



... 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

JOLTED JINGLES

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)



Synopsis

The UA School Festival is only a week away and Jirou's creative juices are at an all-time low, until unexpected jolts of inspiration help her bang out the school's anthem.

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Jolted Jingles

My Hero Academia fanfiction by j.j. scriptease

Jirou crumpled up another sheet of paper and tossed it over her shoulder. “Grrr!” Why wasn’t anything clicking?

Some ‘wise’ dude once said inspiration couldn’t be forced but she’d bet her left headphone jack he never had to come up with a song for the U.A. School Festival in under a week. That stupid Kaminari was a cretin for talking her into this! Why’d he have to go and tell the whole class she was the ‘perfect candidate’ for the lead? Ugh. No one would forgive her if she screwed this up.

Her pen dropped and rolled to a stop on her notepad, not unlike the cogs in her brain labouring to churn out a verse that didn’t sound soulless and basic as fuck. She slumped back with her head lolled over the top rail of her chair. Not like the wicked Deep Dope poster on her ceiling would shower inspiration upon her but fuck heavens if she knew where else to look. Why even bother? She wasn’t a real artist. Having parents that were didn’t automatically make her one.

Couldn’t Kaminari see that? Of course not. He was a doofus. A doofus of the highest order. A doofus for presuming she had real talent. And why? Because she kept an electric keyboard in one corner of her room and a drum kit in the other? So she might’ve plucked a string every now and then for sport – like, big deal; that didn’t mean she was ready to headline the frigging U.A. School Festival!

God, what if her parents watched it on TV…?

Kill me now.

Jirou paced left and right in the small quarters of her dorm room, kicking balls of crumpled lyrics into each other. She bet no one else in class 1-A was losing their shit. They all seemed so comfortable in their abilities. And her?

She stopped and frowned at the unimpressive specimen in the mirror. A yellow tank top hung over her thin frame like a folded umbrella, trumpeting the words 'Deep Dope', words far beyond her levels of worthiness. The 'P' in 'Dope' had its stem extend into a long arrow pointing south toward her pants-less state; the 'vest and undies' look was more fitting for a bum than a rockstar. Appropriate, given her current mood.

One of the other girls should've been the lead performer; she didn't have Mina's ass or Ochako's tits, practically a plank compared to her curvier classmates. Her bob of dark, violet hair was messy and unglamorous, too. Of course she would put in an effort when it came time to take to the stage, but still... she was a long way from being ready and started to doubt she ever would.

"Well, this is pathetic," Jirou said in bored fashion. Since when did she care what people thought of her? She was being stupid. Mineta didn't perv on her nearly as much as he did the other girls; that was something to be celebrated, right? Although, it wouldn't have killed him to at least pretend she was worthy of a sneaky peek. "Whatever."

She didn't have time for self-pity or self-loathing. The stupid song wasn't going to write itself.

Jirou grabbed her guitar and sat cross-legged on her bed. Time for a different approach. Maybe if she heard the tune in her head, words would start flowing like a moving sea. Or something.

Before she could play a single chord, a loud crash shook the building. Her lights flickered on and off. "What the hell?"

When her bedroom floor stopped trembling, she looked up and questioned the faulty lightbulb that had settled on keeping lit. The academy couldn't be getting attacked again, could it?

She would've heard more movement and commotion downstairs, especially with her ear-enhancing Quirk. She stayed silent for a minute assessing any potential follow-ups to the mini-quake. The disturbance might've alarmed your average citizen but, living in a building chock-full of rambunctious teenagers yielding potentially rambunctious superpowers, one tended to get used to the occasional flare up of hormones and chaos. Seeing as Mr Aizawa

hadn't barged through her door ordering an emergency evacuation, Jirou shrugged and steadied her guitar pick on the D string. She didn't feel like putting pants on to investigate.

The perfect note continued to elude her. She couldn't get out of her head long enough to harmonise a melody. Nothing but anguished lyrics and grunge undertones bled from the guitar.

This isn't supposed to be about me, damnit.

The academy was weeping for something uplifting, something inspirational, something powerful to reignite the fighting spirit that had crumbled to ash following the recent spike in villainous activity. Many of their peers had gotten hurt, had lost confidence in their merits as aspiring heroes, had lost their Quirks. And Sir Nighteye had lost the most of them all.

How was she supposed to write something uplifting in the midst of a fucking shitstorm?

Jirou had no idea.

Poor Eri. She'd been through so much. Jirou couldn't blame Midoriya for hoping this festival would make her smile. Bless his heart. But the kind of lyrics Jirou had churned up so far were more likely to bring tears to the little girl's eyes. And everyone's ears.

Jirou fell back on her bed and sighed a hopeless sigh. *How am I supposed to do this?* In the last hour and a half, the only lines she felt worth keeping were:

Tried all my life,

I tried to find...

Tried to find what? She knew it in her heart, felt it in her bones. But the words to describe it...? She shook her head at a loss.

A knock came at her door. It hadn't annoyed her. Almost any distraction would be welcoming at this point.

Jirou hid her half-nakedness behind the door as she cautiously cracked it open. "Momo?" Wasn't she a sight for sore eyes! Jirou didn't express giddiness as candidly as most

people but there was something about the raven-haired beauty that always awakened her languid visage. “What are you doing here?”

Did it even matter? Jirou grabbed Yaoyorozu by her shirt and pulled her into a needy kiss, devouring whatever greeting had been prepped on her lips. She pinned her big-breasted friend against the wall as the pair made out in clear view of whoever might walk pass the corridor. Jirou didn't care. No distraction could be timelier or tastier than Yaoyorozu's lips.

Jirou hadn't even texted her to come keep her company this time. Imagine Yaoyorozu's surprise at getting pounced on by a frantic bundle of anxiety and pent-up frustration. Like the good friend and secret lover she was, she embraced Jirou and leaned into her desperate smooches, cushioning her angst on that extremely soft, extremely glorious rack of hers. Her pillows had made for a homely resting place on many a night. But right now, Jirou craved a different kind of comfort, one that involved ripping the shirt off her fat tits and dragging her sexy butt into bed.

