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Walking into the monitoring room, I found it completely silent except for the sounds of battle, everyone standing inside standing still, in rapt attention as they watched the screen. On it, a slightly scuffed All Might was going at it, hammer and tongs, against the injured boys.

Midoriya’s gloves were torn to shreds, and his greaves were cracked, but the boots were chipped in a way that told the nanoweave was *probably* shot to hell, and I’d need to make him another pair before he fought again, but they’d still provide cushioning until they broke *completely*. Part of making Support Items was to make them still function even when half-broken, after all.

Bakugo was worse off, both knee-pads broken, his shirt and pants ripped, and he was missing one gauntlet entirely. No, he still had a bit of the metal that attached to his left arm, which meant it’d been literally ripped to pieces while he wore it. The boy was missing *all* of the smaller ‘grenades’ from his belt, and the boxy utility pockets he wore on his legs were open and empty, the ones that hadn’t been torn *off*.

All Might’s damage seemed minor in comparison. However, having seen what went into it, the fact that they managed to rip the man’s costume at *all* was damn impressive.

[Watching the screen](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E__tA4ToV04&ab_channel=yduR), Bakugo shot forward with a blast, like a human cannonball set to slam into the Pro, who turned to catch him only for Izuku to shoot in from the side with a flying kick twice as fast as his partner was moving, catching the enormous man behind the knee and forcing him to the side as Bakugo slammed into the Symbol of Peace, both hands forward and glowing brightly, setting off a detonation at point blank in All Might’s face.

The number one Hero moved with it, twisting backwards with the blast, and reaching for Izuku, behind him, who leapt to the side, slamming a punch into the man’s hand to shove it away before he could be grabbed. Simultaneously, the Pro reached for Bakugo, who set off another blast, blowing himself backwards and out of reach. However, All Might blurred, twisting around completely and leapt for Bakugo, whose eyes widened as he tried, to set off another blast, but the boy still had to ‘charge up’ a little between detonations.

Izuku, however, leapt forward as well and slammed a kick into the small of his mentor’s back, grounding himself before grabbing the back of the man’s costume and turning, heaving, and throwing him back down. All Might was moved, but not idle, swinging a fist around in the same direction he was being thrown to strike Midoriya, a visible shockwave building up around it.

Before it could strike, though, Bakugo set off small explosion behind himself with his left hand, closing on Midoriya as he swung that arm forward and grabbed the boy by the back of his costume, shoving his right arm past the boy’s head and detonating a second, larger explosion, his hand cupped forward, the blast concentrated into an explosive column that struck All Might even as it pushed both boys back, the Pro Hero’s strike missing by inches, but even that still sent the pair spinning.

Bakugo righted them both, letting go of Midoriya midair, the pair landing lightly on top of a half-destroyed building. The blond boy didn’t say anything, but made a twisting gesture, flicking his pointer finger, which his partner seemed to get instantly, nodding and making a swirling gesture with his arms. Bakugo nodded and they both, a bit tiredly, but still determinedly, leapt off the building toward where All might had landed, Midoriya sparking while his partner rode small, but focused, explosions.

 All Might, on the other hand, had landed a couple streets away, and shook his head, visibly fatigued, though not to the same level the boys were. He worked his arms, muttering to himself, “***Man, did they have to make these so heavy?****”* The man coughed, and his hand came away bloody, which he smiled at, wiping away on his costume. “**And they hit like a Truck. I’m so proud!”** When the boys started to make their way towards him, he perked up, grinning, “**Ah well, no rest for the wicked.**”

He leapt right as Bakugo crested the top of the building, moving so fast he was little more than a blur to the cameras. However, the other boy had been expecting that, and had one hand prepared, diverting himself to the side, as All Might reacted in an instant, his enormous hand catching Bakugo’s before the boy could set off an explosion. With a heave, the Pro Hero, twisted and threw the bomber straight down, towards the street below, but Midoriya leapt in the way of the boy’s path, caught him, and twisted him around, flinging him right back towards their opponent.

