The declaration hung in the air, a challenge both absurd and terrifying, thick with an almost palpable tension. For a long, agonizing moment, Class 1-A remained utterly frozen, the sheer audacity of Kagutsuchi's demand echoing in the vast, concrete expanse of Ground Gamma. The silence was broken only by the distant hum of the facility and their own ragged breaths. Then, as if a silent, electric signal passed between them, the first hesitant movements began, quickly escalating into a furious charge.

Bakugo was, predictably, the first to launch himself forward, a human explosion. A furious, guttural snarl ripped from his throat, raw and unbridled, his palms already sparking with the familiar, volatile crackle of explosive power. "You asked for it, you damn janitor!" he roared, his voice tearing through the air, propelling himself with a series of concussive blasts that left trails of smoke in his wake. He aimed a massive right hook, crackling with energy that shimmered in the air, directly at Kagutsuchi's head, a blow meant to obliterate.

Kagutsuchi, however, merely tilted his head slightly, a faint, almost bored smile playing on his lips, a flicker of gold in his eyes. The explosive punch, powerful enough to shatter concrete into dust and send shockwaves through the very ground, sailed harmlessly past his ear, the displaced air barely ruffling a single strand of his perfectly neat caretaker's uniform. "Ooh, feisty!" he chirped, his voice utterly unconcerned, almost playful, as if complimenting a child's drawing. "Good form, Katsuki! Really putting your back into it!"

Before Bakugo could even begin to recover from his missed attack, Kirishima hardened his skin, the familiar crimson sheen spreading over him, and charged, a red blur of rock-solid determination, a living battering ram. Sero, meanwhile, launched his Tape Quirk, a flurry of sticky, white ribbons unfurling with a soft thwip-thwip-thwip, designed to bind and restrict. Todoroki unleashed a torrent of shimmering, crystalline ice from his right side, a frigid wave aiming to freeze Kagutsuchi in place, immediately followed by a searing burst of vibrant, orange flames from his left, hoping to melt any escape route, creating a deadly vise.

The coordinated assault was a testament to their rigorous training, a whirlwind of flashing Quirks and raw, desperate power. Yet, Kagutsuchi moved with an impossible, almost dreamlike fluidity. He sidestepped Kirishima's charging bulk with a casual grace that seemed to defy physics, a mere ripple in the air. Then, with a simple, almost imperceptible shift of his body, Sero's tape, instead of ensnaring him, tangled around Kirishima's legs, the sticky ribbons adhering with a soft slap, sending the hardened hero sprawling onto the concrete with a frustrated grunt. The ice and fire, instead of colliding with Kagutsuchi, met mid-air, dissolving into a harmless, hissing cloud of steam that briefly obscured the scene.

"Excellent teamwork, kids!" Kagutsuchi called out, his voice still annoyingly cheerful, echoing across the training ground. His hands remained casually clasped behind his back, his posture impossibly relaxed, as if he were observing a school play. "Very efficient! Though perhaps a little predictable for someone with, shall we say, extensive experience in these matters."

Izuku watched, a cold, heavy knot tightening in his stomach, a chill seeping into his very bones. "He's not even trying," Izuku realized, the thought a fresh, crushing wave of despair washing over him, stealing his breath. "He's just… letting us exhaust ourselves." The sheer, effortless superiority was a physical weight.

Mina Ashido slid in, her movements fluid and agile, leaving a shimmering trail of corrosive acid that hissed faintly on the ground, attempting to box Kagutsuchi in. Kaminari unleashed a burst of crackling electricity, a blinding flash followed by a sharp zzzt, aiming for a wide-area stun. Mineta, trembling visibly but determined, hurled his sticky Pop Off balls, the purple spheres flying through the air with soft thwips, hoping to immobilize the High Lord.

Kagutsuchi, however, merely took a single, leisurely step back, his golden eyes twinkling with an almost mischievous light. The acid sizzled harmlessly on the ground where he had just stood, leaving a faint, acrid smell. The electricity arced and dissipated against the concrete with a dull thrum, never quite reaching him. Mineta's Pop Offs, instead of sticking to him, bounced off an invisible barrier with soft thunks, ricocheting back towards the students. One even landed on Mineta's own head, sticking his hand to his hair with a mortified yelp.

"Oopsie!" Kagutsuchi chuckled, a sound utterly devoid of malice, yet chilling in its indifference, like a parent scolding a clumsy child. "Watch where you're throwing those, little grape! Wouldn't want you to hurt yourself, now would we?"

Frustration, hot and bitter, began to boil over in the students. Bakugo roared again, a sound of pure, impotent rage, launching himself into a furious barrage of explosions, each one aimed with desperate precision, shaking the very ground. Izuku, his arms gauntleted with his Agito armor, which now shimmered with a faint golden energy, moved with a burst of blinding speed, attempting to flank Kagutsuchi, his own punches a blur of focused power. Even with their combined might, the High Lord was a phantom, a whisper of movement, always just out of reach. He seemed to glide, to phase, to simply not be there when their attacks landed, leaving them punching at empty air.

"Faster, Izuku, faster!" Kagutsuchi encouraged, a genuine smile now on his face, though it felt more like a cruel taunt, a whip lashing at their dwindling hope. "You're getting there! Almost! Just a little more oomph!"

The 'oomph' was all they had left, a reservoir of desperate will. Sweat plastered hair to foreheads, stinging their eyes. Quirks flared and sputtered, their energy reserves screaming. The ground of Ground Gamma was scarred with fresh craters, scorch marks, and glittering shards of ice, a testament to their furious, futile efforts. Yet, Kagutsuchi remained pristine, his uniform uncreased, his playful smile unwavering, his golden eyes bright with amusement. The sheer, overwhelming disparity in power was a physical weight, pressing down on them, stealing their breath, crushing their spirits. This wasn't training. This was a demonstration. And the lesson was brutal, etched into their very bones: they were utterly, hopelessly outmatched.

"Alright, everyone! Time out!" Kagutsuchi's voice, still annoyingly cheerful, cut through the ragged panting and frustrated grunts of Class 1-A. He clapped his hands again, a sharp, clear sound that seemed to echo with mocking clarity across the battle-scarred training ground, instantly silencing the lingering sounds of battle.

The students, drenched in sweat, their gym uniforms clinging uncomfortably to their exhausted bodies, stumbled back, collapsing onto the scorched concrete or leaning against debris, their limbs heavy and unresponsive. Their faces were a raw mixture of exhaustion, bitter frustration, and a dawning, crushing despair. Bakugo, still simmering with unspent rage, kicked a loose piece of rubble with a furious grunt, sending it skittering across the ground. Izuku, his armor receding, wiped a hand across his brow, his mind racing, desperately trying to find an answer where there seemed to be none.

"What's the plan, Izuku?" Ochako gasped, bending over, hands on her knees, her breath coming in ragged, painful gasps. Her voice was thin, strained. "He's... he's impossible!"

Iida, ever the strategist, pushed his glasses up his nose, though his usual composed demeanor was fractured by visible strain, a tremor in his hands. "His evasive maneuvers are unparalleled," he stated, his voice tight. "We need to coordinate our attacks with greater precision. Perhaps a pincer movement, or a feint to draw his attention while a long-range Quirk user strikes!"

