MHA 61

Mina Ashido walked into the monitoring room, where the other students had gathered. It’d taken them a bit to get back, their training field on the other side of the campus, and both she and Tokoyami had swung by the locker rooms to clean themselves of the rust and dust from the collapsing buildings. Her teammate was a Gloomy Gus, really living up to his name, but, while he was quiet, she seemed to have helped him out of the funk he’d gotten into when he’d lost in round two of the Sports Festival.

*Helped my classmate, passed the test,* ***and*** *looked badass while doing it! You go girl!* she cheered in her head, smiling. She’d’ve rather been paired up with Sparky, or Yaomomo, but Aizawa had set up these tests to, well, *test* them, so pairing her with the boy she’d barely talked to made sense. And, with how much heinie she kicked, along with how hard Dark Shadow could apparently go, they’d *totes* take down someone like Ectoplasm or Present Mic!

Walking inside the room, the humongous screen was showing Mineta running for his tiny little life, Midnight chasing after him. While Mina only understood why she was paired up with Tokoyami mid-way through her test, it was *painfully* obvious why the little perv was up against that Christmas Cake. Like, Midnight *still* had it going on, but the woman was *really* touchy about her age, and sometimes tried a little *too* hard.

From the woman’s expression, the fact that Mineta was \*ahem\* ‘resisting her charms’ was obviously bugging her. On another screen, Sero was out cold, which honestly surprised the acidic girl, but maybe he was just a closet pervert? *Then again, a little perversion can be fun,* she giggled to herself, thinking of her nights with Sparky.

The boy only had eyes for her, which was. . . sweet. *Really* sweet, especially with what he could do if he wanted. She wasn’t sure *she* would do the same, to be honest, and it was just one of the things that made her okay with everything that happened. Eventually. Now if she could just drag his attention to a certain big-boobed, high-society creatist, things would be *perfect.* Though, from the way that they’d been getting ‘hands on’ in their spars, Mina knew it was a matter of time.

Yeah, her man was nothing if not respectful, but she could see that look in his eye when he worked with Yaomomo, the same look he had when he was with *her,* and while he never *did* anything about it, Mina was confident he would. *It’s like he keeps saying,* she thought, *we have time.* And she might’ve not believed him, if she hadn’t started a growth spurt *right* after she’d been ‘claimed’, one that matched his own almost *perfectly*.

If whatever the heck this ‘catalog’ was could do *that*, then maybe it was something more than copying her powers. She wondered when he’d start picking up others, and, from what he’d explained, it was *totes* going to be Yaomomo’s power he picked up next, but that, like so much else, was just up in the air.

*Oh well, nothing I can do about it,* she mentally shrugged, coming up to stand next to Midoriya. Sparky had a soft spot for the little broccoli that could, and she hadn’t really understood it at first, but he was slowly growing on her. Watching him and Ochaco dance around each other was adorbs, and she loved the fact that Sparky teased Mini-Might as much as she teased the *cutest* of astronauts.

*Aw, and they’re standing together!* she thought, coming up to stand on Midoriy’as other side, as the pair, along with Tsu, watched Mineta blast through the gate, the buzzer ringing. “Huh, maybe he’s not so bad after all,” she commented.

Beside her, Midoriya winced. “He’s getting. . . *better*,” the boy said, unwilling to say anything bad.

Tsu was under no such restraint. “He’s still a pervert,” she declared flatly. “He was complaining about not feeling up Ms. Midnight.”

“Still did better than Sero,” Mina shrugged.

“. . . you’re not wrong,” the frog girl grudgingly admitted, as the screen shifted, to show Sparky and Todoroki, the microphones picking up their conversation.

“-stomp your feet,” her lover remarked. “Any way to blast it *from* your feet?”

Hearing her Sparky talk about new power uses, Mina had to shake her head. The boy just didn’t stop, though the way he talked she was *pretty* sure he was using his foreknowledge. He’d warned her that they were getting to the end of what he knew, and that any info he had was iffy, like how Stain was supposed to get captured instead of getting away, but she figured that the tests were still the same. He’d even offered to tell her what was gonna happen in her test, but she’d said no, wanting to pass on her own.

Halfway through, she’d been regretting that, but now, having *won,* she was glad she’d turned him down. However that meant that he probably knew *exactly* what was gonna happen here, which she’d say was cheating, except he *already* kind of knew because he *made the gear the teachers were using*.

