

lemonzsaUCE

... 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

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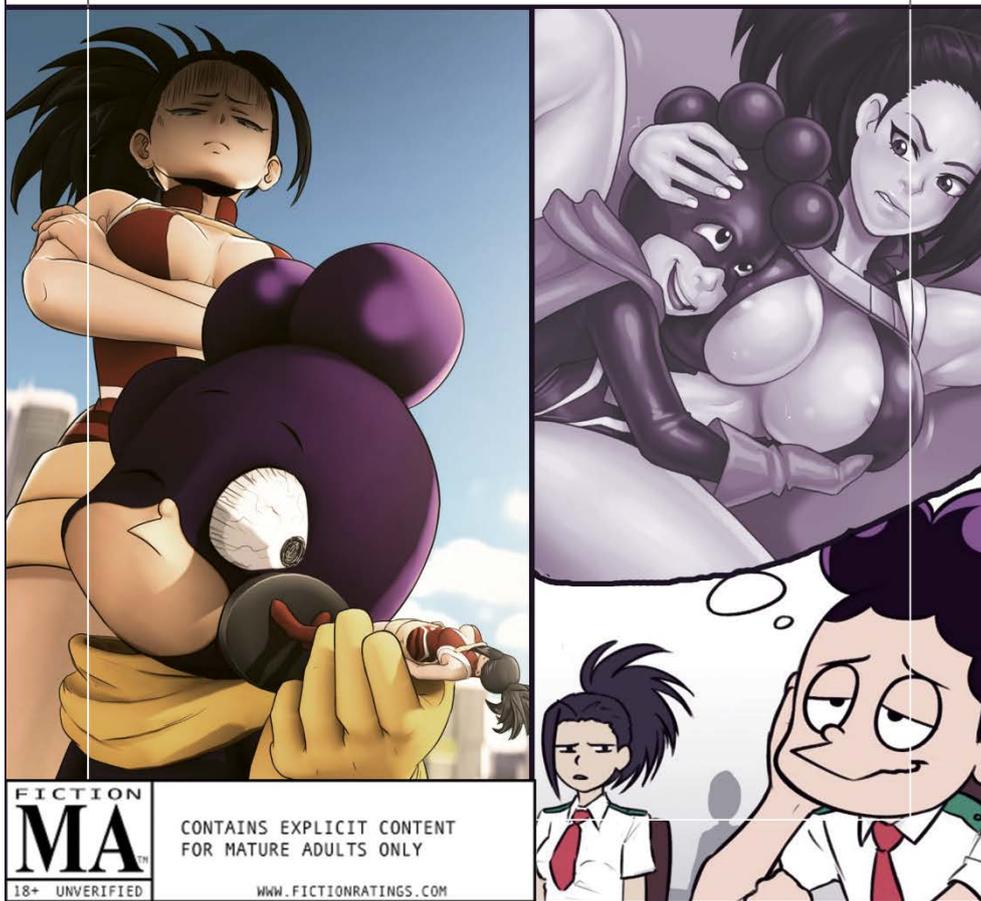
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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

ONE PEEP TOO MANY

(My Hero Academia FanFic)

CHAPTER 1



Synopsis

Minoru Mineta is forced to confront his impish behaviour when Momo Yaoyorozu threatens serious consequences the next time she catches him peeping on her.

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One Peep Too Many

My Hero Academia fanfiction by j.j. scriptease

Chapter 1 – Hide and Peep

While the homeroom teacher babbled on about the best restraining techniques for subduing villains, Mineta tilted his phone at creative angles. At the perfect degree, his mirror app reflected the right chest of the uniform behind him. The lapel curved over the roundness of her breast. His hand trembled with giddiness.

Boy, he'd really lucked out with seat 19!

Smart and sexy; what more could you ask for in a heroine? Momo Yaoyorozu (or 'Creati' these days) was well on her way to becoming a legend. Lord knew she'd already saved *him* countless times in every lesson; his head sure to have hit the desk in a snooze if not for the wondrous distractions behind him.

Effortless teamwork, he'd say! They complemented each other so well. Okay, so 'ew, get away from me!' was an odd way of her acknowledging it, but one day she'd find the right words. He just knew it.