"We tried that, Four-Eyes!'" Bakugo snarled, stomping towards them, his explosions popping faintly in the humid air, like distant firecrackers. "He just dances around everything! It's like he knows what we're gonna do before we even do it!'"

"Because he does, Kacchan," Izuku murmured, his voice low, barely a whisper, his gaze still fixed on Kagutsuchi, who was now idly whistling a tune, a light, airy melody, while wiping a smudge off his mop bucket with a pristine cloth. "It's not just speed. It's precognition, or something like it. He anticipates our intent. Our Quirks are too straightforward, too predictable."

Momo Yaoyorozu, ever practical, swiftly created a notepad and pen from her skin, the materializing sound a soft pop, and began to scribble furiously, her brow furrowed in concentration. "Midoriya-kun is correct. We need to introduce an element of unpredictability. Perhaps a combination of Quirks that create an unexpected effect, or a layered attack that forces him to commit to a specific evasion, only to be met by another, unforeseen assault."

The class huddled closer, a desperate, fragile energy replacing their earlier exhaustion. Ideas, some wild, some barely coherent, were thrown into the mix like desperate prayers. Kirishima suggested a combined hardening charge, a solid wall of force. Sero proposed creating a complex, multi-layered web of tape, an inescapable snare. Kaminari mused about a full-power discharge, a blinding flash to disorient. Tsuyu Asui suggested using her tongue to create distractions, a sudden, unexpected whip. Even Mineta, surprisingly, offered a plan involving a massive, sticky trap, his eyes gleaming with a strange, fleeting hope. They were trying. They were really, truly trying, clinging to any shred of possibility.

Meanwhile, in the dimly lit observation room overlooking Ground Gamma, the faculty watched the spectacle unfold on a large, glowing monitor. The air here was thick with a different kind of tension, a grim, professional assessment of the impossible. Principal Nezu sat at the central console, his small paws steepled, his expression unreadable, his eyes reflecting the flickering images. Beside him, Toshinori Yagi, now in his muscular, All Might form, leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his face etched with a familiar weariness, a deep concern in his gaze. Aizawa, ever stoic, stood with his arms crossed, his eyes narrowed, missing nothing, his scarf draped loosely around his neck.

Recovery Girl, perched on a stool, sighed, a weary sound escaping her lips, her gaze fixed on the screen, a deep frown on her aged face. "It's exactly as I feared," she murmured, her voice laced with concern, tinged with a hint of sorrow. "They're giving it their all, bless their hearts, but it's like watching toddlers trying to catch a whirlwind."

"Toddlers with incredibly dangerous Quirks, Chiyo-san," Midnight added, her tone more serious than usual, her whip resting idly in her hand, the leather gleaming faintly in the dim light. "But the point stands. Kagutsuchi isn't even breaking a sweat. He's barely moving."

Vlad King, his arms crossed over his muscular chest, grunted in agreement, a low, rumbling sound. "He's treating them like a particularly amusing distraction. Not an opponent. The gap in power… it's astronomical."

"Indeed," Nezu chimed in, his voice calm, almost detached, yet with an underlying current of profound observation. "Kagutsuchi is merely demonstrating the fundamental difference between a nascent Quirk and a fully realized, ancient power. Their Quirks are extensions of their bodies, tools they wield. For him, power is his being. There is no separation."

Toshinori clenched his jaw, a muscle twitching in his cheek, his gaze fixed on Izuku on the screen, who was now trying to coordinate a complex attack with Todoroki, his brow furrowed in intense concentration. "It's a harsh lesson," he said, his voice a low rumble, heavy with regret. "To be shown so starkly how utterly outmatched they are."

"It's a necessary one," Aizawa countered, his voice flat, devoid of emotion, yet with a grim conviction. "They need to understand the true scale of what they're up against with Graviel. Better to learn it here, against Kagutsuchi's 'restraint,' than in a real fight where the consequences are fatal." He paused, a flicker of grim admiration in his eyes, a rare softening of his usually hard gaze. "Still, their determination… it's commendable. They haven't given up."

On the screen, Class 1-A launched their new, meticulously planned assault. Bakugo initiated with a massive explosion, a blinding flash and a deafening roar, creating a thick smokescreen that billowed across the ground. Through it, Sero launched multiple tape lines, a flurry of white, attempting to create a complex, inescapable net. Kirishima, hardened and gleaming, charged through the tape, a red bullet aiming for a direct hit. Todoroki unleashed a simultaneous ice wall, crystalline and sharp, and a searing fire blast, a wave of heat, trying to cut off Kagutsuchi's escape routes. Izuku, gauntleted and moving with a burst of golden energy that shimmered around him, aimed for a critical strike from an unexpected angle, a blur of focused intent.

Kagutsuchi, still whistling a light, carefree tune, simply stepped. The smoke parted around him as if he were a ghost, revealing him completely untouched. The tape net collapsed on itself with a soft thud, ensnaring no one but empty air. Kirishima's charge, delivered with all his might, missed by mere inches, his fist slicing through the space Kagutsuchi had occupied a split second before. The ice and fire, instead of converging on Kagutsuchi, collided with a loud hiss, forming a temporary, steaming barrier behind him, a wall of vapor. Izuku's punch, aimed at where Kagutsuchi should have been, met only air, his momentum carrying him forward into nothingness.

Kagutsuchi chuckled, a soft, almost musical sound that carried easily over the fading echoes of their attack. "Oh, that was a lovely bit of misdirection, Class 1-A! Very clever! Almost had me there… if I were, you know, blindfolded and tied to a chair!" He winked, a flash of gold. "Keep trying, though! You're almost making me break a sweat!" He then casually caught a stray Pop Off ball from Mineta that had bounced off a wall, twirling it between his fingers with practiced ease before flicking it back towards the trembling student. "Almost!"

Mineta shrieked, a high-pitched, terrified sound, as the sticky ball narrowly missed his head, embedding itself in the ground beside his foot with a soft thwack. He looked from the ball to Kagutsuchi, then back to the ball, his face a mask of utter terror and profound frustration, his eyes wide and watery.

"He's not even taking them seriously," Vlad King growled, his hands clenching into fists, the knuckles white. "He's playing with them."

"That's his point, Vlad," Recovery Girl said, her voice weary, her shoulders slumping. "He wants them to understand the futility. To push their Quirks, their bodies, their minds, to the absolute breaking point, over and over again, until they find a way to break through that predictability. Or, at the very least, understand the sheer scale of the power they're up against."

Midnight nodded slowly, her eyes narrowed, a thoughtful expression on her face. "It's cruel, but effective. They'll either break, or they'll find a new level of determination."

Nezu, his gaze still fixed on the screen, finally spoke, his voice quiet, yet resonant with conviction. "They will not break. They are U.A. students. And they are fighting for a friend. That, Kagutsuchi-san, is a power even a Lord cannot fully comprehend."