Their hearts raced, their panting heating up as Jirou stuck an arm up Yaoyorozu's shirt and discovered her bra-less mounds just begging to be pinched. During the course of their stay at Heights Alliance, Yaoyorozu's bust had gone from a source of great envy to a source of great enjoyment, her own personal stress balls. And Jirou needed to de-stress, like bad.

Yaoyorozu mewled huskily as a handprint emerged in her stuffed shirt and contracted over her right breast. Jirou might've been small but fighting her off a good set of tits was no small feat; something Yaoyorozu had learnt the first night she'd dared to strut around topless in the would-be musician's room. Under the guise of ‘just wanting to see what they feel like’, Jirou had convinced her study partner to entertain her wayward curiosities. Both girls had learned things about each other that night when they found themselves scissoring butt-naked only 40 minutes later. Fast forward three months and here Jirou was, eager to relive the moment they shared that night (and many other nights afterwards).

She caressed Yaoyorozu's naked thigh on the way to yanking down her eye-popping booty shorts. But Momo seized her wrist before the petting got any heavier. “No, Jirou, we can't. Not now.”

“Why not?” Jirou tried another kiss but her lips bumped into a turned cheek. “Please. I need this. I need you.”

“Do you?” Yaoyorozu extracted the hand in her shirt before tidying herself up.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

Jirou stumbled for a second. That question had never infiltrated her mind. She’d never stopped to interrogate why rolling around on a mattress with Yaoyorozu was so addictive. It felt fucking amazing. For both of them. It brought relief. Most of all, it could pave the way for the kind of clarity she needed to string two verses together. Did there need to be anything more to it than that?

Like fuck, the last thing she needed was her bed buddy going all zen on her. “Why are you here then?” Did Yaoyorozu have an answer to her own question or, “Did you just show up at my doorstep to torment me?” She gave Momo’s long, athletic legs a onceover, titillated by the degrees of skin on display.

“Uh, I just thought you should know it might be wise to keep a low profile,” Yaoyorozu said. “Looks like Bakugou is on a warpath.”

“Oh, right.” When wasn’t he? Jirou should’ve guessed that hothead was responsible for rocking the building earlier. Who shat in that kid’s cornflakes, seriously? “You know, you’re welcome to come keep a low profile in my room.” A girl could try.

Yaoyorozu chuckled uneasily. “Actually, I’m on my way to meet up with Todoroki. We planned a study session for this evening.”

“A study session, huh?” One eyebrow jumped quizzically. Her best buddy was ditching her in a time of need to trudge over dreary textbooks? Jirou could name at least a dozen classmates in need of tutoring before Todoroki. She smelt something afoot. If Jirou’s experience was anything to go by, Yaoyorozu’s study sessions rarely ended with a rundown of chapter notes.

“What?” There was a tremor of shyness in Momo’s voice. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

Jirou would hazard a guess she wasn’t wearing any panties under those tiny shorts and she knew for a fact the studious girl wasn’t wearing a bra. Granted, Yaoyorozu barely showed reservations towards nudity, unperturbed by the amount of skin her hero costume divulged.

At least that served a purpose in better utilising her Quirk; what purpose was to be observed in having half her ass hanging out whilst alone in a teenage boy's room?

Jirou shrugged at Momo's innocent act. Whatever. She wasn't her sister's keeper. It wasn't like they were officially dating or anything either. No one even knew what they'd gotten up to behind closed doors. If Yaoyorozu was looking to get fucked down, Todoroki was certainly more equipped to oblige her than Jirou was. "Have fun, Momo."

"Oh, come on. It's not like that."

"Isn't it?" Jirou crossed her arms. "I'm not mad or anything. Like, do you, girl. Know what I mean?"

"Todoroki and I are just friends."

"Aren't you and I 'just friends', too?"

"Well... that's different."

"I'm sure it is," Jirou said with a straight face. "Well, this song ain't gonna write itself so..." She began closing the door while Yaoyorozu still lingered in the archway.

"Hey, you don't need me for that you know," she said, prompting Jirou to hold the door. "I know you think you do but you're more talented than you give yourself credit for. You just need to get out of your own way, Kyoka."

There it was again. People assuming she was some kind of punk rock prodigy. It wasn't as easy as they made it sound. Their overconfidence in her ability could be annoying but Jirou appreciated the sentiment behind it, even if she rarely bared her emotions. More than that, she would've hated leaving things on a sour note with her bestie over something so frivolous. "Thanks, Momo. I'll do my best," she offered, though her tone lacked any real conviction.

Yaoyorozu gave her a reassuring nod before taking her leave.

"Hey," Jirou called down the hallway. "If all that 'studying' doesn't live up to your expectations, you know where to find me."

Yaoyorozu glanced back and flashed her a knowing smirk.

Jirou missed her the instant she closed the door. She swam through forgotten socks and crumpled papers under her bed to fish out a purple, glowing, two-headed dildo. Jirou kissed and breathed in the silicone like a schoolgirl in love. Momo's scent lingered on the treasure. Not surprising perhaps, given the silicone was forged from her fat cells and moulded into phallic form by her all-purpose Quirk. It was about as unique a gift as one could get. But Jirou couldn't use it on her own; that would just be fucking sad, wouldn't it? And a lot less fun.

She put down the sex toy and picked up her guitar. Out of the pits of loneliness, the next line climbed into her thoughts...

...something that makes me hold on and never let go...

Jirou sang the words aloud and they fit perfectly with the tune playing in her head. Yeah, she was definitely keeping that line.

Her spurt of inspiration was just that however – a spurt, not a momentous wave she could ride to a catchy chorus. Fifteen minutes came and went, and left her stranded on writer's block island, not a lick of progress making a scribble on her page.

Grrr! Why couldn't she concentrate?! There was a bothersome shuffling noise outside her room, too, almost as if someone was pacing up and down the corridor aimlessly. The repetitive sound of dragging feet only compounded her creative woes. She thought ignoring the noise would've made it disappear, but uninspired silence drew her mind further away from the goal and closer to the distraction. Fed up, she set the guitar aside and marched to her bedroom door.

