

lemonzsaauce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

I go by the pen name j.j. scripture 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. scripture

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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

SOUR GRAPES & VANILLA CAKES

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

CHAPTER 1



Synopsis

Ochaco finds herself home alone and out of the mushy madness of Valentine's Day... or so she thinks.

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Sour Grapes & Vanilla Cakes

My Hero Academia fanfiction by j.j. scriptease

Chapter 1 – Pizza, Pixels, and Peek-a-Boo

Ochaco stirred from her sleep, rubbing the remnants of dreams from her eyes. Her phone buzzed incessantly on the nightstand. Groggily, she reached for it, squinting as the screen lit up. The Class 1-A group chat was alive with messages, pictures, and emojis—all her friends sharing their Valentine’s Day plans and dates. A pang of loneliness twinged in her heart as she scrolled through the messages, her smile a mix of genuine happiness for her friends and a faint sense of being left out.

She checked the time and realised it was later than she thought. Deku was off spending Valentine’s Day with his mom, which was kinda cute if you thought about it, while Iida had headed back for some traditional family celebration. The thought of not seeing either of them today cast a shadow of sadness over her, but it was dispelled as quickly as it gathered when her phone chimed again. Her screen lit up with a FaceTime call from her parents, who were out having a blast on their Valentine’s Day date. They had wanted her to join, but she’d pushed them to go have fun on their own. She’d even paid for their outing with her internship earnings. They deserved this, she thought, smiling at their happy faces on the screen.

Once she hung up, Ochaco rolled out of bed and spotted a card slipped under her door. It was from Tsuyu, littered with smiling frog faces, her handwriting neat and full of comfort, apologising for not being around. Warmth blossomed in Ochaco’s chest. At least someone was thinking about her. Adjacent to the card, positioned neatly on her doorstep, was a small, intriguing box adorned with Ashido’s unmistakable handwriting. Ochaco’s fingers trembled as she opened it, revealing a pair of heart-shaped items and something that looked like a purple bullet. Weird. The bullet was about the length of her forefinger and the

hearts were delicate to the touch—smooth yet slightly sticky on one side while the other was adorned with a lustrous satin finish. She turned them over in her hands, perplexed.

‘What does she expect me to do with these?’

Her confusion was cleared up by a note attached to the box. It started with, “Since I bet you’re clueless about these...” Ochaco couldn’t help but burst into laughter, the sound echoing through her quiet room. She flicked her eyes between the heart-shaped thingies and Ashido’s note, reading through with a grin plastered on her face. Leave it to Mina to come up with something so off-the-wall for a Valentine’s Day present.

The whimsical gifts from her friends lightened her spirits and Ochaco resolved to make the best of Valentine’s Day. She moved through the quiet corridors of Heights Alliance, feeling its eerie silence. The absence of her classmates, all out on their own Valentine’s adventures, made the usually bustling dormitory feel like a deserted ghost town.

After hopping out of the shower, she zipped back to her room to get dressed. She picked out something comfy but kinda cute too: a white t-shirt with pink sleeves and some cheeky, bubblegum-pink, booty shorts. Pausing for a moment, she glanced at Ashido’s gift lying on her study desk, a contemplative expression flickering across her face.

Heading down to the kitchen, Ochaco was greeted by a pile of dishes left behind by her dorm mates. “Great,” she muttered under her breath. Left behind and lumped with cleaning duty—not exactly her idea of a fun Valentine’s Day. But hey, at least it’d give her something to do other than wallow in the eerily quiet dorm. She rolled up her sleeves, ready to tackle the mess.

Just then, the doorbell rang.

Greeting her at the front door was a delivery man, his arms cradling an exquisite bouquet of flowers accompanied by a card and a box of chocolates. “Aw, how gorgeous! Who’s the lucky gal?” she wondered, tickled for the recipient.

He checked his delivery list. “Uh, they’re for an Ochaco Uraraka.”

His words hung in the air. Her eyes widened, a look of pure shock slapped across her face. Then, it hit her, and out came this ear-piercing squeal of excitement. She barged back inside, hugging the flowers like a long-lost friend. Her heart was doing somersaults as she

gently extracted the card nestled among the flowers, her eyes scanning the inscription—from a ‘Secret Admirer’. Hmmm! She wondered who! Regardless, she was over the moon!

She snapped a series of photos with the bouquet, capturing her radiant excitement. In each picture shared on the 1-A group chat, she alternated her poses—from a jubilant victory sign to playfully blowing kisses at the camera. She added a caption that read ‘Thank you to my mystery Valentine! xoxo’, figuring the sender was lurking in the group chat. Part of her was hoping her secret admirer would reveal themselves after catching her thank-you message. But nope, all she got back were a bunch of heart and smiley face emojis.

Despite the lingering mystery, her spirits remained bright. With the bouquet in hand, she waltzed her way back to the kitchen, her mind playing a romantic tune as she slow danced with the flowers. She set them down on the kitchen table and slipped on her headphones, immersing herself in a world of upbeat music that matched her mood. Suddenly, it didn’t feel so quiet and lonely in Heights Alliance. The mundane chore of washing dishes became a backdrop to her cheerful humming and speculations over this secret admirer, turning the ordinary day into something a little more special.

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Mineta awoke to the incessant pinging of his phone. He cast a disdainful glance at the 1-A group chat and swiftly muted it, turning his phone face down. He couldn’t fall back to sleep though; the daylight barging through his window insisted it was nearly midday. If he could’ve, he would’ve snoozed through this stupid Valentine’s Day, but no such luck. With a groan, he hauled himself out of bed and shuffled to the bathroom for a leak.

Heading back to his room, he froze. The residence was making noises, which was freaky because everyone was supposed to be out getting all lovey-dovey today. He tiptoed downstairs, following the sounds to the kitchen—dishes clinking and some seriously off-tune singing. Peeking in, he was gobsmacked to find Ochaco there, dressed in this skimpy little number, doing dishes.

That sure woke him up.

He crept into the kitchen like a ninja, making the most of her distracted state to enter unnoticed. His gaze fell upon the chocolates and flowers on the table. He picked up the card

while she wasn't looking and skimmed the mushy words from some 'secret admirer'. A snort. That was sooo elementary school. He chuckled the card back on the counter. Whatever. While some hopeless, romantic sap was out there crafting sweet nothings, he'd happily stand back and 'secretly admire' her incredibly fine ass.

Headphones on and her back facing him, Ochaco was lost in her own little bubble, hips swaying to some tune only she could hear while scrubbing away at the dishes.