The sun began its slow, agonizing descent, painting the sky in bruised hues of orange and purple, casting long, distorted shadows across the ravaged training ground. But the relentless assault on Ground Gamma showed no signs of abating. If anything, Class 1-A, fueled by a potent cocktail of desperation and pride, only intensified their efforts. They moved with a frantic, almost desperate energy, their Quirks flaring in a dazzling, yet ultimately ineffective, display. Explosions rocked the ground with deafening roars, ice shards glittered like scattered diamonds in the fading light, and torrents of water and corrosive acid splashed across the concrete with hissing sounds. Yet, Kagutsuchi remained an unblemished, unyielding center to their storm, a serene eye in the hurricane.

He moved not with mere speed, but with an eerie, almost preternatural awareness, a dance of perception. A blur here, a subtle lean there, a casual step back that put him just outside the radius of a powerful blast. His golden eyes, still twinkling with amusement, tracked every desperate lunge, every calculated projectile, every flicker of their intent.

"Oh, lovely try, Ochako!" he'd call out cheerfully, his voice carrying clearly, as her zero-gravity touch passed through the space he had occupied a millisecond before. "Almost had my shoelaces! If I wore any, that is!"

When Tokoyami unleashed Dark Shadow, a swirling mass of shadowy power that pulsed with a life of its own, Kagutsuchi merely tilted his head, and the Quirk seemed to flow around him, unable to grasp his form, like water around a stone. "Excellent control, young Fumikage! Really feeling that inner darkness, aren't we? Just needs a little more... impact!"

Even when Bakugo, his face contorted in a mask of pure fury, unleashed his largest explosion yet, a colossal blast that shook the very foundations of the training ground, aiming to engulf the High Lord, Kagutsuchi simply flickered. The concussive force ripped through the air where he had been, leaving a deep crater in the ground, but he reappeared a few feet away, dusting an imaginary speck off his shoulder with a casual gesture. "My, my, Katsuki! Such passion! You'll be a truly magnificent hero one day. Just try not to blow up the entire training ground, eh? Property damage is a nightmare to file."

As the last vestiges of twilight faded, replaced by the stark, unforgiving glow of floodlights that hummed overhead, the students began to falter. Each breath was a rasp in their throats, raw and painful, and their limbs felt like lead, refusing to obey the desperate commands of their minds. Kaminari's electricity became a mere static crackle, his body trembling. Kirishima's hardening flickered, revealing patches of raw, chafed skin beneath the crimson. Sero's tape snapped mid-air, limp and ineffective. One by one, they pushed themselves past their limits, until their bodies screamed in protest, every muscle aching, and their minds, dulled by exhaustion, could no longer command their failing Quirks.

Finally, with a collective, shuddering sigh that seemed to echo the very weariness of the night, the last of them collapsed. Some crumpled to their knees, their heads bowed in defeat, others sprawled face down on the scarred concrete, their limbs heavy and unresponsive, utterly spent. The air was filled only with their ragged breathing, the distant hum of the floodlights, and the quiet, almost serene presence of Kagutsuchi, who stood amidst the fallen, still immaculate, a single, unblemished figure.

He surveyed the exhausted class, a gentle, almost paternal smile gracing his face, a warmth in his golden eyes. He raised a hand, and with a soft, almost imperceptible snap of his fingers, a ripple of golden light, faint but potent, washed over the entire training ground, shimmering like liquid sunshine.

A collective gasp, this one not of shock or fear, but of profound, disbelieving relief, escaped the students. Their bodies, moments ago screaming with agony and exhaustion, suddenly felt light, invigorated, as if a heavy burden had been lifted. Muscles that had locked up now loosened, flowing with renewed energy. Lungs that had burned now drew deep, effortless breaths, filling with cool air.

One by one, they pushed themselves up. First, a tentative hand, then an arm, then a full, easy rise to their feet, their movements fluid and unburdened. They stood, looking down at their hands, at their gym uniforms. The scrapes and bruises that had marred their skin were gone, their bodies as pristine as if they had just woken from a full night's restful sleep. Their frayed, dirt-stained uniforms were now clean, unwrinkled, and perfectly intact, as if the grueling battle had never happened.

They exchanged wide-eyed glances, a silent question passing between them, a shared incredulity: Did that just happen?

Kagutsuchi chuckled, a warm, genuine sound this time, devoid of any taunt. "See? Told you it would be worth it. Now, who's ready for Round Two?"

Round Two began almost immediately, a fresh wave of furious determination washing over Class 1-A, fueled by the miraculous restoration. Bakugo, his body still feeling hydrated enough to sweat profusely and fuel a fresh batch of explosions, snarled, his palms already popping with renewed ferocity, louder and more intense than before. "Alright, you damn cosmic janitor! Let's see you dance now!" he roared, launching himself forward with a series of concussive blasts, even more powerful and rapid than before.

The rest of the class, feeling utterly rejuvenated, their minds and bodies rested as if they had had more than enough downtime to get their bearings, joined the fray with a renewed vigor that bordered on desperation. Kirishima hardened his entire body, becoming a living battering ram, a solid crimson mass. Sero's tape shot out like a volley of arrows, aiming to crisscross and entangle, a complex web of white. Todoroki unleashed a blizzard of ice and a scorching wave of fire, a true dual assault designed to overwhelm, a vortex of elemental power. Izuku, his Agito armor shimmering with golden energy, moved with a newfound precision, his eyes locked on Kagutsuchi, searching for the slightest, most infinitesimal opening.

They were faster, stronger, their Quirks more potent, their attacks sharper. The coordination, honed by the previous, frustrating round, was tighter, almost telepathic. They moved as a single, furious unit, a storm of developing powers, a whirlwind of desperate heroism. Yet, Kagutsuchi remained the eye of that storm, utterly unperturbed, a serene, unmoving point amidst the chaos.

He merely smiled, a serene, almost beatific expression on his face, a calm that was unnerving, as Bakugo's explosions detonated harmlessly around him, the concussive force parting around his form. He leaned back, a casual sway, and Kirishima's hardened fist sailed past his nose, missing by a hair's breadth. He took a single, almost lazy step, and Sero's intricate web of tape unspooled around empty air, collapsing uselessly. The combined ice and fire from Todoroki converged on a spot where Kagutsuchi had been a moment before, leaving behind a steaming, shattered patch of concrete, a testament to their power, not his defeat. Izuku's gauntleted punch, delivered with the full force of his Agito power, met only the resistance of empty space, his fist slicing through nothingness.

"Oh, much better, Class 1-A!" Kagutsuchi praised, his voice carrying over the din of their attacks, still perfectly calm, still annoyingly cheerful. "That's the spirit! Feeling those muscles sing, aren't we? Really pushing yourselves! Almost... almost made me consider adjusting my posture!" He gave a theatrical stretch, as if he'd just woken from a nap, a gesture of profound nonchalance.

The students' renewed determination began to curdle into a fresh, bitter wave of frustration, a burning resentment. They were giving it everything, pushing past what they thought were their limits, only to be met with such casual, almost mocking ease. It was infuriating.

In the observation room, the teachers watched, their expressions a mix of awe at the students' renewed power and growing concern at Kagutsuchi's unwavering dominance.

"Their output has increased dramatically," Nezu observed, his paws tapping lightly on the console, a thoughtful hum escaping him. "The restoration ability is truly remarkable. They're recovering from peak exertion almost instantly."

