The late afternoon sun, a bruised orange dipping towards the horizon, bled long, distorted shadows across the suburban street. Izuku walked beside Melissa, the air still thick with the faint, metallic tang of ozone from his recent, brutal battle. His heart hammered against his ribs, a frantic drum against the lingering image of the Agito fleeing, and the gut-wrenching sight of Melissa, pale and wide-eyed, having witnessed most—if not all—of it.

He'd offered to explain, the words a desperate, raw plea tumbling from his lips before he could fully think. Melissa, for her part, had simply nodded, her eyes unblinking, her face a mask of shock in the fading light. The walk to Toshinori's home had been steeped in a profound, suffocating silence. Neither spoke. Melissa kept a slight, almost imperceptible distance, her shoulders hunched, her gaze fixed resolutely on the cracked pavement ahead, avoiding his eyes. Her silence wasn't accusatory, but a deep, worried confusion, a fragile shell around her shock. Izuku, utterly exhausted and overwhelmed, found he had no words anyway. The immense weight of what she had seen, what he would now have to try and explain, pressed down on him, making every step a leaden effort.

As the sky deepened into hues of orange and deep purple, painting the clouds with the approaching night, they finally reached Toshinori's modest, familiar house. The front door opened just as they approached, as if on cue. Toshinori, in his civilian form, stood in the doorway, a mug of tea in hand, a look of mild surprise on his face. He blinked, clearly not expecting company, let alone the sight of Izuku and Melissa together, looking as though they had just stumbled out of a war zone.

"Young Midoriya? Melissa, my dear? What in the world…?" Toshinori began, his voice laced with concern, his brow furrowing as he took in their disheveled appearances.

Izuku didn't speak. He simply met Toshinori's gaze, a silent, desperate plea in his eyes that spoke volumes. It was a look that conveyed the raw, unsettling truth of what had just transpired, the terrifying secret irrevocably exposed. Toshinori's eyes, sharp even in his civilian form, widened almost imperceptibly as he read the unspoken message. The casual teacup in his hand suddenly felt heavy, and the faint, tired smile on his face vanished, replaced by a grim, knowing understanding. He stepped aside, opening the door wider, a silent invitation to enter the sanctuary of his home. The conversation, he knew, would be long, and incredibly difficult.

Inside, the living room was quiet, the last rays of sunlight struggling to pierce the drawn curtains, casting the space in a dim, intimate glow. Melissa sat stiffly on the edge of the sofa, now dressed in comfortable casual clothes, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. Izuku sat across from her in a worn armchair, still in his U.A. uniform, his shoulders slumped with exhaustion. The silence between them was thick, palpable, a heavy curtain that needed a blade to cut through before any words could be spoken. The air itself seemed to hum with unspoken questions, with fear and confusion.

From the kitchen, the faint clinking of mugs and the soft gurgle of a kettle signaled Toshinori's attempt to provide some semblance of normalcy, some space for them to breathe before the inevitable confrontation.

Finally, Izuku took a deep, shaky breath, gathering every ounce of courage he possessed. His voice, when it came, was a strained whisper. "Melissa… should I… should I start?"

Melissa's head, which had been bowed, slowly lifted. Her eyes, wide and a little haunted, met his. She nodded silently, a small, almost imperceptible movement. Her body language was a complex mix of confusion and a subtle, undeniable fear. She didn't understand what she had seen—was it a hero fighting? A villain? A vigilante? The lines were blurred, terrifyingly so.

Izuku swallowed, his throat dry. He had to know exactly what she had witnessed, what she believed. "Did… did you see me kill… what you thought was a heteromorph?" he asked, the words catching in his throat.

Melissa's eyes widened further, and she flinched, a small gasp escaping her lips. She nodded, slowly, her gaze fixed on him, shaken by the bluntness of the question and the memory it evoked.

Izuku bit his lip, his stomach clenching. Kill. The word echoed in his mind, cold and hard. Without the full context, without knowing about the Lords, about the Agito that had attacked him, her perception was a nightmare. He knew he had to explain, but how? How could he make her understand something so far beyond the realm of Quirks and heroes?

He began, slowly, carefully, his voice low and hesitant at first, then gaining a fragile confidence as he spoke. He started with the nightmares, the headaches, the strange, unsettling feeling that had preceded his first transformation. He recounted the terror of the Sludge Villain incident, the moment the black armor had first erupted from his skin, a power both terrifying and exhilarating. He spoke of Kagutsuchi, the enigmatic man who seemed to know everything, of the unbelievable stakes associated with a power that he now wished was simply a Quirk. He tried to convey the feeling of the Agito armor, not as a Quirk, but as something ancient, something that felt both alien and profoundly right.

He explained the "Lords," the cosmic hierarchy, the "Divine Decree" that governed their existence and the "erasure" of the "unworthy." He told her about the other Agito, the ones who had lost control, the terrifying implications of their unstable mutations. He recounted Kagutsuchi's one-sided 'sparring match' with All Might, the public unveiling at the Sports Festival, the fight with Wolfram, and the emergence of his new "Storm Form." He even touched on the unsettling encounter with Tristis, the Jaguar Lord, and the bizarre reason for his departure, of how… normal it seemed like the man hadn't just been trying to kill him, but also hadn't been fighting seriously.

Midway through his halting explanation, Toshinori returned from the kitchen, carrying a tray with three mugs of warm tea and a plate of cookies. He set the tray down on the coffee table, his movements quiet and deliberate. Without a word, he moved to the sofa and sat beside Melissa, his presence a warm, comforting anchor in the swirling storm of Izuku's words. He didn't interrupt, his gaze steady, his expression a mixture of understanding and quiet concern as he watched Melissa's reactions. He gently placed a hand on her arm, a silent gesture of support.

Melissa listened, her initial fear slowly giving way to a profound, almost bewildered awe. Her eyes, wide and unblinking, followed Izuku's every gesture, every shift in his expression. She flinched when he spoke of the "erasure," and a shiver ran through her when he described the uncontrolled Agito. By the time Izuku finished, his voice hoarse and raw from the sheer effort of recounting the impossible, the room was steeped in a silence even heavier than before, filled only with the faint ticking of a clock.

Melissa stared at him, her lips parted slightly, a thousand questions warring in her eyes. "So… so it's not a Quirk," she whispered, the words barely audible. "It's… something else entirely. And there are others… and these 'Lords'… they're watching?"