His brunette classmate was a petite temptress with curves for days, a total babe, sporting a white t-shirt with bright pink sleeves that contrasted against her creamy complexion. She looked rather comfortable, if not slightly underdressed. The bubblegum pink of her shorts matched the shade of her sleeves, while a band of white trim encircled the circumference of her thicc, milky thighs, leaving a whole lot of flesh out for his ogling pleasure. Only a scant few inches of her upper legs found refuge from the world's gaze beneath the fabric's edge. The creamy expanse of her skin curved outward as it transitioned towards her hips, creating a tantalising contrast with the loose-fitting shorts. It was as if they were tailor-made to celebrate the sensuous curvature of her juicy thighs. And celebrate, his eyes did.

He couldn't tear his gaze away from that ass. As she swayed gently to the song in her ears, her every motion seemed choreographed for an audience she remained blissfully unaware of. His eyes latched onto the rhythm of her side-to-side motions and, despite no music in his own ears, his head bobbed in sync with the mesmerising sway of her booty. In all that was good and holy, he needed to get a closer look at that sexy thing. As he crept towards the sink, everything else blurred out of focus, his line of sight set on that pink-clad, perky derriere.

His stealthy journey was interrupted by a loud fart noise, thanks to a whoopie cushion someone left lying around (Kaminari was his guess). Mineta's heart skipped a beat, and he froze, looking up anxiously. To his relief, Ochaco continued her dish-washing ballet, completely absorbed in her own world. The music in her headphones, the running water, the clink of dishes, and her own soft humming deafened her to every noise around her, including those made by his movements.

Grinning like a fox, he resumed tiptoeing forward, his hands shaped like an imaginary camera securing the hottest ass shot ever. He puckered his lips and blew a silent kiss through the square frame created by his fingers. Then he got cheeky, making grabby motions in the

air, pretending to cop a feel of the sweet buns just a few feet away. As he inched closer, the possibility of his fingers actually coming into contact with her booty shorts—and the perky flesh beneath them in one fell grope—sent a thrill of nervous excitement through him. Sure, she'd probably deck him one right after, but heck, it'd be totally worth it!

Yet, his steps started to slow the closer he drew to her, his guts twisting with nerves, his heart thumping like crazy. Watching her shake that sexy butt was driving him nuts, each sway and jiggle a freaking celebration of all that juicy ass meat. *'Fuck it!'* He was just about to go for it, thinking *'just one quick pinch'*, when Ochaco suddenly straightened her posture. Right before she spun around, he veered off course and scurried to hide on the other side of the kitchen table.

Phew.

From behind the table, he snagged the perfect peep show through the space between its wooden legs. His eyes devoured every inch of her own legs strutting into view. Beginning with her candy-pink flip-flops, his gaze roved up the sculpted sinuosity of her calves, and the journey didn't stop there. It continued upward to explore the smoothness of her creamy thighs, their sex appeal unabashedly exhibited until the table's edge abruptly severed his view just where her shorts should have commenced. The sight was a trick of the eye, crafting the illusion she was parading around the kitchen in nothing but flip-flops.

As much as he appreciated the view, he couldn't believe how carefree she felt, flaunting her curves and those sexy legs so brazenly in front of him—like he wasn't a threat, like he wasn't a hot-blooded male with instincts to jump her bones, like he was nothing at all.

Granted, he wasn't entirely sure she even knew he was lurking around the residence, too.

Whilst hidden, he kept his eyes trained on her legs. With every step she took, he mirrored her movement in reverse, circling the perimeter of the table, ensuring he remained unseen. He darted from behind one chair to the next, peeking at her through the furniture, a game of cat and mouse where he was both the predator and the prey. She was totally clueless, dancing away while he kept one eye on those creamy legs of hers, and the other on not getting caught.

His gaze tailed her like a hawk as she sauntered over to the fridge to retrieve a pizza. The moment she bent over to shove it in the oven, he didn't miss a beat. He slipped beneath the table with ease, barely needing to dip his head, his mohawk of grape-like balls brushing against the underbelly. Slinking across to the other end, he scored a front-row seat to her ass while she was bent-over. The pink shorts, already short by design, crawled up to reveal more flesh, showcasing the place where the soft curves of her back-thighs merged with the swell of her buttocks. He gawked, barely breathing, as every slight movement set off a delicious jiggle in those firm globes. The way her skin looked so tantalising and touchable bent-over, the shorts hardly covering what they were supposed to, made him feel like he was getting away with something just by watching.

Then, while she straightened up and closed the oven door, he retreated into the shadows beneath the table. She did a little jig, seemingly proud of getting that pizza going, her dance cheerful and buoyant. And even more buoyant when viewed from under the table, her big, bouncing tits vigorously taunting him through the loose shirt. With the oven timer set, she spun around and her legs disappeared from view, trotting back to her dishwashing duties.

In his surreptitious emergence from beneath the table, he observed how engrossed she had become in her own little world. Her once-subtle humming had blossomed into confident, resonant tones, punctuated by bursts of off-key singing. The music pumping through her headphones created a bubble around her, isolating her from the external world. Although her vocal talents were far from pitch perfect, he found himself inspired to move forward by her lack of self-awareness.

Embracing this newfound boldness, he abandoned his tiptoeing. Now, he strode more openly towards the sink, his posture upright. The path was clear, no annoying gag gifts to trip him up this time. Each step he took was charged with a sense of daring, drawing him closer to the unsuspecting girl, to the scrumptious view of her peachy ass beckoning him closer.

So close, his face was now a breath away from her backside. He'd often cursed his maker for making him so damn short, but at times like this, he found perspective to be a blessing, bringing him perfectly eye-level with her well-rounded rump. So close, he could read every little intricate detail of her shorts clinging to each buttock, the way they dipped into the divide between her luscious buns. So close, he discovered a teeny, tiny pimple on the lower part of her left cheek peeking out of her shorts, a cute blemish on an otherwise perfect

pair of white buns. Ochaco put the ‘booty’ in booty shorts alright—round, firm, and irresistibly perky. So close, he could see and almost hear the fabric shift and rustle against her skin; any tiny shift she made, even just shuffling from one leg to the other, stirred subtle jiggles in her ass that kept his eyes totally hooked.

So close, he could sniff.

He leaned in, his nose twitching just millimetres from the back of her shorts. Any closer and his face would be nuzzling right into them. They smelled clean, hints of lavender fabric softener mingling in the air, pleasant in his nostrils. But if he was honest, he yearned for a more... intimate fragrance. He tilted his head, almost sneaking his nose up the shorts’ leg hole, hunting for a whiff of her panties. He’d had his fair share of sniffing in underwear drawers, but never like this, never while the girl actively had them on. When no distinctive scent hit him, he wondered if she was going commando. He ducked his head even lower, trying to get a peek up the shorts, but all he got was an eyeful of her plump rear tightly packed in, hiding whatever panties she might’ve been wearing.

