

lemonzsaauce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

I go by the pen name j.j. scriptease and I've been writing fan fiction on and off for almost a decade and a half now, predominantly of a lemon/erotica variety. None of the places I've posted my stories on however quite felt like home, whether it be due to the design or structure of the website, the restrictions imposed on saucy content, or anything in between. And thus, I thought it would be neat to have a personalised hub for my fan fiction works.

I teamed up with a developer buddy to create a site called lemonzsaauce.com where you can find ALL my literature along with extra goodies – like downloads in PDF format, seeing the artwork that inspired the fics, and subscribing for new story and chapter updates!

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit lemonzsaauce.com/donate to make an offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

Thank you for reading! I hope this piece of writing lives up to your expectations.

- j.j. scriptease

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WARNING

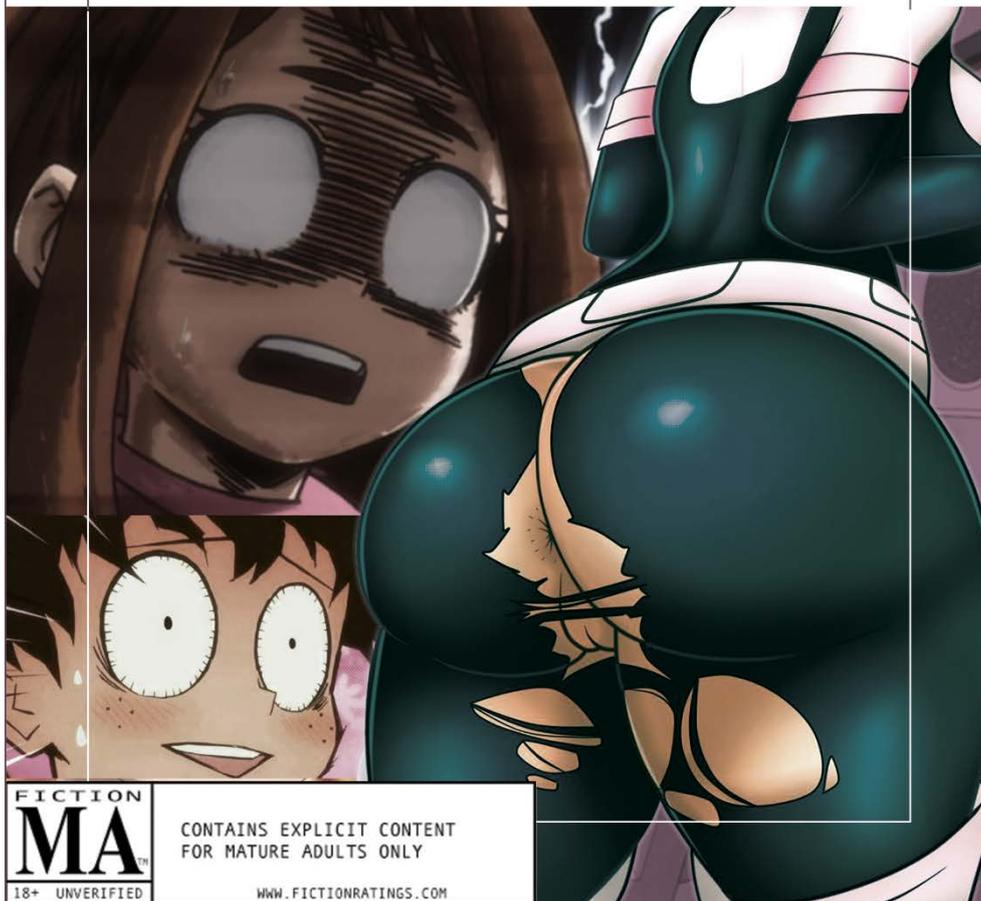
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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

BEST LAID PLANS

(My Hero Academia FanFic)



Synopsis

Ochako's skin-tight hero costume rips open hours before her and Midoriya's mock battle against fierce opponents, throwing their plans into disarray.

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Best Laid Plans

My Hero Academia fanfiction by j.j. scriptease

Ochako scratched her head watching Izuku Midoriya rooted on the couch scribbling notes at a thousand miles per hour. Both teams pitted against each other had been granted private access to a soundproof backroom where they could strategize for their first Hero Basic Training practical. But so far, it felt nothing like a team effort.

When All Might had randomly assigned Deku to be her partner, Ochako had been over the moon; it seemed like destiny to be paired up with the same boy she'd encountered at the entrance exam. They'd worked well together then and she couldn't imagine why they wouldn't do the same in the mock battle.

Well, that was before they got into the backroom, before she learned the true extent of his fanaticism. From the moment they arrived, he hadn't stopped mumbling his thoughts out loud, mulling over hero facts and numbers and attributes and scenarios and counter measurements and and and...

She sighed, exhausted just listening to him working himself into a sweat. His dark green hair was dishevelled from the constant ruffling of his fidgety hands, his eyes wild and intense, darting left and right across pages and pages of notes.

Ochako wasn't sure if he knew she was there, if he even remembered he had a partner.

Next to his notepad on the glass table, Midoriya laid out floor plans of the facility they'd be raiding as part of the mock battle. He marked all entrances, exits and points of interest, then sat back and studied the blueprints with a critical eye, stroking his chin thoughtfully before lurching forward and pencilling in several alternations.

Ochako had never seen anything like it, both impressed and dumbstruck by his diligence. Granted, she'd surmised why he appeared so desperate to impress in combat training, and it went beyond proving his talents as an aspiring hero.

“This is personal for you, isn’t it?” she presumed. Her voice never made it to his ears, sinking in the stream of his loud mutterings. “Deku!”

He jumped. The line he’d been drawing veered across the page. He chuckled, embarrassed. “Uraraka... Sorry about that. Guess I got a little carried away.”

“You don’t need to apologise. I get it.”

He lifted his eyes from the intricate plan he’d been drawing. “You do?”

She nodded. “That Bakugo guy... you and he were like best buddies growing up, right? Then something bad happened and you’ve been rivals ever since?”

