

Negima!

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Negima! My first real attempt at a romantic comedy. Please comment and enjoy.

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1 - Audi doctrinam si vis vitare ruinam.

Audi doctrinam si vis vitare ruinam.

(Be attentive to teaching if you wish to avoid disaster)

Please note: This my first real try at making a fic out of a Ken Akamatsu story. Therefore, please expect typical Negima! incidents. If you're not familiar with Akamatsu's work, I highly recommend it. Yes, it's romantic comedy and perverted humor, but really, that's just about any shonen-oriented anime-manga these days. Please understand that this work doesn't necessarily reflect my views- I just got a kick out of writing something other than my typical battle scenes. So, please enjoy and comment!

-NG

PS: Individual chapters will have ratings. The maximum nudity/sex/language/etc is noted in the regular ratings. Each chapter will be given an additional rating. If you're offended by the content, don't read it.

Chapter 1: PG-13

NEGIMA!

So this is Mahora Academy...A very nice place! Beautiful scenery!

...

Huh? Man, there are a LOT of girls around here. I wonder what's going on? Maybe it's just one of those schools where there aren't many guys. Huh. Well, whatever. This beats whatever they planned to do with me. Just what happened that day...No, don't think of that now! You're here now, that's what matters! Now, let's get to it!

My name is Kimihiro Netsubou. I'm fifteen years old. I'm not an average guy, but I'm not special either. Not sure what that makes me. So, what do I do? Well, I'm a martial artist (I really like swords), and I'm really into...well, girls, I guess. Then again, I'm fourteen, that's hardly a shock. I'm originally from America, but I've come to Japan for...some reason. Well, I was TOLD to, actually. Not that I'm complaining. I fell in love with the country a while ago, and I'm glad to be here. Oh, here comes a girl. She's looking right at me! Not bad! Hell, this is record time!

Oh yeah, one more thing about me: I like girls, but they don't like me. Or, rather, they scare me. I hope I can get over that!

--

"Oh, hello!"

The cheerful voice of Konoka Konoe greeted Kimihiro's ears.

“Hi. Are you the Konoe-san I’m supposed to meet here?” Kimihiro rubbed his head sheepishly, feeling stupid for asking that.

“I sure am! And you’re Kimihiro-san! Oh, but please call me ‘Konoka!’”

I’ll never get used to this –san thing, Kimihiro thought. **It sounds cool in anime, but when a gaijin like me says it...**

“Welcome to Mahora Academy! Follow me, I’ll take you to the teacher’s lounge!”

Man, this girl is care-free! And so nice! I never met one like her back home. And she’s cute!

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Kimihiro and Konoka were on their way, moving at a good pace. Konoka pointed out a few things of interest, and Kimihiro drank the view in. He did notice something strange, though:

I haven’t seen one other guy. This is odd. We passed the girl’s dorms, but where do the guy’s stay?

“Asuna! Over here!” Konoka called suddenly, waving to another girl. Upon hearing her name, the girl jogged over. Kimihiro’s heart rate sped up. He never had two nice-looking females talk to him at once! This was awesome!

“Hmm? What’s this, Konoka?” Asuna, a red-haired girl with two long ponytails held in place with gold bells, pointed at Kimihiro.

“It’s a boy, silly! His name is Kimihiro! Kimihiro, this is Asuna Kagurazaka! Don’t let her looks fool you, she’s actually really nice!” Konoka patted Asuna and Kimihiro on their shoulders.

“It’s very nice to meet you,” Kimihiro managed to choke out around what felt like a boulder in his throat. Asuna didn’t seem to notice him.

“Konoka, ANOTHER boy?! Man, I could have sworn this place was a girl’s academy!”

Kimihiro froze. **Say WHAT?!**

Apparently, it hadn’t dawned on Kimihiro yet, despite the numerous signs:

This was an all-girls school.

“Having fun, girls? Oh, and who’s this?”

A male teacher walked up next, waving in a friendly way. Kimihiro had never been so relieved in his life.

“Takahata-sensei!” Asuna exclaimed, suddenly turning red in the cheeks.

"I have the new student there, Takahata-sensei! This is Kimihiro!"

Takahata-sensei seemed like the type who could get along with anyone. He extended a hand, following Kimihiro's customs, rather than his own.

"It's nice to meet you, sir," Kimihiro offered, shaking Takahata's hand.

"I see you've met Asuna and Konoka. Well, they're two great girls. So you're in good hands. If I'm not mistaken, class starts soon, doesn't it?"

"Ohmigosh, you're right! C'mon Kimi-kun, we've gotta hurry! You don't want to be late on your first day!" Konoka started dragged Kimihiro to class.

"Huh? Wait, hold on! I don't belong here! I'm a boy! And I'm not dressed for the occasion!" Kimihiro hadn't failed to notice the short-skirted uniforms the girls were wearing. He certainly loved this academy, and was swelling with school pride at first glance.

"Put your uniform on, silly!"

"Where do I do that?!" Kimihiro glanced around, not seeing a men's bathroom or locker room anywhere. Was he supposed to get changed in mixed company? Was it some kind of hazing?

"Oh, that's right! Well, uh...oh, Asuna, why don't you take him to our place? He can get changed there. I'll tell Negi you'll be late!"

"Konoka, don't you DARE leave me alone with- ugh, damn!" Asuna managed to say, but Konoka was long gone. She turned to face Kimihiro. "Listen, uh, don't take that kind of thing personally. See, we've got this snot-nosed little boy living with us, and I just kind of react that way. From the look on your face, it's obvious you're just as surprised, so I guess I can't hold that against you. Well, c'mon, hurry up!"

--

Asuna shut the door to their dorm room. She glared at Kimihiro, who was looking at the package in his hands.

"Get dressed already!" she finally yelled.

"Uh, well, you're, um, staring at me..." Kimihiro sputtered. He was afraid of girls, and this one was no exception. She was scary!

I like 'em feisty...I think. Still, what does she have against me? Well, at least there's another boy around somewhere.

Asuna realized that she was, in fact, staring at him. "Ah, sorry! I'll just...wait outside. Then we can go to class. Hurry up now, okay?"

Kimihiro watched her go, still shocked at all this. Another thought ran through his head:
If there's a skirt in here, they can just give me detention for not wearing a uniform...

--

Asuna bit her thumb, waiting outside the door. She didn't like little boys; only older men. This was really her first time talking with one her own age.

He doesn't seem like a bad guy. Still, why would a boy his age be here? This IS a girl's academy, and the only other boy we have is Negi, and he...oh no, not another 'special' kid! Oh, damn, why does our class always get the weirdos?! A ten-year-old homeroom teacher, all those exchange students, and now a new guy?

Kimihiro stepped out of the room, tugging at his sleeves.

"Sorry for the wait. I'm not very good with ties."

Kimihiro had been relieved to find that he hadn't been expected to wear a skirt. Instead, he found crisp black dress pants, a white shirt with a purple and yellow logo over the breast pocket, and a black and maroon tie. Not his color, but uniforms were uniforms. Also in the package had been a purple jacket, but Kimihiro had decided to draw the line there. It was hot outside now, and the long dress shirt was hot enough.

Asuna said 'no problem' and led the way to class.

--

The classroom was abuzz this morning.

"We're getting a new student?"

"Really?!"

"I heard that, too!"

"I wonder what she looks like?"

"I heard she's from America!"

"Wow, an American? That's about the only thing our class DOESN'T have!"

In front, Negi overlooked his class of thirty-one girls. They were quite a group, to say the least. Energetic, friendly, and interested in anything but their grades most of the time. It was just what Negi needed- not.