A few feet down the corridor, she saw the back of a certain someone's short, lightning-gold hair. Trust that idiot to be the one causing all this fuss! "Hey, goofball, do you mind?" She tapped her foot impatiently. "Some of us have important shit to get done tonight." He didn't even acknowledge he'd heard her. "Hello? Helloooooo? Earth to Dumbass – anybody home?"

When Kaminari finally turned around and revealed his dumb-stricken features, Jirou threw her arms up and exhaled in frustration.

"You gotta be fucking shitting me. *Again?* Seriously?" This was the third time this week he'd fried his fucking brains.

If Kaminari couldn't handle his Quirk, he had zero business using it at all. Every time he short-circuited his senses, he'd turn himself into a steaming pile of idiocy, a giant target for any would-be villains and an annoying liability to his teammates. Luckily for him, he wasn't in any danger loitering in the hallway (aside from the dangers of her locking him in a broom cupboard perhaps). She just wished he would've chosen somewhere else to let loose his vulnerable mug, somewhere his distracting footsteps would never reach her detection.

No matter. His hapless state rarely lasted longer than an hour. Jirou slipped back into her room with full confidence he'd wander back to where he belonged sooner or later.

“WHERE'S THAT PITIFUL LOSER?!?!?”

Jirou was shocked straight, the hairs on the back of her neck rising. When Bakugou was mad, he made sure everybody knew it. Hell, Bakugou was mad even when he wasn't mad. His range of emotions consisted entirely of different degrees of mad.

“ONCE I FIND THAT IDIOT, I'M GOING TO DICE HIM UP LIKE PAPRIKA!” His roars tore through the building, overshadowing Midoriya's feeble attempts to calm him down.

“K-Ka-Kacchan, wait j-just a minute –”

“GET YOUR DAMN HANDS OFF ME, STUPID NERD! UNLESS YOU WANT A TASTE OF MY BLASTERS TOO!” Bakugou came through loud and clear but Jirou had to plug one headphone jack in the ground to pick up Midoriya's shaky voice through multiple floors.

“Take it easy, Kacchan. P-please! It was only a prank.”

“A PRANK?! WHAT KIND OF FUCKTARD THINKS PUTTING GUM ON A SEAT IS A PRANK? THAT'S NOT EVEN KINDERGARDEN LEVEL OF PRANKS! I'LL SHOW HIM A REAL PRANK WHEN I EXPLODE HIS STUPID FACE INTO A MILLION PIECES!”

“Uhhh... th-that's not a prank, that would be mur-murder –”

“CLOSE ENOUGH! AND IF ANY OF YOU DAMN EXTRAS GET BETWEEN ME AND DUNCE FACE, I'LL KILL YOU TOO!”

Jesus...

Jirou pulled her headphone jack out the floor. Teenage boys and their juvenile practical jokes. She couldn't believe anyone was stupid enough to attempt one on Katsuki Bakugou. That kid had the sense of humour of a porcupine. The 'Dunce Face' he was after could only be Denki Kaminari, the same idiot dilly-dallying right outside her dorm room. All that fury in Bakugou's voice... it would take half the building to hold him off and, even then, it would only be a matter of time before he jostled his way to their floor. Poor kid was a sitting duck, especially in his vulnerable condition.

Kaminari had never been the brightest bulb of the bunch, even in his natural state of mind, but the kind of threats Bakugou was hurling around were overkill considering the supposed crime.

Almost every fibre of her being screamed at Jirou to keep the door shut and mind her own business. *What's it to me if the animals in this asylum kill each other?* By all accounts, Kaminari was most likely guilty. But goddamnit, she was going to listen to that annoying one percent of her brain, wasn't she? It sucked to have a conscious.

Amid the growing torrent of hair-raising death threats, Jirou raced out of her chambers, grabbed the back of the idiot's shirt and dragged him into the safety of her room.

She locked them inside and pressed a finger on her lips warning him to keep silent. He droned incoherently. *That's right, you probably have no idea what shitstorm you've just stirred up, do you?* The dumb look on his face said as much. "Just... stay quiet, all right?"

"Wheeeey..."

Oh, God. She facepalmed. What had she just gotten herself into?

Bakugou came storming down the corridor as expected, knocking so hard on every door he might've imprinted knuckle-shaped dents. He screamed over the trailing Midoriya, threatening to break into the person's room if they didn't open up. Jirou took a deep breath when the expected knock arrived at her door.

"WHERE IS HE?!"

Her expressionless facade gave nothing away. "Huh? Who?"

“Oh, hi, Jirou.” Midoriya waved awkwardly from behind Bakugou’s shoulder. “How’s it going?”

“Uh, it’s... going, I guess?”

Bakugou groaned, impatient with the direction of this interrogation. “YOU BETTER NOT BE LYING TO ME, EARPHONES! BECAUSE IF I FIND OUT YOU ARE, I’M GONNA –”

“Dude,” she bravely cut in, “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“DON’T FUCKING LIE TO ME! HIS FRICKING ROOM IS RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER!”

She didn’t flinch, barely blinked as venomous spit sprinkled her face. “Hey, jackass, I said I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“WHAT DID YOU JUST CALL ME?!?!?”

Midoriya panicked and grabbed Bakugou’s right arm before he could even think about raising it. “Whoa, okay, okay! She’s only kidding around, Kacchan.”

Jirou crossed her arms, not a single crack in her poker face. “If we’re done here, I’d like to get back to writing our festival song. You know, that little thing we all agreed to do and should be focusing all our energy on instead of trying to blast each other into next week?”

“You’re totally right, Jirou!”

“PEH!” Bakugou shrugged Midoriya off of him and stuck his chin up at her. “I DON’T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!” He marched on to interrogate the next poor sap, Midoriya sticking to his heels.

Jirou shut the door and slumped down immediately, her heart thrashing against her ribcage. *Holy shit!* She expelled her nerves in hot and hurried breaths, relieved to still be breathing at all.