Now it was Bakugo’s turn to blur, right fist streaming gold as he slammed into All Might, detonating at the moment of impact, sending the boy flying down as the man was sent flying upwards, only for Midoriya to leap, catch Bakugo again, and send him *right back up again.*

This time All Might, even spinning in the air, was ready, and moved to block the shot, but Deku missed, sending his partner *past* the Pro, out of range of the man’s counter, but Bakugo grinned, flaring his clench fist open and setting off the blast, arresting his momentum even as All Might still rose. The Bombing King twisted around and pointed his grenade gauntlet straight down, pulling the pin as he did so, the device starting to trail flame as he did so.

All Might turned, and started to punch, but was too slow, the screen darkening as a second sun seemed to bloom for a moment.

Bakugo was blasted even higher, hand shaking as he slotted the pin back, as the Symbol of Peace was blasted downwards, trailing smoke, and an emerald rocket shot up to meet him, Midoriya leaping up with a yell of *“SMASH!”* that could still be picked up, slamming All Might right back into the still ongoing explosion, which was shoved outwards, even as both boys fell back to earth.

*“Holy shit,”* I whispered, coming up next to Mina as I watched the fight. “*Has it been like this the entire time?”*

My girlfriend glanced over in my direction, smiling upon seeing me, but, quickly looked back at the screen, not wanting to miss a thing. “*Yeah!”* she whispered back. *“They haven’t stopped the entire time. I thought my test was bad but this is* ***insane!****”*

Both boys landed badly, stumbling and driven to their knees, but, shaking stood up. Bakugo’s teeth were grit in pain, his gloves cracked and broken, while Midoriya’s right arm, the one he’d just used to strike All Might, was purple with bruises, but not completely broken.

All Might, however, still seemed fine, except for a few more rips in his suit, flicking one hand out, reversing his flight out of bounds and shooting back down to the arena, landing between where both students had came down, cratering the ground as he did so, the only having to take a step to stop himself.

The man looked up, his gaze resting on a spot of yellow hallway up the building he stopped at the base of, which I realized was the capture-cuffs the boys needed to attach to All Might in order to win, but had been embedded into the wall. One hand went to his side, where Deku’s fist had struck him with unreal force, and he winced, and he shook his head, before taking a deep breath.

“**Very Good!**” the man called out, loud enough to carry across the arena. “**Your best yet, but you’re running out of time!** [**You’ll have to try harder, if you want to take *me* down!**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7OzxYom4XkM&ab_channel=LittleGiant)”

He looked in the direction of both boys as they leapt for him, and sighed. “**Both of you? I have to say I admire your spirit, but we *will* be having words about this, Young Midoriya,**” he muttered.

“*What?*” Ochaco whispered, uncomprehendingly.

Tsu responded, “*The smart thing to do would be run, ribbit. They’ve split up, like Kaminari and Todoroki did, so one of them could make it to the gate while the other held them off.”*

Tokoyami disagreed, “*Yes, but to defeat All Might himself would be a noble achievement indeed.”*

Before the conversation could continue, both boys had reached the Symbol of Peace, who stood, waiting for them, instead of attacking immediately as he had before. Bakugo and Midoriya both spotted the capture cuffs, before looking at each other, nodding, the blonde blasting down towards All Might while Izuku leapt for them.

However, while the number one hero had given them a moment to see them, and plan, that was *all* the time he gave them, leaping up, a fist flicking out for Bakugo, the boy barely avoiding it, as he reached the cuffs, grabbing Izuku’s reaching arm and slamming him, *hard,* against the side of the building before throwing him towards Bakugo, leaping after his protégé a moment later.

Bakugo started to move to catch Midoriya, but aborted that, when he saw All Might coming down at them, instead hitting his partner with a small blast, shoving himself back and Izuku forward, both of them *barely* out of the way of their opponent’s strike, which hit the ground, cratering it from the force of the punch.

Both boys flipped around, Midoriya hitting a wall and leaping forward, while Bakugo set off more explosions to close on All Might, trying over and over again to hit their opponent, or reach the cuffs, Bakugo finally pulling the pin on his gauntlet again, but, while the explosion that was set off was larger than normal, the Pro Hero leapt *through* it, striking the device, breaking it to pieces.

