

Yo

Chapter 15 over here.

Do enjoy ladies and gentlemen

Start:

IZUKU'S POV

The world seemed to fracture around Izuku as Recovery Girl's words hung in the air, each syllable carrying implications too vast to fully comprehend.

Izuku's consciousness felt like it was splitting into competing territories - confusion warring with relief, worry battling against a strange sense of vindication.

I almost got expelled today. Almost lost everything I've worked for because I let anger control me. And now...

The thoughts spiraled through his mind like debris in a hurricane, refusing to settle into any coherent pattern. He'd walked home contemplating his narrow escape from expulsion, grateful for one more chance to prove he deserved his place at UA.

That gratitude had lasted all of thirty seconds before being replaced by guilt about the USJ, shame about enabling Bakugo's violence, and the disturbing revelation of a voice in his head.

And just when I thought I'd reached my limit for life-changing revelations in a single day, here's another one.

"Do you know anything about the..." Recovery Girl had started, and his mind had begun racing through possibilities before she'd even finished the question.

Mom just had a DNA test. The results made her cry. I don't have a Quirk, but I have abilities that shouldn't be possible. Which means...

The logical conclusion should have terrified him - that he was something other than what he'd believed himself to be. But instead, there was an odd sense of relief threading through the confusion. Not Quirkless, but not quite normal either. Something in between, something undefined by the categories society had created.

Do you know anything about the...

"Uchiha."

The word came from within his own consciousness, but it wasn't his voice. Or rather, it was his voice blended with something impossibly ancient, as if speaking a name that had been waiting centuries to be acknowledged.

The crimson presence that had been lurking behind his enhanced perception surged forward with sudden recognition.

That's... that's the voice. The one I heard on the street. It knows this name.

And then One For All responded - not with words, but with a sensation. Generations of accumulated power pressing against his consciousness like a physical force, each fragment carrying distinct emotional resonance. Not quite separate entities, but differentiated enough that Izuku could feel the divisions within the unified whole.

Two ancient forces inside me. One I inherited from All Might, one that's apparently been sleeping in my DNA. And they're both reacting to that name.

His body temperature spiked suddenly, heat flooding through his system as if his blood had begun to boil.

It wasn't painful exactly, but intensely uncomfortable - like standing too close to an open flame while feeling the fire burning from within simultaneously.

Too much. This is too much information to process all at once.

The urge to let his eyes blaze crimson was almost overwhelming, that ancient presence pushing against his conscious control with insistent pressure. It would be so easy to surrender to that force, to let whatever was awakening within him take full control.

No. I'm not losing control again. Not after what happened with Bakugo. Not after nearly getting expelled for letting emotion override judgment.

With conscious effort that felt like holding back a tidal wave, Izuku forced his eyes to remain their natural green.

The crimson presence retreated slightly, though he could still feel it coiled behind his perception like a spring under tension.

I control this power. It doesn't control me. Whatever I'm about to learn, I'm going to face it as myself, not as some puppet for ancient forces.

But even as he asserted that control, part of him recognized the futility of the gesture. How could he remain unchanged by revelations about his fundamental nature? How could learning that he was something other than human - or at least, other than what modern humanity had become - not transform his understanding of himself?

Brace yourself. Whatever comes next is going to change everything. Again.

"No," he said aloud, his voice steadier than he'd expected. "What is the Uchiha?"

Please let this be something I can handle. Please let this explanation make sense of the chaos my life has become.

Recovery Girl exchanged a glance with Inko before beginning her explanation, and even that small gesture carried weight - as if they were preparing him for information that would fundamentally alter his worldview.

"To understand what you are," Recovery Girl began, settling back into her chair with the careful deliberation of someone about to deliver a lecture that would last, "we need to start at the very beginning. Not your beginning, but humanity's transformation into what we are today."

The Age of Quirks. She's going all the way back.

"The history that everyone learns in school is simplified," she continued, pulling out what looked like historical documents from her stack of papers. "The story of the Luminescent Baby - the first recorded instance of a human child born with a supernatural ability in Qingqing City, China. That moment, roughly two hundred years ago, is taught as the singular beginning of the Quirk Era."

I remember learning about this in elementary school.

The day everything changed for humanity.

But even as Recovery Girl spoke those familiar words, Izuku felt a pang of memory that was anything but academic.

He'd been sitting in that same elementary school classroom, surrounded by classmates who'd already begun manifesting their own abilities. Watching videos of the Luminescent Baby while knowing, with growing certainty, that whatever miracle had transformed humanity had somehow passed him by.

"Maybe it'll come in late, Izuku!" Mom had said with forced optimism after that lesson. "Some children don't manifest until they're older!"

"But that simplified narrative," Recovery Girl's voice pulled him back to the present, "obscures a more complex reality. The Luminescent Baby wasn't a sudden mutation. It was the first visible manifestation of changes that had been accumulating in human genetics for potentially decades or even centuries before."

Changes that had been building. Like pressure behind a dam until it finally burst.