Izuku nodded, his gaze fixed on her, bracing himself for her judgment, her disbelief.

Then, Toshinori spoke, his voice calm and steady, drawing Melissa's attention. "Yes, Melissa, it's true." He squeezed her arm gently. "Young Midoriya isn't alone in this. I… I'm also in the know." He met her stunned gaze, a grim, resolute expression on his face. "I've known about the Agito, and the Lords, for some time now. Kagutsuchi… he made sure of it."

A long moment of silence stretched, thick with the weight of the revelations. Melissa's gaze flickered between Izuku's earnest, tired face and Toshinori's grim, resolute expression. Her brow furrowed, a mix of disbelief and dawning comprehension warring in her eyes.

"But… why?" she finally asked, her voice a fragile whisper, barely louder than the hum of the refrigerator in the kitchen. "Why is this happening? Why… why us? Why Izuku?" Her hands, still clasped in her lap, trembled slightly. "And these… these 'Lords'… are they really… angels? Does that mean… God is actually real? It's just… it's just so much to take in." Her voice cracked on the last word, the sheer enormity of it all pressing down on her.

Izuku nodded, his own shoulders slumping further. "I know, Melissa. I know it's a lot." He ran a hand through his unruly green hair, his gaze distant. "Believe me, if someone had told me all this a few months ago… I wouldn't have believed it either. Neither of us would have, right, All Might?" He glanced at Toshinori, who gave a slow, solemn nod.

"Indeed, Young Midoriya," Toshinori confirmed, his voice heavy. "It defies everything we've ever known, everything we've built our lives around. But after… after everything we've experienced, everything we've seen… we barely have a choice in the matter." He sighed, a weary sound. "The evidence is… undeniable."

Melissa's gaze drifted, unfocused, to the pattern on the rug. Her mind reeled, trying to reconcile the impossible truths with the comforting stories of her childhood. She remembered her mother's gentle voice, soft and warm, during bedtime prayers.

"God loves everyone, sweetie," her mother had whispered, stroking her hair. "He and His angels watch over us, always. They make sure we're safe and happy."

Melissa had been just a little girl then, barely old enough to grasp the concept, but the words had settled deep in her heart, painting a picture of a benevolent, kind, almost personable deity. God was just… this really nice person, looking out for everyone. The angels were His protectors, His messengers of peace. But these 'Lords'… these beings who spoke of 'Divine Decrees' and 'erasure,' who casually observed their world and orchestrated tests, who could be so terrifyingly powerful yet so detached… they were nothing like the comforting figures from her mother's stories. The contrast was a sharp, painful ache in her chest.

A long moment passed, filled only with the soft hum of the refrigerator and the distant city sounds. Melissa took a deep, shuddering breath, her fingers unclenching from her lap. She looked up, her eyes still wide, but a new, quiet resolve hardening their depths.

"I… I don't hate you, Izuku," she said, her voice soft but firm, meeting his gaze directly. "And I don't… I don't fear you for what you are." She admitted, with a small, self-conscious shrug, "I'm scared, yes. I'm really scared. This is… a lot." Her gaze flickered to Toshinori, then back to Izuku. "But… you're still you. And if this is what's happening… then I want to help." Her hands, which had been clenched, now opened, a gesture of offering. "I… I can make things. Support items. Gear. Tailored to your forms, to what you need. Even if it's just… just making sure you're safer out there. I want to help you however I can."

Toshinori offered a small, grateful smile, a silent acknowledgment of her courage and loyalty.

Melissa then stood, a little wobbly, but with a newfound determination. "I think… I need a moment to just… process all of this." She offered a weak but genuine smile. "Thank you, both of you. For telling me." She walked towards the stairs, pausing at the bottom. "I'll be upstairs if you need anything."

As Melissa's footsteps faded on the stairs, a profound silence descended upon the living room, heavier now with the weight of her bravery. Izuku slumped further into the armchair, the exhaustion finally catching up to him. Toshinori leaned back on the sofa, a thoughtful expression on his face.

"She's a remarkable young woman, Young Midoriya," Toshinori said quietly, his gaze fixed on the now empty stairwell. "Her courage… it reminds me of her mother. And her father." He turned his attention to Izuku, his expression softening. "You did well, my boy. Explaining all of this… it couldn't have been easy."

Izuku sighed, running a hand over his face. "It was… terrifying. I didn't know how she'd react. I was so worried she'd… she'd hate me. Or be afraid."

"That's natural," Toshinori said, nodding. "But she saw the truth. She saw you. And she chose to stand by you." He paused, his tone growing more serious. "However, Young Midoriya… her offer, while incredibly generous and brave, also comes with a significant risk. Keeping her close to these battles, to the world of the Agito… it puts her in direct danger. The Lords, the other Agito… they are not like ordinary villains. They operate on a scale we can barely comprehend."

Izuku's head snapped up, his eyes wide with alarm. "I know! I don't want her to get hurt, All Might! I… I just… I don't know what to do. How can I push her away when she's offering to help? When she's accepted this… this impossible truth?" His voice was laced with a desperate plea. "But I can't… I can't let her get caught up in this. Not like this." He clenched his fists, torn between the desire to protect her and the fear of isolating himself, of pushing away the very people who understood him.

Before Toshinori could respond, Izuku's smartphone, resting on the coffee table, vibrated with a sharp, insistent buzz. Both heroes looked at it, a shared sense of dread settling in. The caller ID simply read: Kagutsuchi.

Izuku hesitated, then picked it up, putting it on speaker. Toshinori leaned forward, his expression grim.

"Well, well, well," Kagutsuchi's voice purred from the phone, smooth and annoyingly cheerful, cutting through the tense silence. "Having a rough day, Izuku Midoriya?" There was a faint, almost imperceptible hum beneath his words, a resonance that suggested he was closer than he should be. "I sensed a rather… energetic disturbance in your vicinity earlier. And a new presence. One that wasn't quite… human." His tone was light, but the underlying meaning was clear: he knew everything. "Did you enjoy your little dance with the newest addition to our little game?"

Izuku's jaw tightened. "It wasn't a dance, Kagutsuchi. It was a fight. And it was an Agito."