“Whey!” The dumbass responsible for her near-death experience stuck two thumbs up as he marched in one spot going nowhere fast.

“Great. Now I’m stuck with this bozo.” Some ‘wise’ dude once said no good deed went unpunished; Jirou could actually jive with that one.

Was she being too harsh on Kaminari? Probably. He didn’t ask to be saved. One glance at his vacant expression would inform anybody he wasn’t all there, at least not in the moment. His eyebrows were bunched together in perplexity, his eyes vapid and unfocused, his mouth lazy and dribbling out one corner. He forgot how to speak, forgot how to make any sound that wasn’t an incoherent groan, slurred ‘wheey’ or mindless giggle. Jirou never failed to get a good chuckle at how utterly clueless he looked and behaved; even now, in the maelstrom of writer’s block, mounting pressure and a borderline psychopath threatening her life, she half-smiled at Kaminari’s goofy mannerisms.

“All right.” She pulled herself back to her feet. “Now you just stay put and keep to yourself while I get done writing this song, got it?”

“Yaaay...”

She sighed. “Do you even understand what I’m saying?” It was impossible to tell. His thumbs-ups suggested some modicum of awareness but who was to say it wasn’t a reflex born of his current state? She’d only be wasting more of her precious time attempting to draw answers out of him.

Jirou spotted the two-headed dildo left on the floor and her stomach flipped upside-down with embarrassment. She kicked the naughty toy under her bed in a hurry. “You didn’t see that!”

“Wheey... whey...”

Phew! Thank God his ability to comprehend his surroundings was compromised. Jirou figured she’d just about gotten away with that. And if he ever dared to bring it up, hey, she had plausible deniability on her side. Who would believe the words of a half-baked goofball over her sensible explanation? She could easily convince everyone she *wasn’t* stashing secret sex toys and Kaminari had merely been seeing things.

That’s if he even remembers seeing what he thinks he saw...

Just how deep did his brains get fried anyway? Would he recall seeing her tonight if he came back to his senses alone in his room? Since these side effects targeted his brain, surely there'd be some sort of repercussions for his memory, too?

Whatever the case, Jirou wouldn't risk letting him see anything his eyes weren't privy to. Of which she just remembered – she wasn't wearing any pants!

Her tank top was *just* long enough to hide her black underwear but she tugged down on it anyway, draping the skull emblem printed in the crotch area. "Y-you better not be looking!" Her cheeks flared redder than the face paint marking them.

He laughed that stupid laugh of his. For a second, she questioned whether it was deliberate but, actually, he'd been laughing to himself indiscriminately since she'd rescued him from the hallway. It had nothing to do with her state of undress. Paranoia was playing on her mind. The idiot couldn't register where he was, let alone what she was wearing.

Jirou found comfort in the deduction and returned to her bed, guitar saddled on her crossed legs. She tried to remember where she left off, though her eyes kept wandering, stalking the unexpected visitor dawdling in her personal space. It was morbidly entertaining watching him bump his forehead against the walls several times before turning and accepting he couldn't walk through them. Ironically, she'd been doing the same thing with words in her mind all evening. Neither of them was succeeding at anything other than cultivating a headache.

She saw justice in his suffering alongside her. All this pressure to produce a masterpiece had begun with his recommending her talents to the class. What did making music have to do with heroism anyway?

Arrrgh! Jirou couldn't hear her own thoughts over his nonstop, nonsensical droning and giggling. The joke had well and truly run its course. She was all but ready to chuck him back in the sea and hope Bakugou wouldn't smell blood. But, as Kaminari dragged his feet back her way, Jirou noticed something that *definitely* hadn't been there when she first reeled in her big catch... something that bulged the front of his trousers...

Don't tell me he's... how?

Okay, if the thumbs-ups were a reflex reaction then maybe this was, too?

A new fascination suddenly gripped Jirou, stole her eyes from the page and glued them to the small tent stretching his pants. Boys didn't just get boners out of the blue, did they? Not that she'd gotten to know any well enough to risk asking, but conventional wisdom would suggest there'd have to be a stimulant of some sort, right? And yet, she and Kaminari were the only two people in her room. But that must've meant –

No way! No chance in hell she could've stirred *that* kind of reaction. Her figure was nothing to write home about. She had little more than mosquito bites for tits and her guitars flaunted waaay sexier curves than she did. Somehow, it seemed completely logical to assume Kaminari had gotten turned on by the sight of musical instruments before the sight of her.

Or completely safer.

Ah, well, if he was going to distract her with his dick-print, why shouldn't she take a gander? Her room, her rules. And hey, he hadn't once objected to her staring (the fact he didn't have the capacity to object was beside the point).

Jirou's hand dangled idly over the guitar strings as her eyes followed his package left and right across her room. Every so often she'd glance at his face to suss out any warning signs of a reaction. Nothing, not even a twitch of his eyebrow; the same stupid expression remained glued to his stupid mug. Either he deserved to be recognised for his award-winning performance or he really had no awareness she was openly ogling his package.

She would put her money on the latter. So much so, Jirou decided it wouldn't hurt to investigate whether her theory had any legs. Taking a deep, nervous breath, she clutched the hem of her tank top and waited for his dopey eyes to swivel in her direction. Waited. And then waited. And then –

Here goes nothing!

Jirou lifted her top in clear view of the delirious boy. Her modest teats came out to say a shy hello. Not completely flat-chested, the mounds bared shape if not size, cuppable in the small of her palms. *What the fuck's gotten into me?* Flashing boys like some little slut! Someone must've fried her brain, too. Self-inflicted embarrassment rosied her cheeks.

“Wheeeey... wheeeeeey...”

It might've been her imagination but his unintelligible groans sounded... a *little* more enthusiastic? And his thumbs might've jabbed a little bit higher?

In her wildest dreams, Jirou would've never exposed herself in front of a conscious pair of male eyes. He couldn't judge her right now; even if her bare breasts came off wholly unimpressive, he couldn't form the words to belittle them. In some roundabout way, the lack of potential feedback fostered her courage, allowed her to test the waters without fear of drowning in negativity. No one had afforded her that opportunity before. Dare she say, it might've been... heroic? And this goofball would never know it.