“**Good, but impatience is one of your greatest flaws,**” All Might remarked, reaching for the boy, who dodged it, only for the Hero to blur forward, sinking a fist into the boy’s stomach and making him vomit before grabbing hold of his costume. “**What will you do now, ‘Bombing King’, now that you cannot make a blast big enough to injure me?**”

Bakugo, however, grinned, and held up shaking hands. “*Dumbass,”* he spat, bile and blood leaking from the corners of his mouth. “The Gauntlets were so I could use blasts that big *safely.* *DEKU! NOW!”*

All Might turned, his other fist raised, to dodge the attack he expected and counter it, but instead of the other boy a medium sized rock bounced harmlessly off the man’s shins, Midoriya streaking for the cuffs. The Pro Hero looked to Bakugo, who laughed, a crazed look in his eyes, as he shoved glowing hands into All Might’s ribs before two enormous explosions detonated at point blank, range, covering the street in a roaring conflagration.

Midoriya grabbed the cuffs, yanking them out of the wall, and shot down at All Might as the man stumbled, to palm-sized circles seared into out of his costume, raw, burned flesh underneath. Closing in on him, Deku swung out with his cuffs as the Hero shook his head clear, but seemingly out of it, but the man’s head whipped around, blue eyes glowing as he looked *right* at his successor.

“**Close,**” All Might remarked, yanking his arm back from the cuffs and sinking a fist into Midoriya’s side at blinding speed, “**But not close enough.**”

Izuku was sent flying into the building he’d just pulled the cuffs from, causing it to collapse on the boy, but, in the second before he’d been struck, Deku tossed the device away, sending them in his partner’s direction, who, shaking, with burned hands and bruising arms, caught them as he staggered to his feet.

Bakugo was trembling like a leaf in a thunderstorm, but took a single step forward, towards All Might. “*Then we’ll just have to get closer!”* he declared, taking a few more halting steps forward, gaining strength as he moved, and All Might turned towards him, but staggered himself slightly. It was only a single moment, but it bolstered the blonde boy, who, screaming shot another explosion behind himself to close.

However, while he was fast, All Might was faster, and avoided it, then the next, the Hero lashing out, but Bakugo turned it into a glancing blow, as he yelled, “*Get off your ass, Deku! We’re not done!*”

“**I don’t think he can hear-**” All Might started to remark, only for the rubble behind him to explode upwards, a green streak blasting for the Hero.

Bakugo lunged, capture cuff going low to hit the man’s leg, but All Might shifted, turning to catch Midoriya’s kick.

A shockwave went off at the point of impact, Izuku slamming into his mentor with both legs in a flying kick, which sent Bakugo stumbling back, but All Might was taken off his feet, *flying* back into the building across the street, which collapsed on the man in turn.

Deku landed, crying out in pain, the bones in his legs fractured, but the boy pulled on OfA, using it to help himself stand.

*Holy shit, did they do it?* I wondered. I knew All Might was weighed down, and that Midoriya was stronger than he would’ve been otherwise, but-

The building that All Might had been buried under was blasted back, the man standing, a single fist raised. “**If that’s how it is, then this it’s time for this fight to *end!****”* the Symbol of peace grinned, though it came off as a *snarl*, steam streaming from the man’s form.

Blasting forward, fist cocked back, both boys staggered forward, pushing themselves to meet him-

And then the buzzer rang.

Both boys stumbled, looks of shock on their faces, and they started to fall, but All Might caught them. “**It’s time for this to end, because you are out of time,**” the man remarked gently, lowering them to the ground.

“*D-Damnit!*” the blond boy cursed, eyes tearing up. “*So close!”*

“**Far closer than I thought, Young Bakugo,**” All Might easily agreed. “**You should be proud of that, but you’re not there *yet.* And as for you, Young Midoriya, you-**” the man started to say, but the boy was out cold. “**You, I will talk to later,**” he noted, even as Bakugo passed out.

