**MHA 90**

Staring at the fucking [*Dirt Leviathan*](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UCH1goTXZmI&ab_channel=RussellJ.Jacob)in front of us, I had to make a plan, and I had to make it *now.*

Thankfully, I’d already had the important parts handled, having expected *some* manner of bullshit, though nothing on quite *this* scale.

The creature was waiting for us, giving us time to react, which was nice of it, though I had a feeling that as *soon* as we moved, it was going to be *on*. Waving a hand to make sure I had Bakugo’s attention, I jerked a thumb at myself, then pointed to the boat where Bondo and Kaibara were, mimed talking, gestured upwards, then back to myself, smacked my fist into my palm, then to the giant monster.

Bakugo nodded, gesturing to himself, mimicking my fist gesture, then pointing at the monster’s face, indicating that he should fight it, grinning when I gave him a thumbs up. Throwing his hands back, I made sure I was stabilized, a thin well of acid in my ears momentarily hardening to protect them from the overpressure as the explosion king *detonated*, hurling himself forward like a teen torpedo towards the titanic terrakinetic terror.

On my end, I took off, twisting mid-water to leap forward with as much OfA as I could manage, and flying through the water, the hidden bit of acid in my swim-trunks keeping me from accidentally plowing into the lake floor, the silt stirred up from Bakugo’s take off starting to obscure everything my view of my target. Glancing upwards, the dirt-serpent was moving for us now, but Bakugo intercepted it, slamming his hands onto it’s enormous face and setting off a detonation that sent *him* flying, but also shoved the creation to the side like it’d been slapped by All-Might, the ripple of pressure reaching me, something I had to account for to keep flying straight as it rocked the boat. Bondo’s fight kicked out, the boy having lost his balanced, and I slipped around him, inside, into the air bubble, grabbing the central column to stabilize it.

“*Time to leave!”* I commanded the pair, Kaibara holding up the last civilian while his classmate finished sticking it in place.

Spinny said something, looking worried, but it was oddly muted, and I frowned, wondering if I’d *still* managed to damage my hearing, before realizing that I *hadn’t gotten rid of the acid*, letting it run out as I told him, “Sorry, water in my ear. What was that?”

*“What’s going on, man!?”* the other boy repeated, with more emphasis this time, by his expression.

“Pixie-Bob’s being a spiteful bitch, but I’ve heard some women get *nasty* as they age,” I replied, on the off-chance that she could hear me. “Kaibara, ignore the monster, just get on the bottom of the boat, top now, dig your feet into the loops, and pull the ship to the surface. Bondo, hold onto that pole and let yourself be dragged up.”

The spinny boy ducked under the edge of the boat, surfacing, terrified, demanding “*What the hell is that!”*

“Pixie-Bob being a spiteful bitch,” I repeated. “Now you guys get going; I’m gonna go punch it in the face. Remember, Kaibara,” I smirked, “*just keep swimming!”*

Taking a deep breath, using a transformed hand as an anchor I threw myself underwater, then launched myself out from under the craft, spotting the enormous serpent as it came for the boat once more, Bakugo nowhere in sight. *Hope he’s alright,* I thought, but that was *all* I had time for, as I spun and jumped again, sailing upwards through the water, putting myself between the boat and the monster, stabilizing myself with electric feet.

It paused, ever so slightly, then, with a snakelike shrug, came for *me*. I ran through the steps needed for a maximized punch, just like I had against the freezer door, only with a *slight* alteration. A thin layer of acid was extruded, more around my head than anywhere else, a liquid armor against the backlash, though, since I wasn’t *locked in a small metal room*, there should be less of an issue this time.

*Legs, hips, chest, shoulder, arm,* I empowered, allowing enough ‘spillover’ to help enhance the *rest* of me, as the construct closed, moving in a way that made *no* sense given its lack of fins, but the constant speed made the timing a *lot* easier.

*Right* before it hit me, like a runaway train, I *moved,* putting my all into the strike.

Which is when I found my electric limbs had [*limits*](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vhDJj9c4ZzM&ab_channel=Animeri).

On the bright side, the serpent was lighter than I thought, possibly even hollow.

On the not-so-bright side, it still weighed *several tons.*

My hit deflected the momentum from the dirt-serpent, however it was still *very very big*, and its center of gravity was about halfway down its sinuous body, so while the construct’s dirt-skull cratered, and it started to turn away, deflected, it *still* slammed into me, at speed, and I had a *single* moment of an odd, stretching pain before I reflexively snapped myself back and was sent flying away.