Lyrics trickled from her heart...

...I have met so many heroes in my life

Gave me the strength and courage to survive...

Jirou jotted them down in her notepad lest she forget. Wow, who would've thunk these circumstances could sprout inspiration?

She looked up from her notepad and –

“Whoa!” His bulge had gotten bulgier! And she certainly wasn't imagining it.

Kaminari... thought she looked decent? Her? The queen of the itty-bitty titty committee? Granted, he wasn't exactly in his right frame of mind, so could she really take anything away from his bodily reactions? Some 'wise' dude once said a drunk man's words were a sober man's thoughts; what if Kaminari's 'drunkenness' was a veil over his innermost desires?

He'd never tried asking her out or anything like that, but...

“Kaminari...” She approached him in a timid gait, her tank top rolled over her exposed chest. He continued thrusting his thumbs-ups back and forth in a robotic sway until she took hold of his wrists. “Kaminari,” she said again, “do you think I'm... I'm... sexy? Like, sexier than some of the other girls in class?”

“Whey... whey... whey...”

She shook her head with amusement. “I don't know what the fuck you're saying, dude. Or if you're even in there right now. But I have to tell you...” Something she'd been

holding in her chest for a really long time. “I think... you’re kind of cute when you get like this. You make everyone laugh and smile and... heh, that’s pretty frigging heroic in itself if you ask me. To be honest, I’m kind of jealous. I wish I could do the same.”

She thought...

What do they think of me?

Who do they think I’ll be?

She ran to her notepad, slammed it on her study desk and bent over to scribble...

...am I doing right?

Am I satisfied?

I wanna live my life like it's meant to be...

Jirou stopped to glance at the doofus lumbering in circles, the bulge straining against his black pants looking for a way to go. Only then did she consider her potentially suggestive posture; leaning over the desk protruded her ass, her tank top riding up to gift him a sideview of partially exposed cheek. She didn’t boast the biggest, jiggiest butt; according to Yaoyorozu, her backside was ‘cute’ and ‘peachy’. Jirou didn’t sing to the heavens about any of her physical traits but, admittedly, she liked the curvature and pertness of her rear. And seemingly, so did Kaminari.

She scooped her tank top onto her lower back, revealing her black underwear and a lavish chunk of side-cheek to boot. If she’d had any doubts before, his ever-growing tent confirmed the correlation between her semi-nudity and his semi-erection. There was at least some part of him that found her physically attractive. It fed her self-esteem in ways enticing her to do more.

Jirou came toe to toe with the bumbling buffoon, looked up in his eyes and stroked the side of his face. She hoped he could at least *feel* her appreciation through the haze of his stupefaction. Although, one thing she’d never do was give up making fun of him. “I only tease you ‘cause I admire you. You know that, right?”

“Yay, yay,” he mumbled stupidly.

Thank God he could barely comprehend her admissions. Just saying the words out loud felt so liberating and therapeutic. Who knew Denki Kaminari could be such a good listener when he wasn't playing the fool vying for his peers' approval? Albeit, the term 'listener' applied very loosely in this instance.

All the more reason to brush her hand south of his sharp jaw and down his loose t-shirt. His chest was lean and sturdy, his abdomen devoid of any fat. Most boys in the Hero Course took impeccable care of their physiques, a ritual that hadn't gone unnoticed by her and the other girls. Kaminari wasn't as bulky or muscly as a Satou or Kirishima, but she'd be lying if she said she'd never been tempted to cop a feel. She finally seized the opportunity in the secrecy of her room, sneaking a hand up his shirt and roaming his devastatingly smooth and chiselled abs.

"Whoa..." *Amazing...*

She traced the lines framing his hard slabs of muscle. Addictive texture. He kept burbling to no one in particular, none the wiser to the petite girl encroaching his shirt.

As incredible as it felt to be touching such an exquisite specimen, that pesky part of her consciousness raised an inconvenient question. Was she wrong for taking advantage of the situation? *I mean, he wouldn't be erect if he wasn't enjoying this, would he?* His limited awareness might've prevented him experiencing the same levels of delight she was, but she'd bet both her headphone jacks he wouldn't have pushed her away even as his normal self. She avoided thinking about the conundrum further, lest her better senses robbed her of this, uh, unique therapy session.

Just for her own consciousness though, she asked, "Is it okay for me to continue? Say 'whey' if it's a yes."

"Whey..."

"That'll do." She rubbed her palm on the front of his trousers, curving up and down the rocky bulge. "Christ on a stick," she whispered in amazement. "You're so fucking hard right now..." Whatever charge incapacitated him up top clearly hadn't crippled blood flow down south. She might as well have been caressing a small boulder. "All this for me, huh?"

"...whey..."

“Hmn... yeah?” She bit the bottom corner of her lips. *What the fuck, Kyoka?! This is sooooo wrong! You’re worse than that sticky-balls loser right now! Get a fucking grip, woman!* And she did; on Kaminari’s crotch, testing him with a gentle squeeze. His genitalia could hardly fit in her little palm. She rubbed him feverishly over his pants. “Fuck... why can’t I stop... and why am I getting all...”

She fanned her face with her free hand. The flustered girl should’ve been fanning herself much lower. Great, now he was turning her on, too. Thanks a lot, Momo; if her bed buddy had spared ten minutes to fulfil her duties, Jirou might not have been so easily corrupted, by a semi-conscious doofus no less. Her standards were in serious need of a review.

Kaminari, simple-minded as he was, impressed her in the trousers department. For the first time in weeks, she forgot there was a UA School Festival to prepare for. And, ironically, it was thanks to the same boy who’d set her on course to lead their performance. All this time she’d been frustrated with him for merely believing in her talents. That didn’t seem fair. If she weren’t such a headcase, Jirou would’ve accepted the compliment like a normal person. And here he still was, supporting her, sparking inspiration. He deserved a little credit for that... didn’t he?

Jirou threw a glance at the door knob, almost double-checking she’d locked it before clasping at his belt buckle.