Medical robots flew in, the camera feed cutting off as the announcer stated, “Team Midoriya and Bakugo have failed due to the time expiring. All matches for the practical portion of Class 1-A’s final have now been completed.”

The lights in the room slowly came on, leaving us all in stunned silence. Recovery Girl huffed, getting off her chair and heading for her office. “I’ll be sure to have a few words with both those boys myself,” she promised, leaving us all looking around, unsure.

“Well,” I muttered, “. . . *shit*.”

<MHA>

 Shoto Aizawa sat back in his chair, in a state of half-drowsing that took him years to perfect. Aware, but unmoving, he dozed like a cat, not expending any more energy than was required as he waited for the others to arrive. Finally, Power Loader tiredly trudged in, needing to be healed of his wounds by Recovery Girl.

“Alright, let us begin!” Nezu cheerfully commanded, as soon as the other man sat, clapping his paws together. “It’s always surprising, what out Hero Course students pull out under pressure, but this years crop was *particularly* surprising!”

Snipe nodded, “You were right not to pit ‘em up ‘gainst bots, Eraser. They woulda ripped ‘em to pieces like a pack of coyotes on a farm-raised hog.”

“Indeed,” Nezu nodded. “Our combat robots were a sufficient challenge for class 1-B, however. With one notable exception.”

Present Mic frowned, “I saw the tape. Monoma couldn’t use his Quirk. Kid was always gonna have a hard time.”

“I didn’t need to use my Quirk to succeed,” Aizawa pointed out, cutting off his colleague’s defense of the boy. “We make them defeat-able without needing Quirks. *Bradley* succeeded placed among the top half of 1-B.”

The announcer cast a sour look his friend’s way, before shrugging. “Eh, I tried. So he’s getting’ some extra schoolin’. Kid needs it.”

Cementoss sighed, changing the topic. “The two boys I faced off against also require additional training. I am glad that they proved to be the exception, and not the rule.”

“Agreed,” the assorted staff said as one.

Ectoplasm was next. “It should go without saying, but the two I faced off against did quite well. I did not expect Uravity to be so pugnacious. I admit I underestimated her capabilities, and the record of her equipment did not list those grappling hooks,” the man noted, looking Power Loader’s way, the Support Course instructor merely shrugging.

Aizawa smirked, “I *did* warn you that some of them had updated their gear. Ashido’s getup should’ve been all the indication you needed.” It wouldn’t due for the Pros to get lazy, while telling the students to work. It set the wrong example.

“And can I say I am very glad that Ms. Ashido did not use her suit to try to smash her way through?” Nezu questioned. “If she had, oh ho ho, she would have found *quite* the surprise! Instead, she thought around the problem, utilized the potential of her team-mate’s Quirk, and was able to time it *just* so that she escaped as the building started to fall!”

*I’m pretty sure she was just moving as fast as she could,* the girl’s homeroom teacher thought, but let it pass without comment.

“Jira and Kouda hit the charts,” Present Mic commented, “thinking outside the box. I just wish they thought outside the *bug*. Why’d ya make us fight out in the middle of nowhere, Eraser?”

“Forests disperse sound,” the man shrugged. “It gave them a chance.” *And hopefully it’d get you to get over your stupid fear of bugs,* he added internally, but he didn’t have much hope for that. The blonde man was a city-dweller, through and through, and had used that very excuse to beg off of missions that’d take them into the countryside.

Nezu grinned, “And after that was you, Power Loader. I admit, I had second thoughts about allowing you so much time to set up, but you put on *quite* the show! How *is* your chest, by the way? Those burns looked *nasty.*”

“I’m tired, but fine,” the shirtless man replied. “Aizawa, what have you been teaching them?”

“To fight,” Eraserhead replied easily. “But I think some of her success can be laid at the feet of her friends. And *your* star student.”

“Don’t get me started,” the inventor groaned. “Just be glad Hatsume doesn’t want to be a hero, or your class’d have twice as many explosions.”