“Damn, it’s so thicc,” he whispered in astonishment, then quickly clapped a hand over his mouth. She seemingly responded by belting out a random lyric. Ha, still couldn’t hear him. Grinning devilishly, he spouted out more filth, his excitement causing his speech to slip into a lisp. “That’sh one hot piecsh of ash, Ochaco. It jusht won’t quit!” His voice got louder, more wicked with each dirty comment. “I’d kill to grab a handful of that... make it two,” he muttered, air-groping the space around her voluptuous ass. “I bet it’sh sho soft... softer than the cushiest pillows...” His tone lowered to a near-growl. “Man, if you only knew what I’d do to that juicy tush of yoursh...”

Her deaf singing carried on, carefree and off-key.

“Mmm, bet my dick could help you nail thoth high notes you’re shcrewin’ up...” He rubbed a hand over the blatant bulge in his shorts. “You like ‘em long or thick, baby? Heh, that banging body deserves both... I’d go so deep you’d be screamin’ higher noteth than you never even dreamed of... yeah, baby, I’m not justh thome lother... I’m a hero in training too, dammit, and desherve way more reshpetht around here...”

He couldn’t even get a stupid Valentine’s Day card.

“Ah well, I’d rather be getting a nose-full of this fine ash than thome lame flowerth anyway.” He took a deep, exaggerated sniff at her shorts, the faint scent more appetising than the aroma of pizza sizzling in the oven. A mischievous thought flickered through his mind as he eyed the scanty hem. “What’d you do, if I bit down on thethe shortth and dragged ‘em off your hot ash?” he whispered, half-hoping she could hear him, half-glad she couldn’t. He daydreamed about flipping her booty shorts inside out and taking a massive whiff—imagining the fabric softener mingling with the smell of ass and hot puss. That was likely a pipe dream, but he still had a few dirty questions to throw at her.

“What if I ‘accidentally’ bumped into you right now?” His mind was awash with images of the gushing tap soaking her top. “That’d make me a bad boy, huh? Your shirt getting all wet and see-through!” He pictured the scene with glee. “Oh, the horror! You’d have to thpauk me for that, huh?” His eyes zeroed back on her ass, tight in those pink booty shorts. He fantasised about yanking them to one side, uncovering an entire cheek and, maybe, if he yanked hard enough, he’d even uncover some gash. Then, he imagined, hopping onto her lower back, sticking on with his grape balls, and thrusting right through the leg hole of her displaced shorts. She’d really be singing then! “What if I clapped those cheeks right now while you’re busy with the disheth?” He pictured her loving the backshots so much, chaos would ensue, plates and glasses crashing in the sink amid the sounds of slapping flesh and cries of ecstasy.

But while all these salacious fantasies spun through his head, there she was, soaping up those dishes, belting out her tunes, utterly oblivious to the lurid, lisp-ridden soliloquy he was weaving mere inches from her bubble butt.

He got a real kick out of saying whatever popped into his head without fear of repercussion. It was almost therapeutic, a secret confession whispered into the ether of her shorts, a fleeting escape from the frustrations of this frivolous day. Albeit, he only traded one frustration for another, his body itching to do more than just eyeball the sweet cakes right in front of him. At this point, he’d settle for her taking a blind step back and winding up sitting on top of his head. And if the momentum toppled them over—with her ass landing smack on his face—then well, so be it.

Christmas came early when Ochaco suddenly shuffled backwards without looking. He saw the calamity coming from a mile away, her ass zooming towards him in cinematic slow

motion. Despite every opportunity to sidestep the impending disaster, he just stood there, motionless. His eyes fell shut as a blissful smile spread across his face.

BAM!

Her ass smacked him right in the kisser. Soft and fleshy, the impact knocked him flat on his arse. Yet, his dopey smile remained undimmed, even as Ochaco spun around in shock and yanked down her headphones.

“Mineta!” She recoiled, hands flying to her chest. “What are *you* doing here?” Astonishment filled her voice as she subconsciously tugged down on her shorts. “Shouldn’t you be out celebrating Valenti...” A flicker of realisation struck her face as if she just remembered who she was speaking to. “Er, shouldn’t you be out or something?”

Her face distracted him from her question, the round apples of her cheeks flush with a natural glow. As she peered down at him, her chocolate-brown eyes widened in surprise, the thick and short lashes above heightened her disconcerted expression. Her hair grazed her shoulders in a tousled bob, with two longer locks framing her features. Beyond the appeal of her fresh face was her banging body. Despite the simplicity of her top, her hefty rack could not hide its impressive size when she had leaned forward to question him, those big jugs outlined beneath the loose material. He found himself yearning for a new Quirk, perhaps x-ray vision, to see what was going on under that stuffed top.

“Hello?” She snapped her fingers in his face, bringing him back from his daze.

“Me...? Out on Valentine’s Day? Pah!” he spat. “Don’t make me laugh. I’ve got no time for childish gimmicks. Never have.” He crossed his arms, defiant. “You won’t catch me dead falling for that shallow, commercial trap. I’d rather stay holed up in my room than have to witness all that superficial crap!” He then looked her over, his expression shifting to bemused curiosity. “Have to say though, I’m surprised a total babe like you is here all alone on a day like this.”

“Huh. Oh, me?” Her hand went to the back of her head in a sheepish gesture. “Well, apparently, I am.” She raised her arms in a shrug before letting them fall with a soft slap against her thighs.

At the same time, both their gazes drifted to the bouquet of flowers on the table.

“They look nice,” he commented casually.

A faint blush coloured her cheeks. “Oh, they’re just flowers.”

He saw right through her. She probably guessed he hadn’t gotten jack for Valentine’s, not that it was hard to figure out. The last thing he needed was another girl pitying him, playing down her gifts on account of his loserdom. “You don’t need to do that, you know?”

“Do what?” Her eyes blinked in confusion.

He couldn’t tell if she was being genuine or merely patronising him. “Forget it.” He grumbled, but then something caught his eye, instantly improving his mood. “Y’know, if I’d realised it only took some chocolates and flowers to get you all wet, I would’ve tried that trick a long time ago.”