Negi wasn't your average teacher. For starters, he was only ten years old. He was teaching girls three to five years older than him. But that wasn't the strangest thing about him. Ten year old teacher Negi Springfield was a wizard.

Wizard or not, this wasn't going to be easy.

I hope the girls aren't too harsh. I remember how they welcomed me...oh dear, perhaps I'd better meet the new student in the hallway first...

Too late for that.

"Sorry we're late, Negi. Getting changed took a while," Asuna explained. Under her breath, she muttered 'come on!', and pulled on an arm.

"Thank you, Asuna," Negi said, walking toward the door. "Let's have a look at our new student, shall we? ...ah!"

"What is it, Negi-kun?!"

Asuna used her strength to yank Kimihiro into the room. The class froze. They looked at Kimihiro, muttering in low whispers. Kimihiro could only blush like an idiot and stand up straight.

"Oh dear, I wasn't expecting a boy...well, it doesn't matter. Please, tell us your name," Negi asked kindly, speaking in a manner beyond his ten years.

"My name is Kimihiro. It's nice to meet all of you."

Or, that was what Kimihiro TRIED to say. What came out was a mix of Japanese and English that was more or less unintelligible. The girls couldn't help but snicker at that, making Kimihiro even MORE nervous.

"It's alright. As I understand, you're new to Japanese, and had no time to prepare. Please don't concern yourself. The girls are very friendly, so you won't feel nervous for long."

Wanna bet, sensei? Kimihiro didn't see thirty-one girls. He saw thirty-one threats! Gradually, though, it dawned on him:

This was a guy's paradise. Wall to wall girls, all his age. And those uniforms...wow. And darned if every one of the girls was easy on the eyes!

I'm gonna like it here...DEFINITELY gonna like it here! Kimihiro bowed, then waited for more instructions.

"Well then, where to put you..." Negi scanned his class roster. "Oh...well, the only spot I have available is next to Evangeline-san, but I-"

"What's the matter, Boya? Sit him next to me, I don't...bite."

Kimihiro looked up to find the voice talking. The voice spoke Japanese, but sounded British, or some kind of European. It was clearly someone who was trying to intimidate the teacher, so Kimihiro was

automatically on his guard as well. After all, one guy has to have another guy's back, right?

Negi didn't look happy about it, but he directed Kimihiro to go ahead and sit. That didn't quite work, as the Narutaki twins had something up their sleeves. Two small, pink-haired terrorizing twins, Fuka and Fumika had a trap planned for the new student. The only hitch was that their trap was meant for a girl. So they improvised by simply tripping Kimihiro. As he tripped and tried to catch himself, he fell right into Mana Tatsumiya. His hand was the problem- it had landed squarely on her left breast.

"Uhh..." Kimihiro managed. He looked at the owner of said breast. The girl didn't seem horribly disturbed. She shifted one eye toward him.

"I'm really so-" Kimihiro began, but he stopped dead. He saw where the girl's other eye was looking. Right at a gun she had holstered inside the maroon vest that most of the girl's seemed to be wearing today.

"Yah!"

Negi hadn't seen what happened, but turned around when he heard the shout. His eyes widened. Kimihiro had jumped up in shock, and was currently hanging from a light fixture, his eyes as wide as dinner plates.

"Kimihiro-san, please let go of that light fixture and come down from the ceiling. If something frightened you, please let me know."

Kimihiro climbed down to a chorus of laughter. The worst part was that he couldn't get even with those twins! It's not like he could haul off and slug a girl...

-

BRRRRINNGGGG!

Class was FINALLY over. The day couldn't have ended soon enough for Kimihiro. His Japanese sucked, he had accidentally molested a girl, and then he got scared by another one.

I think I'll go curl up in a ball and die. What the hell do those two pink-haired terrors have against me? And that girl I accidentally fondled- a gun?! How the hell does she get away with that?!

Kimihiro got up and walked to the door. He had one foot out when he decided to wait. He had to apologize to that girl. It might help if he knew her name.

"Pardon me, sensei, but what's that girl's name?"

"MANA TATSUMIYA, YOU PERVERT!" Asuna shouted, grabbing Kimihiro by the tie. (Kimihiro made comical choking sounds as his windpipe was obstructed) "I SAW YOU GRAB HER BREAST! YOU TRY THAT ON ME, AND YOU'RE IN FOR A WORLD OF HURT!"

"I didn't mean to, honest! I was tripped and fell into her!" Kimihiro tried to explain.

“Suuuuure. That’s why you grabbed a girl with such big breasts. Real mature. Grow the hell up!” Asuna snarled before storming away.

“At least I know her name now…” Kimihiro murmured. He had decided he would also talk to Negi-sensei. But for now, Tatsumiya required his concentration.

“Excuse me, Tatsumiya-san?” Kimihiro said hopefully. To his surprise, the tall, dark-haired beauty actually stopped. After gulping, Kimihiro bowed. “I’m very sorry about that…incident. I honestly didn’t mean it. I just…tripped. I hope that you can forgive me.”

Tatsumiya was quiet at first, but offered a small smile. “Accidents will happen. Just be certain they don’t happen a second time, Kimihiro-san.”

Kimihiro couldn’t help but notice that Tatsumiya was gorgeous. He had just accidentally felt her up, so he couldn’t help but wonder if that was why she seemed gorgeous. Then again, as Makie Sasaki walked by, he thought she was cute. Ayaka Yukihiro was gallant. Asuna Kagazaka was tough but cute. Then there was Evangeline and Chachamaru.

“Welcome to our class,” Chachamaru said quietly with an accompanying bow.

“Thank you. It’s nice to meet you.”

The girl named Evangeline was now standing uncomfortably close to Kimihiro. She seemed to be looking him up and down. Not that Kimihiro minded, but it WAS making him a little nervous.

“Boya, can’t you sense it?” Evangeline finally said, looking at Negi.

“Sense what, Evangeline-san?” Negi replied, slightly confused. **She only ever speaks to me that way when it’s about magic. Could there be something magical about Kimihiro?**

“You. The boy. Kimihiro. I think we’ll enjoy sitting next to each other. I know I’ll enjoy it very much. I just want you to remember that. Come, Chachamaru.”

Kimihiro watched the girls leave, not quite sure what to think of that. Apparently, Negi wasn’t sure either, as he was looking slightly panicked.

“Is something wrong, sensei?”

“Huh? Oh, Kimihiro-san! No, not at all. I was just thinking, that’s all! I’ll make it a point to introduce you at the start of the next class. I’ll see you tomorrow!”

-

Negi, tailed by Asuna, ran back to the room they shared with Konoka. Panting heavily, Negi started to root around in his jacket pocket.

“Whatcha looking for, Aniki?”

A white ermine had jumped up on the nearest table from Negi’s shoulder. Named Chamo, the ermine was a magical creature. His job was to advise Negi whenever possible. Seeing his charge so worried, Chamo felt it was his duty to help. When he saw the normally unshakeable Asuna worked up, then it was time to get worried.

“I’ve got a new student, Chamo.”

“A potential Pactio partner, maybe?”

“No. He’s a boy. That’s what’s so strange. Evangeline-san warmed to him immediately. I wonder if there’s something magical about him.”

“No foolin’? Well, lead me to him, Aniki. Let’s just find out. The kid’ll be in danger if Evangeline is already on to him! Anesan should come to, and maybe even Setsuna-nechan.”

“Hold on a sec! What’s the big deal, anyway? He’s not an enemy or something, or he could have just taken me out! Besides, he molested Mana, that pervert!” Asuna protested. “Why do we have to help him?”

“He’s one of my students, that’s why. You don’t have to get involved, Asuna-san. But I have a duty as his teacher.”