"From that point forward, Quirk manifestation became increasingly common," she explained, spreading out documents that showed statistical charts and genetic diagrams.

"Within the first generation after the Luminescent Baby, approximately five percent of children born showed some form of supernatural ability. By the second generation, that number had jumped to twenty percent. By the fourth, we reached the current global average of eighty percent."

Eighty percent. Which means twenty percent are like I was - or thought I was. Quirkless. The minority in a world that had evolved past us.

The memory crashed over him with the weight of accumulated childhood trauma. Waiting in the doctor's office with his mother, both of them hoping for good news.

The physician's expression growing more grave as test after test came back negative. That final, devastating pronouncement that had shaped his entire existence.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Midoriya. Your son has an extra joint in his pinky toe - a vestigial characteristic that disappeared from the human genome when Quirks began manifesting. I'm afraid Izuku is part of the Quirkless minority."

Mom had cried. Not in front of the doctor, but later, when she thought I was asleep. I heard her sobbing in her room, mourning the normal life I'd never have.

"The transformation wasn't uniform across all populations," Recovery Girl continued, seemingly unaware of the emotional minefield she was leading him through. "Some families showed higher rates of Quirk manifestation, while others seemed resistant to the genetic changes sweeping through humanity."

Resistant. Like that was somehow our family's fault, that Mom's weak object manipulation and Dad's unknown abilities couldn't combine into something useful for their son.

"Some Quirks manifest as external abilities," Recovery Girl's clinical tone somehow made the fantastic sound routine.

"Elemental manipulation, like controlling fire or ice. Enhanced physical characteristics, such as increased strength or speed. Energy projection, creation abilities, mental powers - the variety became so vast that categorization systems had to be constantly updated."

I memorized all those categories. Studied them obsessively, as if understanding the system would somehow let me find my place in it.

Another memory surfaced, this one from middle school. Bakugo demonstrating his explosion Quirk to an impressed crowd of classmates while Izuku watched from the periphery. The way

everyone had gathered around the explosive teen like he was royalty, while Izuku's presence went unnoticed until someone needed a convenient target for ridicule.

"Hey, De-ku! Want to see something cool?" And then the explosion, close enough to my face that I could feel the heat. Close enough to make my ears ring. "Oh wait, you probably can't appreciate it without a Quirk of your own!"

"Others, like Heteromorphs, are born with physical traits that reflect their abilities," Recovery Girl gestured to her own diminutive, mouse-like features. "Animal characteristics, altered body structures, biological variations that make their supernatural nature immediately visible from birth."

Is that what I am? Some kind of late-manifesting Heteromorph with eye-based characteristics?

"You might be wondering if you fall into that Heteromorph category," Recovery Girl said, as if reading his thoughts.

"The answer is no. But your ocular ability does share certain characteristics with Heteromorphic manifestation - specifically, the way it integrates with your natural biology rather than existing as a separate power to be activated."

Shares characteristics but isn't the same. What does that even mean?

The heat in Izuku's body intensified as understanding began to dawn, each revelation adding fuel to the fire burning through his system. His enhanced perception, usually so helpful in analyzing tactical situations, now felt like a curse as it showed him exactly how much he didn't understand about his own nature.

"Heteromorphs are born with their traits as part of their natural biological expression," she explained. "A person with wings doesn't activate a Quirk to make them appear - they're simply

born with functional wings as part of their anatomy. The same applies to those with tails, horns, altered skin, or any other physical variation."

Born with power.

Never having to wait and wonder if they'd be normal or special.

Never facing that moment of devastating diagnosis.

Izuku remembered the aftermath of his doctor's visit with painful clarity.

The way his classmates had treated him differently once word spread that he was Quirkless. The subtle shift from friendly indifference to active exclusion. The way teachers had stopped calling on him during hero discussion sessions, as if his lack of a Quirk made his opinions worthless.

And Bakugo. God, Bakugo's reaction had been the worst. My childhood friend transforming into my worst nightmare overnight.

"You're Quirkless, De-ku? That's hilarious! I always knew you were worthless, but this proves it! You'll never be a hero now!"

"Your ability, however," Recovery Girl's voice cut through the painful reminiscence, "is hereditary in a way that predates and runs deeper than Quirk genetics."

Deeper than Quirk genetics.

How can anything be deeper than the genetic basis of supernatural abilities?

She pulled out what looked like a comparative genetic analysis, though the technical jargon meant little to Izuku's panicked brain.

"Quirks are relatively recent evolutionary developments. They modify existing human genetic structures, adding new capabilities onto our baseline biology. But they're additions - supplementary code written into the human genome."

Additions. So Quirks are like... software updates to human hardware?

"What you carry," Recovery Girl's tone took on a note of reverence that seemed out of character, "isn't an addition. It's not a modification to human genetics that occurred in the past two centuries. It's original code. Ancient genetic information that's been part of certain bloodlines since before recorded history."

Original code.

Older than Quirks.

Older than modern civilization.

That can't be possible.