Aizawa lifted an eyebrow. “We have Bakugo.”

“That’s why it’s *only* twice,” Power Loader replied, deadpan. “Yaoyorozu went down, but even if the others hadn’t made it, I’d say she passed. Just, maybe have a chat with her about when not to use heavy ordinance. Or I could do it, the next time Mei blows up the support lab.”

All Might, in his untransformed state, promised, “I’ll have a word with Young Miss Yaoyorozu, but it might be for the best if you talked to her as well. I know about being careful, but not that much about high explosives.”

“Midnight?” Aizawa asked.

“Ooooh, all of our students were just *brimming* with youthful energy!” the woman cooed, her ardor dimming. “But Sero was lacking in good sense. I know how many want to get *up close* and *physical* with a beautiful woman like myself, but, *powerful* as they may be, young men need to have better control of their *urges.* And their staying power. It’s all too unsatisfying if it’s over too *quickly*.”

“And Minetta,” Eraserhead prodded, unable to help himself.

The thirty-one year old heroine scowled. “The boy’s a quick shot, and rude to boot.” Her cold look thawed slightly. “Then again, it’s so rare someone successfully plays hard to get. The chase just makes the *juice* worth the *squeeze!*”

Nezu, as usual didn’t so much as blink at the teacher’s phrasing. “As you say. Are we agreed that, despite his team succeeding, Hanata Sero failed his practical examination?”

*“Aye,”* the room chorused.

“Moving on, Mr. Aizawa, what of your students?” the principal questioned. “You did capture Mr. Kaminari.”

Eraserhead snorted, “Capturing only counts if they stay captured.”

“How’d he wake up, though?” Present Mic frowned. “I did *not* see that plot twist coming.”

“I’m surprised it worked at all,” Midnight shrugged. “The boy shrugged off my Quirk like it was nothing.”

Snipe looked up, masked head tilting in confusion. “When was this?”

“The USJ,” the heroine revealed. “While you were off ‘rounding up the varmits’,” she teased. “I’d almost be jealous that *they* were the ones getting penetrated, but I lack your. . . *range.* It’s a pity you didn’t pair that young man with with *me*, Eraserhead. It would’ve been nice to face off against someone who can experience *all* of me and keep on coming.”

Aizawa lifted a single eyebrow, remembering the woman’s drunken rant two years ago, about her problems finding a romantic partner. She’d propositioned him, as he could keep her Quirk from activating, but not long enough for what she’d wanted. However, he knew the woman, and her character, despite the persona she played so long it became habit, so he knew he didn’t have to warn her off the boy. Once he graduated, it might be a different story, but he wouldn’t be the boy’s homeroom teacher then, and he’d be old enough to make his own decisions.

“Both young men did well,” All Might stated with quiet authority. “I’m proud of them both.”

And that was that.

“Toru and Shoji?” their chimeric boss proposed, looking directly at Aizawa.

The man didn’t need to think about it. “Fail.”

“That’s not fair, Eraser!” Present Mic argued. “They got Snipe, fair and square!”

“Snipe didn’t *try*,” Aizawa argued just back. “And neither did they. If they were facing a villain, ‘Tentacole’ would have died on his first mission.”

“I-I tried!” the gunman disagreed.

Nezu smiled. “You did? My, with *your* Quirk, Shoji must be quick indeed, to end a fight with you completely unharmed!”

The teacher winced, looking away. “I didn’t want to hit Toru,” he admitted after a moment. “Her Quirk messed with mine. S’why I popped smoke, so I could track the gal.”

“At which time you thought you were cheating, so did not fire at all,” the Principal nodded, and, from the Pro’s wince, was correct in his assessment. “Until Mr. Shoji, panicking and not trusting his teammate, ran into your line of fire, knowing you had a clear shot on him. But even then, knowing Recovery Girl was on standby, only shot a line in front of him.”

“They’re kids!” Snipe argued. “The tenderfoots’ have just got a single semester under their belts. Treatin’ ‘em like veteran vaqueros ain’t right!”