2 - Abyssus abyssum invocat

Abyssus abyssum invocat

(Hell calls hell; one mistep leads to another)

[credit to www.inrebus.com for the title]

Kimihiro wasn't sure exactly where he was supposed to go now. He had just gotten here today, so he had no clue about anything. So he found a place to sit down with a drink to think things over.

It was clear that he hadn't made the greatest first impression, thanks to those twins and his lousy Japanese. Things really couldn't have gone worse. The girls were friendly, but also uninterested in him. It seemed the ten-year-old teacher was the heartthrob of class 3-A.

"I'm never going to fit in here...(sigh)"

"Not with THAT attitude, you won't!"

Kimihiro looked up. He immediately scuttled backwards, tripping over his chair.

"That's enough. How can you call yourself a man if the mere sight of a female makes you act like a fool?"

Tatsumiya hauled Kimihiro to his feet by his tie. She kept a grip on his tie so he wouldn't run for it; something he had clearly considered.

"You're the first guy I've let live with all his limbs intact after touching my chest." Tatsumiya had a natural relaxed way about her. But she could also be threatening. "I saw what those two twins did. I HAD to threaten you, of course, so you wouldn't think it was a good idea. I've also had words with the twins. As I said- accidents happen. Just make sure they aren't repeated."

Kimihiro nodded stupidly, and Tatsumiya let go. It was now Kimihiro noticed she wasn't alone.

"I don't think we've been properly introduced. I'm Ayaka Yukihiro, class representative for 3-A." An elegant-looking blonde, tall and pretty, was the one speaking now.

"Hi there! I'm Makie Sasaki!" A perky girl with pink hair and large green eyes introduced herself next. She had an athlete's figure, plus a natural cuteness about her.

"Makie, you might scare him off. He's not used to girls, and we can't treat him like we do Negi-sensei. Ahhhh, Negi-sensei, my true heart!" Ayaka clearly had a thing for the younger boys.

"...Setsuna Sakurazaki. It's an honor." This girl, a short, tough-looking female with a slight build, was one of the few in class who Kimihiro could instantly pick out as Japanese. It was also clear she was

nervous behind her formal exterior. She bowed formally.

Kimihiro looked to each girl. All cute, but it was all over their eyes- 'we're saying 'hi' because the class rep said to'. All except Tatsumiya, who had wanted to speak to Kimihiro about today's incident.

"It's nice to meet all of you. I'm really sorry about causing trouble in class today. I assure you, it wasn't my intention. Thank you all for making me feel welcome." Kimihiro's words were false- he DIDN'T feel welcome. Not even mildly. It was just like the girls back home, except better looking. Well, false or not, at least these four bothered to talk to him at all. "Well, I'd better get going. I'll see you in class tomorrow."

As he walked away, it occurred to Kimihiro that he had no clue what to do with himself. It's not like he could join any clubs here. 'Co-ed' wasn't an option at an all-girl's academy. Not that it mattered, Kimihiro wasn't much of a club person. He didn't feel himself yet. That was easy to understand- he had to give a false name that had just been slapped on him, instead of using his real name. It was all so weird.

And the stares...Being the only boy who wasn't faculty, Kimihiro got plenty of stares. They were curious ones, but no stare makes someone feel welcome.

"Kimihiro-san! Ah, I was looking for you!"

Negi came walking up. "I know class was difficult for you today, but I certainly applaud the fact that you did your best to fit in. It can't be easy."

"You've got that right, sensei."

"Please, we aren't in class, just 'Negi' is fine. Now, tell me, how are you liking Mahora?"

"It's hard to get used to. Pretty much anyone who's talked with me was forced to by Class Rep-san. Not that we have anything in common. I can't talk boys with them, 'cause I'm a boy. And make-up isn't my thing. And forget fashion..."

Negi had to laugh. "I certainly understand where you're coming from. But our girls are hardly the types to just talk about those things. I see you're getting along well with Tatsumiya-san..."

"I wouldn't say that... --"

Negi laughed, but continued. "Tatsumiya-san is quite an athlete. I've heard she's excellent with a rifle, for example. And the Class Rep, Ayaka Yukihiro-san, she's an excellent equestrian in addition to holding several black belts. And that's just the tip of the iceberg!"

"Negi, the girl I sit next to...Evangeline-san...is there something special about her?" Kimihiro had been dying to ask this question.

"W-what would make you wonder that?"

"Well, I dunno...she's just...got this aura. I mean, she was nice to me and all, but I could sense

something...”

So he can sense something...but he can't place what it is. I must see who arranged his transfer here, and why. Perhaps that will shed some light on the right thing to do...

Out loud, Negi said “Evangeline-san can be hard to get along with, or so I'm told. Tell me, do you have any interests?”

Kimihiro thought for a second, then replied with “I like martial arts, and I like to read. It's funny to say, but I'm also pretty into school. Oh yeah, and I work, too.”

Sounds like Setsuna-san, Yue-san, and Asuna-san could talk with him...perhaps the dean might have an idea as well. I can't very well leave one of my students feeling so isolated...

At that point, Chisame Hasegawa stalked by, not saying a word to anyone. Negi got a bright idea.

“Ah, Chisame-san! Have you met our new student? Here, talk to him!” Negi gave Kimihiro a push toward Chisame, then took off. Chisame glared at Kimihiro. Kimihiro raised an eyebrow, but didn't say anything until the silence went on for too long.

“Chisame-san, is it? It's nice to meet you. It's pretty obvious you're a smart girl...”

“Why, 'cause I wear glasses?! And we're on first-names already? 'Hasegawa' is fine!”

“Whoa, easy! No, I mean you type incredibly fast, and you've got an air of confidence, that's all.” Kimihiro wondered was the deal. **Is it just me, or do these girls need some serious anger management?**

“Hmph! Don't be kind to me just because sensei told you to. He's always pulling this 'you need to be more involved, Hasegawa-san' BS.”

“That's nice to know, but I'm talking to you of my own accord. He didn't tell me to say anything. I didn't know your name until he said it just now. Well, whatever, I'm sorry. We were both forced into this conversation. We should leave it at that, I suppose.”

“Hmph. I'll give you this: You're a little better than the usual riff-raff.”

“Uh, thanks...”

--

Asuna got up quietly, pushing Negi away from her.

“He snuck in my bed *again*?! Ugh! Well, whatever, no time! I've gotta get those papers delivered! I'll deal with him later!”

Asuna pulled on her work clothes and ran out the door. Being only fourteen, Asuna didn't have to work.

But she wanted to help pay her way through school. As an orphan, Asuna couldn't count on her parent's money, and she hated charity. The school dean looked after her, and Asuna showed her appreciation by paying at least part of her tuition. Her job entitled getting up every morning before five- a teenage girl's worst nightmare. But Asuna swallowed the burden without complaint.

That didn't mean that the morning's weren't difficult. This morning, Asuna was dragging.

"(yawn)...better get some coffee or something. I'll never make it like this." Jogging off her route, Asuna picked one of the few places that was open this early. To her surprise, she knew the guy working there.

"Huh? Kimi-kun?" she said in surprise.

"Huh? Asuna-san? (-kun already? We're that familiar?) Good morning. Can I get you something?"

"Uh, yeah, black coffee."

"Sure, just a sec."

Asuna put her paper bag down and sat. "So you work here?"

"Yeah. The job kinda sucks though (haha). Here you go."

"Oh, thanks." Asuna took a sip of the coffee. It was surprisingly good, and woke her right up. "So, why are you working?"