"Simply put," she continued, noting his confused expression, "your ocular ability stems from genetic material that's much older than you. Much older than the Age of Quirks entirely. It's been dormant in your bloodline, waiting for the right conditions to manifest."

Older than Quirks. But Quirks only emerged two hundred years ago. If this ability predates that...

"And here's where it gets truly fascinating," Recovery Girl leaned forward, her medical fascination evident despite the gravity of the conversation. "Your lack of a Quirk factor created those conditions."

My lack of a Quirk. The thing that ruined my childhood, that made me an outcast, that turned my best friend into my tormentor. That was... necessary?

"Quirk genes, when present, tend to dominate genetic expression," she explained, pulling out more diagrams that showed competing genetic structures. "They're newer, more aggressive in how they manifest. When someone has both a Quirk factor and these older genetic markers, the Quirk almost always takes precedence."

So everyone with a Quirk might be carrying these dormant abilities, but the Quirk drowns them out?

"But in your case," Recovery Girl's expression softened as she looked at him, "without competing genetic expression from a Quirk factor, these ancient traits were able to surface. Your Quirklessness had some use after all - it was a prerequisite."

The words hit Izuku the same way Bakugo's foot often found its place on his stomach, recontextualizing years of pain and humiliation into something approaching cosmic irony.

Everything he'd suffered, every moment of exclusion and ridicule, every beating from Bakugo and dismissive comment from teachers - all of it had been because he was carrying something that predated their modern understanding of power.

I wasn't broken. I was just... old.

Older than everyone around me realized.

"Very few families in Japan have been observed to carry these traits," Recovery Girl's voice took on the quality of someone sharing forbidden knowledge. "For the longest time, their existence was relegated to pseudoscience and folklore. Stories passed down through generations that seemed too fantastic to be real."

Folklore. Like the stories about demons and monsters that existed before the Age of Quirks gave us a scientific framework for the supernatural.

She pulled out several aged documents, their pages yellowed with time and covered in handwriting that predated modern Japanese script.

"Historical records from the pre-Quirk era speak of individuals and families with abilities that seemed supernatural even by today's standards. Enhanced perception, sensory manipulation, control over elements in ways that surpass modern elemental Quirks."

Abilities that surpass modern Quirks. That means these ancient powers were stronger than what evolution gave us?

"Most scholars dismissed these records as mythology," Recovery Girl continued, her fingers tracing the ancient text with something approaching reverence. "The abilities attributed to these bloodlines seemed too powerful, too varied, to have any basis in biological reality. They were filed away with stories of dragons and spirits - culturally significant, but scientifically impossible."

Until me.

Until my eyes proved that mythology could be science.

"Until your genetic testing revealed markers that match historical descriptions of these bloodline traits," she said, confirming his thoughts. "Until you manifested abilities that shouldn't exist in the modern era, proving that those old stories had basis in biological fact."

I'm proof that the past isn't as dead as everyone thought. That there are things sleeping in human DNA that predate our current understanding of what's possible.

The implications crashed over him like successive waves, each one threatening to pull him under. He wasn't just Quirkless-turned-hero, wasn't just All Might's successor with borrowed power. He was something that shouldn't exist in the modern world - a throwback to an age before Quirks, carrying abilities that had been sleeping in human bloodlines for potentially millennia.

And all those years of being called worthless, of being told I couldn't be a hero, of believing I was fundamentally broken - they were lies. I was just carrying something nobody recognized anymore.

"One of those families," Recovery Girl said, and Izuku felt the crimson presence surge with anticipation, the heat in his body reaching a fever pitch as ancient recognition flooded through his consciousness, "was known as the Uchiha."

MOMO'S POV AROUND THE SAME TIME...

The sound of her classmates' departing footsteps faded down the hallway as Momo maintained her practiced smile, waving politely until they disappeared around the corner toward the estate's main entrance.

Only when the ornate door clicked shut with its characteristic soft thud did she allow the carefully constructed facade to slip.

Finally. I thought they'd never leave.

Her expression shifted in an instant, pleasant warmth replaced by sharp focus as she moved with sudden purpose back toward the living area.

The transition was so complete it might have startled anyone who witnessed it - from gracious hostess to something else entirely in the space between heartbeats.

The letter.

I need to review it properly before Father's scheduled communication window closes.

She retrieved the document from where she'd hastily tucked it behind the sofa's silk cushions when her classmates had been too distracted by refreshments to notice.

The aged paper felt significant in her hands, weighted with implications that went far beyond simple medical records.

Inko Midoriya.

Why would Father's intelligence network be stealing a genetic analysis on a civilian woman?

But even as the question formed, she knew the answer.

Her father didn't waste resources on random surveillance. If he'd ordered genetic testing on Midoriya's mother, it meant something important enough to justify the risk of exposure.

Something connected to those crimson eyes.

To the way he fought at the USJ with tactical awareness that shouldn't have been possible for a first-year student.

Momo climbed the curved staircase toward the third floor with measured steps, her mind already racing through possibilities and protocols.

The main house had thirty-seven rooms, but only one that truly mattered for conversations that couldn't risk being overheard.

