

lemonzsaauce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

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

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

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

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

- j.j. scriptease

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DISCLAIMER

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WARNING

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

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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

ONE PEEP TOO MANY

(My Hero Academia FanFic)

CHAPTER 2



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 2 – Ready or Caught, Here I Come!

The northeast of Ground Beta lay dead under the dark-purple of midnight. Ghostly gusts dispersed litter across the streets and whooshed through the carcasses of tall buildings fashioning craters, scorched brick and blown out windows from punches, acid, ice blasts, explosions and all manners of reckless Quirks. Ground Beta was a city built to be razed, and the students at UA did a better job of it than their instructors appreciated.

Outside of combat training exercises, the metropolis existed in a quiet and vacant vacuum, which made it an enticing locale for anyone keen on clandestine activities.

Only the whistling of eerie winds breathed life into the dead city. Until, the slow patter of footsteps echoed down a street of pulverized buildings. Mustard-yellow gumboots paused after each step. Waited. Listened.

The instructions said it would be around here but Mineta couldn't see anyone in the darkness, only shapes resembling street lamps bent in half and tin cars planted to generate a level of realism. He'd probably been directed northeast because it was the oldest district in Ground Beta, the most beaten up and the least monitored by security robots. The more he thought about it, the more he second-guessed his decision to come.

Could getting expelled from the world's most prestigious hero academy really be worse than whatever lurked in store for him here? If anything went south, they wouldn't find his body for weeks.

Despite his better judgement, he took another step forward.

Waited. Looked. Listened.

The instructions said to come in his hero costume. He did. And expected a fight. The fact they'd warned him to come prepared suggested they wouldn't jump him from the back. But he couldn't be too careful. He clasped one sticky ball at the ready.

A five-storey, grey, decayed building caught his attention. It stood out for its lighter colour, sandwiched between two much taller, dark-red neighbours, and three craters pummelled into the side facing the street. The damage took the form of a lopsided smiley, with the 'mouth' crater being a full-blown hole. Just as the instructions had described.

He pushed the rusted front door. A grating creak announced his arrival. Whatever element of surprise he'd sustained fell to the wayside. Oh well.

"Hello?" he called into the darkness. Judging by the way his voice bounced off the walls, the building must've been empty. The room smelt old and stuffy. A large hole had been punched through the ceiling and moonlight filtered in from the crater in the second-floor wall. The light drew him to the centre of the room but, before he could get there, a brighter light beamed down behind him. "Whaaa?"

He whipped around and pulled his right arm back, preparing to launch the sticky ball at any unwelcome surprises.

A silhouette basked in the sapphire spotlight with its cloaked back towards him. Mineta squinted at the sudden source of light above and was taken aback to discover it literally *was* a spotlight. Who would fit one of those in a place like this? He had a closer look at the silhouetted figure and noted the hint of scarlet in her cloak. The curved shape of her big, spikey hair suddenly took meaning.

"Yaoyorozu...?"

"What took you so long?" she said without turning to address him.

Uh, she sure was acting weird. "All this was you?" The spotlight being her creation made a lot more sense. Everything else, not so much. "Why are you... why are we here?"

She scoffed. Left him to ponder the meaning in silence. "Mineta, I've changed my mind. We can be partners after all."

The stars in his eyes twinkled brighter than the night's sky. A few questions still nagged him though. "What made you cha—"

She spun on her heels, her scarlet cloak whipping round like a cape. Beneath it, she wore her hero costume, too, a crimson leotard parted down the middle exposing her torso to open air. Anyone who didn't know her might've assumed she was flaunting her toned frame, but really the design optimised her Quirk, which worked most effectively when her skin came in direct contact with air. Yaoyorozu opted to leave as much flesh on display as she could get away with, her arms and long legs stripped bare except for her crimson boots.

Mineta certainly didn't mind.

As soon as she'd spun around, his gaze found her chest with practiced accuracy. Her stern expression warned him she hadn't done it for his viewing pleasure. She grabbed the two fronts of her leotard and pulled them further apart in a motion certain to expose her breasts completely. Sadly, for Mineta, her chest also happened to emit a coagulation of bright energy glowing magenta and cyan. Her activated Quirk grew so large and luminous, it blinded him from seeing her nipples slip out of the skimpy leotard.

He raised a forearm across his eyes.

From the heavenly gates of her cleavage, something hard and heavy jutted out and crashed into him. He yelped as his little body was thrown backwards like a ragdoll.

Halfway through the air, steel slapped against his shins and wrists, knocking the sticky ball out of his grasp. The same metal clinked shut around his limbs. Long chains grew from the shackles and connected his wrists and ankles to a thick board of wood the size of double doors – and it was careening towards him in mid-air.

He could do nothing but wait as he'd slam into the back of the building and the board would splat him into grape juice against the wall. What a miserable way to go out! Mineta screamed for his mommy the closer the board zoomed towards his face. He screwed one eye shut awaiting impact.

But it never came.

The 'wooden board' separated in two like automatic doors and whooshed past either side of him before re-merging ahead of his back. Her creation touched down with a bumpy landing that jerked his chains. Upright like a door, it scraped across the concrete flooring, a horrid grating noise jarring his teeth until the board slowed to a stop metres from the building's wall.

Mineta's stop was a lot more sudden. His scream ended with the punctual thump of his body meeting sturdy wood.

He wheezed and puffed what little air hadn't been knocked out of him. "What... what is this?" He jerked his wrists to the rattle of stringent chains.

While he struggled, clacking boots echoed from the dark end of the room. Her looming shadow crept into the pool of moonlight. Yaoyorozu stationed her crimson boots a few metres in front of his small, mustard pair. The silvery light piercing through the hole in the building struck her at an ominous angle, painting her face ghoulis-White and her cloak blood-red. She looked exactly how he imagined she'd look if she joined the League of Villains.

"Take a seat, Mineta." Her voice chilled the dark room.

It was an order not a suggestion but he was in no position to comply. For one, he didn't have anything to 'take a seat' on, just a cold wooden board against his back and shackles curtailing his wriggles. "How am I supposed to..." His question faded as he spotted subtle movement at the front of her cloak.

A black device the size of a key fob poked out of the scarlet folds. He counted six buttons varying in shape and colour. She pressed the blue button shaped like an 'L'.

A block of wood materialised from the bottom of the board as if a phantom hand had reached between his legs and pulled out a lower shelf, knocking the back of his knees from under him. Mineta was forced into a sitting position. Creati energy glowed as the block beneath him grew the arms of a chair and the shackles suddenly disappeared. His arms dropped onto the rests with a wooden thud. Straps flew out of the armchair and snapped around his wrists, elbows, chest and legs.