"Boredom, I guess. That, and having money isn't a bad thing. It's hard to just get up for school in the morning. Having to work first kind of forces me to get moving. Oh, please excuse me for a second. (Speaking in English now) *Oh, piss off! Lazy prick!!*" Kimihiro shouted the last part into the kitchen. When he turned back to Asuna, her face was shocked. "Oh, crap, you understood that?"

"Y-eah. The first thing I learned in English was swearing! (bout all I remember, tho') How can you get away with that? I mean, that was your boss, wasn't it?" As funny as it was, Asuna couldn't help but worry for Kimihiro's job.

"He can't understand a word of English. And besides, I don't care enough about this job to keep my feelings in check that much. The guy's insulted me every day, so I just kind of fired back and found out that he couldn't understand me. Sorry, didn't mean to let loose swear words in front of you."

Asuna waved her hands, waving off his apology. "Oh, don't worry about it, I've heard worse! (said it, too, heh) So, what do I owe you?"

"It's on me. I caused enough trouble for you the other day."

"Wha? No way, I'm paying you!" Asuna shot back. No charity for her.

"Nuh-uh. Not takin' money. How about just forgiving me for troubling you? That's a fair trade."

Asuna wasn't going to argue with that logic. "Well, thanks Kimi-kun."

"No problem. Y'know, it's funny...I can't help but admire you, Asuna. You're completely self-sufficient. At our age, that's a pretty big deal, don't you think?" Kimihiro chuckled, but leaned away from the counter. "Oh well. Walk safely, alright? And if you need a refill..."

Asuna thanked him and took off. If she hurried, she could get in a little more sleep before school.

"Asuna-san! Good morning!" Negi, flying on his wand, landed next to Asuna. His face suddenly contorted into a panicked expression.

Kimihiro, carrying the bag of papers Asuna had left, was staring in shock.

"W-what?"

Negi unwrapped his wand. "Very well. You've seen something you shouldn't've...I'll have to erase your memory!"

Asuna remembered her turn getting her memory erased. The only thing that had gotten erased was clothing.

Kimihiro looked panicked, but took a deep breath: "KATSU!"

Negi's wand clattered out of his hand in surprise. Kimihiro picked it up and handed it to him. "Relax, sensei, I won't say a word, okay?"

"What kind of attack was that?!" Asuna hadn't seen Kimihiro do anything but shout and breathe.

"Concentrated chi, meant to stun an attacker. I studied Japanese martial arts back home. Now, look, I won't ask any questions, and the subject won't even come up. It's your life, y'know? None of my business."

"Thank you, Kimihiro-san, I appreciate it." Negi bowed politely.

"'Kimihiro' is fine, sensei. I'm not used to the formal treatment here. Now, why not come in and have a cup of tea, sensei? We probably shouldn't keep Asuna-san held up any longer..."

"Ah, crap, you're right! I've gotta get moving! Later, Negi-kun, Kimi-kun!"

"My! Asuna-san is certainly friendly with you today, Kimihiro!" Negi couldn't hide the surprise in his speech.

"I guess so. Well, I'm glad. She's really a nice girl. I admire her."

"Indeed. Now that you are aware of my, ahem, secret...I suppose I can tell you about Evangeline-san. What you 'sensed' about her was her magic. She's a sorceress and a vampire. Why she became so interested in you...I'm not entirely sure. But I would like to ask that you accompany me to the Dean's

Office, as well as to Evangeline-san's home."

"Sure, sensei. Just answer this: Because I can sense something about Evangeline, does that mean I'm a magic user as well?"

"That's what I aim to find out. Now, there are a few people you can talk to. Asuna-san, Konoka-san, Sestuna Sakurazaki-san, and Chamo-kun are those most involved."

"Wait a sec...you said Evangeline-san is a vampire? And I sit next to her?!"

Negi laughed. "Oh, don't worry, she's not evil! Well, not completely. She's the one who noticed you might be magical yourself. Oh, and she can only suck blood on full moons, so you needn't worry until then..."

"That's helpful, sensei..."

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Takahata-sensei was in the dean's office when Negi and Kimihiro came in. Takahata had heard of the American transfer student, but hadn't imagined seeing him again so soon.

"(Ho-hum)Is he in trouble, Negi-sensei?" the dean asked, somewhat cheerfully.

"No sir, not at all. I observed him this morning, and his martial arts prowess would make him quite an asset to campus security. And he might even fit in a little better. I've come to speak on his behalf. He's already met Sakurazaki-san and Tatsumiya-san."

"Takamichi, do you mind?" the Dean gestured toward Kimihiro.

"Not at all, sir. Kimihiro-kun, how about a sparring match?"

-

...

Kimihiro lay on the ground, exhausted. His nose had been bloodied, too, but he didn't even feel that when the rest of him ached so bad.

"Not just yet, Negi-sensei. He's not ready. Takamichi is strong, but Kimihiro-kun would have to hold up longer than that..." the Dean stroked his beard. "Kimihiro-kun, please leave us for a moment. I have

something to ask Negi-sensei.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you all for your time. I’ll train a little harder...”

-

“...damn it...what the hell was that? That wasn’t a magic tryout- that was me getting my @\$@ kicked! I couldn’t even see Takahata-sensei’s punches! He fought with his hands in his pocket the entire time, and my concentrated chi didn’t affect him.”

At that moment, Ako and Shizuna, the nurse’s aid and nurse (respectively) happened to come by.

“Oh my! Kimihiro-san, were you in a fight?! Already?!” Ako happened to be in 3-A with Kimihiro, and she rushed over. She didn’t like or dislike Kimihiro yet- she just knew she had to get him cleaned up as part of her job.

“Oh, so this is the Kimihiro-san I’ve heard so much about? Well, I’m pleased to meet you. I’m the nurse, Shizuna. It seems you know my assistant, Ako. Would you care to say how this happened?”

“...A fight with Takahata-sensei...” Kimihiro said sheepishly. Then he realized how that sounded. “It was just a sparring match, but Takahata-sensei is really good. Sorry to trouble you...”

“Uh! Boys and their fighting! I wish they were all like Nagi-sa...I mean...” Ako blushed, but began wrapping bandage around Kimihiro’s face. Unfortunately, she had tied the bandage around his eyes, nose, and mouth.

“Ako, you’re gonna kill him ^^” Shizuna unwrapped the bandage.

“Ah! I’m so sorry, Kimihiro-san!” Ako had started thinking of Negi’s cousin, Nagi. She had a major-league crush on him. She never knew that ‘Nagi’ was really Negi, magically aged.

“It’s alright. I shouldn’t have needed bandaging up anyway. My fault for not blocking a single punch (haha),” Kimihiro said with a mild laugh. “He went easy on me, too!”

--

“Are you quite certain, Negi-kun? Kimihiro has some kind of magical ability?”

Negi nodded. “Yes, sir. He immediately sensed Evangeline-san’s suppressed abilities. And she also noticed his abilities. She didn’t say their extent, but they exist.”

“Hmm...well, we can find out. Of course, he DOES have some skill as a martial artist, if he almost hit Takamichi.”

“He came close. His concentrated chi DID stun me. If I hadn’t been so experienced, I think he would have gotten me with that first punch,” Takamichi admitted, tapping a cigarette out from the box he kept in his pocket.

“Very well. Negi-sensei, has he made any friends in class?” the dean asked. “And where is he staying?”

“Friends? Not really, sir. He’s friendly, but the girls don’t know him yet. Asuna-san and Konoka-san welcomed him, though. Oh, and the class representative and a few other girls said hello. But he’s a foreigner AND a boy...the deck is rather stacked against him...”

“Negi, you’re a foreigner and a boy, too...but, then again, you’re also ten. Kimihiro is the same age as those girls...Well, how about this: Let’s talk to Eva-chan first, and figure out just what she sensed in him. Does that work, Dean Konoe?” Takamichi looked to the old Dean.

