**MHA 41**

Days passed, one of my ‘recovery’ days spent in the workshop with Mei, a full twelve hours spent repairing, tweaking, and enhancing the gear we’d used during the tournament, before I’d finally dragged my partner from the lab to get dinner. Well, a working dinner, as we bounced ideas and designs back and forth, after which I sent her home, to make sure she got *some* sleep.

Wednesday rolled around, and school started once again. After helping Mei with the refinements she’d done to my electromagnetic gloves, I wondered down to homeroom where everyone was talking about their new pseudo-celebrity status.

“It’s so weird getting recognized,” Mina told Asui, who nodded appreciatively.

“Yeah,” Kirishima agreed. “A ton of people told me they liked my Fighting Spirit!”

Jiro gave him a skeptical look. “Did they say that, exactly, though?”

The redhead shrugged, “Close enough. Not givin’ up, and determination. Same thing.”

I’d gone back to riding the rails to get around, well, power-lines really, so other than a few odd looks when I’d been out with Mei, I hadn’t noticed anything, but nodded along regardless. Soon enough, the door slid open and Aizawa walked in with a dull “Mourning.”

Taking his place behind the podium, he nodded, looking us over. “Good to see you’ve all recovered. Today you’ll only have a Hero Course, but it *will* run long. We have a big class, on *Hero Informatics.*”

The good mood of the class plummeted, as everyone tried to figure out what the heck *that* was, including me. *Hero information studies?* I tried to decipher, only vaguely remembering the term from a computer course I’d taken a while ago. *Something about data retrieval?*

Eraserhead took in the silent panic, before adding drolly, “You need codenames. Time to pick your hero identities.”

As the mood, *once again*, did a complete 180, most of the class cheering, I had to shake my head. *God Aizawa’s a drama queen,* I thought, as there was *no way* this was unintentional.

The man activated his Quirk, his long hair floating as his eyes glowed red, and the class quieted in an instant.

“This is related to the Pro Hero draft picks I mentioned last time we were in class together,” he continued, as if nothing had happened. “Normally students don’t have to worry about the draft yet,” the teacher sighed, sounding mildly aggravated, “not until their second or third year actually, but your class is *different.*”

The way he said the word, it sounded like an insult, but glancing around I could tell it didn’t damper my classmates enthusiasm in the slightest.

“In fact,” he continued, “by extending offers to first years like you, Pros are essentially investing in your *potential.* Any offers can be rescinded if their interest dies down before graduation, though.”

Given I was pretty sure that, by the time we got to graduation, we would’ve been involved in anything from taking down ten separate criminal organizations, the school would be destroyed, or we’d fight off *aliens* or something, that didn’t mean a heck of a lot.

Regardless, Minetta pounded his desk, swearing, “Stupid selfish adults,” which cause me to look at him in confusion, as that made *zero* sense. Did he expect these things to be binding contracts with no guarantee of competence from our end, only what they’d seen in a *single* event?

“So what you’re saying is that we’ll still have to prove ourselves, even after we’ve gotten recruited?” Toru asked.

Aizawa nodded. “Correct. Now, here are the totals for those of you who got offers.”

The digital display in the ‘blackboard’ sprung to life, displaying names, and numbers.

**Midoriya: 5381**

**Todoroki: 2612**

**Kaminari: 2374**

**Yaoyorozu: 1202**

**Ashido: 401**

**Bakugo: 180**

**Uraraka: 97**

**Kirishima: 76**

**Ida: 22**

**Sero: 13**

**Sato: 3**

“In past years it’s been more spread out, but there’s some pretty big gaps this time,” Eraserhead noted, waving at the sharp declines between Midoriya and Todoroki, Myself and Momo, and then to everyone else.

“Huh,” I commented, looking them over, surprised I’d placed as close to Todoroki as I had. Then again, except for Mina’s and Midoriya’s fight, his response to everything had been ‘throw a glacier at it’, which, while undoubtably effective, had been pretty tactically. . . *lacking,* for anything close to normal hero-ing.

