**MHA 121**

“Are you ready?” Mina asked, bright and cheerful.

“…no,” I replied, staring at the swirling vortex of energy. “Not really.”

My partner hesitated, inquiring, “You wanna try again tomorrow?”

“*No,*” I stated, more confidently, even if I *sure* as fuck didn’t feel it. “Let’s do it today. We took the time for the time to elapse, it’s Monday morning, time to go to UA. You go first, since the portal’s last location was your room. I’ll shift it, and exit in mine.”

“Oh, ok-wait, you can shift it?” Mina questioned. “Then why’d I need to head to my room?”

“Because the world has shifted far enough from the way that it was *supposed* to go that I unlocked a beacon, which I set up in *my* room. Exit location is the last place it was opened, *or* a beacon, which means once I use it, the locational data for your room will be lost,” I explained, still staring at the Gate. “We do enough to change things in Avatar and I’ll start getting them for there too, but given it’s an AU, I have no idea how things are *supposed* to go in the first place. We’ve already done enough to get one-percent of the way there, as opposed to your home, where I’ve fucked things up enough to get one.”

The pink-haired girl frowned, before purposefully stepping over and giving me a hug. “It’s *your home too!* And we talked about this. You aren’t responsible for what *All-for-One* did, and, if ya hadn’t helped, we might’ve all *died!”*

“Instead only a few of us did,” I responded, feeling her hug tighten, as open as a disagreement as she was going to give me, but one I heard regardless. “Go ahead, I’ll see you in an hour at the gates of UA, and, remember, if you see anything suspicious…”

“Gate Home,” she agreed. “I’ll be *fine*, but I’ll keep an eye out, Sparky,” Mina promised, stepping in front of me, and going up on the balls of her feet to kiss me, before turning, and, with a wave, skating through without hesitation.

Waiting several moments, I jerked as the portal closed on its own, summoning my phone, to see a text program queued, reading:

***Don’t keep me waiting! ;p***

*Right, she closed it from her side,* I realized, opening the program on my smartphone, and confirming I wanted to open based on the beacon, the portal forming a moment later.

Stepping through, I froze, as my room was *not as I’d left it,* but… right. Denki’s mom cleaned things up, instead of just occasionally tossing passive aggressive nagging in my direction like I’d grown up with. Which meant she would’ve known I hadn’t come home.

Right.

*Shit.*

Repressing the urge to turn around and step *right* through the Gate, I dismissed it instead, in case Mina needed it, and not to force myself to keep going. Already dressed in my uniform, and having left with my backpack, I was ready to leave, even as I kicked myself for not leaving the beacon at the school, though I could fix that soon.

Quietly leaving my room, and coming down the stairs, Denki’s parents were there, not *waiting* for me, just, doing what they normally did, Dad at the table, reading the paper, Mom in the kitchen, finishing up cooking, and, at my place, was breakfast, the chair pulled out.

The *smart* thing to do would be to beg off, and walk out, but…

Memories of lonely mornings, on my own before the bus came, coming and going to an effectively empty house, pulled at me.

Despite myself, despite having avoided my parents since I’d been released from the hospital, begging off doing anymore than going to bed when I’d first gotten home, knowing that I needed to distance myself from them, for *their* safety, I took the seat.

Not looking at me, as I hesitantly had a bite of eggs, my, no, *Denki’s* mom a *really* good cook, my-*Denki’s* father asked, “How’d you sleep?”

“…Securely,” I responded, not sure what else to say.

He nodded. “Had a visitor looking for you yesterday. Claimed to be a ‘Friend’, an-”

*Snap-Crackle-Fwoosh!*

I broke my fork, hands shifting to electric claws, as I sat up straight, panicked, a blast of flame extending from each fist but vanishing harmlessly as soon as they appeared.

Freezing, I *hadn’t* meant to do that, but, *“Did they do anything!?”* I demanded, trying to keep my suddenly racing heart under control. “Did they threaten…”

I looked to both of my parents, but while Mom seemed worried, Dad was his normal implacable self, but there were *dozens* of Quirks that could turn them into unwilling, perhaps even *unknowing*, timebombs, and-

“She wished to know where you were,” Dad stated calmly. “And to reassure you there was *no ill will.* Who are they, son?”