Her eyes widened, her short brows knitting in irritation. “Mineta, you can’t just say—”

He raised a finger pointing at her chest. Her shirt was indeed wet from where she had clutched herself with damp, soapy hands. The white fabric now clung to her skin with an almost see-through quality, outlining her brassiere, and the faint impressions of her nipples underneath. Her flustered attempts to cover herself, using hands still damp from washing dishes, only added to the shirt’s wetness. She was a picture-perfect mix of shy and accidentally sexy, and Mineta couldn’t help but chuckle at her squirming and blushing.

Eager to escape the awkward situation, she blurted out the first thing that came to mind. “Are you hungry?”

He struggled to keep eye contact; well, actually, he didn’t even try. From his grounded position, his gaze took a tour up her milky thighs, passed the white hem of her shorts and parked itself on the main attraction—her lovely crotch. He appreciated the frontal view of her skimpy wear as much as he had the back. A triangular pattern of creases framed her crotch, the fabric dipping where her thighs met her pelvis, sketching a subtle smile just for him. A daring split in the shorts’ design ran straight down the middle, a bold line starting from the waistband and ending with the plump outline of her lips. His eyes got stuck there, wild and intense, no need for x-ray vision to see the delectable shape beneath the fabric. Oh, he was hungry alright. “Yeah,” he murmured, his voice low and heavy with innuendo, “I could eat...”

“Good!” she chimed, either oblivious to his double meaning or choosing to ignore it. “There’s a pizza in the oven,” she mentioned, “Got so hyped, I didn’t stop to think it might be a little too much for me. Wanna split it when I’m done here?”

He was so shocked by her offer, his eyes leapt from her crotch to her face. Was she being for real *for real*? He was accustomed to babes blowing him off, especially the hot ones in class. It must’ve meant her Valentine’s Day was shaping up to be as forgettable as his, flowers or no flowers. On the off chance her offer was sincere, he bellowed, “Of course I’d be up for sharing pizza with you!”

Her smile took on an awkward tilt, a bit thrown off by his enthusiasm.

Doh! You dope! he reprimanded himself internally, *Don’t kill the vibe before it even gets going!*

He cleared his throat and readjusted his posture, attempting a second, much calmer response to her question. “I mean, yeah, sure, Ochaco, whatever. We’re stuck here, might as well, right?”

“Right...” She gave him a dubious look, as if that response was even more suspicious than the first. “Just... promise to behave yourself, okay?” She tried to put on a tough face, puffing up her cheeks to look all stern and threatening. But honestly, it just made her look cuter.

He saluted. “You got it, ma’am!” It was time to dial down his ‘Minetanness’ a notch. No way was he gonna screw up this golden opportunity to hang out with Ochaco, *alone*.

Mineta wolfed down that last slice of pizza like it was his last meal.

Ochaco, still nibbling on her first, stared at him with her eyebrows raised. “Wow, you weren’t kidding about being hungry, were you?”

“Oh, you have no idea,” he replied, followed by a belch he couldn’t hold back. “Sorry!” He’d had this tendency to eat like a vacuum whenever he was really nervous, a habit he hadn’t shaken since childhood.

She tilted her head, observing him with a new curiosity. “You remind me of my little cousin.”

His eyes darted down to the pile of books and pillows stacked under his seat, a makeshift booster to help him reach the table. Was she poking fun at his height?

Perceiving his unease, she hastened to clarify. “No, no, it’s not that!” She motioned in a circular pattern over her chest. “It’s the way you eat.”

Following her gesture, his eyes widened in horror as he discovered the chaotic aftermath of his feast scattered across his shirt—a collage of crumbs, slices of pepperoni, pineapple bits, and tomato sauce. *‘Great... just what I needed... another reason for her to see me as some dorky kid.’* Quickly, he had to come up with something to salvage some dignity. “Ah, you know, I get a bit messy when I’m... uh, excited about the food.”

She laughed, a genuine, carefree sound that lit up her eyes. “Sure, sure. Excited over frozen pizza, that’s new.”

Despite feeling like a total dork, Mineta found himself captivated by her laughter. It was a refreshing change from the usual scoffs and eyerolls he got from women. “Hey, every pizza is worth celebrating,” he insisted, his lips curling into a reluctant grin as she shook her head at his silliness.

Sitting side by side on the couch in the common room, they found themselves amidst the unusual quietness of Heights Alliance. Ochaco had suggested watching a movie to kill time until their housemates returned from their Valentine’s Day escapades. Mineta, eager and hopeful, was reminded of all the porn scenes he’d jerked off to that started with two unlikely characters sitting together on a couch, much like they were right now.

However, it turned out, real life was vastly different from adult movies. Each of them was anchored to their respective cushion, with an invisible boundary between them—no cuddling, no touching, not even a single accidental brush of their hands. What a buzzkill.

Time dragged on; they were already forty-seven mind-numbing minutes into some sappy rom-com—a detail he noted after watching the clock had become his source of entertainment. Despite Ochaco being the one to suggest the movie, she seemed way more into her phone and her Valentine’s gifts than into the idea of watching anything with him. She was so obsessed with those damn flowers, lugging them everywhere she went in the residence, that he wouldn’t have been surprised if she started carting them to the little girls’ room, too. The bouquet, along with the card and chocolates, had been laid out on the coffee

table like some shrine. His initial enthusiasm waned into annoyance when her attention had shifted from the big screen to the little one in her hand, fingers tapping out messages in a flurry of rapid texting. She continued to gossip and share pictures of the gifts in their Class 1-A group chat, paying little mind to either him or the movie they were supposed to be watching.

Granted, he hadn't been paying much attention to the movie either, his gaze surreptitiously scanning her figure.

He studied the side profile of her rack, awestruck by how her right tit bulged beneath her baggy tee, creating an insanely hot curve that looked too perfect to be real. In his peripheral vision, her boob loomed as large as his head, only rounder and much, much plumper. This up close, his sharp eye discerned the silhouette of her bra through the fabric, the lush mounds dwarfing the cups battling to confine them. His beady little eyes trembled in awe. *'Such juicy, voluptuous wonders! Geez, what do they feed her?'* And more importantly, where could he score some to take home? His imagination spiralled into wild fantasies, picturing himself surrounded by a bevy of busty babes, all flaunting knockers as sumptuous as Ochaco's.

Under the canopy of her massive mammaries, her curvaceous right leg rested over her succulent left. The living room echoed with the light-hearted sounds of the movie, but for Mineta, it had turned into white noise. His eyes were glued to those legs of hers, captivated by how her pink shorts had climbed even higher, emphasising the luscious curve of her milky thighs. Close-up, they took on an even more sensuous quality, their suppleness appearing plumper as the tender flesh nestled and cascaded over one another. In his mind, his hands were already tracing along their smooth contours. The shorts left so little to the imagination, he found himself pondering the possibility that, had he been seated further away on the couch, he might have caught a glimpse of her soft cheek grazing the cushion. He was itching to slide a hand under her and cop a feel of that lush booty, maybe even give it a cheeky squeeze or two.