Aizawa glared at the man. “You’re not giving them enough credit. They’ve already fought Villains. Midoriya, Ida, and Todoroki beat the Hero Killer. They’ve earned the test we gave them, and deserved to be pushed by it.”

“And if I was fightin’ those three, I’da put a bit o’ lead in ‘em!” Snipe argued right back. “But I looked up those two. They didn’t do much fightin’ at the USJ, and didn’t make it to the finals of the Sports Festival. I tested them as much as they needed ta be tested. Yeah, I coulda gone harder, but they still got me. Wouldn’t be fair to tell ‘em they won, but not good enough.”

Midnight disagreed, pointing out, “It’s what we’re telling Sero.”

“That’s different,” Snipe shot back, but didn’t explain his point.

“Well, then,” Nezu clapped, “can we at least agree that Miss Toru performed adequately?” This was less contentious, and while Aizawa still disagreed, he was the only one. “Then lets put it to a vote. Everyone who believes Shoji should pass, raise your hand.”

Looking around, it was five to four, with All Might, Nezu, and Midnight agreeing with him, but the others did not. *At least I’m in good company*, Eraserhead thought. Present Mic voting to let the boy pass didn’t surprise him, the man might be hard on the ears, but he was soft at heart.

Those assembled turned to look at All Might, who had steepled his fingers, deep in thought. “Both my two failed,” the skeletal symbol of peace stated quietly. “They fought well. Very well. But some fights you cannot win. To reward them for making that mistake. It would send the wrong message.”

“They’re strong,” Aizawa pointed out, playing the devil’s advocate. “Against most of us, they would’ve won. Easily.”

All Might shook his head. “But they weren’t facing you. They were facing ***me****,*” he stated, filling out his baggy suit for a moment, turning a steely look on the others, eyes glowing in darkened sockets. “**It might be surprising, but I know what it is like to face overwhelming odds, odds that *seem* impossible. But I also know what it is like to face odds that are *actually* impossible. These boys, if they continue to push themselves, will find themselves *in* those situations all too soon. They need to learn the difference *now*, before, like me, they learn them too late, and someone dies because of their overconfidence.**”

All Might met each of their gazes in turn. “**The others might have been tested to see if they could defeat you,**” he said, nodding to ectoplasm, “**Outmaneuver you,**” another nod to Present Mic, “**Or to manage your attention,**” this time, he nodded to Aizawa, “**But my test was for them, the strongest of their class, to learn when to *retreat.* To manage a fighting withdrawal, and keep their focus on making the best of a bad situation. They failed to do so. They bet it all on victory. They need to learn what it means when that bet *doesn’t pay off*.**”

The man seemed to physically fade, a quick burst of steam obscuring his form, revealing his skeletal body once more, oversized suit hanging off him like a starved child wearing his father’s clothes, yet, despite that, the man still exuded strength, even if it was a different kind of one from a moment ago. “Besides,” he added, smiling softly, “I do not think either boy would accept it if we told them they passed anyways. Young Midoriya might, but he would not be happy with it. No, those boys, in their own way, both have the heart of a hero. And that means accepting the consequences of failure. Let’s not deny them that.”

After that, no one had any objections, and the meeting was adjourned, the other teachers filing out, but Aizawa noted that Nezu and All Might made no attempt to leave. Present Mic was last out, giving Eraserhead a questioning look, but the man responded to the unspoken inquiry with a shake of his head, and the announcer left, closing the door behind them, resealing it against outside surveillance.

There was a long moment of silence, as he looked at the two, before announcing, “Kaminari is hiding the strength of his Quirk. Even from us.”

Nezu nodded. “I am aware.”

“I can no longer Erase his Quirk,” the teacher stated, pressing the issue.

“I saw that as well,” the principal noted.

All Might shifted uncomfortably. “That. . . *may* be my fault.”

The chimera grinned. “Oh? I thought the way your Quirk worked, that was not possible.”

“It’s not,” the number one hero agreed. “But Young Kaminari has, somehow, copied my Quirk. Or, at least, what I currently have of it. Young Midoriya cannot use it. That is likely why you can ‘Erase’ it, Aizawa. But, when he comes into it completely, you no longer will be.”