“Er, something like that.” Midoriya laughed, rubbing the back of his head.

“I knew as soon as we got drawn against him and Iida it was going to be hard for you. And I don’t blame you for wanting to beat him. Like, really bad. But it’s not just him we need to worry about.”

“Ah, yes. I thought about Iida too. Look.” He shuffled through the floor plans pointing out three rooms he’d circled earlier. “These are the most likely locations they’ll setup to defend the mock nuclear weapon. And if I know Kacchan, there’s no way he’s going to attempt anything but offense, which means Iida will be left on guard duty. If I can keep Kacchan busy long enough, that’ll buy you time to sneak up on Iida and capture the nuclear weapon. Hmm... that’s all I’ve got so far. What do you think?”

Ochako thought it was a sound plan, nothing less than she expected from an overthinker like Izuku Midoriya. Her only concern was what his grand scheme required of her. “You really think I’ll be able to get past Iida?” Doubt crept into her timid voice. “He seems really intense. And really fast.”

Midoriya leaned back into the couch to glean a broader overview of the scribbled notes and blueprints sprawled over the glass table. It appeared as though expressing her lack of confidence forced him to reconsider critical aspects of his strategy.

Then he began mumbling to himself. Again.

She heard the endless droning despite the hand covering the bottom half of his face. Was he always going to get like this when she asked a simple question?

Ochako wished she could contribute more than the odd sentence in between his long stretches of deliberation. She might not have been as conscientious a tactician as he was but she was wise enough to know overplanning could be just as detrimental as under-planning. “You know we’re not going to be fighting the mock battle on paper, right?”

“Hn?” he grunted without looking up.

“It’s combat training. The battle’s a practical. Don’t you think we should reserve some time to actually, you know, practice?” she tried. “As in, do some stretches or physical drills, go through the motions, practice using our Quirks or something?” Anything but spend their entire preparation time buried in text and diagrams.

Anything to get him out of his own head.

He stopped mumbling long enough to say, “Yes. You’re on to something. I just need a clear roadmap ahead of me to know where we’re going.”

“You can’t account for every little detail, no matter how long we sit here with our heads down. At some point you have to trust your plan and press forward. Part of being a hero is thinking on your feet and recalibrating when you’re thrown off course.”

“Yeah, I guess. That’s definitely part of it.”

“Look at Bakugo,” she said pointedly, earning his full attention with the mention of that name. “Does he strike you like someone who’s constantly crunching stats and scenarios? Yet, look how far he’s gotten.”

Midoriya stumbled on his words. She couldn’t tell if he’d choked on a quick comeback or if her acknowledging Bakugo in any minor way took him aback. Whatever the case, she regretted using the sore topic against him.

Ochako sighed. “I’m just saying –”

“You’re right. He’s amazing.”

“Deku... that’s not what I mea-”

“He is though,” Midoriya insisted. “And that’s why I need to beat him. Like I’ve always wanted to since we were kids. Guess I’ve had to resort to strategizing this much because I’m not naturally talented with my Quirk like he is.”

She let the admission hang in the air then chose not to address it in fear of putting her foot in her mouth again. “Okay.” They needed to get back on track. “Well, I suppose I’ll change into my costume in the meantime.”

“Oh? So soon?” Midoriya checked the time on his phone. “We still have an hour and some change to go.”

“I know but mine only came in yesterday and I haven’t even tried it on yet. What if it doesn’t fit or it’s really hard to move in?”

Midoriya looked up vaguely and donned a thoughtful expression. “I hadn’t considered that. Though the support companies have based the designs on our Quirk registrations and measurements. I doubt they could’ve got it that wrong.”

“You’re probably right,” said Ochako. But she didn’t have much else to do right now anyway, what with his obsessive plotting keeping her on the peripheral. She’d be of better use out of his hair getting accustomed to her new attire. “I’m excited to see what they’ve come up with. Be back in a jiffy!”

“O...kay,” Midoriya said to thin air after she had zipped off quicker than she’d finished her own sentence.

He dove back into the sea of plans. Besides trumping Kacchan, this would be his first opportunity to impress All Might in Hero Basic Training. Winning was the only option.

He reread an alternative strategy where he and Uraraka would switch places with him being the one to surprise Iida. “Nah, that would never work,” he murmured to himself, ripping the page out of his notepad. “Uraraka doesn’t have the depth to keep him at bay and Kacchan isn’t the type to hold back on anyone, even a girl. What am I thinking?” He crumpled the idea and tossed it in the bin.

The pressure must’ve been getting to him.

Still, he had to think of the best way to make use of his teammate. So entrenched in his pondering, he hadn’t noticed she returned until she cleared her throat for the fourth time.

“Sooo... what do you think?” asked Ochako.

“I’m thinking we should infiltrate through entrance C then make our way up to –”

“Not about the plan, silly,” she cut him off.

“Oh. I think your hero costume looks...”

‘Nice’ had been the word he’d envisioned up until he actually hauled his gaze from the notepad to see what she was wearing. His brain stalled.

Pinkish-white, knee-high boots replaced her school shoes, leading up to a full bodysuit hugging her lithe frame. The black spandex-like material clung to her skin as though it had been painted on, drawing round the sinuous shape of her curvy thighs. Two light-pink strips flanked her crotch area and climbed past the round buckle of her ultra-modern belt, which hung loosely over her hourglass hips. Her bodysuit’s torso area was cream in colour and just as skin-tight as the rest of it, emphasising the fullness of her breasts.

Midoriya looked down immediately, red-faced. So, no – ‘nice’ wasn’t quite the word it brought to mind. “Um... functional?” he tried. It was less critical than saying her costume looked like it should’ve been illegal.

“You really think so?” She turned her wrists admiring her bulbous forearm protectors. “It’s not a bit much?”

A bit much?! He could practically see her nipples through the spandex. “Uh, nah,” he said, again without looking. The last thing she needed to hear was anything else that might chip away at her confidence.