Bakugo growled, “I don’t need their fuckin’ pity offers.”

To my left, tapped her lips in thought, commenting, “They’re probably for what you did in the first two rounds. Momo made it clear what happened to you in the finals.”

The angry boy grunted, folding his arms, but didn’t disagree.

“You got quite a few offers, you must be proud,” Momo offered to Shoto, who just looked annoyed.

“They’re probably because of my father,” the two-tone boy dismissed coldly.

Ochaco, meanwhile, was *ecstatic*. “People want us! They really, really want us!”

Leaning over to my girlfriend, I commented, “You deserve more.”

Mina just laughed, shoving me back, “Oh, come on, you’re just being nice.” From her smile though, and the look she gave me, I could tell it was embarrassment talking.

“Damn, Midoriya,” Sero smiled, nudging the shocked boy. “You really cleaned house.”

Izuku blinked, a slow grin spreading, “I. . . I guess I did. Oh, but who to pick? Oh, there’s so many! Should I go with power compatibility, or maybe experience, or ranking -no, that’s not a good metric-, or maybe-”

“You tellin’ me you didn’t already plan this, ya shitty nerd?” Bakugo nearly snarled.

The green haired boy blinked. “Well, um, no, not really,” he replied sheepishly.

Before the explosion teen could go off, Aizawa’s voice cut over the classroom noise. “As I said, normally First years aren’t picked, and definitely not in these numbers. Despite these results, you’ll *all* be interning with Pros, got it? Even those of you who didn’t get any offers.”

“Oh, we’re all interning?” Midoriya asked. “Good.”

*“Yes,*” Eraserhead replied, those who hadn’t placed perking up at the news. “You already got to experience combat with real villains during the attack on the USJ facility, but it’ll still be helpful to see pros at work, up close and personal, in the field, first hand.”

“Then if not those who made the offers, then who?” I asked.

The pro nodded, “UA has a large number of heroes we work with to provide practical experience. Just by being in the program you’ve shown a base level of ability, but that doesn’t mean you should slack off when you’re out on your internships.”

“And for that we need hero names!” Sato smiled, Uraraka adding, “Things are suddenly getting a lot more fun!”

Looking over us, Aizawa explained, “These hero names will likely be temporary, but take them *seriously,* or-“

“You’ll have *hell* to pay later!” Ms. Midnight announced, opening up the door and striding in. “What you pick today could be your codename for *life,*” she told us, sashaying, hands up and behind her head for maximum appeal, “You better be careful, or you could be stuck with something *utterly indecent.*”

“Yeah, she’s got a good point,” Eraserhead agreed, reversing his earlier statement. “Midnight is going to have final approval over your names. It’s. . . not my Forte,” he admitted, eye twitching slightly. “The name you give yourself is important. It helps reinforce your image and show what kind of hero you want to be in the future. A codename tells people what you represent. Take *All Might,* for example.”

Whiteboards and markers were handed back, and I looked at mine, before coming to a *horrifying* conclusion.

I had no fucking clue what I wanted to be called.

What the hell had Kaminari called himself? Taser-something? Charge-volt? Even searching the memories I’d picked up, he’d never really thought about it.

We were thankfully given a few minutes to figure it out, and I grabbed my phone from my bag, along with a few others, looking up names, if only to see if it was already taken Midnight’s Branding, sorry, ‘Modern Hero Art History’ class had been clear that taking a name of a minor, forgotten hero was fine, but taking one of anyone still active, or who’d achieved a certain level of fame, was a no-go.

As such, I was able to jump into chat.

*Sparky: Guys, I have no idea what to call myself.*

*Pinky: Why not Sparky?*

*Sparky: Using my friendly nickname as my codename seems. . . wrong.*

*Creati: Really Denki? I was going to do just that.*

*N3c3ss1ty: Hero?*

*Sparky: Yeah, code-names for hero work.*

*N3c3ss1ty: Zeus?*

I tried it out but it just felt. . . pretentious?