Father's study. The most secure location in the entire estate.

The hallway leading to the study spoke of old money and older power - not the flashy displays of newly wealthy industrialists, but the quiet confidence of a family whose influence had shaped the nation for generations.

Most of the house embraced Western architectural aesthetics, all marble columns and crystal chandeliers that spoke of cosmopolitan sophistication.

The kind of wealth that puts visitors at ease.

Makes them think they understand what the Yaoyorozu family represents.

But her father's study told a different story.

The heavy wooden door, imported from a temple that had stood for eight centuries before being carefully dismantled and reconstructed here. The tatami mats that had been woven by

craftsmen whose families had served the Yaoyorozu for fifteen generations. The shoji screens that filtered light through rice paper older than most nations.

This is what we really are.

Not just wealthy - ancient.

One of the oldest families in Japan, with roots that predate written history.

The Yaoyorozu lineage stretched back through the centuries like an unbroken thread, their influence waxing and waning with the tides of history but never truly disappearing.

They'd advised emperors, funded wars, shaped policy from the shadows while maintaining public personas as merely successful merchants or industrialists.

And all of it in service to a mission that most of the modern world doesn't even know exists anymore.

Momo pressed her hand against the biometric scanner disguised as decorative woodwork beside the door frame.

The mechanism read her palm print, DNA signature, and body temperature in milliseconds before granting access with a soft click.

Father's paranoia about security has only increased since the Age of Quirks.

Too many people with abilities that could bypass traditional defenses.

The study opened before her, and despite having seen it hundreds of times, she still felt that characteristic flutter of reverence. Unlike the rest of the house, this room rejected modernity almost entirely.

The furniture was all traditional Japanese carpentry, joinery so perfect that no nails or screws were needed. Calligraphy scrolls adorned walls of aged cypress, each one bearing wisdom from ancestors who'd guided the family through centuries of upheaval.

This is what visitors never see.

The heart of what we've preserved while the rest of the world forgot.

She moved to the desk - a massive piece carved from a single tree that had stood for four hundred years before being felled with ceremonial precision.

Her fingers found the hidden button beneath the right armrest, pressing it with practiced ease.

The wall before her began to transform.

What appeared to be solid rock facing, textured to look like natural stone formation, split down the middle with mechanical precision. The two halves slid apart to reveal a massive screen that dominated the entire wall, its surface dark and waiting.

Always the theatrics.

Father says if you're going to hide advanced technology, you might as well make the reveal impressive.

Momo settled into the chair and pressed another hidden switch.

The screen blazed to life with light that somehow didn't quite illuminate the darkness on the other side.

A figure sat in shadow, features obscured by careful positioning and technical manipulation.

He could use a normal video call.

But that would create digital records, no matter how encrypted.

This way, even the photons can't be trusted to carry his true image.

"Father, I received your -"

"Stop." The voice cut through her greeting with quiet authority. "Remember protocol. This line is as secure as we can make it, but that doesn't mean it's safe."

Right.

Even in our own home, even with every security measure money and ancient knowledge can provide, we assume surveillance.

"My apologies," Momo corrected herself, feeling heat rise in her cheeks at the amateur mistake. She took a deep breath, remembering the title to call her father.

"Hokage."

TODOROKI'S POV AROUND THE SAME TIME...

The traditional sliding doors of the Todoroki estate whispered shut behind Shoto with their characteristic soft sound, the tatami beneath his feet carrying the familiar scent of fresh rushes that was replaced monthly without fail.

Everything in this house existed in a state of perfect preservation - not lived in, but maintained like a museum dedicated to a family that had stopped existing years ago.

Home. If you can call a mausoleum filled with ghosts a home.

The genkan stretched before him, shoes lined up with military precision despite there being only two people who lived here now.

His older siblings had scattered like leaves in a storm the moment they'd turned eighteen, finding any excuse to put distance between themselves and the man who'd turned their childhood into a breeding program.

Fuyumi moved out for "university housing." Natsuo cited "internship opportunities." Both of them just needed to escape before they suffocated under the weight of his expectations.

And mother...

His mother was housed in a facility where she wouldn't have to see the face that reminded her of the husband who'd driven her to madness.

Where she wouldn't have to look at Shoto's left side and remember pouring boiling water on a child because she couldn't bear the resemblance anymore.

Just me and him now.

The perfect heir and the man who created him through force and pain.

Light spilled from the dining room as Shoto moved through the house, which was unusual enough to make him pause.

His father's schedule was legendary in its rigidity - patrol until nine, paperwork until eleven, sleep for exactly six hours, repeat.

Deviation from that routine was as rare as genuine warmth in this frozen household.

He's home? It's barely seven. Did something happen?

Curiosity overrode caution as Shoto approached the dining room, sliding the door open to reveal a scene so unexpected it took his mind several seconds to process.

Enji Todoroki - Endeavor, the Number Two Hero, the man who'd burned ambition and obsession into his son's psyche since before memory began - sat at the low table in casual clothes, eating dinner like a normal person.