With excitement knotted in his throat, Mineta panned his landscaped screen ever so deftly. Her unsuspecting bosom crawled into frame. The white shirt beneath her uniform jacket had stretched to accommodate her assets and her red tie sprawled down their slopes like a long, sensuous tongue. Maybe if he zoomed in, he'd be able to make out the colour of her brassiere again. The black and purple push-up last Wednesday was probably his favourite so far.

Before his thumb reached the zoom button, the phone teetered in his excited grasp. *Shit!* The fumbling mirror stole a glimpse of Yaoyorozu with her face down in her notes. He caught the slippery phone before she ever looked up.

Phew!

Last time she'd caught him peeping, she warned him it would be the last if he ever did it again. The calmness in her voice when she'd issued the threat frightened him more than if she'd yelled. He didn't want to be on the bad side of anyone that could brandish a sword out of their chest as easily as they could snap their fingers.

Mineta might've escaped alerting his prey, but his phone had caught the dead stare of the boy seated at the desk neighbouring hers. He audibly winced at the coldness in Shoto's eyes.

That dude always gave him the creeps...

Shoto Todoroki was the kind of guy who'd find a way to suck the life out of a bachelor party – if he ever made any friends, that is; friends stupid enough to invite him to a bachelor party at that. His hair couldn't decide if it was crimson or silver, parted down the middle in a compromise as unbalanced as the kid's personality. An ugly burn mark marred the skin around his left eye, adding to the whole 'horror movie killer' vibe fueling his soulless stare. He aimed his eyes at Mineta's phone-turned-spy-mirror.

His silent judgement weighed on the back of Mineta's head. The sneaky boy laid his phone face down on the desk.

That damn party pooper! On the plus side, Todoroki barely said a word more than he needed to anybody. While everyone chatted at the cafeteria, he'd take up space on the bench and just eat his lunch, throw back a one-sentence reply to any question pitched his way. He might've been a brooding creep with a personality deficiency, but at least he wasn't a rat.

It still pained Mineta though; how Todoroki had the best seat in class and didn't care to peek at all the side boobage in his peripheral. What a waste. Mineta would've had enough creepshots to fill up his bedroom wall by now.

“And for your assignment this week,” Mr Aizawa said. Like ‘exam’ and ‘homework’, the word ‘assignment’ made Mineta sit up straight. “You're all going to partner up with a classmate and sharpen your techniques at capturing and detaining villains. A necessary part of good hero work is being able to restrain your target while waiting for the appropriate authorities to arrive at the scene. I suggest finding creative and effective ways of integrating your Quirks into your detaining efforts.”

Mina's hand shot into the air.

Mr Aizawa cast a reluctant glance her way. "Yes?"

"Please don't pair me up with Froppy again! I've still got her stomach juice on my shirt from the last practical!"

Half the class laughed, a few cringed and Tsuyu remained unperturbed. "That was the point of the mission. Ribbit."

"You took it too far," Mina whined. "It's like you thought I was a real villain."

"You were. During the practical. Ribbit."

Mina gave up with a sigh and collapsed on her desk.

"Tsuyu's right," Mr Aizawa decided.

"Call me Tsu."

"Apart from seriously endangering your classmates' lives, there's no such thing as going too far. The whole purpose of these exercises is to prepare you for real life scenarios. No villain out there is going to think twice about taking it easy on you."

Bakugo rocketed to his feet and punched a raring fist in his palm. "Damn right they won't! And neither will I! I expect nothing less from any one of you damn extras going up against me!"

Mineta shrunk in his seat. *Please don't put me with him, please don't put me with him, please don't put me with him...*

"Thank you for that, Bakugo," Mr Aizawa said in bored fashion. "You can sit down now." The fired-up blond bit back a retort, huffed, then plopped down on his chair with his arms crossed. It killed him to behave like a civilised human being. "Furthermore, I won't be dictating the partnerships for this assignment. You're free to decide that amongst yourselves."

