The air in Mirai's agency office was thick with the scent of old paper and polished wood, a comforting, almost scholarly aroma that stood in stark contrast to the gravity of the conversation about to unfold. Toshinori Yagi, in his lean, civilian form, stood by the large window, his gaze lost somewhere in the bustling city below, though his mind was clearly elsewhere. Behind him, Mirio Togata maintained his usual confident posture, yet a subtle tension hummed beneath his calm exterior.

Toshinori turned, his eyes, no longer sunken, held a profound depth. "Mirio," he began, his voice softer than his hero persona, but carrying an undeniable weight. "For years, I have sought the one worthy of inheriting this torch—the flame that has burned brightly through generations, protecting the innocent and standing as a symbol of hope." He paused, stepping closer, his hands clasped before him. "That flame, that power, is One For All. And now, I wish to pass it to you."

Mirio's breath hitched. He had known this moment was coming, had trained relentlessly for it, yet hearing the words spoken aloud, so plainly, made the enormity of it settle upon him like a physical weight. Toshinori's gaze was unwavering, piercing, as if seeing into the very core of his being.

"This is not merely a Quirk, Mirio," Toshinori continued, his voice gaining a solemn resonance. "It is a legacy. It is the accumulated strength, wisdom, and sacrifice of all who bore it before. To wield One For All is to carry the hopes of an entire society on your shoulders. It means being the bulwark against despair, the unwavering light in the darkest night. It means being ready to give everything, for everyone." He extended a hand, not reaching out, but presenting the invisible burden. "Are you ready, Mirio? Are you truly ready to bear that responsibility?"

Mirio's confident smile faltered. His eyes, usually so bright with unwavering optimism, clouded with a flicker of uncertainty. He looked at his mentor, then down at his own hands, clenching them slowly. Worthy? The question echoed in his mind. He was strong, he was fast, he had trained his Permeation Quirk to near perfection, but this... this was different. This was the power of All Might, the power that had saved millions. Could he truly live up to it? Was he enough?

A soft, knowing smile touched Toshinori's lips, a rare, gentle expression that softened the sharp angles of his face. He had seen that flicker, that moment of self-reflection. "You hesitate," he observed, his voice now filled with a quiet reassurance. "You wonder if you are worthy. And that, Mirio, is precisely why you are."

Mirio looked up, surprised.

"The greatest pitfall for any hero, especially one with immense power, is arrogance," Toshinori explained, his smile widening slightly. "The belief that you are infallible, that your path is the only path, that your strength makes you absolute. But you, Mirio, you second-guess yourself. You question your own readiness, your own capacity. That is not weakness; it is wisdom."

He placed a hand gently on Mirio's shoulder. "Always question your actions, Mirio. Always ask if what you are doing is the right choice, if there is a better way, if you are truly serving the people you swore to protect. Never be absolute in your convictions, for even the brightest light can cast the longest shadow if wielded without careful thought." He squeezed Mirio's shoulder. "But let this questioning not give way to self-doubt. Let it be a compass, guiding you, refining you, ensuring that the power you wield is always tempered by humility and a profound sense of purpose. You are ready, Mirio. More than ready."

To the side, observing the profound exchange, stood Mirai and Izuku. Mirai, ever composed, maintained his stoic demeanor, yet the barest hint of his lips twitched, as if holding back a surge of emotion, perhaps even tears of pride. Beside him, Izuku could only offer a wide, genuine smile, his eyes shining with unadulterated happiness for his friend, Mirio.

Toshinori then silently reached up, plucking a single strand of blond hair from his head. He held it between his thumb and forefinger, presenting it to Mirio with a solemn expression. "Now," he stated simply, "you must eat this."

Mirio blinked, his confident demeanor replaced by a look of utter bewilderment. He exchanged a baffled glance with Izuku, who had also frozen, his smile replaced by a wide-eyed stare. An odd, uncomfortable silence hung in the air.

