

# lemonzsaauce

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## ... 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](http://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](http://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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*This is a work of fan fiction borrowing characters from the My Hero Academia universe, which is trademarked by Kōhei Horikoshi and Bones Inc. I do not claim ownership over any of the original characters, images or settings present here and make no profit from publishing this story.*

## WARNING

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*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 2



FICTION  
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## 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*

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## Chapter 2 – Grand Gestures

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Mineta's eyes lit up, his whole body buzzing as the sound hit him.

“AHHHH!”

Ochaco's scream ripped through her bedroom like a shot of adrenaline straight to his veins. Music to his ears. The sight of her sprawled there—wide-eyed, chest heaving, frozen like a villain caught in Eraser Head's Quirk—was a picture more delectable than any fantasy he could've cooked up. And hell, he was good at cooking up fantasies. He'd taken her so utterly by surprise, her hand was still down her pants, caught in the act, fingers quivering with shame. Her forearm had jostled her shorts lower on her hips where they teetered precariously. One wrong move, one twitch, and they'd slide further down, giving him a clearer shot at everything he'd been dying to see.

*Well, this is new*, thought Mineta. *He* was the one usually getting busted halfway into furious masturbation. A wicked grin crawled across his face as he relished in finding himself on the other side of the coin. He could hardly contain his delight.

Chortling, he thrust his finger at the filthy masturbator and barked out, “Busted!”

She jumped back like a spooked pussy cat, yanking the blanket up in a scramble to hide her dirty deeds. He stood there with a stupid grin on his face, still huffing and puffing from scaling the wall to reach her window. Oh man, was it worth every breath.

Uninvited? Sure. Did he give two hoots? Not even half of one. Standing smack dab in the middle of his busy classmate's room beat the crap out of peeping from her window. The euphoria of busting sweet, innocent Ochaco with her proverbial—and literal—pants down hit

him like a high he'd never come down from, and watching her flounder, all red-faced and panicky, was the cherry on top of his twisted sundae.

“What the hell, Mineta?!” She drew her blanket tight to her chin like it could somehow shield her from his voyeuristic gaze.

He leaned back, elbow on her petite table like he owned the place. “Oh, I’m *so* shorry,” he drawled with fake concern, “hope I’m not interrupting anything super-duper important.”

“Grrr. Beat it already!”

His grin only widened at her irritation. “Aw, come on, don’t be such a wet blanket,” he teased, poking fun at her makeshift shield. “Just thought I’d drop by and lend a hand with that ‘assignment’ you were so eager to get back to. Funny thing though... you never did mention what it was about. But hey, from what I can see... let me take a wild guess... is it ‘Advanced Techniques in Solo Satisfaction?’”

Her cheeks flamed into a fierce blush. “Not funny!” she snapped back, all flustered. “I didn’t ask you to ‘drop in’ for anything!”

“Maybe not, but you sure looked like you could use a hand. I bet I could get you to hit ten orgasms in the time it takes you to get one.” If he sounded like a self-proclaimed expert in the art of self-stimulation, that was because he kind of was. “So, how ‘bout it, huh? I’ve got some advanced techniques of my own, you know...” He curled and uncurled his middle finger in the air, eyebrows bouncing up and down as he performed the slow, seductive ‘come hither’ gesture, hoping to stir her imagination, to have her envisioning that finger making those same motions inside her naughty little hole. “You’re familiar with the old adage, aren’t you?” His voice dipped into a low, dirty murmur. “Two hands are better than one, Ochaco.”

“Huh?! It’s *two heads*, not two hands, and—ugh! Why am I even getting into this with you?”

“Two heads, huh? Well, lucky for you, I’ve got another noggin right here that’s been daydreaming about your hot tush all day long. Wanna see?”

“Ew, stop! You’re disgusting! And you *know* that’s not what I meant!”

“But it’s what you need,” he cooed, all smug and sleazy, “judging by the way you were—”

“Shut it, Grape Head! What I do in my room is none of your concern!” she cut him off as if it would somehow erase the reality of what he had walked into.

“Well, that’s where you’re wrong, sweetcakes.”

“Sweetcakes?” Her scowl deepened.

“When you’re getting all hot and bothered over *me*, that’s when it becomes my business.” A smug satisfaction gleamed in his eyes. “But of course, you’re never gonna admit that, huh? Nah, you’d rather fill your screen with Midoriya’s dopey face while you’re touching yourself, right?” He jerked his chin toward her phone and snorted as if he had her all figured out. Mineta was willing to bet his last grape ball that the nerd’s goody-two-shoes grin was still glowing on the screen like he was the second coming.

Her mouth opened and closed, thrown by how much he knew—by how long he must have been watching her. Her eyes darted to her phone across the bed, and in a panic, she flipped it face-down, hiding the evidence, even though it was way too late. “That doesn’t mean you can just waltz in here like you own the place!”

“I may not own the place, but I sure as hell own your ass!”

“What?!” Her voice shot up an octave, squeaking in disbelief.

“You heard me, sweetcakes.” He shrugged like it was the most obvious fact in existence. “Instead of trying to kick me out, you should be on your knees thanking me. You owe me big time!”

“*Owe* you?! You’ve lost your damn mind!”

“Yeah,” he said with a sly grin, “lost it somewhere in those killer curves of yours. Mind if I search around for it?”

Her eyes rolled so hard they nearly fell out of her skull. “No need! I chucked it out the window. Go fetch!” She gestured towards her fourth-floor bedroom window, half-wishing he’d take the suicidal dive.

“Not a chance! My bucket list is way too juicy to kick it now. And, lemme tell ya, copping a feel of that ass is right up there—right next to holding Yaoyorozu’s boobs, of course!” He air-groped Yao-Momo’s imaginary breasts, fingers twitching like he could already feel the weight of them.

Ochaco shot him a sidelong glance, flat as stale soda. “Keep dreaming, you horn-dog. The only thing you’ll be holding onto is your own disappointment.”

His lower lip jutted out in a cartoonish pout. “Aw, come on, give a guy a break, will ya? We both know there’s plenty of room in those booty shorts for two hands. Plus, mine are fun-sized.” He wagged his small digits for emphasis. “See? They’d slip right in next to yours.”

Her face twisted in revulsion. “Know where else your hand would fit in? Right up your—”

“Now, now,” he cut her off, still grinning. Was she about to cuss him out? That would’ve been a first for Uraraka and it had him tickled pinker than her booty shorts. Watching her get all worked up was too much fun. Tempting as it was to prod her further, he knew better than to push his luck too far. “No need to get nasty, Ochaco. I mean, after all, I *did* get your engine revving. Little gratitude would be nice.”

“Psh, as if! It has nothing to do with you!” Her eyes flicked away as she muttered under her breath, “That... that cursed mattress was just... it’s gotta be against the academy’s regulations! Bet you tampered with it or something... made it... m-make it...” Her voice wobbled and fell off into silence before roaring back in righteous indignation. “You sicko! That thing should be torched!”

“Wait, you really think I’d stoop low enough to mess with my mattress?” He barely sounded convincing, even to himself. “You’re juthst salty ‘cause you liked it,” he accused, his lisp sneaking into his words, betraying his hidden thrill.

“Not even!”

Wickedness lit up in his eyes, knowing he had her on the backfoot. “That buzz from my matthress got you wetter than a freakin’ thunami!” He snickered. “And it juthst grinds your gearth that I’m the one who got you thoaked and deshperate, doesn’t it?”

A crimson blaze spread across her cheeks, fists trembling as she gripped the blanket. “Why are you still in my room again? Get lost, Mineta. Now.”

“Tch.” His tongue clacked against his palate. She sat there acting all victimised, like *she* was the one getting played. What about him? “I don’t get why you’re so hung up on Midoriya anyway. I dig the kid, he’s cool in the hero course and everything, but let’s be real... dude’s as vanilla as they come. A total boy scout when it comes to adult stuff like this. He wouldn’t know what to do with a hot piece of ass if it fell right into his lap.”

“Well, maybe I’m not just a ‘hot piece of ass’ to him, like I am to you. Ever stop to think about that?”

Taken aback by her sharp retort, he stumbled over his words. “Well, uh... no... I mean, you’re not *just* a hot piece of ass!” His mouth was running faster than his brain, and the backpedal was anything but smooth. “I mean, you got awesome jugs, too!” He tried a sheepish grin, awarding her assets a double thumbs-up, as if that somehow made things better.

“I swear, I can’t with you.” She facepalmed hard. “And that better be the last time you talk smack about Deku. You’ll never be half the man he is already!” Her cheeks burned bright red, all fired up defending her crush’s honour. No surprise there—Midoriya probably topped her suspect list for the schmuck behind those mystery flowers. “And for the record,” she went on, voice climbing, “You’re living in la-la land. I wasn’t doing anything like you *think* you saw! It’s all in your dirty, twisted mind.”

“Wha...?! Don’t even try to act all innocent. I saw the whole damn thing—you were diggin’ in those shorts like you were mining for treasure!”

“Was not!” She spun her head away from his accusatory finger. “Just ‘cause your brain’s as dirty as a pigpen doesn’t mean we all roll around in the muck with you.”

He almost laughed. “Oh, I know what I saw—and it sure as hell wasn’t G-rated.”

“Yeah? Well... maybe you need your eyes checked!”

Please, his eyes had been razor-sharp since grade school, scouting every curve and dip of the playground honeys from across the sandbox. “Right, ‘cause my 20/20 vision’s the problem here.”

“*You’re* the problem here,” she rebutted.

“*I’m* the problem here? How about *you* just admit you were touching yourself after watching me jerk my big cock?”

“Ugh! Was not! How about you just admit you’re a sex-starved, pint-sized perv who only enrolled in the Hero Course to ogle girls in spandex?” The verbal jab hit harder than he expected, and his mouth dropped open in shock. A satisfied grin tugged at the corner of her lips when she saw how much belittling his dream of becoming a hero had stung him. She didn’t stop there, adding, “And I’d *really* appreciate it if you didn’t go around spreading disgusting rumours about what you think you saw!”

*Holy shit, she actually believes her own BS...*

The nerve of her, trying to gaslight him like he was the one making things up! “That’s a load of crap, and you know it!” This was exactly why he hated Valentine’s Day. Every freakin’ year, like clockwork, any girl he ever showed interest in found some way to paint him as a villain—for no good reason! What was up with that? Why was it so much easier to demonise him than spare him an ounce of goodwill? “We both know I’m telling the truth.”

She let out an arrogant snort. “You really think anyone’s gonna take your word over mine?”

The truth stung.