Watching, Todoroki and Sparky split up, heading in opposite directions, Shoto carrying the yellow capture cuffs on his belt, and Midoriya *hmmm’d* in disagreement. “What’s on your mind, green bean?” Mina asked, wanting to pick the boy’s brain.

“Splitting up like that makes sense, but I think it’s a mistake,” he said, watching as the video split into two windows, one for each boy. “Mr. Aizawa’s Eraser Quirk is strong, but he has to focus in one direction. If they moved together, but moved apart when Eraserhead attacked, one of them could use their Quirks at a time. If it were me, or Kacchan, that wouldn’t be enough, but Todoroki and Kaminari both can shoot their attacks out. Even if Mr. Aizawa erases their Quirks, he can still be hit by their attacks, if they launch them before he looks at them.”

A third window opened, following their homeroom teacher as he ran across rooftops, leaping and using his scarf to swing across streets, almost like Sero could, but even faster than her classmate could move. A fourth window opened to show a map of the area, the yellow and red dots that were Sparky and Shoto moving quickly, while the black dot that was Eraserhead quickly closing in on Todoroki.

It was over in moments, Mr. Aizawa running up to intercept Shoto, who stumbled, barely catching himself as his ice stopped and sent the boy flying forward. The student looked around, spotting the teacher as the man swung in, and while Todoroki tried to run into an alley to break line of sight, he wasn’t fast enough.

The boy tried to fight back, throwing a high kick, but his opponent didn’t break stride, ducking underneath it and slamming a fist into the boy’s stomach. Shoto folded over, gasping, and was quickly wrapped up in the hero’s scarf and strung up on the power lines, left to dangle.

“Splitting up wasn’t smart,” Mr. Aizawa noted with bored chastisement, echoing Midoriya’s words as he tied off the scarf he’d captured the student with. “And you took to long to run when you realized I was near. Now all I have to do is catch Kaminari and I can take a nice nap.”

“You think you’ve caught me?” Todoroki challenged, “I can burn myself free in seconds-”

“Do whatever you want,” the teacher said, talking over Shoto, as he threw out caltrops to cover the ground below the student, “just be careful where you land.”

“So he was right,” Shoto muttered, causing the professional hero to shoot the boy an inquisitive glance, but Todoroki didn’t say anything else.

Mr. Aizawa shook his head. “You took the wrong lessons from when you faced the Hero Killer. You only survived because you worked together, and you thought you’d be enough on your own. Worse, I know about your Quirks and what you can do.” The man pushed his barred goggles up onto his forehead, tilting his face up and applying eyedrops. “I’m perfectly prepared to defeat you both.”

“He doesn’t know,” Midoriya muttered, and Mina looked to him for an explanation.

“Doesn’t know what?” she prompted, when he didn’t say anything more.

Mini-Might glanced over at her, then up when he looked at where her eyes were a month ago, and shook his head. “Mr. Aizawa knows what we can do, but Kaminari came up with something new right before they started. It’s almost like he knew what was going to happen.”

*Uh oh!* Mina shoved down the bit of panic as the boy got too close to the truth, but played it off cool as a cucumber, waving away the *complete correct* conclusion. “You heard him talk to Todoroki, Midoriya. He knew Mr. Aizawa’s gear. Probably looked him up. After that, it would be easy to figure out what our teacher’d do!”

The boy considered that for a moment, and Mina held her breath, but he nodded. “Yes. Yeah, that makes sense. Like I think I know what All Might is going to do.” He paled. “Oh no. I know what All Might is going to do!”

“I believe in you, Deku!” Ochaco cheered from his other side, the boy looking to her with a mixture of fear and hope.

Whatever he was going to say was lost, as Mr. Aizawa continued talking. “Between the two of you, you’re the heavy hitter. Kaminari needs to get close, but you could’ve taken me out without me seeing you, so of course I was going to take you out first.” The man sighed, “You were supposed to work *with* your partner, but you never work with others unless you have to. Or unless they’re following your orders. In that way, you really *are* Endeavor’s son.”

The shocked, hurt look Todoroki sent his teacher made Mina want to give him a hug. She didn’t know his situation, the boy rarely talked to *anyone*, but in that moment he didn’t seem fifteen, but five. “Think that over, while I wrap this up,” Eraserhead suggested, before darting off, leaping up onto a fence, and then a house, running off towards Sparky’s location.

