

# lemonzsaauce

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## ... 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](http://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](http://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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## DISCLAIMER

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*This is a work of fan fiction borrowing characters from the My Hero Academia universe, which is trademarked by Kōhei Horikoshi and Bones Inc. I do not claim ownership over any of the original characters, images or settings present here and make no profit from publishing this story.*

## WARNING

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*This work of fiction is Rated MA and only suitable for mature audiences. It may contain explicit and offensive language, adult themes and graphic descriptions of a violent and/or sexual nature.*

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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

# DETENTION WITH BENEFITS

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

CHAPTER 1



## Synopsis

After being tasked with supervising Ashido's detention, Tenya Iida quickly learns maintaining discipline is considerably harder when your detainee has absolutely no intention of behaving herself.

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# DETENTION WITH BENEFITS

*My Hero Academia fanfiction by j.j. scriptease*

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## Chapter 1 – Stall Tactics

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Mina barely got a breath in before Mr Aizawa's stupid capture scarf whipped round her wrist and dragged her back to 1-A's homeroom. Dude had zero chill. Seriously, how the hell did he always pop up out of nowhere when she was up to something? Like some creepy shadow ninja with a jutsu for sensing misbehaviour. Of all the ill-advised things he could've caught her doing, it just had to be sneaking into the boys' bathroom.

God. Just dig her grave already.

He shoved her into her chair hard enough for her bookbag to hit the floor. His judgemental scowl pressed heavier on her than the damn shove had, bloodshot eyes narrowed beneath messy black hair. He looked afflicted by way more than a chronic lack of sleep. Truth was, 'unruly' students like her probably etched half the wrinkles in his forehead. Maybe two-thirds.

"Again? Seriously?" His deceptively calm voice sank her further into the seat. "Every time I think you've hit rock bottom, you grab a shovel. You think this is some kind of game?"

"N-no way! I swear I was just—"

"Just what? Inspecting the plumbing? Making sure the urinals are still attached to the wall? Enlighten me, Ashido."

"I was, uh..." She scrambled for something clever. "I was conducting an important investigation, sensei!"

A beat of silence. A slow blink. "...An investigation."

“Yeah! Y’know, a deep dive into the mystery of why the boys’ bathroom smells like something died in there.”

His expression barely budged. “That’s no mystery, Ashido. That’s teenage boys.” His voice stayed flat, too flat, the kind of flat that usually meant someone was about two words away from snapping. “I’m running on three hours of sleep and an energy drink that tasted suspiciously like motor oil. You don’t want to test me right now.”

She chuckled, nervous. “Um... would it help if I hooked you up with a better energy drink?”

“What would help is if you stopped invading areas you’re explicitly banned from.”

“Well, technically, sir, if you think about it—”

“Finish that sentence and you’ll be scrubbing *both* bathrooms for the next month.”

She swallowed hard and shrank back. “...Aaand, message received. Shutting my face now.”

He pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a sigh, the sound of a man questioning every life decision that led him here. “You’re letting your impulses steer the wheel, and it’s gonna cost you. Seriously, you’re one dumb stunt away from Mineta territory.”

She physically recoiled at the comparison. “Whoa, hey! I’m nothing like that creepy little grape frea—”

“Then prove it. Being a hero isn’t just about how you conduct yourself on the field. It’s about what you do when nobody’s watching.”

*Oh, you have no idea, sensei.* A wicked little smile tried to fight its way onto her face at the thought of all the very un-heroic things she did in the dark. She squashed it fast, letting his lecture continue while her mind kept misbehaving.

“...It’s about discipline,” he went on. “Responsibility. Setting the right example. Nobody coasts on raw talent forever. And right now? Your brain isn’t just in the gutter—your grades are circling the drain with it. You want to graduate with the rest of your class?” His stare nailed her square between the eyes, thrusting her back to the present as he added, “Then start acting like you belong here.”

“Yes, sir...”

Okay, sure. Maybe she’d committed a few tiny little acts of questionable judgment here and there...

...And there... and, uh, definitely *there*, too. That one time in the locker room, the roof, the third-floor supply closet after curfew... basically everywhere that wasn’t nailed shut. Her horns twitched like antennae as the highlight reel played in her head.

But still!

Just because she bent the rules far enough to qualify as amateur origami, that didn’t mean she took anything about U.A. lightly.

Mr Aizawa levelled a sceptical stare at her woeful attempt at looking innocent. “Straighten up,” he ordered, then jerked his gaze away as if she’d burned his retinas.

She snapped to it, smoothing a frantic hand over her frazzled pink curls. Static crackled between the strands. Then her eyes dropped—

*Oh, shit.*

No wonder he’d looked away so fast. Her blazer hung crooked off one shoulder, her tie dangled like a used party streamer, and her uniform shirt gaped open at the top, flashing way too much pink-tinted cleavage.

*Goddamn it, Kaminari*, she fumed. Sloppy and hasty as always. It was bad enough he had the stamina of a microwaved Pop-Tart, but the second he nugged, his Quirk had apparently decided to celebrate, too, crackling sparks all over the damn stall like a busted power line. Faint scorch specks marked the fabric near her collar and a few stubborn strands of pink hair still floated from residual static. Pretty sure that premature light show was what got her caught. *If I get suspended because that doofus can’t keep his sparks in his pants, I swear—his dick’s permanently off the menu!*

Heat touched her cheeks as she fumbled to button her shirt, yank her tie straight, and tug her skirt down to a semi-respectable length. She stiffened behind her desk, shoulders snapping straight, hands folded, the very picture of a model student.

Mr Aizawa grunted, somewhere between begrudging approval and exhaustion, before turning to the whiteboard. He snatched up a marker and scrawled out a sentence in bold. “You’re going to sit right there and write this line one hundred times in your notebook.”

She groaned under her breath. *Sheesh, one hundred?! Is he trying to murder my poor wrist?* She riffled through her notebook, pages fluttering past a glorious treasure trove of doodles: squishy little monster sketches, an unflattering caricature of Bakugo mid-explosion, several bad-ass aliens flaunting suspiciously similar horns, of course. Page after page of artwork she’d crafted in lieu of taking notes. She finally landed on a blank sheet, lifting her head as Mr Aizawa capped his marker with an irritated click.

*‘I will take my responsibilities as a hero-in-training seriously and apply myself to my studies.’*

She slumped. Did he have to make the sentence so long? Ugh. Well, at least it didn’t read: *‘I promise I’ll never sneak into the boys’ bathroom again.’* Right when she pressed pen to paper, a sudden gust threw the classroom door open, sending her curls whipping about her horns.

“MR AIZAWA!”

Iida’s voice blasted in like a war horn, complete with dramatic arm-waving and his signature erratic gestures. The urgency in his tone made it sound like he’d just caught Endeavor streaking through the cafeteria. A mental image Mina was in no hurry to kick out of her head. Knowing their overzealous class rep, though, he probably just spotted a crooked desk or a gum wrapper on the floor. The guy had the crisis threshold of a Victorian nun.

Mr Aizawa let out an exhausted sigh, rubbing the bridge of his nose, his migraine multiplying by the second. “This better be important.”

She perked up and scooted forward in her seat. *Please be important.* Please be her golden ticket out of scribbling that stupid line a hundred times. If he let her go now, she could still hunt down someone to fix the sad, half-finished buzz Kaminari had left between her legs. Doubtful on Endeavour, but maybe... Todoroki?

Could he actually fuck, or was he just a pretty face with daddy issues? She’d been dying to know since day one. Worst case? He could just lie there and give her something pretty to look at while she did all the work. She wouldn’t mind riding that half-and-half dick

until her thighs burned, watching those gorgeous mismatched eyes roll back while her greedy snatch milked him dry.

Wait, what about Shoji? The guy had extra everything. Arms, hands... why not cocks? Her thighs twitched just thinking about it.

With Kiri off playing Bakugo's golden retriever again, and the rest of her regulars tied up, anyone who could last longer than twelve seconds was fair game. Of course, Mineta had thrown his name in the hat. Only about a million times. Gross. She'd rather choke on her own acid. Probably a shrimp-dick anyway. Correction: anybody who could last longer than twelve seconds and *wasn't* Mineta was fair game.

The class rep launched into his 'emergency' like he was narrating the apocalypse. "Your presence is required immediately, sensei! There's been an incident in Gym Gamma—Todoroki and Bakugo's sparring match has escalated into severe structural damage! Sir, there is a risk of complete containment failure!"

Mina's eyes went wide. Damn. That did sound serious. Then again, shove Bakugo and Todoroki in the same arena and, yeah, something was bound to blow up.

Mr Aizawa grumbled something under his breath unfit for a classroom. His eyes narrowed at her as if weighing his options, debating whether he could leave her alone, unsupervised, with nothing but a pen, a notebook, and a notoriously short attention span, or stay put and risk Gamma getting nuked.

One long, miserable sigh later, he muttered to Iida, "Fine."

She lit up. *Hell yes! Freedom! Boys' locker room, here I co—*

"But—"

*Aw, come on!*

"Iida, you're in charge of Ashido until I get back. She does not leave that seat. She does not stop writing until every line is finished."

Iida snapped into ultra-serious class-president mode, heels clicking together as he straightened like a soldier called to battle. "Understood, sir! You can count on me!" He even threw in an annoying salute, because of course he did.

*I'm stuck here with this goof? You've got to be kidding me.*

Mr Aizawa's deadpan stare swivelled back to her. "And as for you..."

She gulped. *Uh-oh.*

"You're going to listen to every single word Iida says. Until I'm back, he's your direct superior."

Slowly, she tilted her head toward Class 1-A's class representative, who stood taller and prouder than she'd ever seen him. You'd think he'd just been appointed Supreme Commander of the entire freaking universe. Chest puffed out, chin raised, bespectacled face glowing with self-importance.

*Oh god, this is gonna be sooo annoying!*

Halfway out the door, their teacher stressed, "Keep her under control, Iida. Do not let her out of your sight."

"I wouldn't dream of it, sir!"

And then he was gone, leaving a cruel crack in the door, a teasing glimpse of the hallway to freedom. She slumped over her desk and groaned into her arms.

Her 'direct superior' cleared his throat and stepped closer. "Now then, Ashido! It's time we begin your rehabilitation into proper hero conduct!"

This was about to be the longest detention of her life, wasn't it?

...

Tenya adjusted his glasses, watching Ashido slump in her chair like a deflated balloon.

Here she was in hot water, again.

A troubling pattern had taken root. It seemed like only yesterday she and several others had been held back for remedial lessons while the rest of the class advanced to training

camp, pushing themselves in combat drills, honing their technique, tempering their resolve. Meanwhile, Ashido and her cohort had been required to revisit the bedrock fundamentals of hero work, fundamentals she appeared determined to disregard yet again.

Tenya clasped his hands behind his back, standing tall. He endeavoured to withhold judgment, to remain the impartial overseer their esteemed instructor had tasked him to be. Yet even so, his mind could not help but draw comparisons.

Where he devoted himself to strict discipline, she thrived in disorder.

Where he found solace in routine, she bathed in impulse.

Where he treated rules as absolutes, she approached them as mere suggestions.

The glaring contrast gave him pause. Could an individual so bereft of discipline as Mina Ashido truly ascend to the rank of Pro Hero?

Heroes were meant to be pillars of society, exemplars of justice, duty, and self-restraint. These values had been ingrained in him from an early age, shaping the foundation of his entire being. He had spent years cultivating them, ensuring he would embody a heroic figure others could both trust and emulate.

Ashido, on the other hand...

She was skilled, that much was true. Her talent was irrefutable. Her Quirk, formidable. Her instincts, impressive. And yet, what good was such talent left unrefined? What was instinct without the structure to guide it, or power without the responsibility to temper it?

Still, he reminded himself, it was not his place to question a peer's potential. That prerogative belonged to their instructors. His task was singular: to ensure Mina Ashido remained seated, pen in hand, until her punishment was completed. Nothing more, nothing less.

He set his shoulders square and cleared his throat authoritatively. "I suggest you begin writing. Immediately."

She threw herself across the desk as though she had been mortally wounded. "Ughhh, do I really have to?"

“Yes.”

“But like... do I *really*?”

“Yes, you really do.”

“I already get the message, though!” She groaned. “And it’s not like Mr Aizawa’s even here to check.”

His brow twitched at her insubordination. “Whether or not our teacher is physically present is completely beside the point. Should he return to discover your notebook remains blank, he will conclude—quite astutely—that you neglected your punishment.” His hand sliced upward, his dramatic index finger pointed skyward. “And do you know what will happen then?”

“...He’ll, uh, sigh so hard he ages another five years?”

“Worse.” His lenses caught the classroom light in an ominous flash. “He will leave you here, Ashido. You will remain seated in this room, condemned to transcribe that sentence over and over until your hand cramps, your spine stiffens, and your will collapses under the crushing monotony of repetition! By resisting now, you only prolong your torment.”

“So dramatic,” she droned, “You should try theatre, Iida.”

“I have no time for theatrics!” he declared, all whilst slicing the air with both hands, rather theatrically. “Ahem. I am merely stating the facts,” he added, toning it down. “It is in your best interest to complete this assignment swiftly and without protest. The sooner you begin, the sooner you are free to return to...” He paused, frowning. “...What exactly *were* you doing that warranted Mr Aizawa’s personal intervention?”

She lifted her head from the desk as if he had finally said something worth addressing. A suspicious grin crawled across her lips. “Ooh, wouldn’t you like to know?”

“Yes. That is precisely why I asked.”

She giggled, kicking her feet idly under the desk. “Curiosity killed the cat, y’know. Ever think some things are better left a mystery?”

“Absolutely not.” His tone was rigid as stone. “Mysteries invite disorder. Disorder fosters chaos. Chaos leads to—”

“Good times?”

“—to disastrous consequences!” he finished, horrified she would even suggest otherwise.

She snorted, propping her cheek on her fist. “Wow. You really don’t know how to relax, huh?”

“Rules exist for a reason, Ashido.” How did she not understand that? “Now, if you would kindly explain what occurred—”

“What’s in it for me?”

“The satisfaction of having clarified a matter of disciplinary concern.”

She feigned a yawn and stretched as though she might fall asleep mid-conversation. “Booring.”

He exhaled through his nose. “I’ll have you know, supervising your punishment is hardly what I would consider a productive use of my time either.”

“You sure? ‘Cause you’re acting waaaay too pleased about being left in charge. Bet you love it—being in control of everything, don’tcha?”

He furrowed his brow. “It is not a matter of enjoyment. The more control one maintains over oneself and environment, the less likely things are to spiral into disaster.”

“Ooooooh, terrifying. Y’know, sometimes spiralling’s half the fun. Don’t tell me you’ve never had detention before?”

“I have not.”

“Not even once?”

“Never,” he asserted. It was troubling how she spoke of detention as if it were some coveted milestone, some rite of passage he was somehow lesser for not undergoing. “Is it really so difficult to abide by simple regulations?”

She leaned back in her chair and huffed. “Please. You’re not some saint, Iida. You’re just good at hiding behind rules. Real discipline isn’t dodging the candy jar—it’s stopping yourself after you’ve already got sugar on your tongue!”

He parted his lips to issue a rebuttal, then thought better of it, pressing them shut. The very notion of Mina Ashido attempting to lecture *him* on ‘real discipline’ bordered on the absurd. No, it surpassed absurdity altogether. Surely even she did not take her own words seriously. They were reactionary at best, calculated to provoke rather than persuade. To engage would be to squander both time and dignity.

“Regardless,” he continued, steering the exchange back on course, “I believe you were about to explain the nature of your infraction.”

She groaned as though even the memory caused her physical distress. “Ugh, fine. Long story short? Got caught in the boys’ bathroom.”

His brain short-circuited. “Excuse me?”

“Yeah,” she tittered, barely containing her misplaced amusement. “Mr Aizawa wasn’t too thrilled.”

Nor would he have been. His mind seized, lurched backward, and rewound her statement again and again, combing for nuance, for subtext, for anything to suggest an alternative interpretation. Surely, he had misheard. Surely. “I would have assumed,” he began slowly, “that by now, you were well acquainted with the location of the *girls’* facilities.”

“Oh, I am.”

“Then—”

“Wasn’t gonna find what I was looking for in there.”

A dangerous pause. “...And what, exactly, were you looking for?”

She leaned forward over the desk as though preparing to answer a question on an exam she had actually studied for. Grin devilish, eyes alight, she replied, “Dick.”

He froze where he stood, posture locked by her verbal stun grenade. For six solid seconds, Tenya Iida ceased to function. Oxygen seemed to flee the room. His eyes were

frozen wide, glasses slowly sliding off the bridge of his nose until he caught them in time, shoving them back into place in stilted movements as his operating system rebooted.

Had she really just said that?

On one hand, he acknowledged, at least intellectually, it was not unreasonable for students their age to begin wrestling with certain... impulses. A natural stage of adolescent development, or so every reputable health textbook insisted. But on the other hand, *the more important hand*, U.A. students were not ordinary students. They were aspiring heroes. Individuals expected to rise above such base distractions! To conduct themselves with honour and steadfast devotion to duty!

The sheer audacity of her admission struck his knees weak. He dropped into Mr Aizawa's chair behind him.

*Breathe. In. Out. Recentre.*

*I am not here to lecture her on personal morality, he reminded himself. I am not here to pass judgment. I am certainly not here to engage in a discussion about... that.*

They were classmates, yes. But beyond academic hours, their paths rarely intersected. And now, trapped in a classroom—alone—were they to be discussing matters so far outside the boundaries of proper discourse? Certainly not! He drew in a steadying breath, attempting to restore balance to his world, a world where he neither required nor desired knowledge of his peers' indecent extracurricular pursuits.

"...I would like to formally withdraw my inquiry."

She threw her head back in a cackle. "Yeah, figured you might."

"Now, if you would kindly begin your punishment, you may yet leave before sundown."

She hummed in amusement. "You're so easy to mess with."

Ignoring her bait, he churned his features into a stern grimace. "Ashido." Firmer now. "Enough stalling. Apply yourself to the task at hand." Whether it was the impatience creeping into his tone or the unintended gravitas of sitting behind their instructor's desk, he detected a glimmer of concession in her visage.

“Fiiiiine.” She dragged her hands down her face before finally picking up her pen. Slouching over her notebook like a prisoner condemned to hard labour, she propped her cheek in one palm and scribbled her first line in languid, half-hearted strokes.

He exhaled a long breath of relief. With the delinquent now subdued, he leaned back and laced his fingers together, casting a slow glance across the empty classroom. It was well enough Ashido had work to occupy her, but what of him? He had neglected to consider how he might endure the tedium once she set pen to paper. Was he truly expected to sit idle while she scrawled out a hundred lines? His hands, too accustomed to constant motion and purpose, began to twiddle, yearning for something productive to do.

He checked his watch. It had only been three minutes.

Suppressing a groan, he shifted in his seat and resisted the urge to start organising the loose papers on their teacher’s desk. Would it be wholly inappropriate to review some of the late assignments? He found himself morbidly curious how his peers had answered the question regarding proper hero procedure during high-risk civilian evacuations. A single glance could not possibly—no!

*Restrain yourself, Tenya.*

Another glance at his watch. To his dismay, seconds did not tick by any faster the more frequently one monitored them. He drummed his fingers on his knee until he could no longer stop himself from addressing the scribbling troublemaker across the room. “How many lines have you completed?”

She raised her notebook in a limp grip, cheek still squashed against her palm. “Mmm... like, three and a half?”

His body lurched forward, palms slamming on the desk. “Three?!” he squeaked in disbelief. “You’ve only written three lines all this time?!”

“Three and a *half*.”

“Ashido! That is incomprehensible! It’s been more than five minutes!”

“Hey now,” she said, casually twirling her pen, “genius doesn’t rush. It marinates.”

“Marinates?! You’re not simmering a stew! You’re reproducing a single sentence! This is elementary transcription!” He marched over to her desk and squinted at her scribbles through his spectacles. “And this... this handwriting barely qualifies as legible!”

“Wow, rude! Maybe it wouldn’t look so bad if your judgmental aura wasn’t throwing me off from across the room.”

His eye twitched behind its lens. At this pace, Mr Aizawa could leave on sabbatical, compose an entire dissertation on hero ethics, and she’d still be here scrawling hearts in the margins! “Is that... a doodle of Present Mic riding a shark?!”

“Yup. Art in motion, baby. He inspires me.”

Tenya pressed his fingers to his temples.

Patience. Discipline. Control.

“Carry on,” he instructed, strained but level. Further debate would serve no purpose. Even the most seasoned Pro Heroes struggled directing Ashido’s focus for any extended period of time, their own homeroom teacher a prime example. Resigned to his fate, Tenya consulted his watch once more before drawing out his phone.

It was becoming increasingly apparent his freedom would not be granted any time soon. Best, then, to compose a courteous message to his close-knit study group:

*Midoriya, Uraraka. I regret to inform you that I will likely be unable to attend our study session this afternoon. Mr Aizawa has tasked me with overseeing Ashido’s detention, and given her current rate of progress—*

He paused and glanced up. Ashido was now clicking her pen. Once. Twice. Again. Shaking it, then clicking it still more, brow furrowed as though solving the inner workings of her pen’s spring mechanism was of greater urgency than completing her punishment. He sighed, returning to his message:

*—I fear I may be here indefinitely.*

Just as he tapped *send*, her voice pierced the air. “Who ya texting?”

Startled, his head snapped up to find the delinquent eyeing him with a nosy grin.

“Midoriya and Uraraka,” he answered matter-of-factly, then locked his phone. “I was merely informing them I will be unable to attend our scheduled session today.”

“Wait, you’re seriously cancelling on them?”

“I have no choice. It appears I am... stuck here with you for the foreseeable future.”

“Ouch.” She clutched her chest in mock offense. “You make it sound so depressing.”

“I am simply stating the facts.”

“Well, in that case, my sincerest apologies for ruining your little threesome.”

“WHAT?!” He jerked upright so abruptly his knee cracked against the underside of the desk, though the shock of her suggestion rendered him oblivious to the pain. “We were not—I repeat, *not*—intending to convene for a...” His hands flailed in front of him as if he could swat the accusation from the air. “...a *threesome!*” The vulgarity burned his tongue, spat out like poison. “That is not—! That was never—”

“Why not?” She smirked. “Sounds like fun.”

His jaw fell slack, aghast. “Please refrain from making such scandalous insinuations! I refuse to entertain them!”

She cackled, tickled by his suffering.

Tenya, now red from his collar to the tips of his ears, jerked his tie back into place, as though restoring perfect symmetry to his uniform might somehow restore order to the chaos threatening to break loose. All the while, Ashido tapped her pen idly on her notebook, a criminal far too entertained by her warden’s unravelling composure.

“I mean, for all you know, Ocha could be into it.”

“Excuse me?”

“I’m just saying... she sure spends a lot of time hanging around you two. Kinda sus, don’t you think?”

“That is because we are *friends*,” he enunciated the word with exaggerated clarity.

“Uh-huh. And you’re absolutely, one-hundred percent sure not one of you has ever wanted something more?”

“The only thing we concern ourselves with is honing our abilities, refining our Quirks, and advancing through the Hero Course!”

She hummed in faux thought. “Okay, okay... but take Midoriya out of the equation. Just you and Ochaco. What then?”

He frowned, befuddled. “...What?”

“You know,” she murmured, leaning in as though she was getting to the good part of a drama, “just the two of you, no Deku around, all alone in a room. You never wondered what might happen?”

He shrugged, folding his arms. “Uraraka and I have spent time alone on multiple occasions.”

“And not even *one* of those times, did your brain wander to... non-PG territory?” She wiggled her eyebrows.

He shot to his feet with such velocity the chair nearly toppled backward. “ASHIDO!”

“What?” she said innocently, “It’s just a question.”

“IT IS NOT ‘just a question’! IT IS A HIGHLY INAPPROPRIATE, BASELESS INQUIRY WITH NO RELEVANCE WHATSOEVER TO THE CURRENT SITUATION!” His face blazed hotter by the second, torn between outrage and mortification.

“Riiight...” She quirked an eyebrow. “So what you’re really saying is, you don’t think Ochaco is insanely pretty with a killer bod?”

“OF COURSE SHE IS INSANELY PRETTY WITH A KILLER BOD, BUT—”

He stopped dead.

His own words hung in the air and glared back at him.

Ashido’s grin stretched so wide it was a miracle her face didn’t crack. “AHA! Knew it!”

He collapsed back into Mr Aizawa's chair, limbs going slack. He had really said that. Out loud. With his whole chest. With the kind of conviction Stain once derided him for lacking. But no—no! What he'd voiced was merely an objective statement. Yes! A purely neutral observation! One could appreciate aesthetic symmetry in a classmate without crossing into indecency, surely? That was all it was. That was all it had to be.

And yet... now that the words were loose in the world, they would not stop reverberating inside his skull. *Did* he think Uraraka was pretty? *Insanely* pretty? Possessing, as Ashido had so crudely put it, a *killer bod*? That phrasing was most certainly not his, but... had the thought ever crossed his mind?

*No. No! Of course not!*

It was a trap! An elaborate ploy concocted to lure him into divulging some imagined weakness, to call his virtue into question! While he wrestled with the tangled web of thoughts she had knotted in his mind, Ashido sauntered up the teacher's desk with both hands in her blazer's pockets. "Look, man, it's fine."

His eyes lifted, wary. "...Fine?"

"Yeah. Totally normal. It's fine to think girls are hot, especially cuties like Ochaco. Doesn't make you less of a man. If anything, it makes you *more* of one."

More of a man? How could such a conclusion possibly follow?

She leaned forward and planted her hands on the desk. "Everyone's got urges, Class Rep. Everyone. People in class. The teachers. Your precious mommy and daddy. Heck, even that brother of yours you practically worship. You really think Ingenium's never felt the itch?" Her grin curved as if she could see cracks in the perfect image of his brother that he himself refused to notice. "C'mon, Iida. *Everyone's* got a little *nasty* in them."

"A little n-nasty?!" He shook his head so violently it was a wonder it remained attached, dislodging the mental image she had hurled into his psyche. "My thoughts and intentions toward Uraraka have always been pure!"

Honestly, who did she take him for? Mineta? Eyes squeezed shut, he rubbed his fingers against his temples, desperate to reset his brain back to factory settings.

*Refocus. Realign. Restore order.*

When he finally reopened his eyes, his phone had disappeared from the desk. Every muscle in his body tensed the instant he spotted Ashido holding it. “What do you think you are doing?!” he sputtered.

“Helping a brother out.” She didn’t even spare him a glance, fingers dancing all over his screen with an enthusiasm that could only spell disaster. One final tap and then she tossed the phone back at him, grinning like she’d solved world hunger. “There. Deleted your boring-ass apology so you could send *that* instead.”

His eyes dropped to the screen. Within moments, every drop of blood in his body froze solid as he read the monstrosity she had drafted:

*yo deku, uraraka, so lyk, dis is rly hard 4 me 2 admit, but Ashido has opend my eyes with her ENDLESS WISDOM n i cant keep lying 2 myself OR 2 U.*

*i want u bth. BAD. like, SO BAD. in a way thts emotional AND fizzical!!*

*For YEARS (ok mayb not yrs but like. awhile??), i have suffred in SILENT THIRST, shackled by my duties as class rep 🥲 but NO MORE.*

*da truth is i dont just wanna lead u in2 battle... i wanna lead u IN2 BED. in2 PASSION. in2 da most legendary, NO-HOLDS-BARRED THREESOME FUCKFEST UA HAS EVER SEEN!!!! 🥲🔥*

*WE CAN DO IT. TODAY. RITE NOW. TRAINING ROOM BETA?? A JANITOR’S CLOSET?? OR HECK, THE DORMS?????*

*i believe in u guys. i believe in US. dis is da ULTIMATE team-building exercise. da FINAL EXAM OF LOVE. & i kno, deep in my heart, u will meet dis moment w da same energy & enthusiasm u bring 2 everything else.*

*‘PLUS ULTRA’ IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD, BABY. 💧🔥💪*

*awaiting ur sexy YES!!! 🥲💋100*

Tenya stopped breathing. His heart stuttered. His vision blurred around the digital abomination glowing in his hands.

“WHAT—WHAT *IS THIS* VILE CORRUPTION?! This doesn’t even sound like me!” His voice cracked into hysteria. “The spelling! The grammar! The vulgarity! The flagrant abuse of punctuation! The grotesque sentence structure! The—the cringeworthy emojis! They will see through this ruse immediately! It is so... so...”

“Fine!” She huffed, snatching the phone back. Her fingers blurred across the screen at blistering speeds and before he could mount a protest, the device was tossed back into his antsy hands. “There. Try that one.”

Dread clawed up his spine as his hesitant gaze lowered onto the fresh nightmare awaiting him. He forced himself to read:

*Dearest Midoriya and Uraraka,*

*It is with great urgency and deep personal reflection that I must inform you of a most pressing matter. Due to unforeseen circumstances (namely, being held captive by Ashido’s endless wisdom), I can no longer suppress the truth that has weighed heavily on my heart.*

*I crave you both. Romantically. Carnally. Heroically.*

*For too long, I have hidden behind my responsibilities as Class Representative, denying myself the one thing I desire more than order, discipline, and proper exam preparation: an EPIC, NO-HOLDS-BARRED THREESOME. With YOU BOTH. TODAY.*

*Let us not waste another moment in foolish restraint. I propose we convene immediately! Perhaps in Training Room Beta or a suitably intimate janitor’s closet. We shall finally engage in the team-building exercise of our dreams.*

*I trust that as my most esteemed companions, you will embrace this proposal with the same enthusiasm and vigour you apply to all things in life.*

‘PLUS ULTRA’ IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD.

*Awaiting your eager response!*

Tenya sat in stunned silence once he reached the end of the refurbished message. Not only had she drastically improved her grammar and spelling—a feat he had long presumed beyond her abilities—but she had also, to his growing horror, replicated his tone, diction, and sentence structure with such uncanny precision that, had he not seen her compose it with his own eyes, he might well have believed he had authored it himself. It was almost... unsettling. If she applied even a fraction of that scrupulousness to her academics, perhaps then Mr Aizawa would not descend into existential despair every time he graded her work. It was as if...

He cast a wary side glance in her direction.

*Has she been holding back her intelligence all this time?*

...Hm.

“Well?” she prompted, breaking him out of his introspection.

“I must admit, I’m rather impressed by—” No. What on Earth was he saying? He aborted the statement mid-sentence, forcing his lips into a tight line then gave his head a disapproving shake instead. “This is dishonourable! I will not, under any circumstances, send this message!”

She laughed and reclined back, arms folded behind her head. “But I thought you wanted to ‘hone your abilities’ with them.”

“Not like that!”

He erased the digital atrocity and began drafting a proper replacement, one devoid of her debauchery. But before he could complete it, the phone was whisked from his hands.

“HEY! Return that at once!” He lunged forward right as she began reading aloud with relish:

“Uraraka, Midoriya, my sincerest apologies for cancelling today. I have been taken hostage by Ashido, who is currently forcing me to confront my own hormonal repression. Please send help before she persists in convincing me to embrace my ‘inner nasty.’”

“Mmm,” she mused, scrolling like a teacher grading homework. “Honestly? Not half bad. But it could use a pinch of spice,” she said, thumbs tapping with menace, “and then—”

“WAIT!!”

But she already hit send.

“Aaaand delivered.” She beamed proudly as though she had submitted a group project on his behalf without consulting him. “Ooh, and now for a juicy P.S. to really seal the deal—”

He snatched the phone from her mid-keystroke, eyes darting to the screen in horror:

*P.S. I already booked the janitor's closet. Bring protection. Of ALL kinds.* 🦋👊

With a strangled gasp, he obliterated the backspace button beneath his furious thumb. “That is ENOUGH! I have suffered your antics beyond reason! Back to your seat, Ashido! Now! Resume your punishment before I draft a full report labelling this psychological warfare!”

She snatched his phone right back and stretched her arm to keep it beyond his reach. “Chill, dude. I’ll get back to the stupid lines, alright? My notebook’s not going anywhere.” She waved a dismissive hand as if he were the one being unreasonable. “First, we need to help you.”

*Help me?* His chest tightened. “Me?”

“Yeah. Your Quirk makes you pretty fast, right?”

“Naturally.”

“So that means... fast hands, too?”

His eyes narrowed into suspicious slits. “...Where are you going with this?”

Scheming delight curved the corners of her mouth. “Simple. You write all my lines for me, and in return, I’ll help you lock down that legendary threesome with Midoriya and Uraraka.”

He nearly toppled out of his seat. “That is the most ludicrous proposition I have ever heard in my life!”

“It’s not *that* ludicrous. Ocha’s a total catch, and Midoriya? That boy went from crybaby to straight-up demigod in, what, under a year? You’re telling me he wouldn’t absolutely wreck shop in the bedroom?”

“I wouldn’t care to speculate anything of the sort!”

“Pfft, whatever. If you’re not gonna tap that potential, I just might.”

Whatever activities she and Midoriya might pursue were none of his business. He chose not to dignify her scandalous ambitions with further comment, though his mind remained ensnared by the absurdity of her previous suggestion. “You seriously think... Midoriya and I...?”

She tilted her head, then suddenly gasped as though she’d cracked the combination to a vault of secrets. “Ohhhhhhh. *That’s* what it is! It’s not about Ochaco at all! You’ve got a thing for Midoriya!”

“I—WHA—OUTRAGEOUS!”

“No judgment, dude! I’ll help you set up that one-on-one, too.”

“YOU WILL DO NO SUCH THING!”

He lunged.

She dodged.

The phone slipped from her grasp, bounced off her shoe, and skidded across the classroom floor.

“Oops. My bad.” She pivoted on her heels, already striding toward where the phone had settled.

“Handle that with utmost care! If my device incurs so much as a scratch, you will answer for it in full—”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” she tossed over her shoulder, dismissive as ever as she bent to retrieve it. “Everything looks A-OK to me.”

But Tenya did not respond.

Because Tenya was no longer processing words. His entire cognitive function collapsed under one catastrophic visual: his female classmate, bent forward at the waist, back towards him, affording an unshielded line of sight beneath her elevated skirt.

He ought to have blinded himself on the spot. That would have been the virtuous course of action. The heroic thing to do. But no, he remained rooted in place, paralysed, transfixed. And left pondering...

*How?*

How could such a disastrous wardrobe malfunction have come to pass? Were U.A. skirts manufactured at so scandalous a length? Impossible. He would have noticed such an egregious violation of dress-code regulations long ago and submitted a formal report to the proper administrative office. No—Ashido's skirt had to be an aberration. A defect of tailoring. A grievous oversight in fabric distribution.

Unless... it wasn't?

Could it have been intentional? Could Ashido have altered her uniform as some rebellious fashion statement? Or worse, had she engineered this precise outcome, constructed a visual snare tailored for situations exactly like this? Never before had he considered it necessary to analyse skirt hemlines, but the visual before him rendered the oversight indefensible.

Her skirt *was* too short, he decided. Far, far too short.

So short that the mere act of bending over had caused the hem to rise to a wholly indecent degree, high enough to reveal her gluteal region, the lower curves of her posterior adorned in leopard-print undergarments. Her pink, rounded buttocks projected themselves into view, defiant in their prominence, determined to announce their presence irrespective of social context. And heavens above, were they large. So round and abundant in proportion, her undergarments appeared visibly strained, pulled taut and insufficient, clearly never intended to contend with such volume. Perfectly spherical, impossibly taut, the sheer magnitude of her glutes surpassed anything he had ever permitted himself to imagine—

Not that he had ever imagined such things!

Perish the thought! He would never stoop to such crude, ungentlemanly speculation!

Although now, his lungs refused to draw breath. His muscles petrified, trapped him in this humiliating quandary. The angle of her bend revealed the natural crease where the rounded mass of her buttocks tapered into the back of her thighs, a sight no class representative should be compelled to witness of his peers. Her underwear, brazen in its attention-seeking leopard print, stretched over scandalously little. The rear of the garment exposed more than it concealed, its elastic edges biting into flesh, compressing her already prominent posterior and forcing it to protrude with exaggerated definition. The contrast between the jagged spots of the wild pattern and her warm-pink skin was—

*NO!*

He would not, *must not*, allow such observations to proceed further!

It was highly inappropriate. A disgrace. An unacceptable breach of conduct. A personal failing of heroic proportions! His frantic brain rummaged for emergency protocols. *Look away, Tenya! Turn around. Close your eyes. Relocate. Evacuate. Move. Move now!*

And yet, Tenya did none of that.

An eternity condensed itself into mere seconds, ample time for Ashido to whip her head around, his phone raised in one hand. “See?” she said, blasé, “Not even a scratch!”

His gaze snapped up at the sound of her voice. But not quickly enough. He caught the shift in her expression in real time: the widening of her golden irises, the dawning curve of her grin as she followed the trajectory of his gaze back to where it had lingered. In that breathless pause, he knew for certain she had caught on.

“Ohh-ho!” Mischievous glee danced in her voice. “Class Rep, I had no idea you were such a perv!”

Heat exploded across his cheeks, setting his face aflame. “I... I...”

“I mean, daaaamn! I bend over one time and suddenly you’re channelling your inner Mineta? And here I thought you were the respectable one! Tsk, tsk.” She wagged a scolding finger.

A tide of panic crashed inside him. His eyes darted wildly about the classroom, skimming over ceiling tiles, the floor, the farthest, most irrelevant corner of the room, as if salvation might be hiding there. Anywhere but Ashido. In the end, he dropped his burning

face into his hands and braced himself for her outrage, her disgust, or at the very least, a snide rebuke.

But it never came. Instead, her face brimmed with... joy? Which disturbed him more than a hundred scolding words ever could.

“Y’know, you could’ve just asked if you wanted a peek,” she mocked.

“I—what?! Preposterous!” He wrenched his gaze away and stretched an arm out, beckoning for his property. “Return my phone at once and desist from this ridiculous behaviour.”

She sauntered over and dangled the device within his reach. “Here ya go, hotshot.” Just as his fingers brushed the edge, she snapped it back with a treacherous grin. “But first, c’mon, tell me the truth. You’re totally an ass man, aren’cha?”

He recoiled. “ABSOLUTELY NOT!”

“Ohhh, methinks the gentleman doth protest way too much.”

“There is nothing to protest!”

“It’s okay to admit it.” She leaned in, grinning like a devil. “You’re an ass man.”

“I... I am nothing of the sort!” he spluttered, hands flailing in outrage. “If anything, I am a—*a principle* man! Yes! A man of honour and discipline!”

“Booring.” She rolled her eyes. “Funny, though, for a guy so obsessed with discipline, you sure took your sweet time enjoying the view.”

“I WAS NOT ENJOYING THE—!!!”

“Yes, you were!” she sing-songed. “You like big butts and you cannot lie!”

Mortified, he pressed an urgent finger to his lips, desperate to shush her before some passerby overheard those slanderous lyrics and drew the wrong conclusion. He lunged forward and reclaimed his phone in a swift snatch. “Enough! Return to your seat and resume your punishment immediately!”

She offered a jaunty salute, unrepentant. “Aye-aye, captain.” And just as she turned away, she tossed a grin over her shoulder. “But hey, if ya ever wanna sneak another peek... you know where to look.”

He exhaled in relief when she retreated to her desk. From the corner of his vision, he observed her plop back into her seat and resume her scribbling.

*Ass man.*

A disparaging term, as crude as it was ludicrous. He harboured no such fixation with ‘backsides’ as it were. The term did not align with his refined character in the slightest. Granted, in the silence of his conscience was something he was loathed to admit even privately—he had, indeed, *looked*. Longer than propriety could reasonably excuse.

But not from lewd intent! Nor from some voyeuristic hunger! His gaze had lingered purely from shock, from disbelief at her... proportions. He had never in his life beheld buttocks of such magnitude. Granted, he had never endeavoured to inspect what lay beneath the skirts of his classmates either. And yet, some quiet, instinctual part of his brain had acknowledged the sheer scale of the glutes before him. His interest, if one could even call it that, was purely academic. A study in contrast. In proportion. In structural absurdity.

Sincerely, the last piece of information he ever wished to carry was that Mina Ashido favoured leopard-print undergarments. He could only pray this knowledge might one day fade from memory. Although, he already had his doubts.

The classroom clock ticked on at a torturously sluggish pace. He checked his watch for the fifth time in as many minutes, silently begging for Mr Aizawa’s return. Then he raised his head to ask how many lines she had left to complete, but the inquiry never made it to his lips.

For his attention was arrested by more indecency.