His reputation as the class perv pretty much guaranteed no one would back him up if things devolved into a messy “he said, she said” squabble. But as he teetered on the edge of losing the upper hand, a devilish spark flickered behind his eyes. He lowered his accusing finger as if holstering a pistol. “Fine then,” he said with calculated coolness, “if it’s all just in my twisted little head and you *weren’t* touching yourself... then prove it.”

“P-prove it?” Her voice quivered, a sliver of nervousness under that fake tough-girl act.

His smug grin made a brash comeback. “Yeah, prove it,” he dared. Before she could even think to ask how, his voice slithered down to a sleazy whisper that belonged in some back-alley dive bar, laying out his terms: “Let me smell your fingers.”

Shock slapped her across the face, eyes wide, lips parting.



*Ha, knew it.*

She scrambled for composure, spluttering like a beat-up car struggling to start. “Y-you’re sick! I can’t believe you’d even suggest something so... so icky!” Her outrage was a thin veil, a clumsy smokescreen, hiding the fact that her fingers were already slipping under the blanket, sneaking out of his view—and, more importantly, away from his sharp sense of smell.

He choked back a snicker. “Hiding your hands like that makes you look waaaay more guilty, you know?”

She jerked the covers up to her eyes like some magic barrier against his insinuations. “I’m not guilty of anything!” came her muffled protest from behind the blanket fortress. “I just don’t want your grimy paws anywhere near me! Can’t you take a hint?”

“Oh, I get it perfectly,” he said with a snort. “If you’re so innocent, why the fuss? Why not let me take a lil’ sniffaroo, just to confirm it?”

“Because it’s gross! What kind of freak even asks that?”

“Gross?” He barked out an incredulous laugh. *If you only knew... there’s not an inch of that body I wouldn’t give my left nut to sniff, touch or taste.* The thought made him lick his lips without even realising it. “Let me sniff anyway. I’ll be the judge of how gross it really is.”

“Ew, absolutely not!”

“Oh c’mon, one quick sniff, and I’m outta your hair.” He thumped a hand over his heart in a show of exaggerated sincerity. “Deal?”

Her face twisted into the kind of disgust that could win an award for best ‘get-the-hell-away-from-me’ expression. But for a split second—barely the length of a heartbeat—there was this tiny tremor in her stony glare; like maybe, just *maybe*, she was actually considering his sleazy proposal if it meant he’d finally leave her alone.

Then, as quickly as it came, she snapped back, grip tightening around her knitted barricade. “Or... you could, you know, just leave?” she counteroffered with forced sweetness, a flimsy attempt at sugarcoating the ‘take-a-hike’ undertones.

But Mineta was one tenacious little grape. “I’m not budging till I get a sniff!” He dropped to his knees on the cold floor, hands clasped in a dramatic prayer as though begging for a miracle. “Please!” His voice rose into that obnoxious, nasally pitch, desperation shimmering in his big googly eyes. “C’mon, just one!”

“Gross! You’re such a perv! Get outta here!”

“Oh, so you can go back to pretending I don’t exist?” His voice cracked mid-whine. It probably sounded melodramatic to her, but what did she know? Women had sent him packing more times than he cared to remember. “I’ll do anything, pleeeeeease! I’ve never gotten this close to sniffing a hot girl’s fingers!” His voice hit a pitch so desperate it cracked again, as though he’d burst into tears if she denied him this dream.

“You’re unbelievable.”

“PLEASE, OCHACO! You’re so fine! I can tell you want this as badly as I do!”

Rather than be moved by his plight, her brow twitched in annoyance. “Mineta, if *you* aren’t going to leave...” Her tone and body language hinted at her readiness to create distance between them on her own.

His eyes narrowed into slits, catching her quick side-eye towards the door.

*Is she actually thinking of making a break for it?*

In an instant, he hopped back to his feet and plucked two sticky orbs from his purple punk hairdo, holding them aloft like grenades ready to blow. “Don’t even think about it.”

Her throat bobbed in a nervous gulp, the sneaky glint in her eyes fading quicker than shadows under a floodlight.

An uneasy tension choked the room, swallowing up every sound except for the mechanical drone of her fan. Awkwardness crawled over his skin, itching like ants at a picnic.

Until, finally, she broke it with a heavy sigh. “Look, I get it.” The venom in her voice had dissolved into something that sounded almost... empathetic? The sudden switch threw him for a second, but she kept going, hitting him right in the feels with her next words. “You feel like you’re always getting the short end of the stick.”

For once, he didn't have a sarcastic retort or some sleazy innuendo lined up. Just a humble, almost defeated nod. "Well, yeah."

"I understand, okay, I do. But this—" She gestured toward him, unimpressed with the way he stood ready to fight for what he felt the world owed him—or at the very least, what *she* owed him. "This isn't the way to handle it."

His gaze dropped to the tacky spheres in his hands, doubts creeping in. Maybe she had a point. His grip loosened around them. But what else was he supposed to do? He swallowed hard, the bitterness of years of frustration catching in his throat, and dared to ask, "Then what *is* the way, Ochaco? Huh? 'Cause nothing else seems to work. I've tried everything."

"Hmmm..." She rubbed her chin and tilted her head, really had to think about it.

He leaned back, arms crossed. *I'm waiting*. Not so easy to win girls over, now was it? Especially not the girls in 1-A.

It was like they'd all signed some secret pact against him, making him the universal scapegoat. He wasn't blind to their quick side-eyes, the whispers that hushed up as soon as he walked by, the repulsion in their eyes when they actually had to talk to him. Yeah, they thought he didn't notice, but he did. They treated him like some kind of perverted pariah, that is, when they weren't flat-out ignoring him. Rich coming from girls who were anything but the angels they played up to be.

He knew all about their midnight boy-smuggling operations! The thin walls of Heights Alliance gave everything away—the muffled footsteps sneaking in, the bed frames creaking, the hushed moans and stifled giggles leaking into the halls when they thought everyone was asleep. It was like being in a live reality show with a cast of closet nymphos who all thought he was too clueless to figure out the plot.

Take Ashido, for example. She might as well slap a revolving door on her room with a neon "open" sign flashing for every guy in the building—scratch that, every guy *except* Mineta. If he so much as brushed by her doorway, he'd be booted out on his ass before he could stick a toe in. So, he did the next best thing; night after night, he crouched right outside her fortress of sin, ear suctioned to the door, jerking off like mad to the sounds of their 'Alien Queen' getting ploughed by whichever lucky bastard got to use her as his personal

cumdump that evening. The way she moaned—oh man, he could practically feel it through the walls while his pyjama bottoms were at his ankles, biting back his own grunts. His pants *now* got tighter just remembering all those nights. What he wouldn't give for *one* evening with her beautiful pink peach!

And it wasn't only about her smoking-hot bod. Sure, she was a solid 10, but the real kicker? The rumour floating around about her Acid Quirk. Word was, she could melt down any load shot inside her in an instant—no mess, no babies, just pure unadulterated fun. It made sense why every guy in the dorm seemed to be lining up for a shot at her door.

The risk-free nut.

He would've killed for a shot at that, to finally unload in a real pussy with no consequences. If Santa ever pulled through on his wishlist, Mineta would make damn sure to pump her pink, 'Alien' gash with so much cum, it'd be streaming out from under her bedroom door by the time he was done with her. The image alone got him worked up every damn time.

Then there was Jirou, always holed up with his main man Kaminari. Mineta hadn't exactly been invited to listen in, but c'mon, Denki was his boy! Bros didn't get bent out of shape over stuff like that, right? If anything, Denki should've been proud his best bud was getting off to his bedroom skills. The way Jirou's whispery moans slipped through the cracks in the door? That shit made Mineta's spine tingle. It wasn't like Ashido's raw, animalistic howls that rattled the walls. Quiet, almost like Denki and Jirou were making sweet love in there, not just banging each other's brains out like hormone-crazed teens. That low, steady hum of passion was kinda hot, in a way he didn't expect.

For all that punk-rock badass attitude, Mineta had a sneaky suspicion Jirou was a shy little thing when it came down to it. Probably not as bold between the sheets as she was strutting around the halls. Or hell, maybe his bro was just *that* good at laying pipe, at having his girl hit all the right notes, strumming her better than any guitar she could handle. Some nights, a wild thought crossed Mineta's mind: what if he barged in on them? Slapped Denki on the back, congratulated him for the way he handled business? Maybe even crack a 'joke' about getting a turn himself. He didn't have the luxury of being above sloppy seconds.

Not that Jirou would appreciate that; she'd probably kill him where he stood. He could already see that murderous glint in her eye, earphone jacks flaring up like venomous

fangs, ready to skewer him dead between the eyes. Mineta gulped just thinking about it, imagining himself tangled up in her cords, bleeding out on the spot.

Yeah, best to stick to his side of the door and keep those fantasies where they belonged.

And Hagakure? Someone really needed to fill her in—just because you couldn't be seen didn't mean you couldn't be heard. Her sugary moans were as conspicuous as her body was inconspicuous. Heh, Asui. She had this weird thing where she'd ribbit at the most random times, her Frog Quirk acting up even in the middle of getting dicked down. It threw off the rhythm of his knuckle shuffling, but he couldn't help but laugh a little every time one of those awkward croaks slipped out while she was taking it. Almost like she was putting on some sitcom performance, and he just happened to be the sole audience member on the other side of those paper-thin walls. He'd find himself snickering between strokes, trying to keep from cracking up as her unique sex noises reached his ears. Still, no matter what weird sounds escaped from Froppy's room, he always managed to get the job done, his hand speeding up while her ribbits weaved into the rest of the fantasy swirling in his head.

Seemed like everyone was getting a fat slice of the pie while he was left licking crumbs off an empty plate. Hell, there were even whispers about Yaoyorozu knocking boots with Mr. Aizawa. *Mr. freakin' Aizawa!* The same Mr. Aizawa who lectured him about self-control and decency! An educator, supposedly a paragon of propriety, dipping his wick in student ink, dabbling in the very acts he'd crucified Mineta for even *thinking* about. What kind of backwards world was this, where even their homeroom teacher got to dip into the student body while he was left shivering his balls off on the sidelines?

The double standard burned him up inside, scorching through his thoughts like Ashido's acidic love juice—except, he'd wouldn't mind *that* sting.

Could it be because he wore his lust like a badge of honour, refusing to fake the nice-guy act? Like, seriously, deep down, everyone was a perv in their own way, had their kinky side. He just had the balls to put his out there. Didn't that count for something? Some kudos for the audacity, maybe? Or dare he suggest, a modicum of respect?