Ochaco's carefree laughter rang out as she texted away, utterly clueless about him sneaking peeks. Her giggling grew louder and more frequent, distracting him to the point he couldn't concentrate on checking her out—and that was saying something. Each burst of laughter sparked his curiosity about the person at the other end of her conversation, the one making her so giggly. A knot twisted in the pit of his stomach. Okay, so he wasn't actually

her Valentine or anything, but she could at least pretend to be a bit interested in hanging out, right?

Gradually, her laughter subsided, giving way to a concentrated silence, as if she was now engaged in a deeper, more serious conversation.

The movie played on, a mere backdrop to the palpable quiet that enveloped the room. He longed to spark up a dialogue, to somehow bridge the growing chasm of silence between them, but damn if words weren't just failing him. Their interactions had always been buffered by the presence of other classmates, who would naturally steer the conversation, allowing him to chime in with his typical provocative or attention-seeking comments. Now, in the absence of that social crutch, Mineta found himself at a loss. How did guys even talk to girls? He'd daydreamed about this kind of alone time with a total babe like Ochaco, but now that it was actually happening, he was floundering big time. Despite the golden opportunity to connect, despite sitting mere inches apart, the massive void between them felt like it was growing wider by the minute.

Feeling the pressure of the silence, he blurted out something—anything—to ignite a conversation. “Heh, remember how Bakugo nearly blew up Mr. Aizawa’s classroom last week?”

She gave a cursory nod, mumbling a distracted, “Yeah, typical Bakugo for you,” while her fingers continued dancing on her phone’s screen.

He tried a different tack. “Hey, did you know penguins have knees?”

“Hmm? Interesting,” she murmured, in a completely uninterested tone.

Grasping at straws, he threw out another random thought. “You ever wonder if octopuses can taste with their suckers?”

“Huh, never thought about it...”

With a resigned exhale, Mineta realised his trivia tidbits were getting him nowhere. His eyes lazily wandered about the room before landing on those damn flowers again. Might as well, he thought. “So... who do you think sent them?”

Bingo.

She lowered her phone right away and turned to him with a look of genuine bemusement. “I wish I knew!”

Ochaco launched into theories about whether Deku or Iida might be the culprit. She lamented the lack of clarity and her wish for a more direct approach from them. As Mineta listened to her ramble about the two boys, a sense of insignificance crept up on him. He was merely an ear for her, a sounding board for her romantic musings about others. She was so into those guys she didn’t even see him as a potential anything. But hey, at least she was talking his ear off instead of staying glued to her phone, so there was that.

When she finally took a moment to breathe amid her speculative yammering, Mineta seized the chance to recount the time he tried to pull his own ‘secret admirer’ stunt back in elementary. The girl’s face lit up when she received the plush teddy bear he’d customised especially for her, its fur as soft as clouds, adorned with a tiny red heart stitched on its chest. Her joy was so infectious she paraded the bear around, proudly showing it to her friends and even some teachers. And then, she discovered who her secret admirer was. Mineta found his heartfelt gift in the school dumpster by the end of the day.

“That’s dreadful,” Ochaco admitted, her hand flying to her heart like she really felt for him. “You probably didn’t deserve that.”

He bristled at her choice of words. “What do you mean ‘probably?’” he challenged, a hint of offence in his tone. “I was just a dumb kid trying to do something nice, y’know?” There was a raw edge to his voice, a mix of frustration and hurt accumulated from being seen as nothing but a horn-dog by every girl he knew, like he was nothing but a lech without a heart or familial aspirations.

“Oh, yes, of course, you’re absolutely right,” she quickly replied, flustered, “That’s not how I meant it. You *didn’t* deserve that, Mineta.”

He let the silence stretch a bit, playing it like he wasn’t sure he’d let her off the hook before grunting, “Ah, forget it. What’s done is done.”

The conversation then hit another weird, awkward pause. Like they both didn’t know where to take it next. He wondered if Ochaco was feeling all icky for even giving him a scrap of sympathy. Like she was worried showing him a bit of kindness might make her one of the few who saw him as more than just the class creep.

Rather than address her potentially awkward sentiments or even attempt to use this opportunity to better understand him, she fled from the conversation and shifted their attention back to the TV. “This movie is pretty lame, huh?”

“Only took you an hour and a half to notice,” he said with a chuckle.

She reached for the remote. “Let’s see what else is on.”

Mineta thought about it for a second but decided, “Nah. Actually, let’s not.” It was only going to end up being another segue back to her small screen and continued detachment. He conjured up a better idea, one that would demand their interaction, foster engagement and genuine fun, and most importantly—keep her off that damn phone. “How about we play some video games instead?”

The suggestion threw her off. “Wait, we’re allowed to have gaming consoles here?”

He gave a nonchalant shrug. “Who reads all the terms and conditions anyway? But yeah, I definitely have one stashed up in my room,” he admitted, barely containing his grin. “Come and see for yourself.”

She bit her lip, unsure. “I dunno…”

“Come on, Uraraka,” he cajoled, “I’ve been on my best behaviour all day, just like I promised. Why doubt me now?” Sure, he might have sneaked a few peeks at her now and again, but that was minor league stuff. More notably, he had restrained himself from any physical advances or inappropriate comments. “Heck, I even sat through that snooze-fest with you. It’s only fair we do something that’s actually fun for me too,” he argued.

“Er… well…” Her expression betrayed the internal debate she was having, wrestling with the idea. He could almost see the gears turning in her head as she tried to come up with a good reason to say no. But in the end, she couldn’t find one. With a slight shrug of resignation, she gave in. “Fine, but only for a bit,” she agreed, despite the reservation in her tone.

As Ochaco went to hit the elevator button, Mineta interjected, “Forget that, it’s too slow. My room’s on the second floor anyway. Let’s hoof it.”

She nodded in agreement, following him towards the staircase.

Upon reaching the foot of the stairs, he played the chivalry card. “Ladies first.”

She didn’t bother protesting, perhaps just eager to get this over with, and began her ascent. He followed.