Mineta perked up and whipped around. "Yaoyorozu –"

"No." She hadn't even looked up from her notes. So now he couldn't even get eye contact with his rejections? Sheesh! "You don't even know what I was going to say. What if I was giving away the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*?"

“I can make those in my sleep. Literally.”

Of course. Creation was kind of Creati’s whole deal. “Yeah, but not the original volumes, the 1st editions ever to be printed in the history of Encyclopædia Britannica! They’re practically collectors’ items!”

She stopped jotting in her book and fixed him a studious expression. “Are you seriously offering the Encyclopædia Britannica’s original prints?”

“Well, uh, no, but I mean, uh, I could get them for you? I know a guy. Look, if we just worked togeth-”

“No.” She thumped her pen in her notebook to make an emphatic period.

Mineta whined like a child who’d been told no ice cream for dinner. “Come on, why not?”

She looked taken aback he’d even ask. “Seriously?”

“I mean, you couldn’t have found a teammate already. Mr Aizawa just announced it!”

She casually jotted in her notebook whilst addressing him. “No, Mineta. The answer is always no.”

He sighed and let his forehead thump on his desk. She wouldn’t even give him the courtesy of pretending to think about it. Knowing his luck, he’d probably end up with Bakugo or Todoroki.

“Choose your partners wisely,” Mr Aizawa demanded from the blackboard. “I know you’ll be tempted to select your closest friends but they’re not going to save you from the grueling assessment you’ll undergo at the end of the week.” He dropped his voice to a callous tenor and added, “All failures will be dealt a severe and crippling punishment.”

A nervy silence swept through the classroom, broken only by the school bell.

“Dismissed,” Mr Aizawa chimed.

...

Yaoyorozu shuddered as she exited the classroom. Mr Aizawa was a talented and respected instructor, but did he have to be so... aloof? Even a top performer like herself couldn't help wince at his cryptic threats. He had gotten close to kicking a student out of the academy on the first day! She couldn't let anything like that happen to her. Finding the right partner would be paramount.

She already knew who it was, too.

Someone who couldn't risk failure for fear of letting down more than just themselves. Someone who boasted natural talent and the quick wit to think on their feet. Someone who possessed a Quirk capable of restraining opponents with relative ease. Someone who she trusted to the core of her being. Someone who... just walked past her down the hall.

"Todoroki!" She clutched her books against her chest and caught up to him. "Intense class, right?" she said with a shaky voice.

He regarded her without breaking his leisurely stride. "Yes. It was."

She laughed. *Oh my God, why'd I laugh? That wasn't even funny! What if he thinks I'm some ditzy bimbo!? How embarrassing! Who would ever want to team up with someone like that? Whoa, wait – what if he thinks I'm laughing at him? Please, no! I take you very seriously, Todoroki. You're probably the most talented student in our grade! Not that I've ever said it to your face, but... your face... your fa- dear God, I'm staring now, aren't I?! You probably think I'm –*

"Yaoyorozu." He snapped her out of her musing. "Are you, all right? You're sweating a little."

"Oh!" She chuckled and wiped the bead off her forehead. "I'm... yeah. Totally fine. It's just a little hot today is all."

"Hm."

Hm? What does 'hm' mean? He doesn't believe me? It is kind of hot! Whether that has to do with the weather though or... or nothing! It's the weather! Yeah, the weather! Plus, I'm standing on his left side. Probably some heat wave residue or something's getting to me. It's nothing to do with the way his intense, duo-coloured eyes are staring right into my soul... or the way tragedy tried to blemish his face only to scorch beauty into one half of his visage... or the way he's so close I can see his multi-coloured strands of hair flutter a little with every step... or the way –

“I guess it is... kind of hot?” Todoroki brought her back again. “Anyway, is there something you wanted? I’m going to have my lunch now.”

“Oh, no. That’s okay,” Yaoyorozu said. “I mean, yes, there is *something* but it can wait. Enjoy your lunch!”

She hurried away before he could utter ‘hm’ again, opened her locker and took a deep breath inside. Dang it. It shouldn’t have been this hard to ask him to partner up for a school assignment.