“Their official title is ‘Friends of All’. Their *actual* title is ‘Friends of All for One.” I stated, watching both of my parents closely, trying to think of some way I could do a soft-take down, if need be, and if they’d been turned. “And they lie like they breathe.”

Nodding, and folding the paper up, Dad noted, “She seemed unpleasant; I took care of her.”

“…Do you need a place to hide the body?” I questioned, unsure.

*“Denki!”* Mo-, no, *Denki’s* mother gasped. “You shouldn’t joke about such things!”

From the look in Denki’s father’s eyes, he knew I *wasn’t joking*.

“Nothing so permanent, though that’s good to know,” he replied mildly. “All-for-One. That’s the one that All Might fought,” he mused.

I nodded, “Yeah, he’s-”

“And *you* fought,” the man continued.

Again, the smart move would be to lie, but… but I found it hard to “What makes you say that?”

“You were missing, presumed dead,” he stated neutrally. “Then, the morning after the incident involving All-for-One you are found, though no one would say where. Also,” he noted, for a moment flashing fulling into lightning, but not the vague form he normally took, features insteadly clearly defined, *just like I’d looked that day,* “**I recognized your Quirk.**”

Shifting back, he sighed, and asked, “Son… *what happened?”*

Again, I hesitated, but, no, this time I *needed* to split the truth. “I got a job offer. To be a Villain. A *Super* Villain. Like All-for-One. Because we have similar Quirks,” I revealed, holding up my left hand, and, with a gesture, calling a bit of fire into it. From my left, I Created a new fork. “Because while he can steal Quirks, to use for himself, or give to others, I can *copy* them. *Permanently.*”

Looking at them, neither of them seem surprised, which, what?

“Principal Nezu told us already, honey,” Mo- *Denki’s* mother smiled. “Lovely man. He also told us you almost certainly hadn’t…” she trailed off. “That we’d see you again.”

*Of course the super-genius figured it out,* I thought, though, that… helped.

“Then your Quirk is mine?” My father questioned, having thought about it.

“I get them at effectively zero, like they develop naturally,” I agreed. “I can develop them how I want. But I need to see them used. It wasn’t until I started going to UA that I realized it was more than that. But not Heteromorphic powers,” I added looking at Mom. “Which is why I never got yours. Maybe because they’re always on, so my Quirk can’t tell the difference?” I shrugged. “But, um, that teacher who showed up before, the purple mist one. He… *wasn’t* a teacher. He was another ‘Friend’. Mina convinced me to call UA, right after he left.”

“Well at least *that* girl’s got some sense,” Mom sniffed. “Is, is it true that you were there when your classmates were killed?”

*“Hideko,”* my father rebuked, but I held up a hand, realized it was still electric, and, with a bit of effort, let go of that power, still a little wary, but… but I had a feeling this was fine.

“Komori, yes, Sero, Sato, and Tsubaraba were dead when I got to them, but I was able to save Kendo, the others I didn’t meet before I was captured, by a shapeshifting villain that was pretending to *be* Mina, before she stuck a meathook in my stomach, and I was reeled through a portal by a chain it was connected to,” I reported, and, at my mother- at *Denki’s* mother’s gasp, I reassured her, “I also picked up regeneration from a Villain, so I was healed within a few hours.”

My father, however, just nodded. “And you killed the ones that did it?”

“Legally, I will not admit to possibly removing them from this life, though the shapeshifter definitely got away,” I replied, carefully, a suspicion that they might not have been manipulated by AfO directly, but by the police, which AfO *also* controlled, lodging in the back of my mind. “I have already been informed by a member of law enforcement that a Villain attempting to skewer me with Quirk-created blades, and rip me apart, *like he did Komori*, is no excuse to enact any sort of Quirk-based self-defense, and that I would be ‘prosecuted for my Villainy’.”

