure out a way to befriend them and make them back off.

Unfortunately, she didn't realize until much too late that nobody except for her side was bothering to negotiate in good faith. Those meetings went nowhere and every time she tried to fight the propaganda, it seemed to backfire.

Endeavor himself, the Number One Pro Hero, had come out against PDN a couple years back... and ever since, PDN had been on the decline. Subscription

numbers had fallen and they'd been forced to raise prices at least twice to compensate for that, which of course just caused the subscription numbers to fall even further.

Momo's own wealth from the Yaoyorozu Group had been wedded to PDN as well, meaning that if PDN failed at this point, then her family's company would fail as well. And the Board might not even let that happen before they ousted her instead.

At the end of the day, she still believed in the ideal that PDN represented. It was better than what had come before. But in her idealism, Momo had allowed herself to be blinded to the plain and simple truth... what had come before wasn't about to go down without a fight. And they were far more prepared for that fight than Momo and her people ever could be. Far more... entrenched.

The sad truth of the matter was, she needed to find outside investment if she wanted to keep PDN afloat. And so Momo had been doing meetings of that sort for the last few weeks now, talking with men and women in this very office and trying to convince them to invest in the bright future that PDN represented.

Unfortunately, nothing had worked out so far. They all either didn't actually want to tie themselves to what they thought was a sinking ship, or they wanted more than Momo was willing to give. If she acquiesced to some of the demands that had been thrown across her desk at her these past few weeks, then she would only be proving all of their naysayers right by turning PDN into exactly the cash-hungry, selfish, soulless corporate entity they all thought it was.

Needless to say, Momo didn't have much faith that today's meeting would be any better. But when the call comes through that her Two O'clock is here, she nevertheless rises from behind her desk, smooths out her blouse and skirt, and plasters a bright smile on her face all the same as she goes to meet him at the door.

"Mister Midoriya I presume. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"Likewise, Miss Yaoyorozu, likewise."

Her first impression is that he's surprisingly young... has to be around her age in fact. Most of the potential investors Momo has met with recently have been older than her. Almost all have been in their thirties at the very least.

This man though... he's young and bright eyed, even if he fits his expensive, very clearly tailored suit quite well. And when they shake hands, he has a firm grip that nevertheless isn't too rough. He doesn't try to squeeze the life out of her fingers like some macho idiots were prone to do.

Pumping once, then twice, Momo lets go of his hand and steps back, gesturing for him to follow. Together, they arrive back at her desk and each take a seat, with Midoriya putting the briefcase he's brought with him in his lap and popping it open.

"I'll be honest, Miss Yaoyorozu... I am very interested in investing in PDN, albeit with some stipulations. But before we get into those, please have a look at this documentation I've brought with me so you can see that I'm more than good for it."

Blinking at how quickly he takes control of the conversation, Momo nevertheless lets it happen. She just nods quietly and accepts the paperwork he holds out to her, bringing it in front of herself so she can begin reading through it.

In turn, Midoriya remains seated and quiet, watching her as she reads and almost seeming to... melt into the background.

Admittedly, he's a bit of an odd duck. Most of the investors she's had in her office these last few weeks are representatives of larger organizations. Banks or businesses most frequently. But this man in front of her, this... Izuku Midoriya... well, he was not only a relative unknown to her, but he was also the actual owner of the business he was representing.

It was mysterious and thus more than a little concerning, Momo had to admit. However, as she reads through the pages he's given to her... she has to

acknowledge that he's dotted all of his i's and crossed all of his t's from the look of things. At least on the financial side of things.

His business seemed to be entirely on the up and up... and even seemed to have a long and storied history to it as well. In fact, there's just one thing in the documentation that gives Momo pause and makes her look up at Izuku Midoriya with an incredulous look.

"Hold on... this says you were merely an accountant a mere month ago."

Smiling somewhat blandly, Izuku inclines his head.

"That's correct. The previous owner had been on death's door for years... before I was even hired in fact. Unbeknownst to me, he was on the look out for a... successor if you will. He had no children, no family to speak of at all in fact. So I suppose he found his heir in me."

A touch of melancholy spreads across Midoriya's face as he sighs.

"I only found out I would be inheriting the business empire I'd been accounting for a month ago when he finally passed. It's been a bit of an adjustment period for me since then I will admit. But I've spent most of this last month working hard on getting everything in order... and figuring out what I want to do with this sudden windfall."

It's like something right out of a movie; Momo can't help but reflect. The simple salaryman being handpicked by the dying CEO to take over everything after his death. And yet, as far as Momo can tell... Midoriya hasn't told a single lie.

That said, she still can't help the incredulity in her voice as she looks at him.

"And you decided... to come here?"

Letting out a soft laugh, Midoriya shakes his head.

“Is that really so surprising, Miss Yaoyorozu? Do you not still believe in PDN and the good in the world that it can still do?”

Scowling, Momo straightens up.

“Wha- of course I do! What kind of question is that?!”

Leaning forward, Izuku Midoriya flashes her a smile that makes her heartrate go a little irregular for a moment.

“The kind of question with a simple enough follow up; what are you prepared to do to keep PDN alive?”

Frowning, Momo sets down the papers and folds her hands in front of her.

“Very well then, I suppose this is when we get to the stipulations you have, is it? What do you want from me and PDN, Mister Midoriya?”

She’s fully prepared for him to turn out to just be another sleazy suit. Sure, he might not be some spoiled ‘born with a silver spoon in his mouth’ type due to the circumstances surrounding his inheritance, but that didn’t mean much. People could be rotten no matter what their upbringing, at least in her experience.

“Nothing too arduous. And nothing you haven’t considered yourself, once upon a time.”

Momo arches a brow at that, prompting Izuku to lean back and soften his smile a fair amount.

“In exchange for my investment... I want you to institute the defunct Phoenix Program. And I want you to put me in charge of it.”

Wait... what? Out of all the demands that Midoriya could have had of her, Momo had to admit that Mandy’s brainchild was NOT it. The Phoenix Program was something that they’d been considering back at the heights of success that PDN had only briefly gotten to see.

Blonde Blazer, or rather Mandy, had wanted to use PDN's rising star status and successful business model to do good for one of the most disenfranchised groups in society... villains. Sure, they were offering Pro Heroes paying work and they were helping protect innocents, subscribers or not, but they weren't doing anything to help rehabilitate the myriad of villains who were often just 'wrong place, wrong time' or suffering from 'one bad day' syndrome.

Phoenix Program was supposed to be their high concept answer to that. A program in which villains could join PDN as probationary heroes and effectively earn their redemption one saved cat up a tree at a time.

Of course, then the other Hero Agencies and the Hero Commission had proceeded to start tearing down PDN's reputation and the Phoenix Program had been shelved temporarily until they could fight their way back into the general public's good graces.

Except that had never happened and in the end, the Phoenix Program had been put on indefinite hold.

Momo can't help but stare at Izuku Midoriya, utterly nonplussed by his demand. What... what was the goal here? What was he even playing at? How had he even found out about the Phoenix Program in the first place?!

"If you'd like to call in Blonde Blazer so we could discuss this as a trio, I'm more than willing to wait."

... He'd clearly done his homework on this. The only question now was... how much was Momo willing to play ball?

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**A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!**