“Okay, phew! I was kind of worried I messed up when I sent my measurements.” She rubbed the back of her head sheepishly. “You’re totally right, too. I can move so freely in this. It’s super light!” She patted down her chest and tummy, appreciating the texture, then turned around and patted her butt. Her phat cheeks clapped together with a buoyant jiggle.

Midoriya’s jaw nearly hit the table. He’d never seen an ass move with so much bounce and salaciousness, spheres of spandex just wobbling with the slightest movement.

Uraraka-sama... did you do that on purpose?

She didn’t seem like the type. Then again, how well did he know her? This was only the fifth time they’d met since the entrance exam. He’d been counting. Aside from his mother, he had next to no prior interaction with the opposite sex. Trying to figure out what Uraraka may or may not have been up to was overwhelming.

He chose to stick to the books.

“Anyway... like I was saying about entrance C.” Not the smoothest segue but a necessary one. “I think it will give us the biggest advantage if we climb in through there.”

“Oh yeah? Let me see.”

Her innocuous approach unnerved him for some reason. He shifted uncomfortably as an up-and-down motion loomed in his peripheral vision. Giving in to curiosity, his pupils darted to the corners of his eyes, dilating as big, rotund breasts hopped with every step she took towards him. By the time she bent over to look past his shoulder, Midoriya had broken into a sweat.

“Uh... yes, so... um... let's see here... uh...”

He rambled through the adjustments he'd made to the strategy, all the while battling to ignore the perky chest inches above his ear. Whenever she pointed at something he'd drawn on the blueprints, a wobble accompanied her sudden movement, dividing his concentration.

Midoriya tried to talk some sense into himself:

Don't look. Don't look. Don't look. Don't look.

He looked.

Ochako's mountainous bust consumed his entire vision. Her perky breasts stretched the spandex between them while large areolae formed peaks in the fabric. This close, he could see the indent of her cleavage, and the squishy slopes crammed together to carve it.

No bra...

Excitement tickled the back of his throat before he caught himself perverting and turned away in a hurry.

His glance had lasted all of two seconds, and yet, it felt as though he'd been gawking like an idiot. He resisted the urge to facepalm. Maybe she hadn't noticed?

Ochako turned her attention from the floor plans to Deku whose hands were suddenly trembling on his knees. Huh? Sweat poured down his beet red features as his body became rigid. What had gotten into him?

Catching his pupils zooming to and from the corners of his eyes, she tracked their sight path to her chest. Her rosy cheeks grew rosier.

He's looking at me... like that?

At least he had the decency to be embarrassed about it. And his being embarrassed about it made her embarrassed about it.

Jeez, had he never seen a set of boobs before?

Nonetheless, through the pink haze of embarrassment, she realised he hadn't been muttering to himself anymore, miraculously cured of overexerting his brain? Who would've thought something so crass could be the answer?

Still, despite appearances and turnabouts working in her favour, Ochako hadn't intended to become the distraction he needed, and she wanted to make that perfectly clear.

"Deku –"

"Uraraka!" He jolted upright. "Er, can you show me how your Quirk works again?"

She found it hard to believe he didn't know, this the same person carrying around documentation of every hero ability he'd witnessed. It was a blatant attempt to steer their focus back to the mock battle and away from his sneaky ogling.

"Yeah, sure!" said Ochako, happy to avoid the awkward conversation too.

Midoriya sighed, relieved. The sooner they got back on track the better.

Ochako glanced around the objects in the room before settling on the most obvious one sitting right in front of them: the glass table. She shifted all the papers to one side then sat on the cleared half. "All I have to do is place all my finger pads on an object," she explained whilst demonstrating, "And then..."

The table floated while she sat along for the flight.

Midoriya looked up, awestricken. But his wonder had little to do with her Quirk.

Rather, the see-through surface of the table offered a glorious view of his teammate's perched bottom, her fleshy ass cheeks pancaked and spread across the glass. And even more eye-popping was the contour of her pussy squished between her flattened thighs. No panty lines in sight, which probably meant...

She's not wearing anything underneath ...

Mouth hung agape, he tilted his head for a better angle, Ochako none the wiser to his prying eyes. He gulped, a nervy excitement surging through his veins. This was the closest he'd ever come to seeing a girl's private parts.

"Pretty cool, right?" she shouted from above. "My Quirk's called 'Zero Gravity'. You get a good look?"

She had no idea. "Yup," said Midoriya. He gave her a thumbs-up. "Great Quirk!" If it were up to him, she'd continue floating for a while yet.

Besides a blueprint sliding off the table on her way down, she completed a perfect landing in the same spot she'd taken off.

His guilty eyes shied away from her innocent pair. "Thanks... for showing me that."

"Anytime!" She pumped her fist. "I'm ready to do my part to make sure this team goes all the way!" He was taken aback by her abrupt intensity, but gave a benign laugh and expressed his gratitude. "Any other cool stuff you want me to do?"

Midoriya had already seen more 'cool' than his raging hormones could handle. "Not really. If you can pass me the floor plan for level 4, please?"

"Oh! Right." Ochako saw the fallen blueprint had landed behind her. "No problem. Coming right up!" She bent down to pick up the floor plan. On her way rising up, a loud ripping sound tore through the air from below her back.

Ochako froze, mortified. *Was that...?*

She didn't want to believe what she already knew, having felt her spandex peel away from the centre of her ass cheeks. Worst still, it had happened in Deku's line of vision. She should've scrambled to cover up, but she couldn't move, horrified, the recovered blueprint dangling in her trembling grasp.

Midoriya had never gone longer without blinking in his life. His wide eyes zoomed in on the fissure in her costume, revealing the central portion where her big, peachy ass cheeks touched, bubbles of flesh conjoined down her crack. Two measly strands of spandex were all that were holding it together, struggling to prevent her plump proportions from bursting out completely. Squinting, he could see the bottom of her labia wedged between the fat cheeks.

He covered his mouth in shock-horror, an expression he imagined on her face, too, without being able to see it. How did she come back from this? How did anyone?