Truth was, even before Mr Aizawa had thrust her into this unenviable position, she’d intended to approach Todoroki on a more... personal level. She hadn’t forgotten the practical exam they’d gotten paired together in a few weeks back. The task involved outwitting and handcuffing Mr Aizawa. Todoroki ended up getting captured and, in the end, it was up to her to rescue a victory. She would’ve never succeeded if not for Todoroki spurring her on and filling her with more confidence than she’d had in herself.

He changed her that day. In more ways than he realised. Hell, in more ways than she’d realised, too, until he started making reoccurring appearances in her dreams...

The air became awkward and tense in every room they shared. Although, truthfully, it was impossible to tell if he’d sensed it, too. She needed to know. One way or another. Or this potentially one-sided awkwardness could become detrimental to their friendship.

Pull yourself together woman and try again after lunch!

She shut her locker door and, standing right next to her at hip level, was a mohawk of tennis ball-sized ‘grapes’. “Oh my –” She jumped back clutching her startled heart. “What are you doing here? Stalking me now, is that it?”

“Uh, my locker is just over there, remember?” Mineta pointed at the row on the other side of the hall.

Oh, how could she forget? “You didn’t answer the question.”

He rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. “I just wanted to find out if you’ve changed your mind about teaming with me yet.”

Yet? She sniggered. If nothing else, the diminutive perv had quite the set of grapes on him. “What part of ‘no’ don’t you understand?”

“The part that doesn’t sound like ‘yes’.”

“Cute.”

“Thank you.” He ignored her sarcasm and grinned a toothy grin.

“Look, I’ve already got a partner, okay?”

“Oh yeah? Who?”

“Todoroki.”

His grin disappeared as quickly as it had emerged. “Of all the – why that jerk? I know he’s got a half-decent Quirk and half-decent skills but –”

“But I’m better off with *your* half-decent brain?” She rolled her eyes and walked away before he could come up with another smartass retort.

“You heard what Mr Aizawa said.” Mineta jogged after her, his head of his grapes bobbing at the right of her waist. “We should pick partners that can really test our boundaries.”

To be fair, he tested her boundaries on a daily basis without even trying. “My mind is already made up, Mineta. Find someone else.”

“But –”

“By the way, I saw you spying in class again.”

“Eee!” He froze in panic and let her continue on her way.

“Did you forget what I said? Consider this your final warning, little grape man. Next time...” She stopped, looked over her shoulder and shot him daggers. “I won’t be so nice. And that’s a promise.”

She walked the rest of the hall wearing a dark grin. Was it evil she got a kick out of screwing with that Peeping Tom? She contemplated it for half a second.

Nah!

...

The final school bell blared like a stringent alarm clock. Yaoyorozu jolted behind her desk. Already?! But she hadn't decided what she was going to say yet!

Even if she could hit the snooze button for an entire year, she still wouldn't know how to say what she needed to say. Her nerves would rebel and rebel till the words stumbled out of her mouth in whatever haphazard way they were bound to. No amount of overthinking had helped her thus far.

She tried a calming breath. *Just ask him out already! Er – ask him to be your school assignment partner, that is!*

Right. Yaoyorozu shovelled her books into her backpack and rushed out of the classroom after Todoroki. She stopped him in the hall again but this time she was going to get straight to the point, even if she had to blabber it all out. “Hey, listen, I was wondering if you'd be interested in –”

“Todoroki.” The new voice barged in from behind them. Tokoyami stuck his long beak between her and Todoroki, disrupting her momentum. “Are you ready to begin? We don't have much time to prepare.”

“I am,” Todoroki said. He considered Yaoyorozu's lost expression and nodded his head at Tokoyami to go on without him. “I'll meet you behind Ground Beta in ten minutes.”

“Okay.” Tokoyami took off like a shadow chased by the sun.

Todoroki returned his full attention to her. “Apologies. You were saying something? It sounded important.”

“You and Tokoyami are...?”

He nodded. “We had a discussion over lunch and decided to train together.”

“Oh...” Defeat trailed in her faint response. “That's great. I was just going to say good luck for the assignment. It's not that important.”

“Oh. Thank you.”