Emph! Couldn't move again, perhaps even less so now. While he squirmed like a prisoner awaiting electrocution, her finger traced the buttons on her little remote ever so casually. Maybe the yellow one shaped like a lightning bolt would set off the lethal charge? Fear tightened his chest the closer her finger veered towards the ominous button.

"Yaoyorozu, wait! What is this? Wh-why?"

“Haven’t you figured it out already? And here I thought you might be smarter than you looked. Or at least, half as smart as you’re perverted.”

“Yaoyorozu...!” Had she actually... seen him? He’d been so careful! Locked his door and hid his phone and himself under the covers. How could she have seen he’d been –

“This is what you wanted, isn’t it?” she said matter-of-factly. “Congratulations. We’re partners now.”

“Partners...?” He glanced down at his constraints then back up at his captor stood over him wielding a remote controlling his fate. What part of this looked like a partnership to her?

“You heard what Mr Aizawa said, right? There’s no such thing as taking it too far.”

It all dawned on him like a ton of bricks. So this wicked, shapeshifting, strap-bearing nightmare of a contraption was her creative method of detaining villains? Ha. He’d be applauding if he wasn’t all tied up. It wasn’t fair she’d lured him out of bed and sprung it on him by surprise, but he suspected she’d say real-life villains would be looking to get a drop on them, too.

“All right, I get it,” Mineta said. A sense of calm abated his racing heart once he realised this was all part of a grand test. His life wasn’t in actual danger. “You got me. Nice contraption. I’m sure you’ll ace the assignment when you whip this bad boy out! But could you like...” He shifted in his seat uncomfortably. “Let me free now?”

“Let you free?” She laughed a humourless laugh. “I’m not ‘letting’ you anything.”

“Wha–”

“In fact, I’m not letting you say another word.” She pressed the black round button and a ball gag materialised from behind the back of his head.

The muffled boy slipped back into confused, panicked mode.

“This is about more than the assignment,” she said over his stifled retorts. “This is about you thinking you can get away with peeping on girls all the time. I saw you in the bathroom window.”

His eyes grew as large and round as the black ball stuffed in his mouth.

“Yeah, that’s right. Apparently, you can’t help yourself, even after all the warnings I’ve given you.” She crossed her arms in disappointment. “I guess you’re a glutton for punishment.”

The gagged boy shook his head vehemently.

“Yeah, you are. Or we wouldn’t be here.” Menace lurked in her flat tone. “It’s just who you are. Sadly.” She took a step forward and her stoic expression loomed in and out of the shadows. “You like to peep.” Another step. “And for that, I’ll make sure you get no less than you deserve.”

He winced with every clack of her block heel boot. Her shadowy form swooped upon him, blocking out the silvery light behind her. He hauled his head up, eyes trembling, apologies smothered at his chops. Yaoyorozu could cut an intimidating figure when she tried...

And a sexy one. Even when she didn’t.

Above her crossed arms, the flaps of her crimson cloak had been left ajar, the slight fissure teasing portions of her milky cleavage. Like an addict unable to curb their addiction, Mineta’s gaze targeted her naked chest area despite the fear shaking his little yellow boots, despite her downcast glower passing judgement, despite committing the very crime that had gotten him strapped to her unnerving contraption in the first place.

Maybe she was right. Maybe he couldn’t control himself.

The tiny lump in his white bottoms didn’t go unnoticed by the raven-haired captor stationed right in front of it.

Yaoyorozu scoffed. “Typical.” She brandished her little, black remote.

He wriggled in alarm, his desperate cries muffled by the gag. Did she expect him *not* to get a boner? When she walked around looking like *that*?! It was hardly fair! The stupid ball jamming his mouth meant he’d never get a chance to plead his case!

As it were, Yaoyorozu wasn’t going for the lightning bolt button. In fact, she wasn’t going for a button at all.

She tucked the gadget into her utility belt then proceeded to fumble with the gem piece holding her cloak together round the collar. Mineta was dumbfounded. Was she doing what he thought she was doing? No way!

Yes way. Yaoyorozu's cloak slipped off her shoulders and fell in a crimson heap behind her boots.

Mineta's jaw would've dropped if he could move it freely. This was her idea of a punishment?

Yaoyorozu stood before his shameless eyes in her infamously scanty costume. The skimpy little number was open down her torso, revealing everything from her sternum to her toned navel. The central portions of her full breasts stuck out like sore melons while her nipples remained hidden in the skin-tight edges of the leotard. A beige utility belt hovered round her crotch area like a microskirt, and long, athletic legs cascaded from its scanty depths. She looked as pantless as she did in every one of his wet and wildest dreams.

If she'd intended to stun him motionless, then mission successful. He forgot he was tied up the instant her womanly curves held his eyes captive.

Best. Punishment. Everrrr!

She posed with both hands on her hourglass waist. "You like what you see, little grape man?"

The answer was as obvious as the question was rhetorical, and yet, giving an honest response still felt as though he'd be falling into a trap. He neither confirmed nor denied her observation. Simply kept drinking in the sight of her shapely body. She might've been a few years shy of becoming a full-fledged woman, but gods be damned if she didn't already look the part. He would know after seeing plenty in his favourite types of videos.

None of them made his heart squeal quite like Yaoyorozu.

"Look all you want, pervert. That's all you're good for," she said. "Stress testing my contraption. If it can't restrain a useless, little runt like you then I clearly have more work to do." She slid her hands onto her knees as she bent forward. "So, how about it, 'partner'?" she taunted him with a whisper. "Show me you can break free."

Useless...? Did she seriously call him useless? He might not have had as flashy a Quirk as the other kids in 1-A, but *useless*?! Was that what she really thought of him? Was that why she'd never taken his offer to partner up seriously?

Well, given half the chance, he could be twice as resourceful as anyone in the whole academy! She took his inclination of being the fun-loving, goofy guy as a slight on his commitment to becoming a pro hero. He could be just as serious as Todoroki if he wanted to. Just as good! He'd show her!

As soon as he got done gawking at the cleavage she'd leaned closer to his face...

She followed his fixated eyes and cupped her breasts in both hands. "What? These?" she asked innocently. "Oh, you can have them. You can do whatever you want with them. Whatever you want... with me."

Mineta perked up so quickly his butt rose an inch off the seat before the straps dragged him back down.

"If," she stressed, "*if* you can break out of my contraption." She put on a confident smirk and winked.