Ashido lounged inelegantly at her desk, back slouched, chin propped in her palm, humming some cheerful tune incongruous with serving detention. But it was what occurred beneath the desk that derailed his focus. Her legs shifted with restless abandon, knees drifting apart, then together, then separating once more in absent-minded repetition. Every careless spread ambushed him with another flash of leopard print. He would avert his eyes, only for

them to return moments later of their own volition, pulled toward the parting of her thighs like metal to a magnet.

Instead of rising to question her progress, he now found himself rehearsing the most diplomatic phrasing possible to request she cease her... fidgeting. But every iteration he drafted crumbled under its own implications, laden with the confession that he had, in fact, been looking. Perhaps words were unnecessary. Perhaps a single, stern clearing of his throat would suffice to convey the gravity of his objection.

He straightened up and raised a fist to his mouth.

*“Ahem.”*

If she heard him, she gave no indication, her legs continuing their reckless motions. Perhaps it had been too subtle. He adjusted his collar and tried again, applying more vocal weight.

*“AHEM.”*

Her thighs slowed, knees drawing inward until they touched. *Yes!* But a second later, they drifted apart again, even farther than before, mocking his phantom victory. He sat taller and projected every ounce of vocal authority honed through years of student council declarations.

*“AHEM!”*

She neither lifted her head nor paused her pen; however, this time, she deigned to respond, even if her tone was unduly casual. “Need a lozenge or something over there?” Her eyes never lifted from the page. “You sound like an old man wheezing in a sauna.”

“...I’m... quite alright. Thank you.” His shoulders sagged as he sank back into the chair, defeated.

Perhaps it was wisest to leave matters as they were. Even without his intervention, her restless legs would in time come to rest. All he need do was resist the urge to look. Not a second after he entertained the thought had her legs, indeed, stilled. The only trouble was... they stilled at the widest point of separation, leaving her skirt hitched high on her thighs, broadcasting an uninterrupted view of her underwear.

Against every conscious command, his vision anchored itself to the sight at once.

The meagre fabric adhered to her front with an intimacy more brazen than its grip across her rear. It moulded itself to the shape of her most private anatomy, drawing a central seam where the fabric pressed inward and cleaved along a shadowed line of symmetry. Such detail had no rightful place in his field of vision. Her inner thighs formed a pink backdrop to the patterned cloth that left precious little to imagination. He had seen too much, and yet, not enough to look away.

Her head remained bowed, pen scrawling with a concentration she had not displayed at any point until now. Brows drawn, jaw set, she seemed, at last, to be taking the punishment seriously. So much so, she remained entirely unaware, or perhaps wilfully indifferent, to the lascivious spread her legs had assumed beneath the desk. Was it really worth derailing this rare diligence to address the indecent exposure intruding upon his line of sight?

Surely not.

Granted, his decision left a perilous temptation unchecked. His eyes lingered where the rebellious pattern challenged his integrity in ways even the most suggestive hero costumes never had. His fingers drummed on the teacher's desk again, though now the source of his agitation was altogether different. His eyes darted between her furrowed concentration above the desk and the impropriety below, monitoring both, almost measuring how long he could observe before risking detection. Every twitch in her visage, every minute wrinkle crossing her brow, became a warning sign. At the slightest hint she might lift her head and spot him, he was prepared to snap his gaze elsewhere.

With her thighs splayed so heedlessly and her bottom perched on the edge of her seat, her undergarments failed their basic duty. Even from his front-facing vantage, the lower curves of her buttocks breached containment. Rounded flesh spilled past the scant triangle of leopard-print, pressing outward against the wooden edge as though the chair itself could not restrain such excess.

A sudden twitch of movement jolted his head upward, heart leaping into his throat.  
*Caught!*

But no—her head remained bowed in apparent focus. Her shift, it seemed, had been unrelated, nothing more than her free hand rising to curl around her crimson tie. “So hot in here...” she murmured absently, tugging at the knot.

Suddenly, he felt it, too. The air seemed... thicker, somehow. Hotter. And so, too, did the temperature under his collar. Had the classroom actually grown warmer, or did this heat originate from some inward source? While she loosened the knot of her tie, he rummaged through the clutter atop Mr Aizawa’s desk until he located the air-conditioning remote. A click, a whir, a mechanical sigh, and cool air gusted from above. Relief washed over him. When he set the remote down and returned his gaze to Ashido, however, the breath he had reclaimed abandoned him all over again.

In addition to her tie hanging slack around her collarbones, several buttons of her uniform shirt had come undone, revealing a shockingly generous swell of pink cleavage. The plush curves were compressed upward into profound arcs beneath her clavicle, lifted and presented by the taut edge of a brassiere cut from the same scandalous leopard print he had already spent the better part of the hour trying to forget.

His mouth parted in mute outrage, a stern rebuke ready to leap off his tongue, an indignant command to “put those away immediately!” But, when he noticed her concentration had remained fixed on her notebook, he reconsidered. To speak now would be to acknowledge his own distraction, to imply *he* was the one derailed by such exposure, which she likely regarded as nothing more than idle comfort.

Perspiration pricked along his hairline as he found himself transfixed all over again—this time, by the opulent mounds bursting from the parted edges of her shirt. Every breath she drew lifted her breasts higher, the brassiere indenting her soft flesh. The sight defied practicality. That such volume could be contained, however briefly, by such a garment... It was a wonder she’d managed to secure her buttons at all. His stolen gaze followed the enticing arcs into the shadowed cleft between them, where decorum faced its mightiest foe yet.

Ashido suddenly paused her writing, pen hovering above the page as though she’d encountered a complex math problem rather than a simple line repeated ad nauseam. He arched a brow, baffled by her bafflement. Absent-mindedly, she twirled the pen between her fingers before letting it drift downward, grazing across her exposed neckline. His breath

staggered. The tip traced lower still, drawing a crescent across the upper curve of her bosom. Bewitched, his eyes stalked the pen's meandering path, even as it wandered into the shadowed cleft of her cleavage.

His mind, too, wandered to a quiet place. To the rare, private moments he'd entertained discreet thoughts regarding Yaoyorozu. He could not say why this moment, of all moments, called her to mind. The association was neither logical nor timely, but it surfaced through the fog of his fractured sensibilities all the same.

For all his heroic self-discipline, he remained human, and subject to hormones, heartbeats, and the occasional intrusive impulses adolescence was so cruelly adept at conjuring. Though never openly acknowledged, he had long harboured a quiet admiration for Yaoyorozu's elegance, intellect, and refined dignity. Respectable sentiments. Distinct from the vulgar infatuations of certain classmates, whose interests began and ended with the shape of her chest.

Ashido had presumed he harboured feelings for Uraraka—or worse, Midoriya. But the truth was, if such inclinations existed within him at all, they belonged to Yaoyorozu. He wouldn't bother correcting Ashido's misguided speculation; doing so would only grant her ammunition whilst painting a target closer to the mark. She had a habit of inventing classroom romances out of idle observation, a tireless romantic whether or not the facts aligned with her imagination. There was certainly no need for her to know he had, on occasion, allowed himself to imagine he and Yaoyorozu as a pairing of quiet influence, Class Representative and Vice Representative united by mutual ambition, impeccable discipline, and unwavering principles.

Yet, despite the sincerity of that admiration, he had never once found himself gawking at Yaoyorozu's bust with anything approaching the fixation stirred by Mina Ashido. Ashido—whose academic commitment barely met passing standards, whose attitude toward decorum bordered on wilful sabotage—had somehow ensnared his attention. What insidious force could drive such a lapse? What internal flaw, so long buried, now compelled him to ogle her?

Her pen surfaced from the heat of her cleavage to touch upon her lips. She slipped the barrel end between them and nibbled in apparent thought. Sordid imagery raided his consciousness, visions of less innocent objects intruding the same lips. A furious heat rushed

to his cheeks. And still, he tracked every provocative stroke of her pen, breathlessly wondering where it might wander next, what other suggestive boundary it might cross. But it came to a screeching halt, stopped wandering altogether.

And then, her eyes moved instead. They snapped up in a sudden jolt to lock onto his, striking with the force of a spotlight catching a fugitive.

A mortified squeak escaped his throat.

He grasped at anything within reach, adjusted his glasses, straightened his tie, shuffled papers on the desk, all in a frenzied attempt to project the illusion of busyness, of anything other than what he had been caught doing. Bowing his head, he feigned typing out another urgent text. Inside his skull, self-admonishment roared so loud it drowned out the sound of her chair scraping back. Nor did he notice her footfalls until it was too late, until he raised his eyes to find the pink-faced delinquent leaning over Mr Aizawa's desk, both hands framing her cheeks as she grinned at him inches away.

“Guess you took it literally when Mr Aizawa said to keep an eye on me.”

He recoiled, stammering, “I—I— I haven't the faintest idea what you mean!”

“Uh-huh. You're welcome, by the way.”

“For... for what?!”

“For the close-up, duh. No need to squint from across the room.”

His trembling gaze quivered down at her suggestion, confirming the worst. Her chest, already an egregious distraction at her desk, now dominated his entire field of vision. A faint sheen of sweat glistened on her exposed bust area. Her loosened tie had been flung back over her shoulder, purposefully clearing the view. At this stifling proximity, the brassiere's tawny spots and dark rosettes blared against their pink, mountainous backdrop, the overtaxed cups struggling to contain the heft within them. Her sugary perfume hit him full force—warm vanilla, spun candy, caramelised sweetness and ripe fruit wrapped around her skin until the air between them felt thick enough to taste. Just beneath her bust, a lone button bulged under pressure, as though one more breath might send it flying right into his nose.

He emitted another involuntary squeak. “I barely even noticed you were in the room!”

“Oh yeah? Then you won’t mind if I do the rest of my lines... riiight here.”

“I—wait, don’t you dare—!”

She hopped onto the desk, crossed her legs and balanced her notebook on her lap as though it were the most natural seat in the world.

He snapped his eyes away from the neckline gaping before him, ears burning. “T-this is highly improper conduct! Kindly vacate Mr Aizawa’s desk at once!”

“No can do,” she replied, already scribbling again. “I kinda like it up here. Comfy seat, prime view. Plus, everyone always says I’m waaay more productive under... *very* close supervision. Wouldn’t you agree, Class Rep?”

He gulped. The sugary scent hanging around her seemed even stronger now. “I assure you, I am fully capable of supervising your progress from a reasonable distance.” He shifted awkwardly in his seat. “Such proximity is unnecessary!”

“Maybe for you,” she said, “But I feel inspired now. Maybe some of that class rep discipline is finally rubbing off on me. You’re, like... my muse. Who wouldda thought?”

“Muse?!”

“Careful, Iida, any redder and your head will turn into a tomato. You sure you don’t secretly like me this close?”

Eager to disprove her claim, he shoved his chair backwards—only to discover the desk had been shielding a very obvious, very incriminating bulge in his uniform trousers.

Her golden eyes lit up like a poacher spotting rare game. “Oho... what do we have here?” She leaned forward, zeroing in on the tented fabric. “Uh-oh... is that a breach of student conduct I see?” Her grin widened. “Well, since we’re getting all nice and comfortable...”

With a theatrical shrug, her blazer slipped off her shoulders. Panicked, he thrust both hands forward urging her to stop, but it was too late—the garment tumbled off the desk behind her. Whatever she had planned, he questioned the wisdom of staying put long enough to find out. His eyes darted to the classroom door, still ajar, still within sprinting distance.

With one burst of Recipro, he could be down the hallway before she even thought of rhyming ‘discipline’ with ‘sin.’

“Wait... you’re not actually thinking of bolting, are you?” She tilted her head, her antennae-like horns twitching. “Really, Sir Class Representative? Our iron-willed leader abandoning his post because of one little pink menace? What would you even tell Mr Aizawa—that you were terrorised by a measly girl with a pen? Some hero you’d make, running for the hills the second things get a little...” Her voice dipped a full octave. “...*hard*.”

He choked on his breath, then drove his seat back under the desk, restoring the wooden surface as a shield.

Unfortunately, she was not entirely wrong. Mr Aizawa *had* entrusted him with a simple duty. To desert it now, to retreat merely because his self-control was under duress, would be cowardice of the highest order. He *had* to stay. To endure. Maintain composure. Uphold dignity. He would overcome this.

Whatever *this* was.

Summoning all the courage he could marshal, he wrenched his gaze from the tempting escape route and forced it back upon the source of his torment. Regret struck instantly.

Ashido had taken the concept of ‘getting comfortable’ to an outrageous extreme. She now stood before their teacher’s desk with her shirt completely unbuttoned and hanging open, chest jutting forward without even the pretence of modesty. Her leopard-print brassiere showcased a staggering pair of breasts near-bursting from meagre cups. He found himself trapped in an internal debate over whether the garment was criminally undersized or whether Ashido herself simply defied typical proportions. It took all his might to drag his eyes away, to pull them down over the toned plane of her abdomen, where her waist tapered inward and guided his attention to a flash of silver nestled at her navel.

A belly ring.

He was all but certain such accessories were explicitly forbidden under a firmly worded subsection of the U.A. dress code. Then again, Ashido had never demonstrated any particular fondness for reading, least of all where rules, guidelines, or consequences were involved.

Not a syllable passed her lips as she set aside her notebook and pen. She uncrossed her legs and let them drift down on either side of him, swinging over the desk's edge with the free spirit of a child on a playground swing. He drew his arms inward as though compressing his frame might somehow shrink him away from her encroaching proximity. It did not. She planted her brown school shoes on the armrests of the chair, claiming the space he had abandoned, enclosing him within her perimeter.

He stiffened.

Only his eyes dared move, treading along the line of her lower limbs, from the black knee-high socks clinging to her calves, up the toned, healthy sweep of her thighs, until his scrutiny was forced to halt at the hem of her green skirt. Futile shadows concealed what he had already glimpsed within.

He had long assumed, from the vigour of her breakdancing and sparring, that Ashido possessed impressive lower-body strength. But only now did he experience it first-hand. Her feet pushed against the armrests, dragging the chair—along with his full weight—out from under the desk, reluctant wheels groaning across the floor as he slid backwards. His lap emerged once more and the insistent bulge appeared even more conspicuous than before.

Their facial expressions could not have been more diametrically opposed, a portrait of mortification vs sinful delight. As he shivered beneath her wicked leer, she hooked one foot behind the opposite heel and peeled off its shoe. Moments later, the other joined it on the floor, leaving her feet clad solely in the standard black socks of the U.A. uniform. She eased one foot across the seat, her toes gliding forward until they tucked themselves into the cramped space between the cushion and the bulge distorting his trousers.

He jolted upright. “A-Ashido! This is—”

“Shhh. Sit still.”

His Adam's apple bobbed, breath caught between protest and paralysis.

Her sock-clad toes stirred beneath his lump, jostling, prodding, lifting his bloated scrotum as though testing its heft. He nearly levitated out of the chair. His thighs clamped around her shin, every muscle enlisted in a futile struggle against the sensations her inappropriate exploration provoked. A trembling hand clutched the armrest, white-knuckled, while her meddlesome foot withdrew from underneath his protrusion, only to drag over the

top of it instead. The ball of her foot ground over his jutting trousers, compounding his disgrace with a dastardly friction he could neither quell nor ignore.

*This... cannot be happening. I cannot be—*

“So hard,” she crooned in approval. A quieter murmur followed, something about her afternoon “not having to be a total waste after all”. He dared not ask what she meant by that.

Every effort to lift his hips or twist away only heightened the friction. No part of this appalling conduct ought to have elicited any semblance of gratification. But when her sole rolled into his bulging arousal, his crotch jerked upwards in response, as though chasing the friction instead of escaping it. Through a shuddering breath, he forced his voice into something he prayed resembled no-nonsense conviction.

“Y-you must cease this immediately!”

“Cease what, exactly?” She feigned sweetness.

“T-That! Precisely that!” He jabbed an accusatory finger downward toward the foot stirring atop his lap. “You are fully aware of what you are doing!”

“Hey, don’t blame me because your body’s got zero self-control,” she argued, unbelievably. “My foot’s just existing. Your lap’s the one throwing a tantrum.”

“Have you gone completely insane?!”

She giggled. “Is that question for me, or your dick?”

He seized fistfuls of his hair, fingers clutching hard at the dark strands. Ripping them out seemed more sensible than attempting to apply logic to whatever was going on right now. Perhaps he truly was losing his sanity.

Meanwhile, she picked her notebook back up, a cheerful hum as her pen scratched lazily across the page, as though nothing remotely inappropriate was occurring with her foot.

Her nonchalance flabbergasted him. So much so, he simply sat back with his hands buried in his hair, at a loss. Was this some sort of test? A prank? Had Mr Aizawa somehow orchestrated this deeply unethical scenario as an examination of his class representative’s resolve under extreme psychological pressure?

The man certainly employed unconventional educational methods, but surely even he would not sanction covert sexual harassment as a classroom exercise.

...Surely?

This simply *had* to be Ashido acting independently. He studied her in mounting disbelief while she sat there unbothered, pen steady as her foot interrogated his tented trousers. She was trying to break him. Of that, he felt increasingly certain.

Perhaps this was some juvenile attempt to drag him into her mire, to suggest that beneath his distinguished reputation, he was no better than the delinquents he so frequently reprimanded. That he, too, was governed by crude biological impulses. That it was a travesty he had never once received detention while she treated it like a second homeroom. That exposing him would somehow absolve the mountain of misconduct she herself had accumulated.

Hmph!

Like the long line of Iidas before him, Tenya would yield no such ground. He would not become the weak link felled by a mischievous classmate wielding a sock-covered foot and entirely too much confidence. If anything, he would reframe this indignity into a teachable moment.

Yes.

An opportunity to lead by example. He would demonstrate how a true hero maintained decorum and restraint even under the most libidinous circumstances!

Then her big toe pressed on the swollen head straining his trousers.

“Hrk—nn!”

She looked up from her notebook. “...Did you just squeak?”

“I MOST CERTAINLY DID NOT!”

*Argh! Compose yourself, Tenya!*

His sights fell upon her footwork, trousers crinkling and shifting beneath her indecent rubbing. Through the thin black weave of her socks, he could see the outline of her toes

flexing, curling, prodding at his bulge. The sight held him with a kind of morbid fascination. His gaze drifted upward along her lower leg. While her calf lacked the hypertrophied mass granted by his Quirk-enhanced musculature, it carried a lithe, aesthetic strength of its own. He lost himself watching the muscles tighten and contract with every movement of her foot.

“Am I distracting you, Class Rep?”

“Not in the slightest!” He jerked backward so abruptly the chair wheels squealed. “I am entirely undistracted!” he declared, gripping the armrests tightly.

She flashed a knowing smile. “You distracted me first, y’know.”

“I did no such thing!”

“Here I am, minding my own business—”

“Your own business?! Your foot is currently on my—”

“—trying to finish Mr Aizawa’s work like a responsible student—”

“Responsible my—”

“*And*,” she cut him off again, “this thing just keeps getting harder... and harder...” Her toes prodded at his bulge with emphasis.

“I... I know what you’re doing!” he sputtered.

She set her pen and notebook aside before leaning closer, eyes bright with interest. “Oh? Do you now?”

“Indeed! And it will not succeed! My discipline far exceeds your capacity for misconduct!”

“Uh-huh...” Her amused little grin informed him she had interpreted his declaration not as resistance, but as a challenge.

Rather than retreat, she leaned down further and pried one of his hands loose from the death grip he maintained on the armrest. His fingers twitched in protest as she redirected his palm toward her sinuous calf. Whatever protest lingered in his digits dissipated the instant he made contact. Warm. Firm. Smoothly defined muscle shifted beneath his palm

while his classmate pressed his hand stronger against her calf, encouraging him to actually feel it instead of merely staring at it like a deranged biomechanics enthusiast.

“You say you know exactly what I’m doing,” she murmured, watching him squirm with shameless fascination, “but you still haven’t admitted you like it.”

There was no such admission looming on his tongue!

Not that that stopped her. While her fingers remained curled around his, she guided his touch upward, crossing the boundary where the smooth knit of her sock ended and the disarming softness of bare flesh began. His fingertips flinched at the sudden change in texture.

Why was her skin this soft?!

She pressed him onward, ushering his palm beyond her knee to meet the shapely contour of her inner thigh...

A nervous tremor overtook his wrist as she urged him higher still. Her thigh, though athletically toned, felt impossibly supple beneath his fingertips, warm skin dotted with mild perspiration. Higher and higher they climbed. But the instant her guiding touch threatened to escort him beneath her looming skirt—

He snatched his hand back.

She laughed. “Oh, come on, you’re really gonna sit there and pretend you’re not pitching a full-on tent?”

“Th-that is not the issue at hand!”

“Look, I get it. You’re Mr Pride-and-Discipline and all that, but no one’s watching. You can drop the shtick—”

“Shtick?” His glasses flashed in offence. “You call a lifetime of discipline a *shtick*?”

“I call it exhausting.” She tilted her head, almost sympathetically. “Seriously, Iida, nobody’s asking you to burn the rulebook. Just... maybe try loosening your tie once in a while?”

“I will have you know, I am perfectly comfortable as I am,” he replied stiffly. “Duty, honour, and responsibility are not costumes one simply takes off.”

She grinned. “Yeah, well, maybe if you *did* take off your—”

“Do not turn that into an innuendo.”

“Pfft. Never mind the threesome—you’d be lucky to find *one* girl looking for a guy who always treats fun like it’s against the law.”

Her barb struck deeper than expected, stilled his thoughts. Not even *one* girl? Did she truly believe that?

“I assure you, Ashido, I am not nearly so... so dreary as you imply! I can, in fact, be quite entertaining! I have participated in trivia nights with remarkable enthusiasm! I have led study groups that ended in spirited discussion! I am well-versed in the intricacies of Uno! And let us not forget my spirited contribution to karaoke, wherein I performed the school anthem with unyielding gusto! My capacity for amusement is well-documented, I tell you, and furthermore, I—”

He lost his momentum, for somewhere amid his rambling defence, her socked foot had resumed rubbing against his bulge.

“HEY! Are you even listening to me?!”

“Mhm...” came her vague mumble, clearly distracted by the stiffness underfoot.

He pushed himself back in the chair, but her sole extended to match his retreat, creeping upward over the front of his crisp blazer. Where her indecent shirt hung open, he had at least preserved his uniform’s dignity. Her state of disarray only worsened with every motion; as her foot climbed higher along his torso, the hem of her skirt slid lower down her thigh, sliding until the fabric bunched about her waist. By the time her toes brushed the knot of his tie, her leopard-print underwear was winking up at him again.

He felt his bulge swell in response, welcoming the spectacle even as the rest of his body quivered in alarm. Both hands clamped over his lap to conceal his arousal.

Her smirk told him she had anticipated no less. With the calm assurance of a chess player moving a knight into check, she raised her second foot and set it on the vacant armrest.

She didn't grant him half a second to look away before parting her knees to their limit. The shadows beneath her skirt vanished in an instant, revealing the wild motif stretched across her vulva, a pronounced seam sinking between her nether lips and splitting the leopard pattern down the middle.

"ASHIDO! Y-y-your skirt! Fix it at once!" he spluttered, an awkward crack in his voice.

"What? Leopard print against the rules, too?"

"Rules are not the issue here—common decency is!" He flailed his hands in frantic semaphore before his face, as though the sight between her thighs might scorch his retinas. "Displaying your undergarments so openly is exceedingly unbecoming for a young lady!"

"Yeah? So's pitching a tent in detention for a young gentleman," she shot back, teeth flashing. "You don't see me whining about how hard you stared the second I bent over."

His throat turned to sandpaper, collar tightening. "That was..."

"Chill out, I don't care. Like guys haven't stared at my ass before?" She smirked. "Honestly, I'm only offended you keep pretending you don't like what you see. Especially when you're sitting here all stiff..." Her toes coiled around the knot of his tie and gave it a teasing tug. "Loosen up, Class Rep. Don't tell me the great Ingenium—future paragon of disciplinary justice—is afraid of a lil' kitty?"

"K-kitty?!" he repeated, bemused. "Absurd! I have no irrational fear of felines!"

"Oh, trust me, you haven't met *this* feline yet." She scooted closer to the edge of the desk as if offering a formal introduction. "Mmm... and guess what? This one does a whole lot more than purr when you stroke it right... Wanna try?"

"Do I want to—have you completely lost your mind?!"

"Aww, c'mon. It won't bite. No surprise acid blasts either, I promise."

The comment prompted a fretful second glance at her underwear. An uncomfortable curiosity wormed its way into his thoughts regarding what, precisely, *did* lie beneath the leopard spots. He was not entirely ignorant of female anatomy, but one capable of ejecting

corrosive fluid? What a terrifying thought! It conjured images less feline and more venomous serpent.

*Good heavens... can her Quirk truly be weaponised in such a dangerously creative manner? The tactical ramifications alone—*

“Tida, it was a joke,” she deadpanned.

He blinked. Then regretted the trajectory of his speculation. “A joke. Right. Yes. Of course! Ha ha! As if acid-projecting genitalia is something I would even remotely contemplate!” He laughed, far too loudly.

“God, you’re such a square.”

His forced laughter collapsed into silence the instant both her feet landed on his shoulders. He whipped his head side to side like a short-circuiting turret, eyes ping-ponging between her socked feet, mind spinning, sweat streaking his temples.

*Do not look down, Tenya! Under no circumstances are you to look south!*

This needed to end. Immediately. But how? He had exhausted every rational approach at his disposal: stern warnings, intellectual appeals, even outright scolding. None had so much as grazed her armour of mischief. His eyes darted about in desperation, scouring every corner of the classroom for salvation. Left. Right. Up. Anywhere but down.

He couldn’t afford Mr Aizawa returning to find his class representative seated behind his desk with a female student’s legs draped over his shoulders. No explanation would suffice. Frankly, he wouldn’t fault Mr Aizawa for expelling them both on the spot; the man had ejected students from U.A. for far less.

*Wait a minute... that’s it!*

Expulsion.

The one consequence every student dreaded above all else. They had all clawed their way into U.A. with grit and determination, harbouring aspirations of standing among the ranks of Pro Heroes. Ashido had been no exception; he remembered how fiercely she had fought tooth and nail during the Quirk Apprehension Test when expulsion had hung over their heads. Surely, she wouldn’t gamble her future now for the sake of reckless indulgence?

“Ashido...” He jerked his chin toward the still-ajar door, alerting her it was an open gateway to disgrace should anyone appear. “If someone were to walk past and so much as glance in here now—one witness, just one—we could both be expelled! Do you really want to explain such circumstances to your parents? The precise sequence of events that led to our academic ruin?!”

For once, it appeared his words had seeped through. Her expression wavered, her carefree smirk dissolving into grave consideration, her golden eyes cutting to the doorway. The weight of consequence sank in. Silence stretched between them. Then came a sigh and a reluctant pout.

“...Tch. Way to kill the mood, Class Rep.” She eased her legs from his shoulders and hopped down from Mr Aizawa’s desk. “But I guess you *do* have a point.”

As she walked away, relief poured over him. At last, reason had broken through. He had triumphed. Logic over impulse. Order over chaos. The noble high ground was his...

For all of three seconds.

His fragile sense of victory crumbled the instant a latch clicked, muting all sound from the hallway. He swivelled towards the sound, towards the *shut* classroom door, where he found Ashido dusting her palms as if she’d just dispensed with some inconvenient chore.

“There! Crisis averted.” Mischief rekindled in her golden eyes. “Now... where were we?”

He sagged into the chair, forehead tilting skyward as a heavy sigh deflated him.

This was about to be the longest detention of his life, wasn’t it?

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

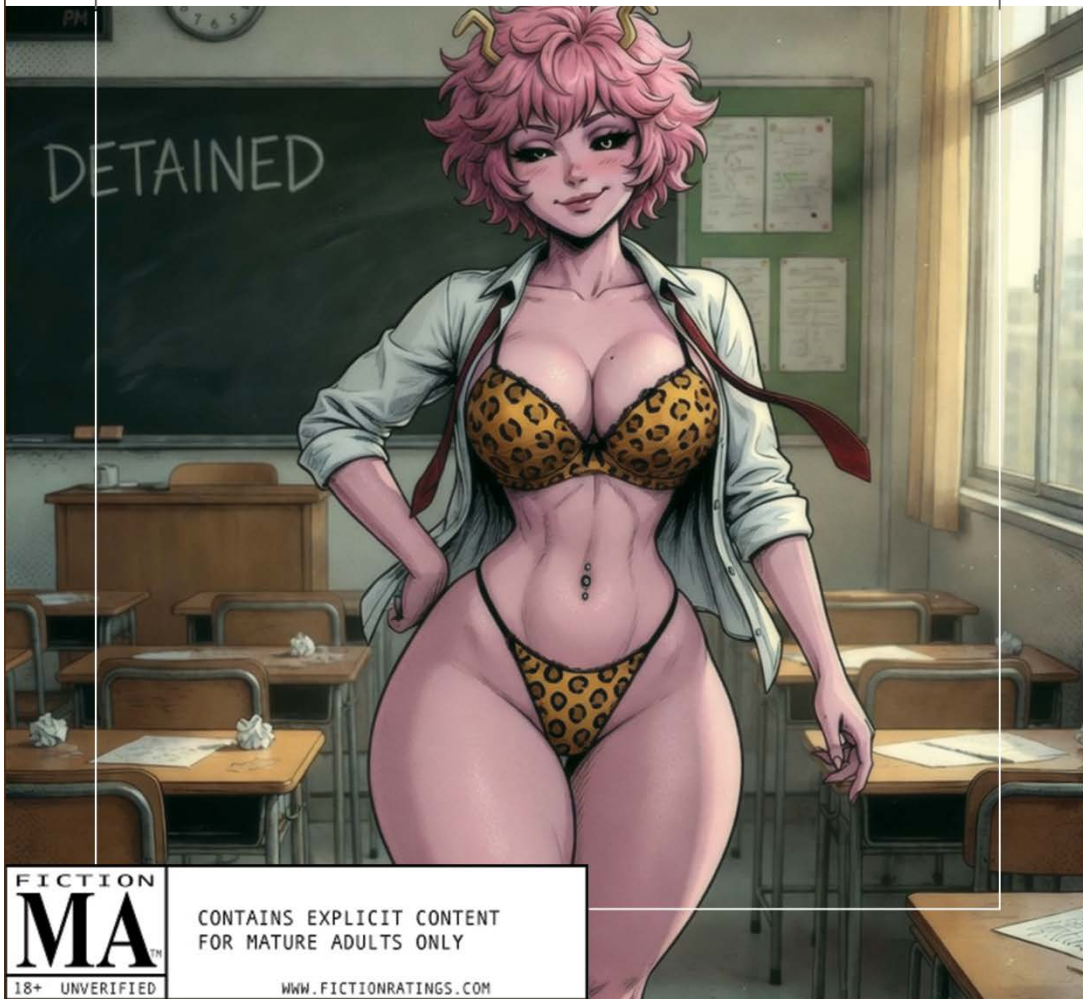
**J. J. SCRIPTEASE**

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**DETENTION WITH  
BENEFITS**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

**CHAPTER 2**



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## Chapter 2 – Disciplinary Action

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Tenya remained a paralysed spectator as Ashido strutted back from shutting the classroom door, evidently pleased with herself after sidestepping his last-ditch warning about expulsion.

She approached him in a provocative gait, hips swaying beneath the edges of her unbuttoned shirt, while her scanty green skirt left the full length of her pink thighs bare. And, regrettably, Tenya noticed them. Lean, toned legs shaped by dance and combat training, yet softened by smooth feminine curves rather than hardened bulk. Whatever deficiencies she suffered in matters of academic discipline did not extend to physical conditioning. With her shirt hanging open, his corrupted gaze found itself drawn toward the buoyant motions occurring higher up. Every step towards him saw her pink breasts bounce within overburdened leopard-print, jostling as though eager to break free, a spectacle befitting their owner's own desperate scheme to escape her detention duties.

His sights lingered far too long on their fullness, on the strain exerted upon the meagre cups, on the aggressive bouncing that made him wish they would overpower the brassiere and finally—

*Tenya Iida! You are the class representative! Have you no shame?!*

He shut his eyes so tightly stars burst behind his eyelids, determined to blind himself before his imagination committed further crimes.

*THUMP!*

He started, eyes snapping open to find her notebook slammed atop Mr Aizawa's desk. She stood on the opposite side, one hand on her hip, the other thrusting her pen towards him. "You should finish writing my lines."

His brain stalled. It took him a moment to register the absurdity of her demand. “You already attempted this proposition,” he reminded her. “Why, in the name of all reason, would I assist you in avoiding a punishment justly earned?” Then, recalling the appalling details of her previous negotiation attempt, he added, “And before you even think of reviving that scandalous offer, I have absolutely no interest in your alleged ability to secure a so-called ‘legendary threesome!’”

“Forget the threesome then. Your loss, honestly.” She scoffed. “I’m talking pure efficiency here. Basic strategy.”

“I distrust any sentence beginning with ‘basic strategy’ when spoken by you.”

“Mean.”

“And how, precisely, is completing your punishment on your behalf considered efficient?”

She pointed the pen at him like a lawyer presenting decisive evidence. “Because, Mr Engine Quirk, you’re basically built for speedrunning tasks. If you hate being stuck here *sooo* much, wouldn’t the fastest solution be letting *you* do the writing?”

He paused. Disturbingly... The logic was not entirely unsound. “Well,” he considered, “from a purely time-management perspective, I suppose your argument possesses a degree of practical merit—”

“Exactly!”

“I was not agreeing with you!”

“Too late. No overthinking allowed.” She wiggled the pen insistently. “C’mon, you know you wanna. Think of it as... optimised productivity. Isn’t that your kink? I mean, that and secretly checking out my fat ass—”

“I WAS NOT SECRETLY CHECKING OUT YOUR—” He stopped himself abruptly, pinching the bridge of his nose with exhausted despair.

She barely stifled a giggle. “Look, we’re wasting daylight here.”

“This is absurd.” He eyed the pen held toward him, cynical. “And while I transcribe one hundred lines of *your* punishment, you intend to sit there twiddling your thumbs?”

“Actually...” A smirk stretched across her lips. “I was thinking more like twiddling *you*.”

“I... beg your pardon?”

“You know...” She shaped her hand into an open fist around an imaginary cylinder before moving it up and down while bobbing her head theatrically.

He squinted at her demonstration. “Why,” he asked cautiously, “are you suddenly miming playing a flute so passionately?”

She smacked her forehead. “Oh my God. You cannot be this sheltered.”

“I mean, I suppose a calming melody could improve workplace efficiency.”

“For the love of—ugh, forget it. I’ll just show you.” She ducked out of sight, leaving him blinking in bafflement.

A sudden tug on his belt jolted him upright in his seat. “What in the—?!” He looked down, and sure enough, her small, meddlesome hands were working his buckle under the desk. “What are you doing?!” His voice climbed half an octave as his frantic hands tried to bat hers away.

The chair rattled as they wrestled for possession of his waistband.

“Oh my gosh, quit being such a worrywart! Just think of this as a, uh, a team-building exercise.”

“This—this is not team-building! There is no conceivable scenario where heroics require you to unbuckle my belt!”

“Oh, I dunno... what if a villain traps you in super-tight trousers? You’d want someone on the squad trained in rapid extraction techniques to get you out.”

“...Your imagination is offensively improper!”

“Thanks!” She beamed as though he’d offered praise. “Now hold still and let me rescue you from these villainous pants!”

“Ashido!” He tugged and twisted, embarrassment searing his cheeks. “I assure you, my trousers require no heroic intervention!”

An abrupt knock rattled the door, freezing them both in place, hands locked in opposition around his belt.

“Mr Aizawa?” called a tentative voice from the hall.

Tenya and Ashido locked eyes, equally startled. They had no time to confer before the door creaked open. Instinct propelled him forward in the chair, shoving his lower half—and the pink-haired saboteur crouched beneath the desk—out of view. He shuffled through the papers strewn before him with manufactured busyness.

The door swung wider and a familiar head poked through the gap, framed in orange. “Hello, sir, I was asked to...” Itsuka Kendo halted and blinked at him. “...wait, you’re not Mr Aizawa.”

“Very astute of you!” Tenya answered in a brittle pitch. The stir of motion resumed beneath the desk and his spine locked rigid, Ashido’s fingers creeping back to their illicit task. She exploited his helplessness, knowing any erratic movement risked drawing suspicion from Kendo, whose brow was already knit in puzzlement at the sight of him seated where Mr Aizawa typically presided. Tenya sought to hasten the conversation before Ashido succeeded at her devious objective. “Mr Aizawa was called away on urgent business involving an altercation between Bakugo and Todoroki,” he explained, words spilling at twice his usual talking speed. “You are welcome to return at a later—”

“Bakugo again? Figures. Has that hothead ever gone a full week without blowing something up?”

Tenya mustered a strained smile. “He... certainly has his moments.” While he harboured no shortage of opinions on Bakugo’s temperament, now was hardly the time to delve into them, least of all with a member of Class 1-B. “In any case,” he said, rushing her along, “I shall see to it that Mr Aizawa receives your messa—”

“Actually, hold on. Maybe you can help me instead.”

“Me?”

“You’re 1-A’s representative, right?” she asked, pushing the door wide open.

He considered denying it, but everyone knew the truth. “...Yes, I am.”

“Super!” She brightened, then took a full step into the room.

His pulse spiked. But on the surface, he held fast.

“So, our class is organising a joint training exercise with 1-A,” she explained while rummaging through her backpack for something, “and Sensei Vlad King asked me to deliver these preliminary outlines to Mr Aizawa for review. But since you’re the class rep, I figured you could—”

“STOP!” The word erupted from him louder than intended, his open palm shooting towards her in an emphatic gesture.

She froze mid-step, glancing around awkwardly.

Perhaps his outburst had been unseemly, but had she advanced a step further, she might’ve heard the damning rustle of clothes beneath the desk—or worse, glimpse Ashido’s pink hair protruding from its shadow.

“Please,” he insisted, “remain precisely where you are!” His voice regained its usual pitch of authority, palm outstretched like a traffic warden halting a runaway lorry.

“Uh... is there a problem?”

“No! None whatsoever!”

“Um, then why are you shouting?”

“I am merely passionate about, er, boundaries!” The statement sounded over-the-top, even to his ears. “I meant to say, passionate about fulfilling my duties. Which is why, in this case, I must insist I am not the appropriate point of contact for those documents. Mr Aizawa would be better qualified to—”

“But you haven’t even looked at them yet.” She held up the stapled sheets wearing a disappointed frown. “It’s not like I’m asking for final approval or anything. Just your thoughts on—”

“I am not in a position to concentrate right now!”

“...Why not?”

“Well, because...” He coughed, kicking a foot beneath the desk in a futile attempt to disrupt the meddler hidden there. “...because I am presently engaged in... other matters.”

“Other matters?” Kendo’s narrowed eyes swept the vacant classroom as if in search for said matters. “Y’know, I could’ve sworn I heard you talking to someone before I knocked.”

“NEGATIVE!” he barked, only for Ashido to wrench at his buckle, jerking him forward with a strangled grunt. He snapped back upright at once, fumbling to adjust his glasses. “I was merely... ahem... practising a... s-speech! Yes! Rehearsing class announcements! Very important.”

“Really?” She raised a questioning eyebrow. “It kind of sounded like two different voices.”

“Certainly not! Merely vocal warm-ups! A common exercise! Observe—”

He cleared his throat and launched into a high-pitched falsetto, hoping to persuade her the second voice had actually been his own. His attempt at Ashido’s tone wavered off-key, more the squeak of a choirboy breaking under pressure than any convincing likeness. The pitiful imitation broke down into nervous chuckles. A tentative silence followed, then came the telltale scrape and clatter of his belt buckle unfastening.

*Merciful heavens above... let the earth swallow me whole.*

He thanked every providence Kendo gave no sign she had heard it. Granted, she crinkled her features at the concern plaguing his expression. “You alright, Iida? You’re acting kind of... jittery.”

“J-j-jittery? Hardly!” His voice shot a full octave into the stratosphere. He forced himself upright even as Ashido’s intrusive digits found purchase at his waistband. “I am perfectly calm, composed, and—” A tug. “—hnnngh—*focused!*” The last word escaped through clenched teeth as his leg gave an involuntary jerk beneath the desk.

“...Riiight.” Cautious, Kendo tucked the documents back into her bag while backpedalling as though retreating from a malfunctioning machine sparking out of control. “I’ll just... come back later?”

“Yes! Yes, please do! Much later, in fact. Perhaps tomorrow, next week even!”

“Er, sure...” After taking several backward steps towards the door, she offered one final, awkward wave.

He returned the gesture with double the awkwardness, his smile a rigid grimace threatening to crack his face. “Ah, and Kendo, if you would be so kind, shut the door behind you.”