"But it's still not enough," Toshinori rumbled, his gaze grim, his jaw tight. He watched Izuku, now moving with a speed that would have rivaled his own in his prime, yet still unable to land a single blow. "Kagutsuchi isn't even trying. He's just... existing outside of their reach."

"It's a terrifying display of power," Midnight murmured, her eyes wide with a mixture of horror and fascination, a shiver running down her spine. "He's not dodging; he's simply not there when their attacks arrive. It's like he's perceiving time differently, or existing in a different dimension for a fraction of a second."

"His precognition is absolute," Aizawa stated, his voice flat, confirming Izuku's earlier realization, a chilling certainty in his tone. "He knows their every move before they even commit to it. Any strategy they devise, he's already accounted for it."

Vlad King slammed a fist lightly on the armrest of his chair, a frustrated grunt escaping him. "So what's the point then?! If they can't even touch him, how is this supposed to prepare them for Graviel?!"

None of his colleagues could give a solid answer, only silence.

On the monitor, Bakugo let out a frustrated scream, a raw, primal sound of rage, unleashing a continuous stream of explosions that tore up the ground around Kagutsuchi, sending debris flying. The High Lord, with a graceful pirouette, simply danced through the chaos, his movements fluid and unhurried, as if waltzing through a gentle breeze.

"Oh, don't be shy, Katsuki!" Kagutsuchi called out, his voice echoing, still light and mocking. "You can do better than that! I'm barely feeling a breeze!"

The taunt, light as it was, hit its mark with the precision of a scalpel. Bakugo roared again, his efforts becoming even more desperate, even more furious, his body trembling with the sheer force of his rage. The entire class, seeing his renewed, almost manic drive, pushed themselves harder still, their Quirks flaring with renewed, if still futile, intensity. The night deepened, the floodlights casting harsh, unforgiving shadows, but the battle on Ground Gamma raged on, a testament to their unwavering, desperate resolve.

The battle for Ground Gamma stretched into the early hours of the morning, a relentless, exhausting cycle of effort and futility. Round after round, Class 1-A threw everything they had at Kagutsuchi, their bodies screaming, their minds dulled by exhaustion, only to be miraculously restored. Their strategies, meticulously planned and executed with renewed vigor after each restoration, proved utterly irrelevant. He remained an unassailable, almost ethereal target, his movements so fluid, so precisely timed, that he seemed to simply not be there when their attacks landed, a ghost in their midst.

Bakugo, his body perpetually hydrated and ready to fuel a fresh batch of explosions, was a whirlwind of frustrated fury. His blasts tore through the air with deafening roars, leaving scorch marks and craters, but Kagutsuchi would merely tilt his head, or take a single, unhurried step, always just out of reach. "Come on, Katsuki! Is that all you've got?" he'd call out, his voice annoyingly cheerful, a faint, almost imperceptible smirk playing on his lips. "You're almost making me consider a light stretch!"

Kirishima, hardened and charging like a bull, would find Kagutsuchi simply vanishing from his path, a shimmer in the air, leaving him to collide harmlessly with a wall or another student with a frustrated grunt. Todoroki's ice and fire, now more precisely aimed and powerful, would converge on empty air, leaving steaming, shattered remnants of the training ground, a testament to their power, not his defeat. Izuku, his Agito armor shimmering with golden energy, moved with a speed and precision that would have overwhelmed any other opponent, but Kagutsuchi would simply pivot, his golden eyes tracking Izuku's every move with an unnerving, knowing amusement. "Getting quicker, Izuku! Excellent footwork! But can you think faster?"

The taunts, light and often accompanied by a casual wave or a dismissive chuckle, began to grate on the students' nerves, chipping away at their resolve. They were pouring every ounce of their rejuvenated strength and sharpened intellect into these attacks, only for Kagutsuchi to treat it all as a leisurely dance, a mere amusement. He seemed utterly uncaring for their efforts, unless they truly pushed themselves to the brink, then he would offer a fleeting, almost condescending compliment.

At one point, Mina Ashido, her brow furrowed in fierce determination, unleashed a concentrated torrent of corrosive acid, a bright pink stream, aiming to completely douse Kagutsuchi. The High Lord, instead of evading, simply stood his ground, a peculiar, almost knowing glint in his golden eyes, a subtle shift in his demeanor. The bright pink acid splashed over him, soaking his caretaker's uniform completely, clinging to the fabric. For a moment, the students paused, a flicker of triumph, quickly followed by confusion, crossing their faces. The acid, which should have sizzled and eaten through fabric and skin, seemed to merely cling to him, shimmering harmlessly, like water on glass.

Then, a slow, chilling grin spread across Kagutsuchi's face—a smile devoid of his usual playful amusement, replaced by something sharp and predatory, a glint of true power. With a sudden, terrifying burst of speed, too fast to follow, he spun around, a human centrifuge, spraying the highly corrosive acid in a wide, uncontrolled arc across the training ground. The air filled with the acrid smell and the sickening hiss of the acid hitting concrete.

"Oh, dear!" Kagutsuchi's voice, though still light, had an edge of genuine malice now, a cold, cutting tone. "You wouldn't want to get that on your nice gym uniforms, would you? Or your skin, for that matter!"

A collective cry of alarm ripped through Class 1-A. They scattered, diving, rolling, and using their Quirks to create makeshift shields or propel themselves out of the acid's path, their movements frantic. Mineta shrieked, barely dodging a splash that would have melted his hair, his eyes wide with terror. Bakugo swore, a guttural curse, narrowly avoiding a corrosive spray that splattered the concrete beside him, leaving smoking divots. The sudden, unexpected counter-attack, using their own Quirk against them with such chilling efficiency, sent a fresh wave of terror through the exhausted students, a stark reminder of his overwhelming power.

In the observation room, the teachers watched the acid incident unfold, a collective shiver running down their spines, their faces pale with shock.

"He's... he's escalating,'" Midnight whispered, her eyes wide with a mixture of horror and fascination, her hand flying to her mouth. "He allowed himself to be hit just to turn it against them."

"A calculated move," Nezu stated, his voice devoid of emotion, though his paws clenched on the console, his small frame rigid. "He's demonstrating not just his invulnerability, but his capacity to weaponize their own strengths. A truly terrifying lesson in control."

Toshinori, his muscular form rigid, watched with a grimace, his jaw set. "He's pushing them. Harder than before. That wasn't just a taunt; it was a threat."

"Indeed," Aizawa agreed, his gaze unwavering on the screen, a grim understanding in his eyes. "He wants them to learn that their Quirks, their power, can be turned against them if they don't understand the true nature of their opponent. He's breaking down their assumptions."

Recovery Girl sighed, her hand going to her chest, her face etched with profound worry. "My heart can't take much more of this. They're so young, and he's so... utterly beyond them."

"That's the point, Chiyo-san," Vlad King rumbled, his voice low, a heavy sound. "To show them what 'beyond' truly means. To break their youthful arrogance and replace it with a healthy respect for insurmountable power. It's brutal, but perhaps necessary for what's coming."

On the screen, the students, having narrowly avoided the acid spray, regrouped, their faces pale, their determination now mixed with a palpable fear that chilled them to the bone. Kagutsuchi merely stood there, his uniform still damp with acid, his chilling grin still in place, a silent, terrifying promise.