But nope. He got nada. Less than nada. Just the frequent sound of bedsprings squeaking and cries of passion coming through the walls, taunting him, poignant reminders of everything out of his reach. How was that remotely fair? Branded a perv for having the

same dirty thoughts as everyone else, except they actually got to live theirs out. Why was he the only one getting screwed (or *not* getting screwed) in a game where everyone else played dirty?

Admittedly, he hadn't dug up any juicy dirt on Ochaco's sex life yet. She was always fluttering around Iida and Midoriya, but honestly? Mineta couldn't picture either of those goody-two-shoes having the guts to make a move. Iida was more likely to be stomping around lecturing everyone about curfew than breaking it, and Midoriya? The dude would probably spend all night muttering Quirk trivia to himself before he even thought about sneaking into a girl's room. Now, Ochaco, either wasn't nearly as freaky as the rest of the girls in Heights Alliance, or was just way better at hiding it. Mineta had wasted more nights than he cared to admit lurking outside her door, straining to hear something—*anything*. But nothing. No moans, no breathy sighs, not even the creak of a mattress. Just silence. Boring, boner-killing silence.

Maybe she was keeping her cherry ripe for Midoriya?

Who knew at this point. Imagine his shock when he finally caught her up to a bit of mischief on the day of love itself! He kept that scandalous image tucked away in his spank bank as she came out of her musing.

"What's the way to make a good impression?" she asked herself, the naivety in her tone suggesting she'd never once had to break a sweat over snagging male attention. With the kind of curves she had? He couldn't even blame her. Of course she wouldn't get it. "Well, uh... you don't jump into girls' bedroom windows unannounced, that's for sure."

He let out an awkward titter, scratching at the nape of his neck. "Not like I'd have had a better shot walking in through your door."

"Yeah, probably not," she said flippantly.

His shoulders drooped. "How am I supposed to get close to anyone if they won't even give me a chance?"

"Um, ever tried talking to girls like they're, I dunno, actual human beings? You know, getting to know them like you would any friend."

*Friend?* He recoiled as if the word was a piece of rotten fruit shoved in his mouth. Did she seriously think that's what this was about? He was way beyond seeking platonic camaraderie; this was about being seen, being acknowledged—and most of all—about finally getting to clap some cheeks! And where better to start than with that scrumptious cake she'd been parading around in those booty shorts?

"I don't think that's gonna work," he said matter-of-factly, haunted by every awkward rejection he'd ever faced. Girls always flinched whenever he'd approached, like he was some kind of walking biohazard. "I've tried, you know? I'm friendly, give honest compliments, crack jokes—I thought chicks loved a guy with a sense of humour? I can even be a gentleman... sometimes. But all they see is some freak show to avoid like the plague. Waaaah!" His frustration spiralled into a whiny outburst. "It's not friggin' fair!"

"Oh, don't be such a baby. It's not *that* bad."

"Not that bad? The last girl I said 'hi' to literally gagged when I stretched for a handshake!" he griped, arms flailing about wildly. "And I even threw her a nice compliment!"

"What... compliment?" she asked tentatively, voice filled with dread, like she didn't really want to hear the answer. "Knowing you and your 'compliments'... let's just say, they could use some work."

"Huh? What's wrong with my compliments? I shoot from the hip! If you've got great tits, you've got great tits."

"Mineta, that's..." She pinched the bridge of her nose, shaking her head like she was dealing with a five-year-old. "You can't just blurt out stuff like that!"

"I thought honesty was the best policy?"

"There's 'honesty,' and then there's... whatever *that* is." She rubbed her temples, soothing the oncoming migraine brought on by his logic. "Look, you just... come on a little strong sometimes. Like, a *lot* strong. Maybe if you toned it down a bit..."

His stubby fingers raked through his grape-like hair, perplexed. "You mean, if I said something like... 'Hey, nice shoes, wanna procreate?'"

"Yeah, that's exactly the way to win them over." She rolled her eyes. "Maybe start off with basic human conversation?"

“That’s what I’ve been doing! They can’t handle my passion!”

“Um, maybe your ‘passion’ shouldn’t be sexual harassment?”

He blinked, bewilderment on his round face. “So, you’re saying... no talking about boobs?”

“No!” Her hands twitched like she might start pulling her hair out any second. “Don’t be so crude!”

“Don’t be crude, don’t be crude...” he muttered to himself, trying to commit it to memory. “Okay, okay... ooh! How about something more poetic then? Like: ‘Your legs are as endless as the celestial staircase to paradise?’”

“Oh heavens, help us all.” She shook her head with a sigh. “Come at her like that straight out the gate, and that’s one staircase you’ll never be climbing.”

He sighed, but tried again. “Alright, alright, what if I went, ‘Girl, you got curves sharper than a U-turn?’”

“That would definitely make *her* want to do a U-turn.”

“And if I said, ‘You’ve got a smile that could melt hearts, and a body that could melt steel?’”

“Dear God, you’ve got lines that could melt my enthusiasm for life.”

“Oh! How about, ‘You must be tired, ‘cause you’ve been running through my dirty mind all day?’”

“Congratulations, you’ve just given her a reason to run far away.” She gave it a big thumbs-down. “Way too cliché.”

“Hm, okay then, ‘Your curves are so dangerous, they should come with a seatbelt!’”

“You’d be headed straight for a crash with that one.”

His face fell. *Man, she’s ruthless.* But he wasn’t about to give up, certain he would land the next one. “Okay, ‘Your body’s so divine, it’s got me harder than Todoroki’s ice and hotter than his flames!’”



She narrowed her eyes at him. “Seriously?”

“Okay, scratch that. Try this one on for size: ‘Your beauty’s got my grape balls dreaming of growing into fruitful vines, bearing the sweetest of kiddos!’”

“These... just keep getting worse and worse.”

“Doh!” He stopped to think, stroking his chin like some wise philosopher. Then his face lit up. “Oh! I got it now! How about this: ‘Your picture-perfect derriere is something Picasso would’ve painted?’”

Before he could even bask in the brilliance of his latest attempt, she shut it down with zero tolerance. “No. Just... no!”

“Too much, huh? What if I just called her ass ‘cute’ instead?”

“NO!” She buried her face in her hands. “None of that! No talking about butts, or boobs, or bodies—and definitely no references to making babies!”

“Waaaaah! What the hell am I supposed to compliment women on then?” he wailed, throwing his hands up like the world was conspiring against him.

“Women are not walking compliments waiting for your approval, Mineta. You’re focusing on all the wrong things. Just... talk to girls like a normal person, for like five minutes at least, before you start throwing out those perverse ‘compliments’ of yours.”

*Talk to them like a ‘normal person’...*

He wasn’t even sure what that meant anymore. Hadn’t he tried that already? “No matter how nice I am, girls always think I’m up to something.”

“Well... aren’t you?”

He face-faulted. It was a simple question, but it didn’t have a simple answer. Not one she’d want to hear anyway. “That’s not the point, Uraraka!” he sputtered, deflecting. “Stay focused!”

“I am focused. You’re the one going off on tangents with cringey pick-up lines,” she chirped out the side of her mouth.

“Cringe?” He huffed, disappointed. Hours went into coming up with some of those! “Be real with me for a second—you don’t really think this is going to work, do you?”

“What do you mean? Trust me, the *right* compliment could go a long, long way. Maybe try something that *doesn’t* have to do with a girl’s body?”

“I’m not talking about the compliments,” he said. “I’m talking about *me*... making a good impression.”

“Well...” The silence that followed was so thick, so damning, he didn’t need her to say more. But then, out of nowhere, her big brown eyes lit up with an idea. “You know what? What if *I* helped you get a girlfriend?”

“A... girlfriend?” His eyes bulged out of their sockets as if she’d handed him the keys to the Playboy mansion. There was no way that would work... would it?

She paused, her own words sinking in, making her second guess herself. “Actually, maybe aiming for a girlfriend is jumping the gun,” she backtracked, before quickly adding, “But I can at least help you land a Valentine! That’s doable, right?”

His optimism kicked into overdrive. A Valentine’s Day without being treated like a walking biohazard? That might’ve been the lowest of low bars for most people, but for Mineta, it would be a dream come true. He hadn’t had a Valentine since... well, ever. Could she really make it happen though? And wait—why was she being nice all of a sudden? Suspicion narrowed his eyes into slits. “This isn’t some sneaky trick to get me out of your room, is it?”

She waved off his scepticism with flailing hands and an awkward laugh. “No, no, I’m dead serious! I can really help pull this off.”

*Yeah, right.* Like he was dumb enough to fall for that. Women were all the same—demons behind those sweet faces, waiting to play you like a simp. And the prettier they were, the more dangerous. “I don’t buy it,” he spat. “You must think I’m some kinda idiot, huh?”

“What? No—”

“Please, Ochaco, it’s a known fact. The prettier the girl, the harder she is to trust—and you? You’re the prettiest in 1-A, so that makes you the worst.”

“Er, huh? Is that supposed to be a compliment or...?”

He huffed and crossed his arms, still not entirely convinced by her cupid act. And yet, a little curious. “*If* I said I believe you—not saying I do, but *if*,” he stressed, “Then, uh, who exactly are you gonna hook me up with?”

“Whoa, slow down there, Romeo! I didn’t say anything about you *hooking up*.” She chuckled, a little uneasy. “But you did mention you have a thing for Yaoyorozu, right? Well, I could totally put in a good word for you. Get the ball rolling.”

His eyes went wide, heart thudding like a jackhammer. “Wait, wait, wait... Yaoyorozu? You’d actually talk to her? For *me*?”

“Yep! I mean, I’d say she trusts my judgement well enough.”

“Yeah?” He tried to temper his excitement, but it was almost impossible. “I don’t think just a ‘good word’ is going to convince her though.”

“Of course not! I’m not going to hold your hand all the way to the finish line. But I can give you pointers along the way.”

“Oh yeah? Like what?”

“Like, well...” Her fingers tapped against her chin in consideration. “You probably see Yaoyorozu as some super confident, ten-out-of-ten bombshell—a lot of guys do—but she’s got her moments of insecurity, too, you know? I think she’d really appreciate someone who could boost her confidence when she’s too hard on herself, remind her just how amazing she is!” Ochaco pumped her fist, eyes sparkling with contagious excitement, thrilled at the idea of playing cupid. Or maybe she was just excited to chuck him onto someone else. Either way, Mineta wasn’t about to jinx his luck by overthinking it. He let her cook.

“And if I know Yao-Momo like I think I do,” Ochaco was saying, “she’d definitely be moved by a grand gesture that shows how confident *you* are. Something that says you really want to be with her, and that she can rely on you when things get tough.”