The instant it clicked shut, Tenya wheeled his chair back in a frantic bid to reclaim lost ground. But Ashido’s incorrigible grip clung fast to his waistband, and the abrupt retreat tugged his loosened trousers downward, zipper dragging open under the force. The front gaped apart to expose the stark white of his briefs. His eyes exploded in horror at the mortifying bulge now on open display.

“Ha,” she taunted, eyes glued to the sight, “ragging on my leopard print while you’re out here strutting around in boring old tighty-whities?”

“Th-they are standard-issue undergarments designed for maximum practicality! They are completely respectable!”

“Oh yeah? Let’s see if what they’re hiding is respectable, too...”

Panic rose in his throat as her fingers crept toward the band of his undergarments. His hands flew down to intercept hers, only for her head to poke out from under the desk, eyes widening as she shot a glance toward the door.

“Whoa! Hey there, Kendo! Forgot something?”

“What?! Kendo?!?” His head whipped around, pulse hammering. But the door remained shut, the classroom suspiciously devoid of Kendo. “Huh? I don’t see—”

The split-second distraction was all she’d required to drag down his briefs unopposed. Although the back of the garment remained caught beneath him, the waistband yielded far enough for his arousal to spring into the open, bobbing upright between them. Its stiffness pulsed above a groomed patch of dark hair, swollen tip gleaming. Where disgrace burned in his cheeks, delight shimmered in her eyes.

What struck him harder than the exposure itself was the eagerness of his own body, the rigidity with which it stood, contradicting every lecture he had delivered about restraint. How hypocritical he must’ve appeared now: the class representative undone, his dichotomy

laid bare in the involuntary twitch of his arousal. And her golden eyes, bright against their black sclera, glittered with vindication, supposedly witnessing the confirmation of her accusations. That he'd secretly relished every provocative glance he'd stolen, every heave of her bursting cleavage, every contrived flash of her patterned undergarments. That beneath his principled exterior, there had always been something waiting to break.

Once the initial glee of exposing him faded, her expression took on a disturbingly analytical glint. Her gaze sharpened into clinical scrutiny, bearing the quiet focus of studying a specimen, eyes narrowing. He fought the urge to recoil when she leaned forward for even closer inspection.

His hardened member spanned from her chin to about her nose, its slender profile dwarfed by the broad grin spreading across her pink face. The shaft stood paler than his natural complexion, while the glans remained half-sheathed beneath its foreskin, hesitant to reveal itself in so indecorous a circumstance. A nervous spasm ran along the shaft, veering it slightly to the left. She perked up watching the awkward tilt, like a child watching a zoo animal stir from sleep.

"D'aww, look at this lil' guy," she cooed, "Not gonna lie, I figured a guy your height would be smuggling a whole broadsword down here. Turns out it's more of a..." Her head tilted to one side, appraising his endowment at another angle. "...pocketknife situation. Heh." She pinched her fingers barely an inch apart. "Economical packaging, am I right?"

Her commentary struck him flat-footed. Never before had it occurred to him phallic proportions might be construed as a metric of value.

"Now I get why you take the class rep gig so seriously. Textbook overcompensation," she intimated.

He reeled, scandalised. "You could not be more mistaken! My commitment to order and discipline springs from principle, not from... anatomical dimensions!"

"If you say so." She waved his protest aside with casual dismissal. "Anyway, I'm not here to psychoanalyse you. I'm here to motivate you." Her thumb and forefinger pinched his little shaft, then administered an experimental stroke. Gentle as it was, the shock of direct contact made him jump in his chair.

"You call th-this... motivation?"

“Sure do. What, you saying it doesn’t feel nice?”

“I... I did not say that, I merely...”

His gaze dropped to the duo digits gliding along his hardness. Once the shock of direct contact subsided, he could not deny her touch carried a certain measure of awkward pleasantness. She looked up to study his micro expressions and, with every stroke, his mask of indifference cracked a little more. Warmth bloomed where rectitude should have prevailed.

It wasn’t that he had never experimented with such ministrations before. On rare occasions, behind locked doors, he had permitted himself the act of self-stimulation. But even then, it was executed with clinical efficiency; it was never for gratification, always for function. A mere biological reset, designed to purge wayward thoughts and restore clarity for study. To him, it was no more indulgent than eating, sleeping, or brushing his teeth. Routine maintenance.

Ashido’s ministrations, however, intimated an intent far beyond functional relief. Feeding upon his inaction, she boldened from two digits to a full grasp around his arousal. At first, the head vanished within the circle of her palm, but as her strokes persisted, his stiffness grew, until the crown rose above her knuckles. When her hand descended again, the bashful glans emerged in full—flushed, lecherous, forsaking the foreskin’s cover. A tender squeeze beneath the ridge coaxed forth a bead of fluid, glistening as it rolled down and nestled in the webbing of her fingers.

Witnessing his pre-ejaculate leak onto her hand ignited scarlet upon his cheeks. But her expression remained frighteningly professional, her strokes unbroken, as though male emissions were a matter of routine to her. It only appeared to rouse her resolve, her clasp tightening, her motions quickening. The illicit sensation mounted in intensity, and his grip on the armrests mirrored it.

A devilish giggle purred in her throat. “Mmm... like the way I’m working this cute little dick?”

Although his instincts begged him to object, his voice abandoned him, lips quivered wordlessly.

Her voice fell to a hushed murmur, even though no soul was present to overhear her seedy proposition. “Want me to keep going, Iida?” The gentleness lured him into precarious

ease. For an instant, it was enough to dull his judgment. In a motion so subtle she might have missed it if she blinked, he dipped his head in a single, undignified nod.

“Yeah, thought so.” Her smile bloomed. “I’ll keep my end of the bargain if you keep yours. Deal?”

Another undignified nod.

“Good. Now get to writing those lines.”

His fumbling hands grabbed about the desk for her pen and notebook. Without further encouragement, he began to scrawl the mandated sentence:

*I will take my responsibilities as a hero-in-training seriously and apply myself to my studies.*

Clearly, Mr Aizawa had devised it to instil reflection in Ashido. But as he sat there, tactilely aware of her hand stoking his arousal beneath the teacher’s desk, he couldn’t help but feel the words now applied to him as well. He was hardly setting a shining example, allowing himself to be compromised by the very delinquent he’d been entrusted to supervise. Perhaps it was grimly fitting she had somehow convinced him to wield her pen on her behalf.

He managed the first three lines adequately enough, even if half the letters wobbled under fingers that refused to steady. With any fortune, Mr Aizawa would not dwell on why her penmanship had suddenly transformed a quarter of the way down the page. Tenya did his utmost to mimic her handwriting, modelling each letter after the few she’d written above, but the differences remained painfully obvious to his eye. He had only just begun the fourth line when her hand withdrew from his manhood, and into the awkward silence came a sound so crude it cleaved the air—

*HAWK TUAH!*

Something warm and wet splattered across his arousal. His pen halted halfway through a letter. “W—what in heaven’s name are you doing?” he managed, voice splintering.

“What’s it sound like? Spitting on that thang.”

Before he could summon the words to decry such indecency, her hand reclaimed his shaft. The added moisture lent her strokes a seamless fluidity, surpassing the sterile dryness of

his own hand. Warmth and spittle conspired together in her palm, tugging at his concentration as his focus drifted from the page.

“C’mon, Class Rep,” she muttered, catching the stutter of his pen. “You keep those letters straight, and I’ll do the same with these strokes.”

He, indeed, strove to keep his handwriting respectable, but the sensations rising from beneath the desk made his wrist quiver. Her strokes from below pulled his writing awry up above. He had to slow to a crawl and shape each letter with agonising care for any chance at preserving legibility amid her sabotage.

*Saliva... as a lubricant?* Never once had the notion crossed his mind. Ashido must be some manner of perverted savant to contrive such ingenuity. Her voice interrupted his stray thoughts.

“Okay, credit where it’s due,” she chirped, “you’re not exactly boasting All Might proportions down here, but hey, at least you keep it tidy. You oughtta teach Kirishima what a trimmer is.”

“...What?” Between the words swimming on the page and her wrist jerking him in compromising repetitions, he could scarcely determine whether her remark qualified as a compliment. “I am... attempting to focus on these lines, Ashido. *Your* lines,” he reminded her.

“Keep at it, champ! I’m just saying... little Iida’s so cute, I could swallow him whole. As a matter of fact...”

Tenya was wholly unprepared when her mouth descended upon his penis in a molten swoop, engulfing its entirety like it was nothing. The pen lurched in his grip, sending the tail of the ‘y’ in ‘seriously’ careening into a wild slash across the page. Just as suddenly, the heat vanished, leaving him stunned, lungs shallow, pulse thundering, mind emptied.

“Ha! What a cinch!” she crowed, pleased with herself. “Don’t even have to worry about pubes tickling my nose or anything.”

“A-Ashido... th-that is unspeakably—”

“Shh. You focus on the homework. I’ll focus on the mouthwork. Capeesh?”

Her mouth sank all the way down again until her nose pressed against his pelvis. At least this time, he retained enough brain function to jerk the pen clear of the page before another ink-related disaster occurred.

*Sweet mercy... why are her lips this soft?! The way they glide so warmly and—no, no, no! Cease these thoughts immediately! You have lines to write!*

Perhaps he'd been naïve to assume her concept of teamwork actually involved them working on the same team. Her so-called motivation crippled his concentration twice as effectively as it promoted it. The painstaking letters he etched twisted at the ends in crooked curves or jagged tails. And when he thought it couldn't get any harder, she brought her tongue to bear.

It travelled the underside of his shaft in brisk, short sweeps, wetting the hardened flesh more intimately than her vulgar spitting had. She alternated between broad, slathering drags that left him shuddering, and deft tongue spirals that tormented every nerve. The slick muscle snaked about his genitals with indecent expertise, curling upwards to lash at the tender junction where glans met shaft, flicking until his toes clenched rigid in his school shoes.

*By All Might...!*

And she was far from finished. Ashido sealed her lips around the swollen crown of his erection and drew him in with suction.

"Aaaahshido!" he cried, body snapping against the chair's back.

"Pipe down!" she hissed from beneath the desk, as though his hysterics were the true crime here. "You want somebody walking in here? I'm not trying to spend the rest of my life in detention 'cause you can't handle a little blowjob."

Flustered, he slapped a hand over his mouth. The thought of their disorderly conduct reaching the ears of fellow students—or worse, faculty—was unthinkable.

Her mouth laboured on, sheathing and unsheathing his erection, a heat-softened seal sliding wetly along his girth. Every descent engulfed him to the root, her lips tugging taut around the base, only to retreat in a wet ascent skimming across the sensitive crown, before sinking to devour his manhood anew. Suction dragged stifled breaths through his nose,

muffled against his hand, while the heat building in his loins made remaining seated a heroic feat of endurance.

She released him and breathed out, “Better be writing up there.”

“O-Of course I am!” he whispered hoarsely, then forced trembling strokes onto paper. The end result may be largely illegible and he prayed Mr Aizawa had not intended the punishment as a source of light reading.

Sweat trickled past the corner of his eye. Despite the aircon above, the classroom became a furnace, sullied with the sounds of her mouth performing acts that had no place inside a classroom—scandalous slurps, bursts of suction, the wet percussive of lips and tongue. Should Kendo walk through that door now, not even his sharpest wit could conjure an explanation for the sordid acoustics. And then, to his eternal disgrace, a stifled moan squeezed past his lips.

“Can’t help yourself, can ya?” she muttered, barely concealing the glee in her tone. “Look at you, finally embracing your inner nasty. You’ve got way more freak in you than I thought.”

“My inner *what?*” He threw his head side to side, scandalised. “There is no ‘freak’ in me whatsoever!”

“Your little mushroom tip says otherwise. At least one part of you isn’t lying to itself.”

His ears burned. “I’m nothing if not consistently honest!”

“Right. Then explain why you just moaned like Mineta at cheerleading practice.”

“I most certainly did not!”

Her devilish tongue targeted the groove beneath his glans once more. His hips bucked, seat creaked, and worst of all—he moaned like Mineta at cheerleading practice.

She peeked out from beneath the desk to flash a triumphant smirk. “Care to repeat that, Class Rep?”

“S-s-silence!”

There was no way he was embracing some ‘inner nasty!’ Ashido was simply proving herself despicably proficient in the mechanics of fellatio. Nothing more, nothing less. His body reacted as any male’s might under a deluge of adrenaline and tactile manipulation. As class representative, he was too principled to derive perverse gratification from any of this.

She seized the sides of his briefs with both hands and barked, “Up!”

His thoughtless hips obeyed, lifting him clear off the seat, and in that fleeting window, she dragged both his underwear and trousers down to his knees. It wasn’t until cool leather kissed his bare backside that the perversity of what he’d just facilitated struck him.

*Tenya, what are you doing?!*

“Now, doesn’t that feel way more comfortable?” she chimed as though she had performed him a kindness rather than a public indecency. Her fingernails skimmed ghostly paths along the coarse hair on his thighs, feather-light to the point of almost tickling, setting off involuntary tremors in his limbs. He very nearly let out an ill-timed giggle before her palms settled atop his upper legs. Then, she urged, rather boldly, “Man-spread for me, big boy. I wanna stuff those sweaty balls in my mouth.”

He choked on his own saliva. “You want to do *WHAT*—with *WHAT*?!”

She clicked her tongue. “Don’t make me say it again. Spread ‘em! We ain’t got all day.”

Her grip strengthened, thumbs pressing into his inner thighs, urging them apart. He resisted—briefly, futilely—before his sweaty limbs opened with reluctant compliance, his body entering a silent agreement his mind hadn’t signed. Her palms guided his thighs wider still, until the bunched fabric at his knees pulled taut at their limit.

He flushed crimson at the profane breadth of his splayed legs. “N-now, h-hold on just a moment—”

She did no such thing. Her face plunged into his groin and buried itself along his left side, nose and mouth nestling into the warm crease where thigh met pelvis. Hot breath seeped over skin that had never known such contact, and then—merciful heavens—her tongue invaded the space. Air hitched in his chest as indecent licks brushed the side of his left testicle, wet and peckish. He sat more rigid than he had ever managed.

She drew back for a single breath, and to murmur, “Mmmm... such sweaty balls.”

“I—oh... I, well... apologies?” It wasn’t as though he’d prepared himself for such invasive contact, let alone for it to be conducted with this much fearlessness. Whether her remark was critique or simple observation, he wasn’t to know. But given she immediately dove back into his supposedly sweaty nether regions, he had to assume the latter.

She took a long, dramatic sniff that made his body twitch from shoulders to heels. “Mmm...” She nuzzled closer, all but rubbing half her face against his genitalia. “God, I love the smell of hot, sweaty nerd cock in the afternoon.”

His mouth opened but no sound emerged. Training had prepared him for hostage scenarios, ambushes, villain encounters, high-speed pursuit, tension de-escalation, emergency evacuation, mechanical failure, and any number of academically rigorous oral presentations. It had not prepared him for a female classmate burying her face in his crotch and appraising him with the satisfaction of admiring freshly brewed tea.

“That is—” He cleared his throat hard. “That is a remarkably specific preference.”

She hummed. “It’s honest.”

“It is also highly inappropriate classroom commentary.”

“Oh, I think we’re way past appropriate.”

She lifted his shaft like a small lever, exposing territory that had never seen daylight, much less the scrutiny of a classmate’s tongue. So naturally, that was where she directed her attention next. She licked the webbing connecting his scrotum to the base of his manhood, dragging over the sheepish flesh until the entire tract glistened with her saliva. The handsy delinquent was not shy about shuffling his scrotum this way or turning his phallus that way, ensuring no hidden angle escaped her tongue’s reach. If there was ever a case study for someone fully embracing their so-called ‘inner nasty,’ it was surely Mina Ashido, and she was delivering her thesis on him.

After scattering a constellation of kisses and wet swipes across his groin, she at last made good on her promise, her hot lips closing around his scrotum. She drew his right testicle, and all its sweatiness, into the humid cavern of her mouth. His lungs stalled mid-breath. The heat was all-encompassing, the slick walls of her mouth hugging him while her

tongue shifted beneath, nudging and rolling the orb against the roof in testing motions. Helpless, he clapped his hands atop his head and stared wide-eyed at the outrageous sight unfolding below.

Slowly, she drew back, saliva-strung, letting the taut skin stretch until the glistening ball hovered at the precipice of her lips. Only to plunge forward and swallow it whole again. Tug, swallow, retreat. A torturous game of give-and-take. When at last she relented, the captive testicle rolled free with a wet pop and snapped back into place beside its twin, gleaming from its baptism. Half a beat later, she plunged back between his legs to repeat the sacrilege.

That he entrusted such delicate territory to her mouth astonished him most of all. She toyed with his gonads as if they were golden dragon balls, venerating them in some unholy rite. If nothing else, the detainee executed her degeneracy in earnest.

The instant she surrendered his anatomy, his legs snapped shut and sealed the saliva-slicked sac between his thighs. He could only pray none of her spit had been smeared onto Mr Aizawa's chair; the thought of leaving behind incriminating residue was almost enough to induce cardiac arrest. Tenya made a mental note to sanitise every inch of this desk and chair before they left. Wonderful. Not only had she compromised his integrity, she was now corrupting his thoughts, making him plot like a common criminal!

She raised a hand and pantomimed moving a pen across paper.

“O-oh, yes. Of course!”

Once again, he scrambled for the pen he'd abandoned, startled by how little progress he had made. He hadn't completed a single word in minutes. Time had run away from him the moment she'd occupied her mouth with his erection and now-damp testicles. It was easy to forget there was a task to complete at all.

She held his pleasure hostage between her conniving lips. It was a silent ultimatum, one in which nothing more would be given until he upheld his end. With felonious pleasures he should not have been craving only a pen-stroke away, he forced his hand into motion, coaxing ink across her notebook in nervy strokes. He willed the words to take form with some modicum of legibility, all whilst silently praying her lips would resume.

And resume they did. He worked furiously at her lines above the desk while she worked furiously at his undoing below, and looming over them both was Mr Aizawa's punishment line on the whiteboard, a ghost of accountability condemning them with every stroke of pen and tongue alike.

A loud slurp reverberated up through the wood between them, forcing a jitter in his wrist. He marshalled every ounce of willpower to ensure his hand stayed the course. But, every few lines, every other lewd suction, he surrendered to the compulsion to look down, catching flashes of her pink curls bobbing in his lap.

Sensing his furtive glances, she pulled back and let his arousal glisten in the cool air, before gliding two fingers along the spit-slick shaft. "Like how I'm sucking this cute little midget dick, huh?"

He floundered, tongue tied. His principles demanded honesty, but his pride begged for discretion. In the end, he neither confirmed nor denied her supposition.

"I know you do," she decided for him, "and honestly? You're doing way better than I thought. Kaminari would've shot his load thirty seconds in. How's it feel knowing you beat his record?"

"I—I hardly think this is the proper time to discuss... performance statistics! I am attempting to focus!"

She giggled. "Good boy. Keep that wrist working," she purred. "Me and this little overachieving dick still got a whole syllabus to get through." She gulped down his manhood and he gulped down air.

*A whole syllabus?!*

...What more could she possibly have in store for his modesty? The very notion frightened him and, worse yet, awakened a shameful flicker of anticipation.

When her tongue swirled around the bulbous crown of his erection, his hips jerked upward without warning, colliding with her descending mouth at a stilted angle, swollen tip jabbing the inside of her cheek.

A muffled *mphff!* bubbled around her sealed lips.

“Oh no!” He withdrew in alarm. “Are you hurt? I—I’m terribly sorry! I didn’t mean to—truly, I would never—”

“Relax, Class Rep. You didn’t break me.” She wiped the back of her hand across her mouth. “But if that’s your idea of an accident...” Her lips curled into a grin so devilish his testicles practically retracted. “I wanna see what happens when you do it on purpose.”

“E-excuse me?!”

“You heard me.” Her tone dropped an octave, daring him. “I want you to fuck my slutty little mouth, Iida.”

“Ashido!” His voice jittered. “Such vulgarity is not welcome within the distinguished halls of U.A.! This is an elite institution, not some derelict alleyway! Suppose a faculty member walked in and heard you utter such filth—what then?!”

“Oh, please. Pretty sure that’s how Midnight talks behind closed doors.”

“This is no laughing matter! You’re in the midst of disciplinary proceedings! Your behaviour is—”

“Extremely naughty?” she interrupted in a sultry murmur. “Maybe that’s ‘cause I’m a bad student, Class Rep. And a really, *really* bad girl.” Her head dipped, breath fanning his erection. “Maybe... I *want* to be punished.”

“Nonsense! No one *wants* to be punished. Listen carefully, Ashido. You are *not* a bad student. You’ve simply made a series of ill-advised decisions of late. With reflection and proper mentorship, I am confident you can—”

“I bet you’re dying to punish me in ways Mr Aizawa wouldn’t dare,” she murmured provocatively, disregarding his earnest reassurances. “Bet you wanna throw me over his desk... flip my skirt up... and spank my big, pink ass till it turns bright red.”

“I—I—absolutely do not!” He abhorred the suggestion. “We are well past the era of corporal punishment in the educational system! Mr Aizawa’s disciplinary framework is perfectly adequate!”

“Even for a dirty little slut who can’t keep out of the boys’ bathroom?” She drew circles on his thigh with her fingertips. “A filthy, fat-ass ho just begging to get put in her place?”

“Filthy? Hardly! Your hygiene is beyond reproach—remarkably thorough, even! Moreover, your posterior is certainly not ‘fat’,” he added awkwardly, conscious of the sensitivity females often displayed towards such topics. “But I must digress, that sort of language is deeply concerning. If you’re struggling with feelings of low self-worth, we have excellent counselling services available down at—”

“I don’t need counselling. I need someone to remind me what a bad girl I am. I need... discipline.” Her lush whisper seeped into his bloodstream like sweet poison. “Bet you’d look real good doing it, too. Wanna be my daddy?”

“W-what? Preposterous!” His glasses slipped down his nose as he reeled back. “I am not, nor could I ever be, your father!”

She snorted. “Not a father, dummy—a daddy. Like, Classroom Daddy?” She mused on it some more. “Hmm. Maybe Class Rep Papi?” Her eyes suddenly lit up. “Oooh! Rep Daddy! That’s the one! Rep Daddy!”

“Rep... Daddy...?” He frowned in confusion.

“Eh, you’ll grow into it.”

He sincerely doubted that.

“Now, c’mon,” she implored, hopeful as she looked up at him from between his knees, “fuck my pretty little face.”

Kneeling upright, Ashido set her palms to his thighs and plunged downward in another all-consuming descent. His jaw fell open, overwhelmed by the exquisite agony of being fully enveloped yet again. Her head bobbed beneath the desk in a rhythm baiting his hips to start pumping into the motions instead of merely enduring them.

Unlike his erection pointing due north, his moral compass had begun to waver. And her—why encourage him to desecrate her mouth? Why invite such degradation so readily? He’d never presumed to comprehend the inner workings of the female mind, but Ashido’s

conduct demonstrated just how far beyond him it was. He could not oblige her, could not deliberately ram his manhood into her orifice, no matter how desperately she begged.

Or how desperately his hips twitched to comply.

In the embattled fortress of his mind, he repeated the sentence he should've been transcribing into her notebook:

*I will take my responsibilities as a hero-in-training seriously and apply myself to my studies.*

He squirmed in the seat.

*I will take my responsibilities—*

A ragged moan broke from him.

*—as a hero-in-training... and apply myself to my studies.*

The mantra did not diminish the pleasure, nor absolve him of shame. But it gave his mind a handhold. A tether. And maybe, in that, it offered a thread of salvation. Perhaps if he recited it enough, he could build a wall between himself and the depravity swelling inside him.

Or so he believed, until his hips conceded; twitched upward in a subtle, absent-minded thrust.

*Tenya Iida, what are you doing?!*

Again, his pelvis bucked. Again, his traitorous erection speared into her humid mouth just as she lowered herself over him.

“Nn—!”

The pleasure was much more intense than it had any right to be. Then came the immediate sting of shame. He looked down in dismay, appalled by his unconscious compliance after nudging the inside of her cheek for the second time. Another frantic apology was already climbing up his throat. Instead of recoiling from his clumsy thrust however, she lifted one hand and flashed him an encouraging thumbs-up.

She eased the eager tip of his erection from her mouth to murmur, “Mmm, yeah... just like that, Rep Daddy... use this pretty little mouth... keep fucking it—”

The duty to reprimand her use of foul language was so intense it manifested through motion; his pelvis surged upward in a reflexive thrust, as if to drive the vulgarity back into her throat. Before he knew it, correction had taken on a new form, not one of verbal rebuke, but physical counterpoint. What if... this was the most efficient way to silence her profanity?

His thrusts, once stunted and apologetic, like a student hesitant to mar the margins of a fresh page, grew more assured. The instincts he'd kept buried beneath layers of self-discipline rose to the surface and wrested control from his better judgement, syncing his hips with her mouth-filled nods. Reflex yielded to coordination. Hesitation melted into momentum. And for the first time, he moved not to resist her, but to meet her.

Her thumbs-up remained raised, unwavering in her silent commendation, even as her lips held their grip through the jostling of his intruding flesh. His quadriceps trembled beneath the tension and his hands squeezed the armrests so tightly he could feel the faux-leather creak beneath his grip. He swallowed moans like bitter pills, wearing the quiet shame of a man who knew better yet couldn't stop himself. His head tipped back, glasses slipping askew and fogging from heated breath as his manhood drove into her foul mouth again and again.

With his collaboration, the lewd noises only grew lewder. What had begun as restrained slurps and measured suction erupted into wet, gaudy squelches, filthy sounds clamouring up from beneath the desk. His pelvic thrusts forced breath from her nose in stifled puffs, accompanied by the squish of spittle sluicing along his shaft. Saliva coated him in a shameful sheen, pooled at the corners of her lips. He could practically hear his manhood pumping into the suction of her mouth, a sordid symphony no self-flagellating mantra could drown out.

She thrummed around his girth, intoxicated by her own degradation, humming low and pleased as if to say, *I knew you'd love fucking my mouth, Class Rep.*

It would be disingenuous to deny it when his hips refused to stop thrusting, their tempo no longer masquerading as reflex. His response was more profane than the words it silenced. Depraved. Inexcusable. It was—

*CRACK!*

Her skull struck the underside of the desk, a jarring thud that froze him mid-thrust. She recoiled with a wet gasp, coughing and swiping spit from her chin. Her hand flew to her scalp, blinking in stunned pain.

“Ashido!” he fretted. What *in heaven’s name* had he done? The chair screeched back as he sprang to his feet as if he’d set the room on fire. “Forgive me! I knew this was a mistake, a grave dereliction of my duties!” He looked ransacked, his tie wildly off-centre, shirt rumpled beneath his blazer, trousers puddled at his ankles like the final indignity of a condemned man.

He staggered backward until his shoulders struck the whiteboard, rattling the markers in their tray.

“I must apologise,” he muttered in a harried whisper. “This entire... ‘inner nasty’ business is patently outside my jurisdiction.” He bent to reclaim the fallen garments at his ankles. “I am ill-equipped for such conduct and have clearly violated the boundaries of appropriate contact, and now—”

A pink hand latched onto his waistband, arresting the upward pull when his pants reached his knees.

“Drama queen,” came her airy voice from below. “You were doing amazing. Like, for real—a few more inches on you and you’d be tickling my throat!”

The thrill in her delivery unsettled him. Never in his life had he encountered someone so enthusiastic about the prospect of such treatment.

“I’m not made of glass,” she assured him, withdrawing the hand rubbing her scalp. “I’ve taken way harder thumps in training.”

Upon further reflection, Ashido—like several of their classmates—did possess a respectable tolerance for physical impact. He had seen her hurled into walls by Bakugo’s blasts, cocooned and slingshotted by Sero’s tape, whacked in the face by Ojiro’s tail, even half-entombed beneath Todoroki’s ice during joint exercises. By comparison, a bump against the underside of a desk was practically a love tap. “You make a fair point.”

“I’ve taken harder thumps in bed, too.”

“Ashido, please! Must you overshare details like that? Do you enjoy my suffering?”

“A little. But mostly I love watching you squirm.” As casually as one might uncap a pen, she hooked her fingers under the elastic of both his briefs and trousers, then yanked them back to his ankles.

“You cannot be serious!” He hopped awkwardly as the pooled fabric nearly toppled him. “You’ve just sustained blunt trauma to the head! You ought to sit down and take a moment. What if you’re concussed? At the minimum, we should summon Recovery Girl to—”

She thrust her face into his crotch, gulping down his manhood before he could finish another word, the blabbering ending in a sharp intake of air. Only a heartbeat earlier, guilt over harming her had strangled his arousal until it began to wilt. But the soft press of her tongue and the all-consuming heat of her mouth evaporated his concerns. In seconds, she had coaxed him back to full rigidity—harder, even, than he’d been beneath the desk.

Safe from the obstruction of the wooden canopy, she moved with greater range. Her head rocked freely back and forth at his pelvis producing sloppy noises, her fluffy pink curls swishing across her cheeks. She serviced him so vigorously one would never guess she’d struck her head at all. Pressing her palms against his quads, she worked his manhood in eager, breath-snatching bobs. Vindictive tremors chipped at his calves, turning his well-trained, muscular legs into teetering stilts.

Not content simply dismantling her appointed superior, Ashido had the audacity to maintain eye contact while doing so. Her gold irises gleamed upward beneath a fringe of lashes, the dark sclera lending her stare an exotic flare.

He had never quite *seen* Mina Ashido before. Not past the antics and energy and boundary-pushing irreverence. But now, with his world reduced to trembling knees and sloppy suction, he beheld her fully, and could not look away.

Mina Ashido, for all her incessant mischief, possessed a kind of beauty he had never thought to acknowledge. Not the curated, refined presentation of a textbook heroine. Nothing like the composed, poised elegance of a Yaoyorozu. Rather, Ashido’s beauty resided in her boldness, in the unapologetic way she inhabited her own skin. She refused to let the pressures of being an exemplary student weigh her spirit down. He could not imagine her

performing the same mental contortions he did, straining to justify any of this misconduct. She wasn't bumbling through ethics or policy or moral loopholes or calculating public fallout. No, Ashido acted without weighing consequence against compulsion.

Ashido was simply being.

Once he accepted that, it became easier to see her; dare he say, easier to admire. Her slackened tie swung alongside her rocking motions, its crimson tip flicking against her cleavage. His throat constricted at the sight of her large breasts jostling inside her spotted cups, his fixation almost intense enough to will the overburdened garment to surrender. Instead, an abrupt *pop* broke the seal around his tip.

"Well, well, not even pretending anymore, huh?" She dragged the back of her hand across her sloppy lips and grinned. "I see the way you're eyeing my girls like you're dying for a bite."

He mustered all but a shrunken gasp, twisting his head away. *Was his intrigue so disgracefully obvious?*

"Maybe I had you all wrong," she mused aloud, "Maybe you're not an ass man after all. Maybe..." Her gaze swept him top to bottom. "...you're more of a tits man."

His mouth hung open, dumb, soundless.

"Hmmm..." Rising from her knees, she put on a slanted grin, then cupped the underside of her leopard-print bra and lifted her breasts as though presenting merchandise. "You wanna see 'em pop outta this thing sooo bad, don't you?"

"A-Ashido... I cannot d-d-dignify such a statement with..."

A nervous bead of sweat meandered down his temple while she squished her breasts together, moulding the soft flesh into a fuller, more bodacious swell, one careless bounce away from total freedom. He tugged at the inside of his collar, hoping freeing his throat might restore his breath.

It didn't.

And behind him, the whiteboard stood as a solid reminder there was nowhere to retreat. He could only gape as her fingers went from pushing up her crowded brassiere to

hooking beneath the lip of each cup. Then, slowly, she raised them. Inch by torturous inch, the leopard-print covers peeled upwards, unveiling the pink undercurve of her bosom in creeping increments. Time slowed to the pace of her fingers as more and more pink flesh swelled into view, higher and higher and—

“W-Wait!” His arms windmilled in wild protest.

She didn’t wait. Oh no. She didn’t even slow down.

The instant the cups cleared the fullest arc of her breasts, gravity did the rest. Her mounds spilled free, flopped right out the bottom of the loosened fabric, heavy and proud. A soft slap marked their landing, followed by a jiggle that nearly stopped his heart. They wobbled once, twice with residual momentum, before coming to rest. Full and unbound, perky, standing as though they had chosen this unveiling themselves, chosen to claim their rightful dominion over his failing composure.

He let out a high-pitched yelp, closer to a squeal than anything he would ever voluntarily emit. His arms shot up, forearms crossing over his face as if shielding himself from a solar flare.

But his fingers never closed.

They stayed parted enough. And through the narrow fissures, he saw *everything*...

The sheer, unrepentant mass of Mina Ashido’s pink breasts. They were magnificent in form, almost offensively so. Impeccably round, aggressively plush. Their pink hue was flushed with warmth and the faint friction of sudden release. While her displaced cups rested uselessly above the exposed mounds, his poorly disguised stare drank in what they had once guarded. Broad, dusky rose areolae. At their peaks sat dark-pink nipples made firm by cold air and hotter intent, silver barbells piercing through each one. Two gleaming acts of rebellion engraved into her being, even more salacious than the stud winking at her navel.

“You might as well drop your hands now,” she teased, knowing. “You think I can’t tell when someone’s sneaking a peek?”

The gaps between his fingers snapped shut. “I—I am doing no such thing!”

“Uh-huh. Nice try, but Mineta’s given me plenty of practice. I can spot a Peeping Tom from space.”

“Well... my name isn't Tom!”

“And I'm not Harry. But Dick's looking pretty present and accounted for.”

“Ashido,” he groaned, not appreciating the quip.

“Quit acting like a kid watching his first bra commercial.”

“Hmph! I am quite certain brassieres remain *on* during such advertisements.”

“Yeah?” she purred. “Well, consider this the director's cut.”

“Ashido! Clothe yourself this instant!”

“Ugh. Fine, fine. Ruin the fun,” she muttered.

He kept his eyes hidden behind his hands while the rustle of fabric weaved through the awkward silence.

Three seconds. Five. Eight. Surely she was decent by now.

Slowly, inevitably, his fingers—once sealed like the gates of Tartarus—began to part. A sliver. A sliver more. Enough for the world to leak through again, and...

They were still there. Still bare. Still as pink, plush and pierced as he'd left them. She hadn't attempted to redress at all!

“Aha!” she cried with joy. “Knew you couldn't resist a second look!”

A strangled rebuttal rumbled in his throat.

“So?” she goaded, “You like 'em?” Her fingertips drew taunting circles around the barbells piercing her nipples. “Wait—lemme guess.” She cleared her throat, then launched into a stiff, nasal parody of his voice. “*Ashido! Those piercings are a flagrant violation of U.A. dress code regulations!*” She grinned, hands on her hip. “Did I get that right, Class Rep?”

Poor imitation aside, “Yes...” he muttered through clenched teeth. So, she *did* know the regulations—at least some of them, and had chosen insubordination all the same. Wilful noncompliance offended him more deeply than ignorance ever could. The depths of her degeneracy were worse than he'd feared.

She snorted. “What, you gonna go rat me out to Aizawa-sensei?”

Honestly, the thought had crossed his mind. Under normal circumstances, he would already be halfway to the staff room with a full report drafted in his head. But how could he possibly ‘rat her out’ without explaining how he’d discovered the infraction? Without condemning himself alongside her?

His lips pressed into a tight line. “...No. I shall not.”

“Smart choice,” she chirped. “Then you might as well be honest. Tell me what you *really* think of them.”

Tentative, he lowered his hands, unmasking the guilt-ridden leer behind them. His mind scrambled for the proper reprimand, the right language to denounce her garish body piercings. “They are remarkably...” he began, tone distant, pupils narrowed, thoughts wandering.

A pause.

“...exquisite.”

A stunned beat.

*No! Retract that immediately!*

He shook his head vehemently and chopped the air with both hands. “Exquisitely *inappropriate!*” he corrected. “Grossly indecent! Utterly improper! A grotesque affront to institutional decorum!”

She merely tittered. “You done?”

“Offensive!” he thundered on, steamrolling her mockery. “Outrageously vulgar! Such lewd adornments are expressly prohibited under Article Six, Subsection—!”

“Titty suck?”

His tongue stumbled mid-rant. “I... beg your pardon?”

“Erm, pretty sure you were about to say *Subsection Titty Suck.*”

“Wha—?!” His jaw unhinged, arms twitching at his sides like a man struck by lightning. “Don’t be infantile! There is no such clause! No Subsection Titty Su—”

“There is now!” Her arms flew up and curled around the back of his neck faster than he could react. In a swift motion, she yanked his face downwards.

The world tipped. His footing vanished. Then—

*OOMPH!*

Everything went dark. And warm. And soft. Smothered.

On impact, his breath was silenced, a gasp swallowed by the plush cleft of her bosom. Nose, mouth, and dignity alike were lost to the suffocating press of pink flesh. His skewed spectacles snagged on the hem of her displaced brassiere, half-twisting on his face. Her scent engulfed him, a heady blend of synthetic vanilla layered over the faint salt of skin-warmed sweat. Breathing became an exercise in willpower. Thinking, impossible.

Her arms cinched behind his neck as she shimmied, rocking her chest side to side, smearing her large breasts across his face. He flailed, arms windmilling the air in frantic circles like a man caught headfirst in a snowdrift, desperately searching for leverage where there was none.

“How’d you like my amendment of Article Six?” she purred, her warm breath tickling his scalp.

“Mmmfgh! Affshidho, thish ish—!” His response was but a garbled protest.

Giggling, she shoved him deeper into the fleshy prison of her cleavage. “Didn’t quite catch that, Class Rep.”

“Dishsh indecenshy at ithsh mosht fla’granh—”

“What was that?” She feigned confusion. “Sounded a lot like ‘keep going!’”

“Ffhmmph!”

“Shhh... save your breath, Iida...” A snide grin was audible in her voice. “Your mouth’s got better things to do right now.”

His arms quit flailing and dropped limp in slack confusion. “Mmmf... b-better... thingsh?”

“Mhm...” She lowered her mouth beside his ear, muttering, “You might be book smart, but I wanna see how good you are at oral exams.”

*Oral exams?!* That was what she called this?

Blasphemy! An insult to pedagogy itself! He wanted no part in such a perversion of scholastic integrity! At least, he was fairly certain he didn't? Admittedly, his eyes had lingered on her bare breasts with troubling curiosity for someone claiming disciplinary superiority, but that did not mean he wished to... *orally examine* them.

...Did it?

His limbs had gone still. Limp, cradled in her pillowy bosom. And in that submission, he grew aware of how *not* unpleasant this was. It was oddly reassuring. Comforting, even. Strangely maternal. He could almost hear his mother's voice, kind and affirming, whispering he was still her good boy. Just as good as Tensei. A model Class Representative. He hadn't failed. He could never disappoint her. It was alright now. He could rest. He could trust. He could... surrender. He could lick.

His tongue flicked out.

Wait—*lick?!*

But he could not untaste what had already been plundered. A flavour he had no vocabulary for.

“Ooooooh!” She shivered in delight at the feel of his tongue upon her breast. “That's it, Rep Daddy,” she crooned, fingers threading through his neat hair, “lick them big ol' pink tiddies.”

He... did.

Some dim part of his mind recognised, belatedly, the soothing voice he'd heard was no maternal whisper. Rather, it was a desperate projection of his own collapsing restraint. Another flick. His tongue painted broader strokes along the supple curve of her breast. More heedless licks, guided by want, by that little voice.

“Mmmm, yeah... get in there.” She pressed down on his head.

Blinded, his nose skimmed beneath the underside of one breast, then bumped up into the humid crevice between both. Here, the heat was stronger, the scent more concentrated, more loin-stirring.

As she rolled her breasts from side to side, the loosened bra rasped across the top of his head. She gave a huff of inconvenience before reaching behind her back and unclipping the clasp. With a flick of her wrist, she cast the spotted garment aside.

Now, no barrier remained. Bare face to bare breasts. Chiselled features against round, pliant flesh, embellished by the fleeting kiss of her piercings, the contrast grounding him amidst the softness of her pink bust. She steered his head, guided his mouth towards her nipple, where instinct and invitation aligned. When his tongue darted out next, it landed squarely on its mark.

Her body shuddered at the wet flick. Emboldened, he dragged his tongue across the pierced peak a second time, cool metal rolling beneath the slick stroke. A breathy sound heralded his efforts. His lips closed around the nipple, tongue circling it in a slow orbit, grazing both ends of its barbell adornment. If she was bold enough to bare her chest before him, then he would meet her shamelessness with purpose. He pulled the nipple deeper between his lips and drew wilful suction.

“Ooooh, Iida...”