My feet *ached*, but the throbbing sensation quickly started to fade, as I almost hit the slowly rising boat, Kaibara gritting his teeth as his arms furiously spun, staring upwards, the teen bringing the ‘civilians’ to safety. Throwing my hands out, I tried shifting *fingertips* to lightning instead of an entire arm, dragging them through the water, leaving an *impossible* trail of sparks, but now wasn’t the time to try and figure out how that worked, and if I was somehow leaving bits of *myself* behind.

The Serpent tumbled, but started to right itself, the entire thing slowly moving at once, yet still needing time to build up momentum once more. Having stopped, gripping the water, I hurled myself forward instead, trying to figure out *what I could do*, as my current bag of tricks was *severely* undercut.

Hearing distant blasts, Bakugo came arrowing down, spinning as he slammed into the top of the Serpent’s head, but it flicked its head, sending the teen flying off once more as I started to close, *needing* to keep this thing distracted. My hands smarted, a little like my feet had, but the feeling was fleeting as I tried to figure out *what I could do*.

A single prepped punch could mess it up, a *little*, but that took time to set up. I couldn’t shapeshift, my lightning body rendered obsolete, I couldn’t *show* my acid, what little of it I *could* use, and I *really* couldn’t show my copy of Momo’s Quirk, its distinctive glow impossible to hide like this.

As for using my *original* Quirk, well, it was made of *dirt.*

As I approached the monster, I noticed the crater I’d left in it had *already* been repaired, with only the slightest disturbances at the edges, like a car that’d been amateurly undented. Closing, the serpent turned, opening its mouth wide, revealing a dark abyss.

*Yeah, no,* I thought, a momentary flash of a transformed arm letting me push myself to the side, acid carrying me even further, barely missing the swiftly closing jaws as I shot a hand out, catching the construct on the cheek, super-strong fingers digging deep into the packed soil of its body, until I stopped and it dragged *me* backwards, the serpent starting to head for the rising boat once more, gaining speed.

*Actually. . .* I thought, trying to shift my buried digits, as they *weren’t* touching the water. I could *feel* them start to shift, but as soon as the creature swayed, my own weight dislodged some of the dirt, water flooding in the slightly wider whole, causing them to instantly anchor myself, which was bad as the serpent was *still* moving.

My immaterial fingers *alit* with pain as I was dragged down the creature’s side, electric flesh like a chisel with enough resistance that I cut a trench along its body instead of being torn free like it felt like my feet had been. Even though it didn’t feel like I was going to *lose* my fingers, I let them snap back anyways, my arm aching as I was jerked forward once more, a third of the way down the leviathan’s coils.

Kaibara was pouring on the speed, as much as he could, enough that I worried a little about the structural integrity of his *fins,* but this creature was faster than he was while towing the boat, even if its sheer size made it seem proportionally *slower*. Looking for help, and seeing Bakugo closing, but not fast enough, I thought, *Fuck it,* and let loose with my internal reservoir of voltage, hoping for the best.

Even halfway expecting it, I was *still* surprised when the top of the serpent’s head *detonated*, shoving the entire thing down and off course, causing it to pass below the rising overturned ship, slamming bodily into one of the buildings, which shook, windows shattering, water rushing into floors which had previously been dry.

However, while the dirt was thrown up, then supernaturally started to swirl back into the beast, I didn’t see any of the component *shrapnel* I’d gotten from the camera-eel. More than that, the placement of the blast didn’t make a ton of sense for a camera, though it might’ve already broke when Bakugo hit it, though the boy hadn’t set off a detonation.

*Wait. . .*

My thoughts were disturbed when I felt a pressure from behind, turning to see the serpents enormous tail coming for me, scraping along its own body to try and crush me.

*“Shit!”* I blurbled reflexively, pushing up and away from the enormous column of flesh, but it *still* hit me, sending me flying, passing by Bakugo who spared me a glance that almost seemed concerned, but then I was gone, hurtling for a building, a quick burst of acid starting to form a shell as I pulled my body in tight, slamming through a window, *shattering* it, and emerging from the water to bounce against a concrete ceiling, the air knocked out of me, but thankfully I could take a breath even as the room filled with fluid.