“Right, right...” He nodded along, trying to picture himself atop a white horse, gleaming in shining armour. “A grand gesture, huh?” Could he really do it though? “How am I supposed to pull off a grand gesture without getting slapped? And what kind of grand gesture won’t send her running for the hills?”

Ochaco shrugged. “I can’t spoon-feed you *everything*. Use your charm to—er, actually *don’t* use your charm—use everything else *but* your charm to come up with something that’s gonna be a real winner! I know you can.”

“You really think so?”

“Yeah!”

His whole body vibrated with excitement, bouncing on his toes like a kid hyped up on sugar. A wingwoman in his corner? This was *huge!* It could change everything!

But...

His initial burst of excitement started to fizzle, the gears in his brain slowly catching up with reality. *What if Yaoyorozu doesn’t take the bait?* She was smart—*too* smart—the type to sniff out a half-baked plan before it left the oven. He could already see it: Ochaco fumbling through her pitch, trying to talk him up like a used car salesman hawking a sour grape. *What if she chokes?* He’d end up looking like a total wuss, hiding behind a girl while she did all the legwork for him. No way in hell Yaoyorozu would respect that.

His brain spiralled into worst-case scenarios. The whole thing could blow up in his face, and not in a fun way. He imagined trying some grand gesture—maybe serenading her in the cafeteria—and instead of swooning, Yaoyorozu’s eyes would widen in horror, a perfect cup of hot tea exploding in his face. *Boom*, instant laughingstock, with Kaminari rolling on the floor, the other girls pointing and laughing, shrieking about how he had it coming, and Sero recording the whole thing to go viral. His humiliation would be immortalised.

It would be his teddy bear getting thrown in the dumpster all over again.

And that’s assuming Yaoyorozu didn’t already have a Valentine. A total babe like her? Brains, boobs, and bank account? She must’ve had a mile-long line of studs waiting up to shoot their shot. *Tall* studs that would make him look even punier and more pathetic than he already did. The competition was stacked against him, both metaphorically and physically. His gut twisted into a knot.

“I don’t know about this,” he mumbled, the excitement draining from his face. “Have you ever even done anything like this before?”

“Well, no, not really.” She rubbed the back of her neck, looking all kinds of unsure. “I mean, I’m not exactly a relationship guru or anything but—”

“Yeah, no kidding,” he snorted, cutting her off. “You haven’t even gotten Midoriya to notice you. And I’m supposed to believe this ‘grand gesture’ is going to work?”

“Hey!” Her cheeks flared with offense. “I’m willing to put my neck out for you, and this is the thanks I get?”

“You know I’m right.”

“That’s completely different! Deku’s just—”

“Blind?” Mineta interjected bluntly. “If a hot piece of ass like you was hanging around me all day, no way I’d be stupid enough to miss the signs. Best believe I’d be all over that thicc booty like white on rice—all day, every day, and a dozen times on Sunday.”

She hmped, glaring at him as he waggled his eyebrows suggestively. “What did I say about bringing Deku into this?”

He shrugged, nonchalant. “Facts are facts, sweetcakes.”

“Would you *please* quit calling me that?” she said through clenched teeth, visibly struggling to keep her cool. “You know what? Forget it!” With a swift flick of her wrist, she thrust her hand toward him. “Here, take your stupid whiff and scam.”

His jaw damn near unhinged itself, eyes bulging like they were about to pop out of his skull. “Wait... theriously? You’re gonna let me sniff your fingers?”

“Yes,” she growled through gritted teeth. “But you better haul your butt outta my room right after!”

His breath stalled, his gaze fixated, wild with excitement. The sun, as if on cue, chose that exact moment to stream through the window, casting her hand in a glowing, golden hue—a spotlight from the heavens, giving her fingers an otherworldly shimmer. The soft curve of her knuckles, the slender stretch of her fingers—bathed in that holy glow—looked nothing short of miraculous. In his head, a full orchestra erupted into a symphony—trumpets blaring, drums pounding, angelic voices lifting in perfect harmony—all to herald the grand spectacle that was Ochaco’s hand.

He didn't need to be told twice.

In a blur of speed that could've rivalled Iida's Recipro Turbo, Mineta launched himself onto her bed, nose leading the charge like a man possessed, zeroing in on those beckoning fingers.

Her eyebrows shot up, totally unprepared for his lightning-fast reaction. A nervous sweatdrop rolled down her forehead as he invaded her personal space, nostrils flaring like an overzealous bloodhound. His snout hovered mere hairbreadths from her fingers, poking and prodding them with an obsessive curiosity. From knuckle to nail tip, his gruff, scrupulous sniffs left no digit untouched—each sniff louder, more obnoxious than the last, almost worshipping her fingers as much as he was prying for a scent.

She winced, fought the urge to yank her hand back. Yeah, she was nervous alright—nervous he'd catch a whiff of something she'd be embarrassed to explain. Something that would rip through her cruel attempt at gaslighting him once and for all.

After taking a long, greedy whiff that'd make any perv proud, he finally pulled back, stroked his chin like Sherlock about to crack the case of the century.

"Well?" she asked, nibbling on her lip, braced for whatever off-the-wall comment she'd come to expect from him.

His eyes squinted in deliberation, all the evidence lingering in the scent trapped in his nostrils. Every passing second must've been agony for her, like a defendant standing in a courtroom, waiting for the judge to reveal her fate. Finally, he cocked an eyebrow. "Hmm. Honestly? It smells like..." He let the suspense stretch a moment longer, milking it before delivering his final verdict: "...a plain old hand."

A sigh of relief fell from her lips as she yanked her arm back. "See? All in your head, wasn't it?" She shook her wrist, trying to rid herself of the weird sensation left by his invasive sniffing. "Now that we've debunked that little myth, I think it's time for us to part ways. There's still plenty of Valentine's Day left to enjoy. You could still—"

Her words cut off as three purple orbs flew through the air, splatting against her wrist and pinning it to the wall behind her.

“Hey!” she squawked, glaring at him. “You got your sniff, didn’t you? This wasn’t part of the deal!”

“Maybe not, but neither was playing me for a fool, now was it?”

A flicker of guilt cracked through her facade. “W-What are you talking about?” Her hand writhed in an attempt to break free from the sticky grip holding it captive. “I didn’t—”

“I might be short in stature, but I’m not short on braincells.” He’d seen through her ruse, and put on a smug grin to show for it. The moment her other hand emerged from the blanket to assist its trapped companion, he fired another barrage of sticky balls that caught and pinned her second wrist to the opposite side of the wall, leaving her arms splayed out like she’d been caught in a stick-up.

“Seriously?!” She wriggled helplessly.

“You almost had me with that little cupid act,” he admitted. “Thought if you kept me distracted long enough, I wouldn’t catch on to you switching your hands, huh?”

A tiny squeak slipped past her lips. “That’s not true!” And yet, panic tinged her voice. “It wasn’t just an act. I really *was* going to help—”

“Cut the crap, Uraraka. The image of you playing with yourself is seared into my brain, *forever*,” he bragged, tapping his temple. “I could paint that picture from memory—your left hand shoved down your shorts, phone in the other, drooling over Midoriya like he was the one getting you off. You really thought you could pull one over on me?” He puffed up like a rooster in the hen house, preening at his own cleverness. “Now then,” he said, voice dropping to a dirty whisper, “I’m gonna take me a good ol’ whiff of the *real* hand that was down those slutty shorts.”

She went paper-white, cold sweat breaking out across her brow. “W-Wait! Can’t we talk about this? Let’s—let’s renegotiate!”

“I don’t negotiate with terrorists!” All women were in some shape or form—and this one was trying to mess with his head, make him second-guess his own sanity. “Talk time’s over, sweetcakes. It’s sniffing time now!”

His sights zeroed in on the hand she’d tried so desperately to keep hidden under the blanket, the one now pinned against the wall by his sticky orbs. With frenzy in his eyes, he

plunged his face into her palm, nostrils flaring wide as they made contact with her skin. He sucked in her scent like a man deprived of oxygen, the smell slamming into his brain harder than a Texas Smash, flooding his senses.

“Ohhh, yeah... that’s it, girl, that’s what I’m talking about,” he rasped, his breath shaky, ragged. Her left hand—oh God, her *left* hand—smelled like delicious sin, like she’d dipped her fingers into something fiercely private, something that wasn’t meant for him but damn if he wasn’t gonna take it anyway. There was a lingering heat to that scent, a trace of femininity, and libidinous. “Knew it,” he hissed, eyes glazed over, pupils so wide it looked as though he was staring into his wildest fantasies. That naughty, incriminating smell had stuck to her fingers, and there was no washing off the evidence now.

“Sweet, sweet pussy,” he sighed, breathless, recognising the familiar scent from all those times he’d buried his face in girls’ panties, sniffing out their secrets. This, though, this was the strongest he’d ever smelt the raw essence of woman, practically straight from her cunt. He could almost *taste* the heat rolling off her digits, that sweet, ripe aroma filling his lungs and intoxicating his brain like a drug. Every sniff hit him harder, lifted him higher. So primal, so filthy, it had him burning from the inside out. His heart thudded in his chest, blood rushing south fast enough to make him dizzy, and still, he leaned in for another deep whiff, filling his lungs with her essence.

“Incredible!” The word came out as a breathy moan, thick with lust. A pink flush spread across his face, hot and heavy, like he’d downed a shot of something strong. Well, it didn’t get stronger than fresh pussy, did it? “Thank you, lord!” he slurred, eyes rolling back, lost in ecstasy, drunk off her smell alone.

While he stood dazed, high as a kite, eyes half-lidded and blissed out, she grunted and squirmed. Her forearms strained against the purple orbs locking her wrists down, teeth gritting as she twisted and pulled. It was no use. His Quirk’s hold was as relentless as the lust boiling in his veins. No matter how hard she tugged, the base of her hands was too thick to slip through the sticky shackles.

She wasn’t going anywhere.

He pressed his nose into her palm and felt a recoil, a little jolt from her pulling away. Didn’t matter. He’d sniff to his heart’s content. Her fingers, though dry to the touch, still



carried the trace of her arousal like a stubborn perfume he couldn't resist. "Mhm, that's the stuff... been a bad girl, haven't you, Ocho?"

He rubbed his nose along her palm, a dog hunting for scraps, his breath quickening, lisp kicking in. "Mmm, yeah... I can totally thmell it... how moist you are." His face mashed into her hand, frantic now, desperate, trying to rub the scent into his pores. "How deep did thethe fingers go in that thoaked puthy?"