Kagutsuchi chuckled, a dry, amused sound. "Indeed. A rather… unrefined specimen, wouldn't you agree? Still, it served its purpose. It certainly pushed you, didn't it?" He paused, and Izuku could almost picture his infuriating smirk. "Just thought I'd check in. Don't want you getting too comfortable. There's always another step, after all." With another soft chuckle, the line went dead.

Izuku slowly lowered the phone, his hand trembling slightly. He looked at Toshinori, his face pale. "He… he knew. About the Agito."

Toshinori nodded, his expression grave. "He always does, Young Midoriya. But… an Agito? You said it fled. It didn't dissolve like a Lord?"

Izuku shook his head, the memory chilling him. "No. It was… different. Tougher. It took my Texas Smash and just… ran. Like it was scared. And it was definitely an Agito. It looked like… like me, but green, with jagged blades and crimson eyes. And it roared. It wasn't like the Lords at all."

Toshinori's brow furrowed, a deep line of concern appearing between his eyes. "Another Agito…? This changes things, Young Midoriya. This changes everything." The implications hung heavy in the air, a new, unsettling layer of complexity added to the already overwhelming truth.

Far away, in the dimly lit, cavernous expanse of his lair, All For One sat in his high-backed chair, fingers steepled beneath his mask. Before him, a large, flickering screen displayed a chaotic montage of surveillance footage—clipped, distorted, but undeniably showing the events that had transpired on I-Island. One of his agents, a shadowy figure whose face remained unseen, spoke in a low, crackling voice from a nearby comm unit, relaying the details of the failed mission to retrieve the Quirk Amplification Device.

His gaze, however, was fixed on a specific part of the screen, where Toshinori Yagi, in his Muscle Form, moved with a fluidity and power he hadn't possessed in years. "So, the reports of Toshinori's recovery were true," All For One mused, a dangerous calm in his voice. "Remarkable. Definitely not natural, of course." He tilted his head slightly, as if considering. A Healing Quirk, perhaps? Or years of therapy and cutting-edge tech. Regardless, it is… intriguing.

But then his focus sharpened, shifting to another figure on the screen—Izuku Midoriya, clad in his bizarre, wind-shrouded armor. All For One's masked face seemed to lean closer to the screen, a palpable intrigue radiating from him. "And then there is this… boy." He watched as Izuku moved with impossible speed, redirecting wind currents, his armor shifting and flaring. "First a form with pyrokinesis that can rival that of a Todoroki, now aerokinesis and super speed." A low, satisfied hum vibrated in his chest. "He is shaping up to be a surprising successor to the Symbol of Peace, if I'm to guess." His voice held a chilling admiration, a predator observing a promising, powerful prey.

The next day, the U.A. Support Course lab hummed with the familiar symphony of whirring machinery, sparking circuits, and the occasional clang of metal. Melissa Shield sat at a cluttered workstation, surrounded by a chaotic yet organized array of tools, half-finished prototypes, and scattered sketches. Her brow was furrowed in concentration, her glasses perched on the end of her nose as she meticulously drew, her pen scratching softly against the paper. She was sketching ideas for support items tailored specifically for Izuku—gear designed to stabilize his movements, absorb the incredible shock from his various forms, and reduce the immense strain on his body. She adjusted her glasses, lost in thought, a quiet determination etched on her face.

"Heeey, what'cha workin' on there, newbie?"

Melissa jumped slightly, her pen skittering across the page, and spun around to find Mei Hatsume leaning over her shoulder, her signature goggles pushed up onto her wild pink hair, eyes wide with unbridled curiosity. Mei's grin was infectious, her eyes practically sparking with boundless energy.

Melissa hesitated, her cheeks flushing faintly. After a breath, she admitted, her voice a little shaky, "…It's for Izuku Midoriya. I'm trying to help him."

Mei's eyes lit up like fireworks, a burst of pure, unadulterated excitement. "Midoriya, huh? Oh-ho-ho, I've been DYING to check out his armor! You should've told me sooner!" Without another word, Mei dug through a nearby drawer with surprising speed and slammed a set of rolled-up papers onto Melissa's already cluttered desk with a dramatic flourish.

Melissa blinked, confused, as Mei unrolled them with a triumphant grin. The sketches weren't crude doodles or rough concepts—they were incredibly detailed schematics, complete with intricate notes on material composition, energy transfer diagrams, and even modular weapon attachments. Melissa's eyes widened as she took them in; Mei's mind, it seemed, had already been hard at work designing possible upgrades and enhancements for Izuku's Agito armor.

Adjusting her glasses, Melissa leaned closer, impressed despite herself. "These are… incredible," she murmured, tracing a finger over a complex diagram. "You've already accounted for wind dynamics and weight distribution… And these…" Her voice trailed off as her gaze fell upon a bold header printed neatly at the top of the blueprint, stark and intriguing:

G1.

Melissa's expression shifted—half astonishment, half burning curiosity—as she wondered what exactly Mei Hatsume had been planning for Izuku all this time, and what "G1" could possibly mean.

The next day, well ahead of the usual curriculum, U.A. High's training grounds were configured for an early Class 1-A vs. Class 1-B mock battle. The expansive area had been transformed into a sprawling urban simulation: crumbling alleys snaked between multi-story buildings, which gave way to wide-open plazas, all designed to test both agility and teamwork. Both classes were buzzing with anticipation, a competitive energy crackling in the air.

In Class 1-A, Katsuki Bakugo grinned, crossing his arms over his chest. "I'll crush everyone without breaking a sweat," he declared, his voice a low growl of pure confidence.

Tenya Iida, ever the stickler for protocol, chopped the air with his hand, urging his classmates. "Everyone, please remain professional! Treat this as a heroic mission, not just a training exercise! Discipline is paramount!"

Mina Ashido and Denki Kaminari grinned at each other, exchanging playful bets on who would get the most captures.

Izuku Midoriya, however, remained silent, his gaze focused, already analyzing the intricate layout of the urban simulation. The recent, terrifying battle with the other Agito still lingered in his mind, a cold knot in his stomach, but he forced himself to stay calm. This was just training. He had to focus.

Across the divide, Class 1-B's Neito Monoma took every opportunity to taunt. "Look at them, Class A!" he called out loudly, a sneer on his face. "All famous for their attention-grabbing incidents, aren't they? Overrated, if you ask me!"

Itsuka Kendo sighed, gently nudging a few of her more excitable teammates back into line, but she couldn't quite hide her own competitive grin.

Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu pumped his fists, hyping himself and Pony Tsunotori. "Let's go, Pony! We'll show those Class A guys what real guts look like!"

The instructors, Shota Aizawa and Vlad King, stood in front of both classes, their expressions stern. Vlad King's booming voice cut through the chatter. "Alright, listen up, both classes! This is a hero versus villain scenario. Each team must either secure a mock 'hostage' located somewhere in the zone, or completely overpower the opposing team within the time limit. Simple as that."

The tension built as the teams were divided, each student moving into their designated starting positions. Izuku adjusted his gloves, taking a deep, steadying breath, his sharp eyes scanning the detailed map given to each team. He traced potential routes, calculated strategic points, and mentally prepared for the unpredictable nature of a live exercise.

Monoma, ever watchful, noticed Izuku's intense focus and shouted with a wide, mocking grin, "Are you planning to overthink yourself into a loss, Midoriya?"

The remark drew a few chuckles from Class 1-B, while Bakugo snarled from his own position, "Shut up, Monoma! Don't you dare distract Deku!"

Both classes settled into position, the air thick with anticipation, waiting for the signal to begin.

Match 1 – Bakugo's Squad vs. Kendo's Squad

The first match was announced, and the designated students stepped forward.

Class 1-A (Heroes):

Katsuki Bakugo (Leader) – Explosions

Kirishima Eijiro – Hardening

Mina Ashido – Acid

Koji Koda – Anivoice

Class 1-B (Villains):

Itsuka Kendo (Leader) – Big Fist

Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu – Steel

Pony Tsunotori – Horn Cannon

Komori Kinoko – Mushroom

Aizawa's eyes swept over the two teams. "Heroes, proceed to your designated entry point. Villains, take your positions."

The signal blared, and the urban simulation erupted into action. Bakugo, true to form, immediately launched himself forward with a series of explosive blasts, rocketing down a main thoroughfare. "Kirishima, with me! Mina, cover our flanks! Koda, scout ahead, find that hostage!" His orders were sharp, direct, and left no room for argument.

On the other side, Kendo's team moved with more calculated precision. "Tetsutetsu, establish a perimeter near the central plaza! Pony, high ground for ranged suppression! Komori, prepare your spores for area denial around the hostage!" Kendo herself moved to intercept Bakugo, her enlarged fist already flexing.

The clash was immediate. Bakugo met Kendo head-on, his explosions forcing her back, but her enlarged fist provided formidable defense, deflecting his blasts and attempting to land powerful counter-punches. Their fight became a brutal dance of offense and defense, Bakugo's raw power against Kendo's strategic parries and attempts to control the engagement.

Meanwhile, Kirishima and Tetsutetsu found each other in a narrow alleyway, their Quirks activating simultaneously. "Manly!" they both roared, charging forward. Their hardened and steel forms collided with a deafening CRACK, sending shockwaves through the confined space. Blow after blow landed, a pure test of endurance and raw strength, neither willing to back down.

Mina Ashido, agile and quick, found herself engaged with Komori Kinoko near a cluster of abandoned shops. Komori's Mushroom Quirk was already at work, spores rapidly multiplying into dense, obstructing fungi across the ground and walls. Mina countered with streams of acid, dissolving the mushrooms and creating slippery patches to slow Komori's advance. It was a tactical battle of environmental control, Mina trying to clear paths while Komori sought to trap and disorient.

High above, Pony Tsunotori used her Horn Cannon to fire sharp, piercing projectiles, forcing Bakugo and Kirishima to constantly adjust their positions, adding another layer of pressure. Koda, meanwhile, had quietly slipped away, using his Anivoice to communicate with the urban wildlife—pigeons, stray cats, even rats—gathering intelligence on the hostage's location and the enemy team's movements, relaying crucial information back to Bakugo through their comms.

Bakugo, receiving Koda's intel, saw an opening. "Kirishima, hold him! Mina, push through the left flank, create a distraction!" He unleashed a massive AP Shot, forcing Kendo to commit her enlarged fist to block, creating a momentary blind spot. With a final, powerful explosion, Bakugo bypassed Kendo, leaving her momentarily stunned, and raced towards the reported hostage location.

Kendo, recovering quickly, roared, "Tetsutetsu, fall back and support Komori! Pony, cover Bakugo's advance!" But it was too late. Bakugo, with Kirishima still engaging Tetsutetsu in a fierce, drawn-out brawl, and Mina successfully creating chaos with her acid, reached the hostage.

"Hostage secured! Class 1-A wins!" Vlad King's voice boomed over the loudspeakers, ending the match.

Bakugo stood over the mock hostage, a triumphant, albeit slightly singed, grin on his face. Kendo sighed, shaking her enlarged fist, acknowledging the decisive, if chaotic, victory. Kirishima and Tetsutetsu finally broke their clash, both panting but grinning, already planning their next "manly" encounter.

Match 2 – Todoroki's Squad vs. Monoma's Squad

The second match was announced, and the next set of students stepped onto the field.

Class 1-A (Heroes):

Shoto Todoroki (Leader) – Half-Cold Half-Hot

Denki Kaminari – Electrification

Mezo Shoji – Dupli-Arms

Rikido Sato – Sugar Rush

Class 1-B (Villains):

Neito Monoma (Leader) – Copy (Steel, Big Fist, Horn Cannon, Gyrate copied beforehand)

Sen Kaibara – Gyrate

Reiko Yanagi – Poltergeist

Manga Fukidashi – Comic

Aizawa's voice cut through the air. "Heroes, proceed to your designated entry point. Villains, take your positions."

The signal blared, and the second mock battle began.

Todoroki immediately took command. "Kaminari, prepare for wide-area stun! Shoji, scout the upper levels, locate the hostage! Sato, stay close, we'll need your power for close quarters." He unleashed a massive wave of ice, sending it sweeping across the plaza they had entered, creating a formidable barrier and forcing Monoma's team to scatter.

Monoma, however, was ready. "Fukidashi, create a diversion! Kaibara, disrupt their ice! Yanagi, prepare to retrieve the hostage once they're distracted!" He activated his copied Quirks, his eyes gleaming with cunning. With the Steel Quirk, he hardened his skin, shrugging off the edge of Todoroki's ice.