"Excellent dodging, Class 1-A!" he called out, his voice carrying perfectly across the vast training ground, light and clear. "See? You can react when the stakes are a little higher, can't you? Now, let's try that again, shall we? This time, with feeling!"

And with a casual wave, a dismissive flick of his wrist, he motioned for them to attack once more, the cycle of relentless training continuing into the long, grueling night.

As the first hints of dawn painted the sky a bruised purple, bleeding into soft oranges and pinks, the faculty in the observation room began to stir, their faces etched with the deep lines of exhaustion, their bodies stiff. Nezu, though still alert, rubbed his temples, a weary gesture. Recovery Girl looked as though she hadn't slept in days, her shoulders slumped, her eyes heavy. Midnight stifled a yawn, her hand covering her mouth, and Vlad King stretched, his muscles protesting with soft groans.

"Well," Nezu chirped, his voice a little hoarse, strained from hours of observation, "I believe we've seen enough for one night. Or rather, one day of compressed training." He turned to his colleagues, his small eyes scanning their tired faces. "I suggest we all head home and get some much-needed rest. We'll need our wits about us for the next few days."

One by one, the teachers nodded, gathering their belongings with slow, deliberate movements. Recovery Girl offered a weary smile, a faint curve of her lips. "I'll be back to check on them later, Principal. Though with Kagutsuchi-san's... unique method of healing, I doubt they'll need much from me." She cast a final, concerned glance at the monitor, her gaze lingering on the sprawled forms, before shuffling out, her footsteps soft. Midnight and Vlad King followed, their footsteps heavy, leaving the room quiet save for the hum of the equipment and the faint sounds from the speakers.

Toshinori, however, remained. He stood rooted to the spot, watching the screen, his gaze fixed on the figures below. Kagutsuchi stood, a lone, pristine silhouette amidst the ravaged training ground, untouched by the chaos, while Class 1-A, once again, lay sprawled, utterly spent, like broken dolls. Their Quirks were depleted, their bodies screaming with residual agony, their minds a fog of pure fatigue.

He saw Kagutsuchi raise a hand, and the familiar, soft snap echoed even through the thick glass of the observation room, a sound that seemed to carry an ancient power. A golden ripple of light, warm and gentle, washed over the students, shimmering like liquid gold, and then, one by one, they began to stir, a collective, disbelieving groan escaping them.

Toshinori watched, a profound mixture of awe and unease swirling within him, a knot forming in his gut. He saw them rise, effortlessly, their bodies straightening, their gym uniforms miraculously clean and whole, as if freshly laundered. They looked at their hands, at each other, a silent wonder on their faces, a shared disbelief. It was a miracle, repeated over and over, stripping away their exhaustion, their injuries, leaving only the raw, unadulterated experience of pushing their limits, a memory of pain without the physical cost.

Below, Kagutsuchi clapped his hands together with a sharp, resounding crack that echoed across the training ground, cutting through the silence. The sudden sound made several students jump and blink, their eyes refocusing on him.

"Alright, everyone! Break time!" Kagutsuchi declared, his voice suddenly bright and cheerful, cutting through the heavy atmosphere, dispelling the lingering weariness. "Help yourselves to the provisions. You've earned a moment of reprieve."

The students, still blinking in disbelief at their sudden rejuvenation, slowly moved towards the stacks of crates. They sat on the raw, ruined concrete, the very ground where a miniature war had just taken place, and began to unwrap the ready-to-eat meals and open bottles of mineral water, their movements still a little dazed.

For a long moment, the only sounds were the rustle of packaging and the soft clinking of bottles. Then, hesitant at first, a ripple of casual conversation began to spread, a tentative return to normalcy.

"Man, I thought my legs were going to fall off that time," Kaminari groaned, taking a huge gulp of water, the liquid cool against his parched throat. "Seriously, how does he do that?"

"I don't even want to think about it," Jirou replied, shaking her head, a small, weary smile playing on her lips. "I just want to enjoy not feeling like a sack of bricks."

"Did anyone actually land a hit?" Sero wondered aloud, tearing open a meal pouch with a soft rip.

"Don't be stupid, Tape-boy," Bakugo grumbled, though his voice lacked its usual venom, a hint of exhaustion still lingering. He was already halfway through his own meal, eating with a furious intensity. "Of course not. He's a damn cheat."

Izuku, sitting a little apart, watched his classmates. He saw the genuine relief in their eyes, the way their shoulders relaxed as they focused on the simple act of eating and talking, a mundane comfort after the cosmic ordeal. There was no talk of strategy, no dissection of Kagutsuchi's moves, no desperate plans for the next round. Just casual, almost mundane chatter about their exhaustion, the food, anything to distance themselves from the hellish training they had just endured. It was a stark contrast to the intense, analytical discussions Aizawa or any other teacher would have demanded after such a session. This was something else entirely, a level of physical and mental torment, followed by an equally profound, almost divine, restoration that none of their regular teachers could ever hope to conceive, let alone replicate.

Toshinori watched them from the observation room, a faint, sad smile touching his lips, a pang in his heart. They were so young, so determined. And they had no idea how much more they would be pushed. He stayed there for a long time, long after the other teachers had left, long after the students had finished their meals, simply watching, a silent guardian in the dawn, the weight of the revelations heavy on his soul.

The students continued to eat, savoring the brief reprieve, the simple act of chewing and swallowing a profound comfort after the relentless assault on their bodies. The hum of casual conversation grew, a collective sigh of relief escaping them, a fragile bubble of normalcy.

"Still can't believe he just... restored us," Kaminari muttered around a mouthful of food, shaking his head, his eyes wide with disbelief. "It's like something out of a video game."

"More like a nightmare," Jirou countered, though she, too, was eating with gusto, her chopsticks moving quickly. "A nightmare where the boss is invincible and just laughs at you."

Ochako, having finished her meal, turned to Izuku, who was slowly, thoughtfully, eating his own, his brow furrowed in concentration. "Hey, Izuku," she began, her voice soft, curious, a gentle inquiry. "I've been wondering... why haven't you changed into your other forms? Like Flame or Storm? I mean, you've been in Ground Form this whole time, even when you were really pushing it."

Her question drew immediate looks of intrigue from the surrounding students. Sero paused mid-chew, his eyes wide with interest. Kirishima looked up, his brow furrowed in thought, his attention piqued. Even Bakugo, surprisingly, stopped eating for a moment, his crimson eyes narrowing on Izuku, clearly interested in the answer, a rare moment of quiet curiosity. Todoroki, in particular, leaned forward slightly, his heterochromatic gaze fixed on Izuku, a flicker of professional curiosity in his eyes. He, more than anyone, would have wanted to see how much Izuku's flames compared to his own, or the raw power of his Storm form.

Izuku swallowed his mouthful of food, taking a moment to gather his thoughts, choosing his words carefully. "Well," he began, his voice a little softer than usual, "Ground Form is... it's my most balanced form. It's what I initially change into, and it provides a good mix of strength and defense. I've been focusing on mastering it, really pushing its limits." He paused, looking around at his classmates, a thoughtful expression on his face. "The other forms, Flame and Storm, they're powerful, but they're also much harder to control, and they drain me a lot faster. I want to make sure I can use Ground Form perfectly, without overextending myself, before I rely too much on the others."