He tried to wiggle his body and the binding straps quickly reminded him how impossible the task was. His dream scenario suddenly turned into a nightmare. There was no way she would've made that wager if she wasn't a million percent confident her contraption would hold firm. And now, she was going to torture him, wasn't she?

Okay. Now it made sense how this could turn out to be a punishment...

The raven-haired beauty was more cunning than he'd given her credit for, taking his weakness and turning it on him in the cruellest way imaginable. If he'd been left to die in the desert, she'd be the mirage waving a glass of water high above his head while imploring him to hop for a drop. So now, using her body, she had every intention of watching him die from a different kind of thirst.

She traced the narrowness of her waist, leading his eyes with an invisible leash. Her hands curved round the sides of her breasts. Pushed them together. His eyes bulged almost as much as her crammed chest.

Something in his bowl-shaped pants bulged, too.

Yaoyorozu scoffed. “Why do you wear that stupid diaper anyway? Hiding something...?”

Diaper?! Diaper?!?! It was *not* a stupid diaper! He’d have her know it served multiple purposes – the extra storage space alone allowed him to carry more grape balls. And he’d also have her know he wasn’t ‘hiding’ anything! “Buubwonbnowbwaabuupaalpingabou!”

“Don’t I? Prove it then.”

“...buat?”

“Stand up.” She hit a button on her remote which kicked her contraption into high gear. The seat slid back from under his bum. Shackles emerged out the wooden board and snapped around his wrists and ankles before stretching his limbs out like a starfish. “If you’ve really got nothing to hide...” Her chest glowed a familiar blue and pink as she approached. “Then you won’t mind... if I do *this!*”

In the flash of an eye: a katana materialised from her chest – she grabbed the hilt out of mid-air and swiped downwards. *SWOOSH!*

The blade had swung so close to his crotch, Mineta had felt the wind on his thighs. He looked down with alarm in his eyes. One centimetre closer and the crazy bitch would’ve shaved off more than just the tip! Was it necessary to threaten him with that near miss?

Mineta soon realised it wasn’t a near miss at all.

His white utility pants came apart down the middle. A jumble of purple orbs tumbled out of his diced attire and stuck to the floor like giant balls of gum. Once he’d been emptied out, the severed threads of his pants wilted to the sides to unveil a small lump in the crotch of his purple tights. Heat spread under the cheeks of his mask.

She dropped the sword and giggled. “Is that it?” The sound of her amusement reverberated in his head along with all the kids’ laughter on the playground as they played catch with his All Might lunchbox. When would people start taking him seriously?

Yaoyorozu surmised her first impression with one word. “Pathetic.” She struggled to hold back laughter while gauging the size of his member. “I’ve seen crayons bigger than that. Explains a lot, really. You’ve got absolutely nothing going for you. Hiding in bushes, lurking

in bathroom windows, climbing up bath house walls... bet that's the closest you've ever gotten to experiencing female intimacy, huh?"

Mineta growled a futile rebuttal through the gag. He wasn't small; he was a grower! That was it. A grower! And she'd caught him off guard and unawares. What little excitement he had mustered softened the moment she pushed that button and slapped shackles around his limbs. Any guy would've struggled to rise to the occasion under those circumstances!

Yaoyorozu smiled watching his muted reaction. She didn't care to hear a word he had to say. Already made her mind up about him. Like all the girls in class 1-A.

"That's okay, little grape man. And I do mean *little*."

He wriggled in protest.

"Since you like to look so much..." Teasing hands covered her breasts. "How would you like to look at these?"

He quit wriggling. A dumbfounded expression froze his features.

"After all..." She closed the distance between them and bent down so low her cleavage nearly knocked the tip of his nose. Only nearly, unfortunately. "Looking," she whispered in his right ear, "is all a creepy loser like you will ever be good for."

Bent over, one hand on her knee, she used the other to scoop her right, half-covered breast. The supple mound yielding so tenderly in her grasp was all it took to spike his heartrate. He'd always known Yaoyorozu had great baps on her, probably the greatest in 1-A, but nothing could've prepared him to absorb them so up close... close enough to see every slight wobble when she moved, to see shades of areolae creeping out of her leotard, to see the streams of vessels under her clear complexion, to see –

"Oh! What's this? Signs of life?"

Mineta looked down and, sure as the moon was to rise that night, the lump had rediscovered its form in his tights.

Yaoyorozu tilted her head with mild curiosity. "How... cute."

He'd take 'cute'. Heck, he'd take anything if she just kept going.

As though spurred on by the effect she had on him, Yaoyorozu groped her breasts more crudely. He shouldn't have kept looking. Shouldn't have played this weird, little game of hers. There could only be one loser. One helpless fool chained to a wooden board against his will. He couldn't fight the urge not to close his eyes, let alone fight his way out of the predicament. Her magnificent tits had him spellbound.

She leaned in and teased him. *Desperate. Worthless. Little, grape man.* Her harsh whispers pattered his left eardrum. The cutting words only grazed his attention however, dulled by the puffy distractions engulfing his vision. There was an alluring disconnect between her demeaning language and her sinuous teasing; he didn't know whether to be pissed off or turned on, which direction to turn? His dick, however, had no trouble finding north.

The raven-haired temptress rubbed her tits together. "How many times have I got you this hard, Minoru?" He couldn't count that high even with a clear head. Not that she expected an answer. All she expected was his suffering. "Probably spend every night in your room jacking off, don't you, Minoru?" Her voice was gentle, little more than a whisper. "Sitting alone on your bed fantasising about..." She squeezed her supple breasts and hissed. "...how amazing they must feel, mmm?"

He swallowed hard, heat beading on his forehead.

"But when the fantasy is over, and you've filled up all your socks, what have you got to show for it? Hm? A worthless masturbator like you?" She snickered. "That's all you'll ever be, Mineta. This is the closest you'll ever get to fucking girls like me. Mm, yeah." She rubbed her nipples over the leotard. "That's all you're ever going to get. Creep."

Unless... he broke out of her binds. She'd said it herself and he'd latched on to that hope since the words had escaped her lips. He jerked his arms but the rattling chains kept him in check.

She hmphed. Offended he'd even tried. "It's no use. You're caught, villain. My turn to have a peep at the peeper." She carefully navigated her red boots through the fallen grape balls; one wrong step and she'd be glued on the spot, subject to an adhesive so strong nothing but Mineta himself could release her. He had desperately hoped she'd forgotten about his Quirk. Maybe then he could've bargained his way out of her trap.

Damnit! Why'd you have to be so sexy and smart?!

With her contraption strapping him a few feet off the floor, she crouched to bring herself eye level with his ever-growing bulge. Mineta could do nothing to stop her grabbing the waistband of his tights. She yanked them down unceremoniously.