“[They *didn’t!*](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CQZj9O2wv7U&ab_channel=ArestameSound)*”* Deki’s mother gasped, taking a few steps, hesitating, before rushing over to me and hugging me tightly. “I’m not going to let anything like that happen to my baby!”

“I,” I hesitated, “Mom, that’s, *please don’t*. I’m trying to keep you both out of the line of fire. It didn’t work, *entirely,*” I nodded to Dad, “but, I don’t know what else to do.”

The man across the table from me nodded, and reached down to the suitcase beside him, gently placing it on the table, flicking it open, and taking out a packet, placing it down where I could read it, the top line a phrase I dimly remembered.

***Heights Alliance Permission***

Glancing down it, *right,* this was the student dorms they’d instated, a minor thing in the series, but, again, now that I was *living* it, and knowing what was involved in *college* dorms, was, quite frankly, *insane,* in the cost, the speed, and the degree UA was willing to go to protect students who hadn’t suffered *half* of what we had.

“We’d like you to go there,” Dad stated. “It will be safer than what you’re currently doing.”

*It really* ***wouldn’t*** *be*, I thought, my feelings apparently clear, as the man insisted, “I know they don’t have the best track record, from your perspective, but please. It would make us feel better. Knowing you had someone to watch your back.”

“Other than Mina,” Mom, who still hadn’t let go, added, I turned to look to her, the woman smiling. “I called around. Her parents don’t know, but they don’t seem like the type that would…” she trailed off, looking to dad, *“understand.”*

I considered it, having forgotten all about this, but being in close proximity to Mina’s place of ‘residence’ would make popping back and forth easier. “And it would make it clear I couldn’t be found here,” I agreed. “That, that’ll be for the best,” I sighed.

Mom’s grip on me tightened. “That’s *not* why we want that!” she insisted.

“But it is another reason,” Dad agreed, understanding my priorities. “If you hadn’t gone to camp…?”

“AfO claimed the attack was my fault, but the man’s a centuries old snake, so that’s almost surely a complete lie,” I stated, feeling Mom about to disagree, but stopping as I continued. “I don’t know the specifics, but Kendo and Yanagi would’ve died, Mina might have as well, and the others… I *legally didn’t do anything* to a *lot* of villains, stopping them from going after others, and Pixie-Bob probably would’ve died if I hadn’t given her first aid.”

He considered, that, then asked, “Was it worth it?”

The answer was obvious. *“Yes.”*

“Then I’m glad you went,” Dad nodded. “But, I need to ask, what you did fighting that Villain…”

“So, I’m immune to mind-effecting Quirks, maybe from one I already copied, maybe because of the copying itself, which meant when he didn’t take no for an answer, he couldn’t force it. Well, he tried to *anyways*, but that’s when All Might showed up,” I smiled, remembering the sheer *relief* I’d felt at that moment. “But, with what was going on, I had a way to turn everything up to eleven, and help, so I went for it. That said, I don’t think I’d survive doing it again,” I revealed, Mom holding me a bit tighter. “All Might’s Quirk is… *kind of nuts*, and burned itself out of me in the process,” I told him, knowing it *would* get back to All-for-One, no matter what they wanted, though OfA’s methods would likely be subtle, to not ‘tip me off’ before he needed to.

And if he thought I was a lesser value target, the chances of him leaving my family, no, *Denki’s* family alive, rose exponentially.

Plus, once I recovered, if I kept it in my back pocket, it’d be one *hell* of an Ace.

The blonde man stared at me for a long moment, then sighed explosively shaking his head. “Son. That fight. It. It was like watching the *gods* battle.”

Unable to come up with anything to say that wouldn’t make the situation *worse* I just shrugged. When it was clear that wasn’t enough, I added, “Um, I’m glad I can regenerate?”

The older man stared at me again, before he sighed. “Denki, I’m your father, but… I don’t know what to do here.”

“Stay safe, keep Mom safe,” I responded instantly. “I can make some Support grade gear if you want, and I can take care of myself, mostly, and for when I can’t I have Mina.”