A beat of silence followed his explanation, the students processing his reasoning, a quiet understanding dawning. Then, Koji Koda, his voice quiet as always, but his question clear, spoke up, his gaze earnest. "Midoriya-kun," he asked, a gentle, almost hesitant query, "if Agito isn't... a Quirk, then what is it?"

His question opened the floodgates. Save for Ochako, Momo, Iida, and Shoji, who had already been privy to some of the earlier revelations, the rest of the class leaned in, their faces a mixture of confusion and intense curiosity, their eyes wide with anticipation.

"Yeah, what's the deal with that, Deku?" Bakugo demanded, his earlier grumbling forgotten in the face of this new, intriguing mystery, his voice sharp with impatience. "Kagutsuchi said something about it not being a Quirk, but what the hell does that even mean?"

Izuku took another breath, preparing to elaborate, the weight of the explanation settling on him. "From what Kagutsuchi-san has been telling me," he explained, choosing his words carefully, trying to simplify the immense concept, "Agito isn't really a Quirk in the conventional sense. It's... it's what humanity was actually supposed to evolve into. Like, it's our natural next step, if Quirks hadn't come along." He gestured vaguely, trying to convey the enormity of the concept with his hands. "Quirks, he said, are more like an unintended mutation of the 'Seed' that was granted to humanity by the 'Will of Light.' Agito is the pure, intended evolution. Quirks are... a deviation."

Another stunned silence fell over the group, far heavier than before, thick with the weight of revelation. The implications of Izuku's words were staggering, reshaping their entire understanding of their world, their powers, and their very existence. If Quirks were just a "deviation," what did that make them? And what did it mean for the future?

Bakugo, glaring at Izuku, his eyes blazing with a furious, almost desperate light, finally broke the silence, his voice harsh, laced with a raw, desperate edge. "A deviation?!" he snapped, his gaze darting from Izuku to Kagutsuchi. "You're saying our Quirks, the powers that make us heroes, are some kind of damn mistake?! What the hell is that supposed to mean?!"

Izuku scowled back, his jaw tightening, meeting Bakugo's furious gaze. "That's not what I said, Kacchan! It's just... it's just how Kagutsuchi-san explained it!" The tension in the air thickened, a palpable crackle between the two long-time rivals, a storm brewing.

Just as Bakugo looked ready to unleash another explosive retort, Kagutsuchi's voice, as light and cheerful as ever, cut through the rising tension, causing both boys to flinch and the rest of the class to jump, startled. He had seemingly appeared out of nowhere, now standing casually a few feet away, hands still clasped behind his back, a faint, knowing smile on his lips.

"Even if Quirks are a deviation, so what?" Kagutsuchi chirped, a faint, almost dismissive shrug of his shoulders, as if discussing a trivial matter. His golden eyes swept over the bewildered students, taking in their stunned expressions. "You kids have power. Isn't that all that matters?"

Class 1-A exchanged looks, a silent conversation passing between them, a flicker of agreement in their eyes. Power was, after all, what they strived for. It was the foundation of their hero society, the very bedrock of their world.

Kagutsuchi's smile widened, a knowing glint in his eyes, a subtle shift in his demeanor. "Ah, but there is a difference, isn't there? A crucial one. Between Quirks and Agito." He paused, letting his words hang in the air, drawing their full attention, a master storyteller. "No matter how powerful you may become with your Quirks, no matter how much you train, there will always be a cap. A ceiling. A limit to how far you can truly go." He looked directly at Izuku, his gaze piercing, then swept his gaze back to the others, encompassing them all. "Agito? Agito can go beyond. Truly exceed limits and achieve a form of divinity, since they are the Lords' counterparts, children of the Will of Light, just as I am a child of the Will of Darkness."

Kagutsuchi's words hung in the air, a chilling echo in the vast training ground, heavy with cosmic weight. The casual pronouncement of a 'ceiling' on their Quirks, the idea of 'divinity' for Izuku, and the unsettling revelation of Kagutsuchi himself as a 'child of the Will of Darkness' settled over Class 1-A like a suffocating shroud. Their faces, already pale from exhaustion, drained further as they grappled with implications that twisted their understanding of power, of heroism, and of their very existence. Their world, already shaken, now felt fundamentally, terrifyingly, redefined.

"The Will of Light? The Will of Darkness?" Iida's voice, usually so precise and confident, was laced with bewilderment, a tremor of uncertainty. "Kagutsuchi-san, what exactly are you talking about? These... these sound like ancient myths, not scientific explanations!"

Momo, ever the logical one, nodded in agreement, her brow furrowed in deep thought. "Indeed. While the concept of a 'Seed' and 'evolution' is intriguing, the 'Will of Light' and 'Will of Darkness' sound more like... philosophical constructs than tangible forces."

Kagutsuchi chuckled, a low, resonant sound that seemed to vibrate through the very concrete beneath their feet, a deep, ancient rumble. He took a leisurely stroll around the seated students, his golden eyes observing each of their confused faces with an almost detached amusement. "Oh, but they are very much tangible, young Iida. More tangible than your Quirks, more real than the ground you sit on." He stopped, turning to face them, his expression shifting from playful amusement to something ancient and profound, his eyes holding untold depths.

"Imagine, if you will," Kagutsuchi began, his voice dropping to a theatrical, almost storytelling tone, rich with history, "the very dawn of existence. Before stars, before planets, before even life as you know it. There were two cosmic forces, two fundamental principles that shaped the nascent universe. One was the Will of Light—the embodiment of Chaos, of infinite potential, of ceaseless change and creation. The other, the Will of Darkness—the essence of Order, of structure, of stability and control.

"They were the cosmic forces that shaped the universe. Order and chaos, darkness and light. But the universe, in its infancy, couldn't sustain itself with both in equal measure for long. It was a constant, violent push and pull, a cosmic dance of destruction and creation. So, one had to give way."

Kagutsuchi's smile faded, replaced by a somber, almost melancholic expression, a hint of ancient sorrow in his eyes. "The two Wills fought. They tried to dominate each other, to impose their singular vision upon all creation. A war of cosmic proportions, beyond your mortal comprehension, a clash that tore at the fabric of reality. And finally, Darkness, Order, prevailed."

He paused, his gaze sweeping over the students, a hint of something unreadable in his golden eyes, a vast, ancient knowledge. "Light (Chaos) was defeated. Its essence, its boundless, untamed potential, was scattered. Not destroyed, mind you, but dispersed throughout the very fabric of existence, like stardust. And a significant portion of that essence, that 'Seed' as I called it, became embedded within the nascent life on this planet. Within humanity, which had yet to evolve, to change, to truly become what it was destined to be."

Kagutsuchi then gestured slowly, dramatically, to the students themselves, his hand sweeping across their bewildered faces. "And with it, the earliest hominins began to develop, to grow, to change. Over thousands of years, over countless millennia, modern man came to be. For you, all of you, are the inheritors of the Will of Light. You carry its spark, its potential for change and evolution. But it is the Agito," he concluded, his gaze settling on Izuku with a piercing intensity, a profound recognition in his eyes, "that fully carries its legacy. The Agito are the pure manifestation, the intended inheritors, the true children of the Will of Light."