“Then it is as I thought,” Nezu sighed. “I told you before, that I had some theories All Might? And I needed more evidence? Well, it appears that I have it, and Mr. Kaminari is, in fact, a Quirk Copier, like Mr. Monoma, but a *permanent* one. It would explain Mr. One’s interest in the boy, if he thought the boy your successor.”

All Might paled, “I, I hadn’t thought of that. Then. . . he offered the boy training. . . because. . .”

“Because he thought he was seducing him away from *you,*” the chimeric administrator agreed easily. “And, in a way, he is not wrong. The boy does hold you in high regard.” Nezu smiled. “I do wonder how many of his classmate’s Quirks the boy has copied? Not many, I believe, but likely those of Ms. Ashido, Yaoyorozu, and Hatsume, possibly others.”

At their shocked looks the principal smiled, “Oh, and do not worry about him draining the Quirks of others. I have been paying *close* attention, and those the boy spends time around are among those whose Quirks have *most* developed. Ms. Ashido, in particular, has changed noticeably,” the chimera noted, and Aizawa froze, trying to think of what he had missed. Yes, the girl had grown slightly, but so had many in her class, so he had not thought it important.

“I wonder, All Might” Nezu pondered aloud, “if the boy has picked up your ability to *share* your power, as she now has a similar level of *universal* fitness as that which Mr. Kaminari displays, despite rarely exercising before his admission to UA, on top of her previously developed musculature. In particular her serratus anterior muscles, which you humans so *rarely* strengthen, have been brought up to the same level as his, adjusting for frame, but she has displayed none of the movement patterns that would suggest muscle tiredness from exercising them enough to elicit that amount of gain. She is the *only* one of the boy’s societal circle to develop in such a manner, however. Do you have any idea why that could be?”

The number one hero reddened. “Ah, well, yes. There is a certain amount of. . . biological transfer required. And they *are* at that age.”

Aizawa connected the dots, and did *not* like what image formed. “And what kind of ‘biological transfer’ happened between you and Midoriya, *All Might?”*

“Nothing of the sort!” the man quickly responded, waving his hands in negation. “Young Midoriya ate one of my hairs. Plucked right from my head! The same way I got it from the previous holder!”

“That’s all it takes?” Eraserhead asked skeptically.

“No, you have to do so *wanting* to pass on the power. It is a passing on of the torch, not some sort of mutation,” the older man stressed.

Nezu stroked his chin. “I could very well see Mr. Kaminari wanting his mate to be stronger. It is an understandable urge, even if I have lacked one myself, for obvious reasons. It will be interesting to see if she develops additional Quirks of her own with time. I must ask, though, how did you became aware of the fact that the boy was faking weakness?”

“I’ve Erased his Quirk before, it snapped right back,” the Pro explained. “This time it didn’t. I had my suspicions, but it wasn’t until I captured him that I confirmed he was sandbagging me.”

“How did you find that out?” All Might questioned. “I’ve been watching him for weeks, and there could be a number of explanations other than the boy feigning weakness.”

Aizawa lazily reached back and pulled out another sealed packet, tossing it to the Symbol of Peace. “Tell me, does that smell like chloroform to you?”

All Might stared at the younger man, before opening the packet, and carefully wafting a bit of its scent to himself, before frowning, and bringing it closer to his face, taking another sniff. Frowning now, the man put his nose right to the wet cloth, and inhaled, to no effect. “No,” the hero remarked. “No it does not.”

“Weird that a wet wipe made him pass out like it was soaked in chloroform, then,” Aizawa remarked. He always carried a few with him, as being a Hero was often dirty work.

All Might stared at class 1-A’s homeroom teacher, laughing as he understood what happened. “I spent *weeks* tiptoeing around the issue, and you figure it out in *seconds* by tricking the boy.”

Nezu chuckled, while Aizawa smiled a tired, lazy, and satisfied smile.

“You might call it trickery. Me? I call it a rational deception.”