

“AND you seem to have your own little fan club already,”
A said Cid; “the boys in particular appear very *taken*.”

“You have to be aware of how the students see you,” he’d told her. “They know you’re young; no point pretending you have real power over them – better to rely on a lady’s natural charms –”

Quistis gazed past him into the distance, and discreetly tore a ladder into her tights with her heel.