It was strange, hearing his name doused in such honey. The pitch made the hairs at his nape squiggle. He was well aware he was playing into her hands—or rather, into her breasts—but, perhaps, this was a necessary concession. By demonstrating a willingness to meet her partway, she may yet yield in kind, become more amenable to correction. To any observer, yes, it might appear he was hungrily nursing at a fellow student’s breast, but at its core, this was an exercise in reform.

Yes. *Yes*. Still about helping a misguided classmate. Even now. Even like this.

Was that not the solemn duty of a Class Representative? To lead, to guide, to steer one’s peers toward betterment—even if one had to... exercise certain creative liberties in pursuit of the greater good?

“Wow... who knew that prim mouth could be this talented?” Her giddy voice floated above his ears. “Mmm... you’re all over that nipple like it’s part of the syllabus. Such a model student,” she purred, “so desperate to earn extra credit.”

He groaned into her mound, muffled, ragged. Frustration poured through his jaw and shaped the greedy pulls of his mouth.

Her breathing hitched higher after every lap of his tongue. “Ohhh yes... that’s it, Iida... suck ‘em just like that...”

He obliged, with discipline bent and shaped into something carnal. Her flesh pillowed against his face, closed him in, muffled the world beyond his periphery until only heat and skin remained. She held him there, and he did not struggle. Even as his lungs began to burn, his breath suspended between reverence and quiet penance.

Without warning, she shoved him back by the shoulders, breaking the comforting entrapment.

He emerged a flustered red, like a man pulled too fast from the deep, inhaling in ragged bursts. His tousled hair and crooked glasses provoked a satisfied grin from her.

“Damn, you look ready to suffocate in there—happily, I might add.”

He stammered, wordless, gulping air.

“Not that I’d let that happen,” she added slyly, then thrust her notebook into his chest with a *thwap*. He caught it out of reflex, though the force sent him stumbling back. “Still got plenty of lines left,” she said with a wink.

He glanced down at the half-filled page when Mr Aizawa’s chair was shoved into the back of his knees.

“Sit,” she commanded.

His bare bottom hit the seat without a protest left in him. Straightening his skewed glasses, face still tingling where her breasts had smothered him, he picked up the pen and resumed scrawling out her punishment.

All the while, she loomed over him as though *she* had been appointed to supervise *his* detention. She leaned back against their teacher's desk, arms crossed beneath her hefty breasts, his saliva glistening on the nipple he'd been suckling.

He wrenched his gaze away from his handiwork and resumed scrawling:

*I will take my responsibilities as a hero-in-training seriously and apply myself to my studies.*

"Look at you go!" She gave a low whistle of admiration. "Another ten lines already. See? Knew you could do it way faster than me! And look at that penmanship—perfect." Before he could deflect her overt praise, she cocked her head to one side and suggested, "You've earned a break, don'tcha think?"

She didn't wait for approval before whisking the notebook away.

Her hands settled onto his shoulders, thumbs kneading into the tension through his blazer. "Oof, you're so stiff I'm surprised you don't squeak when you walk," she murmured. "We seriously gotta decompress you." She undid the lowest button of his blazer. "There! Tell me that doesn't feel better already."

His throat worked around a lump. "There is... perhaps a slight increase in thoracic comfort."

"Thoracic what now? Only you could turn getting undressed into a medical report." She worked her way up his blazer, unfastening one button after the other. "Half the time you act more like a protocol droid than a real person, you know that?"

"Perhaps," he countered evenly, "if more people conducted themselves like 'protocol droids', we might live in a safer world."

"Right... *Safé*. All beep-boop, no bang."

She freed the final button and threw his blazer open, revealing the pristine dress shirt underneath. Immaculately pressed, seams crisp, collar straight. He had ironed it himself that morning.

"Unpredictable isn't the enemy, y'know?" She curled her fingers around his tie. "Safe is."

He blinked at her. “How could a safer society be anything but preferable? As aspiring heroes, do we not strive for—”

“*Safe*,” she interrupted, “is just another word for stagnant. No risks, no surprises, no room to become anything better. Real growth only happens when things get messy. Heroes aren’t built by staying comfortable all the time. *Safe*,” she stressed the point, “is how you end up stuck in a tie like this, terrified of a little spontaneity.” She slid the knot loose with a silk-smooth tug. “Trust me, someday you’ll thank me. You—and whatever poor girl has to pry that stick out of your ass.”

Confusion furrowed his brow. “I must respectfully disagree.”

“Oh, I know you do. Probably disagreed with recess as a child, too.”

Not exactly. “Structured and unstructured time are equally important in a well-balanced education.”

“Know what else would be well-balanced, Class Rep?” She caught the end of his tie and reeled him closer until her lips grazed the rim of his ear. “*Me*,” she whispered, “on your lap... right now... bouncing on that midget cock until your moral compass snaps in half... until every regulation falls right out of that beautiful brain of yours.”

His throat bobbed. “Ashido...”

“Mmmm... yes, Iida?” She drew back to look him in the eyes, a smouldering heat in her golden orbs.

“You’re so... you’re incredibly close.”

“Not close enough.” She seized the slack in his tie and yanked.

He had no time to brace before his mouth crashed onto hers.

It wasn’t a kiss so much as a collision, a cataclysmic coming-together. His eyes flared open to their widest, the well-ordered structure of his thoughts scattering like loose documents caught in a gale. Her smouldering lips led, devoured and commanded all at once, while his remained uncertain and still. His arms rose in half-formed gestures of indecision.

Should he push her away? Should he... pull her closer?

He did neither. He simply sat there. And felt.

Without detaching herself from his mouth, Ashido stepped over his seated form, her toned legs bracketing his tightly-pressed thighs, leaving the hem of her indecently-short skirt hanging over his naked lap. The moment she adjusted her footing, her bare chest brushed the front of his shirt in incendiary contact. His entire world shrank to the heat of her body closing in, the frictionless tug of her lips, and the grip of her fingers around his loosened tie.

Her mouth pressed against his harder, insisting, while her tongue swept across his sealed lips, teasing at restraint, tasting the edges of his composure, coaxing him to open up. And when he did, when a ragged groan finally parted his mouth, that tongue breached the gap, storming inside with mutinous strokes, staking claim to every corner of the cavern. She relinquished his tie, but only to slide her hands beneath the open folds of his blazer, palms flattening over the white cotton covering his chest, appraising the sculpted results of countless hours of discipline.

Her bubble-gum flavoured rebellion and wandering touch kept his manhood iron-hard beneath the shadows of her pleated skirt. Its swollen head lurked mere centimetres from the leopard-print clinging to her sex. One small lift of his hips, here and now, would bridge the distance. But the last tattered threads of his dignity anchored him to the seat.

Her earlier threat had been seared into the corridors of his memory like graffiti on institutional walls, and in the silence of their locked mouths it resurfaced:

*‘...bouncing on that midget cock until your moral compass snaps in half...’*

To think, only thin cloth and a few perilous inches kept that indecency from becoming reality. But she gave him no time to think.

She guided his trembling hands to her waist without breaking the kiss. And what a narrow, little waist it was, especially in the grasp of his large palms. Her gentle squeezes urged him on, spoke to his compunction, told him: *You're allowed to want this.* Then she guided his shaky touch lower, down the flare of her hips and over the ample roundness of her rear.

“Mmmm...” A dark little giggle hummed through their joined mouths. “Bet you been dying to grab this fat ass.”

He choked on a would-be rebuttal. Even if he had forced the words out, he knew it would only have been arguing semantics.

She walked his hands higher along the back of her thighs...

His wrists hitched her skirt upward with every inch she made him climb. Then his fingers slipped into the heated crease beneath her rear, where her thighs joined the soft weight of her buttocks—his breath halted mid-inhale.

*Tenya... are you really doing this?*

“Don’t be shy,” she snickered. “This big booty ain’t gonna squeeze itself.”

Gulping, his fingers moved detached from his will, a slow ascent along the dramatic curve of her backside. Her nakedness stretched much further than he anticipated before he encountered the edge of her leopard print, more flesh left bare than protected. How could such a minimal garment even qualify as coverage?

Still, his roaming continued, hesitant, reverent as a novice handling sacred text. He applied the barest squeeze, a faint test of the firmness beneath his fingertips. Her glutes compressed from the tentative pressure, then pushed back into his palms with perky defiance, a provocative balance of softness and strength that left him breathless. ‘Extraordinary’ was not a word he applied lightly—least of all to a classmate’s anatomy—yet no term better fit the feel of Ashido’s posterior in his grasp.

*Merciful heavens, what am I saying?!*

The U.A. Student Conduct Handbook flashed before his mind’s eye: Article 17, Section 3, prohibiting certain physical contact between students outside combat or training exercises.

He yanked his hands out of her skirt as though her underwear had electrocuted him.

“Oh, don’t be such a pussy.” Her adamant paws dragged his hands back, this time planting them on her breasts. “I won’t tell if you won’t. What happens in detention stays in detention, deal?”

It was a crude negotiation tactic. Nonetheless, he could not allow any record of this conduct to leave this room.

“...Very well.”

“Sweet!” She grinned, victorious. “Now... how about you finish what you started?”

“What *I* started?”

“Mhm!” She thrust her right breast toward his face. “This little nipple’s still waiting her turn,” she advocated for the lonesome peak, its sister still marked by drying saliva.

Apprehension and nervous excitement tangoed in his chest as he stared down the expectant nub. The real struggle was no longer restraint, but preserving the illusion of it. “...If I must,” he intoned, stiff and dutiful, as though accepting a tedious committee task.

She smirked, unconvinced by his act. The instant his lips parted, she shoved the pierced nipple between them, the underside of her breast grazing his tongue. And said tongue lashed at it immediately, reacquainted itself with the delicious contrast between warm nub and cool metal. He honed in on her nonverbal cues—a shallow gasp there, a small shiver here—and adjusted the speed and deftness of his licks accordingly.

She made a throaty sound, half moan, half laugh. “Mmm, God, you’re lying. Either I’m just really super horny or you’re super good at that. Whose titties you been sucking, huh? Ochaco’s?”

He glared up at her, shaking his head in firm denial with her breast still latched to his lips.

“Sure. And I’m supposed to believe our very own class rep just happens to be a nipple-sucking prodigy?”

Bemused, he gave a humble shrug. Were it not for the earnest in her tone, he might have taken her words for mockery. There was nothing exceptional about his approach, merely an exercise in measured pressure, alternating rhythm, and judiciously applied suction. That her locker room of suitors had apparently failed to meet this standard was baffling.

“Mmm... God, that’s perfect...” She arched into him, shuddering. “Most guys either rush this part or slobber so bad I wish they’d just get it over with. But you... you’re a gentleman and a scholar, aren’tcha, Rep Daddy?”

He groaned from the indignity of being saddled with that ridiculous moniker. If his mouth weren't presently occupied, he'd issue a verbal cease-and-desist.

"I swear," she murmured, biting her lower lip, "if your tongue's half this good down south..." She trailed off with a low chuckle. "I might just forget you're hung like a juice box straw."

His brow ticked upward.

"Seriously," she tacked on, breathless, "you got me stupid wet right now."

As if to substantiate the claim, she seized his wrist and shoved his hand up her skirt. He felt it, immediately. The soaked fabric of her underwear layered over her intimate heat. His digits froze against the saturated warmth, breath catching at the extent of her arousal. Judging by the moisture gathered at his fingertips, there was no exaggeration in her claim.

"I'd say you passed this oral exam with flying colours, wouldn't you?"

He... supposed? While he considered his technique little more than attentive, the feminine nectar he'd coaxed forth was difficult to underplay.

"Honestly?" she panted, "I'm kinda surprised. Didn't exactly have you pegged as a panty-drenching stud."

Tenya rejected the label outright. Stud? Preposterous. By her own admission, Ashido had been in a roused state long before detention began. Thus, little provocation would have sufficed to escalate her arousal to its current degree. It was likelier she had been predisposed to such a reaction than she had succumbed to the work of a so-called 'nipple-sucking prodigy'.

She drew her breast from his mouth, a glistening strand of saliva trailing after it before snapping and landing somewhere between their pressed bodies. The sudden absence of her piercing on his tongue left him oddly bereft. While he dawdled in anxious suspense, Ashido pressed on with the poise of someone rehearsed in such indecencies a hundred times over.

She looped her arms around his shoulders and sank her hips, inch by inch, until the sodden cotton at her crotch kissed his swollen tip. The contact was featherlight, cruel in its restraint. He summoned all his willpower to defy the unholiness within screaming at him to

buck upward, to claim what no regulation would ever allow, to bury himself in her taunting heat, even if it meant shovelling her underwear inside with him.

He resisted. Barely. And his resistance was punished when her hips began to roll, to drag the soaked fabric against his glans. His breath stuttered. His vision dotted. This was torture.

“Look at you,” she taunted, “already squirming like you’re about to bust. Bet you wanna fuck me raw, huh? Right through these soaked panties... wanna shove that little pencil-dick in this hot, pink WAP, don’tcha?”

He croaked.

“Mmm, don’t you worry,” she purred huskily in his ear, “you finish those lines like a good little desk toy...” Her hot breath feathered across his cheek. “...and I *swear*, I’ll breakdance on that tiny overachiever cock so hard you’ll be reciting the student handbook in tongues.”

A massive bead of sweat coursed down his temple. He should’ve been outraged she even dared to make such a proposition, not... contemplative...

She twisted his tie in a fist and yanked him forward until only an inch separated their lips.

“And you’d better not cum before I do,” she hissed. “Wouldn’t want the whole campus finding out our golden Class Rep’s packing a pacifier and gasses out faster than a winded support-course kid, now would we?” The manic gleam in her irises assured him this was no mere jest.

He rattled his head side to side. Certainly not. However, “I was under the impression, *what happens in detention stays in detention.*”

“It does,” she agreed pleasantly, then dropped the hammer, “—unless you nut before I say you can. That gets a full press release. I already had to put up with Mr Two-Pump Chump in the bathroom. I don’t have the patience for a sequel. That clear?”

His mouth twitched. “...Crystal.”

She grinned. “That’s what I like to hear.”

She released his tie and patted it flat against his chest before stepping back. The stifling cover of her skirt retreated from his lap, leaving his aching manhood exposed to the classroom's cool draft. It throbbed, bereft of contact, demanding what dignity forbade him to ask for. She handed him back the pen and notebook before folding her arms beneath her chest.

He raised the book to eye-level like a shield against her piercing stare, then forced his hand back into ink and repetition.

*I will take my responsibilities as a hero-in-training seriously and apply myself to my studies.*

*I will take my responsibilities as a hero-in-training seriously and apply myself to my studies.*

*I will take my responsibilities—*

The nib halted when a foreign touch registered on his thighs. So intent had he been on the punishment lines, he had failed to register her movement until now.

He lifted the notebook high enough to peer below, and discover Ashido kneeling before him, hands on his thighs, face half-obscured by tousled pink curls, silver-barbelled breasts thrust forward in lascivious presentation. His legs drifted apart as though yielding to invitation. On her knees she crept nearer, bosom raised to loom above his erection.

An excited throb coursed through his shaft, twitching at her proximity.

“Now you see it...” she cooed, before parting her breasts on either side of his dwarfed phallus, “...now you don't.” She pressed the buxom mounds together until his penis sank wholesale into her bosom, not a trace of him visible. “Ta-da. Like my magic trick?”

He didn't have the wherewithal to applause, a strangled grunt falling from his slack jaw. The incredible warmth, the softness, the sheer engulfing luxury of her magnificent chest... She truly had made his anatomy disappear, swallowed whole in decadent suppleness, only to reappear when she leisurely spread her mounds apart.

He could not tear his gaze away as Ashido reenacted the parlour trick several times over, smothering him in such warmth, such downy entrapment. She clasped her breasts in both hands and rolled them inward, entombing and revealing his erection within the pillowy

gulf of her cleavage. Never had he known such belittlement as when witnessing her prodigious mounds seize command of his anatomy. From languid compressions kneading him in sweltering velvet, her technique evolved. She parted her breasts wide then snapped them shut in rising tempo, her heavy mounds crashing inward around his swollen head with such force they produced audible claps.

“Never had titties this big bully your uptight little dick, huh?” she mocked.

He had neither the wit nor coherence to reply. A part of him mourned when her ‘bullying’ came to an impromptu end, only to be taken aback by her next bold move.

Keeping his manhood pillowed between her breasts, she bowed her head and let a long string of saliva fall into her cleavage, sliding down to dab against his bulbous tip. Then she squeezed her mounds inwards until the cold studs of her nipple piercings met with a metallic kiss. Her plump, pink flesh churned in circles, smearing the crude lubricant across his shaft while the tiny barbells scraped against one another. She caught him gawking and jerked her head upwards toward the forgotten notebook.

An embarrassed yelp leapt from his lungs. He fumbled the pen in his scramble to resume her lines, notebook trembling in the air.

Below, her breast massage destroyed any hope of steadiness. She locked her assertive mounds snug around his girth, and hauled them up and down in lubricated drags that smothered as much as they stroked. Whenever he dared glance south, silver glinted between her splayed fingers, the piercings blurring as she pumped her breasts with mounting conviction. Again and again, their ponderous weight descended upon his thighs before sweeping upwards to devour the head of his trapped penis.

“Keep that pen movin’, nerd boy,” she urged, “and you might just get to splatter your cum all over these big, bouncy tits.”

His skittering pen threatened to tear through paper as the lurid picture she painted hijacked his mind. It was difficult enough maintaining legible penmanship, let alone continuing his doomed attempt to imitate hers; Aizawa-sensei would simply have to accept Ashido had apparently chosen to undergo a dramatic evolution in handwriting style a quarter-way down the page.

At the merciless pace she maintained with his member, he feared she would wring out his release whether he earned permission or not. She tipped more saliva into the crowded hollow of her cleavage, keeping the glide seamless, wet sounds squelching from the valley on every drop against his thighs. Were it not for her threat to trumpet their indiscretion across U.A., he very likely would have spilled into her abundant chest long ago.

It was maddeningly inconsistent. In one breath she'd forbidden him to release without her leave, and in the next she seemed intent on having him shatter that command herself. Did she want him to endure or to fail? What, precisely, was she trying to prove?

While he erred on the side of restraint, she appeared bent on unravelling it. The soft prison of her breasts loosened, the mounds idling on either side of his dwarfed erection as she welcomed him back into her mouth. He felt her palms brace on his thighs and her weight begin to lift. She rose from her knees without removing her hot mouth from his member, her upper body dipping forward while her backside arched high behind her. Beyond the quivering notebook before him, a pair of pale-yellow, crooked horns rose and fell past the top edge in time with the steady bob of her head in his lap.

The fervent pull of her mouth, the wet suction he had unwittingly learned to crave, was amplified by the gratuitous display of her rolling hips displacing her skirt. With vigour, her plump rear pushed the green pleats higher, fluttering them until the flimsy garment pooled at the small of her back. His eyes widened at the sight revealed: two full, rounded cheeks of soft pink, parted only by the slender wedge of leopard print buried between them. Every time she plunged her head, a corresponding ripple shuddered through her glutes. He barely registered her nails digging into his thighs, lost in the spectacle before him.

Bent over, she swayed and jiggled her rear while slurping on his arousal, a synergy as performative as it was pleasure-inducing. Watching her animated flesh quiver amidst relishing fellatio left his pen stalled in mid-air. Only when the swaying stilled and she drew herself upright did he remember where he was.

He pressed nib to page at once, feigning steady diligence.

“Soooo,” she sang, hands on her hips, “how’d you like the show?”

He cleared his throat with forced composure. “Show? I was entirely unaware a performance was under way.”

“Oh really? You weren’t just drooling over my ass for, like, five minutes straight?”

Colour rushed to his cheeks. “Drooling? Not a chance! I’ll have you know I was—” another cough “—deeply entrenched in my disciplinary obligations.” A beat, then a muttered, “And frankly, it was hardly five minutes,” as though that somehow rendered his lapse less egregious.

“Uh-huh. Well, at least grade my head game. One to ten. Was I a good girl, Rep Daddy?”

“I—I must insist you cease calling me that! And I absolutely refuse to assign a numeric score to... to *that*.”

*Eleven. Possibly twelve.*

She pouted. “Fine. You just keep writing our lines while I find my own entertainment.” She spun on her heel and turned her back to him.

“*Our* lines?!” What did she mean ‘our lines’? More than that, the thought of her ‘keeping herself entertained’ set every alarm ringing. One wary eye lifted off the page to catch her mounting one knee onto the teacher’s desk. “Ashido,” he said in a suspicious tone, “what are you planning now?”

“Oh, nothing,” she chirped. “Just gonna twerk on Mr Aizawa’s desk.”

He nearly stabbed the pen clean through the notebook. “You will do no such thing! Mr Aizawa’s desk is a sacred place of authority, not a platform for... rhythmic displays! It’s strictly off-limits for your scandalous gyrations!”

“Relaaaax. It’s called school spirit! I’m just... boosting morale,” she reasoned, voice careless as she clambered onto the desk. “Oh man, I always wanted to do this,” she added under her breath, excited.

“Ashido!” he cried, springing to his feet like a parent spotting their toddler climbing a windowsill. “Come down this instant! You will not desecrate Mr Aizawa’s desk with pelvic undulations!”

She twisted to glance back over her shoulder, smile bright and impish. “Wanna bet?”

“I... no...”

She rose to her full height before turning forward to face the empty classroom. He could only look up in abject horror as she bent forward, hands on her knees, and proceeded to, indeed, twerk on the revered desk.

Tenya regretted knowing the dance at all, having learned of it in passing, an unavoidable consequence of sharing the Heights Alliance common-room TV with peers fond of questionable music videos. Typically, he would stop short, cough into his fist and bark, “A-hem! This is far from proper study material! Please switch to something more constructive—news, educational programming, *anything* aligned with hero studies!” He’d then turn away while muttering about regulations, retreating before the beat could drop.

This time, however, there was no remote to turn off the visuals, no dignified escape. The performance was live, inevitable, and wholly dedicated to him.

Hands poised on her knees in a semi-squat position, she poured way more energy into her lower body than propriety would allow, predominantly in her gluteal region. Her hips snapped and rolled with egregious momentum, sending her rear bouncing so vigorously her skirt kicked up and fluttered, flashing the underside of her pink, jiggling buttocks. As if to double the indecency, she twisted her knees inward and outward in fluid repetitions, feeding the ripples through her thighs and hips. He was equal parts scandalised and morbidly intrigued witnessing a classmate perform such a vulgar street dance atop school furniture.

She snapped her head over her shoulder and caught him gawking. He jolted, choked on surprise.

Now certain she owned the room, Ashido unleashed the full, outrageous might of her glutes. Each motion began with an audacious upswing of her hips and ended in a flamboyant drop that brought both buttocks slamming together in a thunderous clap. In all his scholastic understanding of human anatomy, he had never conceived the posterior could be weaponised to such effect, that it could produce such lurid acoustics.

Up, down—*CLAP*.

Again, her buttocks rose and fell, and again, a fleshy smack cracked the air.

Up, down—*CLAP*.

The rhythm burrowed into his ears. Never mind changing the channel, he would've settled for a mute button.

...*CLAP...CLAP...CLAP...*

Amidst their salacious jiggles, her rounded glutes pounded out a lewd anthem all their own, devouring leopard print on every collision, the impact rippling down the backs of her thighs in visible waves.

*CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.*

The rhythm swelled, claps cracking noisier, crisper, quicker. Sharp enough to raise gooseflesh across his skin. These poor, studious walls; they had never asked to house the feral drumbeat of glutes in motion.

*CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!*

A twitch below tugged his gaze downward, where his arousal saluted the butt-clapping endeavour she'd taken upon their teacher's desk. He lowered the notebook to conceal his unruly member.

She met his fluster with a knowing smirk, then slid into a full split along the desk's edge, her sculpted legs stretching clean from one corner to the other. Her hips kept rolling without breaking her stride, pink flesh and spotted fabric dancing beneath green pleats until the little skirt flipped onto her lower back entirely.

The sight knocked him off balance, feet skidding half a step before he dropped into the seat behind him, notebook splayed across his crotch.

Her big, bouncing bottom locked his stare in place. The seismic gyrations pulled the sides of her underwear inwards until the globes they once hugged now jiggled bare. Earlier he had pedantically corrected her when she called her bottom "fat." Now, watching it gobble up the last stitch of leopard print, he found himself forced to silently agree. Ashido did, indeed, possess glutes of colossal roundness and faultless form—a great, pink, rippling force he could no longer feign disinterest in observing.

Her spine arched, pelvis tipping forward to aggrandise her protuberant backside as it jutted past the desk's edge in tireless motion. Not content to simply 'twerk' mid-split, she

ground her crotch against the wood, tightening her rounded buttocks when her hips rolled forward, and releasing the tension when they rocked back.

As he sat immobile in Mr Aizawa's chair, his erection poked above the notebook's cover. He pulled the makeshift shield higher, desperate to hide what refused to be hidden. Never had he thought himself reckless; if anything, quite the opposite. Yet the insistent throbbing of his manhood argued otherwise, hinting at corners of his psyche he had neither charted nor mastered.

Were such impulses even subject to discipline?

Had he been too quick to judge her for failing to master her own?

All he knew for certain was his hardness continued to pulse behind the notebook, forsaken. The saliva she had slathered upon him dried into tack upon hardened skin, and the absence of her warmth gnawed at him. His manhood longed—no, *demanded*—to be enveloped again by whatever heat her bewitching body might yield.

The pink temptress pivoted atop the desk, leaning back on her elbows as she stretched once more into a desk-wide split—only this time, turned his way, her legs parted wide, the leopard-print triangle between her thighs glaring straight at his face.

She raised a single finger. Curled it once. A summons.

Where once he might have darted a glance at the door or calculated some avenue of retreat, Tenya simply complied.

The wheels beneath his chair whispered across tile, rolling him forward only to brake at the edge of the desk.

In his periphery, her socked feet hovered either side of his shoulders, but his direct gaze instantly fixed itself upon the centre of her parted thighs, where a dark patch blossomed against the patterned fabric, vivid as the deepest shade on a heat map, leaving no doubt where her body burned hottest.

His expression remained unreadable, unblinking. She welcomed his scrutiny. More than that, thrived on it, spurred herself on to perform. Both legs ascended from either side of her, long and straight, thighs trembling with delicious ripples as she drew them together. Bit

by bit, the wide V narrowed, until her feet met in a skyward point high above his head, her face hidden behind a vertical wall of pink musculature.

Even with her legs fused, controlled tremors travelled up the length of her back-thighs to the tips of her pointed toes, fed by the plump buttocks wobbling on the wooden edge. There, the twin globes parted and rejoined in an absurd game of peek-a-boo with her undergarments, the cheeks meeting in perceptible claps—albeit, notably softer than the riotous thunderclaps she'd conjured whilst twerking atop the desk.

Then she reversed course, splitting her legs apart from the top down, a slow unveiling that brought her grinning face back into view. Her knavish flexibility startled him almost as much as witnessing every part of her body speak in fluent seduction. Up and down, her straightened legs waved through the air, flesh rolling and churning in lush undulations until they settled where they had begun—a forward-facing split, limbs held horizontal as she clasped both her hands around her knees.

Her wry smile dared him to pretend he had missed this performance, too.

Feeding on his dumbstruck stare, she slid one hand from her knee and drew teasing circles over the damp patch on her undergarments. “Let me guess,” she murmured, eyes trained on his stare, “you’re dying to know if it’s as pink as the rest of me?”

The dryness in his throat made speech a labour. “I... I wouldn’t say *dying* exactly. But now that you mentioned it, that would be a... a logical line of inquiry, wouldn’t it?” A bead of sweat slid down his brow and sank into his collar.

“Spoken like a true scholar.” She winked her approval of his curiosity. “Let’s find out, shall we?”

Hooking her fingers beneath one side of her underwear, she rewarded his concession by dragging the sodden fabric aside. Bright petals unfurled from the opposite direction of the pull. It was not a subtle reveal, but a sudden flare of illicit pink that exploded his eyes.

And no, it was not as pink as the rest of her—it was even pinker.

Whatever shade he might’ve imagined paled in comparison. The reality before him glowed with a richness mocking the sterile diagrams in anatomy textbooks. Ashido had unveiled the pinkest of labia majora, engorged and glistening, arranged in near-perfect

bilateral symmetry, gleaming like rose petals left wet from spring rain. And right above the swollen folds, a broad strip of hair crowned the apex, dark-pink curls as untamed as their owner.

With the enthusiasm of a student at Show and Tell, she used two fingers to spread herself along the centreline, the flesh unfolding on either side like the mirrored wings of a butterfly caught mid-beat. What lay within was a brightness more vivid still, her sex shimmering with vitality, with need. Only the small, shadowy indentation of her entrance disrupted the endless pink. Then, as if to underline the evidence of her arousal, she swept a digit up and down the central seam, gathering the nectar stirred by their misconduct. She held up her glistening fingertip before his wide-eyed stare.

“Like I said, Rep Daddy,” she purred, “you got me stupid wet.”

He stifled a nervous breath. “M-me? I... I—I got you... s-stupid wet?” Her terminology stumbled from his mouth, like an awkward kid raised on etiquette attempting profanity for the first time.

She blinked at his fumbled delivery, then burst into a devious giggle. “That’s right, you chiselled hunk. This dripping pussy’s starving for a good pounding.”

His Adam’s apple convulsed. “P-pounding?”

“Mhm. A good, hard, break-all-the-rules kind of pounding. Bet you wanna beat it up, don’cha?”

“B-b-b-beat it up?!” His voice squeaked. *Must she be so crude?*

“What? Not up for it?”

“I—no—I didn’t say that—”

“Ah, so you are then?”

“I—well, I—I mean—” He tugged on his sweat-drenched collar. “I’m not necessarily saying that either.”

“Oh, Iida,” she sighed, a hopeless amusement in her tone. “I think I get it now.”

“You... do?” he ventured, wary of whatever verdict she was about to deliver.

“Mhm. Why you never went for Ochaco.”

“Oh...?”

“Face it—you’ve got a thing for bad girls. Bad pussy.” Her voice slipped into a sultry lilt. “That’s why you’re so fucking hard right now, staring at this super bad, super wet, super pink pussy.” Her vulgarity pricked at his nerves. “Ochaco’s too sweet. Too safe. She’d never spread it open on Mr Aizawa’s desk like this and watch you totally lose your mind.” *No... she most certainly would not*, Tenya thought, as Ashido added with a sly grin, “Feels good to break the rules and live a little, huh?”

Was that what this is?

His pulse hammered in his ears. In his throat. In places he wasn’t proud of. Places that appeared to lend weight to her accusation.

She dragged his sights back to her pinkness with circular motions over the hooded nub at its apex.

His mouth fell open in recognition.

*That has to be—yes, that’s the clitoris!*

Exactly where the diagrams had marked it. Yet those sterile illustrations had not prepared him for the human reality, for the way her face transformed the instant she touched it. Her eyelashes fluttered, eyelids sank into a heavy, bliss-drenched gaze, mouth parted with no control or forethought. Either she was a masterful performer, or that tiny anatomical structure possessed influence far more profound than his academic sources had intimated.

Her head tipped back, eyes rolled toward the ceiling as sensation lifted her to some unreachable altitude. Then, moans. Soft, breathy sounds drawn out by the caress of her fingers, whispers of pleasure slipping through shaky lips.

Ashido touched herself while he sat mired in scattered thoughts. “Can you hear that?” she breathed between quiet moans.

“Hear... what?” Shame pricked at him for admitting how thoroughly her display had dispersed his senses.

She jerked her chin downward and murmured, “Get closer.”

The instant he leaned toward the explicit centre of her split, she pushed a single finger inside herself. Then he heard it. A wet, vulgar squelch that answered his naïve question. Capitalising on his closeness, she thrust into herself again, and again, and again, each penetration wetter, louder, more indecent than the last. Her moans rose to accompany the sound, trembling cries over the shlicks of her arousal.

Impotent envy strained his erection beneath the desk, supplanted by the busy work of her hand where his body longed to be.

She swept her fingers across her engorged folds in quick succession, the fleshy curtains blurring left and right. Moisture flicked out from the velocity of each pass, droplets of excitement speckling his cheeks and spectacles. He recoiled, pulling his eyewear away to stare at the scattered wet across the lenses.

She laughed. “No need to panic. It’s not acid,” she assured. “Just cunt juice.”

“Just...” He could not bring himself to parrot her inelegance. The casual delivery stunned him, as if she’d sprinkled his face with nothing more discourteous than lemonade. Admittedly, neither the viscosity nor the primal scent offended his senses. Had it been acid, he would be writhing rather uncomfortably in his seat.

He had just finished wiping the lenses on his shirt when her right leg looped behind his neck and dragged him down. His face met her sex with a wet, muffled thump, leaving him smothered by warmth, by scent, by the pugnacious humidity of her arousal.

As unceremonious as their first kiss had been, so too was the meeting of his lips and her nether pair. Her taste coated his tongue before he could react, sex and sweetness tangled in the slick heat of her folds. He pressed a tentative kiss there—one far wetter, far more incendiary than anything exchanged above the waist.

“Eat me out already,” she panted, her voice dripping heat. “Show me that smart mouth of yours is good for more than boring speeches.”

Boring? A part of him bristled, but the greater, needier part chose silence. It was easier to swallow his indignation when he could wash it down with her nectar. His eager tongue lapped at her sodden folds. Confidence grew with every taste. His strokes broadened, lengthened, drew her wetness across the width of his tongue like a palette absorbing colour.

Her hips stirred under his mouth in silent urging, the slow roll of her pelvis insisting for more.

“Get in there!” she groaned, calf cinching tighter behind his neck, pressing down to smoosh his face deeper. His tongue had no avenue left but inward, parting her folds to traverse the molten interior. Her inner walls contracted immediately, squeezing his intrusion as though embracing a long-awaited guest. A greedy moan rolled out of her, vibrating through the desk and into his bones. “Yesss—right there! Yeah! Tongue-fuck that bad pussy!”

She held her underwear aside, granting him unhindered mobility. Every time he bobbed forward, his cheek brushed her fingers, tongue darting in and out of the heat she bared for him. He could scarcely reconcile he was performing such an act, that his mouth was engaged in exploring the most private recesses of a classmate.

The heat of her sex was unlike anything he ever sampled. Fleishy folds awash in their own juices, a nondescript taste he quickly grew addicted to. Every movement of his mouth brought a corresponding sound from hers, every flick of his tongue echoing in her breath.

As he leaned in for more, the notebook and pen slid off his thigh, clattering to the floor and vanishing into irrelevance underneath the desk. He shaped his lips around her folds, coaxed, kissed, mouthed with more passion than finesse, guided only by the shivers his tongue induced. Her body responded in involuntary twitches, in subdued whimpers, in the forward thrust of her hips against his mouth. He had thought the wet music of her fingering had been indecent, but his salivating tongue produced squelches of a magnitude much filthier. If he had taken a nibble of her forbidden fruit before, he was all but engorging himself now.

“Goddamn, you’re eating that pussy like you forgot your lunchbox today,” she groaned, voice spilling into delighted slurs, as though even she hadn’t expected him to turn ravenous so quickly.

His eyes fell shut, mirroring the way hers had when she’d touched herself. She had been on to something: it was easier this way. Easier to banish thought. To choke down shame. He focused on taste, though he could not define it. Warm. Wet. Not sweet, not savoury, but *wrong* in the way that made sugar addictive. It tasted of rawness, of heat. Of something sacred desecrated. Of sin.

And he lapped it up.

His mouth worked hungrily, slurped in messy devotion, breath huffing through his nose, jaw labouring in tireless worship. He sucked and tongued without pause, drunk on the sounds spilling from her.

“Fuck, Iida...” she whined, breath breaking into ragged giggles, “...all buttoned-up and perfect, but on the inside... been dying to bury that educated mouth in some stupid-wet pussy, huh?”

Perhaps he had. When his appetite first took root he could not say—somewhere between the first glimpse of leopard print and the hypnotic bounce of her backside, no doubt. By the time she had spread her petals before him, he’d already known, in his heart, exactly what he wanted.

She scooted even closer to the desk’s edge, closing the last inches until his tongue pressed flat against her labia, then dragged upward in curling strokes toward the sensitive crest above. The licks parted her swollen folds with audible slickness, the petals fluttering like the inner lining of a flower rustled by breath.

“Ohhh, yes,” she groaned. “Eat that fucking pussy! Eat up like it’s written in Subsection Sex, Article 69 of the Class Rep Code!”

Even with his tongue serving her every whim, poking in and out of her wet entrance, she could not help but mock his integrity. Nonetheless, he was too preoccupied to argue.

He opened his eyes in dazed blinks, vision blurred behind the crooked tilt of his glasses, lenses misted from the heat of her crotch and the cloying vapour of her scent hanging between them. His gaze turned up and spied her free hand kneading one breast, a silver glint gleaming between her fingers as she rolled the supple mound in crazed circles. Her other hand continued to hold her soaked underwear aside, nails digging faint crescents into her pink thigh. She wore a debauched expression, eyes half-lidded, hips rocking against his penetrative tongue, chasing each stroke like she needed it to breathe.

“Yes, Rep Daddy. Yes, yes, yes!” she let out, mirth in her laboured exclamations. “Lick it. Lick it now. Lick my clit.”

He nodded as best he could whilst affixed to her sopping womanhood, seized by a compulsion to wring more erotic cries from her. This was more than she deserved for breaking the rules, but try telling that to his tongue. It withdrew from her opening altogether, only to lash upward in a targeted swipe at her clitoris.

The resulting whine was so piercing it ought to have summoned everyone on the floor.

But no footsteps came. No alarms broke through. No interruptions reined him back to his senses. Either the outburst died short of the hall, or no one nearby dared investigate what was happening inside classroom 1-A.

“Oooh, Iida! Don’t stop!”

The tip of his tongue whirled through the folds of wrinkled flesh sheltering her nub. Beneath the clitoral hood, he felt the concentrated swell, partially exposed by the pull of her fingers. Insistent flicks worked the bundle of nerves and her breaths broke apart. Ragged, uneven, punctuated by low moans. Her body bucked, hips twitching by reflex.

“Nnngg... f-fuck... yeah...”

She pulled her fingers away and his licks widened in scope, circling the full circumference of her sex: brushing along the outer petals, descending to graze her entrance at the base, then rising once more to drag across the swollen crest. His saliva mingled with her arousal, slathering the engorged folds until they gleamed a slick, flushed pink.

“Fuck, you little dick bastard...” she panted, a grin breaking through her ragged breaths.

His tongue punched through her entrance, navigating the corridor of sacred geometry while her inner walls quivered in response, a reflexive flutter urging him to burrow deeper. He did. The sensation was humid, silken, intoxicating. His subtle thrusts produced guttural sounds, lewd squelches polluting the classroom air.

*SCHLK. SLRP. SLLLCK. SHRRRP.*

A symphony of raw carnality coated his mouth in her essence. The more her body responded, the more fervently he worked, tongue flexing this way and that, as though her pleasure were an equation to be solved with exquisite precision. Now, it was she who could

no longer articulate; language devolved into breathy fragments, gasps, and moans. He pressed his lips to her swollen folds in earnest, the smacking noises more salacious than the sloppiest of kisses.

“Mmmmm... ahhh... Iida...”

Her incoherent whining provoked some strange sense of achievement. That he was the cause of such loss of composure in a place of learning should have brought shame, but instead...

He sealed his mouth about her hooded nub and enforced suction.

“Ahhh! Holy f—right there!” she cried out, hips bucking. “Do that again! Suck it like you sucked on my nipples!”

He recalled the way his tongue had studied her pierced peak, the way he had circled, flicked it, the final inward draw that had made her shudder. Reproducing the pattern, he applied the same diligence to her needy clitoris, breath mingling with the faint musk rising from her heat as his upper lip grazed the wild fringe crowning it. Unlike the smooth real estate of her areola, the terrain here offered more texture. He expanded his technique to accommodate her labia, mouth fastening over the beefy folds and tugging back until they stretched from the pull, then released—allowing the tender flesh to retract in a slow, glistening recoil. A breath later, he returned to the hood, suction deepening as though he intended to extract the entire head of her clitoris from concealment.

“Haaaaaah...” A drawn-out, decadent whine tinged the air.

He released, accompanied by the lewdest of wet pops. The rush of cool air against her slathered sex made her twitch, left bare, wet, and waiting in anticipation—until his tongue lashed forth again.