“Indeed. I have ideas of my own. If he IS a magic user, we need to know immediately. Very well. Takamichi, Negi-kun- I leave that to you.”

The Dean pulled Kimihiro’s file, then his granddaughter, Konoka’s file.

“It’s the time of year again for an *O-miai**...I know Konoka hates these, but maybe a boy her own age in the lot will get her to at least take a look. And Kimihiro could use a date or two...”

(*o-mia- pre-arranged ‘blind dates’ that are supposed to assist in finding a life partner. Ideally end in marriage)

3 - Vulpes vult fraudem, lupus agnum, foemina laudem

Vulpes vult fraudem, lupus agnum, foemina laudem
(The fox likes tricks, the wolf lamb, a woman praise.)
(title credit to www.inrebus.com)

Class was uneventful. Kimihiro sat in the back, incredibly wary of Evangeline. But that dulled, and he thought of his fight with Takahata-sensei. He hadn't landed one hit, and he hadn't blocked one hit. He needed more training. Lots of training. Special training.

This wizard stuff... I wonder if I'm really magical? It would be really cool. But either way, magic or no, I've got to do something to help Negi-sensei. There's something he's not telling me. And either way, I've got to make a choice. I like this school. Even if I don't make one, single, solitary friend, this is the first place I've ever talked to a girl about anything outside of school work. It's a happy memory. Well, that, and I DID feel my first breast, even if it was an accident and it DID almost get me shot...

Evangeline glared at Kimihiro out of boredom. When he didn't return her glare, she bit him on the arm to get his attention.

"Ow?! What the hell?!" Kimihiro hissed at her, keeping his voice down and holding his bleeding right arm.

"Don't ignore me when I'm glaring at you. It pisses me off," Evangeline informed Kimihiro, resting her head on one arm.

"Such language for a girl, Evangeline-san. You're pretty cute. You don't need to talk like that."

Evangeline blushed and turned away. "Stupid boy!"

Chachamaru, her robot servant seated near her, seemed to have developed a sardonic side. "Master, could it be that this boy has flustered you by complimenting your cosmetic beauty?"

"Shut up, you stupid robot!" Evangeline murmured. **Hakase programmed the stupid thing so well it's always correct about my feelings!**

--

Class ended without incident, thankfully. Kimihiro couldn't take another incident so soon. Funny thing- he didn't have to wait long or even be aware of what he had done or didn't do.

"YOU!"

Kimihiro backpedaled as he found a large, sharp sword of Japanese origin at his neck.

“What the hell?! What did I do?!” Kimihiro moaned, peering around the blade to its owner. He didn’t know her personally; he had only seen her in class, usually near Konoka, Asuna, and Negi.

So what the hell did I do to warrant a sword at my neck?!

“You plan to defile Konoka-ojousama’s body! I won’t have it! I warn you, you WILL taste my blade if any harm befalls her!”

The girl spoke very formal Japanese, and Kimihiro could barely understand her. He only caught ‘Konoka-ojousama’ and ‘blade’ in the rapid impromptu speech. Fortunately, he had Negi right there to translate- sort of.

“Setsuna-san, what is the meaning of this?! You can’t draw that sword in the classroom! Put it away, now!” Negi ordered frantically, waving his arms and standing in front of Kimihiro. “What’s he done wrong?!”

Setsuna sheathed her sword, but didn’t look that much less menacing for it. Giving Kimihiro an even glare, she said “He will be dating Konoka-ojousama. I’m simply warning him of what will happen if he attempts anything...”

“WHAT?! DATE?!” Kimihiro almost shouted, lowering his voice at the last second. “You’ve got better sources than I do, Sakurazaki-san! I don’t know anything about a date!”

“Liar! You grabbed Tatsumiya-san’s breast your first day! You pervert!”

Konoka strode over, hearing the noise and getting worried. One explanation later, she diffused the entire situation with a couple sentences.

“Oh, Set-chan! It’s one of Grandpa’s O-miai thingies! It’s a blind date, y’know? And Grandpa hasn’t sent out my picture yet; he’s got a huge stack on his desk!”

Negi, ever the voice of reason, asked “Yes, Setsuna-san, how did you find out about this?”

“Er...please forgive my rashness. I simply saw the stack of pictures on the desk and I assumed...”
Setsuna bowed in apology. Kimihiro just stood there, wondering what was going on.

“A...blind date? Huh? Wait, I’ve never been on... oh damn.” Kimihiro had covered his mouth, but too late.

“HE’S SINGLE LADIES!” Ayaka shouted, having overheard. **Yes! Less competition for Negi-sensei! Thank you, Kimihiro-kun!**

“Actually, Rep-san, may I ask you a question? If you have a moment, I mean...”

Ayaka turned her head slowly. Kimihiro was blushing, and looked really nervous.

Oh no! Is it ME he likes?! But I love Negi-sensei! Well, I’ll just have to let him down gently! It

couldn't hurt to hear him out first, I suppose...

"Certainly, Kimihiro-san. As Class Representative, it's my duty to make sure new students are used to life at Mahora. Shall we adjourn to the student café?"

"Oh, that's fine. Thank you."

The two walked off. Ayaka was apprehensive about what Kimihiro could have in mind, and Kimihiro was nervous about talking a to a girl one-on-one. But that was the least of their problems. Two giggling, pink-haired terrors had overheard.

"Oh yeah! Rep-san and Kimihiro-san! Time to spread the word, Fumika!"

"Right, Fuka!"

The rambunctious Narutaki twins were the last ones that should have overheard this. In less than an hour, the school would be buzzing.

--

Ayaka was a tall blonde who exuded charm and professionalism. She was friendly (Except to Asuna), overbearing, and very clear about her emotions. She was the daughter of the owner of the Yukihiro conglomerate, so she didn't lack for money. But she didn't come across as spoiled- most of the time.

"Now then, Kimihiro-san, what can I do for you?"

Kimihiro fidgeted his legs nervously, but made his upper body stay still. He forced eye contact with Ayaka.

-

"Oh-my-God!"

Sakurako, Kakizaki, and Madoka hid in a nearby plant, struggling to overhear the conversation.

"Look at that eye contact! He's not breaking his gaze! And neither's Ayaka!" Kakizaki pointed out.

"And Kimihiro-san's blushing! He's gotta be asking her out!" Madoka added. She was the most sensible of the group.

"Man, is he serious! He's not Negi-sensei, but for a guy our age, he's kinda cute! But if he's single, and in an all-girl's school..."

The three shared two thoughts and ideas:

Maybe he used to be a girl?! Or maybe...there's something wrong with him?!

-

“Uh, yeah, what I mean Rep-san...”

“Please, ‘Ayaka’ is fine. No need for titles right now, Kimihiro-san.” Ayaka pushed her hair aside in a dismissive gesture. She didn’t know that less formality mean more headaches for Kimihiro.

“Right. Ayaka-san. See...” Kimihiro gulped in a deep breath, let it out, then spat out his problem. “I know I’m not welcome here yet. I’d like to do something to endear myself to the class. I’m the outsider here, and I really don’t want it to be that way. I’m here for school, just like the others. So, what can I do to help the girls get used to me?”

Ayaka breathed a sigh of relief, glad that Kimihiro wasn’t asking her out. She went to move her hair again, and her hand knocked her earring out of her ear and onto the ground. It landed at Kimihiro’s feet. He bent down and picked it up. He held it out to Ayaka while kneeling on one leg.

-

The three cheerleaders had since been joined by the Narutaki twins. The five were in complete shock.