Midoriya stood up, sought to console her. Even though he couldn't fathom what words would do the trick, his legs moved on their own whenever anyone needed rescuing, hoping his brain would find a solution by the time he reached them.

Ochako stared at the wall, face steeped in red, mumbling to herself, racking her brain for a way out of this while keeping her dignity intact, or at least in better shape than her attire. She'd have to get on the phone and ask her mom to send the backup costume. But Deku... what was she supposed to tell him? Why hadn't he said anything?

Was he... looking?

God, he must've been! What guy wouldn't? He seemed well-mannered and polite and civilised, but... he was still a guy. How was she supposed to ever look him in the face again? After he'd seen her... just what could he see anyway? She shuddered to think. He probably assumed she was a hoochie now. She ruined it. Their teamwork. Any potential friendship. Anything more. They'd fail Hero Basic Training, dishonour their friends and families. All because of her. She muttered her growing woes to herself, drowning out the sound of his approaching footsteps, screwed her eyes shut, wished the ground would swallow her up, refused to turn around, then –

She felt it. Two hands on her ass.

The cartilage of a nose nuzzled its way between her partially exposed cheeks.

Her eyes flew open. The rest of her remained stiff.

On his knees, Midoriya stuffed his face with her big butt. This was the solution his brain had come up with? Not one of his brightest. But heroes couldn't account for every little

detail. Part of being a hero was thinking on his feet and recalibrating when circumstances threw him off course. He was acting on instinct.

Midoriya squeezed the chunks of bubbly flesh, their suppleness squishing in his grip, then pulled them apart and dove in steadfast. He rubbed every part of his face he could up and down the crammed valley; nose, lips, chin raking in her natural funk and the sweat that had built up in the constricting spandex. Girls were amazing, he thought dreamily, getting his first taste a lot sooner than he ever imagined.

His method might've been mad, but there was merit to it, he thought. For someone rendered motionless by discomfiture, action was more likely to ease their tension than words, some comforting gesture telling them it was okay, they weren't alone – a hand on the shoulder, a big hug... a face so far up their ass he could smell their insides.

Okay, that last one lent more towards shock value than reassurance, but shock could be just as effective, he thought? Even if he'd fantasised about doing this exact thing the moment he saw how her butt filled out the spandex, or how it jiggled while she walked around the room, or how it fattened across the glass table...

Point being, his plan appeared to be working. She'd started to move, loosen up. Her ass cheeks clenched whenever his nose poked a sensitive area.

Ochako's eyes had grown twofold. Deku had just stuck his face in her derriere... and she'd just let him. What was she thinking? That was exactly it. She wasn't.

Her mind was scattered by the warmth of his face rubbing her bareness. She preferred it to the empty air nibbling at her exposed ass. Granted, Deku took to a little nibbling himself, dragging his teeth down her right buttock before clamping on its soft tissue. She flinched to which he briskly apologised.

What for? She wondered. Pouncing on her ass while she had her back turned? It was a very Mineta thing to do after all. Although, if he really was sorry, why did he continue groping her ass cheeks and shaking them vigorously?

The butt massage was surprisingly pleasant, once she got over the fact he'd sprung it on her without consent. Luckily for him, his heroic acts had won her favour long before they'd found themselves in this predicament. She couldn't think of anyone more deserving of a friendly, little pinch.

Well, perhaps, not so little. And not so friendly either.

A fierce slap peppered her right cheek!

She cried in surprise, then immediately threw her hands over her mouth. *Who knew Deku could be so... racy?*

The gentle boy she thought she knew turned into an animal, grabbing big chunks of her ass and smacking them together repeatedly. Ochako was embarrassed by the lewd clapping noises. What if someone walked in on this? One of her friends? Or worse, one of the teachers?

Her worries didn't seem to plague the groper. He slapped her left cheek even harder than he'd slapped her right, watching the waves of wobbly flesh crash from side to side. Then she felt him spread her wide apart, her anus blinking in the cold before something muscley and wet pressed against it.

Ochako blurted a small, muffled sound. *'Deku!'* she wanted to shout with scolding intent. Such a dirty boy! Instead, all she did was shift in uncertain delight as the tip of his tongue painted over her asshole with light brushes.

Midoriya loved the taste of her. Did this count as a first kiss? It would make for an embarrassing story or an epic one, he wasn't sure yet. Quirks weren't the only topic he read up in his spare time. Albeit, just like Quirks, he'd always lacked the natural talent and opportunity to put his coitus research into practice. He'd learned girls longed to be licked, tasted and eaten out in all manner of ways. The fact she hadn't stopped him yet gave credence to what the research claimed.

He pulled his tongue out the crevice of her cheeks and admired the cute ring of wrinkly skin now lathered with his saliva. Had he overdone it? Probably. But no one was complaining. If anything, he'd cured her petrification as he'd intended, her body showing signs of life and thirst, most indicative of all – the clear nectar glistening around the entrance of her engorged pussy lips.

Two horizontal threads of spandex barred him from entry, not unlike the tape protecting a crime scene. But he couldn't be so easily deterred. The more he eyed her cute little pussy peeking out from between her cheeks, the more he felt the need to stick his tongue in the nookie jar.

Midoriya crammed his fingers in the tight space between her bare ass and the torn spandex, then ripped her hero costume open even further, snapping apart the last threads as her butt jutted into full view. With his path cleared, he nosedived straight for the pussy.

Ochako swallowed a gasp, her big, brown eyes shimmering from the intimate contact. Maybe she should've worn undergarments after all. Too late now. Deku had not only already seen it; he was already... *licking* it!

She felt his tongue slide underneath her vulva, snake its tip up the front still coated in spandex. The heat between her thighs intensified. Nobody had ever touched her down there, let alone used their mouth.

Well, rather he employed his tongue for this than the insufferable mumbling from before. Progress, as far as she was concerned.

And he only continued to make bigger strides. Bigger, longer, more slippery strides, his tongue wedging between the petals of her sex. If the sounds of her ass clapping had been embarrassing before, the rapacious slurping of her juices deepened the flush in her cheeks twice as much.