His erection sprung free. The bulbous, pink tip pointed her between the eyes. Her blank expression gave nothing away. But he knew. Oh, he knew; it was bigger than she'd assumed. A grower! He smirked as much as one could smirk with a ball gag in their mouth. Ha! Maybe now she wouldn't –

She laughed. "Oh my God, it's so adorable."

Wait, what?! Mineta glanced down. Were they looking at the same thing? Adorable? Come on! Now she was being mean for the sake of being mean. Or so it seemed, until she put her digits next to it for comparison. His hard, fearsome, monstrous erection extended no further than the length of her longest finger.

Whoa.

Am I... am I really that small?

Mineta had never measured it before nor compared it to any of the other guys'. He never thought he was humongous, average at worst, but this? This was embarrassing.

Or, well, maybe Yaoyorozu had freakishly long fingers? He'd never paid attention to them, come to think of it.

"Ho hum. Well, at least you're perfectly proportional." That didn't sound like a compliment. Especially to someone three feet, six and a half inches tall. "A pathetic, little penis for a pathetic, little man."

He grumbled.

"But... while I'm down here..." Slowly, her lips loomed within an inch of his agitated tip. She raised her catlike eyes to savour his anticipation.

Blood rushed to every extremity in his body. *God, please... just do it... please... open your mouth...* Mineta implored her with wild, desperate eyes. So close, the heat of her breath coaxed his stiff member.

This vindictive, devious, torturous temptress wasn't the Yaoyorozu he knew. Not the sweet, measured, prudent classmate he'd been accustomed to. Granted, he might've been the first to push her past civility. It was bad enough she'd never given him a shot, never the time of day; did she really have to torture him on top of it all?

He would've given his left nut (probably his right, too) to have her seal her lips around his cock for two seconds. To have the hottest girl in class be his first ever blowjob.

"Maybe... just the tip?" She winked.

Don't. Play. With. Me. Right. Nowwww!

She opened her mouth. Wide. Excitement hitched in his throat. His waiting dick stiffened. She locked eyes with him, and then –

Exhaled.

Hot breath swathed his cock for short seconds but her lips shied away from making his dreams come true. She pulled back donning a smug expression, satisfied with building up his hopes then razing them to the ground in one fell swoop.

Bitch...

If he got his hands on her...

"On second thought," she said, tapping her chin, "maybe you'd like it better if I used these?" She straightened her back and pushed out her chest, then presented her glorious bosom with both hands.

Yes, yes, yes, YES!!

From above peering down, Mineta's dick indeed looked no bigger than a crayon hovering above enormous tits. And, like a crayon slipping into the cushions of a loveseat, his dick was tempted to get lost down the crevice of her bosom.

Yaoyorozu massaged the bare parts of her tits together; again, in maddening proximity of his sore erection. The straps locked in his chest and waist but left enough wiggle room to thrust his hips. His dick lurched at her puffy mounds, desperate for the slightest of brushes, for any kind of friction.

She recoiled and evaded his touch. “Heh. Nice try. Might’ve worked if you were about, I don’t know, six inches longer?” She chuckled. His eyebrows bunched together sorrowfully. “Oh, come on, giving up already? You’re supposed to be helping me stress test my contraption remember... *partner?*”

Oh, is that what they were doing? Bleh. It was all a farce. How stupid he’d been to believe she’d want to genuinely partner with him.

“You’re going to have to try harder than that. Come on, boy.” Backing away, she clapped her hands and egged him on as if he was her pet. “Come on. You can do it. Come get these puppies.” She wagged her breasts, the ultimate treat. “Come on, boy. All you have to do is crawl over here and they’re all yours. Come on now.” She drummed support on her knees. “What’s... what’s the matter?” She feigned concern. “Can’t you... move?”

She stifled a laugh.

His face hung. His dick started to lose its steely resolve.

“Awh. Your, uh, your little guy over there isn’t looking so chipper. Hm, maybe this might help?” The cunning temptress clasped both sides of her leotard and pulled the stretchy fabric off her tits.

Pink nipples jutted out and screamed hello.

Mineta perked up as though an invisible string had been tugged at the back of his head. Her little puppet. Spineless and made of wood – at least a part of him, after her perky revelation reawakened his cock.

“There he is,” she said in a snide tone. “That sad little excuse of a penis. You enjoying the show, Mineta?” She bounced her bare chest.

His dilated pupils darted up and down in tandem with her springy nipples. He’d dreamt of seeing her topless from the day they met. Not one of those dreams had lugged the caveat he’d become prisoner to. But, how could he complain? She’d just saved him the trouble of climbing to her window while she was changing.

Nothing but open air (and dream-crushing chains) separated him from her whopping tits leaping and swaying out of reach. His dick was so hard it started to hurt.

“Bet you wish you could stroke your little penis, huh? Like the worthless masturbator you are.” She pretended to jerk an imaginary dick while making overdramatic facial expressions. “Such a loser.” She stuck her tongue out, rolled her eyes back and jerked the air in front of her crotch fast and hard.

The gag saved Mineta from admitting her impression of him was probably spot on. Stranger still, she looked incredibly hot doing it; tongue hanging out of her slutty face, breasts wobbling as her empty fist pumped air. He envisioned her hand coiled around his dick. His lower body stirred, his butt chafing against the wooden board, his pelvis thrusting ever so subtly.

Ffffuck!

Now she had him dry-humping oxygen like some desperate fool!

His antsy right arm abruptly tugged the chain attached to it. Somehow, he'd pulled his wrist as far down as his chest, the furthest he'd been able to move it since she trapped him in this configuration. Shock and excitement filled his eyes.

While she was distracted mocking his wanking rituals, he looked up to see glitchy blue and pink energy flicker where the chain met the wooden board. Huh? A weakness in her Quirk?

His mind raced. What could he remember about her Creation technique? *Think!*

All the objects she made were processed from her fat cells. Food was the fuel source of her Quirk. The bigger and more complex the object, the longer it took her to create it. Like the canon during the training battle with class 1-B; she'd had to buy considerable time mid-fight just to produce it –

Wait a minute.

This contraption had to be as complex as the canon, possibly more considering its shapeshifting capabilities, and yet, she'd projected it in an instant. Hn. What if it wasn't actually complete?

Nah. That didn't make any sense. Did it?