Amid her breathless outbursts, she encouraged him to “keep eating that pussy”, her aggressive misuse of language pelting his precious ears. Her brand of crass typically made him balk, but the more he lavished upon her sex, the more ‘eating’ came to sound accurate, notwithstanding all the slurps and smacking noises. Somehow, a complete novice like him had bumbled into competence, wringing pleasure from a classmate much more practised in sordid antics. Her outstretched legs quivered on either side of his bowed head as her fingers clawed the desk’s edge. Class representative and class delinquent—natural foes in

compatibility—yet somehow, something about it worked. Worked too well. So well, that within a minute of devouring everything between her thighs, her body seized in a violent climax.

“Oh, fuuuuck!”

Her thighs clamped around his head, muffling the world to a humid throb. All the while, her sex clenched around his tongue, pulsing in erratic waves. He felt the spasms roll through her as warmth and slickness spilled across his lips. She twitched once, twice. Then stillness. The leg hooked behind his neck slackened and slipped away.

He raised his sleeve to his chin to wipe away the glossy remnants of her climax. She leaned back on her arms, chest heaving. The leopard-print scrap of fabric hung displaced at her hip, showcasing her pink folds bathed in a post-climactic sheen, her entrance contracting as if it were catching its breath. He needed no textbook to know he’d just witnessed his first female orgasm.

Against every expectation, he’d brought Mina Ashido to climax using his mouth alone, and upon their teacher’s desk no less. The thought left him in profound conflict, unsure whether to pat himself on the back, or report himself to Mr Aizawa.

She slid off the desk on unsteady legs, breath stuttering. “H-how the hell did a... a shrimp dick like you make me cum that fast?!”

He recoiled as if scalded. “I—I—I’ve no idea! Truly!” he blabbered, voice pitching high with honesty.

Her eyes narrowed regarding him, as though this anomaly would force her to recalibrate her entire worldview. She scanned him top to bottom while he trembled pantsless in the teacher’s chair, a chair that ought to have been too big for his britches. The notion that someone so... underqualified could have undone her appeared to offend her on a metaphysical level.

“If you breathe a single word of this...”

“I wouldn’t dream of it!” he asserted, even if his reasons were strictly self-preservational.

“Hmph.” She tugged her knickers loose from under her skirt, letting them puddle around her black socks.

His throat made a small sound. *She’s completely naked under there...*

“Think I’m some easy floozy?” she spat, prickly.

“What? Ashido, I never said—”

“I’ll show you. This pussy’s stronger than you think.” In her haste to prove it, she stepped free of only one leg hole before lunging towards him. “Get over here, pencil dick,” she muttered under her breath. “I *dare* you not to cum.”

She stood astride him and reached down to grab his erection, holding it upright before lowering herself onto his lap. Although he’d privately entertained the prospect of this moment, its sudden arrival caught him off-guard. Was he really prepared to let things go this far?

“W-wait...” His lips fumbled in search of words that might delay what seemed inevitable, if only to grant him a shred of composure. “S-shouldn’t we—”

He swallowed whatever words he had planned to speak next as the bulbous crown of his hardness met the saturated folds of her sex.

Her lips formed a filthy grin, the wanton look on his face all the confirmation she needed to proceed. All at once, Ashido dropped down. His meagre length disappeared inside her in one seamless glide, swallowed whole by her rule-breaking sex.

A startled gasp broke from his lips. It was about as graceless and unromantic an introduction to coitus as one could imagine. But goodness, did it feel amazing.

The warmth...

She engulfed him so effortlessly, so completely, it wiped his mind clean. For a brief, suspended moment, she simply sat there, letting him absorb the magnitude of his first, dizzying immersion into physical intimacy.

“No going back now, Rep Daddy,” she muttered, smirk crooked. “How’s it feel finally getting that nerdy little dick wet?”

His erection throbbed within the searing clutch of her womanhood, while his thoughts scrambled beneath the weight of what they'd done. She expected him to speak now? Coherently? "It is... ah..." he tried, "uhm... ah... m-moist?"

"Moist? Ew." She pulled a face. "Come on, Rep Daddy. Use those fancy words. We both know your vocabulary's waaaay bigger than your dick. This is the one time I *want* you to sound like you swallowed a thesaurus."

"Oh—ah—right." He cleared his throat and tried again. "It is... challenging to summarise succinctly. Perhaps, the most fitting analogy would be submerging one's hand—or p-penis, as it were—into a vat of... of... warmed custard... sealed in place by suction... only *this* custard is alive and... and intent on applying rhythmic contractions."

She stared at him, blinked once, then exploded in laughter. "Custard?! My god, you're ridiculous. I'm never eating dessert again without picturing this." She shook her head, still chuckling. "Well then, how about I stir this custard up for you, huh?"

She began swirling her hips in his lap, slow revolutions dragging his girth against her inner walls, rotating him within her warmth until his jaw locked tight and the tendons of his neck stood taut. His parade of expressions made her giggle.

"Feels good when I grind on you like this, huh, daddy?"

"It... it does..."

Her pelvis continued to circle unhurried, churning his erection inside her, forcing delectable friction from every conceivable angle.

"How good? Tell me, Iida. Don't hold back."

His voice rose, forsaking dignity. "It is—ahhh—ah—it is ineffable! As if my entire circulatory system has condensed into one singular organ, and aah... and you've seized complete command of it!"

She snorted between moans. "Listen to you. Damn right I did. This bad pussy owns that little, stuck-up, Class Rep dick now."

"O-owns?"

“Mhm. Don’t just sit there like a statue. Hands. Now.” His arms had been dangling uselessly at his sides until she seized his wrists and hauled them to her waist. “See? Not that complicated.”

His fingers twitched against her hips, as though uncertain they were permitted to remain there. “I—ah—yes. Very well. If... this is protocol.”

“Protocol,” she scoffed, “is me wrecking cocks three times your size, mister. Heh. This little baby cock’s about to get ridden straight to oblivion.”

He swallowed hard. *O-Oblivion?* Desperate for any distraction whatsoever, his gaze stumbled upon the generous view afforded by her open shirt. Her bare breasts held his attention captive before he could even think to look away.

“Oho?” She smirked. “Like my nipple piercings, do you? Be honest this time.”

Well, judging by the fact his eyes had practically glued themselves there already, honesty seemed unavoidable. “I—I find them very... visually stimulating.”

“Visually stimulating, huh? Say something hot and dirty,” she pleaded. “Just once.”

“This again?” he groaned.

“C’moon! Damn custard doesn’t count! When I say *hot*, I mean something sexy.”

“Er... s-sexy?” His mind scrambled for phrasing that might satisfy her demand without compromising his dignity, or what remained of it. Surely this was a moment where physical demonstration ought to speak louder than verbal affirmation. After all, convincing his body to participate in these indecencies had been challenging enough. Now he was expected to narrate them?

“I know it’s not your thing,” she urged through a devilish grin, “but just try.”

He inhaled deeply, then ventured, “I, uh... appreciate the curvature of your... chestal region...”

“Did you just say *chestal region*? You sound like a medical pamphlet!” She cackled, halting the motion of her hips. “That’s tragically *un*-sexy. You’re allowed to say ‘tits’, y’know. Or ‘boobs’ at least. I promise it won’t kill you.”

“I... I’d really rather not.”

“Pfft, lame. Come on, say something else then. Compliment anything, but only if you believe it.”

“Er, well, I believe your, um... posterior is quite... exceptionally proportioned,” he tried. “Quite an impressive piece of, uh, anatomy.”

“Oooh, so you *do* like my big ol’ butt, huh?”

“I... yes. That would be... accurate.” He coughed into his fist with textbook awkwardness.

She giggled and rolled her hips playfully. “Mmm, yeah? What else? What about this wet little pussy, huh? Strangling that pathetic, little, tight-ass, rule-loving, pencil dick of yours? Say it. Say you love getting ruined by this naughty little cunt.”

“I... well... your... y-your...”

She cupped a hand around her ear. “What’s that? Coochie got your tongue?”

“Y-your... your—”

“If you say ‘anatomy’ again, I swear to God,” she deadpanned, “I’m marking you down for crimes against foreplay.”

“Y-your... your p-p-p... your...” The word refused to come, lips trembling in mute panic as his eyes darted anywhere but her, or her chest.

She dropped her head forward, groaning. “Hopeless. Totally hopeless.” She shook her head in despair. “You’re lucky your dick’s smarter than your mouth.” She gave a sudden roll of her hips, grinding her heat around the base of his erection. “You might not be able to say it,” she whispered, “but I’m gonna fuck this cute little nerd cock till your body screams it for you.”

A sudden rock of her hips punctuated her promise, dragging a sultry groan out of him.

“You keep—aahhh—calling it little...” Until today, he had scarcely devoted a moment to considering his own proportions, yet by his count, she had used that adjective no fewer than ten times since seeing him trouserless.

Her eyebrows shot up in surprise. “You mean to tell me you’ve never checked out what the other guys are packing in that locker room?” she questioned with disbelief, as though observing male genitalia was the entire point of communal showers.

“Not at all,” he answered plainly. “My time there is devoted to changing and mental preparation, not... comparative analysis.”

She studied him for a moment, then decided, “You know what? I actually believe you.” She gave a compassionate sigh. “Look, you’re not splitting anyone in half with that Diglett, but I can still feel you, alright?” She swivelled her hips, pressing the point. “You’re still in the running for solid boyfriend dick.”

“Solid boyfriend...”

“Dick,” she finished for him. “All depends on how you use it though.”

“I... see...”

“But just so we’re clear,” she said, leaning in, “my pussy doesn’t lose to shrimp dicks. Yeah, you’ve got good tongue game, but I’m about to humble you where it really counts. So, get ready.”

“H-humble me? Get ready for what?!”

“For all this damn custard!”

She raised and slammed her pelvis down hard enough to drive the air from his lungs. Instinct tightened his grip on her waist. Again, she rose from his lap and came down even harder, stamping an exclamation point on her vow to ruin him. The pleasure was blinding, impossible to hide across his contorted features. She caught the look and doubled down, a predator scenting weakness, bouncing atop his lap with dwindling restraint, every plunge punctuated by a wet, chastising smack. Poor Aizawa’s chair groaned beneath them, joints shrieking in protest. Somewhere inside his compromised mind, Tenya’s thoughts broke formation.

*She needs to slow down... This chair was never designed for such... activity. Frankly, neither am I.*

The backrest squealed again as her weight drove him deeper into the seat, his spine rocking against the faux leather.

*If the frame fractures, he reasoned frantically, Mr Aizawa will be obliged to file a maintenance report. When asked to account for the damage, I shall be compelled to disclose that Ashido and I—*

Her moan cut across his panic, pulling his gaze back to the grin darkening her features. While he was not quite the target she had envisioned when she'd trespassed into the boys' lavatory, she was seemingly enjoying the spoils of conquering him all the same, of claiming his innocence and integrity, of forcing him to acknowledge—one shameless moan at a time—that it was, in fact, disgustingly pleasurable to endure her sopping wet heat bouncing upon him.

She gripped his shoulders for leverage while his hands clamped around her waist, his body torn between preserving the sanctity of school property and surrendering to the destructive bliss of her sex. *Surely... surely there must be some clause in the warranty that covers... extraordinary circumstances...*

His thoughts disintegrated as focus veered from everything other than the fire stirring in his loins, the wetness smeared on his gonads every time she slammed down. The build-up mounted fast, the pull in his testes calling for urgent release. His head tipped back, eyes threatening to roll, discipline evaporating.

“Look at you,” she jeered at his punch-drunk expression. “Best thirty seconds of your life, huh? Gonna blow already, pencil dick? Go ahead. Do it,” she dared, “and I’m plastering ‘short stack’ on your damn locker.”

His head snapped straight as though reprimanded by an instructor for dozing off in class. Their devolvement into coitus had been so gratifying, he'd forgotten her vow to expose him if he underperformed by her standards. He shook his head vigorously, banishing the thought of climaxing, even as every morsel of his being howled at him to ejaculate inside the delinquent right there and then.

“I—I shall not!” he declared, voice strangled by effort and lust alike.

She gave a throaty *hmpf*, somewhere between admiration and irritation. “We’ll see about that, shrimp dick.” She bounced with renewed aggression, her rounded buttocks crashing on his lap again and again.

He knew he wouldn’t last. His body was seconds from revolt unless he could anchor his thoughts elsewhere. Desperate, his eyes wandered aimlessly before returning to the foremost sight before him. Her breasts. Pink, full, unashamedly wild and free. They jumped inches from his face in tandem with her up-and-down persistence, the blurred piercings burning the motions into his mind, visible even when his eyes squeezed shut to dismiss them.

“Go on—grab ‘em,” she murmured, “I know you’re dying to.” She was not wrong. Yet it felt indecently forward to accept such an invitation. His hesitation drew a groan of impatience from her before she thrust his palms against her bouncing breasts herself. “There,” she panted, “squeeze them.”

He obeyed, somewhat. The soft weight filled his palms, rising and falling in unison with her vigorous bouncing on his erection. His thumbs brushed across the miniature barbells and traversed her areolae, marvelling at both the heft and the buoyancy of her mammary glands.

“Attaboy,” she whispered, slowing to a lazy grind. “Can’t get enough of these big, juicy tits, can you?”

He choked, caught red-handed, palms full. “A-Ashido, please! Kindly watch your language,” he muttered, a desperate ploy to distract from the fact he *did* rather enjoy the feel of her bare bosom.

“Seriously?” She snorted laughter. “We’re literally fucking right now and you’re still hung up on me saying *tits*?”

“Just because we are—ah—f... fornicating,” he countered, “does not justify linguistic indecency!”

“Fornicating?” She giggled. Her breasts pressed and dragged across his uniform shirt as she settled into a languid, side-to-side sway in his lap. “Come off it. Modesty died the moment you let me ride you raw in our homeroom, Rep Daddy.”

“Don’t call me tha—”

“By the way,” she cut him off. “It’s painfully obvious you’ve never fucked before, but you’re holding my tits like you’ve never touched a girl, period. Be honest, have you?”

“I—I must insist, this is hardly the time for personal interrogation!”

She gave a low whistle, amusement gracing her lips. “Damn, I’m doing charity work here.”

“Should we even be conversing right now?” They were actively engaged in coitus for heaven’s sake! Somehow, offhand dialogue made the act feel twice as indecent. “Such matters of... personal discourse would’ve been more appropriate before things became so... so physical.”

“Yeah, probably,” she admitted with a shrug. “But when else do we ever get to speak? Only got so long before Mr Aizawa gets back, too.”

“Don’t remind me... I’ve yet to formulate a single plausible explanation for how any of this occurred.”

“It’s not that deep,” she offered breezily. “You saw tits and ass. You got horny. You wanted some pu—”

“Ashido!”

“What? He’s a guy. He’ll totally get it.” Her hips thrust forward again, the chair beneath them emitting a tortured creak. “Think he’s ever broken in this chair with someone’s ass bouncing on it?” she wondered aloud, nonchalant. “Bet he has. Or at least had someone bent over his lap while the rest of us were out training.”

“I—what? No! I should sincerely hope not!” the class rep spluttered. “That’s not a thought I care to entertain, nor one you should be voicing so casually!”

She snickered. “Only kind of thought that keeps me awake during his snoozefest lectures. Honestly, if he *really* wanted me to behave? All he’d have to do is grab my hair, bend me over his desk and—”

“I do *not* require the rest of that mental image, thank you!”

“Heh, you do realise teachers are just people too, right? They got kinks. The staff room probably doubles as a sex dungeon. Can’t tell me you’ve never imagined what Midnight’s office smells like afterhours.”

He would not dignify that rhetoric with a response. Such speculation was highly inappropriate, especially about Pro Heroes, mentors!

“Well, if he *hasn’t*, you know what that means, right?” She gasped before answering her own question with glee. “It means we’re the first to *fornicate* in his chair, Iida!” Breathless pride lit her voice, as though defiling a position of authority were some perverse badge of honour. “Kinda makes us pioneers if you think about it.”

“Well... in a certain regrettable sense...”

She pulled back, slow, his phallus slipping from her depths until only the very tip remained captive, poised at the brink of complete withdrawal. Then, without warning, her crotch jerked forward, the abruptness wrenching a cry from his lips.

“He’d be so proud of you,” she wheezed, “His golden boy, red-faced and fucked stupid, can’t remember a single rule ‘cause some bad pussy’s got him losing his goddamn mind.”

Another thrust, another humiliating whimper.

“Mmmmyeah, that’s it, Rep. Take this fucking pussy,” she hissed through gritted teeth. “Best detention ever, right?”

“...Y-yes?” Technically, it was his only detention.

“Good boy,” she said. “Hope this chair’s sturdy enough—’cause this hot custard in your lap is just getting warmed up.”

And she was not exaggerating.

Nails digging into his shoulders, she threw the full weight of her body into her grinding hips. Gone were the teasing sways, the exploratory shuffling. What remained was raw, reckless riding. Forward, back, forward, back, their hips practically smooching whilst her greedy sex womanhandled his puny penis, dragging it however which way she pleased. Her sweat-sicked thighs rasped against his own with searing friction, tensing on every aggressive

grind, levering him further into the seat as though she sought to merge him with the very furniture.

*CREAK. CREAK. CREAK. CREAK.*

The chair's metal legs stuttered against the tiled floor in erratic jerks, sharing his panic at the strain. Sweat rolled down her chest from the effort, beads rolling between her jostling breasts. The back of her little skirt fluttered non-stop, baring the tireless motion of her buttocks to the empty classroom behind her. Her glutes moved like clockwork, tensing on the forward thrust, rippling on the backward retreat, calibrated to squeeze every possible ounce of sensation from him.

*So much for safe sex*, he muttered inwardly, aghast his first foray into intercourse should unfold in such uncivilised fashion; 1-A's Class Representative, of all pillars, deflowered in the very homeroom he upheld with order and discipline. And still, for all his internal protestations, he could not, in good conscience, deny that the disgrace felt... unreasonably divine...

The title of Class Representative suddenly felt unearned, a badge of honour pinned to a fraud.

Their foreheads hovered a breath apart, her mouth hanging open, eyes glassy with effort, with ecstasy. Her expressions of pleasure spilled in broken huffs...

"Ahh—hah—hahh—haah..."

Noises clawed their way from his own throat without consent.

"Hah—nngh—A-Ashido—!"

Her hips never ceased, the friction between their privates almost enough to ignite a flame.

"Hah—ahhh—Iida-hah—ahh—nnn—h-haah—"

*CREAK-CREAK-CREAK-CREAK.*

The chair squeaked as raucously as their conjoined moaning.

"Aaah—shhi—haaa—MMPH!"

Without warning, she stuffed the hanging end of his slack tie into his mouth. “Uh-uh. Quiet. Someone’s gonna hear us.”

Mortification burned his face. Only now, with the fabric muffling his voice, did he realise how undignified the noises escaping him had become. His guttural grunts remained smothered while she continued riding him with considerably better control over her vocalisations, although even she faltered into breathy moans and shaky gasps now and then.

Whatever expression contorted his features must have betrayed how close he was, because she slowed down to plead, “Don’t you dare cum. You hear me? Don’t. Fucking. Cum.”

He nodded, barely breathing.

Apparently satisfied, she tugged the tie from his mouth and crashed her lips against his in a big, sloppy kiss, moaning down his throat without breaking the rhythm of her humping. For what felt like an eternity—perhaps twelve seconds—the sound of their smacking lips intertwined with the creaking of the abused chair hosting their romp. Somewhere in that breathless span, madness crept into his fingers, his restless hand lowering beneath her fluttering skirt. He ran his palm over the smooth, round curve of her left buttock.

Disbelief parched his throat. The roundness beneath his palm was staggering, more voluminous than even his most furtive glimpses had suggested. Firmer than his modest fantasies had conjured, yet soft enough that the faintest pressure let his fingers sink into the flesh. Unimaginable. That he was permitted to caress her this way, to roam beneath her flirtatious skirt without reprimand, to grope brazenly. And worse still, his adventurous touch only deepened her moans against his lips, encouraged his digits to keep trespassing.

She tore away with a breathless gasp, their exhalations tangled in the suffocating space between them. “Pick me up,” she ordered.

“Hm?” he murmured, still dazed from the slapdash lip lock.

Her hands squeezed his biceps through the shirt, assessing, admiring. “Mmm... you’ve been hiding these guns under that prim little blazer, haven’t you?” she teased, biting her bottom lip. “Pick me up with these big, strong arms of yours.” Then, with a husky whisper against his ear, she breathed, “Hold me in the air and rail me till my legs shake.”

His clammy hands scrambled to secure their grip on her pink thighs. Taking a deep inhale, he rose upright whilst her legs cinched around his waist, his phallus never parting from her vagina. He straightened to full height, bearing her weight effortlessly.

“Woohoo!” she cheered, twirling one arm above her head like a lassoing cowgirl at a rodeo. “Would you look at that! My studious strongman! Knew these arms weren’t just for turning pages!”

She locked her arms around his neck and trusted his grip enough to start moving, to rock her pelvis against him, to drag her inner walls up his shaft and let gravity slide them back down, burying it to the hilt in a raunchy cadence that left him trembling to maintain his hold.

“Mmmyeah... you feel that? Gonna get this cunt juice all over you,” she rasped between plunges, her natural lubricant smearing along his manhood. “This acid pussy’s gonna melt that self-control you’re so damn proud of.”

He could barely breathe, let alone argue. All he could do was keep her aloft while she used him shamelessly.

“All that holier-than-thou crap?” she panted, voice rising with her grinding. “Pah! You’re just another little cock in a big uniform. And I’m gonna ride you until you admit it.”

Grunting, sweating, he adjusted his grip. She was light, yes, but the rhythm she imposed—the lilting violence of her self-impalements, the hungry grind of her sopping folds, the sweat-slick friction between their bodies—transformed the simple task of holding her aloft into a battle of endurance. It felt like wrestling some insatiable beast in heat, one determined to drain him dry and leave him hollowed out where he stood.

“I’m gonna bounce on this tiny cock ‘til your brain leaks out your nose!” she threatened through a breathless laugh. “We’ll see how above pussy you really are!”

His arms quivered, not from the burden of her weight, but from the cumulative strain of containing both her writhing body and the mounting pleasure threatening to undo his resolve. She ground against him like she had a vendetta, a duty to humble him. His strength waned, her body beginning to sag in his arms. Her powerful thighs—grinding against his sides as though attempting to scale him—threatened to slip from his sweaty grasp. He was losing control of her, of the moment, of himself. Tenya could not afford to give in, to have his good name smeared campus-wide. His reputation, his dignity, everything he upheld hung

by the trembling tension of his arms. With a grunt of renewed resolve, he dug his fingers into the suppleness of her thighs and heaved her upward again.

Pivoting, he spun and pressed her back against the whiteboard, his bulky chest pinning her to the cold surface. The impact stilled her grinding immediately, legs locking around his waist.

“Oh my!” She let out a playful gasp. “You’ve got me backed into a corner, Class Rep. What ever shall I do?” Feigned terror played in her voice. “So commanding all of a sudden. So big and scary. And now you’ve got me all trapped and helpless...”

Hardly. The swivel had been pure reflex, a desperate instinct to halt her momentum. Yet the outcome left him perilously positioned: his body boxed hers in, his erection still imprisoned by her heat, throbbing with the dangerous thrill of authority reversed. He froze, uncertain whether to retreat, to reprimand, or to move at all.

“Look around,” she whispered. “If you wanted to abuse your authority, it’s not like anybody’s here to stop you...”

“I would never do such a thing!”

“Why not? I deserve it, don’t I?” Her tone turned sultry, taunting.

“Quiet, Ashido. I need to... compose myself.”

“What you *need* is to teach this pussy a hard lesson.”

“Ashido,” he warned.

“Been such a naughty little slut,” she continued, “riling you up all detention long, haven’t I, Rep Daddy?”

“I am not ‘Rep Daddy’ and you are not—”

“Grinding on you,” she yammered over him, “getting you all hot and bothered...” Her hands roamed up his sleeves, fingers squeezing his biceps.

He eyed her digits warily, the contact stirring unwelcome heat in his loins. “Cease that at once.”

“Or what?” she challenged, continuing to caress his biceps all the same. “You know... big, strong arms like these... could pin me down so easily. Bet you’ve thought about it.”

“Negative! Mr Aizawa appointed me your supervisor—not your disciplinarian!”

“Yeah? You sure act like you wanna discipline me.”

“Preposterous!”

“Newsflash—your dick’s literally throbbing inside me. You could’ve pulled out anytime. But you didn’t, did you?” Her grin widened, wicked and knowing. “Quit pretending you don’t wanna fuck me—and fuck me.”

“I’m not pretendi—”

“FUCK. ME.”

“Keep your voice down before someone hea—”

“FUCK—”

He snapped—more specifically, his hips did, driving into her with such force it silenced them both. Her eyes widened as her back thunked against the whiteboard.

“Whoooa—shit!” she exhaled breathlessly, both taken aback and excited by his impulsive reaction. “Now that’s more like—”

*THUNK!*

Another thrust cut her commentary short. The first had been unthinking, the second barely more deliberate. By the third, there was no ambiguity left.

If he could not silence her with words, he would silence her with actions. His hips drove forward in punishing intervals, killing off her every attempt to taunt or chitter. A snap of his hips, a choked gasp, a thunk against the whiteboard. Rinse and repeat. Before long, there was nothing left of her voice at all. Simply the thuds of her body rocking the whiteboard.

While his physical response might’ve started as a dire means to tame her provocations, it would be dishonest to claim there wasn’t a certain degree of satisfaction to be had from barrelling his frame against hers, from ramming himself into her heat repeatedly. It both

stunned and humbled him to acknowledge, through mindless thrusts, the conniving force she wielded between her thighs. For all his lectures on restraint and propriety, she'd turned him into a hypocrite overcome by the same adolescent urges he condemned.

Perhaps she had been right all along. Perhaps his discipline was no greater than the peers' he chastised for indulgence.

Did he even deserve to be class representative anymore?

While his mind grieved the slow death of dignity, his lower body sustained mindless, mechanical sways.

Ashido, by contrast, cavorted in being present, her mind, body and soul frolicking in chaos. She found her voice, albeit high and breathy, amidst her body ricocheting between his hard frame and the harder whiteboard.

“Hah—y-yeah... harder... fuck—just like that... yeah, fuck me... beat this fucking pussy up—”

He did. God help him, he *did*. And he liked it. Shamefully revelled in it. Tenya was a great many things, but above pleasures of the flesh? Apparently not. Not in the way he'd always imagined.

“God—*THUNK*—I can't believe—*THUNK*—how good—*THUNK*—that little dick—*THUNK*—feels inside me!”

He gritted his teeth, as though clenching hard enough might dull the pleasure, dull the reality it felt just as good being inside her. The embrace of her heat, the slick friction dragging against his girth... He almost envied the shamelessness with which she voiced the pleasures it endowed. Such indecent admissions would be unbecoming of him.

“Hah—ahhh... I-Iida... ngh—*THUNK*—listen to how fucking wet—*THUNK*—how sopping wet this pussy is for you.”

He didn't need to listen. He could *feel* it. Each thrust met a sticky, squelching resistance that soaked through the hem of his uniform shirt and smeared her excitement across his abdomen. The sound alone could damn him; the sensation nearly did. Her wetness defied reason, visceral proof of lust thriving where propriety fell. The more unevolved their coupling turned, the thicker the custard felt, steam-swelled and tightening around him.

“That’s right,” she rasped, grin audible through her trembling moans. “Get in that wet pussy—*THUNK*—fuck me, Class Rep. Fuck your little principles and ruin this filthy cunt.”

His rhythm faltered for a beat, hips hesitating beneath the weight of her words. Of course. That was her true objective. To twist his integrity into something pliant, penetrable. Her wetness, her cries, her performance—they were not rewards for any sensation his meagre endowment could facilitate; they stemmed from her delight in watching his convictions teeter. When he considered their tryst through this lens, her overwhelming wetness suddenly became coherent.

It almost angered him, the depth of his surrender. But rather than fighting the current, he harnessed it.

His nails carved half-moons into her pink thighs, grip tightening as he crashed into her at full force, rattling the whiteboard’s frame. No longer the mindless, mechanical thrusts of before, they carried a wayward spite he could only express through motion. Any lingering concern over her acidic Quirk and its possible effects upon his anatomy had long since drowned in the intensity consuming his senses. Again and again, he jabbed his phallus into the very heat that had melted his discipline; it was within her pink, dripping folds, ironically, that he felt his last illusion of control.

Wet slap after wet slap, hard thud after thud, the last sounds you’d associate with a place of learning.

Heroic thrusts sent his shirt billowing behind him like a cape in miniature, the hem fluttering above his square, muscled buttocks. Snarled around his ankles, the tangled trousers and underwear forced his stance narrow and awkward, yet he powered through regardless, consumed by the rapture promised between her legs.

She clawed at the back of his shirt, half to keep from sliding down the board, half to brace against the barrage of his robust frame. Whatever jabs she’d made about his penis size meant very little when his sheer bulk dwarfed hers, when the full breadth of his torso nailed her into the whiteboard with back-breaking force. Bursts of hot breath peppered his ears.

“Yes, yes, yes,” she growled, “that’s a good boy—*THUNK*—make me take that little dick like the whore I am. Ahhh, yes!”

Tenya could not fathom her compulsion to degrade herself so freely, nor why she seemed to find empowerment in it. He certainly would never refer to her as such. Granted, her constant self-disparaging remarks had worn down any urge to correct her. Or, perhaps, at this point, he was too entangled in his own loss of self-respect to muster any empathy for hers.

Fatigue seeped into his muscles, a dull burn spreading through his forearms as her thighs began to slip once more. He caught one mid-fall and pinned it flat against the whiteboard, forcing her limbs wider, aligning her for the upward thrust to come next. Lowering his centre of gravity, he drew in a breath, then propelled his hips skyward, piercing her sex at an angle that forced air out of her lungs. He wound back and repeated the thrust.

“Uhn,” she grunted.

Then again.

“Uhn!”

And again.

“UHN!”

Again, again, and again! Faster. Her spotted underwear—still looped around one ankle from her earlier haste—flopped and swung at the end of her socked foot whenever her spine clattered against the whiteboard.

“Oh my—f-fuck, Iida! Haa—aaa—aaah!” Her cries broke apart in staccato bursts, like a passenger trying to scream through a bumpy ride.

Every slam of his hips rocked her whole body upward, her shoulders scraping against the smooth surface. One especially brutal thrust knocked the back of her head against the board. Her eyes fluttered shut, lashes trembling, the sheer magnitude of violent pleasure silencing her, but for the sound of his ragged breaths misting against her chin.

When her head tilted to expose her throat, something primal coloured his vision red. His gaze fixed on the pale-pink column of her neck, the delicate pulse flickering beneath a film of sweat. His mouth hovered there, breath trembling, jaw tight. He wanted to bite. Not lick. Not kiss. *Bite*. To sink his teeth into that stretch of vulnerable flesh until she cried out,

until she wore it—the mark of what she had done to him, what she had made of him. His lips quivered a breath away from indulging.

*Stop! You are not some beast. Compose yourself, Tenya!*

He jerked his head back and forced reason through the fog.

*Goodness... what depths have I sunk to?*

As if body-slamming his classmate against school property weren't disgraceful enough, solicited or not. Behind her shoulder, part of the whiteboard's moral reminder loomed in Mr Aizawa's handwriting:

*'I will take my responsibilities as a hero-in-training seriously and apply myself to my studies.'*

Except, the declaration was vanishing. The polymer film smeared beneath the drag her sweat-damp shirt, smudging half the words into begrimed blurs. The beginning and end remained legible at a glance, but the middle, the heart of the statement, had dissolved into smudges, leaving a truncated remnant:

*'I will take my resp—ply myself to my studies.'*

Together, their jostling bodies, intertwined in code violation, erased more of the lesson meant to reform her. And in its place, they were writing a new statement, not in ink or dry-wipe marker, but in sweat and flesh, to the feral slaps of her body absorbing every consequence he delivered. He pounded into her dripping sex, her slick folds sucking greedily at every inch he gave, until even he lost track of the meaning of the sentence.

They well and truly desecrated the sanctity of their homeroom.

Crushing her to the whiteboard, the hard press of his chest flattened her bare breasts, her piercings scraping against his shirtfront. His breath rasped against her neck, the panting of a creature no longer governed by regulation. She clung to him in return, grasping at his biceps, clutching at his shoulders.

Playing the idle recipient, it seemed, did not suit her temperament. Even pinned, she refused to remain inert for long, supplementing their pelvic collisions with her own grinding. He felt her purposefully rubbing her clitoris against him, searching for whatever friction

might soothe the insistent throb between her legs. And it paid off. The shift in her breathing soon gave way to a deep, guttural cry.

“Aaahh, fuck!!”

Her nails dug into his shoulder blades like talons claiming her prey, her pleasure-struck body quaking in the feverish space between him and the whiteboard. His polished shoes squealed against the floor as he fought to keep balance, before her legs locked around his waist and held him fast. Uncontrolled spasms attacked her core, tugged at his penis in hungry pulls, threatening to drag him into collapse with her. He jerked backwards to save himself, breaking past the cage of her locked limbs. Her knees buckled the instant her feet hit the floor.

“Shit... fuck...” she wheezed, half-laughing, half-delirious, “you and that stupid little cock... fuckin’ making me cum like that... *again*...”

He swivelled and caught himself on the desk, leaning over as sweat dropped from his brow, chest heaving, heart pounding, jaw panting as though he’d narrowly survived a high-stakes rescue mission. For several interminable seconds, they lingered where they were, drawing air into depleted lungs. Below him, impossibly, his erection still jutted upward, unspent and coated with the sheen of her euphoria.

She had pounced on him with the promise of riding him to a swift climax, yet it was she who now trembled on unsteady legs. Just as he began to suspect she would not take kindly to his inexperience besting her a second time, a sudden *SLAP* cracked against his right buttock.

He jolted upright, spine snapping taut.

“Damn, Rep Daddy,” she teased from behind him, “anyone ever tell ya, you’ve got a seriously spankable ass?”

“I beg your—what are you—?”

*SMACK! SMACK!*

Two more open palms struck in quick succession, one for each square cheek.

“Oof—yeah, firm as steel!” She whistled in appreciation, and he could feel her admiring stare revering his rear. “You been sneaking squats between lectures or what? Even tauter than Kirishima’s—pre-Hardening, of course. Mind if I give it another go, sweetcheeks? You know, for research purposes?” She drew her arm back and wiggled her fingers in a dramatic wind-up, only for Tenya to flinch away, both hands flung back to shield his rear. She snorted her amusement.

His jaw was working through the beginnings of a reprimand when she bent over and put her elbows on the desk, spine curving into a seductive arch. Aware of his male gaze, she swayed her bottom from side to side before hiking her skirt up, baring the fullness of her pink backside. His breath hitched in reflex, the same stunned gasp he’d given every time she unveiled it; somehow, he still remained wholly unprepared for its all-mighty roundness.

“Your turn,” she sang over her shoulder, giving her hips a more daring wiggle. “Be a good Rep Daddy and give it a smack or two. Or ten. Hard as you want. Go wild on this big ol’ booty.”

“I will not!” he barked, voice cracking before he cleared his throat with an embarrassed cough. “Striking a classmate’s posterior is both indecent and undignified!”

“Ugh, *lame*,” she groaned. “I thought dipping your dick in some prime snatch might loosen you up, but nope. That stick’s still up your butt, huh?”

“I am sufficiently loose! And if by stick, you mean restraint, then yes,” he said shakily, “it remains firmly in place, thank you!”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever you say, tightass.” Her smirk took a devious turn. “Speaking of things up people’s butts...”

He froze. “What...?”

She reached back and trailed a single finger down the cleft of her rounded rear, voice lowering to a sultry whisper. “Why don’t you stick that little dick up mine?”

His head nearly exploded. “*I. BEG. YOUR. PARDON!?*”

“Come on, please?” she insisted, tone startlingly sincere. “I’ve never done it before.”

“You... really?” He blinked. That admission did not align with his every assumption of her. Given her appetite for bedlam and carnality alike, he had presumed she’d long since exhausted the catalogue of physical improprieties. Yet the flicker in her eyes—earnest, almost bashful—reminded him that for all her brazenness, she was only a student, much like him, a teenager stumbling through sexual discovery.

Still.

“That does not change the fact I refuse to participate in such... unsanctioned experimentation. It is already disgraceful I have inserted my penis into your vagina, but I will *not* compound that offence by... by venturing elsewhere.” He coughed into his fist awkwardly. “You’ll have to seek another volunteer.”

“Seriously? You should count yourself lucky, Class Rep. Know how many guys have begged to shove it up the pooper?”

“I—no! Nor have I ever sought to know!” he stammered, horrified by both phrasing and imagery. “If that’s something you desire, then why—why have you not, erm... pursued it already?”

“Because every guy who’s asked was built like a damn fire hydrant,” she said bluntly, holding up her fingers to show the girth. “I wanna try it, sure—but not if it means I’m gonna be farting soup for life.”

“That... could happen?” He mused on it for a second longer than intended. “Well, that is a most reasonable concern.”

“But you...” Her eyes dropped to his still-rigid erection, wickedness spreading across her face. “...I bet you’d fit perfectly. Don’t make me beg,” she insisted. “Hang on, I’ll even help you out.”

She sauntered toward her school bag and rummaged through its contents. A moment later, she produced a small plastic bottle half-filled with some pale-yellow substance. He nudged his glasses higher and squinted at the label.

“Is that... a sexual lubricant?”

“Mhm! Dual-purpose, baby. Massage oil *and* lube. Super economical.”

His jaw dropped. “Why would you possibly carry such a product around school grounds?!”

She shrugged, nonchalant. “Unno. Emergencies happen?”

Ignoring his horrified expression, she squeezed a generous amount into her palm and smoothed the oil across the full expanse of her backside. A glossy sheen quickly coated the plush flesh. She even wedged a hand between her buttocks and worked the lubricant into the intimate space hidden there. Satisfied, she strutted right back to the desk, bent over once more and flipped her skirt up, presenting her freshly oiled rear with a playful wiggle.

“There we go! Now you should slide right in!” she announced cheerfully. “So why don’t you get over here and clap ‘em cheeks?!”

He stared.

Far longer than was remotely appropriate. The glossy sheen coating her backside somehow made the rounded flesh appear even more ripe and appetising. But, no! He jerked back to his senses and threw both hands over his conflicted erection.

“Absolutely not! I will not ‘clap’ anything! I will not insert myself in your...! I reject that proposal and forbid you from elaborating upon it any further!”

She gave a dismissive grunt. “Fine, *square*. Suit yourself. Just get over here and, what was it—’insert your penis into my vagina’ again,” she mocked his turn of phrase. “Hurry up before my pussy dries up.”

Befuddled, he adjusted his glasses out of habit. She had just climaxed for a second time minutes ago. “So, we are not finished?”

“Finished? Not a chance. I still gotta milk those big ol’ class-rep nuts dry. Besides, you’re still hard as hell for this bad pussy.”

Unfortunately, she was entirely correct.

Before conscious thought could intervene, he found himself stepping behind her, palms roaming over the slick, oil-coated contours of her hips and buttocks.

*Good heavens, what a rump...*

Her hand snaked back between her thighs and closed around the swollen pouch she'd threatened to empty, rolling his testicles in her grasp as a dark chuckle purred through her throat. It sounded as though she couldn't wait to see the quantities of ejaculate they'd produced. Tenya, himself, could feel the aching heaviness in his sac, the sinful need that made her touch both torturous and welcome. Mercifully, she abandoned caressing his scrotum and curled around his shaft instead. A subtle twist of her wrist aligned him so perfectly with her eager opening, all he had to do was push.

And push, he did.

A shuddering sigh tumbled from his mouth as her silken folds parted and swallowed his entire erection in one voracious gulp. He sought to establish a pace, but she overruled that effort straight away. Her powerful glutes seized control, slamming backward to collide into his lower abdomen, sending ripples through the oil-slick flesh of her buttocks. The movement wrung a helpless groan from his throat. Lubricant smeared across his pelvis on every impact as he remained rooted in place. She drove her sex backward onto him again and again, slick walls swathing every ridge and vein of his stupefied phallus.

Gawking, he was hypnotised by the soft quake of her buttocks crashing against his hips. Heavens, there was so much plumpness in her rear, he almost had to keep himself pressed flush against her to prevent his modest length slipping free. And even then, every retreat of her hips teased the brink of separation, only for her return stroke to engulf him once more.

"Enjoying the scenery back there, Class Rep?"

Words bumbled on his tongue before he remembered how to speak, a mumbled, "Ah—y-yes..."

"Say more."

"More?" he echoed, flustered, glancing down at her proud posterior. "It's... a very nice, uh, symmetrical view."