Toshinori, seeing their reactions, coughed awkwardly, a faint flush rising on his cheeks. "Ah, yes, well... it's a bit unconventional, I know," he mumbled, rubbing the back of his neck. "But for One For All to be properly transferred, the inheritor needs to consume the previous wielder's DNA. With their willing consent, of course." He cleared his throat, regaining some composure. "It's because of this... unique method of transfer that One For All, throughout the generations, has been able to resist All For One's thrall. It's a bond, a direct link that defies his ability to steal or corrupt. And now, Mirio, it falls to you to protect it."

Mirio blinked again, processing the bizarre revelation. He looked from the strand of hair to Toshinori's earnest face, then back to Izuku, who offered an awkward shrug and a wide, encouraging grin. Taking a deep breath, Mirio squared his shoulders. "Right," he muttered, a slight grimace on his face. He reached out, took the single strand of hair, and with a determined, if slightly disgusted, gulp, he imbibed it.

For a moment, nothing happened. Mirio stood there, a strange taste lingering in his mouth, a faint sense of anticlimax washing over him. Then, suddenly, a jolt. It wasn't pain, but a profound, overwhelming sensation, as if every single cell in his body was simultaneously waking up, buzzing with an unfamiliar, immense energy. It felt like a thousand tiny sparks igniting within him, a warmth spreading from his core outwards, tingling down to his fingertips and toes.

He blinked, and the familiar office dissolved. He found himself in a vast, ethereal room, the walls and ceiling seemingly made of swirling, nebulous light. Seated in a wide circle around him, on simple, unadorned chairs, were eight other individuals. They were all staring at him, their expressions a mix of curiosity, assessment, and something akin to quiet expectation. Some were stern, some had gentle smiles, one sported a wide, almost manic grin.

"Who... who are you?" Mirio managed, his voice echoing strangely in the boundless space.

As if by instinct, a deep, resonant understanding settled within him. These weren't just people. These were the echoes, the imprints, the very souls of those who had come before him. The previous wielders of One For All.

"That's right, kid!" A man with a bald head and a broad, welcoming grin boomed, breaking the silence. It was the Fifth, Daigoro Banjo. "Welcome to the family, Mirio! You're the ninth, ain't ya? Good to have ya aboard!"

A chorus of murmurs and nods followed Banjo's enthusiastic greeting. "Toshinori chose well," a stern-faced woman, the Seventh, Nana Shimura, stated, her voice calm but firm. "We can already feel your potential, Mirio. A strong heart, and a spirit ready to bear the burden."

"Indeed," another voice, older and more measured, agreed. "He carries the weight of responsibility with a thoughtful hesitation, not fear. That bodes well."

Mirio, still slightly overwhelmed by the surreal experience, felt a surge of determination. He straightened to his full height, his usual confident posture returning, albeit with a new layer of humility. He bowed deeply to the circle of predecessors, his voice clear and earnest. "Thank you," he said, his gaze sweeping across each of them. "Please... please watch over me."

Mirio blinked again, and the ethereal room shimmered, then dissolved, replaced by the familiar, sunlit office. He was back, standing before Toshinori, who was watching him with a knowing smile. Toshinori nodded slowly, a profound sense of relief washing over him, as if a monumental weight had just been lifted from his shoulders. He looked down at his right hand, curling it into a fist, still feeling the faint, lingering embers of One For All within him, sustaining him. A quiet satisfaction settled in his chest.

He then looked up, his gaze moving between Izuku and Mirio. Izuku, his earlier wide-eyed surprise replaced by a beaming smile, extended his hand to Mirio. Mirio met his gaze, a shared understanding passing between them, and gripped Izuku's hand firmly. It was a handshake of congratulations, a silent affirmation that the old guard must, and willingly would, give way to the new generation.

Mirai, who had been observing the entire exchange with his usual composed demeanor, now approached Toshinori. "It must have been difficult for you, Toshinori," he remarked, his voice soft, a hint of empathy in his tone. "To finally let go of something that has defined you for so long."