The straps and shackles certainly felt complete enough to hold him at bay. Hn. But what if she'd found a way to fake her creation's completeness? What if she'd developed a technique allowing her to render objects in real time whilst the creation process persisted via some proxy utilising her Creati energy? What if it was like watching a good porno online? He could either wait for the video to complete loading then press play, or press play immediately then watch each minute while it processed the next in the background. Hn. Up till now, Yaoyorozu had only demonstrated her ability to do the first. But, if his theory was correct, all he had to do was create some disturbance in her stream of proxy energy and –

“Hm?” She quirked an eyebrow then pressed something on her fob controller. The glitchy energy dissipated. Repaired, the chain jerked his wrist back up. “Right where you belong,” she muttered. “I didn't realise it was this fun putting creeps like you in your place. Look at my body, you short dick loser. Worship it,” she demanded, ever so humbly.

Yaoyorozu had never been shy of a little nudity, parading around half-naked on every hero mission without a second thought. But this was new. This weaponization of her sex appeal. Right before his eyes, she was evolving in more ways than Quirk manipulation, discovering the power she carried between her legs, the heart-stopping effect of her big, bouncy breasts. A bit more practice and she'd be bringing down many a red-blooded man without so much as swinging a sword.

In a roundabout way, she'd have him as a partner to thank.

Not so worthless now, was he? Even as the torture continued.

“A loser like you will never touch me. I'm not even going to let you touch yourself,” she whispered treacherously, hanging her tits in front of his face. “No matter how hard you get. No matter how blue your balls become. I want them full. And heavy. And sore. Swollen. I want them weeping for release. Until you can't take it anymore. And then...” She lowered her lips against his ear and whispered, “I want them to burst.”

His eyes exploded at the thought. She sounded crazed enough to make it happen.

The temptress put space between them and, after several long seconds manifesting Creati energy, spewed a cherry-red ottoman from her chest. She moved the two-seater into a horizontal position in front of him before plopping down in the middle. One button press later, Mineta found himself bound in a wooden chair across from her.

Helpless once more. His tights lounged at his ankles. Beneath the binds across his waist, his modest erection twitched in excitement.

She studied his penis with a turned head as if the new angle divulged something she'd missed before. Now, at his absolute hardest, Mineta might've grown half an inch in length and, more notably, thickened around his base. Was that what caught her attention? Maybe she was one of those girls he read about who'd appreciated girth over length. He could dream. Whatever her thoughts, she kept them to herself, turned away and cleared her throat after realising she'd been looking a little too long.

The corner of his gagged mouth twitched upwards.

Her hardened expression returned. And so did the demeaning words. "Pathetic wanker." It didn't quite carry the same sting as before.

Yaoyorozu leaned back on her arms, moonlight spilling across her exposed torso, shading her skin grey, her nipples pale. She spread her legs far apart. The exhilaration of opening a Christmas present coursed through his veins. But the shadows of night obscured the region between her toned thighs. Once again, an attempt to peep up her utility belt had been frustrated.

She raised her right boot onto his inner thigh and pushed it to make him open his legs, carving out an unhindered view of his shaft and overfilled sack. Then she made him watch as she fondled her breasts one at a time. Round and round. Squeezing on the fatty mounds. Groping, pinching. Making him jealous. Twisting her pink nubs until they grew nice and hard. A hushed moan fell from her lips.

Yaoyorozu was seriously getting off on this. Exactly how much was about punishing him versus pleasuring herself? To be fair, the two notions weren't mutually exclusive. Still, he felt used. A prop she could tie up, torment then hurl into a blue-balled pit of hell. He could see it now: she'd touch herself to orgasm, make him watch every second of it and then skip back to the dormitories without even pulling out his gag...

Surely that had to be abuse of some kind?! Yeah, he might've peeped on her a couple of times, but this was overkill. Seriously, his balls were aching so bad, and she didn't even have the decency to let him stroke one out. She didn't care, the heel of her boot digging into

his thigh while she kneaded her breasts merrily. He wriggled his hips and his flailing dick went crashing into her footwear. A smear of precum decorated the scarlet boot.

“Ugh!” She pulled her foot off him. “I’m going to make you lick that clean!” She jumped to her feet, pulled out her remote and pushed the navy-blue button shaped like a horizontal bar.

A pool of Creati energy bubbled around his gumboots, engulfing the square floor of her contraption. The large wooden board behind him sunk into the glittering depths like quicksand, to be deconstructed and reforged into some other interpretation of her torture device. He looked all around his feet in panic and confusion. His now backless seat straightened his legs like a recliner while a bed of hard wood was woven into place and lowered him onto the ground. The contraption squeezed his arms against his sides and fastened a dozen straps across his legs and torso, limiting his movements to the wriggles of an earthworm.

His neck was just about the only part of his body under full control. He turned his head to the side. Scarlet boots sauntered into his lopsided vision. The precum stain marred her footwear like a dried tear. He regretted it already.

His eyes were fixed on her boots when a beige blur plummeted to the ground in front of him.

THUMP!

Dust blew into his face. He pinched his eyes shut. His nose tingled. The gag smothered a couple of sneezes. He blinked his eyes open and recognised the beige article she’d discarded at her feet.

It was her utility belt.

A thrilling jolt roused his heartbeat. That must’ve meant...

One boot swooped over the belt and landed half a foot from his eyeball. The other clacked behind his head. Rolling his neck from one side to the other, he came to realise she’d planted her boots on either side of him. There was only one direction left to look. He turned his face up.

Her long, naked legs converged directly above his line of sight and, with her utility belt out of the way, nothing hid the bottom of her scanty leotard anymore. The shape of her vulva showed through the skin-tight fabric, her juicy cameltoe beaming to the backdrop of moonlight. A mousy whimper squeaked past his gag. He was practically staring at Yaoyorozu's pussy!

He might've just leaked another drop of precum.

Yaoyorozu looked amazing at every angle but this one felt the most like striking gold, not least because he'd tried to capture it himself on countless occasions, sticking a pinhole camera on the toes of his shoe before attempting to sneak his foot under her school skirt. The creepshots had never come out right: just a little bit of thigh, an annoying amount of shadow and small glimpses of her undies at best. Nothing like the exquisite detail staring down at him now. The leotard was wedged so far up her pussy it looked like an invitation for a coin machine. Only, Mineta yearned to slot in a lot more than loose change.

She pressed her fists on her waist and cast down an angry expression, as if she'd just heard his thoughts, as if she didn't appreciate his shameless gawking, despite blocking out the moonlight with her thinly-veiled crotch. He couldn't stop staring. His dick was sticking out between the binds, twitching in painful need of touch. She regarded it coolly.

Something dastardly snaked through the temptress's thoughts. She lowered herself.