Fukidashi immediately manifested a colossal, solid "BOOM!" sound effect, sending a shockwave that shattered Todoroki's initial ice wall and momentarily disoriented Class 1-A. Kaibara, with a touch, began to rapidly GYRATE sections of the crumbling debris, turning them into spinning projectiles that further disrupted Todoroki's ice and forced Kaminari and Sato to dodge.

"Kaminari, now!" Todoroki commanded, firing a precise stream of ice at Monoma.

Kaminari unleashed a burst of electricity, aiming for Monoma, but Monoma, anticipating the move, used Big Fist to create a massive, hardened hand that deflected the electricity, sending it harmlessly into a nearby wall. "Too slow, Class A!" Monoma taunted, then used Horn Cannon to fire a rapid succession of sharp, bone-like projectiles, forcing Kaminari to duck for cover.

Shoji, having already scaled a building, used his multiple eyes to pinpoint the hostage's location in a derelict multi-story car park. He relayed the information to Todoroki. "Hostage located, third floor, east side! Yanagi is with it!"

"Sato, with me!" Todoroki yelled, creating an ice ramp to quickly ascend the building. Sato, having popped a sugar cube, surged with power, ready to smash through any obstacles.

But Monoma was one step ahead. "Fukidashi, block their path!"

Manga Fukidashi slammed his hand onto the ground, and a massive, opaque "THWACK!" sound effect materialized, forming a solid, impenetrable wall of comic text that completely sealed off the entrance to the car park, trapping Todoroki and Sato.

"Yanagi, now!" Monoma's voice echoed.

Inside the car park, Reiko Yanagi, who had been quietly waiting, used her Poltergeist Quirk to effortlessly lift the lightweight mock hostage. She then floated it through a small, high window, out of reach.

Todoroki blasted the "THWACK!" wall with fire, but it held firm, dissipating slowly, giving Monoma's team precious time. By the time Todoroki and Sato finally broke through, Yanagi was already descending from the building with the hostage, joining Monoma, Kaibara, and Fukidashi who had established a strong defensive position in the plaza below.

"Hostage secured! Class 1-B wins!" Vlad King's voice boomed, signaling the end of the match.

Monoma smirked, a triumphant, smug look on his face as he held up the mock hostage. "Looks like Class A isn't so special after all, Midoriya!" he called out, specifically aiming his taunt.

Todoroki stood, a frustrated frown on his face, acknowledging the loss. Sato panted, his sugar rush fading, while Kaminari sagged, slightly dazed from his Quirk overuse. Shoji landed beside them, his expression grim. Class 1-B had outmaneuvered them, their combined Quirks and Monoma's cunning proving too effective.

Match 3 – Izuku's Squad vs. Kuroiro's Squad

The third match was announced, and the next students stepped into the urban simulation.

Class 1-A (Heroes):

Izuku Midoriya (Leader) – Base form only

Ochako Uraraka – Zero Gravity

Tenya Iida – Engine

Tsuyu Asui – Frog Form

Class 1-B (Villains):

Shihai Kuroiro (Leader) – Black

Ibara Shiozaki – Vines

Togaru Kamakiri – Razor Sharp

Jurota Shishida – Beast

Aizawa's voice was clear. "Heroes, proceed to your designated entry point. Villains, take your positions."

The signal blared, and the third match began.

Izuku, despite the lingering thoughts of the Agito and the weight of his secret, immediately snapped into focus. He knew he couldn't rely on his Agito power, so he had to leverage his team's Quirks and his analytical mind. "Uraraka, Iida, Asui! We're moving fast and staying together! Our objective is the hostage, but we need to identify their defensive setup first. Iida, lead the charge, use your speed to draw attention! Uraraka, be ready for close-quarters support and mobility. Asui, use your tongue to scout and provide evasive maneuvers!"

Kuroiro's team, masters of stealth and ambush, had already melted into the shadows of the crumbling buildings. "Shiozaki, set up a vine perimeter in the central plaza! Kamakiri, use the rooftops for quick strikes! Shishida, stay hidden, be ready to intercept any direct pushes!" Kuroiro himself became one with the darkness, his Black Quirk allowing him to move unseen through any shadow.

Iida, engines roaring, burst forward, his speed creating a blur. He became a high-speed decoy, drawing Kamakiri's attention. Razor Sharp blades extended from Kamakiri's arms, slashing at the air as he tried to predict Iida's rapid movements.

Meanwhile, Shiozaki's vines erupted from the ground, quickly forming a dense, thorny barrier across the main thoroughfares, attempting to funnel Izuku's team into specific choke points.

"Asui, high ground!" Izuku called, pointing to a partially collapsed building. Tsuyu, with a flick of her tongue, launched herself up, gaining an aerial view. "Kero! Vines everywhere, Midoriya-chan! And I see Shishida-kun moving through the lower levels, trying to flank us!"

"Got it!" Izuku quickly revised his plan. "Iida, keep Kamakiri occupied! Uraraka, follow me! Asui, try to pinpoint Kuroiro's movements!"

Izuku, using his enhanced analytical skills, found a less obvious route through a series of narrow, shadowed alleys, knowing Kuroiro would be lurking. He moved with a surprising agility, calculating angles and potential ambush points. Uraraka floated lightly behind him, ready to make any heavy debris weightless if needed.

As they navigated the dark passages, a section of the wall beside them suddenly turned black, and Kuroiro lunged out, aiming for Izuku. But Izuku, anticipating the move, had already shifted his weight. "Uraraka, now!"

Uraraka touched the crumbling wall, and with a quick "Release!" she sent a cascade of debris floating towards Kuroiro. Kuroiro, forced to solidify to avoid the floating rubble, was momentarily exposed.

At the same time, Iida, having successfully drawn Kamakiri away, noticed Shiozaki's vines tightening around their central objective. "Recipro Burst!" he yelled, unleashing a burst of incredible speed that allowed him to zip past Kamakiri and smash through a section of Shiozaki's vines, creating a temporary opening.

Shishida, sensing the breach, transformed into his Beast form, a hulking, powerful figure, and charged towards Iida, aiming to cut off his path to the hostage.

"Asui, now's our chance!" Izuku yelled, seeing the distraction. "Uraraka, to the hostage!"