She gave him a weak smile and hurried right along. Oh, how stupid she'd been! And slow! She had completely taken for granted he was a free agent and apparently in high demand. Her chance was gone. All because of her own stupid hesitation. She sighed and took the long way back to the student residence.

The lonely road gave her plenty of time to think and regret and lament. It wasn't the end of the world. She still had Jiro.

"What do you mean you've already teamed up with someone?" Yaoyorozu whined, after finding out she *didn't* have Jiro.

"Koda asked and I said yes." She shrugged.

"It's fine." It totally wasn't. "I'll just ask Uraraka."

Of course, Uraraka had already partnered with Midoriya. Another disappointment but not nearly as surprising. Yaoyorozu was almost certain something was going on between those two. Mina and Invisible Girl were practicing grapples in the backyard and Ojiro was dangling off the roof trying to uncoil himself from Froppy's serpent-like tongue.

Wherever Yaoyorozu turned, she appeared to be late to the party, her options dwindling fast. After Ida informed her he'd partnered with Sato, she dragged her feet into the common room, all but ready to ask the first available classmate she bumped into. Well, she would've, if the classmate in question had been anyone except Minoru Mineta.

The three-foot-something runt was making an ass of himself, as usual, rollicking about the living room parading a red and white wig in blatant mockery of a certain classmate. "Hey, look at me, I'm Shoto Todoroki. Excuse me if I'm a bit slow," he said in a lethargic, lumbering manner. "I have one face and one tone of voice for every emotion."

His one-man audience of Kaminari rolled on the floor in laughter. Morons. The both of them. If Yaoyorozu wasn't already having such a horrid day, this certainly would've done the trick.

"What's so damn funny?" she barked.

Her tough tone cut Kaminari's laughter short. He sat up on the floor and stared at her, stupefied. "Yo, Momo, chill out. We're just messing around doing impressions."

“Hmph! First off, you’re terrible at them. And secondly…” She ripped the shoddy wig off Mineta’s head and hurled it across the room. “Todoroki has more talent in his right fingertips than both of you nitwits combined.”

Mineta snorted. “He has more daddy issues than a cheap whore.”

“Okay, jealous much? It’s not his fault you can’t measure up to him.” She dressed down the rambunctious rug rat with a cool dip of her eyes. “In *any* department.”

Yaoyorozu liked to think she was above ridiculing Mineta’s miniature stature, but when you rolled around with the monkeys, you couldn’t help fling poo. What better way to show up his manhood then, well, show up his manhood?

The teen, who appeared short enough to pass for seven, crossed his arms and flushed. “You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Don’t I?”

He’d begged her to be his partner and she’d snubbed him hoping to procure Todoroki instead. A clear-cut case of jealousy by her estimation.

Well, just how jealous *could* she make him?

Yaoyorozu spent the rest of the afternoon getting back at her diminutive classmate in the most cunning way imaginable. She teased him. Not with belittling words or the bitter reality of his uselessness, but with the one thing that appeared to be his ultimate weakness. Her body.

She’d unbutton the top of her snug polo shirt before strutting into any room he happened to be in. Naturally he’d try to look and, if he didn’t, she’d double back and walk past him again. If his face swivelled so much as a millimetre towards her bust, she’d fix him a deathly glare, promptly scaring off his attempts to peek. The threat of punishment still loomed over his head. Perfect. The Peeping Tom deserved no better for his antics than to have the carrot dangled so flippantly in front of his beady, little eyes; a carrot he’d never get to fully see, touch or taste.

Tormenting the little waste of grapes distracted Yaoyorozu from her setbacks finding an appropriate partner. Dare she say, it was the most fun she’d had all day. She leaned over desks and table tops, thrusting her cleavage in his peripheral vision. He’d get hot under the

collar and drip buckets of sweat evading the bait bursting at her seams. A sly smirk hid at the corner of her lips.

At some point, the line blurred between punishing him and attaining some sort of self-serving gratification. Was this really about defending Todoroki's honour anymore? She wondered, while fanning her chest with the placket of her open shirt, pretending she wouldn't notice if anyone looked. "Wow, so hot today..."

Mineta squeaked a muffled, whimpering sound and sheltered his sweaty face in the covers of a history book.