He gulped as her cameltoe zoomed in on his face. But she stopped short of smothering him in bliss. Instead, she got on all fours and backed up till her midriff hovered above his face and her head hovered above his crotch. It was probably the closest they'd get to a seamless 69 position, considering her legs at full stretch were the length of his entire body. He'd take what he could get; not that he had a choice, being bound like a worm and all.

The horny captive craned his neck to look down. Her suspended underboobs blocked the sight of his erection, but he could feel the heat of her mouth circling his tip. The mere proximity of her lips made his body judder.

"I *would* suck you," she spoke sweetly to his penis, "but aww, you're so darn tiny I might accidentally swallow you. We wouldn't want that now, would we?" That was *exactly* what he wanted, in a manner of speaking. "How about this?"

She opened wide and lowered her mouth over the head of his penis without touching it with her lips. Heat poured down his tool and swept over his full, aching balls. He sighed on the gag. Her lips felt so close, yet seemed so far. She bobbed her head with all the right motions and none of the tongue, a deft 'blow' job as titillating as it was excruciating. Pulsating breaths stroked him up and down like a hot, ghostly hand. He yearned for her to make a mistake, to bump her lips against his shaft or brush her tongue on the blob of precum begging to be collected. She delivered neither mercy.

Yaoyorozu was out for her own. Balancing on her left hand, she used her right to scoop up one hanging breast, twiddle with its swollen nipple and then glide across to the other to apply the same treatment.

Mineta squirmed with envious rage. His trapped hands twitched open and closed by his sides, desperate to grope her so hard and vengefully, to squeeze her dangling tits till he milked them like udders. *Freak!* If someone didn't touch him right now, his overfilled balls might just erupt from the sheer pull of her breaths. And his sexpot of a torturer would deserve every last drop blasted into the roof of her mouth.

Now he wanted to see it happen more than ever.

He shimmied and grunted against his gag.

"Shh!" She rose up to glare at him. "Settle down, would you? You're not worming your way out of this one, Mineta. I'm *not* going to touch your penis."

"Kcfumonphweese!" He mumbled and squirmed like a pathetic mess. So unbearably horny, the clear bead at the tip of his dick swelled then leaked down his shaft.

She sighed. "Sorry, but I'm not into penises." He was about to mumble his confusion before she continued. "I'm into *cocks*. Shlongs. Big... long... thick. Not..." She looked at his little crayon which was anything but, and shook her head with a chuckle. "Your pathetic, little worm couldn't satisfy me even if I gave you a shot. So stop distracting me and take your punishment like a man!"

She retrieved her remote once again and altered the configuration of her torture device. Mineta was hoisted up off the dusty floor and stripped of the belts holding him down. New restraints took their place in the form of chains and shackles once more; this time, he'd

been raised up and his ankles chained together, and his outstretched arms shackled far apart; heck, the only thing he needed now was a crown of thorns.

He was but a lamb, shaved of his dignity, his sexual desires sacrificed to fuel her own, his cries for mercy forsaken. She won. But he didn't know if he could ever forgive her for it.

She looked up at him, satisfaction across her shadowy features. "Better." She sat down cross-legged on her cloak. "It's a good thing a worthless masturbator like you is well acquainted with his hand." She nailed the point home, "You already have everything you deserve. Dirty magazines and sticky fingertips. You don't deserve a woman like me. Never will."

He could only swallow every brutal word.

"Now," she said, "that I've put you in your place, be a dear and keep it down while I... tie up loose ends, so to speak." She pushed her remote to the side and lied on her back with her knees together in the air. "None of this would've happened if you hadn't interrupted me in the first place. Since you were so eager to watch tonight..." She moved her knees apart in a slow, seductive way. "Go ahead. I won't let you stop me from finishing what I started."

She slid her hand down her middle, where her hero costume left her torso bare, and further still, slipping her digits under the waistline of her leotard. A bulge of cramped fingers and shuffling knuckles stretched the fabric atop her crotch area. She moaned loud enough for him to hear from high above. Far enough from his wanton clutches.

"Mmm, yeah..." She shut her eyes and mewled to herself. Whatever image she was painting must've been the furthest thing from his insufficient 'worm'. She gave away a hint when a certain cretin's name fumbled out amid her racy breaths. "Todoroki... yes... give it to me... please... I want it... ooh, Todoroki..."

A vexed Mineta creased his brow. It was hard enough she'd crucified him with her words, hard enough the numbing pain in his balls had intensified to the point moving his groin was uncomfortable, hard enough his dick throbbed in painful need of her elusive body; and now, he had to watch and listen to her fantasise about getting rammed by some other dude, too? And *that* guy of all people?!

Pfft, no way he was packing either! His sluggish attitude was the antithesis of big dick energy! Heck, Mineta probably had a bigger one than that assbat!!

Although, the way Yaoyorozu carried on, you would've never thought it. Her rummaging digits grew frantic. She rubbed herself like a bitch in heat, thrusting her gyrating crotch in the air. Her burning need might've matched his own, judging by the insistent, wet noises her finger-banging produced. Such a wet fucking pussy. Hearing it squelch beneath her moans made his dick throb harder and harder. If she'd only let him get down from this stupid thing...

Why rely on imagination when there was a perfectly good – if not, small – dick raring to plunge into her heat right there and then?

Enough with the charade!

He tried to jostle out of his constraints. The rustling of his chains escaped her attention, long lost in her own feverish fantasies. That goofy-haired psycho was entrenched deep inside some good pussy and he didn't even know it. Failing to recognise her schoolgirl crush made him undeserving on its own. Mineta would've never let a babe like Yaoyorozu go pining for him unrequited. He had to get out.

“Aah, yes!! Todoroki!” She jabbed fingers down her gash to stroke the fantasy. “Fuck me!” She squealed into the night. “Fuck me hard! Just like that!”

SPLOP, SPLOP, SPLOP!

The chains wrestled him back from pouncing on her right there and then, from alleviating the soreness in his gonads. Indeed, they felt more and more likely to burst the longer this torture went on.

“Todo- OOOH!” She hit a sweet spot. “I'm cumming! You're gonna make me – ooooh, God! TODOROKI!!”

Mineta sighed with defeat. He resigned himself to the reality he'd have to watch his hottest crush soil herself over an undeserving git. But a funny thing happened after he stopped struggling. The left chain loosened from the wooden board. His arm fell to his side.

Huh?

He looked up to discover her contraption had started glitching again. *Yes!*

The horny temptress was too preoccupied pleasuring herself on the floor to notice. Her divided attention must've caused some rift in her Quirk's energy? The chain holding up his right arm gave in, too. With her consciousness trapped in ecstasy, she failed to see the freedom she was gradually gifting him.