The boy hung there for a long moment, shaken, before he took a shuddering breath and shook his head. “No. No he’s *wrong,*” Todoroki said to himself. “That’s not why I wanted to split up. If, we were together, I would’ve listened to Kaminari. Or. . . would I?” he asked, losing steam, doubting himself. Another long moment passed before he shook his head again. “No, no this is Kaminari’s plan as much as it’s mine. And. . . and *this,*” he said, kicking a foot down, shooting a long stream of ice that hit the ground before pushing him up to stand on it, the ribbon binding his hands loosening without the tension needed to keep him bound, “is *exactly* what he suggested.”

Freeing himself, Shoto looked in the direction that Mr. Aizawa ran. “Should I?” he asked, before shaking his head yet again. “No. No we had a plan. Eraserhead thinks I’m bound, so he’ll take his time with Kaminari. That’ll give *me* time to. . . I see it. Mr. Aizawa was going after me first, so by getting free. . . Thank you Kaminari. I won’t let you down.”

The boy took off on a path of ice, speeding for the exit, and while Midoriya muttered, “Oh, I get it now!” Mina had her doubts. Denki’s plans were, well, they were all about what he and other people could do. He really didn’t try to guess what others would do, just kept things open so that he could react, whatever they did. She hadn’t really talked to him about it, but she had a feeling his reasons for doing so were different than hers.

Watching, Mr. Aizawa was having a hard time catching up to Sparky, but, when he got close, Kaminari suddenly stopped, looking around, doing the same thing Toroki had. Except, he still was still transformed, his powers not erased at all. *Did Eraserhead not use his Quirk?* Mina thought, as the hero leapt forward, swinging to a stop in front of her boyfriend. This time, the Pro obviously used his Quirk, and there was a weird couple of seconds as Sparky’s form slowly shifted back, instead of snapping back like it was supposed to.

She’d *seen* how fast he could turn off his Quirk, but that had seemed almost hesitant. Glancing around, while Midoriya was frowning, everyone else just seemed concerned for Sparky, who just gave his opponent a cheeky little wave, smiling his ‘I don’t know what I’m doing but I’m trying anyways’ smile as he greeted the pro. She’d seen that on her boyfriend enough times to recognize it, but if you didn’t know better, it almost seemed nonchalant.

“Hello,” Mr. Aizawa greeted back, with his normal deadpan.

“So. . . . Did you already get Shoto?” Sparky asked, getting a slow nod from the older man. “Oh. Well. That was fast. So. . . is this the part where we fight?”

Eraserhead’s hair dropped, and he stared at his opponent. “You’re not going to run.”

Mina could practically see the moment Denki decided on what he was going to do, as he grinned, shifting to a fighting stance, bouncing on the balls of his feet the way he did whenever he fine-tuned just how much of All Might’s Quirk he was going to use, which made *no* sense unless. . .

The girl bit back a gasp, as she realized that, *somehow*, Denki *still had his Quirk.* She glanced around, thankful that Yaomomo wasn’t there. *Mina* knew why that might be, but their friend didn’t, and might start asking some questions that *really* shouldn’t be asked.

Sure enough, [Denki charged Mr. Aizawa](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bwtMpGBBq9I&ab_channel=ArestameSound) *way* faster than he could normally, moving almost as fast as the pro could, and the man’s hair started to float again, his eyes glowing, but Sparky didn’t stop. Eraserhead moved to leap back, but Denki followed him, leading with a punch that the man moved to catch, only for Sparky to yank himself back and lash out with a kick, which the pro barely dodged.

Mr. Aizawa moved to lash out with his scarf, but when he did that, Sparky ducked underneath it, and exploded with electricity, forcing the Pro to pull back, the blast fading the second Eraserhead got eyes on Denki.

The hero landed, staring at his student, who smiled and pulled out his sword, the edge blunted. “Do you even know how to use that?” Mr. Aizawa asked, as he slowly stalked to one side of the street, Denki moving to the other, the two circling, almost like predators.

Sparky grinned, shrugging, “Not really, but I’ve been learning from Momo. It’s still a Baton, even if I can’t electrify it. Maybe I should install a battery, in case this happens again?”

“You won’t need to,” the older man noted, watching his opponent.

Denki laughed, “Yeah, Trumps like you are a rarity. But having some extra juice wouldn’t go amiss.”

This time, it was Mr. Aizawa that charged, and Sparky moved to engage, almost loosing his sword in their first exchange, spinning away and leaping back as Eraserhead pressed the attack. Denki sped up a little, starting to spark, but Eraserhead’s hair started to rise again, the boy slowing back down to where he’d been before, still using All Might’s Quirk, but at a low enough level to hide it.