No hero costume. No flames.

Just... a man eating noodles.

When was the last time I saw him like this?

"Sit." The word carried the weight of command despite its casual delivery, and Enji gestured to the place setting across from him with chopsticks that somehow still managed to look like weapons in his massive hands.

Even his invitation to dinner feels like a combat order.

Shoto moved to comply, his body responding to years of conditioning that made obedience automatic.

The low table held two bowls of soba, steam still rising from the noodles in thin wisps that caught the overhead light.

He prepared food, he observed nonchalantly. Even in his thoughts, he taught himself to not regard anything his father does.

"You like soba, don't you?" Enji asked, though his tone suggested he already knew the answer and was merely going through the motions of conversation.

Do I?

I can't remember the last time you asked what I liked.

Shoto nodded silently, settling into seiza position across from his father with the practiced ease of someone who'd spent thousands of hours in formal postures.

His left hand remained carefully controlled, suppressing the automatic heat that wanted to radiate from that side of his body.

Never use it.

Never acknowledge that part of yourself.

It's his power, not mine.

Enji resumed eating with mechanical efficiency, reaching for the remote control that rested beside his bowl.

The television mounted on the wall flickered to life, filling the uncomfortable silence with the familiar cadence of evening news.

Can't even have dinner without hero society commentary running in the background.

But before the remote had left his hand, before his father's attention had fully shifted to the screen, Shoto raised his right hand in a subtle gesture.

Ice crystals formed in the air, a concentrated wave of cold that swept across his bowl and transformed the steaming soba into the chilled version he actually preferred.

Cold soba. That's what I like.

But you've never bothered to notice the difference.

The transformation was quick enough that Enji either didn't notice or chose not to comment, his eyes already fixed on the television as the news anchor's voice filled the room.

"...following a violent altercation on UA University grounds earlier today. The incident, involving first-year students Izuku Midoriya and Katsuki Bakugo, has sparked intense debate across social media platforms..."

Midoriya and Bakugo.

His face showed the mildest sign of surprise hearing about them on the news. This had just happened today, but Shoto was already on his way home on the dot. He wasn't there to witness it. Not that he'd do anything about it.

Everything at UA seems to end up as headline material lately.

The footage showed what must have been captured by multiple students - Midoriya's crimson eyes blazing with fury as he dodged Bakugo's explosive attacks, both of them moving with the clear intent to seriously harm each other.

The destruction was significant enough that even professional heroes had struggled to contain it.

That kind of rage.

That complete loss of control.

Is that what we're all becoming?

"Aren't they your classmates?" Enji's voice cut through his contemplation, heterochromatic eyes reflecting the television's glow as amateur footage showed the two students trying to kill each other. "You were there for this?"

Not concern for their well-being, but strategic assessment of potential threats.

"They do seem to have shared conflict with one another," Shoto replied, his voice as neutral as he could make it while still technically answering the question. "But it's not my business to tend to."

Not my business.

Not my problem.

That's what I tell myself about most things at this school.

He turned his attention back to his cold soba, chopsticks moving with practiced precision to collect noodles and bring them to his mouth.

The familiar taste and texture grounded him, a small comfort in a conversation that felt like navigating a minefield.

But beneath that carefully maintained exterior, something else stirred.

Concern, perhaps, though he'd spent so many years suppressing such emotions that identifying them felt foreign.

Not concern for their safety exactly - they were both clearly capable of surviving their mutual destruction - but something more abstract.

They're supposed to be role models.

Future heroes that children will look up to. And instead they're tearing each other apart in front of cameras.

What does that teach the next generation?

That power means you can hurt people when they make you angry?

That being a hero means indulging your worst impulses?

The thought spiraled further, connecting to deeper anxieties about their class dynamic.

The USJ attack had fractured something fundamental in 1-A's cohesion.

Students who'd been forming tentative friendships now viewed each other with suspicion. The loss of Sato and Ojiro hung over everything like a shroud.

And now this.

Two "promising" students proving they're just as volatile as the villains we're supposed to be fighting against.

"Good." Enji's approval cut through his internal monologue, the single word carrying more weight than entire conversations with normal parents. "You were right to stay out of it. Their weakness is not your concern."

Weakness.

That's how he categorizes everything that isn't perfect control and overwhelming force.

"If you have any chance of defeating All Might," his father continued, eyes still fixed on the screen as social media comments scrolled past demanding the students' expulsion, "you need to rise above and beyond classmates who conduct themselves like common thugs outside school grounds."

Defeating All Might.

The mantra I've heard since I was old enough to understand language. The purpose I was bred for.

"Unbecoming of heroes," Enji concluded, finally turning his attention back to his own meal.

"You understand that, don't you? The importance of maintaining appearances, of never showing weakness or loss of control?"

Oh, I understand perfectly.

You've beaten that lesson into me since I was five years old.

Shoto remained silent, his chopsticks moving mechanically as he continued eating without tasting. This was the safest response - quiet obedience that could be interpreted as agreement without requiring him to actually voice support for his father's philosophy.