My *entire* body ached a little, and a sharp pain came from my left shoulder, but it was already starting to fade. My mind, however, was focused on the fact that I hadn’t detonated a hidden camera, I’d detonated *Bakugo’s explosive sweat.* Which. . . *how?*

Pushing against the flow, heading for the broken window, the entire building slightly tilted, I took a deep breath, getting ready to head back out when I caught sight of someone coming, *fast.* Reflexively shifting my arms to lightning, I caught my teammate as he was launched through the *same* window as I was, bleeding off his momentum after he left the water so he didn’t hit as hard as I did.

*“Fuck!”* the teen swore, glancing at me. “Thanks, Kaminari.”

“No prob,” I replied. “Bitch isn’t holding back, is she?”

The other boy scowled, “Pisses me off that she was *before*.”

I blinked, as that was. . . *one* way of looking at things. However, I needed to focus. “Our shit isn’t gonna take that thing down. We’re gonna need something *bigger*.”

“Unless you’re packing C-4 in those trunks of yours, not seein’ how you’re gonna pull that off,” Bakugo shot back.

“Nope, *you’re* the one brought the ordinance,” I informed him, a plan forming, holding up a hand and sparking it, “but I’ve got the detonator.”

Almost instantly, my teammate made the connection. “You set off the sweat I left behind! Wondered what that was. Okay, Sparkplug, I lay it down, you set it off?”

“*Exactly.* Focus on the top of its head, Bomberman,” I ordered. “The ones in the forest fell apart after they took enough damage-”

“So if we blow its fuckin’ head off, it’ll fuckin’ *die!”* he finished, grinning maliciously. “Let’s [*do* *this!*](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FtO9v7-WHyM&ab_channel=MyAnimeWorld)”

The teen shoved his hands back, and, realizing what he was about to do, I clapped my hands over my ears, excreting acid, as he set off the explosion in the *enclosed space,* blasting *both* of us out in a spray of water and shrapnel, the building we were in shuddering from the force, breaking *more* windows, and making water flow every which way, part of the structure outright collapsing, revealing the insides, power cables snapping and floating free, sparking as they did so.

*Bingo!* I thought, leaping for them, seeing a solution to a problem I was just planning to try and ride out.

Getting close, the current they were leaking passed into me, but I drank it up, feeling refreshed as I grabbed one of the cables and started following it back through the crawlspace inside, super-strength breaking concrete walls, aluminum sheaths, and the plastic bindings that held them in place, until I found a point a good thirty feet back and, stabbing a knife-hand down, cut through the wires with a not-insignificant portion of OfA

Grabbing the sheared length, I was able to strip the end with pure strength, leaving a couple inches of bare metal, and pulling it free from the others as I ran back, popping back out in thirty seconds, ready to rock.

Looking down, the boat had almost made it to the surface, while the serpent was trying to dislodge Baguko from its head. Pushing myself down towards my opponent, Bakugo leapt high to dodge the *same* kind of hit that took me out, blasting right back down after it passed by with a small detonation, slamming his hands into its earthen flesh once more without visible effect.

Trailing my cord, gripping the stripped end tightly, I arrowed down towards the serpent, which, twisting in on itself, managed to smack Bakugo with a double set of coils, sending him flying, even as it started to follow after, opening its dirt jaws wide. The teen threw his hands forward, setting off a staccato pulse of explosions that shot him away *far* faster than the leviathan could move, which it realized, as it turned away, heading once more for the boat, which was left unguarded.

*God I wish I had hard numbers,* I couldn’t help but think, but hoping for the best would have to do, as my teammate spotted me, nodded, then set off another set of blasts, curving himself upwards and out of the blast zone.

Closing on my foe, I sent acid down the length of the wire I was carrying. Not a lot, just enough to help guide it, but I’d need *everything* to make this work.

Getting close, the dirt-serpent noticed me, turning, and opening its mouth wide, but, turning the bottom of my foot to lightning just for a moment, I started to skid, slamming the foot down to send me upward, high over its gaping maw, and, with a yell, I whipped the length of wire I was trailing behind myself down at the creature, the thin sheathe of acid letting me nudge it *just* enough to press the end against the top of the creature’s head below me, which was covered in dark handprints.

If *each* one was a standard explosion from Bakugo then, assuming they all went off. . . this was gonna be one *hell* of an blast, and one that only my OfA enhancements would let me survive.