"Symmetrical view," she tittered, still backing into him at a leisurely pace. "You talk about my ass like it's a fucking geometry problem. But hey, at least you didn't say anatomy this time! Progress!" She winked. "C'mon, Rep Daddy, keep going. Say what you *really* think of my fat, juicy ass."

He stiffened, mortified. For all his oratorical talent, he found himself linguistically paralysed whenever it came to this ‘dirty talk’ dialect she insisted on. “You’re well aware I have no aptitude for that brand of verbal indecency, Ashido.”

“Try anyway.”

“I did,” he muttered. “You laughed at my custard analogy.”

“Yeah, because it was *custard*, Iida! Nobody’s getting off to dessert metaphors. Try again.”

“I really don’t think—”

“C’mooooon, just give it another go, Shakespeare. You’re literally balls-deep in inspiration right now. Least you can do is put that big brain to work and make it sound sexy.”

He released a long, resigned breath, rubbing his temple as if stressing over an impromptu presentation. “Very well...”

“Oooh, this oughtta be good,” she said gleefully, like someone waiting for a comedy special to start.

He cleared his throat. “Your... your large p-posterior—”

“No, *butt*. Say big butt!”

“Your big... butt,” he started over, already regretting it, “possesses an impressive degree of... kinetic articulation. It moves with a kind of salacious grace—quite engaging, really.”

The sound that followed wasn’t a wanton moan, but a burst of laughter. “*Kinetic articulation?!?*” she howled between cackles, so amused she paused her hips to absorb the mirth. “Oh my god, Iida, you sound like a horny lab tech giving a TED Talk on jiggle physics!”

He huffed, indignant. “And *that*, Ashido, is precisely why I was reluctant to participate in this debauchery of language to begin with!” His voice cracked mid-sentence, only fuelling her laughter.

“Relax, Rep Daddy,” she wheezed, trying to catch her breath. “You’re too clean-cut for your own good. Great when you’re out patrolling the streets, not so great when you’re sticking your tip in some bad pussy. Stop thinking like a hero.”

He blinked. “But... that is the very purpose of our training!”

“Not in here, it isn’t. When you’re inside me, you oughtta be thinking more like a villain,” she suggested offhandedly. Then, her eyes grew wide as if struck by revelation. “That’s it! You need to be a villain!”

“Unfortunately, I have no aptitude for villainy either.”

“Wrong!” She grinned. “You’ve done it before. Battle Trial. First term. Ring a bell?”

He froze. Oh. Right. The mock mission with Midoriya and Uraraka. He and Bakugo had drawn the roles of villains, and Tenya had guarded the fake bomb with such theatrical menace, All Might had given him top marks despite his team suffering defeat. He hummed in recollection, thumb resting under his chin.

“Yes... that exercise. I remember it clearly now. That was a rather inspired performance, wasn’t it?”

“Mhm! And if you think about it, we’re already engaging in villainous behaviour right now—crimes against school policy!”

His gaze dropped to where their bodies met, the reality gripping his throat. “A fair observation.”

“Then you’re halfway there,” she encouraged, hopeful. “Channel that same energy. Right here, right now. Show me what happens when the Class Rep stops playing nice.”

A muscle ticked in his jaw. Could he really? Villainy in simulated terrorism was one thing; villainy with his trousers around his ankles on school grounds was something else entirely. Fully committing to this illicit engagement, to genuine misconduct, felt significantly more perilous than performing in a staged scenario. His thoughts ran in circles.

“Oi, Earth to Class Rep!” she barked, starting up her hips again with a backwards surge against him. “Less thinking, more acting!”

“Right! Acting,” he told himself. *Just acting.* He tried to summon something villainous. His face contorted into what he believed was an intimidating sneer, although in truth, it probably more resembled a constipated smile. Leaning forward over her back, his voice dropped into a theatrical growl. “You possess...” He stopped himself. *No. You’re a villain now.* “You’ve got... one hell of a... an *ass*, Ashido.” He uttered the a-word in a shaky whisper, the kind a boy uses when he fears the walls might tattle to his parents. Soft as it was, Ashido heard it, too, and the casual profanity shocked them both.

She threw a look of disbelief over her shoulder. “Wait, whatchu just say?”

He tensed. “Was that... too much?”

“Too much?” She stifled a laugh. “No, Rep Daddy. That was *perfect*. Keep talking like that.”

He hesitated, uncertain whether her enthusiasm was sincere or a ruse to bolster his confidence. Regardless, it was not a negative response, nor another humiliating burst of laughter. “Then... I shall proceed,” he declared, steering his tone back into its villainous tenor. “This a-ass...” his tongue stumbled over the unfamiliar verbiage, “was made to be f... to be fu... fu—”

“Yes, you can do it,” she encouraged, like a tutor guiding a child through phonics. “Sound it out... nice and slow...”

“F-fucked...” he whispered.

“Come on, Mr Class President, you got a voice that can shake windows—use it!”

“This ass...” he started over, louder now. Throwing caution to the wind, he projected his voice with the conviction of a morning announcement: “This ass was made to be fucked by authority!”

He clapped both hands over his mouth instantly, as though he could stuff the words back inside.

Her response came as a full-body shudder and a breathy laugh. “Holy shit, Iida,” she rasped, mirth and arousal tangled in her voice. “Who even *are* you right now?”

He wasn't sure himself, but the added oomph in her hips compelled him onward. "I am..." he started, the grit in his voice startling even him, "the profane emperor of your subjugated backside! These cheeks serve at my pleasure alone."

She whimpered. "Oh my god! Yes. *That!* More of that!"

If he'd questioned her sincerity before, her renewed fervour erased all doubt. She ground back against him with purpose, demanding he respond in kind, hips flying forward. "As tyrannical as I may sound," he breathed, "the true villain here is this greedy p-p... greedy pu—"

"Pussy!"

"Yes! This greedy pussy conspires against me, corrupting even the purest of men!"

"Mmm, yeah?" Delight trembled through a moan. "Then punish it, Rep Daddy. Show this naughty little cunt what happens when it turns a hero into a tyrant."

Whatever villain he'd conjured, she believed in him, and the way she moved, the way her sex squeezed on him, made him start believing it, too.

His hips surged forward, found instant rhythm against her retreating backside.

"Harder," she pleaded breathlessly, "Beat this pussy up with your tiny meat!"

He grunted. *Tiny* now, was it? Her barbs targeting his endowment had scarcely bothered him before, but perhaps it was in the nature of a villain to take offence and retaliate. "Then what does that say about *your* pussy," he growled through grit teeth, "that this so-called 'tiny meat' already brought it to ruin once before?"

"Ooh, listen to *you*," she teased, "finally talking like you've got a pair! I like *this* Iida!"

"Hold your tongue, pink temptress," he snarled. "You will speak only when permitted."

"Is that right? And how do you plan on shutting me up?"

A smirk tugged at his lips, villainy seizing the reins. "By force of will and repetition of thrust." He slammed forward hard enough to steal her next breath.

“Oooh, aaah... kinky *and* poetic now? Look at you go, dark prince of discipline,” she giggled, grinding back on him.

“You dare mock your conqueror? Insolent woman,” he spat. “I should gag you with your own insolence.”

“Promises, promises,” she rasped through a sadistic grin. “But I’m warning you... keep talking like that, and I’ll start leaking all over your tiny justice baton.”

“As if you aren’t already?” he countered, thrusting harder. “Tiny, yet tenacious! Your treacherous sex has surrendered once, and it shall yield twice more before I am through with it.”

“Fuuuuck, that’s hot. Keep talking that shit, little man,” she purred. “I don’t know whether to salute you or cum harder.”

“You’ll do both,” he commanded, crashing against her rebellious rear. “Your obedience will be your undoing.”

The words came forth by some divine inspiration, the confidence alien but addictive. It terrified him how easily the mask fit, how natural the darkness felt rolling off his tongue. Perhaps this wasn’t mere acting anymore. Perhaps villainy wasn’t entirely foreign to him—just something long, deeply, and dangerously repressed.

“F-fuck, I think you’re finally getting it, Rep Daddy,” she gasped, body shaking under him. “Now beat it up! Beat up this slutty cunt like it stole your lunch money!”

“Silence! I take no orders from a lowly harlot!”

He was not a man prone to brutish impulses, but in that instant, all semblance of restraint disintegrated beneath a surge of primal aggression centred below his waist. Much like he’d become an instrument of villainy, his shaft became an instrument of punishment, delivering hard-earned discipline upon the most insubordinate, most unrepentant part of her anatomy. Serendipitous, somehow, that he should be the one cast into this role; perhaps it was not as a deviation from his duties as class representative, but its most twisted extension. Perhaps, he was reprimanding rebellion itself with every savage thrust.

Maintaining his villainous scowl, he clutched her narrow waist in his large mitts, thumbs nearly meeting at the hollow of her back, and hammered forth with piston-like

dutifulness, his phallus seeking some violator of decency concealed deep within her quivering quim. Her fleshy petals fluttered around his girth when it forced passage, the lewd squelch punctuated by the emphatic *PAH* of his pelvis impacting her buttocks. The punishing collisions sent her thighs banging against the edge of the desk, adding dull thuds to the orchestra of guttural grunts and fleshy claps.

*PAH. PAH. PAH.*

And through it all, she still begged, “Haaah... yes, yes... don’t stop!” as if her thighs thudding against the desk added to her pleasure rather than induce pain. She demanded he continue ravaging her until she fully internalised how much of a “dirty little whore” she truly was. Indeed, against every rational impulse, he found himself pounding at the sopping, misbehaving slit between her thighs, precisely as she’d intended from the start.

“Unngh! Ahh, fuck, yes! Just like that! Beat that pussy up till it learns some manners!”

“Silence! Before I—”

“Punish me like the cock-hungry slut I am, Rep Daddy!”

“Ashido—!”

“Fuck! Yes! Keep going, you righteous little bastard! AAAH! Gimme all that nerd dick!”

“I said SILENCE!”

Something snapped inside him—his hand shot up and *CRACK!*

The sound of palm striking buttock rang out like a whipcrack echoing off the classroom walls. Her startled cry followed, and in the same instant, he froze, eyes bulging in disbelief, the fire in his veins curdling into ice.

“A-Ashido! My sincerest apologies! I—I didn’t intend to strike you with such—such brutality!” Words tumbled out as his hands sliced the air in flustered panic. Whatever menace had coloured his voice moments ago dissolved into his familiar brand of formal hysteria. “I became too immersed in the performance! I was merely attempting to maintain dramatic continuity, not to—”

“Shut up.”

His flailing arms halted mid-gesture. "...What?"

"I said shut the fuck up," she muttered, head bowed where he couldn't read her expression. For a heartbeat he feared the worst—that she was livid, that he had gone too far—until she exhaled, breath trembling. "Shut up," she whispered once more, "and do it again."

*Again? Does this minx have no boundaries whatsoever?*

Beneath his bewilderment lingered gratitude, if only for the reassurance he hadn't grievously harmed her. As for her demand for another strike...

His gaze fell upon the rounded arc of her oiled backside. Bent over the desk, she practically presented herself for discipline: hips elevated, back arched, the soft pink globes of her buttocks thrust outward in blatant invitation.

The mark from his previous strike lingered in his right palm, the residual warmth an echo of his overzealous commitment. He would be dishonest to pretend the sting had not brought gratification in some dark way. Whatever the morality of the act, it had, indeed, quieted the mouthy delinquent. His authority proven absolute.

*Remember, Tenya, he told himself, you're a villain now. He was supposed to be a disgrace to uniform and reputation, to discard decency. Not to mention, she had asked for this, not merely implied it through teasing gestures, but demanded it outright.*

*To all that is pure and just in the U.A. Code of Ethics... may you pardon the transgression I'm about to commit.*

His left hand rose and hovered, trembled above the suppleness protruding behind her...

A gulp.

And then—

**CRACK!**

The second slap landed flush on her left buttock, the sound crisp, the recoil immediate, droplets flicking outward from the impact. A yelp burst from her lungs before

melting into a husky, wicked giggle. She rather relished that. More troubling, he did, too. He had pulled the blow, careful not to repeat his earlier ferocity.

But Ashido was having none of it.

“Is that the best you got,” she taunted, “*villain?*”

A slow smirk crept onto his lips. So be it. If she wanted a villain, she would have one.

“Careful,” he warned, his tone slipping back into that dark, theatrical menace. “You provoke a tyrant at your peril.”

“A tyrant? Hah! More like a tickler in a tie,” she shot back, arching her spine in provocation. “You call that a spanking? Please. My grandma hits harder than tha—”

*CRACK!*

The slap cleaved through her taunt, savage and sudden, proving beyond doubt no grandmother alive struck like that. Her buttocks rippled from his swing in a mesmerising quake of flesh. He caught himself staring, entranced by the recoil of his own handiwork.

“I don’t recall granting you permission to stop moving,” he said sternly.

“My bad, Your Majesty of Spankovia.”

He delivered another *CRACK*, harder this time. “Mockery will only earn you further correction!”

“Oooh, you promise?” she cooed, shaking her rear from side to side.

He slapped her backside mid-sway and sent the teasing flesh jiggling the opposite direction. “Incorrigible woman. Do you ever know when to stop?”

“Can’t help it, Rep Daddy. Your discipline gets me so fucking wet.”

“Then take it like the scoundrel you are,” he growled, “and keep that blasphemous mouth shut while you do.”

“Hah... yes, sir... long live the Villain King of Spankovia!”

*CRACK!*

He issued a singular command. “Move.”

Her hips obeyed at once, rolling in slow, sinuous circles while he folded his arms and looked down with the detached scrutiny of a critic judging a performance. His shaft remained fully sheathed within her, held captive by the wet vice of her sex as her backside rubbed against his shirt in wide, indulgent sweeps. Her sodden folds twisted alongside his girth in each rotation, eliciting an inconvenient pleasure that hissed through his clenched teeth.

He fought the tremor building in his thighs, refusing to grant her the satisfaction of seeing how a simple turn of her hips could threaten his contrived composure.

Round and round she went, her curves crumpling the once-pristine front of his shirt, desecrating the last trace of order still clinging to his uniform. He ought to have reprimanded her for dishevelled the immaculate presentation he upheld each morning; but instead, his irises rotated behind his spectacles, closely tracking the orbit of her big, pink, rotating posterior. His fingers twitched, aching to reconnect with its yielding curves, if only to watch their plushness ripple and feel its echo sting through his palm. He resisted.

Only just.

As he stood there, stone still, jaw tight, her spinning hips added backward thrust to their motions, crashing her buttocks against his abdomen. Bowing to carnal curiosity, he undid the lowermost buttons on his uniform shirt and lifted the open hem, inviting her bare backside to brush against his toned abs with every reversal. The subtle graze of flesh on flesh set him on edge, her sluggish teasing only stoking his growing impatience.

“Faster,” he ordered. The word came low, guttural. He lusted for more contact, for *all* of her bare bottom to collide, mould, press up against him. Indeed, she obeyed her villainous overlord, her hips quickening a touch. He grunted his approval. Yet, his hunger only deepened. He leaned closer and muttered, “Twerk it,” the villain’s voice fully resuscitated.

Amusing, he thought, in a perverse sort of way; how he had once fought tooth and nail to stop her from performing that very act atop Mr Aizawa’s desk. Now, he demanded it. The villain Tenya gave voice to the side of him decorum had long strangled silent. And for the first time, he questioned which version of himself had been the façade all along—the righteous model student, or this unrestrained creature corrupted by authority.

She pointed out his duplicity through a crooked grin. “So much for not desecrating sensei’s desk, huh?”

“You dare continue mocking your superior?!” Indignation snapped in his voice to mask the fluster heating his cheeks. “I said—twerk!”

His hand descended in a long-withheld *CRACK*, his palm tingling as her buttock jiggled from the impact.

Her gasp broke into a breathy laugh before she set his command into motion. The lazy circles of her hips turned purposeful, pivoting into a steady rise-and-fall that had her soft buttocks gliding along his muscular thighs. She bent her knees to drag her plump rear lower, testing how far she could sink without his meagre length slipping free of her wet grip. The answer revealed itself swiftly—not very far. With a muttered curse, she reached between her thighs, reinserted his swollen penis, and then resumed with a smaller, tighter range of motion.

“Control yourself, harlot,” he scolded.

“Yes, Rep Daddy.”

He stood behind her, watching as she twerked whilst bent over their teacher’s desk. His expression was stony but pulse hammered in his throat. He would never have admitted it when he first witnessed her provocative dance—and probably would not admit now whilst playing the villain—but the girl possessed an unholy gift for moving her backside. The way her ample buttocks flexed and released, shook and rebounded, dropped and jutted upwards; it all threatened to scrub his mind clean of every single thought, save the indecent ones.

Lesser men, weak of will and loins, the likes of Kaminari by her own estimation, would’ve already disgraced themselves under such gyration. He hadn’t even lasted long enough to experience this depth of her gluteal sorcery.

Tenya Iida was not most men, she now learnt. And he, despite the blasphemy of it all, felt a villainous thrill in surpassing her expectations.

“Faster,” he hissed, arrogance thick on his tongue. Another slap followed, hard and sure. “And this time, you will keep my rod of justice inside that shameless hole where it belongs.”

*Merciful saints, Tenya!* his inner voice recoiled. *What unspeakable depravity left your mouth?*

But where he chastised himself in horror, she moaned her approval like a sinner embracing damnation.

“Ah—hah—yes! Yes, Rep Daddy!” Laughter rained over her pleasure. “There he is! The ass man I always knew was hiding under that tie!”

“I am not an ass man,” he continued to insist. “Your posterior merely invites this form of discipline,” he reasoned. It was her fault entirely—her seductively sculpted, insubordinate rear that begged to be corrected. It was *she* who possessed the so-called spankable ass. “Do not project your obsessions onto me.” Another slap drove the rebuttal home. “Now, keep that tongue still,” he warned, “or these pink cheeks will turn scarlet by my hand.”

“Y-yes, sir...”

In truth, her skin already bore some evidence of his discipline, faint red blooms spread across her upturned buttocks. It wasn't that his strikes were brutish (well, *mostly* not), but that her tender, bubbly flesh yielded easily beneath its taut surface, blushing under his corrective touch.

They continued, Tenya dictating the pace. He issued curt commands and measured reprimands, his palm intervening when needed. Ashido answered with movement, breath, and submission, trying her utmost to meet his exacting standards.

“Make it shake.”

She did, swaying her rear side to side, then round and round.

“So,” he muttered in an academic monotone, “this is how you ensnare your victims in the boys' bathroom, is it? With these oversized, jiggling glutes?” His hand clamped around one cheek and gave it an admonishing shake, seemingly scolding the flesh itself. “Overstimulate the visual cortex with disproportionate gluteal kinetics,” he mumbled analysis to himself. He could see why his less disciplined classmates might lose all composure at the mere sight of such bountiful indecency. Grimacing, he let the buttock slide free of his grasp, fingers curling back as if he'd just released something radioactive.

She smirked. “I mean, it works. Plus—”

“Quiet. That was not an invitation to speak. Now move faster.”

“Yes, Rep Daddy...”

Her hips quickened to obey.

“Faster.”

“Trying!”

“Faster, you voluptuous degenerate!” He swung an open palm across her big bottom so hard the impact jarred her hips sideways. She gave a surprised yelp but recovered with commendable haste, re-aligning herself and backing into him. The twin globes of plush pink all but bounced in frantic obedience. Pleasure blazed up his spine as her slickness tightened and dragged his phallus along for the vigorous ride. For an instant, his villainous façade cracked and an involuntary sound slipped past his scowl. He forced a grunt and fixed his expression back into cold command, as though her renewed efforts had failed to impress him.

“You call that fast?” he patronised. His Engine Quirk ensured speed was not merely his specialty, but the very axis upon which his identity turned. No one in U.A. could rival him in acceleration or torque, and now, she was about to understand precisely why. “I’ll show you fast.”

His hands cinched around her lithe waist, thumbs pressing together beneath the hem of her lifted skirt—then his engines roared to life. His hips powered forward at blistering pace. Suddenly, the air was filled with the lewd violence of flesh striking flesh, far from the polite applause rendered earlier—this was a percussion of rapid, thunderous claps. Her plush buttocks flattened on every impact, scattering oil every which way, only to spring back into perfect roundness a fraction of a second later, and get smashed by his barrelling hips again and again. The desk juddered in front of them, wood thudding and legs squealing as his body hammered hers against the edge.

“Ohhh—f—fuuuck!” Moans stuttered from her lips in ragged hiccups, chopped short by her body jerking forward, the staccato stammering out like loose syllables on a rattling train. “Ohhh—m—my—g—gawd—! I—Iidaaaah!”

“That’s right!” he grunted through laboured pants, his pistoning hips refusing to let up. “This... is the fate... of shameless provocateurs... who defy regulation!” A breathless declaration. “You deserve every bit of this, harlot!”

What he meant by that? Tenya himself was uncertain. It simply sounded like something a villain ought to say, some dark pronouncement before doling out judgment. Yet the more he spoke, the less it felt performative. Watching her bottom ripple from the thunderous claps, feeling her body jolt forward in his grip, helpless against his machinegun rhythm, he realised a sinister truth: he meant it. Every word. Every thrust. She had provoked this, earned it, and he would see to it she bore the full consequences of her insolence. He hammered into her with such velocity that, if not for his firm grip anchoring her by the waist, she would have shot forward across the desk.

Gone was the swaggering delinquent with her cocky grin and snarky tongue; he’d reduced her to a moaning, sopping damsel who couldn’t escape his villainous clutches if she’d tried, who could barely form a word, let alone a snide remark about his inexperience or supposedly inadequate endowment. The very ‘baby bottle’ she’d derided was now savagely ploughing through her meaty folds, silencing any retort that dared form in her lungs. Whatever he lacked in anatomical proportion, he repaid tenfold in pace and power, his sac slapping wetly against her wicked sex to emphasise the point.

“You’ll learn discipline by the stroke, woman!” he growled amidst thrusting.

“Ghaa—ngh—f-fuck—so f-fast!”

His hips blurred in overdrive, clapping against her buttocks non-stop. The punishing pace amplified the searing friction of his erection spearing into her slick entrance in rapid, shallow probes. His head tilted back, jaw clenched, eyes narrowing at the ceiling as pleasure mounted inside him. Even through the haze of adrenaline however, discipline flared, a groin-deep pull signalling he was teetering on the precipice. Mid-thrust, he forced himself to a jarring halt, his half-embedded penis throbbing angrily at him for denying inertia. Their chests rose and fell in asynchronous tempo, lungs gulping the thick, humid air that reeked of sweat, sex, and exertion.

For several seconds, silence held, filled only by their ragged breaths pervading the low hum of the air-conditioner.

Then, Ashido's breathless snicker slithered through the static. Still bent over the desk, her words rasped between shallow pants. "Holy crap... didn't think you had that kind of throttle." A shaky laugh. "No one's ever jackrabbited me like that. Should've figured the guy with an Engine Quirk's bound to come with a jackhammer."

One hand rose to his brow to sweep aside perspiration. "I must admit," he began, "I did not realise I was capable of such... intensity. It was—" He paused, searching for the precise word. "—invigorating."

Somehow, it felt like a stiffness evaporated from his shoulders, a stiffness he had never realised was there.

She chuckled. "That's what bad pussy'll do to you, Class Rep. Looks like you finally unlocked your inner nasty."

He almost smiled—almost, before retreating back into his role. His spine drew tall, voice lowering into that sadistic register. "Enough." His tone hardened. "I do not recall granting you permission to speak."

Her laughter vanished the instant his palm met her backside in crisp reprimand.

"Now," he said, smoothing his hair and folding his arms. "Resume your twerking while I allow myself a moment to recover."

"You got it." She smirked, before doing exactly as told, rolling her hips against him in lazy circles.

He raised his palm and brought it down—*crack*—clean across her bottom. A welt bloomed across her pink cheek, as vivid as a failing grade inked in red. "Put some force behind it," he demanded. "This is the same lack of effort that earned you a 27 on your last midterm! Did you even *read* the questions, or were you too preoccupied imagining yourself bent over a desk just like this?"

"And if I was?" she said, unbothered. "Who needs math when I'm already majoring in backshots?"

*SMACK.*

Her hips bucked forward, but her smile lingered.

“And what of your little stunt, slinking into the male facilities without clearance?” he pressed. “Shameless voyeurism now part of your extracurriculars? You consider that appropriate conduct for a U.A. student?”

“What can I say? Big dicks were calling.” She shrugged her shoulders. “And for the record, sometimes I’m invited.”

*CRACK!*

She yelped but kept moving.

“Incorrigible. No wonder you can’t follow classroom instruction. That brain of yours is oversaturated with phallic interference.”

Her breath hitched into a giggle. “Guess that makes me a cockhead through and through, huh?”

*SMACK!*

“Allow me to correct your cognitive alignment.”

Recovered and recalibrated, he resumed his brutal pace. His sweaty grip moulded into her waist, thumbs bracing the fine slope of her pelvis while his knuckles brushed the fluttering hem of her rumpled skirt. The song of flesh against flesh echoed off the whiteboard.

“Ahh—! Ngh—f-fuck! Hah—hah—ahhnn—!”

His voice cut through the rhythmic slap of hips, breathless but stern. “You will raise your academic standing, Ashido. I will not tolerate another 27. You *will* study.”

“Y-yes, Rep Daddy!” she cried out, the words tangled in a gasp.

His palm cracked across her rear mid-thrust. “You will refrain from appearing on the detention ledger henceforth. Is that understood?”

“Aaah—y-yes! Yes, sir, I p-promise! Just—just keep fucking me—”

Another spank landed to jiggling effect.

“And if I hear so much as a whisper of you cavorting in the lavatories again,” he growled, voice sharp as the snap of his hips, “you’ll receive correction far less forgiving than this.”

“Ahh—hahh—yes, Rep Daddy! I’ll be behave, I swear—!”

*SMACK. SMACK.*

His quadriceps fired at maximum capacity, crashing against the back of her thighs, while her cries climbed in pitch, incoherent now, drowned in the sound of his enforcement.

Amidst the visceral heat, he assessed her breathless promises of reform and doubted every syllable. They were nothing more than performative lines delivered in a farcical duet. She played her role as obedient subject to his stern hand, but no more sincere in her repentance than he was in expecting it.

Truly reforming Mina Ashido, he mused, would be a psychological undertaking far beyond this parody of discipline. It would demand patience, professional intervention, perhaps even long-term counselling—a comprehensive therapeutic framework way past the scope of detentions, one hundred corrective lines, or harshly administered spankings.

Yet, he continued the charade. Not from duty or obligation, but from something less noble. There was something profoundly, disturbingly satisfying about the way she submitted, the way she looked back at him, eyes glassy, mouth slack, begging for more in the same breath she promised to be good.

The role of villainous enforcer had become more than a means of correction. It had become a release. A transformation. The dark mirror of his usual persona. He had been taught to reject villainy in all its forms. But imitating it was intoxicating. Beyond the lust, there was freedom in transgression, in the thrill of letting propriety collapse, if only for a moment.

What did that say about his character? He did not know. Feared knowing.

The coitus itself was like nothing he had ever experienced. No regimented training session, no meticulously-graded exam, no burst of speed on the track had ever filled him with this primal rush. For the first time, he understood what his less disciplined peers had always seemed to chase, why they risked scandal, punishment, exposure—for moments like this.

Moments that gripped the soul, blurred the lines, and whispered to the hidden parts of oneself.

His lustful gaze drifted to the sight beneath him. Her backside, once a pale rose in its natural hue, bore crimson blotches, evidence of repeated discipline from both his palm and his pistoning hips. He could no longer recall how many times his hand had met her flesh, only the way each impact had thrown the rounded cheeks into mesmerising motion. Needless to say, she had received the thorough correction she'd so eagerly provoked.

Tempering his thrusts to a measured cadence, he slid his hands from her slender waist to the scorched terrain of her backside. His touch was almost apologetic. The lubricant coated his palms, warm and glossy as he caressed the heat he himself had drawn to the surface. He kneaded the plush flesh, marvelling at its paradoxical blend of taut resilience and suppleness. Entranced, his palms moulded to their contours in quiet reverence, thumbs tracing the large arcs, noting the way they yielded to pressure, then held shape. In his absent-minded groping, his hands wandered further, parting her oiled buttocks with unconscious curiosity.

Then he saw it—that delicate ring of muscle, slick with lubricant, exposed in the quiet pause between their movements. It was a deeper hue than the surrounding skin, verging on mauve beneath the glossy sheen, and seemingly quivered under his scrutiny, puckering in subtle greeting.

“Thinking about it, aren't you, ass man?” she purred through a mischievous grin over her shoulder.

He released the cheeks and lurched back, phallus slipping out in his startled retreat. “I... I am uncertain what you are suggesting!” he alleged, straightening his glasses melodramatically.

“Mm-hmm. It's okay to be curious, you know?”

“I was not curious! I was just...” Wait, *was* he curious?

“I'm just saying,” she muttered in a singsong tone, “fucking me in the ass is exactly the sort of thing a villain would do...”

Her words flicked a switch in his mind. His hands returned to her posterior and, with fingers now firm in their purpose, parted her taut cheeks in an outward tug. Light glanced off his lenses as he leaned forward, eyes fixed upon the glimmering ring cradled within the cleft of her curves.

His mind flashed back to her proclamation that no individual had ever been afforded access to her posterior sanctum. There was no way to verify it, of course, but the visual before him—the tautness of her ring, the tension unweathered by time or trial—spoke with its own persuasive eloquence. He would not claim expertise in rectal matters, but to his untrained eye, no trace of passage marred the sphincter’s visage.

The notion any part of someone as seasoned as Mina Ashido could remain untouched seemed improbable, yet here he stood, possibly gazing upon something rare, almost sacred in its exclusivity. Breath caught in his throat. His torso tilted forward, drawn by curiosity’s tyranny. He caught himself mid-motion, snapping upright with a jolt of disciplined restraint.

“Don’t be shy, Class Rep! Get closer!”

His cheeks flushed, glasses fogging as he sputtered, “Shyness has no bearing on this!”

“Prove it, then—villain.”

His expression morphed as though the word was a hypnotic trigger, posture stiffening like a soldier called to duty. With hunger darkening his eyes, he plunged his face into her rear.

His nose poked into the shadowed divide where her gluteal muscles converged, and glided along flesh made slithery by sweat and lubricant alike. Humid warmth lingered between the plush compression of her buttocks, trapping heat, sweat, and a hint of...

He paused for an inquisitive inhale, murmuring, “This smells like...”

“Citrus,” she supplied, sounding way too proud of herself. “You’re welcome.”

He inhaled again, deeper this time. She was correct. Citrus. Frankly, when he had impulsively nosedived into her backside, citrus had been the last thing he expected to encounter. It drew no complaints from him however.

The lubricant's fruity fragrance mingled with her natural scent and perspiration, blending into some kind of aphrodisiac musk that swept up his nostrils. It whispered to his basest instincts like a corrupting vapour, seduced his hands into motion.

Lust-stricken fingers pried her pink buttocks apart. A powerful waft of heated flesh and citrus suddenly struck him full in the face, as though he had cracked open some long-sealed chamber and released the air trapped within. More than the scent, the sight ensnared him, the oil shimmering along the darker pink of her inner cheeks. Nestled at the slicked centre sat a small hidden ring, now fully revealed between his spreading thumbs.

And it moved.

Tiny puckering contractions fluttered through the sphincter as cool classroom air passed over the exposed flesh. It almost appeared to be reacting to the heat of his breath, to his intimate proximity. Almost, calling to him...

Beckoning him nearer. Tempting him closer with each faint quiver...

Without realising it, he was leaning forward.

Further. And further still. Lowering onto his knees.

As his thumbs widened their hold against her buttocks, he drew close enough for a warm exhale to ghost over the glistening rim. Every inch he closed provoked another tiny flutter from her expectant anus. Until finally—

His lips touched it.

*Madness. Utter madness. Tenya, have you really just pressed your mouth... there?!*

Reason had abdicated its throne. A rational, disciplined class representative would certainly not be kneeling behind a classmate with half his face engulfed by her backside, contemplating whether to proceed further with his tongue. Could he still, with any integrity, continue objecting to her lewd 'ass man' moniker?

"Oh! And y'know the best part?" the delinquent chimed out of nowhere. "It doesn't just smell good—it's edible, too!"

Edible? His fogged mind stalled on the logistical implications of an edible massage oil and lubricant hybrid. Humanity had actually engineered such a product? Of course, Ashido

chose this exact moment to disclose that supposed fact, precisely when the answer lingered on the tip of his tongue. They both knew her timing was no coincidence. Yet despite recognising the trap, Tenya found himself incapable of resisting it. It was only a matter of seconds before his baited tongue darted out in search of confirmation.

Again, she was correct. Citrus. The same fruity sweetness gracing his nostrils now danced atop his tastebuds. And beneath the flavoured sheen, he discovered a network of concentric ridges flexing against his prodding tongue. He flicked at the very centre and she started at once, the ring clenching as her big butt squeezed inwards with a startled shiver.

“H-hey!” She stifled a giggle. “That kind of tickles!”

“My apologies! Should I refrain from—”

“God, no! Are you insane? You better keep going, Rep Daddy!”

Disturbingly, Tenya was encouraged by her approval. His tongue resumed its exploratory laps around the ring of muscle, and whenever the wet tip brushed across the centre, a helpless titter escaped her lips. He found himself tightening his grip on her slick, wriggling cheeks to keep her from shivering away. Her sensitivity here struck him as remarkably genuine, suggesting this particular region had not been accustomed to foreign contact. Perhaps she had been telling the truth about that after all? The very real possibility he may be the first to taste her here stirred something carnal inside him. He flattened his tongue against her bashful sphincter and slowly dragged upward, turning her breathy laughter into needy moans.

“Nnahaha—yeah...! G-get in there...” Her hand flew back and tangled itself in his hair, forcing his face deeper between her cheeks with sultry command. “Mmmm.... that’s it, Rep Daddy... tongue that tight little asshole, y’dirty villain...”

His erection stiffened under the sordid instruction, swelling to aching rigidity as a devious hunger possessed his tongue. He lashed, circled, prodded...

“Mmmnyeah... eat that ass, Ass Man...” she muttered in a filthy whisper.

He stretched his jaw wide against her rear and feasted upon her crack with ravenous abandon. Her fist remained tight in his hair, clenching after every lick whilst keeping him exactly where she wanted. Long, wet strokes carried his tongue up and down the glistening

divide between her plush globes. Tremors shuddered through her backside beneath his palms, rewarding each drag and compelling him to continue.

*What am I doing?* Sanity flashed through his mind at insufficient intervals. *This is obscene. This is filthy. I am licking a classmate's—*

But her moans and the way her body quaked against his face drowned out every protest, pulling him deeper into the heat and taste of her.

Peering over the voluptuous rise of her bottom, he caught her half-turned profile: parted lips, fluttering lashes, brows knit in rapture while he tongue-bathed her inner cheeks, mopping the textured wrinkles of citrus-flavoured anus. Somewhere amid the mounting frenzy, he lost track of where propriety ended and lust began, lapping the coated ring until saliva lathered it more heavily than lubricant ever had.

“Nn—wait, wait...”

She reached for the bottle atop the desk and, before he comprehended her intentions, another slow stream of citrus-scented lubricant drizzled down the centre of her crack. He went straight back to the task and lapped the fresh coating all over again. The tip of his tongue pressed even harder against the taut barrier and, at least twice, came dangerously close to forcing entry altogether; only a lingering shred of decency held the line.

Eventually, he withdrew, breathing heavily, blinking in astonishment at the mixture of lubricant and saliva glistening around the indulged ring.

“Well?” She threw a steamy glance over her shoulder. “You’ve already come this far, villain.” Her glance dipped towards his groin before returning to challenge his gaze head-on. “Pretty sure you know what happens next.”

Well, he could certainly infer.

Her sleazy plea still lingered in his memory—that shameful request to insert his member where no other had traversed. At the time, the mere suggestion had struck him as unthinkable depraved. Now, however...

His eyes slunk to his throbbing arousal. It would be farcical to deny his desires had all but crept into alignment with hers. A guilty bead of sweat trailed along his chiselled jaw. Throat tightening, he ogled her spit-slicked, puckering ring.

*This is torture...*

And, Tenya decided, he had reached the limit of his endurance. Drawing in a breath, he stepped forward when—

A sudden crinkle underfoot halted him.

He looked down. Ashido's forgotten notebook lay under his shoe, the page glaringly two-thirds empty. Between the two of them, they had made pitiful progress on the assignment set to instil reflection and reform. Instead, here he stood, teetering on the edge of rewarding her depraved behaviour.

His eyes darted between the notebook and the lushness of her oiled buttocks, her invitation to breach one final frontier. But could he, really? *'You've already come this far, villain.'* Her ruling replayed in his head. After a fleeting moment of indecision, his toe nudged the notebook beneath the desk.

Out of sight, out of reach, out of conscience.

A whispered apology passed his lips, though to whom it was owed, he could not say. Perhaps to Mr Aizawa. Perhaps to the ideal of himself he was about to betray. He did not delude himself into believing the consequences would fail to find him. Simply that, in this moment, something deeper beckoned, an urge not solely rooted in dumbing lust, but in transformation. Beyond indulgence was a conviction that crossing this threshold might, in some inexplicable way, reshape him.

It had to be done.

His erection, the singular force that had presided over all his thinking in the last five minutes, found its place atop her buttocks the instance he closed the distance. As if celebrating his decision, her hips swayed side to side in taunting motions, glutes alternating in a dance of clench and release. The movement bounced his penis helplessly between the boisterous cheeks. Even he found himself admitting it looked remarkably puny against the big, pink backdrop of her rear.

Ashido's butt was so outrageously plush and domineering, his member appeared miniature by comparison—a mere pale, narrow reed ping-ponging left and right between titanic globes of flesh. Each sway of her hips jostled him atop the slick divide, the bouncing

motion making him feel less like a dignified future hero and more like some helpless object being toyed with for her amusement. In her defence, after the disciplinary abuse her buttocks had endured from his searing palms, perhaps it was only appropriate they knock his penis about for a minute or so, restore some sense of karmic balance. She certainly appeared to think so.

But she took her vengeance further than he anticipated. She waited until his feeble shaft bobbed into the humid divide of her cheeks and then suddenly—

Clenched.

“NnGH—!”

His entire penis vanished at once. The plushness trapped him in suffocating softness so tight and encompassing that the pleasure wrung a startled choke from his lungs. Her inner cheeks pinned his shaft deep within her crack, while lubricant and saliva smeared along its sides. *Good Lord above.* Had she maintained the squeeze a second longer, he suspected she would have extracted a lot more than a startled choke from him. Mercifully, she unclenched, allowing his bullied erection to spring back into open air.

The indignity his phallus endured, however, did not shrivel his excitement, but rather curiously, hurried it to full mast.

Satisfied with her playful torment, she reached back and used both hands to spread her plump cheeks nice and wide, baring everything in her rear valley, from the dusky purple seam at the top of her crack down to the dewy folds of her labia protruding below. And of course, her tight, little ring peeked out from the centre, shimmering from the trail his tongue had left behind.

“Come on, Rep Daddy,” she breathed aggression, “punish that insubordinate asshole.”

His heart raced at the prospect. He could see contagious excitement in her grip, in how her fingers dug deep to maintain her wide spread. His left hand took hold of her hip while the other took hold of his arousal. He guided his short shaft downward, the head collecting nectar from her wet sex before he dragged it back up to prod at her oiled seal. The excess saliva surprised him; it would appear he had lubricated her sphincter a lot more than his frenzied feasting had intended.

Conscious or not, here they were now.

He pressed forward. The orifice pressed back, resisted his intrusion. Despite the cacophony of artificial and natural lubricant slathered between her butt cheeks, its virgin tightness remained a stubborn bastion.

“Get on with it, Four-Eyes!” she huffed over her shoulder. “Quit rubbing it around and jam that little class-rep dick up my asshole already!”

“I-I’m trying!”

Although jarring, her vulgar phrasing bolstered his conviction. Grip firm around the base of his phallus, he pushed. And pushed. Until, finally, he felt the subtlest give around the crown of his erection. Then pushed some more. At last, the glans made headway, breaching her guarded boundary to poke past the ring.

From ahead came a curious sound, a groan and gasp meshed into one.

He fretted. “Are you—”

“Oh my God, just push already!” she snapped, his concern nothing more than a bothersome intrusion upon whatever novel sensations had seized her focus.

He inched onwards, teeth gritted as he resumed the slow, arduous penetration. Where her vagina had swallowed him in seamless suction, this threshold forced him to work for every increment of entry. He wiped his forehead with the back of his sleeve like a labourer weary from driving chisel into stone. Again, he pushed, until heat closed around the entire head. She hissed, her rectal walls gripping his intrusion every millimetre of the way. So narrow was the passage that even his thumb-sized girth provoked shifts in her posture and quiet profanities under her breath.