From his vantage point a few steps below, those tiny shorts of hers revealed more than they hid. Each step she took caused the fabric to shift and offer generous glimpses of vanilla cake, the soft underside of her cheeks spilling from the hem. The seesawing of her hips, the rhythmic motion of her climbing, drew a crease in the supple flesh beneath each rounded cheek, alternating left and right. The hem of her shorts, loose and fluttering, swayed enticingly with her ascension, inviting him to crane his neck and catch glimpses through the leg holes. Each juicy bun exhibited just the right amount of jiggle, giving subtle wobbles yet remaining resolutely firm, never losing its perfect round shape. It was enough to make his eyes pop out. As they neared the landing on the second floor, his only regret was that his room wasn’t on the fourth.

“Welcome to my humble abode,” he declared, opening his door with a grand gesture. She tiptoed in behind him, eyes darting around like she was on the lookout for a colony of dirty socks. He rolled his eyes and waved her in, urging her to stop being a prima donna. It took about two decades for her to get both feet through the door, and when he went to shut it behind her, she piped up.

“Uh, let’s keep the door open, okay?”

It would’ve been easy to get offended, but Mineta simply shrugged, choosing instead to focus on the small triumph of having a total babe in his room for the first time.

She scanned his quarters, her eyes skimming over the racy posters of popular heroines plastered on his walls, as though she’d fully anticipated such decor. His bookshelf was an intriguing mix, with magazines featuring glamorous hotties jammed between academic texts, and topping his computer tower were some sexy Mt Lady figurines, barely wearing a stitch. His single bed probably looked small compared to what everyone else had in their rooms, but it was more than spacious enough for him, neatly made with green covers and yellow pillows matching the colour scheme of the pint-sized chair at his desk. The entire setup had a cohesive, albeit compact, aesthetic.

“Everything’s kinda tiny in here, isn’t it?” she remarked.

“Not *everything*,” he quipped, a mischievous glint in his eye. She just blinked, missing his innuendo. Probably for the better, he mused, although he was starting to wonder if she was feigning ignorance on purpose, keen not to encourage his suggestive comments in the slightest. To her credit, it was hard to ignore how she looked almost giant-like next to some of his furnishings; she made his chair appear like it belonged in a nursery and his bed seem to have been made for a munchkin. His computer setup, though, boasted three large monitors lined up impressively.

She picked up a naked Mt Lady figurine, her eyebrows arching in surprise. “What happened to all its clothes?”

“Oh, that? Uh, I was just...” he stammered, “experimenting with some custom paintwork!”

While she was preoccupied, picking up a small mirror from his desk to check her reflection, he spotted the face of his favourite blow-up doll poking out from under his bed. He nudged it back into hiding with the back of his heel, whispering an apology to his inflatable companion.

“That’s right,” Ochaco mused, looking all around her, “We never did see your room during our room tours, did we?” Her gaze swept around his private chambers again, as if reassessing her initial impressions. “I have to admit, it’s tidier and more... normal than I expected.”

He wasn’t sure how to feel about her comment. Opting to keep the mood light, he chuckled. “Well, I do try to maintain some semblance of order. I’m not an animal, after all.”

‘Well, unless you want me to be...’ he thought to himself.

Ochaco let out a laugh, shaking her head. “Oh, I didn’t mean any offense.”

“So, what did you think it would be like then?”

“I dunno, I never really gave it much thought,” she admitted with a shrug. “Messier, probably? And I guess I assumed it would smell more like ‘boy’. Have you been in Ojiro’s room? I love the guy but...” She let out an awkward chuckle. “Anyway, it’s actually pretty chill in here.”

He smiled, feeling a bit of pride in his neat and well-kept private space. However, as Ochaco resumed examining herself in his face mirror, a flicker of panic shot through him. Hell, if she discovered his stash of naughty polaroids hidden behind its frame... In a quick, frantic movement, he snatched the mirror from her and placed it on his TV stand. He then shoved a PS5 controller in her hands, eager to divert her attention to gaming and away from any further potentially embarrassing discoveries.

Her eyes lit up as she embraced the controller. “Wow, a PS5? My parents could barely afford to get me a GameBoy when I was growing up. Impressive.”

He puffed up a bit. “Yeah, gaming’s kind of my thing,” he said, trying to sound modest. He patted the edge of his bed. “Best view of the TV’s from right here.” She looked iffy about it, eyeing his bed like it was a booby trap. He snorted and jerked a thumb at the diminutive chair at his desk. “It’s either this or that rinky-dink thing, and let’s be real, you’re not fitting into that without it snapping in half.” He refrained from adding, *‘Especially not with all that ass you’re packing.’*

She acquiesced to his logic and carefully sat down on the edge of his bed.

On the surface, Mineta was the perfect picture of calm, but on the inside, he was a firework display on the Fourth of July. *Holy guacamole, I did it! I got a smoking hot piece of ass in my room! ON MY BED! I just won the lottery and didn’t even buy a ticket! I’m never washing these sheets again!* He even made a mental note of the exact spot where she sat, marking it for sniffing later. His excitement got the better of him when he plopped down way too close to her. She sent him a sideward glance and a nudge for more space. “Oh, right, my bad,” he muttered, wearing a dopey grin as he scooted down to give her room.

He kicked off their gaming session with a noob-friendly fighting game, gently easing Ochaco into the mechanics. She got into it, and got into it quick, much to his amusement. He couldn’t stop laughing as she bounced around, jerking the controller left and right, as if all that wiggling would make her character move faster or something. For the first time since they moved into Heights Alliance, his bedroom echoed with the sound of laughter and light banter.

Then Ochaco got real feisty, demanding he stop going easy on her. “Bring it! I can take whatever you throw at me, little chump!” She wanted to kick his butt fair and square. “Show me what you really got!”

It wasn't the first time he'd seen her competitive spirit flare up; he remembered how she didn't back down even from Bakugo's crazy explosions during the U.A. Sports Festival. "Well, alright then! If you're sure you can handle—"

"I can! Shut up and bring it!"

He recoiled, taken aback by her fierceness.

"Too far?" she asked, a hint of sheepishness creeping into her voice as she rubbed the back of her neck.

He burst into laughter. "No, no, not at all." He actually dug it when she got all feisty like this. "Here I come!" He leaned in, acting like he was really giving it his all, but in truth, he couldn't bring himself to stop holding back, at least not yet.

Mineta ruminated on the fresh experience of sharing a gaming session with another human being. Typically, he was a lone player, giving in to his capricious desires by customising the voluptuous female characters' outfits, donning them in skimpy attire, in as few pieces of clothing as the game would allow. Then he'd select some hulking male character and take pleasure in executing moves that tossed the scantily-clad, digital vixens into an array of provocative positions—his top pick was having them land headfirst from a dominating wrestling move, their legs spread wide apart revealing their pixelated G-strings for all to see. It went without saying, but before long, he would be playing with just one hand on the controller. Yet, as titillating as that was, it couldn't match up to the visceral excitement of having a real-life girl within his four walls.