Toshinori merely shook his head, a faint, almost bewildered chuckle escaping him. "You know, Mirai, I was surprised myself," he admitted. "I expected to be... held down by hesitation, by the allure of my glory days, perhaps. But I found myself remarkably compliant about the whole thing." He paused, his gaze drifting back to the city outside the window.

Mirai adjusted his glasses, a thoughtful expression on his face. "Perhaps," he mused, "you may have wanted to do this for some time, Toshinori. Your own healing, the return of your strength, might have put a damper on that desire, tempting you with the allure of what you once were." He considered his words carefully. "Kagutsuchi may have done you a favor, in his own way, by forcing your hand. But perhaps that was also his way of testing you, Toshinori. To see if you truly understood the path forward."

Toshinori nodded, a new understanding dawning on him. The High Lord, Kagutsuchi, with his enigmatic wisdom, might have simply sensed the inner conflict within him, the lingering attachment to his past power. But now, with One For All passed on and Mirio ready to carry the torch, Toshinori felt a profound sense of peace. "Indeed," he murmured, a quiet resolve in his voice. "But now... now, I simply wish to keep moving forward."

Later, outside the agency building, the late afternoon sun cast long shadows across the pavement. Izuku and Mirio stood facing each other, the city's hum a distant backdrop to their conversation.

"Well, that was... something," Mirio said, a slight, almost giddy laugh escaping him. "I still can't believe I just ate All Might's hair." He rubbed the back of his neck, a familiar gesture. "But seriously, Izuku, thanks for being here. It meant a lot."

Izuku beamed, his green eyes sparkling. "Of course, Mirio-senpai! I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It's... it's amazing. You're going to be an incredible successor." He paused, a more serious look crossing his face. "So, what now? Are you going to start training with it right away?"

Mirio nodded, his expression firming with renewed determination. "That's the plan! I'm going to hit the ground running, do some extra training to really get a handle on One For All. It's a whole new ball game, and I want to master it, make it my own." He grinned, a flash of his usual bright confidence returning. "Wish me luck, and work hard to become a good successor, right?"

"You got it, Mirio-senpai!" Izuku affirmed, his voice filled with genuine enthusiasm. "I wish you all the best! Work incredibly hard, and I know you'll be amazing."

Mirio's grin widened, a playful glint in his eyes. "And you, Izuku," he said, pointing a finger at him. "Don't you dare fall behind. We're rivals now, you know."

Izuku's eyes lit up, a challenging grin spreading across his face. "Rivals, huh? I like the sound of that!" He clenched a fist. "You can bet I won't fall behind, Mirio-senpai! Maybe once you get the hang of One For All, we can even spar. Properly, this time!"

Mirio chuckled, a genuine, hearty sound. "You're on! Looking forward to it, Midoriya!" With a final wave, Mirio turned and walked away, a new spring in his step, ready to embrace the monumental power and responsibility he now carried. Izuku watched him go, a sense of inspiration and renewed purpose stirring within him.

In a quiet, secluded courtyard on the sprawling U.A. campus, Izuku sat with Ochako Uraraka, Momo Yaoyorozu, Tenya Iida, and Mezo Shoji. The air, though peaceful, held a subtle tension, a lingering aftermath of recent events. They had gathered, as they often did, to debrief, to share, and to support each other.

"So, Izuku," Ochako began, her voice gentle but firm, "after... after the Raven Lord, you mentioned something else happened. Something you didn't tell us about."

Izuku shifted, running a hand through his green hair. He looked at their expectant faces, their concern palpable. "Right," he sighed, deciding to be completely open. "There was... another Agito."

A collective gasp rippled through the group. "Another Agito?" Momo exclaimed, her eyes wide. "Like you? But... how?"

"Not exactly like me," Izuku clarified, his brow furrowing as he recalled the encounter. "This one... it was feral. Unstable. It didn't seem to be in control, not like I am. And its armor... it looked incomplete. Like it was missing something crucial." He paused, his gaze fixed on the ground. "Crucially, it lacked a belt."