She loosened his pants enough to slide her hand down his briefs. *Oh my* – she could feel it. She was touching a real cock! On a real boy! And, sweet Jesus... her eyebrows rose so high they disappeared inside her lopsided fringe. *Fucking hell, Kaminari... how’d you fit all this in here?* His package hardly left any room for her fumbling digits. The vapid look on his face questioned nothing as she dug deep enough to fondle his warm and sweaty balls, her handprint enlarging the lump in his pants. His wrinkly sack had an odd texture; not at all unpleasant, but rugged and strangely gratifying, one of those things you’d find yourself fiddling with hours later without knowing why.

But Jirou didn’t have hours. Who knew how long he’d persist in this charitable state? How long he’d let her examine the male genitalia she’d only read about in textbooks? She had already burnt at least twenty minutes with her well-endowed boy toy. But could she really...?

“Ah, screw it.” She unbuckled his belt. Who was he going to tell? Half the people wouldn’t believe him and the other half would consider him so lucky. His pants hit the floor with the clang of his buckle. “Holy. Fuck.”

His undeniable excitement pitched a massive tent from his white undies. Breath quickening, Jirou hooked her fingers in his waistband and tugged down hard. The strained erection flung up between her wrists and nearly whacked him in the stomach. Such a thick, violent tool. If it had caught her chin, she just might’ve gone flying into the ceiling.

Although her feet stayed firmly on the ground, her mind had been blown into orbit, shock dropping her jaw almost low enough to hit her neckline. Denki Kaminari. Boy, had he been holding out on her. He had no idea how many girls would’ve overlooked his ‘average’ intelligence if they could see what she was gawping at right now. Her fingers developed a sudden itch to reach out and –

She grabbed his dick. The difference between flesh and silicone struck her at once. Yaoyorozu couldn’t hope to replicate the life and lust pulsating in Jirou’s fist, the contagious desire driving her cunt wet and wild. She stroked her new favourite toy down to its base, fondled the underside of his scrotum and then climbed several inches of phallus to reach his pink, swollen tip.

“Whey...”

“Yes ‘whey,’” Jirou teased as she molested the insentient boy. She so badly needed this distraction. “You’re helping me so much right now.” She moved her fist up and down his length, searching for that stroke of inspiration. There was madness in her method to be sure, but which ‘wise’ man ever said sanity heralded art?

Kaminari put his faith in her aptitude for playing instruments and maybe it was high time she rewarded his support.

Jirou glanced up and down between his delirious expression and the clear bead of precum dotting his tip. Her tongue poked out to moisten her lips. Was it weird she wanted to... taste it? Plus, boys liked that kind of thing, right? She was pretty sure she overheard Mineta more than once make innuendos to that effect. Still, Jirou searched Kaminari’s vacant eyes for some sort of OK.

“C-can I...?” she stammered shyly. For as much as he couldn’t really hear her, it was still kind of awkward asking someone’s permission to put her mouth on their penis. His predictable response entailed a ‘whey’ and two thumbs-up which she chose to interpret charitably. Well, she could always ask for forgiveness if he remembered any of this.

Jirou got on her knees and moistened her lips once more. She gripped him at the base and teed up his bulbous crown, close enough to get a whiff of his arousal. If he thought she was good at playing the clarinet, well...

Jirou opened wide and sampled his instrument.

It was nothing like playing the clarinet.

For one, he occupied a lot more space, stretching her lips into a large ‘O’. That little dab of precum got smeared on her tongue, infusing a bitter note that wasn’t all too unpleasant awakening her taste buds. It only occurred to Jirou then, no one told her what a dick would smell and taste like, let alone how to blow one. Like a clarinet however, she found herself using two hands (and all fingers) to work up a flowing rhythm.

“Wh-wheey...”

His groans deepened as she twisted both hands and crawled her lips further down his shaft. She mimicked what she’d seen in adult videos. It must’ve been working because his monotone burbling began to stagger and fluctuate in pitch. Apparently, there was no hiding the effects of good penile stimulation, half-cooked brain or not. Encouraged by his subtle and audible reactions, Jirou rolled her tongue round the neck of his penis and earned a guttural, drawn-out ‘wheeeey’.

The carnal sounds of his gratification made her pussy ache. She dropped one hand to soothe the growing heat between her thighs while keeping the other stroking his lubricated cock good and fast. He would never get a better ‘thank you for your support’ than this. A smile touched her lips in mid-service of him. Something about this goof always wound up easing her social anxieties and making her feel like herself. In no time, Jirou went from tentative sucking to thrusting her face on his cock, headbanging in the two-man concert playing out in her room.

She only stopped when her mouth tired from the head-lining performance. “Fuck, yeah,” she breathed. “Was that as good for you as it was for me?”

Apart from turning a shade red, Kaminari's dumb persona stayed etched on his face, lethargic chuckles tumbling from his lips.

She would've liked to think her enthusiastic attempt at fellatio had currents of pleasure bypassing his short-circuited neurons. Hm, with enough 'love' current overloading his system, could she somehow stabilise the faults that left him in this vulnerable state? She'd never heard of anything except time fixing his 'Yay Mode'; then again, she doubted anyone before her tried a blowjob. Imagine how much more formidable he would be if she could shorten his downtime from overexertion...

What kind of hero would she be if she didn't try? He...

...gave me the power to smile everyday

Now it's my turn to be the one to make you smile...

"One second!" Jirou ran to her study desk to jot down the potential lyrics. She'd yet to figure out how she'd arrange all the scribbles she made a record of but, somehow, she'd get them to fit, and fit beautifully. Just like a real artist. She could do this.

Maybe even help Mr Jamming-yay over here in the process.

Jirou glanced at the empty seat next to her and got an idea.

Kaminari was wandering about her room like a lost and pants-less puppy till she seized his erection and led him to her study desk.

"Now, you're going to be a good boy, right?"

"Whey!"