*Sparky: Not really my thing. I like the mythological reference, but it just seems too much.*

*Creati: It’s also already used.*

*Sparky: Something based on what I could do, but maybe not that direct.*

*N3c3ss1ty: Babymaker?*

Beside me Mina broke out into giggles, while Momo’s quiet, shocked *“What?”* could easily be heard.

“What’s got *you* so happy?” Miss Midnight, asked, Aizawa already sacked out in his sleeping bag, but my girlfriend just looked up at the lewd heroine, then to me, then broke out into peals of laughter.

*Sparky: Mei, no one that doesn’t know you will understand you’re calling me an inventor. And besides, you’re the one who does most of it, I just help.*

Mina started to get herself under control, glanced at her phone, then lost it again.

*Creati: Phrasing, Denki!*

I re-read what I’d written, and sighed.

*Sparky: You perverts know what I mean. I’m looking for something electrical, maybe a reference or something. Strong, but not aggressive.*

*N3c3ss1ty: ¯\\_(ツ)\_/¯*

*Sparky: Thanks anyways*

*N3c3ss1ty: c u 2mrw*

My girlfriend finally got herself under control, glancing at me and giggling, not meeting our teacher’s gaze, saying, “Just a *terrible* name.”

“Can’t be *too* bad, if it got you laughing *that* hard,” Midnight countered, interested.

“It’s an inside joke,” I explained, “I’ll explain it *after* class if you want me to.

*Creati: Fulgur?*

*Sparky: . . . better. Maybe. Not sure. Sounds a bit too close to Vulgar in English, but a defenite possibility. Better than Sparky.*

*Creati: I’m still thinking of Creati.*

I frowned. Yes, it was her canon name, but it had seemed. . . off. No, not off, just not a *hero* name. It wasn’t as bad if you were a Japanese speaker, but still not the best. I took a moment, trying to put it into words.

*Sparky: Names that end in an ‘e’ sound, are. . . cute.*

*Pinky: What’s wrong with cute? >:(*

*Sparky: In a person, nothing. In a Heroine? It makes you seem. . . young. Inexperienced. Not to be taken seriously.*

Doing a quick search, reading off the names, as Mina frowned next to me, I nodded.

*Sparky: Only one in the top 100 with a name like that is Uwabami, and she banks on her appearance, not her combat prowess.*

*Creati: Fine. Then what do you suggest?*

I leaned back, thinking of that. A creation power, leading to her. . . somewhat uninspired name, though, again, not as bad if your main language Japanese. Actually, thinking about it, *most* hero names were in English. *Benefits of it being the international trade language,* I guessed.

But she was more than creation, she was *capability*, adaptable in a way that most weren’t. *Wait, wasn’t there a word for that?* I thought. In a few seconds, I had it, and the name followed naturally.

*Sparky: Factoria. Feminine name version of the Latin Factotum, meaning ‘do everything’, given your varied skillsets and capacity to have the right tool for any job.*

*Pinky: I like it! And you make things! Like a factory!*

I facepalmed, not having made the connection.

*Sparky: That too.*

*Creati: I’ll think about it. But, Denki, you’re the one that needs a name. How about Volt?*

*“Volt,”* I said, liking it, but it needed something. . . *more.*

*Sparky: Thanks!*

<MHA>

Twenty minutes later, when most of my classmates had written something down, Miss Midnight ask, “Now students, who among you is ready to share?”

The satisfied atmosphere tensed, and I had to look around, wondering why they thought they wouldn’t want to *share* their *hero names* in a *hero school*. Aoyama stood confidently, and our teacher nodded, stepping aside so the half-French boy could take the podium.

“Hold your breath,” he said, in the exaggerated way he always spoke. My name is: The Shining Hero: I can not stop twinkling! Mon Ami, you cannot deny my sparkle.”

While the class looked at him in disbelief, Midnight nodded, not judging, and took the whiteboard from him. “It’ll be better this way. Take out the I and shorten the ‘cannot’ to ‘can’t’.”