Ochako looked down over her shoulder, saw for first time the top of her naked peach protruding past her belt, and buried beneath the cheeks was Deku's sweaty, beet red face, only the upper half visible beyond the curvature of her rump. Their eyes crossed paths, both widened at the embarrassing act they'd caught themselves in. She turned back to the face the wall instantly.

Deku, it looks like you're enjoying that wholeheartedly...

So much so he hadn't mentioned the blueprint he'd asked her to pick up. They'd finally found something that could preoccupy him with the same zest as strategizing. If not more.

It was doing him a world of good, thought Ochako, discovering the balance between work and play. As a devoted teammate, it was her duty to cultivate improved behaviours, and so she did, gyrating her hips, twerking her bare ass against the bridge of his nose.

She'd be lying if she said it was a selfless pursuit. His adventurous tongue slopping all over her taint and labia fed fuel to the burning heat between her thighs. She threw more back

into her twerking, her wobbly cheeks massaging the sides of his face, burying him deeper into the ripped spandex.

Midoriya grabbed her ass steady as it shook out of control. *Wow, Uraraka, you're really into this.* Her response subdued the sense of guilt he'd shouldered for catching her off guard, confirming his decision to act had been the right one. All in a day's work for a hero, he mused, smothered in hot heavenly buns.

He'd only toyed with her entrance thus far, but now her enthusiasm emboldened him and he mustered the courage to pry her butt cheeks apart and force his tongue through the sleek folds of her pussy.

She lurched forward. The blueprint fell to the floor, forgotten.

He licked her inside.

She mewled, one hand at her mouth smothering her indulgence, the other on the wall, holding her up against mounting pleasure.

Midoriya swished and swirled in her wet haven, getting to know his teammate in and out, the taste of arousal spurring on his own. Harder he grew. *So, this is what girls taste like...* Nice. He didn't know how much longer he could ignore the bulge stretching the front of his slacks. The hunger for more became insatiable.

He vacated her pussy with a trail of saliva following him out.

Ochako couldn't believe she'd just been... just been...

She turned and began to walk away, something she should've done a long time ago, but he grabbed her by the wrist.

"You were right," said Midoriya, leaning back against the wall she'd just left. "Planning can only take us so far. Sometimes you have to let instinct lead the way."

"Is that what this is?" Ochako asked without turning to face him. "Instinct?"

He shrugged. "I don't know." Silence infused the uncertainty. "But," he continued, tightening his grip. "It kind of felt right... didn't it?"

Felt right? It felt more than that. Not that she could openly admit it. Because... she shook her head dismissively. “We have less than an hour before the mock battle.”

“I know.” Now look who was pining to strategize. Except she wasn’t, really. She was running. He wouldn’t let her get away without addressing her own reservations. “Do you trust me?”

She didn’t need more than a second to think about it. “Yes.”

“Good. Then turn around and face me.” He yanked her by the wrist. She fell back, spun round and landed in his arms.

The sudden proximity heated both their cheeks. She looked extra timid, long bangs framing her round face as she wrestled to find the right words. Midoriya, too, struggled for composure, standing a breath away from his secret crush.

Adrenaline moved his arms. He cupped her face and pulled her into a kiss.

Ochako forgot what she was thinking, forgot how to use words. It didn’t seem important anymore. Feeling safe in his strong arms, she let her eyes fall into a dream, her lips separate to take him in.

She’d overheard some of the academy girls talking about kissing boys, but none of their tales could’ve prepared her for the novel experience. It wasn’t all glamour and enchantment and perfection, his tongue a far cry from a magic wand transporting her to cloud nine. No, her first kiss had ‘messy’ and ‘clumsy’ jotted all over it.

She didn’t know if it was his nerves, or if he shared in her lack of experience, maybe a bit of both, but Deku butted his teeth against hers before stuffing her mouth with tongue. Hotly charged and overzealous, he imposed wide biting motions, as if attempting to engulf the bottom half of her face. Overwhelmed, she groaned in discomfort and pinched his arm.

He must’ve got the message because he soon eased up on the tongue and reverted to gentle nibbles much more in tune with her tempo. She tilted her head and invited him in once again, his learned composure making for a smooth entry. He managed a tender lip lock without suffocating her in the process, their tongues waltzing to a sensual rhythm. She felt his lean, chiselled chest over his school uniform as his hands travelled further and further south of her back, inevitably settling on her butt.

She'd fallen so deep into the kiss she didn't flinch at his squeezing and groping, nor did she pay any mind to him fumbling with his belt, not until the buckle hit the floor with a clang, then something incredibly hard and thick brushed against her hip.

While keeping her enthused with the kiss, Midoriya tucked his unfettered erection between her legs and guided her movements by the waist, the back-and-forth rubbing her crotch along his rigidity. She moaned into his mouth as he fucked the crevice between her closed thighs, the skin-tight fabric adding a layer of hot friction, her pussy smearing lust on his cock. Her bubble butt bobbed from his pelvic thrusts, the head of his dick poking in and out of her thighs.

Eyes still shut, Ochako marvelled at the girth jabbing through her legs. Did all boys get this big and hard, or was Deku just really, *really* happy to see her?

She'd been able to cool his overexcitement when they first kissed, but something told her it wouldn't be so easy this time, not with the way he rolled handfuls of her ass in rough, circular clasps while pumping vigour into his thrusts. His uncontrollable 'instinct' continued to mount, continued to rub her all the right ways, continued to stir the growing wetness in her loins.

She hoped his eyes were closed, too, so he couldn't see the deep crimson on her face. How could she get so wet for a boy she practically just met? And minutes before they were meant to be engaging in official academy duties?!

Deku... what are you doing to me?

He answered her silent question by swinging her round and slamming her back against the wall. Her eyes shot open and found he'd broken the kiss to ogle at her ample chest, his green irises glazed with hunger.