Pretty damn deep, if the strength of the lasting scent was anything to go by. What a horny little thing she'd been, and she had the nerve to call *him* the perv? Acting like she hadn't been turned on during their gaming session, too. Hah. He didn't give a damn if Midoriya had been on her phone's screen—her heat, her scent, her *wetness* was Mineta's doing, and his alone. He'd earned it, damn it! He wasn't going anywhere until he collected his dues.

He chuckled to himself, oozing with sordid triumph now that he had her right where he wanted her. "You're not going to tell me, are you?" His voice poked at her like a cat batting at a mouse with nowhere left to run.

"Tell you what?" she grumbled, forcing each word through clenched teeth.

"How deep you pushed 'em in?" He gave a sly nod toward those sullied fingers, grinning like he knew all her dirty secrets. Of course, she'd never come clean. But for now, the kicks from watching her squirm were enough. "What were you thinking about when you were digging in your shorts, huh? Fantasising about my huge shlong?"

Her face contorted in repulsion, eyes rolling with a look that screamed, *in your dreams*. She'd rather be anywhere in the world but stuck here, forced to listen to his perverted crap. But instead of biting back, she threw his bait to the side and asked, "Are we done here?"

"Did you cum?"

"Stop it, Mineta."

"I'm really thorry if I interrupted you before you could," he said, his lisp barely hiding the glee beneath his faux apology, "but I have a few ideas on how I can make it up to—"

"Getting lost would be a good start."

“And here I thought we were having fun, getting to know each other. Talking like ‘normal people’, you know?” He shook his head as if she was the one killing the vibe. “You can’t tell me you don’t like the attention—not when you go prancing around in those tiny shorts, showing off like that.”

“Whaaa?! Showing off?” she blurted out in disbelief. “I wear them for comfort, not for you, weirdo. Besides, I didn’t even know anyone else was here!”

“Whatever you say.” He snorted. “Like you’re not fully aware of how good you look in ‘em. Don’t pretend you haven’t noticed me staring.”

“You *always* stare. It’s disgusting,” she shot back. “And for the record, nothing I wear is for your creepy ass.”

“Hey, can I help it if I appreciate a good view?” He shrugged as if this was all perfectly reasonable. “I mean, it’s not my fault your phat ass looks so damn hot in that skimpy thing.”

Her face flushed, half from anger, half from sheer exasperation. “You’re *obsessed!* It’s just a butt, Mineta! Sheesh.”

“Just a butt? Heh, you should try looking in the mirror sometime.”

“Whatever.” She shook her head, baffled at how he was making such a big deal out of it. “It’s not even the best one in class,” she added, a touch of irony slipping in. “That’s right—I saw that stupid list you guys were passing around. Mina’s was rated top, not mine. I don’t see you running around gluing *her* wrists to her bedroom wall!”

“Well, she’s not here. Besides, she’d totally melt me on the spot if I tried!” he fretted.

“Yeah. Kind of what I was counting on.”

He gasped, clutching his chest like he’d been stabbed. “Ouch! I didn’t know you had it in you to be so cold. And here I thought you were the nicest girl in class, all sunshine and sweetness.” He squinted at her, suddenly suspicious. “Wait a sec—how’d you get your hands on that list anyway? Should’ve never left the boys’ locker room!”

“Doesn’t matter,” was her cryptic response.

“Hmmm...” Well, now that she’d cracked the door open, he was more than eager to dive into the dirty details. “So, yeah, once we tallied up all the votes, Ashido’s booty totally

took the crown. Not that anyone's thurprithed, right?" he snorted. "You've theen that thing—mathive, round, firm—like it wath thculpted by the godth!" His hands shaped the air, mimicking the curves of her perfect, pink posterior. "And those healthy thighs of hers? Abtholute killers! All that danthing really payth off—perfect for keeping her thuper toned, and making that pink peach of hers sit up jutht right, mouth-wateringly thicc. Plus," he leaned in with a hushed whisper, "all the guys thay she'th a fan of the rear admiral, if you catch my drift." He nudged her with his elbow, grin widening. "Just picturing it now... how it must clap back when you're really giving it to her from behind..."

His gaze drifted off into the distance, lost in a haze of filthy fantasies.

"Man, what I wouldn't give for jutht one night with that—jutht to hear it sing under a proper Grape Press..."

"...Grape Press?" She arched a brow.

"Oh yeah, that's when I—"

"Yeah, nope! Forget I asked." She shook her head, trying to rattle his words out of her brain before they cultivated full-blown, explicit imagery. "Last thing I need is a play-by-play of whatever weird sex moves you're dreaming up in your spare time!"

"Fine. Suit yourself," he groaned. Damn, he'd been *this* close to giving her the rundown on all the moves he'd perfected on his collection of lifelike sex dolls. He always wondered what the girls in 1-A would say if they found out he'd sometimes slap their pictures onto the faces of his dolls.

"So, you're not even in the least bit curious?"

"Nope." She turned her face away with an air of indifference. "Why would I be?"

Of course she wouldn't be. He was nowhere near as cool as Deku. "Anyway," he said, "forget about Ashido. This is about me and you right now. And your hand..." His eyes slid sideways, locking onto it, that lust-fuelled gleam flickering back to life. "Here. Alone. On Valentine's Day."

Her hand twitched, and she yanked it back as far as it could go. Not that it did her much good—her wrist was still bound to the wall, and there was only so much space between

her and the way his greedy stare devoured her appendage. “Quit with the sniffing already. It’s gross. You already got what you wanted, haven’t you?”

“Au contraire,” he murmured, stepping closer.

Standing on her mattress, Mineta felt something he almost never got to feel—tall. Towering over someone, even if it was just because she was sitting with her blanket pulled up to her chin, gave him a newfound sense of power. *Finally*, he thought, *someone has to look up at me*. But Ochaco? She wouldn’t give him the satisfaction. Her eyes stayed fixed to the side, lips pressed tight like she was trying to will him out of existence. *Still want to treat me like I’m nothing, huh?*

He chuckled, low, and dark. “You know what?” He leaned close enough for his breath to graze her ear. “Doesn’t even matter how deep you went with those fingers.” His eyes dropped to his crotch, where his pants bulged obscenely, the outline of his erection impossible to miss. “Cause I’ve got something that can go *a whole lot deeper*.”

She choked back a gasp, her body freezing for a second.

*Yeab, that’s right*. His smirk grew, feeding off her unease.

He sniffed her hand again, lust eating at his brain, and the more he breathed it in, the harder his pants strained. “Mmm, so damn good...” His tongue darted out to moisten his lips, already imagining more. “Bet I’d love the taste just as much.”

She refused to look at him, brushed off his words. What she hadn’t expected, though, was for him to act on them. His tongue snaked out, dragging up the length of her palm in one long, greedy lick, tasting the remnants of what had set his mind ablaze.

She recoiled at the sudden wetness, a gasp as the damp touch trailed across her palm, leaving behind a slick line of spit. Her wrist twisted, yanked desperately against the sticky trap keeping her bound. It was fun watching her try. When she inevitably failed to break free, her hand resorted to wild flailing, trying to swat or shove him away, maybe even land a slap if she was lucky. But with her range of motion so limited, her swings only hit the open air.

He chuckled under his breath, amused at how easily he stayed out of reach. But even through his twisted fun, he had to remind himself to watch out for her Quirk; he couldn’t let all five finger pads make contact at once, lest she had him floating up like a balloon, ruining

all the hard work he'd done to land himself here. Soon enough, she gave up trying to swat at him, too, and balled her hand into a tight, stubborn fist instead, hoping it might be enough to keep him from going in for another lick.

*Nice try.*

Grabbing her fist with both of his child-sized hands, his breath hitched at her resistance. She was holding on tighter than he'd expected, her knuckles pale with the force of it. But he wasn't backing down. Not after the sweet whiff of pussy in there had him buzzing.

"No, Mineta, knock it off already!" she growled, arm trembling, fighting to keep her fist closed. She might've been bigger and stronger than him, but Mineta had desperation on his side. Grunting, panting, his sweaty hands dug into hers, pried at the defiant fingers, giving it everything he had, the effort beading on his forehead.

"C'mon, Ochaco, don't be so stingy!" he wheezed between strained grunts. "Just lemme... get a little taste, please?"

With an aggressive grunt, he finally managed to wedge her pinkie loose, just enough. That was all he needed. His heart raced, mouth watering as he slid her half-curved, trembling finger past his lips. He sucked hard, shameless, not even flinching at her gasp of disgust. It was so worth it for that faint taste, that little reminder of what she'd been doing before he'd barged in.

Her body shuddered as though he'd sucked the soul right out of her, a defeated whimper falling from her lips. *There it is*—the sound of her resolve petering out. After he'd secured that first taste, it was like her fingers had lost the will to fight, barely resisting his greedy little paws. It hardly took any effort to uncoil her ring finger next, and the second he did, he wasted no time. That finger went straight into his mouth, and he sucked as hard as before, watching her squirm from the slick, moist sensation.

*Serves you right, he thought. Getting those fingers smelling like fresh vadge and thinking you could hide them from me?*

Not a chance. Not on his watch. Not when it was his doing.

One by one, he dragged his lips over each digit, sampling the texture of her finger pads. Uravity's weren't like anyone else's—her Quirk, he assumed, had fostered these little

circular ridges, rough bumps that stood out against his prodding tongue. Even the subtle details of her extremities got him riled up. As his tongue slid further down the slender length of her digits, he barely caught the faintest hint of her essence. The tang was probably stronger in his head than on her skin, while the sheer thrill of having any part of her in his mouth overcompensated for the minimal taste. His imagination sprinkled colour on his palate, made the flavour sharper, made him feel like he was sampling something secret, something dirty, something her body made just for him.

He'd saved her middle finger for last. Something told him it would be the best one yet, and all the other digits had been starters leading up to the main course. By the time he reached it, her hand hung limp, all the fight drained from it as if she had finally accepted this was happening. He straightened that long, slender finger and slid his lips over it with ease, pulling it deep into his mouth until he hit the knuckle.

The moment it touched his tongue, his eyes lit up—*there* it was. That *taste*. It wasn't just in his head this time; the tang of her sex clung to this finger the strongest. He couldn't help moan around it, overwhelmed by the rich, carnal flavour.

He pulled out, smacking his lips with a grin. "Mmm! Fucking delicious!" he exclaimed, as if he'd sampled a rare delicacy. And to him, pussy definitely qualified—so rare, he'd never had it before, and so tasty, it couldn't not be a delicacy. There was no denying it now—her middle finger was drenched in the lingering scent of it.