*Sparky knows we’re watching,* Mina realized, as the two fought, back and forth, a blast of electricity making Mr. Aizawa back off for half a second, the man using his own Quirk and darting back in, even as Denki dropped his power, pretending it was erased, but her boyfriend had used that time to recover, and met Eraserhead’s attack with one of his own, getting hit but hitting the teacher in turn.

“Kaminari is holding his own?” Tokoyami questioned, impressed. “Yet it is a mad dance of desperation he will not win,” the bird-headed boy sighed. “I wonder why Todoroki could not put on such a performance.”

*This, I got,* Mina thought, quick to explain this away. “Sparky trains with me and Yaomomo, when he isn’t training with All Might like Kiri, Midoriya, or Shoji,” she offered, her partner for the finals considering that, and nodding.

Watching the fight, though, Denki was doing better and better, using his Talents to learn from Aizawa, which was *eight* kinds of unfair, and Mina watched, wondering if her boyfriend, with his Quirk ‘erased’, on his own, was going to *beat Mr. Aizawa*.

Sparky was doing well, right until he *wasn’t*, Eraserhead stepping up his game and moving in almost a blur, a knife hand chopping the thin strip of Denki’s wrist that was unarmored, sending his sword flying. Her boyfriend tried to pull back, but Mr. Aizawa didn’t let him, pressing the attack, using his scarf to wrap Sparky up in an instant.

The boy hit the ground, arms and legs bound, and froze. “. . . huh,” he said, not upset that he’d lost. “Thought that would take longer.”

“So did I,” Mr. Aizawa replied drolly. “You’re stronger than you look.”

“I train,” Sparky shrugged. “So, what now?”

“Now we’re done,” Eraserhead smiled, taking a moment to re-wet his eyes, before looking around in confusion. “Or we aren’t.”

Denki just smiled. “Ah. Glad that worked. So, I guess this is the part where you go grab him, I run off, and you have to go after me as he escapes. Because, let’s be honest, this isn’t going to hold me for long.”

Mr. Aizawa *glared* at her boyfriend, who just grinned back. “So that’s your game. Fine. I’ll have to try something longer lasting.” The man reached into a pouch on his back, and pulled out an. . . antibacterial napkin? The man opened the package, taking out the damp cloth and approached the bound student. “Tell me, does this smell like chloroform to you?”

Sparky gave the teacher an unamused look, replying with a muffled, “You’re a dick.”

“That would be ‘You’re a dick, *Sensei’,*” the man corrected, smiling slightly.

“You’re a dick, *Sensei*,” the boy repeated, rolling his eyes before he had to breath in, passing out.

Eraserhead stood up, looking at the student suspiciously, nudging him with his foot before he turned and ran towards Todoroki, who was halfway to the exit. The other students around Mina sighed, even as she stared, confused. She *knew* Sparky was immune to poisons, she was too, because of the ‘Defense’ they shared, but was he really going to lose the match just to keep it a secret? It’d be the smart thing to do, she guessed, if he didn’t want to reveal that, but while he thought he was sneaky, her boyfriend *also* didn’t like losing. To fail something like this wasn’t what she expected that from-

“Look!” Uraraka gasped, pointing at the screen showing Denki. The boy was sparking something fierce, and twitching a little, before he sat up with a gasp, crackling with electricity, breathing hard.

*That little stinker!* Mina thought, grinning, as her boyfriend acted like his Quirk had woken him up, instead of faking being out in the first place. As Recovery Girl *hmmm’d* judgmentally, Ashido glanced towards the little old lady, who was watching Denki with narrowed eyes. *Oh damn! If anyone’s gonna figure it out, it’s her!*

However, the school nurse didn’t say anything, watching along with the others as Sparky turned his legs to lightning, slipping them out of their bindings, then his arms, pulling them off completely. Stretching, he sighed, commenting to himself, “Okay, *don’t* fight the professional Hero in his specialization. Damn, if he’s just going to knock Shoto out, I’ve only got one more shot. . . . *fuck it*.”

 On the other screen, Eraserhead made it to Todoroki, who was sliding forward on an icy path several feet over the street, but was following the boy without erasing his Quirk. The teacher waited until Todoroki was between roads, with no easy place to run to, before he erased the student’s Quirk. However, Shoto seemed to be waiting for this, and quickly threw himself backwards, rolling behind the path he’d created as Mr. Aizawa closed. A half-second later the boy exploded into fire, melting the ice he was hiding behind, before turning it into a cloud of steam, obscuring the teacher’s vision.