“HE PROPOSED!” Sakurako yelled.

“AND SHE ACCEPTED?!” the twins exclaimed in unison.

“But Rep-san has always had her eyes on Negi-sensei, hasn’t she?! What’s she doing with this guy?!”

“With her lolita-shonen complex, shouldn’t he be too old for her?” Madoka wondered. “Then again, maybe we’re overreacting. We did with Negi-sensei and Konoka-san that one time...”

“Hel-lo?! Ring- boy on knee- girl accepting. There’s NO WAY to mistake that!”

-

Kimihiro kicked himself for being a gentleman- from where he was, he would have had a perfect view up Ayaka’s skirt. He made sure he didn’t look as he offered her the earring from the ground.

“Oh, thank you!” Ayaka put the earring back on, making sure it was fastened tightly. She leaned forward, smiling warmly. “Well, Kimihiro-san, you’re a gentleman, that much is certain. The girls will notice that soon enough. Just keep being friendly, and you’ll do fine.”

Kimihiro nodded. “I figured so. Truthfully, I’m very girl-shy, so I was hoping it would be chivalry that could help. Thank you very much for your time, Ayaka-san.” Kimihiro habitually bowed as he spoke.

“You don’t have to bow- aiiiiie!”

Ayaka tripped suddenly, and was falling forward. Kimihiro straightened up and caught her.

“Are you okay?” he asked, concerned. He had let go, but Ayaka was still holding on to him.

--

“Ho-yeah! Go Rep! She threw herself at him!” Kakizaki couldn’t wait to spread this juicy gossip around! Whipping out her trust camera phone, she snapped a picture. Putting the picture in a text message with the caption “GUESS WHAT?!?!”, it was sent to every girl in class in an instant.

-

“I’m fine. My high-heel broke. Cheap foreign goods! Now I’ve got to walk barefoot!”

Ayaka pulled her shoes off, holding onto Kimihiro’s shoulder for balance.

“You can borrow my shoes, if you’d like. I train barefoot for martial arts, so it really wouldn’t bother me. Besides, it would suck if you hurt your leg or something.”

“You spoke too soon, Kimihiro-san. I think I sprained my ankle. Ouch!”

Kimihiro didn’t want to leave Ayaka alone while he went to get the nurse, but he didn’t know anyone to ask either. So, instead, he stood up slowly.

“Here, I’ll help you get back to your room. What’s your room number?”

--

“WHOA! They move fast! He’s already going back to her dorm room?! Oh yes, this is absolutely scandalous! Wait’ll Kazumi gets a hold of this one!”

‘Kazumi’ was ‘Kazumi Asakura’, a journalist that worked for the school paper. She was known to dig up scandalous stories and pictures to go with them. Something like this was pure gold to her.

--

Kimihiro gently deposited Ayaka onto a couch inside the spacious dorm room. The other two inhabitants, Natsumi Murakami and Chizuru Naba, were both out at various club activities. Again, Kimihiro was reluctant to leave Ayaka alone.

“Would you like some tea or something? I’ve called Shizuna-sensei already, but you shouldn’t be alone until she gets here.”

“Oh, no thank you,” Ayaka responded. She was warming to Kimihiro (in a friendly way), and could clearly see that he really was a nice guy who genuinely wanted to fit in.

“So, Kimihiro-san, what brings you to Mahora academy?”

Kimihiro shrugged. “I don’t know myself. I was just told to come here, dropped on a plane, and...well, here I am.”

Ayaka didn't really know boys- she just knew that girls gossiped, so she assumed boys did, too.
"So, Kimihiro-san, has anyone in class struck your fancy yet?"

Kimihiro choked on his own saliva. **Let's see...Sakurazaki-san is adorable, and clearly dangerous...I've always liked women with swords... Tatsumiya-san is dangerous, but clearly powerful and clever...not to mention sexy in an exotic way... Sasaki-san is perky and friendly (and cute), but definitely into Negi-sensei... Evangeline-san is gorgeous, but she's a vampire...Chachamaru-san is a robot...Ayaka-san, of course, is elegant and beautiful... Asuna-San has a cute tomboy thing going on... Konoe-san is a sweetheart with looks to match... and that girl in back, Rainyday-san...she's mysterious, and that's pretty hot. Oh, and there's the tall swimmer, the energetic basketball player, neither of whom I've meant. Oh, and Hasegawa-san. She's mean, but if you earn her acceptance...**

"Well, I don't know anyone very well yet, and basing my opinions on only looks seems kind of shallow..."

Ayaka was impressed by that as well. She was more mature than most of the girls (Most of the time, anyway), and finding a guy who didn't base affection only on looks...

Very rare. A trait of a well-bred and raised young man.

Giving a kind smile, Ayaka told Kimihiro to "Just stay a gentleman. Any girl worth having will appreciate that kind of attitude."

Kimihiro heard a knocking outside the door. Thinking it was Shizuna-sensei, he strode across the room and opened it. In tumbled girl after girl, all of whom had been leaning against the door with a drinking glass.

"What the he- What's going on here?!"

"Awww, busted! And we didn't even hear anything good!"

Kimihiro's face was a mask of question. "Huh? What were you expecting to hear? I mean, Class Rep-san twisted her leg and I helped her back to her room."

"HA! A LIKELY STORLY!" Kakizaki Misa shouted, pressing her phone into Kimihiro's face.
"Explain...THESE!"

Huh? Me on one knee...

"I was handing Rep-san the earring she dropped..."

Her leaning against me...

"Her high-heel broke and I caught her..."

And it continued like that. The disappointed girls went gave up and went home. Eventually, Shizuna-sensei came and dealt with Ayaka's hurt leg. Kimihiro excused himself and took a walk.

4 - Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plan tarn

Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plan tarn.
(The cat loves fish, but doesn't like to wet her feet.)
(Translation from inrebus.com)

Kimihiro was debating where to stay for the night. Last night, he had curled up in the hotel near the airport. He couldn't do that forever. So where to live...and bathe...

The giant bath was tempting, but there was no way Kimihiro was gonna do that. He'd get mauled by girls (in a bad way). Besides, his physique wasn't so stellar that he'd show it off readily. Funnily enough, his answer came flying out of a dorm room door.

"YOU'RE NOT GONNA STINK UP MY DORM ROOM!"

"ASUNA-SAN!!!"

Asuna was dragging Negi toward the baths, apparently, considering they were both clad in swimsuits.

"Ah! Sensei! Where's the men's bath!"

Asuna glared at Kimihiro, but then got a bright idea. "Good, another guy! YOU can wash the runt's hair! There IS no men's bath, genius. All girl's school- duh!"

"I have no idea where the bath is. And, no offense Kaguraza-san, but two guys in a bath together, at night, in an all-girl's school...sounds too much like a yaoi manga for me..." Kimihiro muttered in reply, wondering if Asuna ever got in trouble for manhandling the teacher.

"Oh, you're familiar with yaoi?" Asuna shot back, a nasty grin spreading across her face.

"NO! But still, I don't know where the bath is. You're already dressed for it, how about you lead the way?"

"Sure seems like Kimihiro wants to bathe with you, Asuna..." Konoka teased both Kimihiro and Ryouko. Both of their faces turned angry shades of red.

"I thought it was YOU I had the O-miai with?" Ryouko tried to joke back. Asuna rapped him on the head- light enough to avoid injury, hard enough to tell him not to try anything. Kimihiro wasn't sure how to react.

I've never had friends that were girls... Heck, I've never had friends at all! I don't know how to tease, or play, or anything! But I hope I can learn.

Konoka tugged her towel out from inside the room. “Well, sure, if you don’t mind Set-chan killing you...”