Uraraka, with a determined nod, used her Zero Gravity to propel herself over the remaining vines, soaring towards the hostage's known location. Shiozaki, realizing her mistake, tried to redirect her vines, but Izuku intercepted them, using his raw strength and quick reflexes to tear through the thorny tendrils, creating just enough of a path for Uraraka.

Kuroiro, having recovered from Uraraka's surprise attack, tried to pursue, but Izuku met him head-on, engaging him in a rapid, close-quarters brawl. Izuku, without his Agito armor, relied on his honed combat instincts, dodging Kuroiro's shadowy strikes and landing precise, powerful blows.

Meanwhile, Iida, though struggling against Shishida's brute force, managed to keep the Beast Quirk user occupied, creating enough of a diversion.

Uraraka reached the hostage, a small, triumphant cry escaping her lips. "Hostage secured! Class 1-A wins!"

Vlad King's voice boomed over the loudspeakers, signaling the end of the match.

Izuku, panting, stepped back from a disoriented Kuroiro, a small, tired smile on his face. Iida, though bruised, stood proudly beside a defeated Shishida. Tsuyu landed gracefully, her tongue retracted. Class 1-A had won, not through overwhelming power, but through strategy, teamwork, and Izuku's quick thinking.

Match 4 – Yaoyorozu's Squad vs. Setsuna's Squad

The final match of the early session was announced.

Class 1-A (Heroes):

Momo Yaoyorozu (Leader) – Creation

Kyoka Jiro – Earphone Jack

Hanta Sero – Tape

Yuga Aoyama – Navel Laser

Class 1-B (Villains):

Setsuna Tokage (Leader) – Lizard Tail Splitter

Kosei Tsuburaba – Solid Air

Kojirou Bondo – Cemedine

Kinoko Komori (Fill Slot) – Mushroom

Aizawa's voice was crisp. "Heroes, to your entry. Villains, take your positions."

The signal blared, and the final match commenced.

Setsuna Tokage immediately took charge. "Tsuburaba, create air walls to funnel them! Bondo, lay down traps at the choke points! Komori, spread your spores to obscure vision and create slippery zones around the hostage!" Setsuna herself dissolved into multiple pieces, her detached body parts scattering to scout and prepare for flanking maneuvers.

Momo Yaoyorozu, observing Class 1-B's defensive setup, quickly formulated a counter-strategy. "Jiro, use your Earphone Jack to detect any hidden air walls or traps! Sero, prepare to create high-mobility paths and restrain targets! Aoyama, provide covering fire and clear any obstructions!" Momo began creating a series of small, high-powered fans and compact sound-dampening devices.

As Class 1-A advanced, they encountered Tsuburaba's invisible Solid Air barriers. Jiro, however, had already detected the vibrations. "Air wall, twelve o'clock, Yaoyorozu!" she called out, tapping her earphone jack against the ground.

"Aoyama, clear it!" Momo commanded. Aoyama, with a flourish, unleashed his Navel Laser, a concentrated beam that sliced through the invisible air wall, creating an opening.

Simultaneously, Bondo launched sticky Cemedine projectiles, aiming to trap Sero. But Sero, with his quick reflexes, used his Tape to swing around the projectiles, adhering to a nearby building and gaining vertical advantage. "Tape Shot!" he yelled, firing multiple streams of tape to restrain a few of Setsuna's detached body parts that were attempting to flank them.

Komori, from a hidden vantage point, began to rapidly spread her Mushroom spores, creating a dense, opaque cloud that obscured vision and made the ground slick.

"Jiro, sound dampeners!" Momo instructed, throwing small, spherical devices that Jiro activated, muffling the sounds of their movements and reducing the disorienting effect of the mushrooms. "Sero, create a path through the mushrooms! Aoyama, provide a clear line of sight for Jiro!"

Sero swiftly created a series of tape lines, forming makeshift bridges over the mushroom-covered ground, allowing himself and Jiro to move quickly. Aoyama fired another Navel Laser burst, momentarily clearing a section of the mushroom cloud, giving Jiro a brief window to pinpoint Komori's location.

"Komori-chan is in the abandoned cafe, kero!" Jiro relayed, her earphone jack glowing.

Setsuna, seeing their coordinated push, reformed herself, her body pieces snapping back together. She lunged at Momo, her sharp claws extended, aiming to disrupt the leader. "You're too slow, Yaoyorozu!"

But Momo was ready. With a quick movement, she created a collapsible net gun and fired. The net, reinforced with a quick-drying adhesive, ensnared Setsuna, momentarily pinning her to a wall.

"Sero, the hostage!" Momo yelled, pointing towards a building that was now within reach.

Sero, already in motion, swung across the plaza using his tape, landing precisely near the hostage. Bondo, attempting to intercept, launched a massive glob of Cemedine, but Sero dodged, securing the hostage with a quick wrap of his tape.

"Hostage secured! Class 1-A wins!" Vlad King's voice announced, bringing the match to an end.

Momo adjusted her uniform, a small, satisfied smile on her face. Jiro retrieved her earphone jacks, Sero carefully lowered the mock hostage, and Aoyama gave a triumphant wink. Class 1-A had secured their second victory, showcasing their strategic thinking and effective teamwork against Class 1-B's tricky Quirks.

Match 5 – Hagakure's Squad vs. Tsuburaba's Squad

The final match of the early session was announced.

Class 1-A (Heroes):

Toru Hagakure (Leader) – Invisibility (stealth & scouting)

Minoru Mineta – Pop Off (area control & capture traps)

Mashirao Ojiro – Tail (close-quarters combat & precision strikes)

Hanta Sero – Tape (mobility support & trap reinforcement)

Class 1-B (Villains):

Kosei Tsuburaba (Leader) – Solid Air (barrier creation & area lockdown)

Hiryu Rin – Scales (mid-range offense, tough defense)

Kojirou Bondo – Cemedine (immobilization, battlefield control)

Togaru Kamakiri – Razor Sharp (aggressive forward fighter)

Aizawa's voice cut through the air. "Heroes, proceed to your designated entry point. Villains, take your positions."

The signal blared, and the fifth match began.

Hagakure immediately took charge, her voice a soft, almost imperceptible whisper through their comms. "Alright team, stealth is our biggest asset. Mineta, prepare your Pop Offs for strategic placement. Ojiro, you're our close-quarters expert for silent takedowns. Sero, be ready to provide mobility and secure any captures. Let's move quietly and scout their defenses. We're looking for the hostage, but also for opportunities to incapacitate."