The revelation stunned them. Not only was there another Agito, but the implication was clear: this new entity, like Izuku, must also be Quirkless. The silence that followed was heavy with unspoken questions.

"A belt?" Momo finally broke the quiet, her analytical mind already at work. "What's the significance of that, Izuku? You've never really explained it."

Izuku winced, a sheepish flush rising on his cheeks. "Ah, right, sorry! I guess I just... never got around to it." He stood up, taking a deep breath. "It's how I access my other forms."

With a focused effort, a sleek, metallic belt, dark with two prominent, glowing button modules on either side, materialized around his waist, settling perfectly over his U.A. uniform. Ochako gasped, Iida adjusted his glasses with a sharp intake of breath, and Shoji's multiple arms twitched with surprise.

"This belt," Izuku explained, tapping one of the modules, "it enables my transformation into alternate forms. The right module is for Flame Form, granting me increased power and heat manipulation. The left module is for Storm Form, enhancing my speed and agility. I have to press them when I'm in my Ground Form to change." He demonstrated a subtle shift, a faint red glow briefly outlining his body before fading, then a ripple of blue. "Each form is an adaptation, tied to my growing power. They allow me to respond to different threats, different situations."

Momo's eyes gleamed with fascination. "So, depending on the threat, you might be able to access other forms? Like a water form, or an earth form, or even something entirely new?" Her mind raced with possibilities.

Izuku shook his head, a hint of frustration in his voice. "I've tried," he admitted, the glow of the belt dimming slightly. "Whatever system governs the belt's transformation seems... locked. Or maybe it requires a very specific trigger I haven't found yet. For now, it's just Flame and Storm." He looked at his friends, a faint, hopeful smile touching his lips. "But I think... I think they're enough. At least, I hope they are."

Momo, still intrigued by Izuku's explanation, leaned forward slightly. "So... have you ever noticed a pattern? Like, what caused you to awaken each of these forms?"

Izuku paused, his gaze drifting upward in thought. "Flame Form came during the Sports Festival... when I was up against Todoroki. It was hot, the pressure was intense, and emotionally, I was at my limit. I guess something in me just snapped into place." He hesitated, then continued. "Storm Form, though... that was during the Wolfram incident. When he had Melissa—when she was in danger—I was desperate to get to her. I needed speed. And then, Storm Form activated. The aerokinesis was... a bonus, I think."

Iida crossed his arms, his brows knitted. "So you're saying the transformations may be triggered by emotional conditions? Intense need, urgency, protective instinct?"

Shoji nodded, his voice low. "If that's the case, we can't ignore the strategic value in tracking your emotional state in real time."

Ochako leaned in, concern flickering in her voice. "Was Melissa hurt?"

Izuku shook his head quickly. "No, she wasn't. But I think... that moment etched itself into the belt, somehow. Like it recognized the situation and gave me what I needed."

The group sat in reflective silence for a beat before Momo spoke again, her voice thoughtful. "Then it's not just combat that determines your evolution. It's your will. Your intent. That could mean... there are more forms, just waiting."

Izuku smiled faintly, though the implications left a dull ache in his chest. The idea that more forms might be locked away inside him—activated only through crisis or desperation—was both thrilling and terrifying. It meant power, yes, but also uncertainty. And risk. He exhaled slowly, eyes narrowing with resolve. "If there are more forms," he murmured, mostly to himself, "then I'll have to be ready for whatever forces them to surface."

Suddenly, the courtyard door creaked open. Kagutsuchi entered in his janitor uniform, a faint smell of industrial cleaner preceding him. He strolled toward the group, his gait relaxed, expression unreadable as always.

"Afternoon," he greeted casually, lifting a nearly empty bottle of bleach. "Here."

Izuku blinked, standing to accept the bottle with a puzzled look. "Um... what do you want me to do with this?"

"Drink it," Kagutsuchi said flatly, as if asking him to sip water.