Kimihiro paled. “Let’s not go there...”

-

The four walked to the bath. Well, Negi was dragged there by Asuna, truthfully. Once they were there, Kimihiro let out a gasp.

“It’s enormous! I’ve never seen a bath so huge! Then again, it’s my first time in Japan, it’s my first time ever seeing one in person.”

“It has room for a hundred. The girls all live here, you know. And over there-”

As Asuna explained the whole bath thing, Kimihiro let his mind wander a little bit.

I’d love to meet one of these girls. I mean, go out with them. The gossip would be unbearable, but kind of fun. I wonder which girl I should pick? Or should she pick me? Maybe I should stop thinking about this. I mean, focus, bath time. Lots of etiquette.

“So, Kimihiro, where are you staying?”

Konoka asked the question Kimihiro wanted to avoid.

“Uh, well, y’see, I...was, uh...never assigned a room. So I’m kind of fending for myself off-campus...”

A thought seemed to hit Kimihiro at that moment. WHY it hadn’t occurred to him before now was another question, but for now.

“Wait, I can’t be here! Girls bathe here!”

“Uh, yeah! What did you think me and Konoka were?” Asuna snapped sarcastically.

“Yeah, but you know I’m here. And no one’s naked! But what if one of the girls comes in and I’m here and...”

Kimihiro was panicking now. He couldn’t be here! No way, uh-uh! Now, he wanted nothing better than to hang around, but if he got caught, he would be expelled!

If I live that long! he thought desperately, picturing Tatsumiya-san’s pistol.

“Ugh! You’re right! Hey, you, Negi-bozu, can’t you do something about that? Like, make him a girl or something?”

Negi took out a small practice wand he carried with him. “Of course! This might hurt in the genital area a bit, but it should reattach...”

“HELL NO!” Kimihiro shouted, hiding behind Asuna.

“Alright, how about an illusion then?” Negi asked. “You’ll look and sound like a girl to the others, but

you'll still be yourself.”

Kimihiro looked hesitant, but he thought he heard girls coming. “Will my clothes and...y’know...look girl-ish, too?”

“Yes, absolutely! And you can bathe normally as well, and no one will be the wiser!”

“Why do I feel like this is a mistake?” Kimihiro moaned. But he went ahead and let Negi do the spell:

“Rastel Maskil Magister: Puella est error, decipio!”

With a brilliant flash of light, the illusion was complete. Kimihiro appeared as a short-haired brunette, clad in the Mahora Academy uniform.

“Kyaa! So cuuuuteeee!” Konoka cheered, hugging Kimihiro. Asuna crossed her arms, unimpressed.

“Your stupid illusion didn’t work!” she growled, thwapping Negi on the head.

“Asuna-san, it did work. Remember, you have the magic canceling ability. That’s why Kimihiro still looks like himself. To the others, he looks like a girl.”

As the towel-clad Konoka let go of Kimihiro (Kimihiro had since pressed his own towel to his nose to stop the blood flow), a thought struck Kimihiro.

“Then won’t Asuna-san be able to see my... I mean, once I strip... she’ll be able to see...y’know...everything. And I’ll be able to see... Oh my God!”

“Oh please, it’s not like I’ve never seen it before!” Asuna shot back. She’d had to bathe Negi, so it’s not like she didn’t know what guys looked like down there...

“Yeah, but not mine!!!” Kimihiro retorted. “And I’ve never seen a girl naked!”

“Oh please, that stuff’s all over the internet! And if you haven’t yet, you’re about to see plenty naked! So get your clothes off and get in the water!”

Blushing heavily, Kimihiro stripped, making sure to keep himself covered. He sat down by a tap and washed as quickly as he could.

This HAS to be sexual harassment, Asuna-san! he thought viciously. **Then again, what kind of guy complains about some girl begging him to get naked? And then I’m suppose to bathe with thirty-one girls? I’d be retarded to say no!**

The sound of coming females made Kimihiro’s blood rush- to the all the wrong places. He had to force himself to remember that they couldn’t see. But he could. Now a moral battle engaged in his mind:

To peep or no to peep? ‘Tis the question. Whether ‘tis more nobler...oh hell! I can’t look! I want to, I REAAAALLLLYYY want to, but that’s a betrayal of the girl’s trust. I’ll bathe fast and get out of here just as fast. I’ve got work tomorrow anyway.

“Hey, are you new here?”

A kind voice shook Kimihiro out of his trance. Despite himself, he turned around. A small sound escaped his lips, and he quickly shut his eyes. In front of him was a naked girl! But which one?

“Yuna-san, don’t harass the new girl!”

Asuna to the rescue! She managed to get Yuna talking about basketball (her club activity), allowing Kimihiro to towel off and get out.

“Leaving so soon?”

Another girl! This one was nurse’s aid, Ako. Inevitably, a nurse-filled scenario ran through Kimihiro’s head.

“Yeah, we don’t even know your name!” More shouts of encouragement came, urging Kimihiro to share his name. When he spoke, he was surprised to find that he sounded like the girl he was masquerading as.

“M-my name is Ki...Ki, uh...Kimiko! Kimiko, uh, Kokoanten! Yes! It’s so nice to meet you all! I’m, uh, in class 3-B! I was so sure this was their bath time! Please forgive my intrusion!”

Oh, this is bad! This is SOOOOO bad! I’ve gotta get out of here! These girl’s will maul me! Just how reliable IS Negi-sensei’s magic?! And oh crap- Sakurazaki-san’s here! She can sense the magic! GAH!

Kimihiro ran for it, saying something about a stomachache. He grabbed his clothes and took off out the door.

“What was THAT about?” Fumika Narutaki wondered.

“I don’t know oneechan. Pretty deep voice for a girl...” Fuuka said in reply.

“Yeah, but with breasts like those? No WAY those were real on a girl her size!” Kazumi Asakura intoned. She was making notes on the ‘new girl’. “Those things were at least ‘C’ level, right?”

-

Kimihiro dressed quickly, then started to walk out. He passed one of the ancient mirrors around the academy, and noticed, with horror, that he still looked like a girl!

Oh damn! Gotta find Negi-sensei! QUICK! I can’t stay like this! What if it’s permanent?!

...

Then I’ll kill him! And Hasegawa-san will be happy!

“HEY! You aren’t supposed to be wandering at this hour!”

A teacher Kimihiro didn't know came running after him. Kimihiro thought quickly, and replied by forcing himself to blush bashfully and look up through his eyes. It worked well for girls, so maybe it would work while he was posing as one...

"I'm sorry, sensei! I got lost! I'm knew here, and I was looking for Negi Springfield-sensei's dorm for help with homework. I've been wandering for an hour, and I just found my way! It won't happen again, sir!"

The sensei was known as one of the toughest, but he let it go. "We were all new once. Alright, but make sure Negi-sensei walks you to your dorm room. Understood, miss?"

"Yes, sensei! Thank you so much!"

-

Having finally reached Negi's room, Kimihiro had him remove the spell.

"Such a friendly bunch," Kimihiro commented, referring to the girls. "Man, they really don't like me as a guy. But as girl, it was all smiles. Females are such devious creatures. I just don't get them!"

"Obviously, you brain-dead moron! You say something like that while there are two of us in the room?!" Asuna chided Kimihiro. "Seriously, you're all gentlemanly, but you have no clue! I mean, you don't give us anything to talk about! Girls like to gossip about boys, but you don't give us any material!"

"Sorry I'm so boring," Kimihiro replied sarcastically. He stretched his arms behind his head. "I really do want to make friends, though. I was happy to come here, you know? I mean, it's not like I made friends in America. Even though I'm out of place here, I'm really enjoying it."