The look he gave me was odd, before he shook his head again. “They really do grow up fast, don’t they. I should be the one helping *you*, not the other way around.”

“You have, and, keeping yourself, and Mom, safe, helps. A *lot,”* I insisted, hesitating, before, *no,* I had to say this. “I, I’ve got a feeling that things are going to get *worse* before they get better, Dad, and knowing you two are okay, it will help. Because you *can’t* regrow an arm,” I said, lifting up the limb that’d been removed by AfO, the regen thankfully restoring my callouses, which didn’t make a *ton* of sense, but, well, *Quirks*. “And I don’t have a power that lets me heal others. *Yet.*”

*“You shouldn’t have to!”* Mom finally exclaimed, sounding on the verge of tears, the feeling pulling on my heartstrings, even, even though she wasn’t *really* my mother, but, with the memories I had… she might as well be. “Maybe, maybe if you drop out of UA-”

*“Hideko!”* Dad interrupted, voice hard. “We’ve *talked* about this.”

“But he almost *died,* *Suguru!”* she shot back, eyes bright.

“M-Mom,” I said, interrupting whatever my-*Denki’s* father was going to say, gently, *but firmly*, standing and pulling her away from me, to look down at her. “The only way I would’ve been safe would’ve been to have *never understood my Quirk,* to *never have used it* the way it *really* works, and even then, things are happening that have been in the works for a *century*, and if it wasn’t me, it would be *someone else*. The USJ attack? One-for-All had *no idea* who I was at that point, and, if I hadn’t been there, my classmates might’ve *died.* I-Island’s bullshit was the same-”

*“D-Don’t swear!”* the woman tearily rebuked, trying to smile, to lighten the mode, but not able to do so for even herself.

“My point is that, even if I wasn’t there, *bad things would still be happening,* and this way I can at least *help,”* I insisted. “And, with All Might retiring, *the world needs Heroes*. And…” *And while I ran, I* ***hate*** *that I did, and I’m* ***going*** *to make this right.* “And how can I expect others to step up, and protect the people I care about, like you and Dad, if *I* try and play it safe, even if that *was* an option, which it *isn’t* anymore.”

Rather than respond, the woman just lunged forward, and I let her, as she held me, crying, and, while I *didn’t* like the defeated undercurrent her lamentations held, I understood she was accepting what I’d said.

After a few long moments, she let go, sniffing, ordering me to, “Make sure to eat your breakfast before you go. It’s, it’s the most important meal of the day!”

Smiling at the non sequitur, I understood what she meant, Promising her, “I will, and I love you too, Mom.”

Stiffly, she nodded, before heading towards the stairs, up into her room, the door slamming behind her.

Sitting back down, I made sure to savor it, as, well, it’d be the *last* time I had her cooking for a *while.*

Dad finished his own coffee, waiting, and, when I was done, stated, “I would like for us to have one last dinner together, before you leave for UA.”

I hesitated, before nodding. “How much warning would you need to have?” I checked, the man looking at me with confusion, before his eyes widened slightly.

“That bad?” He questioned softly, and I nodded. “An hour,” he decided, though with a hint of a question in his voice, and when I nodded, he relaxed slightly. “This is… not what I wanted for you, Son.”

“Maybe being a background character could’ve worked, but, that’s apparently not really who I am,” I offered.

That got a chuckle out of him, as he looked away, and wryly commented, “And here I was, a year ago, wishing you’d be a bit more motivated. Wish granted; I suppose.”

I winced, as, a year ago, that would’ve been *Denki,* not me, the man misunderstanding my reaction, reassuring me, “No, it’s, it’s a good thing. A *hard* thing. But the best things in life are rarely easy, or simple.” His gaze drifted towards the stairs. “Like meeting your mother, and convincing her to date me. Worth it, though.” Looking at me directly, he stated, “You take good care of that girl of yours, alright?”

“I will,” I promised, not even needing to think about it.