For all his reading on sexual intercourse, Midoriya could barely temper his excitement long enough to practice the research, his first ever make out session evoking the need to enact everything he ever fantasized about doing to a girl. So when he saw how Uraraka's perky nipples had swelled through the spandex, he could do nothing but grab his teammate's left breast thoughtlessly.

So soft, Uraraka! So amazing!

He squeezed it, hard, fingers digging into the skin-tight fabric, squishing and protruding the malleable flesh. She turned away as though she were embarrassed at how visible her erect nipples had become through the costume.

You're so adorable, Uraraka-sama!

Her soft, little body reacted in lewd ways unbecoming of her innocent demeanour. It drove him all the more frenzied.

His mouth lunged at her left nipple and sucked hard. She moaned despite herself, her whole body stirring as he coated her teat with saliva while squeezing and rolling the fat mound in circles. Her nipple appeared to stand even taller after the special attention. So he mouthed it once more, sucked even harder, brushed over and around the sensitive peak with the tip of his tongue.

“Ohhh...”

Ochako covered her mouth though the erotic noise had already escaped. She couldn't help it. Having half her breast stuffed into his hot, humid mouth then pulled on hungrily sent tingles shooting through her body. The area surrounding her nipple grew drenched as he devoured tit and spandex altogether. She hissed with pleasure.

Midoriya couldn't fit more than half her breast in his mouth, no matter how wide he stretched his chops, such was the magnificence of her proportions. Magnificence he yearned to explore in all their glory.

He roamed the front of her costume, the sides, its back, rummaging for a zipper or something of the sort. How the heck did she even squeeze into this thing? It seemed completely seamless.

I'm sorry, Uraraka, but we don't have much time!

He grabbed the white chest area of her bodysuit and ripped it open!

She gasped as her huge, perky tits jutted free of the spandex, buoyant pink nipples flailing in the open air.

Midoriya gawked, his full eyes barely a quarter of her large areolae. He couldn't hold back a second longer, squishing the massive tits together and flicking his tongue between

their hard nubs. The shy girl bit on the back of her fist, struggling to swallow every moan. He fed on her juicy breasts with no remorse, smearing his tongue up the outer portions and beneath the undersides of her bare bosom.

God...

He droned with scrumptious delight. If she had wanted him to concentrate less on the plan and more on her, she should've whipped these puppies out from the get-go.

Ochako whimpered behind her fist as her plump breasts were unceremoniously squeezed, sucked and slobbered over, tugged on by his ravenous maw. This certainly wasn't the same gentle-natured boy she'd come to know. And she wasn't mad about it.

He released her right breast with a pop then came up for her neck, honing in on where her nape joined her collarbone, biting and sucking on the tender area.

“Oh, Deku...”

Her breath poured hot and raggedly as he pinned her against the wall. He began loosening his tie and she frantically unbuttoned his uniform. With his shirt coming undone and her costume having been ripped open, their naked chests united, his chiselled torso squishing her supple bosom.

While she traced his washboard abs, his scrutiny delved even lower, inquisitive digits roaming the spandex clinging to her crotch. He could feel her pussy through the thin layer, feather-light strokes up and down her covered slit.

Ochako bit her bottom lip and groaned. *Don't tease it like that!* She desperately wanted to shout. The unbearable ache was making her insane. Her crotch moved on its own, thrusting itself in his palm, keen on receiving any sort of friction.

She seized the meaty rod throbbing against her abdomen and did her best to masturbate it in the cramped space between their bodies. His penis was coarse and bumpy with veins, pulsating as though it had a heartbeat of its own. Never had she imagined their strategizing session would involve getting her first feel of an erection.

And a thick one at that.

She was doing no more to him than he was doing to her, groping the mound of her pussy to excruciating effect. So sopping wet she'd absolutely drenched her costume, the black spandex squelching as he pressed his longest finger into the slit.

Midoriya had no experience engaging in sex but even he could tell the timid girl longed for it with how she was practically humping his hand. He reached under her taint and all the way to the back of her torn bodysuit. Two digits hooked into the bottom where the tear had ended and, with one loud, violent yank, he ripped it upwards, the spandex breaking away from her pubic area.

A flimsy, black flap remained dangling over her crotch by a thread, but once he tore that off to complete his redesign, Ochako suddenly bore a huge triangular gash at the bottom of her hero costume. Big, puffy lips said hello.

And Midoriya greeted her pussy back with a visceral handshake, involving his finger climbing through her tight, sopping entrance, and jabbing furiously at her core, spraying her excitement all over the bottom of his open shirt and bare thighs.

A red-faced Ochako smothered cries of ecstasy as her pussy juice showered the blueprint they'd left on the floor. Deku showed no concern. He grabbed the back of her left knee and lifted her leg up so abruptly the spandex tore further down her thigh.

Then she felt the bulbous head of his cock rubbing around her slippery folds in search of her entrance. It was so tiny and hidden within her fleshy lips she couldn't blame him. She reached down and pointed the stumbling dick up the right direction. All he had to was –

“Ahhh!” she cried out as he pushed.

Their eyes grew wide simultaneously. They stared at each other, both realising they were virgins no longer. Then they both went even redder in the face, and turned away in opposite directions.

Eye contact was broken but their groins remained connected all the same. Somehow, Deku had managed to shove that bulbous cock-head of his through her teeny entrance.

Midoriya had often contemplated how his first time would be, so much so he had planned it down to a tee: it would happen in his bedroom, he'd sprinkle rose petals over the

sheets, play soft music after treating his date to a candlelit dinner... the only image he hadn't coloured in was who the lucky lady would be.

And here he'd given all that up in the blink of an eye, traded his bedroom for a backroom at the academy, his comfy bed for a random wall, the candlelit dinner for an ill-fated strategy meeting, the rose petals for a hero costume that had fit her a little too well, then not at all, traded the soft music for Uraraka breathing heavily in his ear...

Nothing like he'd planned.

Yet, everything like it was meant to be.