“It’s stunning, Mademoiselle,” Aoyama agreed, those around me incredulous, but, if the Pro okay’d it, then apparently it was fine.

From beside me, Mina stood, “Okie dokie, let me go next. My name? *Alien Queen.*”

“Hold on!” Midnight sputtered, aghast. “You mean like that horrible monster with acidic blood? *I don’t think so.*”

Sent back to her seat, muttering, *“Dang it,”* I couldn’t help feel bad for her.

As she sat, and Asui went up, I leaned over. “I liked it, but the Alien Queen was the *villain* of the movies,” I reminded my girlfriend.

“Yeah, but she was still cool,” Mina replied. “Wait, that gives me an idea!” She started to lean forward, and *almost* kissed my cheek, catching herself and whispering, *“Thanks Sparky! I’ll reward you later.”*

Fortunately, Midnight’s attention was on our resident frog-girl, who announced her name of ‘The Rainy Season Hero: Froppy!” to great acclaim. Jiro was next, as “The Hearing Hero: Earphone Jack,” and the others started coming up, one after another.

Mina tried again with “The Alien Hero: Ripley!” which Midnight accepted, and my girlfriend pranced back to her seat, a smile on her face.

“Um,” I whispered to her, “But, didn’t we just talk about names that end in those sounds.”

The pinkette smiled at me, laughing. “I heard ya, Sparky, but I *want* to be cute. And if they think that makes me sound weak, all the better to melt their butts off!”

Toru was up, as “The Stealth Hero: Invisible Girl!” which was, surprisingly not taken, and Momo got up as well.

Presenting her card, I was relieved when I read it. “I hope to do this name justice. I’m The Everything Hero: Factoria.”

“Oooh, layered,” Midnight cooed, and I wondered what she meant by that. *I* knew it because I was an English major in college, and Momo had received a classical education that covered Latin, but did *she* get it too? That was intriguing, and once again I had to force my rising interest in the woman down.

*You. Are. Sixteen,* I reminded myself, starting to stand, but Todoroki was already walking up, and I waited until he presented his hero name as “Shoto”, his first name, to Midnight’s confusion. However, the boy wouldn’t be swayed.

Coming up after him, I smiled, turning over the card in jagged English lettering. “I am the Lightning Hero: Volt-aire!”

*“Tres Magnifique!”* Aoyama gushed, grinning broadly.

Miss Midnight nodded in appreciation, smirking as she remarked, “An *Enlightened* name.”

Taking my seat, I saw Momo giving me a happy smile, glad I worked in her suggestion, Mina happy with it as well. The others went up, nothing different from what I remembered, Bakugo going with his “King Explosion Murder” moniker.

“I’m gonna say that one’s a little too violent,” Midnight informed him, making it only the second name she’d shot down.

“Huh, *What do you mean!?”* the teen demanded.

Kirishima called from behind me, “Why don’t you be ‘Explosion Boy’?”

*“Shut up Weird Hair!”* Bakugo shot back, turning back to our teacher. “What the hell’s wrong with my name?”

“Maybe don’t have the name of a *crime* in you *Hero Name?*” I suggested, only a little sarcastically, and he glared at me, before looking back to Miss Midnight who shrugged.

“That is the problem,” she nodded in agreement.

The teen with the explosive temper started to reply, biting it back, as Uraraka walked up. “*Fine,*” he bit out, stomping back to his seat.

Down to the last three, we’d already burned through not only homeroom, but all of 1st period, as Midnight sighed. “To be honest, choosing names is going *much* faster than I thought it would. All we have left is Midoriya, Bakugo, *who needs to rethink his,* and. . . Ida.

As I remembered, our resident speedster just went with his name as well, Izuku taking his ‘Deku’ nickname as his Hero name. The word, the first word in a phrase that meant  *useless*, was also a shortened version of the phrase ‘you can do it’, though from everyone’s reaction, and Denki’s own memories, the everyone’s first reaction would be to assume it was the former and not the latter.

