… 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 lemonzsauce.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 lemonzsauce.com/donate to make an offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

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

- j.j. scriptease

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WARNING

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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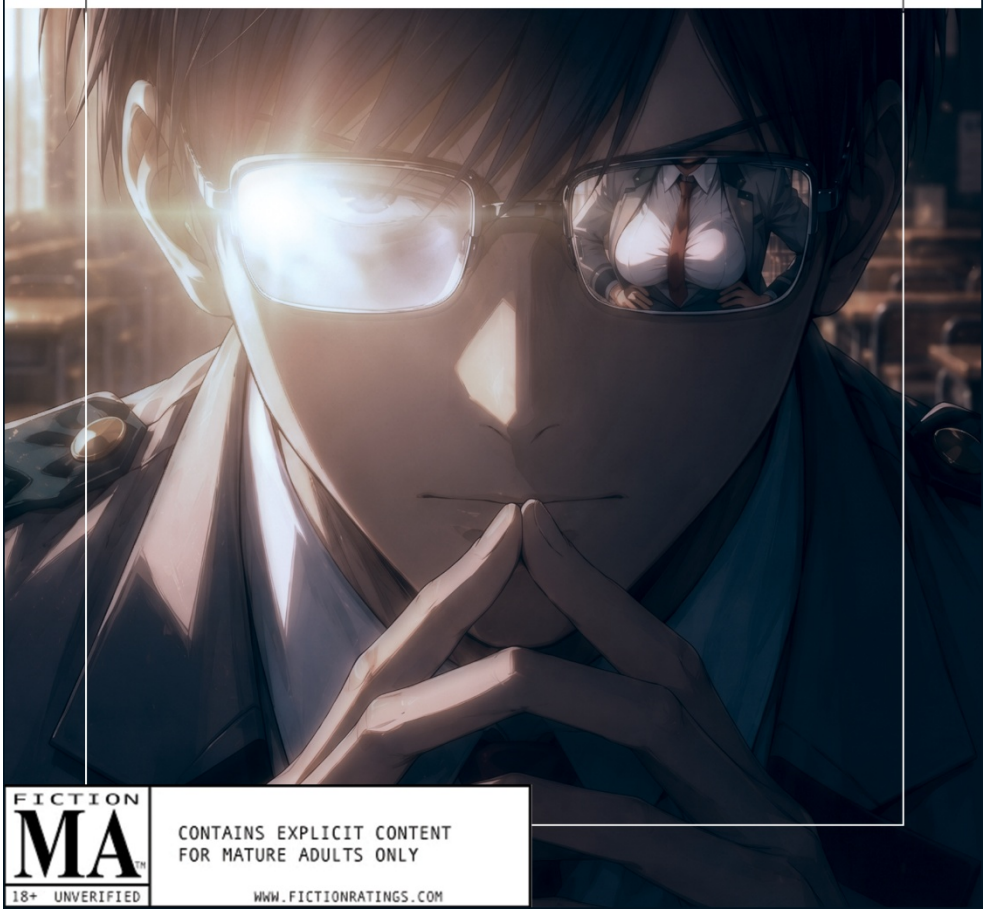
J. J. SCRIPTEASE

DETENTION WITH BENEFITS

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

CHAPTER 3



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 3 – The Curious Case of Tenya Iida

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 hesitance 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-immerse 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. "Iida, 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

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

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.