There was silence for a moment. Kimihiro seemed relaxed about his statement, but all the others (Who had no trouble making friends) felt bad for him. That led Konoka to break the awkward silence.

"So, Kimi-kun, where are you staying?"

Kimihiro shrugged. "Nowhere, really. I mean, McDowell-san offered to put me up, but I didn't feel right about that. Not least of all because she bit me in class to get my attention. What's up with her, anyway? I mean, is she seriously a vampire?"

Negi, Asuna, and Chamo all knew about magic, and that's really where their mind was now. They were studying Kimihiro, wondering how deep his magic ran. True to his word, he hadn't mentioned magic since accidentally seeing Negi use it. He hadn't met Chamo yet, and that was about to change.

Chamo climbed up onto Kimihiro's shoulder, smoking a huge cigarette.

"Hey, niisan, how about we find out how deep your magical abilities run?"

"Who or what are you?!" Kimihiro exclaimed in surprise.

"I'm Albert Chamomile, better known as 'Chamo'. I'm Negi's little brother, y'know. And Aniki here,

along with Anesan (Asuna) and this nechan (Konoka) are into the magic thing. You've got a spark about you, kid. So how about we find out? But first we'll need to find you a partner...Hmm...There's really only Evangeline and Konoka-nechan..."

Kimihiro held up his hands, trying to slow time. "Whoa, whoa, whoa, what's this 'partner' stuff?! I'm only fourteen, no way I can get hitched like that! My parents would freak!"

"No, you've got the wrong idea! Aniki here already has a few partners! You're too young for anything to be permanent anyway. But getting a partner will help awaken your abilities. And besides, you get to lock lips with one of the hot little nechans around here to do the pactio- GAK!"

"Watch it, vermin ermine!" Asuna snarled, squashing poor Chamo. "Kimi-kun is a normal guy, why are you trying to drag him into this?!"

"I want to help."

Kimihiro spoke up forcefully. "I want to be of help to you. All of you. Besides, I do other things. I'm a trained martial artist, ranked in four arts. I'm not sure how, but would that be of some use to you?"

"Oh, like Set-chan! Aww, c'mon Negi-kun, let him give you a kiss!" Konoka cheered in her own, somewhat ditzzy way.

"WHAT?!" Kimihiro and Negi shouted in unison. "THERE'S NO FREAKIN' WAY!!!"

Chamo had planned for this, however. "How about you, nechan? (Konoka) Why don't YOU do the pactio? You're a powerful mage yourself, you know?"

"Yeah, but Set-chan might not like it..." Konoka fretted, thinking of her sword-wielding friend.

"It's not fair to Konoka-san anyway," Kimihiro pointed out. "She could do a whole heck of a lot better than me for a partner anyway. Is there some other way to test my magical ability?"

"Sounds like someone shy about getting kissed..." Chamo began to tease Kimihiro. "You're droolin' all over these nechans, but you won't get the guts up to talk to any of them! You're scared of 'em, I bet!"

"You're right! But, c'mon Chamo-san, I'm new. And besides, there are thirty-one good looking girls in class. I'm one average guy. I mean, do I aim for gallant Ayaka-san? Tough Sakurazaki-san? Temperamental Hasegawa-san? And besides, no WAY they'd like me! I'm just some lame exchange student!"

Negi put his mind to work on the problem, while voicing something else aloud. "Well then, Kimihiro-san, we need to find you a place to live. I'm not sure what the Dean would do with you, seeing as this IS an all-girl's school and dorm. I'm something of a special case."

Kimihiro shrugged. "I'm not really worried. Crime is way down in Japan compared to the States. I could always take up McDowell-san on her offer. She said that rent was a 'bite on the neck per night', but she had to be kidding, right?"

Seeing the looks on the other's face, Kimihiro assumed they weren't.

"Ugh, Negi, why don't you just teach him something to see if he can do it?" Asuna grumbled.

Kimihiro's mind was elsewhere. "Say, Negi-sensei, do you know of any dojos around here? I don't want my sword work to get rusty."

Chamo's mind worked in strange, perverted ways. When he thought of 'swords', he immediately pictured Setsuna Sakurazaki.

"I've got it! Aniki, you and Konoka-nechan go out on a date! And you, Kimihiro-niisan, go out with Setsuna-nechan! But we'll start things off with Konoka-nechan and Setsuna-nechan going out together! Then Aniki and Kimihiro-niisan show up and just kind of 'pair off'! It's freakin' perfect!"

"Hold it, pervin' ermine! Have you asked anyone who's actually involved?!" Asuna picked Chamo up and held him face to face with her.

"My apologies, Anesan. Did YOU want first dibs on the new guy?"

Konoka giggled. "I don't mind. Set-chan won't kill Negi OR me. And Kimi-kun, once she gets to know you, she'll fall in love with you! I don't think Set-chan made any friends who use swords! You two can practice together!"

"I'm fine with it," Negi added happily. "You and Setsuna-san are both loners, it seems. It's my duty as your teacher to help keep that kind of behavior to a minimum to foster your growth, after all."

"Hold on!" Kimihiro protested, his arms crossed across his chest in protest. "No way! That's totally not right! You shouldn't trick Sakurazaki-san into going out with me! Besides, it sounds more like a date than one of these pactio-thingies!"

Asuna had been thinking about this, and it made sense for Setsuna to be the one to talk to this guy. It was obvious from his reaction that he had at least noticed her. Out of curiosity, Asuna asked: "Hey, Kimi-kun, name the girls in class you like."

Kimihiro didn't have to think long. "Let's see...Ayaka-san, you Asuna-san, you too Konoka-san, Sasaki-san, Uh, tall swimmer-san, Tatsumiya-san, Hasegawa-san, Sakurazaki-san, Rainyday-san., uh..."

"Just as I thought," Asuna said, nodding to herself as if confirming something. She pointed at Kimihiro dynamically. "You, like most men, are brain-dead! You like EVERYONE!"

"Give me more time to make enemies, Asuna-san! Besides, you were on the list! I'm no Takahata-sensei, but-"

"Oh, bad move niisan! That's one of her trigger words!" Chamo winced.

Asuna said a single word. "Adeat!" In her hand appeared a huge harisen (paper fan) She used it to smack Kimihiro multiple times!

"Takahata-sensei (Smack) is perfection (Smack), runt! He should be what you want to be! Tall (Smack), charming (Smack), handsome (Smack)...gah, so hot!"

Kimihiro covered up as the fan smacked him again and again. But by now, everyone was laughing.

"I think we've initiated him into the group now," Asuna exclaimed happily, helping Kimihiro up by grabbing him by the tie. She sized him up for a moment. "Huh...You know what...Negi's magic...Negi, make him look like Takahata-sensei! So I can practice confessing my love!"

Kimihiro backed away slowly. "You could do better for practice than me, Asuna-san. Besides, I should get some sleep. With work tomorrow and all..."

"Where are you going to sleep? Ah, screw it! Just once, though... Konoka, we have extra blankets, right?" Asuna turned to Kimihiro, a finger in his face. "You're staying here tonight, got it? But if you do ANYTHING perverted, I swear that I will neuter you. And there won't be anything left to magically re-attach. Get my drift?! In the morning, maybe we can find you a permanent place. Negi, which rooms only have two people?"

Negi looked in his notes. "Well, Makie-san and Ako-san are the only two in a three person room..."

"Oh, the nurse and the pink-haired girl with those ribbon-thingys?" Kimihiro asked. **Makie-san is pretty cute. She's totally into Negi-sensei, though. And Ako-san is into Negi-sensei's cousin. Guess I can forget about any steamy flings...**