Bakugo kept scribbling and erasing, snapping, “Gimme a minute, Cougar,” at Midnight when she reminded him he was the only one left, the hero’s smile freezing on her face as he did so. Finally, he walked up, looking sour. Slamming the whiteboard down, he yelled, *“The Explosion Hero: Bombing King!”*

“I’ll take it!” The teacher announced, nudging the resting Aizawa with her foot. The man’s eyes flew open, and he looked us over, nodding. Getting up, only pulling the sleeping bag down to his waist, he detailed how those who hadn’t received any offers would be given the option to intern at forty different agencies, of varying types and specialties, and that Sero and Sato didn’t *have* to take the draft offers, though it was strongly suggested.

The packets listing of forty was passed out, each with information of the main hero, location, specialty, and so on. The those of us who were drafted got increasingly thicker packets, pulled out from behind Aizawa’s podium. Mine was the size of a small book, spiral bound, Eraserhead dropping Midoriya’s *tome* with a heavy thud on the wide-eyed boy’s desk.

“You have until the of the week,” Aizawa noted, heading for the door as the bell rang for second period.

“But that’s two days!” Sero objected, and I had to give the boy a singularly *unimpressed* look as he sorted through all *thirteen* of his choices, as opposed to my *several thousand.*

Miss Midnight waved goodbye as she left as Eraserhead, sleeping bag over his shoulder, paused to tell us, “Yeah, so you should start *now.* You’re dismissed for the day.”

Leaving us to our own devices, the students started looking over their lists, debating the pros and cons of various ideas. Some, like Kirishima, knew *exactly* what he wanted to do, being a patrol-type who walked a big-city beat. Some, like Jiro, had *no clue.*

For me, though, it wasn’t about the hero, it was about their *power.*

The ‘hero experience’ I’d be getting was negligible, no, it was a compatible *Quirk* that I was looking for. Mind you, that didn’t mean I was ignoring things like rankings, but someone like Uwabami, who was known for her looks and charisma, would be a hard no even if I *wanted* her power, which, given that it seemed to be a pure mutation-type, was a non-starter, as I hadn’t even gotten the faintest glimmer of my mother’s power.

Then there was the fact that I didn’t think I could even *get* mutation powers, though, if I could, it was very likely they’d be togglable, my own Body Defense letting me manifest or suppress them at will. However, even if I *could* get them, the only metric I knew that affected how quickly I picked them up was the user’s *skill* with it.

My Father used his Quirk *daily,* as an integral part of his job, and liked to mess with it when he was younger. All Might, on the other hand, was a damn *artist* when it came to the application of force to a problem, like Hercules crossed with Jet Li. Nomu. . . had been the outlier, and was what had convinced me there were other, hidden metrics to it. How did you get skillful at *healing* after all?

However, while I had, if I had to guess, maybe twenty percent of my Father’s power, and *three* percent of All Mights, *tops*, I had a ***thousandths*** of that Nomu’s. I had about two percent of Mina’s, but the powers developed the more I practiced them, and I hadn’t touched hers at *all* except messing around a bit in the shower, and maybe to help. . . *lubricate* some areas to prevent excessive friction. Other than that, *rather enjoyable*, practice, I’d barely developed it, but it’d been several weeks before it’d manifested, though that might’ve been due to her *own* lack of skill with it at the time.

What all that came down to was the fact that I needed someone with a useful power, someone with a good deal of skill with their power, and someone who’s power wasn’t terribly obvious. For instance, as much as I’d’ve liked to throw flames like Endeavor, there’s be *no* way to play that off, nor would I be able to gain any kind of benefit from it *without* throwing flames everywhere, *just like Endeavor.*

One-for-All, ironically, meshed well with my abilities, the lightning created seemingly just a manifestation of my own prior abilities. More than that, though, the sheer *power* I gained from it gave me boosted every capability, from offense, to defense, to mobility. *Number one for a reason,* I couldn’t help but think, phone in hand, as I started to sort through the list, which didn’t seem to be in any particular order.