After gradually acclimating to the room, his boobilicious guest of honour was no longer sitting gingerly on the edge of the bed like it had cooties. Mineta saw his chance to try something out. Discretely, he retrieved a small remote hidden beneath the top covers and pressed a button.

Ochaco yelped and leapt from the bed like a tarantula had just crawled up her butt. "What the heck, Mineta?"

His laughter bubbled over as he waved the remote in the air. "Don't freak out. It's just my super-duper deluxe massage mattress," he assured her with a wink.

She squinted at the remote control as if it were some alien device that had just crash-landed from Mars.

Seeing her perplexed expression, he dove headfirst into a passionate soliloquy about this wonder of modern comfort technology, sounding more like an infomercial host than anything else. Installed at the beginning of the school term, it was no mere sleeping pad but a veritable haven of relaxation. The pièce de résistance? A pulsating vibration feature that worked wonders on sore muscles after their increasingly brutal hero training sessions. “It’s like having your own personal masseur without any awkward small talk,” he boasted, his eyes glinting with mischief. “With all the punishment our bodies take in P.E., this baby’s practically a must-have for anyone in the Hero Course.”

She mulled over his spiel, her bemusement easing into a nod of understanding. “Oh, I see...”

“Go on, give it another go,” he urged, before promising to keep it on a gentler setting this time.

With caution painted all over her face, she plopped back down, watching him like a hawk as he pressed the button. The mattress kicked into a gentle hum, and she wiggled awkwardly. “Feels... kind of... weird... and funny.”

He laughed. “Weird, huh? But it grows on you,” he assured her. “Best sleep you’ll ever get, trust me.”

Back to the game they went, with the mattress buzzing quietly beneath them. After a while, Ochaco glanced his way, her features a semblance of calm. “You know, it *is* kind of relaxing,” she admitted.

His grin widened; precisely the reaction he had hoped for.

As the sun dipped lower outside his window, she became more and more comfortable in his room. She was all into the game, giving him playful nudges to throw him off his stride, lobbing pillows at his head while accusing him of cheating. Eventually, she kicked off her flip-flops and sought comfort through various seating positions on the bed, from kneeling to sitting with her legs folded beneath her. Ultimately, she stretched out flat on her stomach, her legs running the length of the bed, the game controller in hand hanging over the edge.

He took note of her comfortable demeanour and figured it was high time he got himself relaxed as well.

He shuffled further up the bed to prop himself against the pillows. Now facing her feet, his perspective shifted to an enticing panorama: her legs, long and creamy, extended out in front of him like dual highways leading to an irresistible paradise. Her thicc thighs melded into a lush swell at her hips, where her shorts strained against the abundant fullness of her ass. The pink fabric clung to the upper halves of each cheek, leaving plenty of the juicy, lower halves exposed and ripe for his ogling. It was enough to make his mouth water and his dick twitch. He was so captivated by the view, so fucking lost in the fantasy of burying his hands into those phat cheeks and feeling their firmness give under his grip, that he failed to notice his character getting pummelled on the screen. He suffered his first real defeat in the game, undone by her noobish button mashing.

“Ha! What happened?” She noticed his fighter had mysteriously stopped moving mid-round. “Decided to take a nap?” she teased.

Although her comment was made in jest, she really had stumbled upon his Achilles’ heel.

Behind her back, he powered off his controller and fabricated an excuse. “Ah, crap, the damn battery’s dead.”

Her face fell. “Oh, that’s just my luck! Right when I was finally getting good at whooping your ass. Pooey!” For the first time in what felt like a millennium, she looked at her phone, and it was only to check the clock. “Ah, well, guess that’s that. Better be on my wa—”

“Waaaaait!” he burst out, not ready to let go of the view spread out before him. “It’s no biggy, really. Look.” He hurriedly connected his controller to the charger. “There, see? It’s gonna be ready in no time.” He winked. “You keep practising your moves. I want you fully prepped for when I return with a vengeance!” He grinned menacingly, but then added, “Don’t worry, I’ll be right here behind you, coaching you. I’m all for a fair fight, after all.”

While she discovered new moves and experimented with combos in Practice Mode, Mineta was doing some practice of his own—practice in splitting his attention. One eye kept to the screen, offering tips and insights on gameplay, while the other was glued to the

animated reactions of her body. All her exaggerated motions that once made him smile and chuckle had his eyes bulging out of his skull. The underside of her buttocks, peeking out of her shorts, quivered and jiggled as she energetically swung the controller side to side. The creamy flesh of her back-thighs and the visible curves of those cheeks possessed an almost supernatural elasticity, rippling with each movement like liquid gelatine. He gawked, spellbound, as her perfect buns wiggled and wobbled, matching the kicks and punches from the game's sound effects. Whenever the on-screen action reached a climactic or startling moment, her whole body would tense up, her sexy buns clenching so hard that the fabric got yanked right into her crack, showcasing just how strong and taut those glutes really were.

“Am I doing okay?” she asked, eyes forward and concentrated on the game.

“Better than okay,” he drooled, a noticeable bulge forming in his shorts. “You’re killing it! Just keep doing what you’re doing.” His words served as both guidance for the game and appreciation of her unintentional jiggling. He couldn’t resist rubbing over the growing excitement in his shorts, spewing out random comments and praises, anything to keep her from turning around and catching his flushed face and restless hand. Sensing she had become accustomed to the mattress’s vibration settings, he reached for the remote with a sly smirk and cranked up the level.

He noticed a subtle shift in her movements, slightly readjusting, perhaps unconsciously aligning with the new tempo of the mattress. He might’ve even imagined her perform a little grind against his sheets. If she felt an extra buzz, she didn’t bother mentioning it, focusing intently on her gameplay instead.

After mastering a few moves, she ventured into Arcade Mode, challenging the AI on easy difficulty. She triumphed in the first round, but in the second, an explosive special move sent her character reeling. The virtual impact coincided with Ochaco’s body dramatically lifting off the bed and then landing back down, perfectly in sync with her character’s defeat. The way Ochaco’s butt jiggled and shook upon her landing was straight-up hypnotising. It was like a jelly earthquake in those tight shorts, her buns shaking and trembling as if they were trying to break free from their fabric prison. A helpless whimper escaped his lips, watching each cheek take its sweet time to stop wobbling.

If he wasn’t rock-hard before, that definitely did the trick.

So much so, he couldn’t take it anymore.