The silence that followed was deafening. Iida immediately leapt to his feet, nearly knocking over his chair.

"That's utterly unethical! Inexcusable! This is clearly a toxic substance—how can you possibly—"

"Relax," Kagutsuchi interrupted, not even looking at him. "He's an Agito now. Poisons, toxins, acids—they're all metabolized safely. His body's built for it. Especially while armored, all harmful substances are neutralized and expelled as harmless vapor."

Momo's brow furrowed. "Expelled? As in... the body still needs to eliminate waste?"

Kagutsuchi nodded. "Yes. But not the way humans do. No urine. No feces. The Agito body repurposes or purges waste as clean gas through the skin and breath. Efficiency is paramount."

Ochako and Momo stared at Izuku. Then they both inched away from him on instinct.

Izuku turned bright red, a hand flying to his face. "C-C'mon, guys—!"

Kagutsuchi, amused, took a step back. "So, bleach. Down it. Waste not, want not."

Izuku looked at the bottle in his hand, then back at Kagutsuchi. His friends were still gawking at him. He sighed deeply.

"...I hate everything about this."

But he tilted the bottle back, grimacing as the caustic liquid met his lips. To the astonishment of everyone watching, nothing happened. No gagging, no collapse—just a faint hiss of vapor that escaped from his skin, barely visible in the afternoon light. Izuku wiped his mouth, muttering, "Tastes like death," then looked up to find Kagutsuchi nodding in quiet approval, as though he'd just passed a pop quiz in survival. The rest of the group remained frozen, caught between horror and awe.

In the cold, heavily reinforced depths of Tartarus, the silence was a living thing. A constant hum of magnetic locks, sensor pulses, and distant echoing footsteps formed the lifeblood of the prison — but within its highest security wing, even those sounds seemed dulled. Shigaraki Tomura reclined on the narrow bench in his solitary cell, head tilted back against the wall, one leg casually crossed over the other. There was no malice in his expression, just the unsettling calm of a man who was waiting — and had all the time in the world to do so.

He smiled faintly.

The guards thought he'd been pacified. That containment and suppressive fields had neutralized any threat he posed. But they couldn't suppress ideas. They couldn't suppress ambition. In the weeks since his capture, Shigaraki had been working silently, patiently — identifying inmates worth recruiting, sowing doubts, manipulating broken minds with just the right words. He was building the League again, from within the walls of their so-called impenetrable prison.

He had Stain now. That had taken time — and careful rhetoric. It wasn't about flattering him, or offering him empty promises of revenge. It was about speaking to the core of what remained of the man's ideology. Telling him, convincingly, that if the world had turned its back on heroes, then perhaps it was time to be something else. Something that made the system bleed. And, eventually, the Hero Killer had agreed.

All that remained was one thing: escape.

But he knew better than to force it. To break out meant chaos, and chaos didn't always serve precision. Kurogiri was the key. With him, a clean escape could be made — a coordinated exodus. Without him, it would be blood and fire and bodies piling at the gates. Tomura preferred the former.

He opened his eyes at the sound of boots approaching. Heavy. Measured. A single figure, from the cadence. He turned his head slightly and saw the silhouette of a guard pass by, just beyond the clear, reinforced cell door. The man paused, barely for a second, and turned to glance at him. The look was brief — unreadable — but it was enough.

Shigaraki's smile widened.

That wasn't just any guard.

He leaned back, letting his head rest against the cold wall once more. Sensei hadn't abandoned him. He was watching. Planning. Preparing the final move.

Soon. Very soon.

As the echoes of the retreating guard's footsteps faded, another set of quieter steps moved along a separate corridor. Kagutsuchi, still clad in his janitor's uniform, made his unhurried rounds through the dim hallways of U.A. A faint scent of disinfectant trailed in his wake. Just as he turned a corner, someone stumbled past him, clutching their midsection.

"Ah—pardon me!" Yuga Aoyama gasped, sweat beading on his pale brow, his movements hurried and uneven.