Eraserhead leapt out of one side, while, with a crackle of ice, Todoroki shot out the other, sliding up and between two houses, leaping and sending a bolt of flame behind himself to create even more steam. Mr. Aizawa saw this new, higher plume of steam, quickly running to the side to try to intercept the boy, only for both teacher and student to stop as the loud crackle of lighting rang out over the otherwise quiet arena, everyone in the monitoring room switching back to the other screen.

On it, Sparky was riding along the power lines, legs transformed into electricity that merged with the wires, body tucked down and tight like a speed skater, hands pushed out behind himself. From each hand came emerged a golden glow, energy crackling as he was forced forward faster and faster. With a powerful leap, her boyfriend angled his hands down forty-five degrees, and while his legs returned to normal his arms shifted, flattening and lengthening into wings, like a jet taking off.

He got higher and higher until, suddenly, his body returned to normal and his gloves stopped glowing, but the boy, grinning, just shrugged and kept flying through the air. Mina tried to guess where he’d come down, and while he wouldn’t be able to get to the exit, he *was* going to be coming up even with Todoroki in a matter of seconds, though she worried about how he was going to *land*. When he dropped below the level of the houses, he should get his Quirk back, but that was cutting it *really* close and-

[With a sharp crack](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7OzxYom4XkM&ab_channel=LittleGiant), a wall of ice sprung into being, blocking Eraserhead’s sight, and Todoroki, moving as fast as he could, turned and made another that joined up with the first, almost all the way the edge of the arena. The Pro Hero turned, hair floating, but Todoroki, frost covering his left side and breathing hard, stood defiantly, meeting the erasing gaze with a determined one of his own.

On the other side, Sparky, only starting to fall, turned to look at the ice wall, a considering look on his face as he glanced between it and the exit. Laughing to himself, too far away for any of the microphones to pick up what he said, her boyfriend activated one of his electric grenades, lightning wreathing himself as his arms shifted back to wings, and golden auras once again extended from his palms, pushing him forward once again.

On the other screen, the words spoken *were* picked up, as Mr. Aizawa stalked towards Todoroki, remarking, “You’re not going to beat me.”

“I don’t need to,” the boy replied levelly, taking hold of the capture cuffs, and standing at the ready, “I just need to slow you down.”

Eraserhead leapt after the boy, who ran away from the wall of ice, running through the gate towards one house and stepping behind the concrete dividing wall that separated the yard from the street, erupting into flame. Mr. Aizawa only waited a moment, leaping over the wall even as a spire of ice lanced out towards the pro, who twisted around it, not stopping as he closed with Shoto, who barely held off the older man with punches and lunges with the cuffs, which their homeroom teacher dodged easily.

Even then, having seen how hard he’d fought Sparky, Mina frowned as Mr. Aizawa was moving *much* slower, and from the murmurs of the others, she wasn’t the only one who noticed.

“My, my. That man’s such a big softie,” Recovery Girl chuckled.

Turning back to look at Todoroki, frantically trying to hold off the older man, giving it his all, Mina understood what she meant. With how fast Sparky was moving now, there was *no* chance that Mr. Aizawa could catch him, but instead of pouncing on Shoto and moving on, or leaving him behind entirely, the man was pushing his student as hard as he could.

The boy fought hard, but, after almost a minute of fighting, stumbled, and started to fall. Eraserhead closed, but stopped right before he struck Todoroki, who, in one last, desperate attempt, threw himself forward, capture cuffs swinging outwards.

“Good try,” Mr. Aizawa noted in his normal sleepy tones, but Mina could swear she heard a bit of approval in them, as the pro lashed out with his capture cloth, completely cocooning the boy in it. “But not good enough.”

However, seconds later he was proved wrong as Sparky, diving at speeds that made Mina a *little* nervous, *shot* through the exit gate, the buzzer blared sounding the boys’ victory over their teacher, the announcement, “Team Todoroki and Kaminari have passed the final exam!”

Eraserhead looked in the direction of the gate, and shook his head. He looked at his student, who smirked back at him, and grudgingly nodded. “I stand corrected.” He paused, before reaching down and unravelling the bindings from the boy, waiting until Todoroki was starting to stand before adding, with a nod, “Good teamwork.”

Shoto froze, before he nodded back to his teacher. “Thank you.”