Do I even want to defeat All Might?

Has that ever been my goal, or just another cage he built around my identity?

The question had been growing louder in his mind since the Sports Festival was announced, since he'd started actually training with All Might and discovered the Symbol of Peace was... human.

Flawed.

Kind in ways his father had never been.

I wonder what could have happened if All Might was my father, Shoto wondered as he stared into the coldness of the soup before him.

But voicing such doubts here, in his father's house with the man's overwhelming presence dominating the space like flames waiting to ignite, would be suicidal.

Years of experience had taught Shoto exactly where the lines were, which thoughts could be spoken and which had to remain locked behind walls of ice.

He's not a father.

He's a creator who's disappointed his creation hasn't achieved its designed purpose yet.

Shoto's gaze drifted to Enji's face, studying the features that half the nation recognized as heroic.

Strong jaw, determined eyes, the kind of commanding presence that made civilians feel safe and villains think twice.

But all Shoto could see was the man who'd driven his mother to a breakdown, who'd turned childhood into a gauntlet of pain disguised as training.

He helped me survive.

Gave me the tools to become powerful.

But he also destroyed everything that might have made that power worth having.

On screen, the footage continued to play. Midoriya and Bakugo locked in combat that was as much emotional release as tactical engagement.

Two students who'd clearly reached their breaking points, expressing years of accumulated tension through violence that would have killed normal humans.

At least they can fight each other. At least they have someone they can express their true feelings toward, even if it's through destruction.

The thought carried unexpected weight, revealing a loneliness Shoto usually managed to ignore. He had classmates, training partners, people he worked alongside with professional efficiency.

But friends?

People he could actually talk to about the things that mattered?

Midoriya tries. Keeps reaching out despite my cold responses. Sees something worth saving in everyone, even people who don't want to be saved.

And Bakugo... at least his rage is honest. No pretense about noble goals or heroic ideals. Just pure, undiluted fury that everyone can see and understand.

Meanwhile, Shoto sat in this museum of a house, eating cold soba across from a man who'd engineered his existence like a science experiment, neither of them speaking about anything that actually mattered.

Perfect control. Perfect appearances.

Perfect isolation.

This is what 'rising above' looks like.

This emptiness disguised as discipline. This silence that passes for strength.

"Finish your meal," Enji said, already standing with his empty bowl. "I have reports to review before patrol tomorrow. And you should be training, not wasting time on social media drama."

Training. Always training.

Because acknowledging that we're more than just weapons would complicate the narrative he's built.

"Yes, sir," Shoto replied automatically, the words emerging from muscle memory rather than conscious thought.

As his father's footsteps faded toward his home office, Shoto remained at the low table, chopsticks hovering over his cold soba as he stared at the television screen. The news had moved on to other stories, but the images of his classmates' desperate violence remained burned into his mind.

They fought. They expressed. They let the world see exactly how broken they were.

And somehow, despite everything, that seems more honest than this.

MOMO'S POV AROUND THE SAME TIME...

"Hokage."

Fire Shadow.

The title carried down through generations, predating the modern era by centuries.

When the world knew what we were.

The figure in shadow shifted slightly, and though she couldn't see his expression, Momo could feel his approval at her correction.

"Better. What have you learned?"

Straight to business.

No pleasantries, no small talk about school or her training. Just the mission.

"The genetic analysis you sent," she began, holding up the document though she knew he couldn't see it clearly through the camera. "It's for Inko Midoriya. But I don't understand why-"

"You don't need to understand everything," the Hokage interrupted. "You need to understand your role. What matters is that one of your classmates is connected to something that predates the Age of Quirks. Something our family has been monitoring for generations."

Izuku.

This is about Izuku and those crimson eyes that seem to see too much.

"The Reawakened Uchiha," her father continued, his voice carrying weight that made each word feel significant.

"Our agents within the Hero Association have been working to keep attention focused on conventional threats - the League of Villains, organized villain networks, the usual chaos that comes with superpowered criminals."

Agents within the Hero Association.

Of course Father has people embedded at every level of hero society.

We've been infiltrating power structures since before heroes existed.

"But the emergence of an Uchiha bloodline carrier in the modern era will inevitably draw attention from other interested parties," the Hokage continued.

"Parties who remember what that name represents. What that power can become."

Reawakened Uchiha.

Rival clan.

The terms carried implications that made her chest tighten with complicated emotions.

Izuku is... he's sweet.

Awkward and analytical and genuinely kind in ways that most people at UA aren't.

And now I'm being told he's connected to our family's ancient rivals?

"Your mission hasn't changed," her father's shadowed form leaned forward slightly, "but it's become more critical. Surveillance. Observation. Make sure the Reawakened Uchiha never fully Awakens his true nature."

Never fully Awakens.

So what he's shown so far - the enhanced perception, the tactical genius, the crimson eyes - that's not even his complete power?

"The presence inside him must never be allowed to reach the surface," the Hokage continued, his tone taking on a note of urgency that Momo rarely heard.