On the villain side, Tsuburaba directed his team. "Rin, establish a mid-range defensive line! Bondo, fortify key chokepoints with Cemedine! Kamakiri, patrol the forward areas, be ready to engage any direct assaults!" Tsuburaba began creating invisible Solid Air walls, funneling potential entry points and creating a maze-like defense around their hidden hostage.

Hagakure, completely invisible, moved like a ghost through the urban landscape, her footsteps barely audible. She relayed real-time information to her team. "Tsuburaba's creating air walls in the main street, and Bondo's reinforcing the alleyways with Cemedine! They're trying to force us into a central choke point!"

"Understood," Mineta whispered back, already peeling off his sticky Pop Off balls. "I'll start laying traps around the perimeter of that central plaza. If they push, they'll get stuck." He began strategically placing his sticky spheres on walls and floors, blending them into the urban debris.

Ojiro, his tail swishing silently, moved with surprising agility, scaling buildings to gain a vantage point. He spotted Kamakiri patrolling below. "Kamakiri's on the ground floor, moving aggressively. Rin is covering the central plaza with scales."

"Sero, can you get me to that rooftop above Kamakiri?" Ojiro asked.

"On it!" Sero responded, launching a strong tape line. Ojiro grabbed it, and Sero reeled him up silently, positioning him directly above Kamakiri.

As Kamakiri rounded a corner, Ojiro dropped, his powerful tail lashing out. Kamakiri, reacting quickly, extended his Razor Sharp blades to block, but Ojiro's tail wrapped around his arm, disarming him of his immediate offensive capability. With a swift, precise strike, Ojiro used his tail to sweep Kamakiri's legs, sending him crashing to the ground, momentarily stunned.

"Kamakiri incapacitated!" Ojiro reported.

"Excellent work, Ojiro!" Hagakure praised. "Mineta, Sero, converge on the central plaza. The hostage must be there, or they'll be forced to move it."

Tsuburaba, realizing Kamakiri was down, shifted his strategy. "Rin, Bondo, fall back and secure the hostage! They've bypassed our outer defenses!" Rin launched a volley of scales, creating a defensive screen as he retreated, while Bondo sprayed Cemedine behind them, attempting to slow Class 1-A's pursuit.

But Class 1-A was too fast. Mineta had already laid a network of sticky traps, and as Rin and Bondo tried to retreat, they found their footing compromised. Rin slipped on a patch of Pop Offs, his scales momentarily flaring in frustration. Bondo found his Cemedine sticking to his own feet as he tried to move quickly.

Sero, using his Tape for rapid traversal, swung over the sticky obstacles, landing directly in front of the hostage. He quickly secured it with his tape, while Mineta followed up, launching a barrage of Pop Offs that stuck Rin and Bondo to the crumbling walls.

"Hostage secured! Class 1-A wins!" Vlad King's voice boomed, signaling the end of the match.

Hagakure shimmered into partial visibility, a triumphant smile on her face. Mineta cheered, proud of his traps. Ojiro helped Kamakiri up, offering a respectful nod. Class 1-A had won their third match, proving that even without overwhelming power, cunning and teamwork could secure victory.

The five mock battles concluded, and the students from both classes gathered in the central plaza of the urban simulation, a mix of exhaustion, exhilaration, and competitive pride on their faces. Shota Aizawa and Vlad King stood before them, their usual stern expressions softened slightly by the impressive display of Quirks and tactics.

"Alright, that concludes the early session of the Class 1-A versus Class 1-B mock battles," Aizawa announced, his voice flat but carrying. "Overall, both classes showed significant improvement in teamwork and strategic thinking. While there are always areas for growth, you all demonstrated commendable effort."

Vlad King nodded, his booming voice adding, "Indeed! You pushed each other, learned from your mistakes, and showed the true spirit of aspiring heroes! Excellent work, everyone!"

Just as the students began to relax, a familiar, irritating voice cut through the air. Neito Monoma, with his signature smug grin, stepped forward from Class 1-B, hands casually in his pockets. "Well, that was certainly… adequate," he drawled, his gaze sweeping over Class 1-A, lingering on Izuku Midoriya. "Though I must say, Class A's victories seemed to rely heavily on… unconventional methods. Perhaps we need a bonus round, just to settle things properly. A one-on-one, perhaps? Midoriya, what do you say? Just you and me. I'm sure you're eager to prove that your 'heroism' isn't just a fluke."

A collective groan went through Class 1-B. "Monoma, seriously?!" Itsuka Kendo sighed, rubbing her temples. "Give it a rest!" Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu pumped his fist, muttering, "Don't go making us look bad again, Monoma!"

Aizawa and Vlad King exchanged a weary glance, both clearly anticipating this. Aizawa's eye twitched. "Monoma, that's enough. The matches are over."

"But sensei!" Monoma insisted, his grin widening. "It's for the sake of true comparative analysis! And besides, I'm sure Midoriya here wants to prove his worth, right? Or is he afraid to face a true intellectual challenge without his… team to carry him?"

Izuku, who had been listening quietly, his gaze thoughtful, surprised everyone by stepping forward. His classmates, including Bakugo, looked at him in disbelief.

"Izuku! What are you doing?!" Uraraka whispered, alarmed.

Bakugo snarled, "Don't tell me you're actually falling for his bait, nerd!"

Izuku took a deep breath. "I accept," he said, his voice clear and steady, meeting Monoma's smug gaze. "I… I want to try out the hostage situation one more time. And facing even more varied opponents might sharpen us further. It's good practice." He looked at Aizawa and Vlad King. "It's a chance to push myself, and to learn even more about how to adapt in unpredictable scenarios. Especially a solo one."

Aizawa and Vlad King shared another look, a silent conversation passing between them. Vlad King raised an eyebrow at Aizawa, who, after a moment of consideration, let out a long, tired sigh.

"Fine," Aizawa said, his voice laced with resignation. "One bonus round. Midoriya as the hero, Monoma as the villain. Same objective: secure the hostage within the time limit. Monoma, you can use any Quirks you copied from Class 1-A during these matches, but you get no support. Midoriya, no Agito armor," he flicked a quick glance at Monoma, "unless you actually need to. I will allow it for this unlike earlier where you won with pure team tactics."