"You filthy, little, mathturbating thlut!" he spat the words, half-scolding, half-praising her, voice shaking with excitement. Although he'd known it the moment he burst through her window, saying it out loud—right to her guilt-ridden face—made his chest swell with vindication, celebrating the fact he was right all long. Getting to taste the proof was icing on the cake.

He plunged that soiled finger right back into his mouth, swallowing it up to the knuckle. His cheeks hollowed as he pulled, desperate to siphon every bit of flavour her digit offered. He bobbed his head back and forth like he was giving it a full-on blowjob. The scent, the warm taste of pussy marinated her finger, lingered on his tongue. Wet, lewd slurps coloured the air, gaudy and obscene, echoing the noises he pictured filling her bedroom every time she'd pumped this very digit in and out of her dripping snatch. The faint saltiness, that

dried hint of her arousal, sent a low groan rolling up from his throat, vibrating against her engulfed finger.

The fact she'd picked her longest finger told him everything he needed to know about her cravings—that desperate, hidden yearning for something big enough to fill the needy crevice between her legs. Her touch alone wouldn't do it. She needed something thicker, he decided, something solid to stretch her and press into places her fingers could only dream of reaching.

And damn, did he have just the thing, straining hard against his trousers, twitching with every thought of sliding into the spot her finger had warmed up.

His throat went dry at the thought, hunger flashing in his eyes as he sucked harder, twisting his mouth around her digit, tongue swirling over every inch, celebrating the fact he'd caught her wet-handed. If he had his way, he'd keep her finger trapped in his mouth until it pruned up, leave her skin soaked and sensitive from the relentless pull of his greedy chops. Finally, when there wasn't a hint of her taste left to savour, he pulled back slowly, his lips clinging to her finger pad for one last sloppy kiss before it slipped free.

"Finger-lickin' good!" The words rolled off his tongue with a devilish grin. "Damn girl, you're like a five-star meal."

She shot him a flat look, unimpressed. "You're like a one-star creep."

He laughed. "Just one star? Come off it. And hey," his voice dipped into a suggestive mutter, "If I'm this crazy about a finger, just imagine what I'd do if you let me go down there."

She scoffed, a fresh wave of red tinging her cheeks. "Yeah, I'd rather *not* imagine that, actually."

"Sure, sure. You're only saying that 'cause it's me, but deep down, we both know the truth." He leaned closer, whispered, "Bet it's still moist, isn't it?"

She baulked, her face twisting in revulsion. But... she hadn't exactly denied it, either.

"Alright, let's make a new deal then." He rubbed his hands together. "I get rid of these sticky balls, and all you gotta do is... touch yourself. Just a little bit. Let me have another taste." His eyes drifted to her hand, now glistening only with his spit, any trace of her

sweet nectar in his tummy. He was still hungry though. A part of him hoped he might convince her to dip back into the well once more.

“Absolutely not!” she snapped, still mortified he’d caught her the first time. He knew damn well the odds of her doing it again, right in front of him, were slim to none, but hey, it didn’t hurt to try.

Not one easily deterred, he seized her hand again.

“Now what are you doing?” Trepidation softened her voice.

“This.” He pulled her fingers apart into a wide ‘V,’ two on each side, then flicked his tongue out, slow and wet, teasing the webbing between her digits. He half-hoped he’d find remnants of her sweetness trapped there, but really, he was trying to paint a new picture in her mind—a vivid, dirty one of him doing between her legs exactly what he was doing between her fingers.

Her eyes stayed on him for a beat too long, watching his tongue dart in and out of the narrow space, before embarrassment forced her to look away, flustered.

“You know,” he murmured, pulling his tongue back and wiping his slobbery mouth on the back of his hand, “all you had to do was admit it. If you hadn’t lied about what you were really getting up to, maybe we wouldn’t have gotten here.” Honestly though, he was kind of glad she had, glad for the excuse. He barely gave her time to grunt in annoyance before adding, “We’re almost even now.”

Her head snapped up, brows furrowed, incredulous. “*Almost?*”

“Well, yeah. I mean, I smelled yours...” He dropped his voice, the words heavy with implication. “Only seems fair you get a whiff of mine, don’tcha think?”

Her face went ghostly white. “Wh-what do you mean...? Smell your wha—aaaaah!”

Her shocked shriek echoed off her bedroom walls as the uninvited visitor dropped his pants without warning.

...



The second Ochaco glimpsed that unruly tuft of purple pubes spilling from Mineta's waistband, she sucked in a sharp gasp and slammed her eyes shut. *No, no, no, no—he didn't just do that!* She thanked her quick reflexes for sparing her the sight of his pants dropping any further. "Oh my God, Mineta, put them back on!"

"Trust me, Ochaco, you'll get a much better whiff this way," he said, like standing half-naked on her bed was some kind of favour.

"Yeah, that's gonna be a hard pass!"

"*Hard* is just the beginning," he quipped, far too pleased with himself. "But you don't have to take my word for it. Go ahead, open your eyes and see for yourself," he dared. "Don't even try to act like you're not curious."

"Curious?!" Her voice went up an octave, shaking her head so furiously her hair whipped about her face, eyelids shut even tighter. "Not even a little! I wouldn't look if you paid me!" Her wrists struggled against his purple orbs as she doubled down.

"Yeah, you say that now," he countered, "but I know you were sneaking peeks when we were playing video games."

"N-no, I wasn't!" Her words tumbled over themselves, scrambling for something to throw back. "I was focusing on the screen, remember?" A waver in her voice, but she didn't give up the frantic attempt to convince him—and herself—that he was way off base. "My back was facing you the whole time!"

The knot in her stomach tightened. She could feel his stare piercing through her closed eyelids, like he could see right through her frantic denials. Like he knew she wasn't telling the whole truth.

"You think I'd forget?" His tone dripped with sly confidence. "I was right there behind you, watching every second. The way you grinded into my mattress like a bitch in heat..." His recounting wrapped around her like a noose, pulling tighter with each accusation. "...and you knew I was stroking it, didn't you? Oh yeah, you knew exactly what you were doing," he alleged, his indictment creeping under her skin. "Giving me a whole damn show while I jerked to that thick ass of yours," he pushed on, voice darkening, "probably fantasising about what it'd feel like taking it deep inside your little—"

“That’s insane!” She couldn’t bear to let him finish, couldn’t let him pile more filth onto an already sordid picture.

“What’s insane is thinking I wouldn’t notice you could see me in the mirror’s reflection.”

Her stomach dropped. Dread clawed its way up her throat like ice. If ever there was a time she needed a disappearing Quirk, it was now.

But disappear, she couldn’t.

Instead, she sensed his approach beyond her closed lids, his tiny feet dipping the mattress on either side of her. A shiver skittered up her spine, her body shrinking back. She wriggled, still refusing to open her eyes. “Wh-what are you doing?” Her voice came out small, frayed at the edges by fear.

Then, it hit her.

A sharp, musty stench wafted up her nostrils, thick and sour, creeping through her defences like a rotten breeze seeping through a cracked door. The smell was overpowering, tinged with stale sweat and something far worse, something that had been festering unchecked for days. Her nose crinkled in protest, her stomach lurched, but with her hands bound, she couldn’t even pinch her nostrils shut against the intrusive stink.

“That’s it.” His voice slithered through the pungent air, amused, taunting. “Get a good whiff of it, sweetcakes.”

She writhed, twisted her head from side to side, but it didn’t matter where she turned, the stink followed her. She could feel him fanning the rancid stench toward her, gusts of hot, foul air rising from his crotch and hitting her square in the face. It went beyond body odour; it was an assault, a reek so pungent and musky it physically pressed against her, clamouring for recognition and revolt.

Hadn’t he promised he’d leave her room once he got to smell her fingers? *That* was the deal. Not only had he gone beyond that, stuffing her fingers in his disgusting mouth, but now he was dragging her down into his pit of filth, forcing her to breathe in his grotesque notion of reciprocity. Unlike him, she’d never asked to smell any part of his body. How was

this even remotely fair? Her hand smelled nothing like the rancid horror wafting up from below his waist.

With his pants and underwear discarded, the odour hovering around his groin area was brutally unapologetic, his smelly penis a dangling advertisement for neglected hygiene. The stink sank into her pores, coating the back of her throat like a rotten taste she couldn't spit out. How in the world could his... *junk* smell worse than literal junk?

And even worse than that, how could he sound so proud of it?

“Why are you wrinkling your cute little nose like that? Don't you just love the smell of cock on a hot afternoon?” The comment made her stomach churn. “Hehe, I was watching this Mt. Lady parody porno last night,” he blabbered on. “It was so thtupid, but sooo hot—busted all kinds of nuts all over myself and passed out right after, hehehe.”

Her face contorted, barely swallowing back the urge to gag. Was *that* what she was smelling? Mixed in with all that putrid funk, his dried semen clinging to his body like some sick badge of honour? Figures—the little perv hadn't even had the decency to wash up. She shuddered, skin crawling, wishing she could scrub her mind of every vile detail he'd so casually dumped on her.

“What's with the face?” he snorted, rolling his eyes. “Think I'm the only guy in this dorm choking the chicken? Hate to burst your bubble, but *everyone* does it. Even your precious 'Deku.' It's all natural, baby... this is what real men smell like! Take it all in.”

*Real men? Give me a break!*

There was no way she'd picture Deku—or honestly, any of the other guys—sitting alone in a dark room, glued to some screen, getting off to ridiculous adult parodies of Pro Heroes. How long had Mineta spent convincing himself his revolting habits were “natural”? The rancid miasma rising from his crotch was so pungent it felt like a personal attack, like he'd gone out of his way to keep it stinky, hoping to provoke a reaction out of her, or any poor girl who got stuck this close.

“Come on, open your eyes, smell the roses,” he urged. “You know you want to. Or are we still pretending you weren't peeking earlier?”

She wanted nothing more than to yell at him to leave, to take that noxious stench with him. But the thought of opening her mouth and letting that awful odour creep in kept her silent.

He ignored her sour grimace, inching towards her like he didn't notice, or maybe just didn't care. "I'm getting a little closer now," he warned, as if he were coaxing a skittish animal that might lash out.

Through clenched teeth, she pried her lips open just enough to hiss, "Don't."

"Don't what?" His dirty grin shined through his tone. "Bet if I'd yanked these covers off right now, I'd find out just how wet you really are."

She felt his slimy fingers creep along the edge of the blanket, ready to peel it away from her chest. Her hands might've been bound, but her legs were still free. She kicked out, thrashed from right under him. He wobbled, arms flailing as his balance teetered. His weight crashed onto her legs, and with a startled yelp, he tumbled backwards, his small body rolling off her shins like an oversized bowling ball. The next sound she heard was the satisfying thud of him hitting the floor.