“At least we raised you right,” he smiled, and stood with me, offering me a hand to shake. I took it, and he pulled me in for a tight hug, whispering to me, “We’re proud of you, Son. Never doubt that.”

The statement, seemingly out of nowhere… *hit* me, and, trying not to tear up myself a little, voice thick, I replied, “I… Yeah Dad. I won’t.”

Letting me go, he cleared his throat, and gestered for the door. “You have a train to catch. Wouldn’t do to be late on your first day back. See you at dinner, son.”

“See you at dinner,” I promised, grabbing my bag, and heading out, wanting to stay, to say more, but, but this was for the best.

<MHA>

“Sparky!” Mina waved, hand trailing Acid, waiting for me at the entrance to UA. “You’re early!”

“Took the express route,” I replied, tense, not having taken the train, but the wires above them. Was such flagrant Quirk use smart, given the hate-on that cop had on for me? No. But waiting at the train station, with all of those people around, I, intellectually, knew the looks I’d been getting were *probably* due to my being a survivor of the ‘Summercamp Massacre’, as it was being called, the deaths of so many Pros *national* news, but any of them could’ve been a Friend, and, getting in an enclosed space with them…

*No.*

So I’d leapt up and sped away, taking comfort in the familiar, constant low level use of **Electrobody** and **Electrification** a bit like stretching a charley-horse, leaving me a bit tender at the end, but otherwise fine.

“You okay?” she questioned, more quietly when I reached her.

“Not good with crowds I don’t know,” I replied shortly, wincing. “Sorry. Nerves, and…” I looked around, and, yeah, there were people watching, UA having at least made sure we weren’t besieged by reporters, and I noted Snipe standing nearby, leaning against the outer wall, and keeping an eye on the people outside, nodding slightly to me as he saw me looking. I nodded back, finishing, with a whisper, “And don’t know if there are any ‘Friends of One for All’ about.”

“Oh, *Denki!”* my girlfriend cooed, giving me a quick hug and dragging me into UA proper. And, weirdly enough, I *did* feel a bit better as I crossed the threshold, despite turning a student being *well* within OfA’s capability set, but the man had limits, even if they were self-imposed ones, or else, well, *he would’ve already won.*

And having some rando turn around and shank me, well, I could Regenerate, and, once she got some practice, Mina would be able to *heal,* so… we were slowly both getting more secure. I would’ve liked it if we were a lot farther down this path than we *currently* were before we’d returned, but… but if something went wrong, I’d already practiced, and I could have us out and time paused in about thirty-five seconds, and thirty of those seconds were the dialing time needed for the Gate to establish a new connection.

“The Heights Alliance thing will help. Talked to my parents,” I added, my partner pausing to shoot me a look.

“Sparky, have you been *avoiding* your parents?” she questioned, tone gentle.

“They’re obvious targets,” I replied, as I’d thought that was obvious. “It was a… good talk.”

Mina frowned, gave me a quick hug, but didn’t say anything else, dragging me forward, and it took me a moment to realize we *weren’t* going to room 1-A, but…

I slowed, opening my mouth to object, but, but I didn’t really have anything I *could* say, so let her drag me all the way to the Support Lab meaning opening the door, and announcing, “[Mei! Sparky’s here!](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RjldvXc8zrg&ab_channel=ArestameSound)”

In a flash, my Lab partner was there, having grabbed my chin, and turned my head one way, then another, staring at me with *extreme* intensity, though, even then, I could *tell* that she was Mei, not an imposter, just in the way she wasn’t even *pretending* to be social, such that, while I stiffened, I *didn’t* flinch.

She grabbed one hand, looking at it closely, then another, before turning back to me, and accusingly stated, “Sparky, you said you’d be *careful!”*

“I was,” I replied simply.

“You lost an *arm!”* she stated, and I wondered if *everyone* knew it was me that threw down with All-Mi-*wait*, the news coverage started *after* I’d been covered in rubble. “And you’re *still shaking!”*

“I-I am?” I questioned, lifting up a hand, as I seemed fine, but, as I looked at the girl, whose eyes had zoomed in fully as she studied me, she could almost certainly was looking at me more closely than I could see myself. “I hadn’t realized.”