*Wait, this guy’s quirk is literally Magic?* I thought, seeing someone named Majestic had sent me an invite. *No, he just makes levitating rings. Super distinctive. Next.*

*This guy can turn into Sand?* I thought, looking into another. I vaguely remembered seeing something similar from One Piece, but I’d never been able to keep up with that series, and, again, if I suddenly turned dusty, *everyone* would notice. Besides, it was coarse, and rough, and irritating, and just got *everywhere*. Nah, screw sand-powers. *Next.*

*Kamui Woods? Oh, the timber hero from the festival,* I thought, feeling a *little* bad as I put a small x by his entry. If I couldn’t copy powers, he’d probably be *great* from to better utilize electro-body, but this was an opportunity I likely wasn’t going to get again soon. *Sorry dude, Next.*

*This guy has laser eyes? Damn, ignore my inner six-year-old. I don’t care how cool it would be. Next.*

*Slidin’ Go? Oh, he slides. How creative. No. Next.*

*His Quirk is* ***chest hair?*** *Next.*

Even an hour later, though, I’d only made a small dent, each possible power that might work for me, like Kesagiri Man’s Dash Quirk, taking a few minutes to track down the specifics of. As the bell rang for Lunch, I groaned as I hadn’t even gotten through my *first* pass of the giant list.

My inarticulate complaint was echoed by Mina to my left, who’d taken off her jacket and rolled up her sleeves, and who was giving each entry a *lot* more time and effort than I was. “Sparky, you know where you’re going?” she asked, shooting a look my way.

I held the pages I’d got through. “First pass so far,” I replied, commiseratingly, and she nodded.

“Ugh,” she sighed, leaning backwards. “Tsu?”

The frog girl frowned, “I’m thinking of Selkie as my first choice.”

“I’m going with Mt. Lady!” Mineta. . .bragged?

Asui turned a gimlet eye the midget’s way. “Are you thinking something perverted again?” she asked warningly.

The boy paled, “P-possibly.”

I glanced his way, “Dude, trust me, thinking with your dick is going to get you into trouble.” I turned to face him fully. “Stop trying to get a shortcut to the finishline. Girls don’t like a guy who jumps to the end.”

Mina snorted, and I gave her look to remind her we where *in school*. “Sparky’s right. Why are ya goin’ with her? Your Quirks are, like, totes diff.”

The small boy grimaced, unable to answer, which was its own answer.

Sighing, I waved him closer. Hesitantly, he walked over. Quietly, I whispered to him. “Dude, you want to get with hot chicks, right?” The boy looked at me skeptically, before nodding. “Then you need to be more discerning. If you go for every skirt in sight, you’ll show them you have no standards, which means you going after *them* doesn’t mean they’re desirable, just checks off the ‘is female and not ugly’ boxes. They don’t like it. More than that, you’ve got power dynamics to consider.”

“Power dynamics,” Mineta echoed, confused. “You mean like, girl on top?”

From the way Jiro twitched, talking to Sero, I could tell this could go downhill fast. “No,” I told him. “I mean. . . during the festival, I bantered a bit with Midnight.”

“Yeah, you lucky bastard,” the midget scowled, freezing as I sent him a *thoroughly* unamused look.

“We bantered, because nothing was *ever going to happen between us,*” I stressed. “Ignoring the age difference, which given I’m *fifteen* and she’s *thirty* is a *big deal,* she’s my *Teacher.* That position of authority would color and taint anything that might happen, rendering it a non-starter. And if she was the kind of person who wouldn’t care, *I wouldn’t want anything to do with her, and neither should you.*”

Minetta frowned, “So, what’s that got to do with my Internships?”

“I’m getting there,” I stressed. “If I flirt with Midnight, we both know it means nothing, but if I were to flirt with, say,” I paused, unable to resist, “*Jiro*, that’s entirely different, as know we’re into the ‘might lead to something’ territory.”