And he was only halfway in.

Some misplaced triumph swelled in his chest. She had spared no opportunity to belittle him and his anatomy, reducing his manhood to everything from “pencil-sized” to “tiny”, but now, as her virgin ring yielded to his gradual advance, her shudders painted a different picture. For the first time, *she* seemed small, her formidable bravado crumbling as he crawled into the narrow of her rear passage. He didn’t even want to hazard a guess how many of his classmates had plundered her womanhood, but through the tightness strangling

his intrusion, he knew for certain he was the first to infiltrate this area. The deeper he burrowed, the less the act felt like mere participation in her depravity and more like something resembling conquest.

“Fuck...” Her breath thinned to a stunned whisper. “Can’t believe you’re actually in my ass right now...”

He grunted, donning his villainous persona. “Believe it. Are you satisfied now, harlot?”

“I will be when you quit yappin’ and start pounding.”

“You forget yourself, woman! You’ll be disciplined on my schedule!” He batted her hand from her right cheek and delivered a smack to the exposed globe, a stinging reminder he was not above punishing insolence. “Know your place and resume your position. Keep those cheeks parted.”

“Mmh—y-yes, Class Rep...” Her hand returned and hauled the buttock wide again.

“That is *Rep Daddy* to you.”

There was a beat of silence, and mutual shock.

“No way...” She looked back as if to confirm those words had actually left his mouth. “You actually owned it! Wait, does that mean you’re finally ready to admit you’re an ass ma—aaaah!”

With an animalistic grunt, he sheathed his remaining girth in one hard push. Her words broke into a scream. His body had moved on its own, halting the trajectory of her contemptuous remark. Thank providence for the ample lubricant; without it, such a violent penetration would’ve been impossible. The slick serendipity ensured his full length (limited though it may be) found its home within her rear end.

For a moment, he held there, feeling the tight band pulse around the root of his erection, the canal alternating clamp and release in short, involuntary beats. Only then did he realise he’d been holding his breath since ramming his pelvis hard against her bottom, as if the tightness clamped between her cheeks had climbed to his throat. She remained folded over, unmoving, letting her anus acclimatise to the novel stretch. Gradually, her deflowered ring eased a fraction from his girth, allowing the breath he had caged to escape in a stunted,

drawn-out exhale. Growing in comfort, he tested the fit with a little rock of his hips. Her clingy orifice permitted minimal motion; he could pivot his pelvis side to side, but the shaft itself remained stubbornly secured. Something told him he wouldn't be accidentally slipping out of this hole as he had the last.

“Nn—more,” she rasped, extending the lubricant bottle backward toward him. “Drench my asshole in it...”

“Understood.” With trembling hands, Tenya tilted the bottle a little too haphazardly. A heavy splash poured over her right buttock, lubricant cascading down the rounded curve before spilling onto Mr Aizawa's desk.

“Whoa, easy there, T. Diddy! I only got one bottle! Might wanna save some for the actual asshole?”

“Heaven have mercy!” A cold sweat broke out across his brow. Frantic, he lunged forward, dabbing at the mahogany surface using the hem of his uniform shirt, desperate to stem the tide before the liquid could saturate any important documentation. Defiling school property with flavoured anal lubricant was not a disciplinary hearing he wished added to his record today. He adjusted his glasses and took a steadying breath before trying again.

This time, a slow stream drooped down where her anus had widened to take him in full. The lubricant collected along the stretched ring, glossy and thick, seeping through the crack. Unable to stop himself, he used his thumb to spread the scented oil around her stuffed rim, layering fresh slickness over the drying traces of saliva. Friction gave way to fluidity, his girth now gliding through the tight seal.

She loosed a breath. “Ohh, shit...”

He drew back a few millimetres, then pressed forward again, quickly adopting a steady stroke. As he slid to-and-fro, the sphincter hugged his bulbous crown and the ridged texture of her rectal walls massaged his underside. Her tense fingers maintained the spread while his pelvis tapped her knuckles on every push. The sensual massage oil served as a conductor, magnified mobility and sensation alike. He couldn't believe he was thinking this, but...

*Thank goodness she brought her lubricant to school.*

Her moans devolved into husky whimpers, more guttural than all her prior vocalisations. She hadn't groaned this way even at his most aggressive, even when he had been pounding her against the whiteboard. He was tempted to match that pace here and now, to hear what sounds it might induce next, but he reined himself in. To accelerate would be tactically unwise; he feared the resulting ecstasy would be so rampant, so catastrophic, it would wring the pent-up seed in his sac in mere seconds. He had not anticipated this degree of pleasure from her rear passage. The lack of that warm, welcoming, custard-like sensation he had so thoroughly savoured within her sex, was more than compensated for by the Plus Ultra tightness of her lubricated anus.

*Heavens, does this actually make me an... ass man?*

He withdrew to the very edge of her mauve ring, then re-immersed himself in a seamless, steady slide.

"Uhn... fucking hell..." she muttered, body twitching as the fullness loaded into her again.

A flicker of unease brushed his thoughts. Was that discomfort lurking in these deeper, more guttural sounds? His instincts compelled him to inquire, to ensure her well-being. But he swallowed the question as it reached the tip of his tongue. She had reprimanded him more than once for voicing such concerns, dismissing them as patronising, as casting doubt on her fortitude, her ability to take whatever someone like him could possibly inject in her. Evidence suggested she preferred conduct over commentary, and so he proceeded as such.

He devoted every iota of cognitive function on the immediate, the tangible. Her canal rewarded every micro-thrust. A single centimetre back and forth translated to a kilometre of stimulus. His hips ached for pace. But he continued to resist. He had only just achieved anal penetration and was in no hurry to end it.

Most persistent of all was her prior decree, her insistence he would not climax without her express permission. Although she had not reiterated the edict in some time, pride urged him to honour it all the same. Patience. Perseverance. Penetration. In through the nose, out through the mouth. Pelvis forward, pelvis back. Control first, indulgence second.

As the penetration settled into a languid rhythm, her irreverent tongue returned to form.

“Fuuuuck, Iida...” Pleasure stretched her voice thin. “Feels so fucking good—ah—don’t you dare stop.”

A pulse throbbed along his temple. “Hnn... no intention of stopping. Maintain—ah—silence and hold your position.”

She shuddered in obedience, but her tongue, unruly as ever, continued. “Mm, yeah? You love—ah—ploughing this big booty in detention, don’t you—hn—ass man?” A dark mirth played in her accusatory tone. “Bet you’ve been itching for a chance like this. Detention’s just an excuse, huh?”

“You flatter yourself.” He grunted, both in pleasure and indignation at her accusation. “Refrain from—ah—such baseless assumptions. What I do, I do because your conduct demands it. Any—mmnh—enjoyment is... incidental.”

“Heh. Right. ‘Incidental’ my fat ass.” She hissed a moan. “C’mon—mmm—Rep Daddy, admit it. You love abusing your authority. Mmh... love fucking your classmate in the ass... love me bent over the teacher’s desk and—aaah—playing the helpless brat.”

“Playing? You *are* a brat,” he amended, firm despite his trembling breath, “a mouthy delinquent in need of—unhh—of correction. And you will remain bent over until such correction has been thoroughly administered.”

“Mmmf... then administer it harder... teach this brat’s asshole a real lesson.”

“What do you suppose I’m doing?” he snarled.

“Harder. I deserve it. Punish me for slacking on drills, for—mmm—for texting during Cementoss’s lecture on disaster evac...” She sucked in a breath, grin curling around the next admission. “Punish me for cheating on Mr Aizawa’s ethics test last week.”

He paused mid-stroke, his villainous mask falling away to reveal genuine offence. “You *actually*... cheated?”

“Of course not!”

“Hm.” He nodded, stroke slowly resuming, though suspicion lingered in his brow.

“I mean... not *cheated* cheated,” she backtracked. “Just a teeny peek at a few notes I totally forgot were under my sleeve. Like, if I’d actually meant to cheat, don’t you think I’d have scored waaaaay higher?” She chuckled, uneasy. “If it makes you feel better, I still bombed the multiple choice.”

Her flippant tone skittered past him, meaningless noise compared to what he remembered now of that day. She had been the only student wearing a blazer despite the brutal heatwave that left the rest of Class 1-A wilted in rolled sleeves and undone collars. Although he’d found it odd, he had dismissed it as another of her unpredictable fashion whims.

How naïve.

Tenya had finished the test in record time, pen stalling against paper long before most of his classmates reached the halfway mark. He *should* have used the remainder of the testing period to survey the room for misconduct instead of looping formulas and procedural statutes through his head. Had he been attentive, no furtive glance beneath a sleeve would have escaped him. He swallowed the weight of that error with visible tension.

“How could I have overlooked it...” he muttered, brows drawn in frustration.

“Jeez, chill out, Class Rep. It’s not like I hacked the school system.”

“You violated protocol, Ashido! And worse still—I failed to prevent it. That is a dereliction of duty unbecoming of a class representative!” His fingers at her hip tightened, as if added pressure could compensate for his failing. The next words came not from the villain’s role he had adopted, but from Tenya Iida, the boy who held himself to the ethics of heroes. “This is not a game. U.A. does not forge excellence through shortcuts. If you will not hold yourself accountable...” His eyes narrowed behind his lenses, and his voice dropped. “Then I will.”

“Ooooh... hot! Give it to me then,” she growled. “Wreck my asshole, villain.”

Conviction flashed across his glasses. “Prepare yourself. I will not be lenient.”

A sudden shove speared him halfway into her. Her voice cracked as her mauve rim stretched around his pushy glans. “God!” she choked out. Her fingers slipped from the force and her buttocks snapped shut in a clumsy recoil.

“Spread yourself!” A punishing slap stung her right cheek. “If your hands cannot manage the task, I will employ restraints!”

He owned no such restraints, nor the faintest idea where to procure them. The declaration was villainous bluster, pure theatre, yet achieved its purpose nonetheless.

“I—I’ve got it.” She reached back and prised herself wide again. But the instant he rammed the remainder through, her spread collapsed once more.

Another spank. “Hold it wide, dishonourable examinee! You *will* comply.”

Try as she might, his next thrust broke her hold again. Impatient, he took control. Each palm seized a voluptuous cheek, thumbs grazing where their curvature met, and spread her open to unveil the sight of his engorged shaft. It lay embedded within the purplish ring of her back entrance, her tight circumference straining around his girth. He deemed her efforts insufficient and assumed dual responsibility, hands fixing her cheeks apart while his hips coordinated a series of short, uninterrupted thrusts.

Moans and grunts clashed—hers, ragged and rising; his, reined beneath measured breath. Sweat beaded at his hairline and dripped from his jaw. Erotic growls shredded through her voice.

“Holy—yes—right there—keep—ah—keep fucking my ass!”

No such encouragement was necessary, not when he was already executing said task with unwavering efficiency. “I would advise you—mnnah—not to provoke the hand that punishes,” he strained. “You will remember this lesson next time you lower yourself to a seat.”

She twisted a glance over her shoulder, grin smeared with sweat and defiance. “Big talk from a guy swinging that little dick,” she rasped. “No way that tiny thing’s gonna—ahh—gonna make me cum again.”

He issued a dark chortle faithful to his villainous portrayal. “You think you have a choice?” His lips curled into a smirk cold enough to match his cadence. “I have already conquered your ill-disciplined vagina—*twice*. This uninitiated anus will submit with even less resistance.”

*Tenya Iida! How far you have strayed from the path of decency? Tone it down!*

Granted, for all the depravity in his diction, he had not lost himself entirely. His thrusts may have appeared feral, wilful, even reckless, but they adhered to a thought-out pattern. Five true strokes, then a half-beat to temper the sear in his loins, followed by another five of his finest. Jaw clenched, breath patterned, he rode the line between control and culmination, fighting the instincts urging him toward abandonment. He had given his word to draw a third climax from her, and he would not reach his own release until that condition had been satisfied.

She let out a stuttering laugh, frayed by arousal. “F-fuck... you’re so full of yourself...”

“And you’re about to be full of something far less dignified.”

He deepened the penetration, his half-thrusts lengthening into full rams. Despite her disparagement of his proportions, her moans thickened into syrup, viscous with need. There was no longer pretence in them, no performative edge, just the lustfulness of someone being overtaken. Even he, unseasoned in matters of physical intimacy, could discern the signs of her third orgasm approaching.

She attempted to smother it, a futile act. Her hand flew back to his hips as if to arrest his momentum. He swatted it aside and delivered a scolding slap to her backside for her efforts. “Do not hinder me now. Not after articulating your request with fanatical persistence.” He never broke cadence or character as he ploughed through the tight resistance of her rear channel. “You insisted upon anal admission,” he reminded her, “and now you whimper like an initiate, ill-prepared to take the punishment you so confidently demanded.”

“Sh-shut up,” she gasped, pride and stubbornness tangled. “I can take it—”

“Then take it.” He punched in to the hilt, pelvis clapping flush against her backside.

“Nnngh!” The sound pushed through her grimace, her body straining beneath the crescendo of sensation ready to consume her.

The same sense of obligation that governed his academic rigour compelled him to press forward, to see this act through with the utmost thoroughness. Without a pause in motion, he poured a fresh stream of lubricant down the crevice of her backside. Excess pooled around her stretched anus and bathed the base of his shaft in a shimmering sheen. His palms spread the overflow across her pink globes, fingers digging into the meat of her cheeks to ensure her rear remained open and his angle exact.

He lifted one leg, planted his polished shoe upon the desk beside her hip, the new height setting his thrusts on a downward vector. The steeper descent amplified her moans, alongside his own perilous pleasure. Tension gritted his teeth as ecstasy threatened to disrupt his discipline. Mere control over his strokes no longer sufficed; he needed a countermeasure against the rapture trying to undo him before he undid her. In the midst of motion, he closed his eyes and silently repeated the lesson Mr Aizawa had scrawled on the whiteboard.

*I will take my responsibilities as a partner-in-pleasure seriously and apply myself to her orgasm.*

...Or something to that effect. His memory was blurred by exertion, and further eroded when her utterances cut through the fog.

“That all you got?” she challenged. “Come on. Show this fat ass some real discipline and shove that little pecker up my guts.”

Such a request defied all physiological sense, yet his need to satisfy her prompted him to improvise. Having tested the efficacy of a downward angle, he opted to invert his approach. He brought his foot back to the floor, reset his stance, and secured both hands at her waist. While she kept her backside spread for him, he retracted until only the tip remained poised at her rear entrance. Then, he dropped his pelvis and shoved upward in a sudden thrust, slamming into the underside of her buttocks with a fleshy smack. She yelped as the force drove her thighs against the desk, her entire frame jolting from the impact.

“Aah—fuhhh!”

Although he could not confirm he had gained a single millimetre of penetration, the spike in her vocalisation confirmed his tactical adjustment had succeeded. He repeated the angled thrust.

“Uhhhn! Holy hell, Iida!” Her voice broke on a moan. “How the fuck does your dorky little cock feel this goddamn good up my ass?”

He had, in truth, been pondering the same thing, though his internal phrasing had involved fewer expletives.

Her words kept breaking as his hips kept punching up beneath her big bottom, knocking ragged little sounds out of her chest. “Mmh, fuck,” she breathed out. “This is what

you needed, huh? Not some sweet little good girl. That class-rep dick was starving for some real booty. Nasty, rule-breaking, bent-over-the-teacher's desk kind of booty."

"Aaaah... a-apparently so..."

"Go on then," she growled. "Grab that thick fucking ass." She released her left cheek, giving him space to replace her hand with his own. His fingers sank into the generous flesh, kneading hard enough to leave pale dents in their wake. "Mmmm, that's it," she hummed in appreciation. "Now pull my hair."

His right hand lifted, then stalled awkwardly above her bouncing curls. "You're certain that's—?"

"Now, villain!"

He startled into motion, weaving his fingers into her candy-pink strands and giving a tentative tug. "Like this?"

"I said *pull*."

So, he did. Hard.

Her head jerked back, throat exposed, and his breath caught in alarm. For one terrible second, he feared he had gone too far. But before concern could manifest into words, a guttural moan ripped from her throat.

"Fuck yes! That's it! Wave your inner nasty flag high! That's the class rep energy I was looking for!"

With her approval ringing in his ears, he tightened his fist in her hair and delivered more forceful thrusts, the pull drawing her spine into a dramatic arch while his hips snapped into her from behind.

"Shit—haaah!" she panted. "You're pounding that ass so good my pussy's getting jealous." A filthy laugh slipped out of her. "It's practically leaking all over Sensei's desk."

"W-what..." he stammered, speechless. He hoped to heavens she was exaggerating.

“Just keep fucking me!” she implored, desperate to prevent any lapse in his focus. Her voice had grown hoarse, roughened by exertion and pleasure. “And grab my tits,” she rasped. “Put those big clumsy hands to use.”

It worked; any concerns about her nectar sullyng Mr Aizawa’s desk were mopped aside the moment she invited him to grope her chest. His grip on her hair loosened and found her breasts through the open shirt instead, cupping one mound while he pinched at its pierced peak in the webbing between his fingers. She groaned through her teeth, head lolling back against his shoulder as her spine pressed against his chest.

“Just like that,” she moaned, nearly upright now between him and the edge of Mr Aizawa’s desk. She reached back for the arm not occupied with her breast and guided it across her upper chest, arranging the crook of his elbow just above her collarbones—close enough to feel intimate, but not enough to impede her breathing. “Mmmyeah.... Keep me right there.” The words vibrated against the inside of his arm. “And punish me. Clap those naughty cheeks, Rep Daddy...”

With her back to his chest, he transitioned into shorter, measured thrusts, keeping their upper bodies nearly flush while his lower half continued its work against her rear. The absurd state of their uniforms made the scene feel even more illicit. Her shirt was open down the front, rumpled and loose, framing the rise and fall of her chest. His remained buttoned, almost primly intact, though his tie had slipped into a crooked, loosened loop that threatened to fall from his neck entirely.

But below the waist, any illusion of propriety was gone.

His trousers lay somewhere on the floor beside her leopard-print thong, abandoned among scattered papers and her fallen notebook like evidence at a crime scene. The back of her skirt was rucked high over his pelvis, leaving nothing between them where their bodies met in hot, bare, skin-to-skin collision.

Every short thrust carried him through the clenching heat of her anal canal, a sensation made frictionless by the scented lubricant and heightened by the voluminous padding of her backside. It felt shockingly good. Better than he had imagined, better than he had any sensible right to endure. Pleasure swallowed his discipline whole, reducing his world to the soft rub of skin and the overwhelming sense of being buried in her rear end. Not even a fire drill could have pulled him from her rectum at that moment.

“So good...” she concurred under her breath. “Harder... I said *clap* those fucking cheeks...”

“Harder?” he repeated, as though confirming the instruction. Evidently, she remained intent on demonstrating she could endure any degree of punishment he was capable of administering.

Very well. She had asked for it.

He released his hold and seized her upper arms instead, digits digging into her biceps. The adjustment improved his leverage, anchoring her in place while freeing the full range of motion through his hips and core. Once secured, he drove upward at a punishing speed.

The classroom was consumed by the rapid slap of skin on skin, every impact louder and nastier than the last. Her scanty skirt jumped and fluttered over her bubble-shaped bottom, her pink globes wobbling under the duress of his pace. The raw vigour in his pumping would have propelled her across the desk if not for the grip on her arms; instead, every time his hips slammed forward, his hands pulled her right back, keeping her in place, forcing her to take each brutal clap exactly the way she had demanded.

*CLAP. CLAP, CLAP. CLAP.*

“Ahh—hahh—fuck, Iida—!” she cried amidst the song of colliding flesh. “Don’t you dare slow down—mmn—!”

“Nnng!” he heard himself moan before he could stop it.

The scent of sex and citrus wafted up from between them, thickening the air, growing stronger the more animalistic their romp became. It was exhilarating, but the pace proved unsustainable. Even with his conditioning, Tenya found his stamina begin to wane after a few furious seconds of maximum effort. His grip faltered first, sweat loosening his hold until her arms slipped free. She lurched forward and caught herself on the desk with a shuddering laugh, bent over and panting hard.

A second later, he sagged forward after her, bracing both hands on the desk to either side of her hips. For several long seconds, he hovered over her, head bowed, chest pumping hard, breath coming in ragged pulls. The classroom fell quiet around them, holding only the sound of their shared panting while they fought to recover.

“Goddamn,” she exhaled, first to break the heated silence. “You straight-up jackhammered my asshole...” A delirious grin touched her lips. “Gonna log that in your little report? *Subject’s ass thoroughly compromised?*”

He released a single, breathless laugh. “We are not finished,” he promised, dropping back into that low, villainous register. “And for the sake of accuracy, the final report would more likely read: *Subject’s ass thoroughly desecrated after being made to writhe across the desk.*”

“Big talk for a little man,” she retorted. “I just took ten seconds of your best shot. Pound my ass all you like,” she snarled between laboured pants. “Told you I wasn’t gonna cum for that pathetic little dick again.”

He grunted at her impudence. Had he been able to sustain that pace a little longer, he suspected her confidence would have deteriorated into a very different sort of vocalisation. As it stood, however, his current reserves did not permit another full-force offensive. His thighs still burned. His breath remained uneven. His palms were slick against the desk. But the objective had not changed.

She would climax a third time before he allowed himself release.

And, upon further reflection, he realised overwhelming speed was not the only available method. His mouth curved into a dangerous grin. Without warning, he reached down and slipped his hand beneath the front of her skirt, wedging his wrist between her crotch and the edge of the desk.

“What are you doing?” she asked, uncertainty cutting through her smug tone at last.

Tenya did not answer. He was concentrating. Recalling her earlier technique, how she had rubbed circles over the crest of her folds. Now, he replicated the motions with studious fidelity, his fingertips reproducing the clitoral stimulation. At the same time, he resumed penetrating her lubricated sphincter, albeit at a much slower, grinding pace. The combined sensations evoked a powerful shudder through her frame.

“Ngh—d-dammit... not fair... ahh—y-you cheating little—fuck—!”

As far as he was concerned, there were no illegal tactics in an act already far beyond official regulation. Furthermore, villains did not abide by rules. Sensing her intent to dislodge

his hand from beneath her skirt, he executed a countermeasure. His left arm gathered both of hers behind her back, looping around her biceps to hold them together. Her elbows drew close, trapped within the bracket of his constrictive arm, while her hands dangled uselessly at her sides, well out of reach of the fondling conducted by his right hand.

Her respiration pattern changed when his fingertips circled her sex, her breaths becoming rougher, thinner, less defiant. He maintained his restraint upon her arms while grinding his pelvis against her slick backside. His hips rolled in slow, predictable movements, but every so often, he disrupted the pattern—drawing back then ramming forward with abrupt force, the splat of his pelvis spreading her plumpness wide. Every time she cried out from the suddenness of anal penetration, he immediately exacerbated her torment with shrewd clitoral stimulation.

Within seconds, he knew she was close. Her legs were shaky. Her hips pushing back despite the helpless angle of her arms. Her breath broke into frantic puffs no longer resembling mockery.

His mouth curved near her ear. “Hurry up and orgasm.”

She thrashed her head side to side, much to his chagrin. “You first, villain.”

In truth, he needed her to break now, because he was barely holding himself together. As breath flared through his nostrils, he reminded himself he needed to hold the line, to prove his point. She would reach her threshold soon enough, and when her body finally succumbed, when it seized around his ‘pathetic little dick’ in pulsing waves of helpless ecstasy, he would have the last, villainous laugh. A fitting answer to her contempt.

“Climax,” he ordered again, breath thin. “You are—hah—you are already at the threshold... ngh—submit to it.”

“Tch! Dream on, Four-Eyes,” she spat, though the words trembled on a moan. “I’m not—ahh—not giving that pencil dick the satisfaction.”

“Your, uh, your pelvic contractions suggest otherwise...”

“Hah, bite me,” she growled. “I’m not—haahn—not cumming for you!”

“Then—ngh—why are you shaking?”

“Sha-shaking? Who’s s-s-shaking?!”

“You will climax,” he snapped, patience fraying, “you big-bottomed, desk-humping, insubordinate slut.”

Silence struck him for half a beat.

Her breath caught. “Oh my... hahh... what did you just call me?”

He was a little embarrassed he lost his cool, but he would not repeat the words. Nor would he take them back. “You heard me.”

“Oh, I heard you.” She exhaled through a pleased smirk. “Mmn... now say it again.”

A restrained smile flickered across his mouth as he ran the pad of his middle finger across her swollen clitoris. Her thighs snapped shut in defensive reflex, but the response came too late to keep him out. She sagged backward against his torso, shivering as his digit navigated the length of her slick anatomy, parting the engorged folds to tease the entrance before returning to harass her highly sensitive peak. Her resistance soon gave way to a subconscious loosening of her thighs, providing him greater accessibility to her heat. And he immediately capitalised on this opening, applying the heel of his palm to her clitoris while his longest digit invaded her front passage in a barrage of knuckle-deep plunges.

“Hnng... mmnnn... hahh...” her feeble whimpers tumbled out.

He was almost startled by how wet she was; one squelch-inducing push of his finger had been enough to soak him to the knuckle, her excitement dripping from his digit after every insertion that followed. A realisation dawned on him: the vulgarity she had demanded was not merely a means of humiliating him, but a calculated stimulus intended to accelerate her own physiological response. The evidence was undeniable, present in the thick, viscous coating of her nectar that now slicked his finger. He adjusted his stance, maintaining the dual-pronged assault that had proven so effective, his digit invaginated while his member remained embedded in the fevered friction of her rear.

“Slut,” he rasped, the loose slur rolling off his tongue with a fluency that would have appalled him at the start of detention. “Look at you. Literally dripping for me, Ashido. Drowning in your own need, trembling, and still insisting upon that disgraceful pretence of resistance.”

“Mmmnnnaah...”

“Henceforth, you are going to conduct yourself as a well-behaved peer,” he muttered, his tone carrying the measured cadence of a hypnotist, “but first, you are going to orgasm for me. Do you understand?”

“Yes...” For half a second, she sounded obedient. But then her chin jerked, stubbornness flashing back into her voice. “I mean, no! Not for that little dick.”

“Yes,” he growled, hips snapping forward. “You will. Whether you want to or not. As your appointed supervisor, I will not tolerate further insubordination. You will take instruction, are we clear?”

“I... Y-yes...”

“Yes what?”

“Yes, Rep Daddy...”

Tenya did not wait for her body to arrive there by its own unruly pace. He plunged his finger into her front entrance, plugging it completely, then rammed his pelvis into her backside with a singular, definitive surge of momentum. A loud CLAP cracked through the empty classroom, and he remained locked in place, his member buried in her anal cavity.

“Tida, fuck—!”

“Give in to me!” he commanded, palm massaging her clitoris. “Climax! Right now!”

Driven by the overwhelming concentration of sensation and his uncompromising demand, she shattered. Her voice peaked in a strangled cry and he felt the result seize through her body at once, her spine arching, shoulders locked, thighs trembling beneath the hem of her bunched skirt, surrendering to the involuntary storm of another orgasm. Her rear entrance clenched around him so suddenly, so tightly, that his breath tore out through his teeth. His discipline snapped into emergency action.

Gritting his teeth, he released his hold on her arms and extricated himself at the final possible moment, a reaction all but evolved into second nature. The moment he freed his erection, she collapsed forward across the desk, her cheek hitting the surface with a soft, defeated thump. Her skirt remained bunched high at the small of her back while her knees

wavered beneath her, slick tracing shimmering paths down the insides of her trembling thighs. With her face turned sideways against the desk, he caught her expression in profile—one eye half-rolled back, cheek flushed, tongue lolled in open-mouthed abandon, breath fogging the varnish. A portrait of ecstasy in its rawest form, stripped of posture, poise and pretence.

Meanwhile, Tenya staggered backwards into Mr Aizawa's chair. He dragged his forearm across his sweaty brow, glasses sitting crooked on the bridge of his nose, tie loosened, chest rising and falling. Too close. Far too close.

The class rep could only gawk at his overwhelmed subordinate, speechless. He had never presumed himself a sexual virtuoso, not even in faux villainy. Yet witnessing her shuddering collapse stirred something within him, something unexpectedly gratifying. A slow, confident exhale steadied his chest. He nudged his glasses up the bridge of his nose, stare fixed on her trembling form, an earned smugness settling on his lips.

“Curious,” he remarked, “That reaction hardly matches someone unmoved by a ‘pathetic little dick.’”

She twisted at the waist and cast a backward glare, skewering him with her half-lidded expression. One eye still fluttered with residual ecstasy while the other burned cold with irritation, the glower of a sore loser bested at her own game.

“Screw it!” she barked.

The sudden outburst snapped him upright.

She swept a reckless arm across Mr Aizawa's desk, papers flying off in a blizzard of sheets.

Tenya squeaked despite himself. “Ashido! Those are official documents! Essential materials for our studies! You can't just—”

“Cry about it.” Her fists closed on his shirtfront and yanked him to his feet with startling strength. “How dare you?” she hissed, venom threading her voice. “Three. Freaking. Times. With that little shrimp dick between your legs.”

“I—wait—*that* is your primary concern?”

“You obliterated my asshole, Class Rep.”

He choked on air, voice cracking mid-word. “I—I strongly contest that choice of phrasing.”

“My ass is gonna be sore till next Tuesday.”

“That seems like... a dramatization. And may I remind you that you insisted—”

“You made me cum thrice as hard as that teeny tip ever had the right to.”

“And that’s problematic... how?” Genuine confusion bled into his tone.

“PR, babe. You don’t get it.” She huffed. “I’ve got a whole brand to protect. I dominate. I break backs. I make guys nut in ten seconds. I don’t get railed into glassy-eyed submission by some jittery, tiny-dick, virgin-ass class rep in tighty whities and a stupid tie—no offence.”

“Uh, none taken? And I am *not* jittery,” he stated for the record, “but still, I fail to grasp the causality. The experience was clearly pleasurable. Your... vocalisations were quite emphatic. Where’s the problem?”

“The *problem*,” she seethed, fists bunching tighter into his shirt, “is you were supposed to blow your load prematurely even though I warned you not to. You were supposed to nut in sixty seconds and beg for forgiveness. Cry about how good it felt to be in this bomb pussy, how you couldn’t resist this pink, grade-A ass, plead for another chance. You weren’t supposed to actually... ugh...”

He rubbed at his temple, attempting to decipher her logic with all the concentration he’d typically reserve for deciphering complex case law. “So... my failure was... not failing? I... extend my apologies?”

“Tch. Whatever.”

“For what it’s worth,” he offered, “your posterior *is* exceptionally well-proportioned—grade-A, indeed, if one were so inclined to assign academic value to such things.”

“Jesus, Iida.” She whipped her head to the side, face twitching in something close to a smile. “You really are a dork,” she muttered, and this time her voice had no bite. Had he said

something wrong, or something right? She didn't let him dwell. Her gaze snapped back, eyes alight again with renewed heat, knuckles bunched in his shirt. "No more Miss Nice Mina."

"*Nice?!*" he burst, aghast. "You consider your behaviour up to this point *nice?!*"

"Zip it and get up, Class Rep."

She stepped backwards dragging him along by the shirt like a reluctant dance partner. When the back of her thighs struck Aizawa-sensei's desk, she suddenly spun on her heels. The world flipped.

He toppled over with no more sturdiness than a poorly anchored traffic cone, shoulders striking the half-cleared desk. Papers crackled beneath him, a scatter of worksheets and folders cushioning his fall. It was not her strength that sent him sprawling across the tabletop, but his own unwillingness to offer even token resistance, his body compliant in its limpness.

He blinked up at the ceiling, taken aback.

Her silhouette eclipsed the lights as she surged onto the desk in a blur, the clutter shifting under his spine. He swallowed a breath. Her skirt had ridden up around her hips and her thighs settled astride his waist in gleeful dominance. The pressure of her weight, the warmth of her legs pinning his sides, drove home the sheer extent of his positional disadvantage.

"Tsk-tsk," she murmured, her grin all teeth and wickedness, "didn't think I'd let you walk away with the W, did you?"

Her fingers slipped down the placket of his shirt and snuck between the buttons.

"Wait," he mumbled, dazed, "what are you—?"

*RIIP.*

Buttons shot in all directions as she tore the garment open without a second thought.

"My shirt!" he cried. "That was custom-tailored!"

"You've got way bigger problems than your precious uniform right now," she warned, eyes glinting as she squared her shoulders over him.

Her mouth descended upon his bare chest. He shivered at the first flick of her tongue against his nipple. Her teeth grazed over the sensitive peak and an undignified giggle burst from his lips.

“Heh, of course you’d be ticklish,” she crowed.

Tickled by his response, she switched from nipple to nipple, tongue swirling, teasing, then closing her lips to suck before delivering another ghostly scrape of teeth. His body writhed under the onslaught, shoulders quaking with every suppressed giggle. It felt as though laughter was wholly inappropriate under the circumstances, yet the absurd novelty of his nipples receiving such slick attention shredded his ability to regulate his responses.

So preoccupied was Tenya with swallowing his bubbling giggles, he failed to register her hand sneaking down between their bodies until her fingers wrapped around his hardness. She stroked him up and down whilst aligning his crown with the dripping entrance hovering above. Whatever laughter remained in his chest vanished the instant she sank onto his arousal.

A guttural moan escaped him as her greedy sex captured his phallus from tip to base. His hips bucked upward in an undisciplined thrust. Something felt markedly different this time. Her heat, the grip around his girth. Everything had tightened, the pressure more focused, more intense.

“Feel that?” she asked, voice roughened by a dark satisfaction. “That’s aeons of dedicated Kegel training right there,” she proudly declared, and he felt the proof in the way her conniving inner muscles squeezed down on him, as though she were deploying a specialised technique reserved for problem cases like him. “I dare you not to cum this time.”

He gulped. There was no concealing how aggressively the pleasure spiked whenever she fully engaged her inner walls. Perhaps she truly had been playing nice before. Now, Ashido rocked her hips in a devastating roll, grinding against him with malicious finesse. Another perfectly timed squeeze dragged a cry from his throat.

“A-ah!”

“What’s the matter, Rep Daddy?” Her tone oozed amusement, sing-song and saccharine, venom wrapped in cotton candy. “That pencil dick can’t handle this tight little pink cunt?”

She rode him with rhythm and relish while her athletic thighs flexed taut at his sides. Her palms braced against his broad chest and her wetness ground atop him amidst searing contractions. His arms fell wide, hands clutched at the sides of the desk, knuckles blanching from the pleasure, stars blinking at the edge of his vision.

“I will take my—aaaahhh—responsibilities as a heroooo-in-training seriously and apply myself to my studies,” he recited under his breath. “I will take my responsibilities as a hero-in-training seriously and apply myself to my studies. I will—nnnghhh—take my responsibilities as a hero-in-training s-seriously—”

“Seriously?” she scoffed, incredulous he was still resisting. “You really think—hahh—that’s gonna save you from busting all up in this bad fucking pussy?”

She rode him even harder in furious bursts. When exertion caught up to her, her hips slowed to languid, sinuous rotations, drawing taunting circles over his submerged crotch, before thrusting back to a ruinous tempo. He clung to his mantra and kept his eyes squeezed shut as if watching the way she moved atop him might be enough to finally undo him.

“Cum already, you little dick bastard!” she growled pleasure and frustration.

“Y-y-you... mnnnhh... dared me... not to...”

“Heh, and now I dare you to last ten more seconds,” she panted through a grin, lust slurring her voice. “Fill me the fuck up, Rep Daddy. Paint my insides white—hahhh—do it now!”

“S-slow down!”

She did not. She accelerated.

Her hips shifted from slow grinding to full frontal swings as his reckless classmate all but bounced atop him, her plush backside landing on his thighs with the smacking cadence of skin-on-skin, skirt flaring and fluttering in the turbulence of her momentum. He suddenly felt more like a structure than a participant, an object, something to be mounted, clung to, and thoroughly used. A vessel to be emptied, a body to be wrung dry. An ideology to be conquered.

“Gonna bounce on this tiny dick ‘til that fake-ass ‘discipline’ of yours snaps...” Her threat scraped out on a heated breath.

His awkward hands hung suspended beside her hips, torn between the urge to restrain her and the risk a single touch would shatter what little composure he had left.

“Bet you’re barely hangin’ on, huh?” she panted. “All that precious discipline just melting in this filthy, rule-breaking cunt.” She seated herself fully on every drop, ensuring her tight snatch swallowed him from mushroom tip to root, over and over. Obscene squelches punctuated the air, her arousal coating his shaft as she refused to rise high enough to grant reprieve.

“Haaah... A-Ashido...”

“Unnnh yeah... take it, Rep Daddy... take all this delinquent pussy.”

Her hips slammed down in full motion, and at the peak of impact, her nails raked into his chest. The sting cut through the haze and his eyes snapped open.

Above him, Ashido’s jaw hung slack in a voiceless moan, lashes low over hazy eyes, sweat streaking her pink, flushed face. Below that, framed by the edges of her open uniform shirt, her glorious breasts—plump, pink and pierced—leapt and wobbled in a wildly uneven rhythm. They heaved upwards with each lift of her hips, then crashed downward as she slammed home. Their plushness collided softly mid-drop, then rolled apart, only to swing back together in chaotic sways, still trembling long after her hips had completed the stroke that set them jiggling. The jewellery glinting at their centres drew his gaze in mortified loops. Every bounce arrived a heartbeat out of sync with the impact of her body against his, sending a secondary wave through her torso that only made the pink mounds tumble into one another all the more.

His vacant stare remained fixed on her dancing chest a second too long. He forced his eyes shut again and retreated behind the mantra.

“Coward.” A snicker slipped through her ragged panting.

She rode him with such vigour his spine scraped against the desk beneath him, yet even through the carnal din of breath and motion, a thread of understanding began to form. Her desperation was not unlike watching a classmate in combat training exhaust themselves on a flurry of blows that never quite landed the decisive strike. Sex was her proclaimed domain, her boasted specialty, and yet here a documented novice had pushed her to three climaxes; she had extracted precisely zero from him.

He might have sympathised with her frustrations—both sexual and ideological—but he was not in the habit of awarding unearned victories. Whether in drills or on the field, it was his duty as class representative to ensure his classmates' confidence rested on genuine achievement, not hollow indulgence. If she truly wanted his seed, she would have to extract it from him through irrefutable effort. He tightened every muscle in his core, locked his hips against the instinct to thrust upward, and let the iron mantra hammer louder in his skull.

Tenya had no intention of surrendering his load until it was unmistakably clear, to both of them, the outcome had been decided on his terms, not hers.

After weathering yet another blistering barrage of self-impaling hip thrusts and Kegel clamps, he assumed she had exhausted every possible escalation. And then, she found another gear. Trepidation knotted beneath his sternum when she began adjusting her position again. He wondered what new, destabilising manoeuvre she planned on assaulting him with next, and whether he could withstand it.

It came as a surprise when she abruptly stopped. A beat. Then he sensed her weight dismount him, his erection slipping free and slapping wetly on his abdomen. The sudden chill biting his lathered skin made him acutely aware of just how thoroughly she had been using him.

Confused, he cracked an eye open to catch her shifting into a low squat over his crotch. Panic stirred as a pink hand reached down to reclaim his shaft and hold it upwards. Her other hand braced on her knee while she angled her hips—not forward however, as she had before—but backward. The access point, he realised, was different... higher. His brain connected the variables a second before his nerves could.

She was angling his penis towards her anus.

Alarm snapped his eyes open the moment her tight rim pressed upon his swollen glans.

The residue of lubricant, mixed with a fresh coat of her nectar, proved sufficient to smooth her descent. What by all anatomical logic should have been a tight, impenetrable hole, yielded once more around the crown of his erection. Gravity assisted her descent and every girth-squeezing millimetre forced a hiss through his teeth. His palms slapped the desk on either side of his thighs, spine rigid. The penetration felt alien and novel and

overwhelming and marvellous all at once. Their moans broke at the same time, ragged and unified, the pleasure too great for either of them to swallow back.

If her Kegel work had been a calculated offensive, then anal penetration was her coup de grâce, her sphincter's grip surpassing the tightness her trained walls had flaunted. "I'm giving you one minute, tops." She sank her full weight onto his lap, plump cheeks compressed on his upper thighs.

"A-Ashido," he fretted, "I believe it would be wise to... moderate the tempo—just momentarily!"

Her grin widened at the scent of blood in the water. "Not a chance," she purred. "That cute little honour dick is seconds away from tapping out to this fat fuckin' ass. I can feel it." Her gluteal mass rotated over his pelvis, the plumpness of her backside gliding against his thighs in soft circles.