Amidst the cacophony of explosions, grunts, and whacky music, a less noticeable sound went undetected by the female gamer—Mineta’s zipper being eased down. He whipped it out, a tower of throbbing meat ready for action. It stood audaciously tall, spitting in the face of any preconceived notions of proportion, a clear bead shimmering at the summit. The fact that she was clueless about what was happening inches behind her only made it pulse with twice the fervour.

He turned up the mattress’s intensity, by *two* levels this time.

The effect hit Ochaco like a shockwave. She jerked, her body giving an involuntary shiver. Her thighs quivered under the intensified vibrations, a light shudder running through them as she adjusted to the new, more powerful sensation. This time, she didn’t leap off the bed to escape the sudden stirs. If anything, she leaned into them, quite literally, pressing and grinding herself against the covers. Her once tried and tested moves in the game became sporadic and less coordinated. While she wrestled with the controller and the novel sensations beneath her, Mineta wrestled with the urge not to start stroking himself.

And he lost.

His fist glided up and down his exposed shaft at a careful pace, a blend of nervous excitement and deep-rooted thrill. With his heart and cock thumping, he kept a vigilant eye on his student, ready to cease and hide it at the slightest indication of her turning around. His breath hitched with every stroke, a tightrope of exhilaration and danger.

His eyes locked onto where her thighs kissed her ass, ogling as each cheek shimmied and shook like fucking jelly on a subwoofer, bustling against the grip of her shorts. As he worked his hand up and down, his mind fell deep into the gutter. He fantasised about diving face-first into that jiggling paradise, yanking those tiny shorts to the side, and tongue-punching her right in the crack. He bet it smelt like heaven. The more he thought about it, the harder it was to keep his cool, imagining the havoc he could wreak on her gameplay.

Truth be told, they were both just going through the motions at this point. Her button mashing lacked any semblance of strategy or intent, her character flailing about aimlessly on-screen. The real battle was happening right there in the room—a clash of restraint and burgeoning desire. The guise of gaming gradually disintegrated; each passing minute peeled away another layer of pretence and revealed something more, something

heavier and steamier, brewing in the air. He read her silence on the escalated mattress as tacit consent.

And dialled up the vibration even more.

An audible whimper escaped her lips as her thighs and butt tensed in response. The ramped-up tempo had her grinding down harder on his sheets, rubbing her growing heat against the stimulating tremors. With each grinding motion, her glutes clenched in a needy rhythm, tugging more of the shorts into her crack. So much of the fabric had bunched up within her crevice, her bare cheeks were practically all out there for him to drool over, for him to stroke to. Damn, he would've paid top dollar to sniff the fragrance trapped in those shorts right about now, sure as hell they were all sweaty and sodden with her excitement.

As the mattress vibrated like it was possessed, its hum mingled with the game's noises and his hand mirrored its fervent tempo, blurring over his raging cock with desperate urgency. He let his dirty mind run riot; while she lay there, practically humping his bed, he envisioned doing a little humping of his own—picturing himself pouncing on Ochaco without warning, tearing down those damn shorts and pounding her hard and fast right there and then, giving her plump cheeks a beatdown more ferocious than the pixelated battles playing out on-screen. He imagined grabbing hold of that thicc, juicy ass and slamming into her so hard they'd both be panting and sweating like animals, each thrust an uppercut to her gut, a savage combo of critical hits that would send shockwaves through her body, leaving her craving for a round two that would be even more brutal and satisfying than the first.

The whirlpool of lewd fantasies consumed him, his eyes growing half-lidded, breath ragged, grip tightening around his cock. Helpless moans dribbled from his lips as they both got off in their own ways, just inches apart. He doubted he could stop himself now, even if she spun around this very second. Hell, he half-wished she would, just so he could see the look on her face when he exploded, shooting his load like a fucking volcano erupting all over her.

Ochaco, too, appeared to be teetering on the edge of her own limit. She let out a muffled moan, her crotch hot with friction against the sheets. He was starting to think maybe she wasn't turning around not because she didn't know what he was up to, but because she didn't want him to see her face all red and twisted with pleasure.

Right as they were both about to hit their peak, Ochaco unleashed a loud, shuddering whimper, her concentration breaking as the controller slipped from her fingers. It hit the floor with a clatter that ruined the moment, snapping them both out of their horny haze.

She shot up from the bed like she'd been electrocuted, and Mineta, swearing under his breath, threw a pillow over his throbbing member. She shunned his gaze, fumbling into her flip-flops while mumbling some BS about an unfinished assignment she just remembered. He shouted for her to wait, but she hurried even faster, too embarrassed to even look at him. All he got was a glimpse of her beet-red profile as she scampered out of his room.

He shifted towards the edge of the bed, a mix of emotions swirling within him, his hard-on wilted. The TV screen was a sorry sight, with Ochaco's character getting pummelled by the AI, left defenceless and forgotten. His bedroom morphed from a lively arena of playful competitiveness to a sombre and deserted misery. He wondered if he should say sorry or something. Sure, he hadn't laid a finger on her, but maybe she thought he'd tricked her into coming to his room for something else. Picking up the controller she had dropped, he caught a glimpse of himself in the small mirror propped against the TV frame. Something clicked in his head, and he did a double-take at the mirror. His eyes flicked frantically between the reflection and the room behind him, a growing suspicion gnawing at his gut.

Does that mean...?!

With a sense of mission, he beelined to Ochaco's room.

His knock was met with an annoyed "Go away, I'm busy!" from the other side of the door. Something fishy was going on. He wasn't about to walk away now.

Next thing, Mineta was scaling down the Heights Alliance wall, upside down, using his sticky balls for purchase. Peeping through her slightly ajar window, he spotted her Valentine's flowers and chocolates on the bedside table. His eyes then found Ochaco sprawled on her bed, her phone in hand, displaying a picture of Deku. The screen was angled in such a way it gave Mineta a fortuitous view over her shoulder. But that wasn't the half of it. He soon discovered the true reason she had bolted out of his room so hastily: he could see her left hand tucked into her shorts... and there was no mistaking the rhythm under the fabric—she was flicking her damn bean!

‘Unfinished assignment, *my ass!*’ Fuming, Mineta couldn’t believe it. *No way I’m letting her finish herself off thinking about some other dude when I’m the one that got her all worked up!*’

He crawled into her room through the window.

Seconds later, the quiet of Ochaco’s room was shattered by her sharp, surprised shriek.

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

Author’s Notes: Thanks for reading! One more chapter to go. 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 *MeekoHopanes* the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artist’s work here:

<https://www.deviantart.com/meekohopanes>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.