"Ow..."

A tiny smile touched her lips.

...

Mineta groaned, rubbing the sore spot on his skull, vision spinning like a carousel after his nasty fall. He blinked, trying to get his bearings, his sights settling on the stupid piggy bank on the green carpet nearby. Its beady eyes stared right at him, laughing at his misfortune. Right. Still in Ochaco's room. Not a dream, after all.

The dull ache in his head vanished the second his eyes locked onto something else on the floor, something that made his blood rush south.

Pink. Booty. Shorts.

Just lying there beside him like a gift straight from the heavens.

*Jackpot!*

He glanced up at the bed he'd just toppled off of, noting the tangled mess of blanket hanging off the edge. All that thrashing must've knocked the loose shorts right off.

Snatching up the pink prize, he sprang to his feet and waved them in the air. "Hey, Ochaco... you might wanna open your eyes and take a look at what I've got right here!"

She dismissed him with a stubborn shake of her head. "Not falling for it, Mineta!" She kept her eyes clamped shut. "I know you're just trying to get me to look at your... you know... *that*."

"Huh?" He glanced down, barely processing the ache in his hip from hitting the floor, before realising his junk was still out, proudly on display. She was so hung up on not seeing *that*, she hadn't even noticed her shorts had slipped out of her blanket cocoon. Heh. Perfect.

He twirled them in slow circles above his head, the soft fabric catching the air like a flag of victory. "Nah, for real! Just open your eyes for one second. You won't regret it, promise!"

"Keep it to yourself!"

*Wow, she really does think I'm just trying to flash her my hard-on.*

He'd been dying to see the look on her face when she finally opened her eyes and caught him swinging her booty shorts around like a matador's cape, daring her to charge. But since she was determined not to bite, he quit spinning them, letting the fabric droop from his fingers with disappointment. "Fine, if that's how you want it, then..." He gave a shrug she couldn't see. A smirk crept back onto his face as he whispered under his breath, "Guess I'll just keep *these* to myself."

He shoved the shorts right up to his face and took a big, greedy whiff. The scent hit him like a tidal wave, drowning him in warmth as his eyes fluttered closed, heat surging through his body and leaving his head light and dizzy. A dreamy smile floated onto his features, the earthy scent of her skin warming his nostrils.

*Man, this's gotta be what heaven smells like...*

One whiff wasn't enough. He flipped the shorts inside out, eyes zeroing in on the crotch—the part that'd been pressed right up against her pussy. His breath hitched as he

brought them up for another deep inhale. The scent here crashed into him even harder, knees wobbling like jelly. He staggered backward before landing butt-first on her green carpet.

A dopey grin swept across his face as he sat there, dazed, his excitement on full display. His hard-on saluted her unique smell, standing stiff and tall in the middle of her room, twitching, throbbing between his sprawled-out legs. So much blood had rushed south, it left his head feeling light, on the verge of passing out should he dare to stand up. If she wasn't going to lend him *her* hand, then well...

He'd have to take matters into his own.

Grinning like the depraved little imp he was, he tugged her booty shorts upside-down over his head, pulling the waistband snug across his face like some crooked ski mask. The fabric smothered his nose and pushed her thick, lingering scent straight up his nasal pathways, fogging up his head with its heady haze.

Meanwhile, down below, his shaky fingers curled around his throbbing meat, gripping it the way he had so many nights alone in his room. But this was something different. He wasn't just staring at some jiggling pixels on a screen—he was *there*, in real time, mere feet away from the object of his fixation, from the actual girl who'd got him so fucking hard every damn time she bounced past him.

She deserved to see what she did to him. What those booty shorts, now wrapped around his sweaty face, did to him. What that sexy teenage body did to him. What all that *ass* did to him.

The thrill of it, knowing she could see him as easily as he could see her, made everything a thousand times more exhilarating. Maybe she'd stare, even blush once she saw the effect she had on him.

He couldn't hold back anymore.

The room shrunk to the space between his hand and his longing.

His fist got to pumping.

...

Ochaco glued her eyelids shut, a desperate reminder looping in her head: *Don't trust that little shit!*

She sat there, tense under the blanket, her legs primed to kick out again the second he tried anything funny to get closer. Last thing she needed was a pantsless Mineta invading her personal space. The lingering reek from his filthy crotch still irritated her nostrils.

What could possibly be more unsettling than a foul-mouthed, innuendo-riddled, perverted runt?

Turns out, *silence*.

A heavy quiet suddenly filled her bedroom. No shuffling, no dirty jokes. Not even a single pervy quip from him. Just silence. Way too much silence. She never thought Mineta keeping his trap shut could creep her out more than his endless, crude commentary. Yet here they were.

Frowning in confusion, she shifted under the covers, ears straining for the tiniest sound. *Is he even still here?*

“Hello?” Her voice was a tentative whisper, barely disturbing the air. She held her breath, hoping, praying he'd finally left her room. Only the gentle flutter of her curtains and the low hum of her fan prickled her ears.

*Did he... actually take off?*

Her body began to relax, shoulders easing down as she let optimism hold her hand. But as it did so, a stifled groan broke through the silence.

*Dang it. He's still here.*

Her eyes tightened shut, a rapid thump-thumping in her chest. *What is he even doing?* That soft groan sounded... strained, like he was exerting himself somehow. Curiosity gnawed at her, battling every instinct screaming to keep her eyes sealed tight.

*What is he up to now?*

She focused harder, straining to decipher the strange noises. Another faint groan reached her ears, low, guttural, a reminder of his invasive presence. The irregular rhythm of his breathing became clearer, punctuated by high-pitched gasps, quickening. His exhales

sounded more urgent by the second, a disturbing cadence that made her cheeks flush with irritation, and embarrassment.

*What the heck is he doing?!*

She hated the direction her thoughts were taking her. Not even *he'd* be so uncouth as to... do *that* in someone else's room? Anger flared as she imagined his nerve, assuming he could get away with this. For the umpteenth time, she wanted to yell at him to get out. But first, something told her to confirm her mind wasn't jumping to the worst-case scenario.

Slowly, ever so slowly, she cracked one eye open, a sliver, peeking through her lashes. Her heart skipped when she caught an unexpected flash of pink against the dull colours of her room.

*Wait... is that...?*

Half squinting, she opened her eye a little wider. The pink sharpened into focus, and her breath hitched—the white trim, the familiar cut—*no way, are those... my shorts?!* Panic twisted in her chest as she wriggled her legs under the blanket, praying she was wrong. But the smooth slide of fabric under her naked thighs confirmed her worst fear. Her shorts were gone, leaving only her thin panties between her and the sheets. Heat rushed up her neck and flooded her cheeks.

*When did he—how did he—?!*

Stranger still—*why the hell* was he wearing them on his head?

She sucked in a sharp breath, tried to calm herself, grateful that at least the covers shielded her from his ogling. Mind spinning, her curious eye scrutinised her pink shorts. The waistband was skewed awkwardly under his nose, and—*for crying out loud*—one of his eyes was peeking out through a leg hole like some deranged peeping Tom! Worse still, poking out of the other leg hole were two of his sticky purple balls of hair, or whatever those things on his head were supposed to be.

*Seriously?!* Her throat tightened as a scream tried to claw its way out, but all that came was a strangled squeak. *The little creep.*

So *this* was what he'd been trying to get her to look at all along—parading around with her shorts on his head like some lewd parody of Captain Underpants. The thought of



him breathing in her scent under there made her flesh itch with revulsion. She'd have to toss those shorts now; he'd completely ruined them. Did he even realise how ridiculous he looked?

Her fingers curled into fists, nails carving crescents into her palms. She had to put a stop to this. Right. Now. Maybe if she yelled at him like a toddler caught playing with something they shouldn't, she'd snap him out of it. She'd demand, with all the authority she could muster, that he take them off right this instant! Pushing herself upright against the wall, her anger boiled over as both eyes snapped open, lips parting to let loose the reprimand simmering on her tongue—

Then she froze, mid-breath.

She'd pushed herself up too hastily, her view dipping past the edge of the bed, drifting below Mineta's head, and—

There it was. That smelly... *thing* he'd brandished while she had her eyes shut.

Now open, her mind stuttered, thoughts spiralling, struggling to process the brazen display before her. Paralyzed, mouth ajar, eyes unblinking—her entire body hit an involuntary pause.

His erection stood out in the open, stiff and towering, a caricature of everything she thought she understood about anatomy. It soared upward, its bulbous head nearly level with his nose, so astonishingly high she thought it might poke him in the eye. The skin along the shaft was paler than the rest of his body, veined and engorged, the mushroom tip a bruised purple that mirrored the sticky balls on his head. The whole thing throbbed, visibly, as if straining under the weight of its own existence.

*That... thing cannot be real...*

She couldn't decide if his enormous thing was grotesque or morbidly fascinating. Either way, it held her attention, locked her gaze, clutched it as firmly as his hand gripped the shaft. Up and down, his fist moved along its impossible length with the nonchalance of revelling in her shock. His proportions verged on comical, his tiny fingers barely able to wrap around his own girth. She couldn't help trail his hand's leisurely strokes, tracing the veins bulging beneath his skin, the way his knuckles whitened, how the engorged head glistened with anticipation.

Although she'd never say it out loud, she *had* caught glimpses of it earlier, when she'd foolishly let him lure her into his room. She should've trusted her instincts; nothing good could ever come from going into Mineta's bedroom. She promised herself it was a mistake she would never repeat.

For reasons she'd yet to confront, she hadn't put an immediate stop to the perv touching himself right behind her. In her defence, it had kind of been hard to think straight with his conniving mattress doing everything possible to distract her. Those partial glimpses had only offered quick flashes of his shape, vague impressions at best, barely more than what a blurred sideview might've shown. It was nothing compared to seeing his penis now, up front and centre, fully erect in the middle of her bedroom, where she couldn't feign blindness towards his antics.

Seriously though, how could it *possibly* be that enormous?

She half-suspected it was some absurd trick, maybe a prosthetic he'd somehow managed to affix over his much smaller, far more believable member. But as she considered the possibility, she couldn't spot any seams or artificial additions where the real Mineta might end and a fake begin. His erection appeared to be connected to his groin in a disturbingly natural way, and even the twitching and pulsing looked too organic to be mechanical. Not to mention, the very tactile, biological rank attached to it.