But I *would* survive.

Feeling a manic grin spread across my features, I exuded more acid, forming a hard protective shell, as I poured *every* volt I had down the wire, and declared, as loud as I could, *“****PLUS ULTRA!****”*

For a moment, I glowed a harsh yellow-white, casting sharp shadows across the submerged skyscrapers, and then a *second* bloom of light emerged from the far end of the length, the handprints starting to glow with a fell orange light of their own.

And then, *everything seemed to come apart at once.*

A wall of force *slammed* into my, as I reflexively said *fuck subtlety* and poured acid from *every* pore, the shell tearing apart as it was made but still holding. I was thrown upwards, higher and higher, until, in a sudden eruption of sound, I broke the surface, riding a geyser high into the air.

My *entire* body hurt, but I moved reflexively, my training with Hawks paying off as I shifted my arms to wings, lacking any way to generate thrust, but my mentor had trained me for *that* too.

Glancing back to the beach, I could see everyone gathered, Mina staring up at me, and couldn’t help but give her a little wave. Focusing on the glue-boat, I pulled my wings in, arrowing down for it.

Kaibara wasn’t anywhere in sight, but the boat was bobbing on the surface despite being at negative buoyancy, so he *must* be holding it up somehow. Bakugo broke the surface, flipping over and landing on the bottom, holding onto one of the loops and starting to blast to flip the boat.

Coming down, I pitched myself so I’d overshoot slightly, then shifted my feet to lightning, one arm snapping back to aching flesh, the other turning into an electric grapnel. The boat was starting to turn, but slowly, *too slowly,* and I flew past my teammate, throwing out a hand to grab the other hardened loop, hitting the surface and allowing myself to skid for a moment, then *pulling* as hard as I could, firming my footing as I twisted, throwing *all* of my momentum into a single *yank* that jerked the ship sideways.

Running close, I let close, grabbing the now emerged side handle, and *pulled*, Bakugo clambering up to grab it as well, more blasts fired to continue the turning, until, with a great *splash,* it settled upright once more.

Dropping to electric hands and knees on the surface, I let out a long sigh, the waters beneath us dark with mud, and smiled.

*We did it.*

It was almost a perfunctory measure to check the inside of the boat, where a panicked looking Kaibara and Bondo sat, and the water levels inside were below the mannequins’ heads, so none of them would ‘drown’. Bakugo was draped over the edge of the vessel, breathing hard, but still in one piece too.

Something under the water shifted, and I tensed, but the broad back of the dirt-whale came up out of the water, carrying us *and* the boat to shore. Slumping down, leaning against the hardened glue, I *finally* relaxed, as Bakugo groaned and flopped down beside me.

In the distance, the submerged building we left behind collapsed into the lake, creating a wave that our transport rode towards the shore.

“That was fuckin’ *nuts,*” the explosive teen dully commented, sounding slightly muted, but there was no acid in my ears.

“Yeah, but we took everything she could throw at us, and *kept on going*,” I pointed out, my hearing oddly sharpening, and the faint ringing I didn’t even notice I had going away.

[Bakugo chuckled](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C0AcfFDbXQA&ab_channel=CrunchyrollDubs), then groaned again, holding his side. “We’re just that awesome.”

“Damn straight,” I replied, holding up a fist, which he bumped.

We both sat there, watching the lake slowly start to settle. Eventually the entire whale bumped slightly, and, with a sigh, I stood, my regen already at work. Offering my classmate a hand, he took it, and I pulled him to his feet, as he took a single stumbling step to center himself. A single jumping step got me to the edge, both boys *far* more unsteady than my classmate was.

We disembarked, the four of us stepped off the dirt-whale and onto the beach, where both classes stared at us.

“What’re ya extras staring at?” Bakugo sneered, though I could tell he was having a *great* time. “Hasn’t anyone ever told ya they save the best for last!”

*Music*

*Dirt Leviathan - Boku No Hero Academia OST - Enemy Strike (Extended)*

*Limits - Boku no Hero Academia Season 2 Soundtrack 15 - OST 2 - Soredemo Sara ni Mukou e*

*Do this! - My Hero Academia - Bakusatsuou!! (Bakugo's Theme) || Metal Cover by RichaadEB*

*Bakugo Chuckled - My Hero Academia Season 2 – Ending Theme 2 – Datte Atashi no Hero.*