

lemonzsaauce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

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

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

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

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

- j.j. scriptease

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DISCLAIMER

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WARNING

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

Chapter 1 – Stall Tactics

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 ...

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.