"Fuck yeah, you are." She pushed him into the seat at her study desk. He fell against the backrest of the adjustable stool. She had been certain she'd outgrown that chair, and seeing it baulk under his weight convinced her she'd have to buy a replacement sooner rather than later. For now, though, it was all they had.

Jirou climbed onto his lap as delicately as she could, conscious of maintaining an even weight distribution. The elephant in the room was impossible to ignore when it was standing erect between their aroused bodies. She pressed her crotch up against his pole, only the

thinness of her panties preventing direct contact. Still, it was contact enough to feel him throbbing on her labia, and right up her navel.

“Fuck...” She propped her arms on his shoulders and poured hot breaths on his buzzed face. “Look what you’re doing to me, Kaminari. Making me act like a... a...” She couldn’t think straight long enough to pick a word, distracted by the slow, sensual grinding of her hips. Her pussy was so hot and in need. A part of her always knew she’d wanted to get closer to Kaminari; it had manifested through banter and teasing in class, but there would be nothing subtle in how she expressed her admiration going forward. She was almost delirious enough to kiss him, if only his open-mouthed stupor hadn’t put her off. Well, it hadn’t completely...

“Whey... whey... whe-mmpph!”

Her teat plugged his burbling mouth. “Aah...” With her tank top raised over her sternum, Jirou savoured the warmth enveloping her nipple. *Shit, why hadn’t I thought of this sooner?* His constant groaning was way more tolerable on her teat, resounding vocal vibrations over the little, brown nub. Her small breasts made for ridiculously sensitive nipples, and Jirou shivered in delight as she brushed hers against lips, teeth and tongue, anything to get a rise from the bumbling buffoon.

She moaned, rubbing her exposed chest in his face. Her entire mound easily fit in his mouth before she switched it out for her dry nipple to taste a little love, too. Jirou could get used to this. Every part of her came alive, least of all her extremely wet pussy. An eager blotch spread right beneath the skull on her panties as she frantically dry-humped him on her rickety chair. “Oh, God...” She panted hot and heavily. “I don’t know how much more I can... ooh... I’m so fucking we-”

“WHERE THE HELL IS HE?!”

Jirou startled to a stop. She looked up at her ceiling, where the ruckus had come from. That crazy dipshit was still out there hunting the very boy in her hot seat. *Sorry but you can’t have him!* As a matter of fact, if Jirou had her way, no one could.

She cupped his stupid face and muttered, “You’re mine now.” Knowing full well the words would’ve never escaped her lips if there was an actual chance he could comprehend them. It was better this way; less awkwardness from hearing him respond to her affections.

Plus, Kaminari was the type of clueless that could talk himself out of free pussy. Pussy she was so desperate to serve him. “I just need you to sit there and take it,” she whispered huskily. “Can you do that?”

“...whey.”

“Whey to go.” She winked. “Now, I’m just going to...” She stood up, flanking his legs with her own, then slid her drenched panties to the side. Out came engorged pussy lips, glistening with desire. She would’ve been embarrassed if he could see how sopping wet she’d become. As she lined up her entrance with his cock-head, the pressure pushed a clear substance from the petals of her sex, her pussy drooling lust down his meaty shaft. Jirou trained her eyes on his out-of-whack pair and slowly sank upon him.

“Nnnnggg... aaahhh...!”

Her walls parted as she split herself down the middle. Gods was he big! If it weren’t for her wetness and prior experience with toys, her descent might’ve brought a lot more discomfort. Her eyes trembled as she took him in one inch at a time, not daring to sink too far below the halfway mark; that was already enough dick to give her a sense of fullness. She could see how the penetration affected him despite his dazed state: his face twitched and his ‘whey’s became strained and prolonged. Quite possibly his first encounter deep in some hot pussy, and Kaminari was barely present to appreciate it.

But she was.

Jirou made the most of the moment for both of them. The punk rocker rocked her hips in his lap, sliding up and down varying lengths of cock, his throbbing pole a lot more fulfilling than cold silicone. *Am I doing it right? Am I satisfied?* The grunts and groans emanating from their little corner of the room livened the dead air. *My heart is set and I won’t back down.* She dipped her pelvis lower and lower, then low enough to consume his entire length, albeit with a strained whimper. *I am a hero, too...*

...*Hero too...*

“Th-thank yo-mmmn... thank you for this – aah – Kami-Kaminari,” she whispered between shuddery breaths, her face rocking up and down above his.

“Whh... wheeeey?”

“Never – ooh, fuck – never mind.”

He was too dumb to understand right now, to see how some good dick could breach more than just her sugar walls, but punch through her writer’s block, too. Her juices were flowing again – and not only the creative ones. She fucked the absent-minded boy hard on her stool, their weight bouncing on the squeaky furniture. Digging her black-painted nails into his shoulders, Jirou shut her eyes and experienced him fully, clenching her pert, little ass cheeks as she rode him to high heaven. Pleasure mounted and mounted until her body abruptly stiffened and her spine arched.

Jirou cried a small, high-pitched noise as his glorious cock induced a short-circuiting brain experience of her own.

She floated down from the orgasmic high and reached around him for her pen and notepad immediately. Panting, she transferred everything in her head onto the page – or at least, as much as she could before her seat decided to move. “Huh? What the... hey?!”

Kaminari, who’d still had his hard cock lodged in her cum-gushing cunt, stood up without warning and resumed pacing in her room thoughtlessly. “Whey... whey...” He continued jabbing his thumbs-ups back and forth; only this time, his forearms supported a slender pair of thighs.

“P-put me down,” the songwriter said, half-heartedly. She held her notepad in the air and tried to maintain a steady hand whilst being carried and penetrated simultaneously. Whey to humble brag about his strength; granted, it didn’t take much to hold up someone of her weight and stature. Kind of exhilarating, actually. Before she knew it, Jirou stopped demanding he put her down and grinded her pelvis up against him instead.

The creamy ring surrounding her plugged entrance acted like additional lubricant while she raised and dropped her hips. “Unh! Unh!” she grunted, wrapping her arms around his neck for balance and leverage. “Fuck! Yes! Yeeees! UNH!!” Her forgotten notepad slapped his upper back as she used all the strength in her hips and thighs to propel herself to the tip of his dick then slide down again. And again. And again.