Uraraka's message finally sank in, just as Midoriya sank in to her incredibly tight pussy, opening her up in tandem with her opening his eyes. "Thank you," he muttered in her ear, even though the timing of his gratitude might confuse her. Never had he been more ready to go beyond... plus ultra!

And he did, pounding his big-breasted teammate silly against the wall, while her tall, white boot dangled over his outstretched arm. Muffling herself so close to his ear didn't stop the sweet moans reaching his detection, adding to the only two other noises in the room: his laboured breathing and the loud, wet pattering of her virgin pussy getting pumped. Midoriya couldn't believe he'd done it. He was... he was... *fucking a real-life girl!*

With huge, real-life tits that jumped the harder he thrust, real-life sweat he could taste buried in her neck, real-life pussy juice squelching from the gash in her bodysuit. Wow, time was ticking closer to the start of the mock battle and he wasn't even wearing his costume yet. Granted, she was barely wearing hers either.

Head bobbing against the wall, Ochako had adapted to the force of his ploughing fairly quickly, though it wouldn't have hurt to him to spend more time easing her into it. He was so pumped up and excited he'd failed to notice the little trickle of blood running down her leg. The waves of immense pleasure from being stretched and filled all but washed away her discomfort, a pleasant deflowering compared to some of the other girls' stories.

There was something special about Izuku 'Deku' Midoriya. She couldn't quite put her finger on it yet. But it was there. And way before he fucked her down against the wall. That was just a bonus.

She harboured strong feelings towards him she couldn't explain and, every time she sought to air them, she held back because it seemed too much, or too soon, or too awkward. They barely knew each other, really. But after having him literally inside her, was there anything left she shouldn't have been able to tell him?

“Ohhh, God... Deku,” she murmured between mewls. Could he even hear her over his own grunting? “Deku, I think I... I...”

“Huh?” He stopped fucking her and immediately pulled out. “Uraraka, am I hurting you?”

“What? No! You could never...”

“Oh. I thought I heard you say something.”

“I, uh...!” She stalled, wearing a dumb expression. Sheesh, it was much harder to say anything with him looking her straight in the face. “I, er, I just wanted to say, um – hey, come here.”

“Uh, okay.”

She led him by the dick and had him sit on the couch. “I just thought I owed you this.” Faster than he could ask ‘owed me what?’, she knelt between his legs and put his cock in her mouth. Any suspicions he might've had about her true intentions were instantly forgotten.

Midoriya brushed aside the long, brunette bangs hanging down the left side of her face, cupping her cute, chubby cheek. Somehow she looked even more adorable trying to take him all in her little mouth. Her big brown eyes shimmered with intent and, for the first time, she fixed her gaze on him without shying away, bobbing her head as she took deep, long swigs of dick.

He reclined with a dreamy sigh. The wet warmth of her mouth coated him up and down, tongue swirling around his girth, lapping up the remnants of her own pussy. He grunted and cursed, doing all he could not to blow his load right there and then. It didn't get any easier after she clenched his shaft and stroked him for extra stimulation. Then she gently fondled his balls with her free hand, doubling the intensity.

He resorted to imagining an egg in the microwave not exploding despite the radiation applied to it. It would be a dick move to unload in her mouth uninvited, he thought. Although, the way she was carrying on, you'd think she *wanted* him to; her rosy cheek protruding as she jabbed his cock against the inside of her mouth.

His shy-but-not-so-shy teammate brought out the big guns. Her heavy breasts landed in his lap –

THWACK.

With a wry upturn of her lips, she sandwiched his tower of meat, dwarfing it in her puffy cushions. She let a long line of spit seep down her cleavage. Squishing her tits together, she rubbed the sides of his lubricated cock up and down, massaging him in deep and thorough circles.

Overwhelmed with pleasure, he clenched his butt as one cheek rose off the couch. “Uraraka! If you don’t stop –”

“Then what?” She grinned darkly.

It would’ve been scary if it wasn’t so strangely hot.

Ochako upped the pace of the titjob, her huge mounds consuming him completely, if not for the brief glimpses of his dick-head peeking out of her cleavage. Her pink nipples blurred up and down with the jiggle of her fat naturals, her spit squelching from within. The sights and sounds of her big, wobbling breasts... the soft friction on his shaft... Deku couldn’t take it anymore...

The egg in the microwave exploded.

A jet of hot cum erupted from his cock, destined for the ceiling if her chin hadn’t got in the way. Second and third spurts landed on her cheek and right across her eyes, then a fourth dribbled over the top of her right breast.

Doused heavily, Ochako’s face and jaw drooped hot spunk onto her chest. As she parted her soaked bosom, and his limp penis fell free, ropes of cum connected the insides of her breasts, breaking the further she separated the mounds.

Midoriya was shocked at the volumes he'd gushed. Uraraka, too, wiping the cum between her eyes. He apologised profusely to which she promptly shushed him.

"It's just semen, silly." She studied the gooey texture between her thumb and middle finger, almost playing with it like a child with water slime. "Interesting..." She brought it close to her face and sniffed.

Midoriya was stupefied by her curiosity. Although, he supposed, it *was* her first time touching male ejaculate? Still, he might actually die if she put it in her mouth.

"Don't you find it funny?" she mused out loud. "That every single one of us used to be this stuff?"

Midoriya face-faulted. "I... never really thought about it that way, I guess."

She shrugged, then stuck one of her loaded fingers into her mouth.

Stunned, he stayed glued to her uncertain expression. She rubbed her pursed lips together, weighing up the flavour, a dimple at the corner of her mouth being the only reaction. A short silence, then –

"Not bad!" she squealed.

Midoriya nearly fell off the couch. What kind of goof sampled cum like she was at a wine tasting competition? Strange girl. But nice. He could see himself warming up to her idiosyncrasies.

Though, if he was completely honest, watching her lick the rest of his essence off her finger tips then scoop up more from her chest, stirred something carnal inside him. In a matter of minutes, his erection made a cumback, and he wasn't the only one that noticed.

"Wow. You're not done yet?" said Ochako, eyeing the rising penis. "I thought sex is over after a guy cums?"