Kagutsuchi's eyes followed him as he disappeared down the hall, saying nothing. His expression remained unreadable, but his gaze lingered. He watched the boy go, unblinking.

Then, with a slow blink and a ghost of a nod, he continued on his way—quiet, deliberate, and entirely knowing.

The following morning, the group gathered at Dagobah Beach. It was a cool Saturday, the salty breeze rolling in under a clear sky. Thanks to a quick cleanup effort, the beach was nearly spotless — a perfect place to run some practical tests. Izuku stood with Kagutsuchi, the latter still dressed in his usual janitor attire, while Momo, Iida, Ochako, and Shoji stood at a safe distance, all dressed casually but clearly focused.

Izuku, already in his standard Ground Form, pressed the right module on his belt. In a sudden burst of heat and light, Flame Form ignited — fire crackling from his limbs and shoulders, the temperature around him spiking in an instant. The others felt the rush of warmth, their expressions mixed with awe and caution.

Kagutsuchi, unfazed, stepped forward. "Flame Form is raw power. Physically, it outpaces Ground Form. Brute force. Direct action. The heat's controlled, but it's there for intimidation — and combustion."

Izuku nodded, then tapped the left module. The fire extinguished in a spiraling gust as Storm Form replaced it — sleeker, lighter, his armor shifting into streamlined plates that hummed with built-up wind pressure.

"Storm Form," Kagutsuchi continued, "is faster. Not just physically — reflexively. It's slightly weaker than Ground, significantly weaker than Flame, but agility makes up for it. Aerokinesis gives you air control. Not just offense — think movement. Maneuvering. Crowd control."

Izuku exhaled slowly, feeling the difference in balance and weight. He took a few test steps, then launched into a quick burst across the sand, kicking up a whirlwind that tugged at the others' clothes.

As he landed, Kagutsuchi folded his arms. "But there's something else. Something Agito have discovered in the past — especially those who reach adaptive forms."

Izuku straightened, tilting his head. "What kind of something?"

Kagutsuchi's eyes narrowed slightly, a sliver of interest flickering behind his otherwise bored expression. "Weapons."

Izuku echoed the word, eyes narrowing. "Weapons?"

Kagutsuchi nodded. "Agito are capable of materializing weapons suited to their adaptive forms. Tools shaped by instinct and necessity. Whatever fits the form best."

The others stared at him, stunned.

"You never told me that," Izuku said, glancing at his hands.

"You weren't ready," Kagutsuchi replied simply. "Now you are. You're already in Storm Form. So try it. Press the left module again."

Izuku hesitated only a second, then did as instructed. The moment his fingers touched the module, the belt buckle began to glow.

A pulse of energy surged outward, and without thinking, Izuku reached toward the buckle. A plume of shimmering blue light erupted from it, coalescing in his grasp. The light solidified with a resonant hum, and when it faded, Izuku found himself holding a sleek, three-pronged polearm, the design aerodynamic and elegant, clearly an extension of his Storm Form.

He held it up, the weapon humming faintly with contained energy. Everyone stared in stunned silence.

"I... I think it's alive," Izuku murmured, almost reverently.

Kagutsuchi stepped beside him, nodding slightly. "It will respond to you. As long as it's part of your form, the weapon is an extension of yourself. Throw it, and it'll return. Lose it, and call it back."

Izuku gave the polearm an experimental twirl. To his surprise, it flowed with his movements like it had always been a part of him. "Feels... natural," he said.

"Instinct," Kagutsuchi confirmed. "But don't depend on that alone. You need to train with it. Know it like your own skin."

He stepped back. "Now, change to Flame Form."

Izuku nodded and pressed the right module. Instantly, the wind-slicked armor and polearm dissolved in a cascade of heat. Flame Form ignited anew, fire trailing from his shoulders — and, as Kagutsuchi had warned, the polearm was gone.