"Especially now that other interested parties will be searching for him. The moment his true nature is discovered, this entire situation becomes exponentially more dangerous."

Other interested parties.

The wording gave Momo the slightest hint of worry.

Who else remembers the old bloodlines?

Who else knows what an Uchiha represents?

"But how am I supposed to prevent something I don't fully understand?" Momo asked, frustration bleeding into her carefully controlled tone.

"You've trained me to be a ninja, to work from the shadows, but you've never explained what I'm actually guarding against."

It's like being told to defuse a bomb without knowing what makes it tick.

"You've seen it yourself," the Hokage replied. "His temper. The way his emotional state directly correlates with the manifestation of his abilities. The crimson eyes that appear when he's pushed to his limits."

The fight with Bakugo.

The way his eyes blazed red as fury overwhelmed his usual restraint.

The realization dawned upon her as she pieced together what she's seen.

So that wasn't just anger - it was something feeding on his anger.

"His Quirk is connected to his emotions?" Momo ventured, trying to find familiar framework for what she was learning.

The shadowed figure shook his head with enough force that the movement was visible even through the obscured video feed.

"Not a Quirk. Never call it a Quirk. What he carries is older and far more dangerous than anything the modern genetic lottery could produce."

Older than Quirks.

The same implication that's been running through everything Father has ever taught me about our true purpose.

"His Bloodline Limit," the Hokage continued, and Momo felt a chill run down her spine at the formal designation.

"Kekkei Genkai. A power inherited through blood that predates the Age of Quirks by centuries, possibly millennia."

Kekkei Genkai.

The term I've heard whispered in training sessions but never fully explained.

Powers that run in families like genetic diseases, except they make you stronger instead of killing you.

"And this bloodline limit," Momo said carefully, "is connected to those crimson eyes?"

"The eyes are the gateway," her father confirmed. "They're both the source and the manifestation of his inherited power. As his emotional control deteriorates, as he gives in to anger or hatred or desperation, the eyes evolve. Grow stronger. Unlock abilities that make modern Quirks look like parlor tricks."

Evolve.

So what we've seen so far is just the beginning.

The tactical analysis, the enhanced perception - those are baby steps compared to what he could become.

"The Sharingan."

IZUKU'S POV

AROUND THE SAME TIME...

"The Uchiha," Recovery Girl began, her voice taking on the quality of someone recounting legend rather than medical fact, "were an ancient clan of ninjas hailing from a settlement called Konoha - the Village Hidden in the Leaves."

Ninjas. Like from the history books about feudal Japan? But those were just...

"These weren't like the typical ninjas recorded in mainstream history," she continued, pulling out what looked like extremely old documents, their edges yellowed and fragile. "Not like Hanzo Hattori or Kotaro Fuma, whose names appear in official records and popular culture."

I know those names.

Everyone learns about the famous ninja clans in elementary school history.

"According to a select group of historians and theorists," Recovery Girl's tone suggested she was treading into controversial territory, "the Hidden Villages represented the true ninja tradition. And figures like Hattori and Fuma? They were deliberately publicized, their stories spread and embellished, specifically to hide the truth."

Hide the truth?

What truth could be so important that they'd create fake ninja legends to cover it up?

"What truth?" Izuku asked, leaning forward despite the continued heat burning through his system. The crimson presence stirred with what felt like recognition, as if these words were awakening something that had been sleeping.

Recovery Girl shrugged, a gesture that seemed almost too casual for the weight of what she was discussing. "That's where theories diverge into speculation. It could be any number of things."

Any number of things.

That's not reassuring at all.

"Some historians argue that these Hidden Villages were Japan's ancient guardians," she explained, organizing her documents with careful precision. "The real reason our nation was able to maintain such strict isolation for centuries despite foreign pressure. Not just geographic advantage or political maneuvering, but active supernatural defense."

Supernatural defense.

Ninjas with actual powers protecting Japan from invasion?

That sounds like something out of anime, not real history.

"Others propose a more evolutionary theory," Recovery Girl continued, her clinical tone making the fantastic sound almost plausible. "That the ninjas of Hidden Villages were actually training people with superhuman abilities - proto-Quirks, if you will. But when Japan modernized during the Meiji Restoration, these villages were disbanded or destroyed."

Proto-Quirks.

Abilities that existed before the Age of Quirks officially began?

"The superpowered bloodlines would have diluted across generations of intermarriage with civilians," she explained, pulling out genetic diagrams that showed theoretical hereditary patterns. "Their abilities growing weaker and less consistent until they seemed to vanish entirely. Until the Luminescent Baby, when conditions became right for these dormant traits to re-emerge as what we now call Quirks."

So Quirks might not be a new evolution at all.

Just ancient powers coming back after being suppressed for a century?

The implications made Izuku's head spin. Everything he'd learned about the Age of Quirks, about humanity's transformation into something superhuman, might be built on a fundamental misunderstanding. Not evolution, but rediscovery of abilities that had always existed in certain bloodlines.

"But there's another theory," Recovery Girl said, and something in her tone suggested this was the one she found most compelling. "One that's particularly interesting given your specific situation."