“And why aren’t you wearing your gauntlets!?” she demanded, grabbing my wrists and dragging me inside, pushing me into a seat at our lab table.

“Aizawa nabbed ‘em,” Mina told her. “Said they weren’t needed.”

The inventrix froze. “He *did,* did he?” she questioned dangerously. “He only needs *one* eye to use his Quirk, right? He shouldn’t mind, since he’s okay with *removing people’s capabilities,* *right?”*

I winced, “*Please don’t blind our homeroom teacher, Mei.”*

She frowned, “But without our Baby, you-”

Holding up a hand, as the girl let go of me, I paused, thinking of what had happened, grimacing at the memory, but, if I’d had them… “No. They would’ve been useful for the camp, *absolutely,* but… But they wouldn’t’ve let me save anyone, and, after that point…” Remembering that night, it was as simple as breathing to turn my hand back into the taloned claw it’d been before, the formation not my normal, smooth shift, but a jagged, sharp looking thing, that I’d used to tear apart flesh in an instant, the sounds of the Villain’s screams a distant echo in my-

*Slap!*

I jolted back, shocked, a few bolts of lightning arcing off of me, as I stared at her, opening my mouth to-

“What the *hell,* Mei!?” Mina demanded.

*“Percussive Maintenance!”* the dreadlocked girl announced. “Did it work?”

“I… yeah?” I replied, feeling my face, as she had *not* held back, but, with the training I’d done, I’d gotten stronger, but… “Have you been working out?”

“Of course!” she nodded, grinning, lifting an arm and flexing a bicep. “How am I gonna use Our Babies with you if *I’m* the point of failure? Oh, and I built a Baby that *maximizes gains*, though it’s not calibrated for *you* to use yet, and I *might’ve* induced rhabdomyolysis in my first test subject, but a quick trip to Recovery Girl cleared that right up, and, *after he finished crying*, he *did* admit that he was in better shape!”

Now a little worried, I asked, “Did you use it on *yourself*?”

“Huh? Oh, no, Power Loader said it was an ‘Implement of Torture’ and a ‘Violation of International Law’, and some other dumb stuff,” she stated, rolling her eyes, and using air quotes, “so I built one that does *targeted* muscle groups instead, at, like, *fifteen* percent power, and I’ve been using *that!”*

That… *made sense*, if you squinted, however, “Mei, wait, when you say *use them*, you don’t mean *fighting*, do you?”

“What else would I mean?” she replied, as if the question was ridiculous. “Ya obviously think it’s not over, and you’re not dumb, so it isn’t, which *obviously* means I’m gonna need ta use our Babies to make sure we can keep *making* them, Sparky,” she grinned.

“Mei, this, this isn’t like the Sports Festival. These people are *dangerous,”* I stressed.

The inventrix nodded in agreement. “Well, *yeah,* which is why we need to get those suits of power armor up and running!”

“That’s,” I winced. “I, power armor *helps* but it won’t be *enough,”* I stressed, thinking of the conversation I’d *just had.* “Mei, if it comes down to another throwdown with All-for-One, it won’t be Villain and Hero, it’ll be a fight between *pseudo-gods.*”

“‘Give me a lever long enough and a fulcrum on which to place it, and I shall move the world!’ That’s Archimedes,” she pronounced. “‘Give me a rifle big enough and a firing point which to use it, *and I shall kill fake gods!’* That’s *me!”*

“Not *real* gods?” Mina asked, as I just stared at my lab partner.

“Oh, them too, but they prolly require special ammo or something,” the dreadlocked shrugged. “Plus they haven’t gotten in my way, so they can stay wherever they are.”

“*Mei,* even if you’re stronger, fighting, it’s not just strength. There’s a *lot* that goes into it,” I tried to explain. “I, to *start* with, you’re going to need a *lot* of time on the range to develop those skills to be able to use them in combat.”