"Storm Form's weapon vanishes because it belongs to that form alone," Kagutsuchi said. "Flame has its own as well — if you're ready for it."

Izuku raised a brow. "How do I summon it?"

"Same as before," Kagutsuchi replied. "While in Flame Form, press the right module again."

Izuku obeyed. The moment his fingers touched the right module, his belt buckle flared a deep crimson. Flame swirled upward from the buckle, coalescing in his grasp. In a flash of heat and light, the fire hardened into a thick, heavy sword. The blade was a brutal design — jagged edges, asymmetrical curves, and a gold-accented groove running down the center. It looked as though it had been forged for power, not elegance.

He stared at it, awestruck. The sword pulsed faintly in his grip, glowing with inner fire.

"Flame Form is about dominance," Kagutsuchi explained. "That sword's not for finesse. It's for breaking things. Use it accordingly."

Izuku gave the weapon a few experimental swings. Like the polearm, it felt immediately natural — as if he'd been using it for years. Still, he knew that instinct alone wasn't enough. He needed to train.

The following scene unfolded at Mirai's agency. In the facility's private training wing, Izuku stood at the center of a wide combat space, alternating between Flame and Storm Form as he used their respective weapons against reinforced training dummies. Mirai and Toshinori observed from behind protective glass, taking notes.

"He's adapting quickly," Mirai remarked, eyes following the arc of Izuku's polearm as it sliced through a moving target. "But we should be concerned about the applications of those weapons. These aren't designed for suppression or restraint."

Toshinori nodded, arms folded. "They're made for lethality. He'll have to be trained accordingly — and monitored. We can't afford the optics of a student using deadly force without clear justification."

Mirai's gaze hardened slightly. "More than that, we need to prepare him for the mental toll. If those weapons evolve with him, they'll reflect his state of mind as much as the threat he faces. That kind of power... demands emotional control."

He walked home alone, the sky dimming into evening shades, his body aching from hours of drills. At Nighteye's agency, Toshinori had helped him explore the non-lethal use of both the Storm Halberd and the Flame Saber. With the Storm Halberd—named by Mirai—Izuku focused on staff-like maneuvers, emphasizing control, evasion, and redirection over power. Wind manipulation became a strategic asset, enabling him to displace threats and protect allies without causing harm. The Flame Saber, equally christened by Mirai, required even more finesse. Izuku trained to release short, targeted waves of fire—enough to stagger, not destroy. Every swing was practiced, every flame calibrated. Though the weapons felt natural in his grip, Izuku knew instinct wasn't enough. Mastery meant restraint, purpose, and unity between his armor, his will, and his judgment. That synthesis was the next challenge he had to overcome.

As he walked the familiar route home, Izuku once again felt it — that creeping, familiar edge of awareness stirring at the base of his spine. Hostile intent. He stopped mid-step, scanning the quiet stretch of pavement beneath the overpass. The same one where, not so long ago, the Sludge Villain had tried to claim his life. He allowed himself the briefest flicker of wry nostalgia before a low, guttural growl shattered the moment.

From beneath the bridge, a figure emerged — hunched, lurching, its form shuddering with every labored breath. The other Agito. Its armor seemed more warped than ever, raw sinew pulsing beneath jagged plating, the silhouette twitching unnaturally. It looked exhausted... or in pain. Its instability was plain in every movement.

Izuku immediately fell into a fighting stance. The creature snarled and lunged without hesitation, and the clash began. Izuku moved with focus and precision, ducking under wild, erratic swings. The opposing Agito fought like a cornered animal — no strategy, just brute desperation.

A bestial roar erupted from the creature's throat, raw and piercing. Izuku grimaced and activated Ground Form, his armor snapping into place with a controlled surge of power. With a single, precise strike, he floored the attacker.

The Agito crumpled, its armor disintegrating into faint motes of residual energy. What remained beneath the fragmented shell made Izuku's blood run cold with stunned recognition.

There, sprawled unconscious on the concrete, lay Yuga Aoyama.