The students sat in stunned silence, their half-eaten meals forgotten, cold and unappealing. The sheer scale of what Kagutsuchi had just revealed was mind-boggling, turning their entire understanding of history, evolution, and their own existence on its head. Their world had just been irrevocably altered.

The silence stretched, thick and heavy with the weight of cosmic revelations, pressing down on them. Bakugo, always the one to challenge the impossible, his pride wounded, finally broke it, his voice harsh, laced with a raw, desperate edge. "So," he snapped, glaring at Izuku, then back at Kagutsuchi, his eyes blazing, "how do I become an Agito?! If it's so damn great, how do I get it?!"

Kagutsuchi's smile never faltered, a faint, almost pitying curve of his lips, a touch of gentle regret in his eyes. "Ah, young Katsuki," he chirped, his golden eyes twinkling with an unsettling amusement. "You can't."

Bakugo's eyes widened in disbelief, then narrowed into furious slits, burning with a raw, incandescent rage. "What?! Bullshit! You're telling me there's no way?! There's no way I'm just gonna let Deku get on the fast lane to godhood while I just get left behind eating his dust!" He lunged forward slightly, his hands sparking with uncontrolled explosions, a primal demand in his voice, a desperate plea for power. "You! Make me an Agito! Now!"

The other students gasped, shocked by Bakugo's audacity, a collective intake of breath. Even Izuku flinched, a cold dread washing over him, his heart pounding. Demanding something like that from a High Lord, especially after what they'd just learned, felt like an act of suicidal defiance, a leap into the abyss.

Kagutsuchi, however, remained perfectly calm, his smile unwavering, his posture relaxed. He didn't even flinch at Bakugo's outburst, his composure absolute. "I can't, Katsuki," he repeated, his voice soft, almost regretful, a gentle finality. "For you to become an Agito would require a power far beyond what even the Lords are capable of, or indeed, allowed to do. It would require the Will of Light itself to have chosen you from birth. To have embedded its 'Seed' within your very essence at the moment of your creation." He paused, his gaze holding Bakugo's, unwavering. "You are a magnificent deviation, Katsuki. A powerful one. But a deviation nonetheless."

Bakugo could only grind his teeth, his jaw clenching so hard a muscle twitched violently in his cheek. His hands clenched into fists, sparks dying out as his fury warred with the undeniable, crushing weight of Kagutsuchi's words. The sheer, unalterable finality of it. He was powerful, yes, but he had a ceiling. And Izuku, his lifelong rival, the "Deku" he had always looked down on, was destined for something beyond his reach, something divine. The injustice of it, the cosmic unfairness, burned within him like a corrosive acid. He let out a frustrated growl, a sound of pure, impotent rage, before turning away and finishing his meal in a huff, every bite a testament to his simmering anger, his shoulders hunched. The silence that followed was thick with his unspoken fury, a palpable tension.

Ochako, her voice a fragile whisper that cut through the oppressive quiet, finally broke the spell, her eyes wide with a dawning, terrible realization. "Wait," she began, her gaze darting from Izuku to Kagutsuchi, then back to her Quirk-wielding classmates. "If Izuku and Aoyama are Agito because they were born Quirkless... does that mean... are there other Quirkless people out there who are Agito too?"

Kagutsuchi's smile, which had softened slightly, now stretched into something unreadable, a faint, knowing curve of his lips, a hint of ancient secrets. He didn't deny it. "Indeed, young Uraraka," he replied, his voice calm, almost conversational, as if discussing the weather. "The 'Seed' of Light is not exclusive to those who manifest Agito. It lies dormant in countless individuals. And yes, before the Dawn of Quirks, there were many more. Tales of supernatural powers, of ancient heroes and mythical beings, were simply early manifestations of this very phenomenon. In fact," he paused, his gaze sweeping over their stunned faces, a glint of something ancient in his golden eyes, "there were even more before the Great Flood."

The students' jaws dropped, a collective, audible gasp filling the air, a sound of profound shock. Even Bakugo, who had been stubbornly finishing his meal, paused, his fork halfway to his mouth, his eyes wide. Kaminari, his eyes wide with disbelief, his usual bravado completely gone, was the first to find his voice. "Wait, wait, wait!" he stammered, his words tripping over each other. "The Great Flood? As in, Noah's Ark? That was real?!"

Kagutsuchi nodded, his expression serene, a calm affirmation. "Yes, the Flood did happen, young Kaminari, but not in the way your ancient texts describe. There was indeed a flood, but only enough in key areas of the world for the intended purpose of wiping out the Nephilim, who were actually Agito."

The last words hit them like a physical blow, a punch to the gut. The students recoiled, a wave of shock and horror washing over their faces, their eyes wide with a dawning, terrible understanding. Nephilim. Agito. The connection was sickening, a twisting of everything they knew.

"That's right," Kagutsuchi continued, his voice losing its playful edge, becoming colder, more clinical, devoid of warmth. "The Nephilim were simply Agito, and the number of awakenings had soared during such turbulent times when the Earth was young. The Will of Darkness, seeing this burgeoning power, sought to wipe them all out in one fell swoop. Enter Noah, also an Agito, who begged for mercy. The Will of Darkness, whom you should already know as God, saw Noah's humility and spared him on the condition that he build his ark so that he and his family could survive the flood. When the waters came, most of the Agito drowned, while I and the rest of the Lords took care of the stragglers who managed to survive."

The air was thick with their collective horror, a heavy, oppressive weight. Their faces were ashen, eyes wide with a dawning, terrible understanding, a profound revulsion. The fabled story of Noah, a tale of divine salvation and mercy, was, in Kagutsuchi's chilling retelling, nothing more than a mass slaughter. An extermination. A purge of an entire race, orchestrated by the very entity they had been taught to revere. The implications were monstrous, twisting their moral compass and shattering their foundational beliefs about good and evil, creation and destruction.

"That's... that's horrible!" Mina choked out, her usual bubbly demeanor replaced by a look of profound disgust, her voice trembling. "That's what villains do! Mass murder! How could... how could God do something like that?!"

Sero nodded vehemently, his face pale, his jaw tight. "Yeah! That's not justice! That's just... wiping out a whole bunch of people because they were powerful! That's evil!"

A chorus of agreement rippled through the stunned students, a wave of shared outrage. Even Bakugo, though silent, his jaw still clenched, had a look of raw revulsion in his eyes, a rare moment of shared horror. The concept of a benevolent deity committing such an act was anathema to everything they, as aspiring heroes, stood for.

Kagutsuchi merely tilted his head, his golden eyes observing their outrage with an almost detached curiosity, a faint, unreadable smile on his lips. "Ah, yes," he said, his voice soft, almost indulgent, as if explaining a simple concept to children. "To those of you who base your lives and decisions on such quaint concepts as 'morality' and 'justice,' I can see how it would appear 'evil.' But understand this, children: morality is a human construct, a fragile framework built upon fleeting emotions and societal norms. The Will of Darkness operates on a different plane entirely."