Behind me, a voice stated, “She-”

*Snap-Crackle-Hiss!*

*Without thinking, I surged up, putting myself between my girls, arms splitting, electricity surging, trailing embers, as I prepared to fire a rail shot into-*

*“… has?”* Power Loader, who sat behind his desk, having remained silent until now, finished, staring at me.

I froze, and, slowly, brought the charge down, shifted my arm back, palming the round and slipping it into a pocket. “Power Loader,” I nodded stiffly, jerkily taking my seat. Glancing to Mina, I stated, “I, this might’ve been hasty.”

“You’re doin’ fine, hun,” she reassured me, resting a comforting hand on my shoulder.

“*Oooohhh!* Is that one of the new Quirks you picked up? Was it from the guy with a ton of them?” Mei questioned, with all the subtlety of charging rhinoceros, having grabbed a slip of paper and caught one of the embers I’d shed as I’d turned, and was now looking closely at the fire it produced.

*Did* ***everyone*** *know?* I thought, looking to Mina, who, *oh so helpfully*, was trying not to laugh at this situation, having advised that I tell Mei and Momo, at least, about my capabilities, and I’d argued against it. I knew her well enough to know that she wouldn’t tell them behind my back, but, apparently, *she didn’t need to.*

“No, he’s a power copier,” Power Loader explained.

“Oh! Do you have mine? It’s *super* useful for makin’ Babies, isn’t it!” the inventrix preened.

“I, no, the person I’m copying from needs to have developed their power, and I need to see it in action,” I explained. “You’ve done the second, but not the first, at least not enough, like All Might or Todoroki, Endeavor’s son, has.”

She nodded, “Got it, work on my Quirk so you can get it too!”

“That’s, not what I meant,” I tried to counter.

“Are you saying my Quirk *isn’t* super-ultra-mega useful for making Babies?” she challenged. “Oh, you should get that other girl’s! Momen!”

“Momo?” I checked.

“Yeah, Moyo!” Mei nodded. “Then you could make stuff *on demand!”*

Sighing, I held up a hand, and Created, after a moment of thought, a tiny pink diamond in the shape of a gear, with a brass layer bonded to the bottom.

*“OOO!”* the girl cheered, snatching it from my palm, and looking at it, before frowning, rushing over to her microscope, scanning, it, she asked, “Did you put our Crest on it on a *Micro-meter level? That’s* ***AMAZING!****”*

“I *literally* have to visualize it atomically, and while most of that is just ‘this repeating pattern of a molecule, for, like, an *octillion* times’, I can make tweaks,” I shrugged. “Output’s down, and I’ve worked my way back up to, like, three pounds of material before I’m tapped.”

Grinning, Mei pulled out a length of titanium thread, cut it, and threaded it through my creation, putting it on before fusing the ends together.

“Uh,” Mina, said, looking at the length of the strand around her neck, and at the inventrix’s voluminous hair. “How are ya gonna take that *off?”*

Pausing for a second, Mei just shrugged. “Whupsie,” she stated, *completely* uncaring. “So, *Sparky,* I’ve been working on the next generation of your gauntlets, and I *really* want to see what ya think of ‘em!”

Power Loader cleared his throat. “They also would be considered weapons, if I put them into the system.”

“Don’t you *have* to do so?” I checked, as we’d had to go through several iterations of the collapsable ones I’d made, only for Aizawa to ultimately confiscate them anyways.

“Technically, that’s only for things submitted for a grade, or as part of a Hero Student’s *official* loadout,” the older man noted, taking another sip of his coffee. I waited for him to say something else, but he didn’t, taking a second, *louder* sip, confirming what he was saying-without-saying.

That was… unexpected, and I nodded to the man, turning to Mei, who was waiting with a grin, asking, and finding myself smiling back at her, despite myself, “So, what’s our newest Baby do?”

Music

*They* *didn’t! - Boku No Hero Academia [Original Soundtrack] - "Hīrō no kage" (Shadow's Hero)*

Mei, Sparky’s here! - Boku No Hero Academia [Original Soundtrack] - "Sentō kunren" (Combat Training)