Jiro stiffened, glancing our way, as the boy scoffed, “C’mon, are you putting Jiro up with *Midnight?*”

*. . . and there was now murder in her eyes, this was a bad plan,* I decided, doing my best to salvage it. “Yes. We’re all *fifteen,* dude, you’re comparing apples to oranges, and Kyoka’s got this cute punk-rock aesthetic going.” The girl froze, glancing at me. I met her gaze, evenly, and she looked away, blushing. “My point though, is that if you’re interested in finding love in this, don’t look at the heroines, look at their *sidekicks.* The ones you’re more likely to be working with, and who *won’t* be under a microscope to make sure they *aren’t screwing their students.* But even then, don’t go hard. Be appreciative, but just for a moment, to let them know you *are* interested, and then *focus on the task.*”

The boy started to reply, but frowned, looking at me as if he wasn’t sure if I was trying to fool him into doing work. “And that’ll impress them?”

“If you do a good job? *Yes.* Be nice, compliment their looks *without* naming hips, boobs, or butt, and then *show you’re strong enough to keep on working,”* I insisted, and, for some reason, the boy flinched. I wanted to ask, but pressed on. “Show you’re strong, and that’ll lead them to consider you.”

“*Easy for you to say,”* he muttered. “*You’re all buff and stuff.*”

I looked at him skeptically. “Does your Quirk mean you can’t build muscle?” I asked, honestly interested.

He blinked, “Well, *no*. It’s just. . . what’s the point?”

I stared at the boy for a moment, before sighing, and running a hand through my hair. “Dude, *everyone* is *someone’s* fetish. Some girls like tall guys, yeah, but some girls like shorter guys, and *most* like fit guys. The more of someone’s likes you cross of, the more likely you are to at least get a shot, and waiting until you find someone who likes you *without* putting any effort in means you’re gonna be waiting for a *while*. You don’t need to be someone you’re not, just a *better* version of who you already are. And. . . dude, if you haven’t figured out at *least* three different sex-based uses for your *binding Quirk*, you aren’t half the pervert you proudly claim to be. And trust me, most girls like that kind of thing *just* as much as most guys do, they just don’t say so for a whole freaking *host* of reasons. So, if you want to get either rejected, or used, abused, and *then* rejected, then go after Mt. Lady. If you want to get better, and maybe end up with someone a year or three your senior, look at someone who’s gonna help you get better, *and* might have some cute sidekicks.”

Mineta stared at me disbelieving, before his eyes narrowed. “That’s what *you’re* doing, isn’t it?”

My response was to look at him blankly, making a zipper motion across my lips.

Suddenly, a wide grin spread across his features. “Hah, I knew you were like me. Why didn’t you say so!” he announced loudly, getting looks.

I returned with a disdainful look, Mineta’s smug victory, fading under my stare, until the others looked away, but I could tell Jiro was still listening. “Dude. *No,*” I told him quietly. “You’re ‘I’m gonna shit where I eat by hitting on all the girls in class to a degree that *disgusts them*’ shtick is *why we stopped talking*. I’m *trying* to help, but do *not* drag me into the mistakes that *you* made, and I tried to *warn you about* during our first day. Consider what I said, and make your choice. Don’t worry, we won’t be competing, as I’ve got an entirely different pool of potential employers to pick from.”

Bolstered by this, he winced. “Yeah. I did go a bit hard, didn’t I. I tried, but all of the girls in our class are *so hot*.”

“Agreed,” I answered easily. “Probably. Toru’s kind of invisible, and Asui’s not my type, but I can tell they’re still good looking. But you’re a *hero.* You’ve got power, and you’re supposed to be able to *control yourself*. So do, or do not, there is no try.”

The boy gave me a flat look. “Okay Yoda. And. . . thanks man. I thought you were. . . yeah, thanks,” he nodded, walking away.

Less than a minute later, Jiro returned to her seat beside me, giving me a measuring once over, before leaning over and asking, “You’re not really picking your internship because of the girls there, are you?”

I snorted, “Fuck no, I’m looking for someone I could learn how to better with my powers from. But to convince people you need to meet people at their level. Their low, low, *low* level.”

The rocker-girl tried to hold back her giggles, and failed, *completely*.