He took a slow, deliberate step towards them, his presence seeming to grow, to fill the vast training ground, an overwhelming force. "The Agito, the Nephilim as they were called, were growing too powerful. They were approaching divinity, yes, but a wild, untamed divinity, born of the raw, chaotic essence of the Will of Light. Their numbers soared, their powers unchecked. They threatened the very stability of the world, the delicate balance that the Will of Darkness, as the embodiment of Order, strives to maintain."

Kagutsuchi's gaze sharpened, piercing each of them in turn, a cold, unwavering intensity. "So, the Will of Darkness made a decision. A necessary decision, from its perspective. A surgical strike, if you will, to prune the overgrowth, to reassert Order. It was not about 'good' or 'evil,' but about maintaining the fundamental structure of existence. A cosmic imperative, far beyond your limited human understanding of right and wrong." He paused, letting his words sink in, the chilling logic of it settling over their still-horrified faces, a cold dread. "Sometimes, young heroes, the greatest good, from a universal perspective, requires the most brutal of actions."

The students continued to process this, the implications settling deep into their minds, a heavy, suffocating weight. Koda whimpered, a small, choked sound of distress, his usual gentle demeanor shattered by the cosmic horror. Toru, though invisible, was visibly shaken, her gym uniform trembling slightly as if she were shivering uncontrollably. Izuku, his face a mask of grim realization, could only press his lips into a thin, tight line, his mind grappling with the cold, hard facts of what Kagutsuchi had just laid bare. The hero he aspired to be, the justice he believed in, felt utterly insignificant in the face of such ancient, ruthless power.

Momo, ever the one to seek clarity, pushed through her own revulsion, her mind fighting to grasp the incomprehensible. She looked directly at Kagutsuchi, her brow furrowed with a desperate need for understanding, her voice tight with disbelief. "So, God... the Will of Darkness... it just decides such things on a whim?" she asked, her voice tight with disbelief, a challenge in her tone. "It simply chooses to wipe out entire populations because it deems them 'unstable'?"

Kagutsuchi's smile returned, a subtle, almost serene expression, a hint of ancient wisdom. "Ah, young Yaoyorozu," he replied, his voice soft, almost gentle, "you still attempt to confine the boundless within the finite. The Will of Darkness cannot be conceived in such mere terms that would denote a person, or a being capable of 'whims.' It does not 'choose' in the way a human chooses. It is a fundamental force, an inherent drive that simply works to maintain stability, to enforce Order. It is the very principle of balance in the cosmos." He extended a hand, gesturing vaguely to the world around them, encompassing everything. "And we, the Lords, are but its hand and its voice, acting as conduits for its unwavering purpose."

The students fell silent once more, a heavy, suffocating quiet descending upon them, heavier than any physical exhaustion. They didn't know how to respond, how to even think about such a concept. The idea that God, the ultimate arbiter of right and wrong in their cultural understanding, operated on a plane entirely devoid of human morality was a chilling, alien thought. It wasn't something they could fight, or even argue with. What could they even do? Reject God? Denounce whatever ties and attachments they had to Him, to the very concept of a divine power that supposedly guided their world? It felt irrelevant, utterly pointless. For "God," the Will of Darkness, would simply keep going, uncaring of what they thought, unconcerned with their human notions of justice or mercy. The vastness of its purpose dwarfed their entire existence, leaving them feeling small, powerless, and profoundly adrift in a universe far more indifferent than they had ever imagined.

Kagutsuchi then clapped his hands together with a sharp, resounding crack that echoed across the training ground, startling several students. The sudden sound made several students jump and blink, their eyes refocusing on him.

"Alright, enough with the existential angst!" Kagutsuchi declared, his voice suddenly bright and cheerful, cutting through the heavy atmosphere like a ray of sunshine. "Honestly, you kids are starting to look like a bunch of nihilistic edge lords, and trust me, those got old decades ago. Snap out of it!"

The students blinked, bewildered, their expressions a mix of lingering horror and utter confusion. Ochako, still visibly shaken, managed to stammer, "But... but Kagutsuchi-san, how can we just... snap out of something like... that?" She gestured vaguely at the air, as if trying to encompass the cosmic revelations, her voice thin and reedy.

Kagutsuchi's smile widened, a genuine warmth entering his golden eyes, though still with that ancient, knowing glint. "You can, young Uraraka. You can." He swept his gaze over each of them, his voice firm, yet encouraging, a surprising well of affection in his tone. "This shouldn't slow you down. Why? Because humanity is still here. Still kicking. Still stubbornly clinging to life and striving for something more, despite everything. And as humans, you should still pull yourselves together. Why do you think your kind have been going on for so long, through floods and famines, wars and plagues, the rise and fall of empires?" He chuckled, a soft, almost affectionate sound, a deep, rumbling laugh. "You guys are some of the most resilient pieces of work that even the Lords can't help but be fascinated by. Which, incidentally, is how I got to allow my subordinates such freedom to mingle with you all." He winked, a playful glint in his eye, then added, almost as an afterthought, "That, and because 'ol JC told me to try it."

"JC?" Kaminari muttered, his brow furrowed in confusion, his voice a bewildered whisper. Jirou nudged him, and he looked around at his classmates questioningly. A few moments passed, then a slow, dawning realization spread across their faces, eyes widening in collective horror and disbelief, a shared moment of profound shock.

"Wait..." Kirishima breathed out, his hardened skin seeming to soften in his shock, his eyes wide.

"You don't mean..." Mina whispered, her voice trailing off, barely audible.

Then, in a collective, stunned gasp that ripped through the quiet of the training ground, a sound of utter incredulity: "JESUS CHRIST WAS REAL?!"

Kagutsuchi chuckled, a deep, resonant sound that seemed to vibrate with ancient amusement, his shoulders shaking slightly. He nodded, his golden eyes twinkling. "Indeed," he confirmed, his smile unwavering. "He was. And quite the fascinating individual, I might add. A true anomaly, even among the Agito." He paused, a faint, almost nostalgic look in his eyes, a distant memory. "In fact, I was the one who moved the rock on his tomb and pulled him out."

The students' jaws dropped once more, utterly gobsmacked, their faces pale with shock. The revelation about the Flood had been one thing, but this? This was a direct, impossible link to perhaps the most iconic figure in human history, casually delivered by a being who claimed to be the hand of God. Their minds, already stretched to their breaking point, struggled to comprehend, reeling from the sheer impossibility.

Meanwhile, in the dimly lit observation room overlooking Ground Gamma, Toshinori Yagi stood frozen, his jaw hanging wide open, his eyes staring blankly at the screen. The words from the speakers, Kagutsuchi's casual pronouncements, had been relayed with perfect clarity. Noah's Ark was real, and it was a purge of Agito. Jesus Christ was real, and Kagutsuchi had been the one to pull him out of his tomb, actual contact with the fabled Messiah. Toshinori's mind reeled, attempting to reconcile these impossible truths with everything he knew, everything he believed, his world tilting on its axis. He gripped the railing before him, his knuckles white, his grip like a vice, a profound sense of regret washing over him. He should have left with Nezu and the others. He should have gone home. He should have just not listened. The sheer, overwhelming absurdity and terrifying reality of it all made his head spin, a dizzying spiral into the unknown.