Fuck, he’s going to make me cum again isn’t he?

Technically, she was making herself cum using his dick, but Jirou was too far gone to be splitting hairs. All she knew: the Electrification user was inside her, and she felt ecstatic.

Jirou became so feverish in her humping, her writhing soon turned the momentum on her impaired partner. Their tower of rampant sex inched backwards. She fretted; in this state, Kaminari was a danger to himself walking forward, let alone moving in reverse. With her elbows on his shoulders, she steered him towards her bed seconds before he lost balance.

Her notepad and pen landed on the mattress first. Then they toppled over, his head missing her stationery by an inch. His elbow, however, bashed her guitar on the way down but he didn't so much as flinch. Jirou pushed the instrument out the way and readjusted herself on his cock.

The bed offered her the support and stability to really ride him ragged. With her panties shifted to the side, her right ass cheek remained exposed, clapping as she bounced on top of him and her springy mattress. The dick went good and deep and punched her in the stomach. She whined and grunted and mewled. And came.

Jirou collapsed face-first onto the bed beside him. Her second orgasm took more out of her than the first. She needed a moment to gather her wits while the witless bubbled on next to her. As though the climax had cleared some pink fog in her head, rays of inspiration shone through. She collected her notepad and rushed to her study desk.

Jirou bent over and scribbled lyrics down faster than her mind could produce them. A bright smile stretched from ear to ear as she stood back and reread her material. *Oh, hell yes! This is sooooo gonna kick ass!* She could hear the beat in her head already, tapping her foot whilst she mouthed the words in sync. Some of the lines might need some chopping and changing and shuffling around, but the hard part was done. All she really needed now was a catchy chorus to captivate the crowd, to let all the kids in UA know they could do whatever they'd set their hearts on; much like she did composing this song.

She did it!

And did it her way.

They may look down on me and count me out

I'm going my own way

They may look down on me and count me out

I'm a hero, I've got music!

And music was so powerful, even the process of creating it uplifted her. This was more than just a song for Jirou, but a journey, a triumph. She imagined everyone listening would be whisked away on a journey of their own. To be able to impact even one person to such a degree... her talents really were a blessing, not something to be apprehensive about.

Maybe that doofus wasn't as foolish as he often looked. She chuckled to herself. Nah, he probably was.

There were lots of different ways to be a hero and Jirou felt as though she'd discovered another one tonight. She picked up her pen to put the finishing touches on her work...

...hero too

I am a hero too

Two hands grasped her waist.

Jirou jumped and ink veered across her page from the word 'too'. She threw a glance over her shoulder. "Kaminari!" Her eyes exploded in shock. The glaze of stupidity had evaporated from his russet orbs and his jaw wasn't hanging limply anymore. "You're... you're back?"

"What the heck is going on, Jirou?" He scratched his head. "What are you writing? Why am I in your room? Why does my elbow hurt? Why are my pants on the floor? Why aren't *you* wearing any? Hm, did Bakugou blast me into a new dimension? Wait, is this heaven? Would explain a lot. Why am I harder than –"

Her nervous laugh interrupted his musing. "Denki, I can explain everything. Let me just get dres–"

"We were fucking weren't we?"

"Well – I mean, I, you – I, we, you were, um – then I kind of – and then um –"

"That's okay," he said, mirth in his voice. "I'm not mad."

"You're not?"

"Nope," he chimed. "But... I am going to get even."

Jirou raised an awkward brow. *What does that mean?*

She didn't have to wait five seconds to find out.

After catching the punk rocker bent over her study desk, Kaminari secured her waist from behind and reinserted himself in her naughty, little cunt, which, he was overjoyed to discover, proved to be warm and wet as fuck. He grunted through the tightness of her gash and pounded away with no remorse.

Jirou screamed in ecstasy as she was rocked hard against her desk. Her shaky pen scrawled gibberish across the notepad till she dropped it in surrender. His thrusts inspired a different kind of song, one mastered with her high-pitched vocals, his heavy grunts, and the drumming of his pelvis on her ass. Kaminari reached a hand between her thighs and really amped her up with clitoral stimulation. Currents of pleasure charged through her blood stream and, if he could see her face, he'd witness her eyes threatening to roll to the back of her skull. He sent tiny, electric jolts to his fingertips and her clit squirmed from the overwhelming pleasure. She cried threats of cumming and it was music to his ears. Jirou hit notes neither of them knew she was capable of. They moaned in sensual harmony, a chorus of rapture charging Kaminari's imminent release. His own grunts rose to a crescendo. He screwed his eyes shut and then, with an unintended spike in voltage, discharged a hefty load into his classmate's womb.

As the spent teen pulled out, cum gushed from her used sex. Kaminari was shocked to see how much oozed down her creamy leg. Getting someone pregnant could throw a serious wrench in everything he'd planned to achieve at UA! He might've gone a little overboard with that finish...

So much so, Jirou hadn't moved since.

"Kyoka?" He tried to shake her. "Hey, Jirou, stop messing around! Hey? Wake up!" *Oh, man! I knew I shouldn't have used Electrification for that! It was only a little but still, what if I... no, I can't think like that!* "Kyoka, please wake up." The half-naked girl remained non-responsive, limp and slumped over her desk despite his panicky attempts at shaking her shoulders. "Come on, get up!"

Kaminari rolled her onto her back and was immensely relieved to see her eyes were still open. Albeit, open but not quite... focused? Even though she was looking right at him, it appeared as though she wasn't looking at anything at all. He snapped his fingers in her face and her non-reaction pretty much confirmed his suspicions.

“Jirou, you there?” He patted her cheeks gently. “Say something?! Anything?”

Only then did he spot her shaky thumbs-up in the corner of his eye. Jirou had just one thing to say...

“Whey.”

THE END

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

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Special credit goes to *yomichiboy* and *shoganight* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artist’s work here:

<https://www.deviantart.com/yomichiboy/gallery>

<https://thehentaiworld.com/tag/shoganight/>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.