In the throes of finger-fucking herself, she thrust her hips into the air, clenching her dusty butt cheeks off the floor. Oh, she was close. So very close. Her moans grew high-pitched on the cusp of orgasm when –

CRASH!

The ground shook, the whole building trembling. Her eyes flew open. On either side of the room, huge wooden chunks of her contraption collapsed around her, kicking up a storm of dust. “What the –” She coughed into her fist.

Sitting up, Yaoyorozu spotted a three-foot figure silhouetted in the brown fog. He moved towards her with the sound of chains dragging across the floor. As the dust dissipated, his mohawk of four purple balls loomed into view. She met his eyes with disbelief.

A tense standoff ensued for several long seconds in which they set upon the same idea. Their gazes turned to the little black remote lying a stone's throw away from her.

At once, they scrambled to reach the fob. Yaoyorozu lunged with an outstretched arm. Being closer, she appeared more likely to secure it. But she didn't count on him to pop off two grape balls and stick them on the floor. While they glued on to everything they touched, the purple spheres had the opposite effect on their owner. Mineta used them like two mini springboards under his gumboots. The force propelled towards the remote at breakneck speed.

Yaoyorozu got her fingertips on the device first. Then a purple-yellow torpedo swooped upon it. She clenched onto the remote as though her life depended on it, even as Mineta grabbed it and dragged her along with his momentum. Their entangled bodies rolled in the dust three times before the tussle came to a stop.

Yaoyorozu found herself lying on her back and coughing up dust. More critically, her hand was empty. She tried to bat away the cloud of dust kicked up by their tussle, but found her arm was suddenly impossible to lift. A damning purple ball glued her wrist to the floor.

Panicked, she looked to her left and at her feet to discover the little imp had somehow managed to fix sticky balls on both her wrists and soles of her boots...

She couldn't get up.

Mineta's cheeky face rose above her raised knees. He wagged the remote before her very eyes. For the first time since she'd lured him out here, her expression lacked any semblance of confidence. He hurled the remote as hard as he could. She winced as it clattered against a wall. The shackles and chains dispersed like evaporating confetti.

Guess I found the off button.

"Wow. Good job, Mineta. You passed the test, hehe." Funny how quickly the 'nice' Yaoyorozu emerged once the tables turned. "I thought I'd improved my Quirk quite a bit, but obviously there's more work to be done if we're going to pass the assignment. Thanks for being a good par-"

Her mouth got stuffed with the same gag she'd forced upon him. Mineta shook his wrists and stretched his jaw, unknotting the discomfort in his cheek muscles. No one should've been forced to wear that thing as long as he had. There were a great many things his devious classmate shouldn't have forced upon him. A better man would've let it go. Water under the bridge. Mineta was not a better man.

He was a worthless masturbator.

As a muffled Yaoyorozu wriggled to no avail, all he could do was watch the way her exposed breasts wobbled about, his face darkening under the moonlight. No sweet words could erase her verbal lashing, or cool the soreness in his throbbing dick, or unclog the build-up hurting his heavy sack.

A deal was a deal. He beat her game. And he'd be damned if he didn't collect his just desserts.

Mineta pounced on the struggling girl. She tried to keep her legs locked but he was stronger than he looked, certainly strong enough to pry them apart and push his head between her flailing thighs. A devious grin looked over her stained leotard. Her eyes quivered with the realisation of what he was about to do, what she couldn't stop.

He pulled aside the bottom of her leotard to unveil her sex. Shaved clean, her pussy looked as wet as it had sounded, her pink petals glistening with lust, her clit excited and enlarged. So, this was what happened when she thought of Todoroki, huh? Mineta had never seen a pussy so ripe and desperate to be defiled. Heck, he'd never seen a pussy this up close, not in real life. So pretty, so pink. He couldn't take it anymore!

Mineta dunked his face into her wetness. She shuddered. He rubbed his nose and mouth all over her sleek folds, spreading her nectar on his cheeks like a messy eater. There was no tact, no precision, no technique to his muff diving. Just an unchained animal latching its chops on meaty pussy.

He slurped on her juices, devoured the forbidden fruit she'd denied him so torturously. The fact she thought he'd never get a lick made it all the sweeter. He moaned on the taste of Yaoyorozu, quenched a lifelong thirst. Hot girls like her overlooked the average joes like him, dismissed them as worthless perverts, but now look at him!

Well, okay, he was still a pervert, but a pervert with a mouthful of *her* sopping wet pussy. Who was she calling a loser now, huh? No one! Because she couldn't talk. Only writhe. Writhe in pleasures she'd be ashamed to acknowledge. He could hear her mewling behind the gag. Her thighs trembled and crashed against his ears the more tongue he shoved down her heat. Revolting as she might've found him, her aching clit *loved* the suction of his lips. He won. But he couldn't do a victory lap, not while his balls were still on the brink of bursting.

Any other day Mineta might've spent an hour eating her out, but he was in full-blown conquering mode. He broke the southern kiss, a mingling of his spit and her honey dribbling down his chin, then grabbed his throbbing penis. It trembled in his overexcited grip, his heart thrashing at a million beats per second. Never been so close to real-life pussy. He loved it; the look, the smell, the taste lingering on his lips.

Yaoyorozu looked down, her eyes trembling, too. She lied in anticipation, he decided, judging by her complete lack of struggle. After turning herself on with imaginary cock, she'd unwittingly put herself in a position of craving the real thing. The wanting look in her eyes said what she couldn't while gagged. She wanted dick. *Needed* it. She didn't care if it was his. He liked to think his slapdash attempt at cunnilingus won her over, too.

It was all the permission he needed. Truth be told, the conniving, little tease was going to get it whether she wanted it or not.

Mineta shoved his cock inside her. Her extreme wetness welcomed him with zero resistance. His entire dick slipped in on the first thrust. He froze, savouring the moment as a long groan dribbled out of his lips. It was so wet and warm inside her, especially against the chill of midnight. He could stay like this till morning.

Amazement widened her eyes. Yeah, she'd felt him alright. He smirked.

While he'd never be able to fill her up, he proved he had enough girth to give her a pleasurable stretch. He had no idea if Yaoyorozu was still a virgin; she certainly boasted the tightness of one, though there was no blood to confirm it. Even if she was, 'going easy on her' was not an option. The insufferable tease earned every second of the jackrabbit fucking he was about to give her.

"Now what?" It was his turn to talk trash. "You really thought you'd keep this pussy away from me forever?" He laughed darkly. "It's mine now. Serves you right for underestimating me. I'm going to fuck you senseless," he promised. "And the best part? No one will ever hear you way out here."