Yeah, you better not look... creep!

What did that make her? A masochist? Nah, sounded a little much. She didn't take pleasure in his suffering. Well, okay, she kind of did, but not because she wanted to! And not like *that*. Not really. Sad as it were, nobody looked at her like Mineta did; or at least, nobody made it as painfully obvious. Todoroki certainly didn't.

Somewhere deep, deep, deep, deep, *deeeeeeep* down inside her, perhaps there was an inkling of flattery garnered from the male attention she received, even if it was from the last male she'd ever want to receive attention from. Only an inkling. And it had less to do with him and more to do with her esteem as a sexual being. If only Todoroki looked at her the way Mineta did, then maybe...

Just maybe her life would be a little bit more... exciting? She wouldn't have to fish for self-esteem at the mucky bottom of a creep's well.

Come nightfall, Yaoyorozu slipped into the tiniest of booty shorts and slid into Mineta's room under the pretence of needing to borrow a phone charger. He asked no questions and showed no suspicion of how her charger had supposedly vanished. In fact, he'd said nothing at all, his jaw hanging slack from the moment he scoured her long, milky legs. Legs that stretched the height of his entire body. He pointed a lazy finger at the charger plugged into the socket by the door.

"Ah, you're sure?" she asked.

He nodded thoughtlessly.

"Thank you! Promise to bring it back soon as I'm 100 percent."

His pointing gesture turned into a thumbs-up.

Smirking, she turned on her heels and bent her body forward, slowly, reaching for his charger in the most unnecessarily sinuous way fathomable. The intensity of his gaze warmed the back of her bare legs, ascending as her booty shorts climbed her rump, revealing the pert bottoms of her pale cheeks. She lingered in the compromised position. Pulling a charger out of the wall could be so darn hard for a little ole girl like her! Oh well. She hummed while waving her butt side to side in the ‘struggle’.

“Ah!” She unplugged it several flirtatious seconds later. “Got it!” She whirled around without warning, her long, raven hair whipping through the air. A sinister glower creased her features.

Mineta shrieked and cowered under his covers.

She beamed. “Sweet dreams, Mineta.” Yaoyorozu was satisfied topping off what should’ve been a *hard* day for him with a long night combating blue balls. She flipped off the light switch and giggled outside his bedroom door.

Served him right, the pervert.

She exhaled a long, gratified sigh. What now?

She still didn’t have a partner for the assignment. There could only be a handful of people left at this point. And just about everyone was asleep or cosy in their room drifting towards it.

Meh. The problem could wait till the morning.

Yaoyorozu walked past the bathroom on the way to her dorm. After the day she’d had, a hot, soothing soak wasn’t half a bad idea.

...

Yaoyorozu dropped her towel and sank into the steaming tub of bubbles. The hot water massaged aches in her calves and shoulders she hadn’t realised she was carrying. Such was the life of an aspiring hero – inundated with muscle tears and strains and aches you

couldn't account for. If they had sold that part of the job, she wondered if so many kids would still be clambering to sign up.

The physical demands of being a student at UA were the least challenging aspects for her. Despite her overachieving merits that had earned her a recommendation for the academy, Yaoyorozu struggled with a nagging case of imposter syndrome and, lately, matters of the heart (for the lack of a better expression).

Boys, boys, boys.

She never thought she'd turn into one of 'those girls' pining over one. Her self-imposed mission to complicate Mineta's day had pushed Todoroki to the back of her mind but now, in the aftermath of her success, he rose to the surface like the army of suds consuming her body. What did he really think of her?

Stop, Momo! You didn't come in here to stress about any boy all over again.

She leaned her head back on a folded hand towel and shut her eyes. If only shutting him out of her mind entailed the same effortlessness. His handsome visage floated into the darkness behind her eyelids. Lavender rose from the scented bubble bath and sweetened the apparition, steaming her nostrils with a warmth that spread down her submerged body. She breathed in, deep and slow, then out, as all her muscles relaxed in the tub's soothing embrace.