"I kind of thought so, too." He laughed sheepishly. "I guess... I must find you really... sexy?"

Ochako blushed furiously. "M-me?"

Of course. Did she think she would've been covered in his semen if he didn't find her sexy? Nonetheless, he pulled her onto the couch with him.

He laid her on her back, spreadeagled, then tore more of the spandex down her legs, exposing her shapely inner thighs.

Midoriya squeezed the supple flesh and kissed his way up to the cherry on top. Her puffy pussy lips were pink from the hard pounding he gave her against the wall. He buried his face in her crotch area and kissed her light and gentle, almost ruefully, sliding tongue along the insides of her pink petals. She let out a delicious moan, running one hand through his hair while her other fondled an erect nipple.

“Get on top of me,” he said in a low murmur.

“Wha...” She lay dazed from the cunnilingus, touching herself. “That... that wasn't part of the plan,” she muttered, delirious.

“Is any of this?” He interlocked his fingers with hers then pulled her up into a sitting position. “Put it in,” he ordered. “And I want to see your face this time.”

She nodded, out of breath, then raised her hips to allow his cock to slide underneath her. Wincing, the tight girl lowered herself, impaling her pussy on his standing cock. She didn't look away but her eyes quivered the deeper she sank, the mixture of pleasure and pain assaulting her at once. He encouraged her with small nods, grimacing himself as her tightness gripped more and more of him, till finally, she took him all the way in.

Face to face, pouring hot, ragged breaths on each other, Ochako rocked her hips in his lap. He supported her with an arm around the lower back. They grunted in unison, the cushion beneath them sinking as she dumped her weight on him. Her belt buckle clanked up and down, head bobbing, her plump ass bouncing in his lap with slapping sounds.

Only ten minutes to go and neither of them could think beyond fucking each other's brains out on the couch.

Or... off the couch?

Midoriya sensed something odd happening after she'd shut her eyes. With both her hands on his shoulders, and all her finger pads planted firmly onto him, the raunchy pair began to levitate off the sofa.

While he freaked out, his scatter-brained teammate remained none the wiser to her Quirk coming alive as she bounced on his dick in mid-air, her breasts swaying wildly in his face, cries of heightened pleasure raining down the backroom.

He considered shaking her out of her trance, but he wasn't certain how dangerous that could be. Plus, the pure elation flushing her features would be a shame to cut short, especially since she started muttering, "Ohhh Deku, I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum!"

All he could do was not look down and try his best to support her weight while she rode his airborne dick to a powerful climax.

"Ahhh, Deku- I'm gonna- gonna- HUAAH!"

She suddenly went stiff in his arms, her thighs clamping around his waist, her pussy squeezing his dick as an eruption of pleasure gave her a paralyzing high.

Recovering from the intense orgasm, she blinked at him groggily, waking from a dream. "Deku... why are you...?"

He gulped. "Uraraka, don't panic but –"

"But what?" Puzzled, she looked down, and noticed the ground was a lot farther than she remembered. Like acme characters that just acknowledged gravity, the panicked pair plummeted back down to Earth, screaming at the top of their lungs.

Luckily, the couch provided a soft landing. Their chests heaved as adrenaline slowly dissipated.

"My bad," said Ochako timidly.

"Five more minutes," stated Midoriya. He remembered seeing the clock on the wall while they'd been up there.

They both turned to the plans scattered across the glass table. "You think we're ready?" she asked.

Midoriya regarded his notepad and the blueprints with deep consideration. "Almost."

She fretted. "Only almost?"

"One more thing."

“What?”

He answered her intrigue by scooping her up and laying her back-first across the table, sending loose notes and scribbled-on diagrams flying aside.

“Deku?!” She was taken aback. All his meticulous plans? “What are you-”

She gasped as he lodged his dick in her pink, little pussy once more. He clasped her wrists together this time, avoiding another Quirky mishap, then proceeded to shove in his entirety hard and deep, his thighs slapping the bottom of her ass hanging off the table.

Raucous cries of pleasure filled the room. The reckless pounding threw her breasts every which way and ruffled the papers beneath her back. He didn't even stop when his notepad tumbled to the floor. Fucked her good and thoroughly before pulling out as soon as his balls started to twitch.

He raced to the head of the table, grabbed a fistful of her hair, pulled her up then jammed his cock down her wide-eyed face. Certain the avid cum drinker would appreciate more, he climaxed with a low growl, blasting second helpings down her gullet. He watched two large gulps travel down her throat before she sputtered from a flooded mouth, regurgitating his oozing cock.

Ochako sat up coughing, white goo dribbling out the corner of her mouth. “Really?”

He scratched the back of his head awkwardly. “I thought you liked it.”

“That doesn't mean I want to drown in it!”

“Hehe, sorry.”

She pulled out a blueprint from under her ass. It was crumpled, torn in some places and cum-stained in others. “Guess we won't be needing these anymore, huh?”

“Nope.” Midoriya beamed with renewed confidence. “Everything we need to know is in here already,” he pointed at his head. Then patted his heart adding, “And in here too.”

Ochako returned his beam with an even broader one. “Izuku Midoriya, you're amazing. One day I want to be like you.”

“Hehe! You’re already amazing too, Uraraka! Now let’s get out there and cream Kaachan and Iida!”

“Right!” She pumped her fist.

“Nothing can stop us now!” He headed for the door.

“Nothing!” she echoed his sentiments. “Um, except…” she added quietly. “I’m going to need a new hero costume and you’re not wearing any pants.”

Midoriya tipped over and face-faulted.

THE END

Author’s Notes: Thanks for reading! This is my first ever My Hero Academia fic. Please help me become a better writer by sending me your feedback. Whether you hated it or loved it, I’m open to hearing all opinions as long as you’re genuine and respectful about it. You can drop a review at lemonzsauce.com or hit me up at reviews@lemonzsauce.com. I do my best to respond to all reviews.

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As always, thanks again for reading! Have a nice day and take care!

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.