Monoma's face lit up with unadulterated delight. "Excellent! You won't regret this, Midoriya! Or perhaps… you will!" he cackled, already rubbing his hands together.

The other students, both from Class 1-A and Class 1-B, watched with a mixture of apprehension and renewed excitement. The bonus round, a spontaneous challenge, promised an unexpected finale to their mock battles.

Bonus Round – Izuku Midoriya vs. Neito Monoma

The urban simulation was reset, and a single mock hostage was placed in a new, undisclosed location. Izuku Midoriya stood at one end of the training ground, his expression calm and focused. Across from him, Neito Monoma practically vibrated with smug anticipation, his copied Quirks ready.

Izuku Midoriya (Class 1-A):

Base combat only (no Agito armor initially)

Relies on analytical combat skills, mobility, and efficient takedowns.

Neito Monoma (Class 1-B):

Copy Quirk active – 3 selected Quirks 1 slot vacant (reserved in case he can copy Izuku):

Steel (Tetsutetsu) – Defense

Big Fist (Kendo) – Strength & reach

Horn Cannon (Pony) – Ranged harassment

Vacant Slot – Held open for potential copying of Izuku's ability (which he assumes he can take)

Aizawa's voice boomed, "Bonus Round! Begin!"

Monoma immediately launched himself forward, hardening his skin with Steel and enlarging one fist with Big Fist. He fired a volley of Horn Cannon projectiles, forcing Izuku to weave and dodge through the urban debris. "Come on, Midoriya! Is this all you've got? No fancy explosions? No icy blasts? No… armor?!" he taunted, his voice dripping with condescension. He lunged, his enlarged fist aiming for a crushing blow.

Izuku, however, was already analyzing Monoma's movements, predicting his trajectory. He used his agility to duck under the massive fist, then rolled, narrowly avoiding a follow-up Horn Cannon shot that shattered a nearby wall. He knew Monoma was baiting him, trying to force him to reveal his full power, to make him activate the Agito.

"Still holding back, Midoriya? What, are you afraid I'll copy your precious Quirk and show you how a real hero uses it?!" Monoma cackled, his face contorted in a sneer. He pressed his attack, using Big Fist to create shockwaves that tore through the ground, attempting to throw Izuku off balance.

Izuku continued to evade, his mind racing. He needed to find the hostage, but Monoma was relentless. He also knew Monoma couldn't copy the Agito power, as it wasn't a Quirk, but Monoma's persistence was a problem. He saw an opening, a brief moment where Monoma overextended his Big Fist attack.

He wants me to use it, Izuku thought, a plan forming. Fine. I'll humor him.

With a sudden burst of resolve, Izuku's body began to glow with a faint, golden aura. Sleek, black armor, segmented and rippling with defined musculature, began to emerge from his skin. A large, sculpted golden plate covered his chest and upper back, while his forearms and shins were encased in solid gold sections. A prominent golden belt buckle, emblazoned with a central symbol, appeared at his waist. Finally, his unruly green hair was encased by a sleek, black helmet topped with a striking golden, crescent-shaped crest. Large, crimson lenses, focused and intense, stared out from the visor.

He was in Agito Ground Form.

Monoma's eyes widened, a flicker of genuine surprise replacing his smugness. "Aha! There it is! Finally! Now, let's see what this 'Quirk' can do!" He immediately reached out, attempting to touch Izuku and copy his power.

Izuku, however, didn't engage with his full power. He deliberately held back, moving with enhanced speed and strength, but not unleashing any elemental attacks. He parried Monoma's Big Fist with a hardened forearm, the impact shaking the ground but not sending Monoma flying. He dodged a Horn Cannon volley with fluid, almost effortless movements, but didn't counter-attack with a devastating blow.

Monoma, increasingly frustrated by Izuku's controlled restraint, began to sweat. He tried to land a solid hit, to get a proper read on this "Quirk," but Izuku was too elusive, too precise. "What is this, Midoriya?! Is that all your 'ultimate power' can do?! Where's the fire? Are you afraid to really use it, or is it just… weak?!" Monoma screamed, his taunts growing more desperate. "Come on! Show me the fire! Show me the real power!"

Izuku simply shook his head, his crimson visor unreadable. "No need," he muttered, his voice calm. He had already located the hostage, a small, almost imperceptible gleam in a shadowed alcove. Monoma, too focused on provoking Izuku's full Agito power, had left a critical opening in his defense.

With a sudden, explosive burst of speed that left Monoma momentarily bewildered, Izuku bypassed the flailing Big Fist and the incoming Horn Cannon projectiles. He moved like a blur, not with the overwhelming force of his Storm Form, but with the calculated precision of a seasoned combatant. He was past Monoma before the Class 1-B student could even react, his hand already reaching for the mock hostage.

"Hostage secured! Class 1-A wins!" Aizawa's voice cut through the air, flat and definitive.

Monoma froze, his Big Fist shrinking back to normal size, his Steel skin fading. He stared, dumbfounded, at Izuku, who stood calmly beside the secured hostage, his Agito Ground Form armor slowly dissipating back into his U.A. uniform. The vacant slot on Monoma's Quirk list remained stubbornly empty.

"What?! No! That's not… you didn't even use your full power! You didn't use the fire! You were holding back!" Monoma shrieked, his face a mask of utter humiliation and disbelief. "You cheated! You didn't even let me copy it!"

Izuku simply shrugged, a small, almost imperceptible smile touching his lips. "I told you, Monoma-kun, I wanted to practice the hostage situation. And facing varied opponents helps sharpen my adaptability." He looked directly at Monoma. "You were a varied opponent. And I didn't need to use my full power to win."

Aizawa, who had been watching the entire exchange with a barely concealed smirk, finally stepped forward. "That's enough, Monoma. Midoriya won fair and square. He played to his strengths and exploited your tunnel vision. A valuable lesson for you, perhaps, on underestimating your opponent."

Vlad King, though disappointed for his student, couldn't help but chuckle. "Indeed. A rather… humiliating defeat, wouldn't you say, Monoma?"

Monoma stood there, utterly speechless, his face a furious shade of red. The cheers from Class 1-A, particularly Bakugo's booming laughter, only served to deepen his mortification. Izuku, meanwhile, simply walked over to his classmates, a quiet sense of satisfaction settling over him. He had achieved his goal: practice, adaptation, and a win, all while keeping his true power—and its limitations—hidden.