Indeed, if the compression held at its current intensity, he would not last. He needed time to stabilise his breathing, to brace against the overload of stimuli. One glance at the curve of her smirk, however, made it abundantly clear she had no intention of granting him so much as a second.

She leaned back on her arms, knees widening until her skirt bunched around her waist and unveiled everything below. Her mound emerged fully aroused, the engorged, wrinkly folds a darker shade than the surrounding pink. At the cleft's lower mouth, her vaginal opening gaped slightly from recent use, a telltale shadow framed by the thickest regions of her labia. But while that entrance sat unoccupied, the one underneath clamped his penis whole, leaving only a trimmed thatch of his pubic hair visible where her plush buttocks settled on his pelvis. She had spread herself precisely so he could see it and weep; he could almost hear her in his head:

*Take a good fuckin' look, Iida... s'pose this makes you a villain for real, huh? Stuffin' that lil' dick all up my fat ass... way past what any good boy's supposed to do... what any Class Rep's supposed to do...*

But, but, but Tenya *was* a good boy! And a good class representative! And—

"Guuuugh!" The needy sound was squeezed out of him by the ruthless clamp of her glutes.

“Mhm, that’s right,” she panted, half-laughing, half-moan, “I’m straight-up putting this little pencil dick through the grinder. That’s what you get for making me cum three times in a row like some easy bargain-bin ho.”

The tremor in his thighs made the whole desk quake beneath them.

“Yeah, that’s the look,” she hissed, savouring every twitch. “Let loose, Rep Daddy. Nut for mama. Be a good boy and flood your nasty little classmate’s ass like you’ve been dying to, you pervy little class rep.”

Immobilised beneath her, he found himself relegated to the role of captive witness as her hips rose and sank, her rectal walls dragging along his girth. Though she had scoffed at the perceived modesty of his endowment, the tremors tightening her jawline and the moans leaking from her chops told a different story. He surmised the snugness of her untreaded passage magnified his presence inside her, tripling every centimetre of his girth in sensation. Pink, plush cheeks framed his shaft on either side, smooth flesh kissing his hardness as it slid past.

“Mm-hmm... right there,” she panted. “Fill my ass, just like that... nice and slow.”

A creamy ring of her arousal still coated his shaft, evidence of how thoroughly she had ridden him from the front before taking him up the back. With every slow glide, the milky residue smeared along his erection and meshed against the tight sphincter embracing him, painting the rim in glossy white that thickened every time she sat all the way down.

His gaze remained fixed upward, glasses skewed and fogged, as her head snapped back, horns scraping air. “F-fuuuh, yeah!” Her tempo increased by a fraction. “Gonna— haaah— milk every last fuckin’ d-drop—mmmmm—outta you!” For all her gloating about his impending collapse, her own voice quavered on the brink of breaking.

She dropped her full weight in a reckless plunge. A moan clawed its way out of his throat.

She giggled with breathless delight. “Love fucking that big booty, don’t you, *ass man?*”

He ground his molars together, well past the point denial held any meaning. Survival was all he had left.

“Bet that precious stick-up-your-ass discipline’s curled up crying in a corner right now... fuck, you feel so full inside me... mmm, I feel those pent-up balls churning, Class Rep, just begging to explode inside your naughty, little subordinate.”

Unfortunately, she was right.

His fingers bit into the edge of the desk, sweat trickling down his temples. Shame and euphoria clashed behind fogged lenses, and still, she impaled her buttocks upon him. The pressure in his loins reached the precipice of eruption, flooding his system with violent urgency. Not a prayer, not a hope, not a recitation could hold the line this time.

“C’mon, Rep Daddy,” she whispered hotly. “Cum for me. *Now.*”

His thighs seized rigid, scrotum drawn tight and aching with vehement demand. It was happening. He couldn’t stop it, couldn’t slow it—

*Clack.*

The echo of a footstep outside the classroom door.

Everything froze.

Ashido tensed atop him, head whipping toward the noise. Tenya’s soul nearly evacuated his body. His release, cruelly imminent, recoiled back into him like a tide wrenched by the moon. Silence swallowed the room, left only their ragged breathing behind.

She didn’t move. Neither did he.

He had been saved.

For now.

From beyond the closed classroom door came the muffled sound of life continuing, shoes scuffing over linoleum, casual footsteps in pairs and clusters, book bags shifting, random snippets of hallway conversation bleeding into the room.

“Did you get your bento back from Shiozaki’s locker?”

“Wait, Present Mic gave us homework?”

Laughter. A half-hearted slap on someone's arm. Idle talk. Familiar voices. Familiar tones.

Tenya's eyes widened in dread. What if... those weren't just passers-by? The Hero Course shared this corridor; any one of those voices could very well be a 1-A classmate. Friends. People he trained beside, studied beside. Midoriya. Uraraka. People he admired. Yaoyorozu. Mr Aizawa. People who looked to him as a model of leadership and integrity.

And here he was: trousers on the floor, shirt ripped open, bound to a teacher's desk, penis buried deep inside a classmate he was meant to be supervising for poor conduct. He prayed no one paused outside the door. No one tried the handle. No one leaned in too close to the frosted glass and discovered the classroom was not unoccupied.

*Please, everyone... just keep walking...*

Staring up at the ceiling tiles, he realised even if they passed without incident, his predicament remained unchanged. The moment the corridor fell quiet, Ashido would simply resume from where she had left off—and for him, that meant an imminent, humiliating climax on her terms, a mockery of the discipline he never stopped preaching.

He clenched his jaw.

*No. That cannot be permitted.*

He had only until the last set of footsteps faded to devise a countermeasure. Seconds. Perhaps less. Aggressively throwing her off the desk was out of the question; he would not hurl a classmate to the floor like baggage. If escape was no longer viable, if her ragged, relentless riding had pinned him too thoroughly to break free, then the only option left might be to go through her.

*Wait...*

His eyes widened behind his glasses. That was it.

*Go through her!*

The hallway fell silent.

He heard the last shuffle of shoes fade down the corridor... followed by the smug, little inhale Ashido always made before another taunt. She began to turn her sights back towards him but before she could even shape the words “*Now, where were we?*”—he acted.

His hips shot upward, a sudden thrust crashing his pelvis against the underside of her rear with a loud clap. Her body jumped. An unguarded yelp burst from her lips and her hand flew to her mouth, slapping over it to trap the sound, eyes snapping wide.

It had worked. The smallest, most dangerous kind of smile ghosted across his lips.

He lifted both arms and locked his hands around her thighs, holding her in that squat-like position, then snapped his hips up again. Another muffled noise vibrated against her palm. Wrong-footed by the sudden reversal, she lowered her hand and spluttered, “W-wait, what—hngh—what do you think you’re—?”

“Allow me to demonstrate,” he panted, glasses glinting anew as he met her wide-eyed stare, “precisely who Daddy is.”

He thrust. Again. And again.

Daddy’s cock powered into the blistering clutch of her ass with climbing momentum. Although her rear channel remained ferociously tight, he could feel a subtle difference; her body had adjusted, the once-unyielding embrace giving just enough to allow him greater fluidity. The passage had been thoroughly primed, first by him drilling into her rectum whilst she was folded over the desk, then reinforced moments ago by her impaling herself upon his erection. He had felt the shift even then: her body had learned his shape, each descent smoother than the last, the fight at the entry fading. Now, that same adaptation worked against her. He seized on it, leveraging every inch of improved passage to press faster, harder, deeper.

“Y-you... b-b-bastard...” His thrusts punched the words from her throat, bouncing them against her teeth in ragged bursts as her body rocked vertically above him. “Just—ngh—gonna keep jackhammering my poor asshole—hnn—like that?”

He offered a businesslike nod, as though sustaining such force demanded his full concentration.

His hips drove up, pelvis smacking into the plump rear above it, only to be followed by the solid thud of his own buttocks rebounding off the desktop, the noise flipping back and forth between skin-on-skin and skin-on-wood. He recalled how she had pestered him to “clap ‘em cheeks” before any of this began, and he could now confirm, with indecent sincerity, that the soundtrack in their homeroom left no ambiguity about that objective being thoroughly met. His grip on her thighs firmed, anchoring her in the line of fire so no stroke could miss its mark. The machine-gun force of his pistoning hips kept her voluptuous breasts in constant jiggle—quick, restless wobbles replacing the languid, broad bounces from her controlled riding. Seeing them jolt and jitter without pause drove home a simple truth: she had never been taken through her rear with anything close to the relentless, Quirk-like speed he was subjecting her to now.

“F-fuck, how do you feel so good in my asshole—ahhh—what kind of little-dick magical freak are you?”

“Ghh... i-it is hardly one-sided. Your—” Another stern rise sheathed his erection. “—absurdly tight posterior feels... quite phenomenal...”

Her snort broke on a moan. “Hah... so that’s how it is... never gonna let me have my damn win, huh?”

“I refuse to yield.” A savage upward surge lifted her an inch off his lap before gravity slammed her back down. The desk creaked beneath them, her breasts slapping against her ribcage from the huge drop.

She barked out a breathless giggle. “F-fuck it... fine... you win, you overachieving asshole...”

He let out a scoff that almost passed for a laugh.

All but surrendering to his superior pace and staying power, her right hand homed in on her clitoris and rubbed it in frantic circles, stacking fresh stimulation atop the pounding already wrecking her anus. For all the composure he projected, his desperate counterstrategy carried an obvious drawback: it propelled him toward his own climax at alarming speed. He had anticipated the danger the moment he committed to it, but some reckless confidence—perhaps a misplaced confidence—insisted he could force one more orgasm out of her before conceding to his own. He had done well to disguise how close he truly was, and the bluff

appeared to work. Whether she realised it or not, her own hand working in time with his thrusts reduced the duration he would be required to endure.

In that moment, the engines embedded in his calves might as well have migrated to his glutes, for the blistering turbo of his upward barrage turned her breasts into pink blurs and her moans into incoherent stutters. He groaned through clenched teeth. Her fingers blurred over her clitoris and she whimpered like she was being shaken apart. Those athletic, pink thighs fought to stay wide, trembling uncontrollably and drifting inward as if drawn by the pleasure radiating from her core, only for her to wrench them apart again in a losing battle for control. It did not last. All too suddenly, a strangled, high-pitched cry ripped out of her and her thighs snapped shut over her own fondling hand.

Her mouth remained open in a perfect O of silent ecstasy, eyes rolling back until only the black sclera showed. For a split second, her vacant expression made it look as though her mind had vacated the premises entirely. He had no time to marvel at it, because two devastating consequences struck in rapid succession. First, her anal passage clamped down around him, a reaction he had anticipated and braced for. Secondly, however, a jet of clear fluid sprayed forth from her sex. His eyelids flinched shut on reflex as it splattered across his face and glasses.

“Oh my God,” she whispered, so soft he almost missed it.

He blinked through the streaked haze on his lenses. Her eyes loomed enormous in his distorted view, cheeks scorched crimson, one hand clapped over her mouth. Whatever had just squirted from her sex had blindsided her as unpredictably as it had doused him. For Tenya, however, the mystery of the splash mattered much less than the fierce pressure knotting in his loins, scrotum drawn excruciatingly tight, shaft throbbing on the verge of overload. Her sphincter persisted in eager, post-climactic squeezes.

“A–Ashido,” he rasped, voice rough, “I am... going to... to... ejacu...”

She bobbed in frantic nods, as though ratifying his announcement was the least reparation she could offer for the unexpected facial deluge.

He drove his hips up one final time, spine lifting from the desk in a full-body arc as he buried himself as far up as her rectum would allow. White-hot ecstasy surged up his shaft in impatient bursts. A long, shuddering sigh escaped him as rope after rope erupted, flooding

her passage with searing heat until the sheer volume overpowered her mauve seal, oozing back along his shaft and over his testicles in pungent excess.

She lifted her hips in a dazed, clumsy motion, his softening erection sliding free and flopping wetly onto his abdomen. He stared, stunned, as semen followed in its wake, gushing out of her anus in greater quantities than any solitary session had ever extracted from him. The sight alone triggered several smaller spurts from his spent penis, dribbling release onto his own stomach.

Eventually, the trickle from her rear tapered off and she settled back down on his pelvis. His sac felt hollowed-out, pleasantly numb, the torturous ache evaporating into languid relief. A potent scent rose where their skin met, richer than musk, a dense heady fog of sweat, sex, sin and citrus. It crowded his nostrils, the humid reek of effort and release, saturating the very air between them like steam trapped in a sauna.

For a long moment neither of them spoke. They simply stayed there, dishevelled, drenched and dragging air into their lungs in laboured heaves while the classroom's silence seeped back in around them.

Ashido recovered first.

“Whew! Well, that was fun!” she chimed, almost flippantly. “Go ahead and add that to your hero résumé.” With a light bounce that made him wince in residual overstimulation, she pushed off his lap and hopped down from the desk.

He remained where she'd left him, blinking at the ceiling tiles, astonished she could move so easily after what had just transpired. His own limbs felt like overcooked noodles, his muscles slack from total expenditure, exertion burning in his chest. Then he remembered: she probably put herself through trysts like this on a weekly basis. For her, this might not even rank as an outlier.

For him, however, the reality of their transgression began to sink in.

Now that the pent-up tension in his sac had ebbed, something colder seeped in to fill the void. Regret. He dragged both hands up to his face, palms covering his eyes, and let out a strangled sound.

“What... what have I done...” he muttered into his palms.

“Uh-oh,” she sing-songed in response. “Post-nut clarity hitting hard, huh? Relax. That’s just your brain rebooting. You’ll be fine in a minute.” She tightened the top on her bottle of lubricant before returning it to her bag. “And don’t act like you weren’t losing your damn mind up my ass thirty seconds ago, Iida. Or should I say... *Rep Daddy*.”

“Please... do not call me that.”

“Tee-hee.”

He lowered his hands to squint at her through the smeared lenses, baffled by how easily she buttoned herself back together. Her hair still stuck out in wild tufts, cheeks still flushed, but fingers working the fastenings with learned ease.

“How are you treating this so cavalierly?” he demanded, exhausted and outraged in equal measure. “Do you fully comprehend the magnitude of what just happened here?”

“Oh, I comprehend it, alright,” she replied breezily. “Hard to miss the *magnitude* of a monster load like that! Sheesh, if I knew you’d stockpiled that much jizz, I woulda brought a mop and a caution sign.”

Heat rushed to his face. His lower abdomen and lap were splattered with the thick, pearlescent aftermath, already beginning to congeal in the cooler air. The sheer volume turned his stomach. Any observer would be forgiven for assuming he had been repressing himself for years, not merely the length of a single detention.

“That... is not remotely what I meant,” he retorted weakly.

She only giggled, fastened the last button of her shirt, and without warning, leaned over his torso. Her tongue dragged along the essence streaking his abdomen.

A mortified squeak escaped him. “What are you—?!”

She lifted one finger as if to say *hold that thought*, then exaggeratedly smacked her lips like a sommelier weighing a rare vintage. “Mmm... pro-hero tier protein levels,” she mused. Then swallowed. “Texture’s smooth, nice clean finish, no weird aftertaste.” She smacked her lips some more. “Notes of stress, repressed emotion, and excellent daily hydration. Overall, I approve.” She flashed a cheeky thumbs-up. “You really do chug that recommended two litres, huh, Class Rep?”

“Ashido! T-that came from my—that was inside your—that is egregiously unsanitary! You cannot simply—”

“Calm down, Mr Hygiene Code. Pretty sure I’ve swallowed worse in the cafeteria. Want me to help get rid of the evidence or not?”

“Well... rapid clean-up would be the logical course of action, but—”

Her hand closed around his penis and took it into her mouth, turning his careful reasoning into a choked-off breath. She swept her tongue over every sticky inch of shaft, angled it this way and that, tilted it upward to lap at the underside, the crown, hunted down the cooling streaks of semen until the skin gleamed clean with her saliva. So thorough was her ‘clean-up’, her tongue mopped his testicles, too, her deft fingers rolling and lifting the sac aside to reach into every shadowed crease she could expose.

His panicked expression crumbled in an instant, brow loosening, head tipping back against the desk. By the time her licks reached the underside of his scrotum, his face slipped into half-lidded bliss behind the fogged lenses, small sounds trapped in his throat despite his best efforts to appear opposed.

One final swipe of her tongue caught the lingering taste at the corner of her mouth. “All done. You’re welcome,” she chirped, as though she’d merely wiped chalk off his blazer.

His Adam’s apple bobbed, eyes dropping to the half-dormant erection laying on his abdomen as it gave a lazy twitch. Another second of her tongue-based ‘cleaning’ and it would have risen in full defiance of common sense.

*What is wrong with you, Tenya?*

She turned her back to him and eyed the classroom floor until she spotted the leopard-print underwear she had abandoned. “You know what?” she said, bending to scoop it up. “I’m lowkey blown away, no pun intended. That was one of the most heroic loads *ever*. Smart move firing it up the back door, too—zero risk of little pink-skinned speed-demons with your jawline and my attitude terrorising the hallways.”

“Indeed...” The choice of exit had been far less ‘smart move’ and far more uncontrollable instinct, but the outcome remained indisputably preferable.

She stepped into the thong and hitched it up with a wiggle of her hips. “Alright, full disclosure?” she offered. “When I first saw how little you were packing, I was expecting, like... four pumps and an apology—not four flippin’ orgasms! That’s Olympic-level nerd penis. Thanks for restoring my faith in the male species.”

“I did... what?”

“I mean, fuck, Iida—you fucked me down way better than any of those duds in the locker room have in forever. You totally earned your hero license today, Class Rep.” The waistband of her underwear snapped into place and she let her skirt fall back over her rear. “Hell, you even managed to teach *me* something.”

He frowned in confusion. “*I*... taught you something? From... all this?”

“Mhm. Turns out I can squirt like a fire hose, so yeah, that’s new. Sorry for baptising your whole face, by the way!”

“Please do not phrase it that way...”

She plucked his spectacles and wiped them clean with her shirt before settling them back on his nose. “Next time I’ll warn you before I turn your glasses into scuba gear.”

“Next—?!” he choked. “There will not be a next aquatic incident!”

“Sure, sure. But for real, you taught me there might actually be something to this whole ‘discipline’ thing you never shut up about.”

“E-excuse me?” Was that sarcasm? Discipline was the last word he would have chosen for himself right now, sprawled half-naked after fornicating on their teacher’s desk. How could *that* be her takeaway? Then he spotted a thin streak of white oozing down her inner thigh. “Y-your leg,” he said quickly, pointing. “You are... leaking.”

“Huh?” She glanced down and spotted the drip. “Oh.” Two fingers, one swipe, then she licked them clean like it was dairy. “Nice catch, Four-Eyes. Anyway, I’d love to stick around and bask in your moral crisis, but my work here is done.” Before he could parse the implication, she ducked under the desk. “And yours is just beginning.”

“What do you mean?”

She popped back up and thumped something onto his chest that knocked a grunt out of him. He blinked down. Her notebook. And her pen. Balanced squarely on his sternum.

By the time he turned his eyes to her again, she was halfway to the door, bag slung over one shoulder, skirt straightened, gait light. “You’d better get crackin’ on those last lines,” she called over her shoulder, “unless you feel like explaining to Aizawa-sensei why his trusted class representative let a detainee bail on detention early.”

“Wait, but it’s not even—”

“Toodles!” She spun, walking backwards long enough to throw him a jaunty two-finger salute. “It’s been a *pleasure* doing business with you, Class Rep!”

The door shut behind her.

He lurched upright as if shocked by a defibrillator. Even if he could assemble a compelling argument for why he should not be the one finishing her detention task, there was no one left to hear it. The clock on the wall made one thing clear: Mr Aizawa could walk in at any moment. He would not look kindly on a class representative who had fumbled a seemingly menial assignment. And if, merciful heavens above, the truth of what had transpired inside this classroom ever reached faculty awareness?

Tenya would be blacklisted on the spot!

Marked with some permanent stain in the Pro Hero Registry that would shadow him for life! Everything he’d worked toward would dissolve into scandal! Disgrace! No reputable agency would take him. The licensing board wouldn’t even let him into the provisional pool, let alone the ranks of full accreditation. His career, his life’s ambition—*years* of rigorous scheduling, volunteerism, peer mentorship, and top-tier performance metrics—would disintegrate in the scandalous wake of this single moment of lapse!

“No!”

He had no choice but to snatch the pen and resume scribbling *their* lines. Much as he loathed to acknowledge it, some small, dutiful corner of his mind conceded that bearing this consequence was only appropriate.

Yet as his wrist moved in a blur, his mind stayed trapped at the centre of the classroom, replaying, in agonising detail, everything that should never have taken place in here minutes ago.

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

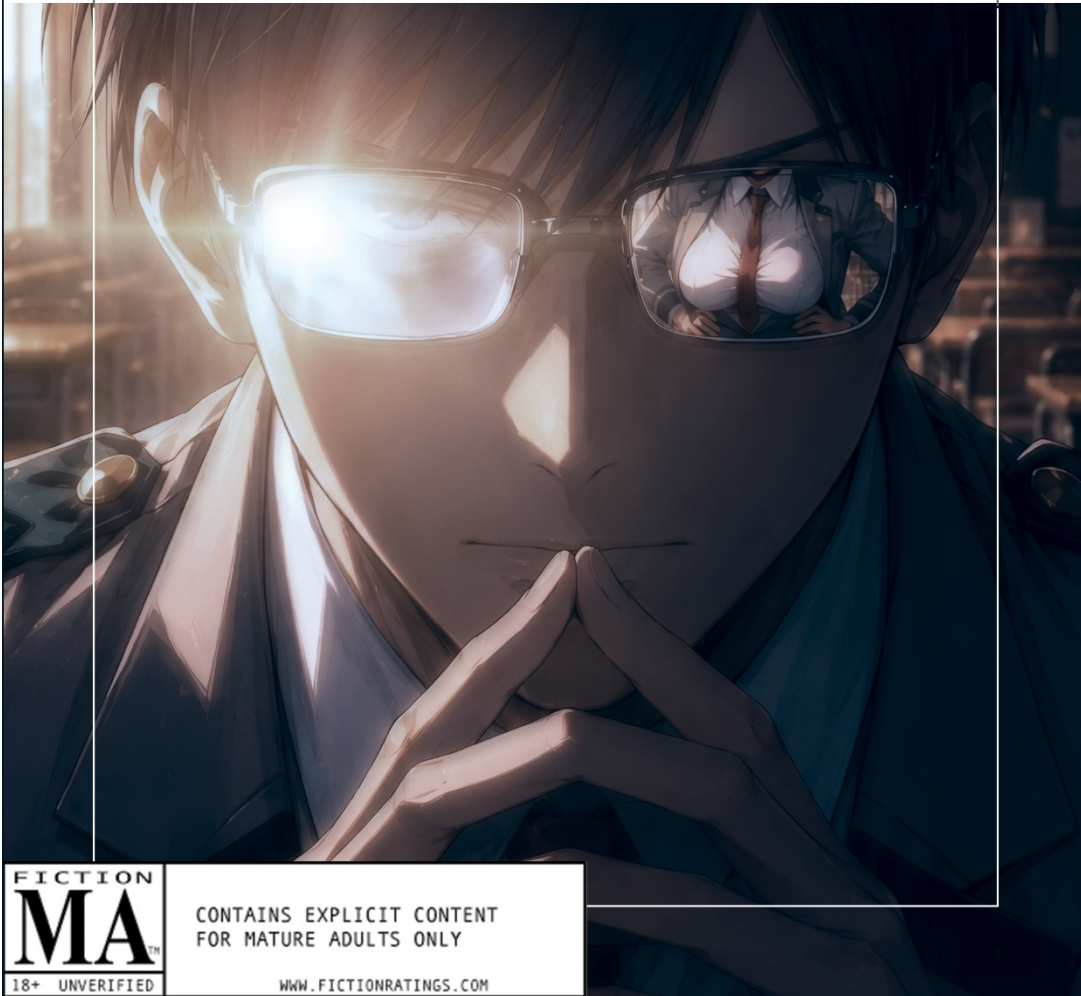
**J. J. SCRIPTEASE**

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**DETENTION WITH  
BENEFITS**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

**CHAPTER 3**



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### Chapter 3 – The Curious Case of Tenya Iida

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Morning sun filtered through the tall windows of Classroom 1-A, but the warmth did little to ease the tension in Momo Yaoyorozu's shoulders. She sat with her back perfectly straight, knees together, hands folded atop her notes. All around her, the typical 1-A energy buzzed through the classroom: Kaminari laughing way too loud at something Sero had said, Ashido leaning halfway across the aisle to pester Uraraka, Bakugo clicking his tongue in annoyance at the collective existence of everyone around him.

For the rest of the class, it felt like an ordinary morning. For Momo, however, it was "Results Day."

That phrase carried particular weight for students like her. Most of her classmates could afford to treat exam rankings as a source of competition, pride, or even temporary embarrassment. But recommendation students were observed differently, whether people admitted it aloud or not. Their achievements were expected as a matter of course and their shortcomings lingered much longer in people's memories.

At times, Momo felt as though she had to justify her place at U.A. anew each morning she walked through its gates.

"Quiet down," Mr Aizawa's rasp cut through the chatter. He loomed behind his podium, scarf slack, tired eyes half-lidded as usual. "I'm handing these out by rank. Top to bottom. Don't make me repeat myself."

The room settled in an instant.

Her fingers folded tighter together. This was it. They were about to get their latest papers back. A chill of anxiety twisted in her stomach.

"First place," Mr Aizawa droned, "Midoriya. Ninety-nine percent."

A murmur swept through the classroom. Midoriya jolted upright so quickly his chair nearly tipped backward. His face flushed bright red from the attention as he hurried toward the front of the room amidst scattered congratulations.

As Momo watched him accept his paper, she felt a pang of disappointment. After the hours of preparation she had devoted to these exams, she had quietly hoped for first place herself. Even so, she couldn't resent his achievement. His diligence on the training grounds and his constant notetaking off of them suggested his first-place ranking was almost certainly deserved.

“Second. Bakugo.”

The knot in her stomach tightened. *Him? Second?* Her eyes drifted to the back of his ash-blond head as he stomped toward the podium, shoulders hunched in a simmering resentment. He snatched the paper from Mr Aizawa's hand with a scoff, as though any rank beneath Midoriya—whether it be second or twentieth—was nothing short of an insult.

She struggled not to frown. Losing to Midoriya was understandable. Losing to Bakugo stung.

“Third place. Yaoyorozu.”

She stood at once, hoping her elegant posture masked the hollow feeling in her chest. The walk to the front felt much longer than usual. When Mr Aizawa handed over her paper, the bold red '96' circled near the top struck like a blow to her gut. *Third.* She'd slipped up. Thank God it was only one place lower than her previous ranking. Any further and she might as well have been unceremoniously escorted out of U.A.'s gates while a choir sang in Latin about squandered potential.

Jiro glanced up as she passed and offered a supportive smile. “Nice job. Top three as always.”

Momo granted her a polite nod of acknowledgment, although internally her mind had already launched a full-scale investigation into her own academic shortcomings. Maybe she needed a stricter study schedule. Or revised note formatting. Or less sleep. Successful people probably slept less.

“Fourth,” Mr Aizawa carried on in the same tired monotone, oblivious to her inner turmoil. “Ashido.”

A stunned hush swooped upon the classroom.

Ashido glowed.

It was surreal watching someone who usually treated homework like a hostile intrusion suddenly catapult into the top rankings.

“WAIT, SERIOUSLY?!” Kaminari’s yelp broke the silence.

Sato blinked. “Ashido got fourth?”

“No freaking way,” Kaminari continued, eyes bulging. “You traitor! You actually studied? Since when do you study?!”

“How could you leave us behind like this?” Kirishima added, half laughing, half aghast.

“How the hell did Pinky beat three-quarters of the class?” Mineta cried. “This is like watching a Playboy bunny get tenure at Harvard!”

“EXCUSE me?!” Ashido barked.

“Or watching someone win a Nobel Prize after eating crayons,” Kaminari tried.

“Wow. Rude,” Jiro deadpanned, tugging his ear in reprimand.

“No, seriously, explain it to me,” Mineta continued whining. “She spends half of class doodling butts in her notebook! How is she smarter than me?!”

As the class devolved into noisy banter around her, Momo found herself retreating inward instead. *Ashido in fourth?* To jump from the bottom tier to the top five was a statistical anomaly of note. Her brain immediately began constructing frantic explanations involving hidden study schedules, illicit caffeine intake, or maybe divine intervention. By the time she resurfaced from her musings, several more names had passed unheard.

“...Seventh. Iida.”

Momo straightened abruptly. *Seventh?* Tenya Iida was the personification of academic discipline. For him to drop out of the top three was unheard of; for him to fall to seventh was practically a health concern.

“Iida,” Mr Aizawa repeated, holding his paper out.

Iida remained motionless at his desk, staring at a knot in the wooden surface, brow furrowed, his usual rigid posture replaced by a strange slump. He looked oddly detached from his surroundings.

“Iida!” Mr Aizawa’s impatience rose.

The class rep jerked upward with a start, his engines nearly stalling in surprise. “Ah! Yes! My apologies, sir!” He scrambled to his feet, frantic and uncoordinated as he retrieved his paper and gave a stiff bow. “Thank you very much!”

Mr Aizawa paused for half a second. His weary gaze sharpened, scrutinised the class representative as he walked back to his desk. The instructor gave an almost imperceptible shake of his head before continuing down the list.

Momo, however, couldn’t shake it off so easily. She watched Iida place his test face-down without even looking at the grade. Something about him felt... off. The perfectionism that defined their class representative had been replaced by a jarring dissonance she could neither explain nor ignore.

Jiro gave a contemplative hum as they walked side by side through the crowded corridor after class, twirling one of her jacks between her fingers absent-mindedly. “Honestly? I think your brain’s just doing the thing again.”

“...the thing?”

“You know, the whole ‘catastrophising minor setbacks’ thing.”

“Oh.” Momo’s shoulders eased despite herself. “You make it sound chronic.”

“I spend enough time around you to recognise the symptoms.” Jiro smirked. “And seventh isn’t even bad. More than half the class would kill for seventh.”

“He was first last time.”

“Yeah, I get that, but it’s just one test. Everyone has an off day.”

Momo lowered her gaze, fingers loosening around the strap of her bag. “Maybe you’re right. My anxiety’s probably clouding my judgment.”

“Although, now that I think about it…” Befuddlement furrowed Jiro’s brow. “There was something kinda strange Ochaco mentioned last week.”

Momo steered an inquisitive eye her way.

“Apparently Iida accidentally sent her and Midoriya this super weird message in their study group. He deleted it straight away, but apparently she still caught a part of it.”

“Yeah? What did it say?”

“Something about the three of them ‘convening in a janitor’s closet.’”

Momo came to an abrupt stop in the hallway. “A janitor’s closet? Why would Iida suggest such a thing?”

“Right?” Jiro snorted, a crooked grin emerging. “Honestly, it was probably just autocorrect having a breakdown. Can you imagine him trying to be edgy or funny? It’d be a train wreck.”

But Momo didn’t join in on her laughter.

“Hey.” Jiro nudged her, noting the lingering frown. “You’re acting like the guy flunked out of U.A. Besides, shouldn’t we be celebrating Ashido’s achievement instead of mourning Iida’s ‘passing’ grade? She worked her tail off. Let’s go give her some credit.”

“Yes… yes, of course,” Momo said, her voice soft with self-reproach. “I guess I’m neglecting the more positive development here.”

“Exactly,” Jiro concurred. “Now c’mon. Let’s go congratulate her before Kaminari accuses her of witchcraft again.”

...

The soft scratch of Momo's fountain pen on paper had become the sole sound in Classroom 1-A. Afternoon sunlight stretched lazily through the tall windows and in the stillness, she found herself relaxing for the first time all day. There was comfort in an empty classroom. Purpose lingered here more cleanly than in the Heights Alliance common room, where conversation, television noise, and Mineta's questionable life choices constantly competed for attention. Here, the atmosphere felt orderly. Productive. Predictable.

Momo preferred predictable.

Mr Aizawa had granted her permission to remain behind after lessons and she intended to make the most of the serenity. Her recent performance unsettled her more than she wished to admit. Third place represented a departure from the standard she expected of herself. She needed to correct that. Her pen moved through another line of calculations in her notebook when the classroom door burst open.

She jumped at the noise.

So much for serenity.

Mr Aizawa strode into the classroom with the grim exhaustion of a man moments away from burying someone alive. But it was the student being hauled behind him that had Momo's eyes widen in shock. Their homeroom teacher had Tenya Iida, their class representative no less, hooked by the upper cartilage of his ear.

"In. Now," he rasped in simmering irritation.

"Sensei! Please! I can assure you a physical escort of this nature is entirely—*ow!*—unnecessary for a student of my standing!" he protested, face flushed in humiliation. Only when they reached the centre of the room did Mr Aizawa relinquish his hold, leaving Iida's ear glowing an angry crimson.

"Yaoyorozu," he muttered, turning his tired eyes onto her. "I apologise for the interruption."

She barely heard him. Her attention remained fixed upon Iida. He hung his head so low it appeared he was searching the floorboards for a crack to dissolve into. Uniform dishevelled, he refused to raise his eyes for even a glance of greeting.

This... this was not the Iida she knew.

“Aizawa-sensei,” she began in a small voice. “Is something... has there been a misunderstanding?”

“No misunderstanding,” was his dry response. His tired gaze slid sideways toward Iida. “I just found our esteemed class representative attempting to infiltrate the girls’ bathroom.”

Her eyes turned to saucers.

“You... what...?” She scrutinised the accused from head to toe, as if staring at a stranger wearing her friend’s skin. Then shook her head in frantic denial. “This has to be a mistake. Must be a case of mistaken identity, surely? Someone at the academy might have an unregistered shapeshifting Quirk. Or an illusion-based ability? Iida would never—”

“He did.”

Before she could offer further testimony toward his innocence, the yellow emergency light above the door flickered with an ominous hum. The instructor’s handheld radio crackled to life, spewing a burst of static.

*“Eraser! We have a perimeter alarm triggered at the South Gate. Someone bypassed the biometric sensors!”*

Mr Aizawa exhaled a sigh of pure weariness. “Of course they did.” He looked at Iida—now a slumping, silent monument of shame in his seat—and then at Momo. “Yaoyorozu. As vice representative, you are now on duty. Do not let him leave this room. Do not let him ‘rationalise’ his way out of that seat. I want a complete written account of his whereabouts for the last thirty minutes waiting on my desk by the time I return.”

She surged to her feet and nodded dutifully. “Yes, Mr Aizawa!”

He turned toward the exit, hand lingering on the handle before he paused. His uncharacteristic hesitation raised her eyebrow.

“Sensei?” she prompted, searching his posture for an explanation. “Is there something else?”

His head slowly swivelled to the side until a single, bloodshot eye regarded her. It was the look of someone who'd witnessed an anomaly in the fabric of reality, yet possessed no blueprint to resolve it.

“Just...” His voice sank into the quiet of the room. “Keep your guard up around him.”

Frowning, she turned her attention to Iida, whose posture remained slumped and static. He appeared harmless enough, if not deflated by the weight of the situation. She pivoted back to seek clarification from their teacher, a polite, “What do you mean by that—” poised on her lips, but the doorframe was already empty. Mr Aizawa had vanished and left her with nothing but the quiet task of closing the door.

She stood frozen, turning the implications of the cryptic warning over in her head. They weren't talking about a high-security prisoner or a volatile villain here; this was Tenya Iida, a young man whose greatest sin was usually being too loud about the proper way to walk in the hallways. His chin was buried so deep into his collar he appeared to be shrinking, and his hands were clamped onto his knees with a white-knuckled intensity that made the fabric of his trousers groan.

Whatever had happened, she refused to accept the allegation at face value. Iida had been... *off* lately, sure—but this accusation was far beyond the bounds of his character. There *had* to be a reasonable explanation. And in Mr Aizawa's absence, it was her duty, she decided, to find it.

“Um... Iida?” she ventured gently. “Would you mind telling me what happened? I'm really trying to understand.”

He didn't so much as flinch, much less offer a verbal acknowledgment that he'd heard her voice. The shadows cast by his lowered bangs continued to veil his expression.

Maybe direct questioning wasn't the smartest approach. She softened her stance. “I don't mean to pry. But it's been hard not to notice you haven't quite been yourself lately.” Still silence. Although, she noticed his fingers curl around his knees at the remark, the subtle gesture enough to reassure her that her words were at least reaching him. She pressed on. “Truth is, I trust you. I'm sure the rest of the class feels the same way. And Aizawa-sensei, despite appearances, clearly holds you in very high regard.” Her hands folded together before her. “That's why this whole situation feels so out of place. I know you're the last person who

would do something so... inappropriate... without a very valid reason. If you need a moment to collect your thoughts, I understand. But please... don't feel like you have to carry this burden alone."

She let the silence settle, allowed her words to breathe rather than force another question into it. Pushing further now might only drive him deeper into himself. Instead, she moved back to her desk and attempted to re-immers herself in her exam prep. She forced her eyes to track across her notebook, soaking up every last bit of revision she could manage. But she had barely been focused for a minute when a low, gravelly voice broke her concentration.

"You seem... wound tight."

She blinked up from her notes.

"All this pressure," he continued, his tone oddly subdued. "Don't you ever wonder if perhaps... what you require isn't greater discipline, but a reprieve from it?"

She straightened up, pen held at pause. "I don't follow."

"Our peers elected us for good reason, but these titles—Class Representative, Vice Representative—can become shackles. We suffocate ourselves trying to be perfect. Trying to be something more than human. You might find taking a moment to rest, to be human, might not be as counter-intuitive as it appears on the surface."

"Rest?" She repeated, incredulous. "Tida, I've just dropped in the rankings. These evaluations influence internships, recommendations, future agency prospects. I can't afford to treat them lightly." After a brief pause, she tacked on, "And... if I may be honest, recent events suggest you can't either." The moment the words left her mouth, she worried they sounded harsher than intended. "Unless," she added more softly, "you just don't care anymore?"

He gave a quiet scoff. "Don't be absurd. Of course I care. But you study as though your continued existence depends upon it."

"I study because these things matter."

"So does breathing," he murmured. "Yet you do not monitor every inhale, do you?"

“No... I focus on what I can control. That’s how we keep moving forward, is it not?”

A brief silence passed between them.

“You may discover a certain relief,” he said tentatively, “if you ceased this relentless attempt to govern every outcome.” His voice dipped lower. “There are times when thought itself becomes an obstacle... when feeling one’s way through something leads further than discipline ever could.”

The comments gave her pause. Albeit, less so because of the philosophy behind them, and more so because of the person delivering the message. Since when did he ever talk down the importance of commitment and discipline?

“Iida,” she said cautiously, “are you... feeling alright?”

“Perfectly fine. Lighter than I have in years, in fact. I simply have one question to pose to you.”

“...Go on.”

For the first time since Mr Aizawa had deposited him in the room, Iida lifted his head fully. The shadows fell away from his face, yet the countenance revealed was curiously impassive. “Are you familiar,” he asked slowly, “with the concept of... embracing one’s ‘inner nasty?’”

“Huh?” She stared at him blankly. “...Your inner what? What on earth are you talking about?”

“The sort of thing,” he replied calmly, “better demonstrated than explained.”

“...Demonstrated how, exactly?”

“I could show you. Right here. Right now.”

“Show me what? You’re not making any sense.” She shook her head, befuddled. “And more importantly, what possible relevance could any of this have to academic performance?”

“You haven’t paused to consider how Ashido suddenly achieved such a precipitous rise in her rankings?”

Momo was taken aback. Of course she had considered it; in fact, she had spent an embarrassingly long amount of time attempting to rationalise it. What had Ashido discovered that inspired such a meteoric rise? Was Iida implying there existed some avenue toward higher performance Momo herself had been too rigid to recognise? Her rational mind wanted to dismiss this entire conversation as stress-induced nonsense, but the sting of her recent rank was still fresh. If this trend persisted, there was a realistic possibility Ashido might leapfrog her altogether in the next evaluation cycle.

The thought alone filled Momo with quiet horror.

“Very well.” She exhaled through her nose. “I suppose I’m curious now.” If nothing else, maybe indulging this enigmatic, philosophical detour would provide some insight into whatever internal crisis had overtaken him lately. Setting her pen aside, she stepped toward his desk until she stood before him. “Well then. I’m listening.” She folded her arms beneath her chest. “Show me what exactly ‘embracing one’s inner nasty’ is supposed to entail.”

Iida’s eyes slowly travelled upward toward her. Or rather, upward at first. Then... downward again.

Slowly, one corner of his mouth curved into an unreadable smirk.

**THE END**

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*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*