Mineta pushed down her thighs so she lay spreadeagled then proceeded to pump into her naughty cunt as rough and fast as he could. Her muffled cries turned him on. Todoroki had nothing on him! Operation 'Turn the Tables' was a success as his conqueror was glued down and unceremoniously humped on the dusty floor, a far cry from how a posh rich girl like her would've expected to be taken.

What would her parents think? Seeing their little sweetheart dominated by a feeble-looking boy half her size. He almost chuckled. It would be a lesson to anyone who underestimated him. Mineta was a capable and aspiring hero, as much as anyone else at the academy! He didn't deserve to be snubbed as a teammate just because of his 'unusual' habits. It was a lesson he pumped fiercely into the restrained girl on the floor.

Mineta's little stabber didn't have to poke far to graze her g-spot. Within his first six thrusts, her eyes rolled back and her body seized. Within seconds, she came all over his 'worthless little penis'. Granted, already being nine-tenths there before he even penetrated

her probably helped. Good thing she did come, because Mineta didn't last another five seconds before his whole groin area tensed.

The pent-up boy unleashed a throaty cry, more in relief than ecstasy, echoing in the abandoned walls and piercing into the night. Spent, he fell onto her torso, his head landing on her tits. Then, at long last, cum gushed out of his throbbing pipe. Burst after burst, his sack emptied into her womb. The white goo overflowed out the sides of his lodged shaft and oozed into a hot puddle under her ass. His dick spasmed and spurting at least a dozen times before he finally pulled out. Unplugged, a thick burst gushed from her used entrance.

She'd be praying his little soldiers weren't so virile. Or come nine months, she'd have a little bit of explaining to do.

Mineta sighed on the pillows of her rising and falling chest. "I told you," he said breathlessly. "We make the perfect team."

She said nothing. They simply lied there and breathed for minutes on end before Mineta remembered she *couldn't* say anything.

"Oh, the gag! My bad." He chuckled. She had an annoyed expression on her face. He was almost too afraid to pull it out now. But he couldn't just leave her like that either. He sighed. "Well, it was great while it lasted."

He reached for the black ball...

...

Mineta yawned in class the next morning, heavy bags under his eyes.

"Dude, you look so out of it," Kaminari said, seated on Mineta's desk as they waited for Mr Aizawa to arrive. "Rough night?"

Mineta glanced back at Yaoyorozu's empty desk. "That's one way of putting it." She was usually the first to get to class.

"Don't stress, bro. If you're still looking for a partner, I haven't found one either yet." He winked. "Oh, by the way, I should probably return this. I can't believe I almost lost it last night." He made sure no one was looking then rummaged through his schoolbag and pulled

out a certain red and white wig. “Thanks for the assist,” he whispered while smuggling it into Mineta’s bag.

The assist? Mineta hadn’t even realised the stupid wig was missing. Whatever. He yawned again. He was too tired to weave through the inner workings of Kaminari’s brain now.

Yaoyorozu entered the classroom. His heart stopped. She looked as prim and fresh as ever. The wonders of makeup? She didn’t even pass a glance his way, held her thoughts as close to her chest as her textbooks. He looked down while she walked past him to reach her desk.

“Hey, Yaoyorozu, how’s it hanging?” Kaminari asked in a chipper tone neither she nor Mineta appreciated. She sat in her desk completely ignoring the greeting. Kaminari turned back to Mineta and muttered, “Er, that’s kinda rude. Must be on her period, right?” He chuckled. Mineta gave him a deathly stare, unamused. The blond kid was taken aback. “Whoa, you too? What’s with everyone today?” He slunk back to his seat.

Mineta let out a breath he’d been holding since she entered the classroom. Something told him it was going to be a long day.

...

Yaoyorozu and the rest of the 1-A girls gathered on a bench in the cafeteria to enjoy their lunch break. Well, the rest of the girls were enjoying it, chatting and laughing like they always did with each other. Yaoyorozu’s wandering thoughts were on something else.

Ochako noticed she was oddly quiet. “Hey, is everything okay?”

Before Yaoyorozu could reassure her, and the rest of the girls, Todoroki had approached their bench. “Hi, Yaoyorozu. Mind if we talk?”

What?! He wants to talk to me??? Now?! *What if—*

“Of course she doesn’t mind!” Mina answered on her behalf. “Girls, let’s give these two some space.” She winked at Yaoyorozu.

The raven-haired girl didn't know how to respond. It probably wasn't what they were all thinking. Nonetheless, the girls giggled and excused themselves from the table.

“So, um,” Todoroki said. “I probably should've gotten to this sooner. I've been thinking about it since Mr Aizawa handed us our assignment. I'd like you to be my partner. We worked well before and I think we'd be great again. I mean, if you're in agreement?”

“Wha...? Really?” She couldn't believe her ears. Why *had* it taken him so long to ask her? Although he was only suggesting it for the sake of homework, it sounded like a date proposition in her schoolgirl mind. “Wait a minute, I thought you and Tokoyami already partnered up?”

He blinked, confused. “Why would you think that?” Then he remembered. “Oh, yesterday. He asked me to train with him but turns out it was really a front to ask me about something else in confidence. You see, he wants to work with Hawks when we go on our internships. He thought maybe I could get my dad to put in a good word for him.”

“Oh.” It was all Yaoyorozu could say. If she'd known he was as interested as she was, then she wouldn't have gone and... anyway. Would she like to be his partner? Of course, YES! But... she turned to glance at the boy's bench and noticed Mineta quickly look away. He was poking at this food with a fork while all the other guys were stuffing their mouths, chatting up a storm.

“What do you say?” Todoroki asked again.

...

Mineta slipped under his covers early that night. He needed to catch up on some sleep after the previous night's, er, excursion.

Hours later, he was staring at the ceiling, thoughts spinning in his head. Fine. Tomorrow, he'd take up Kaminari on his offer, he decided. Tonight, there was only one thing left that could appease him.

He sat up, turned on his desk lamp and fished a naughty magazine from under his mattress. A roll of tissue sat conveniently on the bedside table. He snuck a hand under his covers. Before he could broach his pyjama bottoms –

SWISH.

“Huh?”

Mineta looked up from the magazine and noticed something at the foot of his door that wasn't there before. A folded sheet of paper.

He tossed the magazine aside as a grin stretched across his features.

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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...

Special credit goes to *Shexyo* and *cafe kun* 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://www.deviantart.com/shexyo>

<https://www.pixiv.net/en/artworks/70324983>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.