The images stuck in her mind tainted the meditative process. A restless heat emerged, and it had nothing to do with the temperature of the water. Her hands came alive, stirring the soapy surface. One settled in the northern hemisphere around her chest and the other travelled much further south.

She'd become familiar with this positioning of late, particularly when a certain duomaned boy invaded her thought process; although, she'd never done it in the tub before. It felt kind of wrong indulging herself in common property. But the heat wouldn't wait till she'd got back to her room and under the covers. Her fingers had started attending to the matter long before her brain could catch up to what they were doing.

Round and round, two digits rubbed the throbbing ache between her legs, tense knuckles breaking through the soapy surface. Her heartbeat quickened. She groped one breast, her hand scaling a round mountain covered in hot snow. Puffy foam formed a large continent from her neckline across her torso, broken by her parted legs rising out of the ocean

to rest against the tub's sides. And at the crux of their juncture, a tsunami of passionate diddling rocked the surface in restless waves.

“Ooh... Todoroki...” His name slipped through indecent whispers. “Mmm...”

With her eyes shutting out reality, it was his hand fondling her, his fingers stirring her growing need for more. Granted, she'd seen his hands on more than one occasion, and they were bigger and stronger than hers. A girl could dream.

The tip of her tongue wet her lips. “Todoroki...”

Look what you're doing to me...

The sound of small splashes emanated from her fondling, masking the hot breaths pouring out her lips. Oh God, the noise better not have carried down the corridor; she'd rather forego the suspicious looks the girls might give her in the morning.

But she didn't want to stop either. Not when she was this close to bringing herself to orgasm. And yet... she couldn't shake this sudden feeling... something was off.

It might've been guilt or paranoia or some sixth sense she'd developed during the course of the day. Whatever it was, Yaoyorozu listened to it and opened her eyes. There, hovering in the darkness outside the bathroom window, was a mop of silver and crimson hair.

She gasped, panic flooding her all at once. Water crashed out of the tub as she scrambled to hide every bit of flesh under the thick layer of foam. The impish spy vanished from the window in the split second she'd taken her eyes off it.

It had happened so quickly, she sat quietly in the bathtub asking herself if it had happened at all. What were the chances the guy she'd been fantasising about randomly showed up at the window? Perhaps it had all been an extension of her imagination. Still, she barely blinked again, let alone closed her eyes. Just in case.

After her heartrate slowed to a steadier pace, she wrapped her towel around her body and investigated the window.

Not a soul in sight as she poked her head out into the black, chilly night. Either no one had appeared or her reaction had spooked them as much as they'd spooked her. This

bathroom sat on the fifth floor; whoever might've risked it had to have been desperate enough to scale the building and navigate the narrow ledges...

Hm, so someone who was proficient in climbing, or had a Quirk that allowed them to stick to walls and move at a face pace? Couple that with being creepy enough to try to peep on unsuspecting girls, and one name shone like a blaring neon sign.

Yaoyorozu looked down, and dangling on the ledge beneath the window sill was the last piece of evidence affirming her suspicions: a red and white crummy looking wig.

Freaking Mineta!

And here she'd thought he'd learnt his lesson. She did warn him the next time she caught him it would be the last. Yaoyorozu was done with second chances. And done with showing mercy.

...

Mineta was lying wide awake in bed when a rap on his door startled him. He raised his head out of the sheets. A shadow shifted in the narrow strip of light under his bedroom door. Whoever stood on the other side pushed something through the gap with a crinkling sound. The shadow skulked away.

Mineta waited a minute before tiptoeing over to investigate. Someone left him a sheet of paper. A secret note? He didn't like secrets much; at least not the type that shuffled under his door in the middle of the night.

He illuminated the parcel with his cell phone screen. It was a clear message written in big, bold letters. More of an instruction than a secret note. And, if he didn't do exactly as it said, in no uncertain terms, the sender promised he'd be expelled from the academy come morning.

The last two words terrified him the most:

Come alone.

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

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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Special credit goes to *suoiresnu*, *aaaninja* and *GreatM8* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artists' work here:

<https://twitter.com/suoiresnu>

<https://aaaninja.blogspot.com/>

<https://www.patreon.com/GreatM8SFM>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.