Oh god.

There's more.

Of course there's more.

"This theory proposes that Japan held - or perhaps still holds - a secret so significant that only select individuals were permitted to know it. A truth that could fundamentally upend society as we understand it."

A secret that important?

What could possibly be worth hiding for centuries?

"Of course, almost every conspiracy theory claims to be protecting world-shattering truth," Recovery Girl admitted with a slight smile. "That's what makes them compelling. The idea that you're one of the few people smart enough to see past the lies."

"Then what makes this theory interesting?" Izuku asked, though part of him suspected he already knew the answer. "If it's just another conspiracy theory about hidden truth, why bring it up?"

Because it's connected to me somehow. To these eyes and this power I'm carrying.

"Because this particular theory ties directly to the Uchiha clan," Recovery Girl replied, her expression growing more serious.

"According to historical records and oral traditions, the Uchiha were uniquely positioned to discover this hypothetical secret. They were both guardians of it and threatened by it in equal measure."

Guardians and threatened. How can you be both at the same time?

"How come?" Izuku pressed, feeling the crimson presence pulse with increasing excitement. "What made them so special? Something about their blood?"

Please don't say it's just because they were powerful.

There has to be more to it than simple strength.

"You're half-right," Recovery Girl said, and Izuku was beginning to recognize that phrase as her way of indicating he was asking the right questions. "It wasn't just their blood in the genetic sense. It was what their blood could awaken under the right conditions."

Awaken. Like what's happening to me. Like these eyes that appeared during life-or-death crisis.

"The Uchiha possessed what's called a Kekkei Genkai," she continued, and the foreign term seemed to resonate through Izuku's consciousness like a bell being struck. "Literally translated, it means 'bloodline limit' or 'bloodline selection.' An inherited trait that manifests in specific family lines."

Bloodline limit.

That sounds like what she was describing earlier - hereditary abilities that predate Quirks.

"Think of it as..." Recovery Girl paused, clearly searching for the right analogy. "A genetic lock that can only be opened by specific conditions. The potential exists in every member of the bloodline, but manifestation requires triggers that most people never experience."

Triggers like watching classmates die.

Like facing a bio-engineered monster designed to kill All Might.

Like being pushed to the absolute edge of what I could handle.

"It's an awakening," she continued, her voice carrying reverence that seemed out of character for her usual clinical demeanor. "A birthright, if you will. Something that belongs to you by virtue of your ancestry, waiting for the moment when you're ready - or desperate enough - to claim it."

The word 'birthright' hit Izuku like a gust of wind, and the crimson presence inside him surged with such force that he nearly gasped aloud.

It was the same term the voice had used on the street, the same concept that had been whispering through his enhanced perception since the USJ.

Birthright.

This power isn't borrowed like One For All.

It's mine.

It's always been mine, just waiting for me to acknowledge it.

"What is it called?" Izuku asked, his voice barely above a whisper as he leaned forward with desperate intensity. "This Kekkei Genkai that the Uchiha possessed. What's my birthright?"

I need to know.

I need to understand what's happening to me, what's been sleeping in my DNA all this time.

Recovery Girl met his gaze with an expression that mixed medical concern with something that might have been fear. When she spoke, her voice carried the weight of naming something that perhaps shouldn't be named.

"It's called the Sharingan," she said, and the room seemed to grow colder despite the heat still burning through Izuku's system. "The Copy Wheel Eye. According to historical records, it granted the ability to see through the world's secrets."

Sharingan.

Copy Wheel Eye.

See through the world's secrets.

The crimson presence exploded with recognition, not violently but with the intensity of something finally being acknowledged after centuries of silence. Izuku felt his eyes burning with the urge to blaze red, to let this inherited power manifest fully for the first time since its awakening.

That's what I am. That's what I've been carrying. Not a Quirk, but something older and potentially more powerful.

The Sharingan.

**MOMO'S POV
AROUND THE SAME TIME...**

"The Sharingan."

The Hokage's words echoed beyond the speakers, reverberating across the room and somehow inside Momo's being.

It stirred something inside of her, and the word seemed to hang in the air like a curse or prophecy.

"That's what his bloodline limit is called," the Hokage continued. "The Copy Wheel Eye. And if it fully Awakens..."

Sharingan. Copy Wheel Eye.

Even the name sounds dangerous.

"What happens if it fully awakens?" Momo asked, though part of her wasn't sure she wanted to know the answer.

The shadowed figure was silent for a long moment, and when he finally spoke, his voice carried the weight of historical knowledge that most of the modern world had forgotten.

"Then we'll be dealing with something that hasn't walked the earth in over a century. A power that nearly destroyed everything our ancestors built. And your classmate - that sweet, awkward boy you've been studying with - will become the most dangerous person in Japan. No..."

The Hokage paused. Whether dramatically or analytically, Momo could never tell.

"...the world."

Sweet Izuku.

Oh god, what have you gotten yourself into?

End.

Hope you all liked the chapter.

And see you all on the next update!