Real or not, the phallus looked utterly ridiculous on him, standing as tall as his whole torso! Just miles of dick. She tilted her head, squinting, as if a different angle would make it make sense, as if it were an optical illusion she couldn't figure out. Honestly, with all the blood it would take to keep that thing up, shouldn't he have fainted by now? Even if it *was* real, it wouldn't surprise her if he'd used some weird trick to enhance his size. Or maybe... maybe there was something about his Quirk that contributed to this anomaly? His abilities had always been a little odd—kind of unsettling, really. And with those sticky grape-like spheres in mind, her gaze slid down, almost reluctantly, to another set of balls altogether.

She raised her brows, though really, she shouldn't have been surprised. They, too, were disproportionally large. His scrotum looked uncomfortably full as it sprawled across her floor. Every time he tugged along his shaft, the pink sack barely lifted off the carpet, labouring under its heavy load. She didn't even want to imagine the quantities those oversized

gonads might produce, or how they came to be attached to his diminutive frame to begin with.

Nothing about his genitalia made sense, but at this point, understanding it wasn't nearly as pressing as getting that obnoxious phallus and bloated testicles out of her space, pronto.

"Finally taking in the view, huh?" His muffled voice, filtered through her shorts-mask, broke the silence and made her jump. He was acting like he'd caught her staring—which she hadn't been! Not in the way his smug tone implied. Yet even so, a faint blush touched her cheeks.

"Hmph!" She jerked her chin up, injecting as much irritation into her voice as possible. "What exactly do you think you're doing?"

"What's it look like I'm doing?"

She grumbled. "Can you please just... go do that somewhere else?"

"And take this masterpiece out of your sight? I'm not that heartless," he said with mock empathy. "I mean, I can tell you like 'em big. Saw the way you were looking when you forgot I had my eye on you." He threw her a cocky wink through the leg hole of her shorts.

"Ugh." She turned her head, making a point of looking away from his pitiful display.

"Oh yeah, you do," he went on. "I'm the biggest in the locker room, you know? Waaaaay bigger than Midoriya," he added, rather unnecessarily. "He's kinda small, actually—average at best. Always keeps a towel around his waist when I'm nearby, heh."

She hadn't asked for that information. His bragging grated on her nerves. Knowing Mineta, he was probably making it up, or at best, grossly exaggerating. But the truth was, Ochaco couldn't say for certain; she hadn't exactly frequented the boys' locker room to know better. And, if she was being honest, having now seen his erection in 4K... well, it wouldn't be a huge surprise, ironically, if he turned out to be the biggest. That thing was straight out of a freak show.

"It's okay," he said, "you can watch. I want you to."

Nope, she refused to observe him stimulating himself. What did he take her for? She'd just stay like this, staring off to the side until he was done. But as his breathing changed, grew ragged, and louder, the image of what was unfolding out of sight began to invade her thoughts. Then, amidst his laboured breaths, he began to mutter words...

"Ohhh, Ocho... look what you do to me... that hot body of yours... it was made to drive a guy insane, wasn't it?" His lisp always made everything sound creepier. "The way you fill out your booty shorts..."

A knot tightened in her stomach, but she held her ground, refused to turn his way.

"You don't give yourself enough credit," he said, slowing his strokes to keep his voice level. "You're in incredible shape. I've noticed how much that body's changed since you first got to U.A. I mean, you were always hot from day one, but those womanly curves? They've really come into their own lately..."

*Oh God, here we go...*

She wished more than anything her hands were free to plug her ears and block out his incoming objectifying comments. But all she could do was wriggle in place, and let his words drift in one ear and out the other.

"Gotta say, you've theriouthly thickened up," he stated bluntly. "It's impossible not to notice it in your hero costume—it can barely handle those curves anymore... the way you fill out that spandex just gets better and better every day. And all our training's keeping you nice and toned, but thoft and thupple where it matterth... that itty-bitty waist, then those theyx child-bearing hips to balance it all out. Perfect hourglath figure, thlim and thicc in the right proportions."

It was pitiful how eager he sounded to spew his lewd observations, like this was his one chance to unburden the inner workings of his perverted mind. His interests were so distasteful and problematic, it was no wonder nobody ever listened to him—she only was now because her hands were literally tied.

Still, once she pushed past how wildly inappropriate it was for him to say those things, a part of his commentary stuck around in her head longer than she would have liked. His remarks about her hero costume, especially, struck a chord. She could still remember how self-conscious she'd felt the first time she'd put it on, surprised by how snugly it hugged her

figure. She hadn't told anyone, but ever since then, she'd made a concerted effort to stay in shape, worried her costume might draw attention to any little imperfections. Of course, she always had the option to adopt a looser fit, but somehow, that felt too much like taking the easy way out.

As her body had matured throughout the Hero Course, with her chest, hips, and thighs expanding, she'd started to worry about losing control over her figure. Oddly enough, Mineta had become the first person to not only notice her evolving contours, but also to acknowledge—however crudely—that her proportions still looked balanced, and maybe even appealing. She wasn't entirely sure how she was supposed to feel about that right now, especially against the backdrop of him masturbating in her room as he'd said it.

"Those leghs," he went on, salivating, "thmooth as butter, long as a thummer day. Watching you strut around in the kitchen thith morning... all I could think was, damn, makes a guy wanna grab hold of those thexy pillars and climb you like a tall tree!"

Climb her like a tall tree? *Uh... what?* She didn't consider herself especially tall, nor her legs particularly long. Although, she supposed, from the perspective of a critter of his stature, it might've looked that way. The longer he spoke, the more obvious it became he saw her as little more than an ornament to drool over. And... how long had he been ogling her in the kitchen? She shuddered to think.

"Your thicc thighs could thave a thousand lives. But, they could also crush a guy's head like a grape—so thoft, yet tho strong. I bet you could pin me down and thuffocate me with them if you really wanted," he urged, almost sounding hopeful.

She'd heard some strange compliments before, but this? Just... wow. Sure, her thighs were a tiny bit muscular from her training, but she never imagined anyone would look at them and think... *that*. Ordinarily, she would've taken satisfaction in the prospect of putting a troublemaker in their place, but hearing him practically begging to be subdued like that? It kind of killed any impetus she might've had to try it.

"And let's not gloss over those big ol' melons." He audibly gulped, his eyes bugging out as though he could see them right through the blanket. "So big and perky, all natural too—I can tell by the way they bounce. Every time you giggle, or just move a tiny bit, those juicy jugs jiggle all over the plathe, ethpecially when you don't have a bra on—like last Thursday in P.E." Then, dropping his voice, he added, "I'd kill to thtick my fat cock right

between them,” muttering it loud enough for her to hear, kind of like he was ashamed to admit it but couldn’t help himself. “Then I’d grab hold of thoth fatties, and sthqueeze them until they’re thore... fucking milk them for all they’re worth!”

Her skin prickled at his lurid outburst. The conviction in his voice, the way he said he’d “kill” to do all those filthy things, sent a shiver down her spine—a shiver accompanied by a misplaced tingle she tried to ignore. Hearing that level of desperation thrown at her... it was unlike anything she’d ever heard from a guy before, hitting her in ways she least expected. And somehow, he’d memorised the exact days she’d gone without a bra—dates even *she* wouldn’t be able to recall under interrogation.

If he’d stopped at complimenting her hero costume, she might’ve granted him an ounce of amity, maybe even a small nod of thanks for noticing her hard work. But listening to him wax on about her “big, juicy jugs” and his twisted fantasy to “milk them dry” nearly extinguished any flicker of gratitude she might’ve felt. He really didn’t know when to quit.

He could count himself lucky she was one of the “nice ones” who wouldn’t slap the taste out of his mouth for saying things like that. Not that she could with her arms bound up by his sticky balls. Nonetheless, she wouldn’t have blamed any girl who raised a hand to silence his flagrant soliloquies. She understood now, more than ever, why so many of her classmates had zero patience for him. And honestly, she was just about out of patience herself. Except, beneath the annoyance, there was something else... something that kept her from lashing out entirely.

“And that big ol’ booty of yourth... theriouthly, Ochaco, it’s a work of art. Talk about Zero Gravity... that thing defies the lawth of nature. Perfectly perky, but still all thoft in the right placeth, way more fun to watch than Athido’s thuper taut glutes! Yours has character, and this cute, little thway and jiggle when you walk. It’s got that perfect balance of squish and snap. I can’t thtop staring at it in your hero costume. God bless the thupport department for nailing your meathurements.”

What the hell would *he* know about her measurements?

Apparently, quite a bit.

To her growing astonishment, he kept going, rattling off specifics down to her exact waist, leg, and bra measurements. He even gave the precise size of her backside, as if he’d

taken a tape measure and wrapped it around the widest part of her buttocks himself. She'd never been curious enough to measure her own butt, so she couldn't verify if he was right, but since he'd somehow nailed everything else, there was a good chance he wasn't far off.

It was disturbing how well he seemed to know her body. Then again, judging by the way he openly ogled all the girls, he probably had an equally detailed mental catalogue of every one of them. This must've felt like a big therapy session to him, finally unloading all the creepy, encyclopaedic knowledge he'd been hoarding about his female classmates. She couldn't believe he'd compared her butt so favourably to Ashido's either—Class 1-A's official "Booty Queen", crowned by majority vote among the boys. But no matter how much he tried to build it up, to Ochaco, her butt was still just... a butt.

Wait... why was she still listening to any of this?

She hadn't grasped how much his comments were sinking in, the lewd remarks coaxing her head little by little to tilt in the direction of his voice. Before she knew it, her sidelong glance drifted downward, catching sight of the movement below his waist. A twinge of something unfamiliar crept up as she lingered on his sack from the edge of her vision, the wrinkled mass shifting with his long strokes, its fullness keeping it grounded despite the motion. Part of her worried about having to clean that spot on her carpet, while another part couldn't get over its beastly size. Against her better judgement, her eyes crawled upwards, following his knuckles gliding along the length of his shaft.

*What are you doing, Ochaco? Why are you watching him?*

The question screamed in her head, but her eyes didn't listen. Despite how sly she'd been with her peeking, she could swear he knew she was watching, his strokes picking up the pace. She'd never sat there watching someone masturbate so brazenly, and if she had to guess, he'd never had an audience either. He seemed thrilled to put on a show trying to impress her.

Ochaco felt a lot of things in that moment, but impressed? *Eh...* She wasn't Mina, who would regale all the girls with her wild sexploits, gushing about how the mere glimpse of a large penis could get her juices flowing. Ochaco liked to think she was a little more... sophisticated than that. Granted, it had been easy to say before now—before she'd ever seen one up close.

For all his faults, Mineta's member—as ludicrous as it still sounded in her own head—definitely fit the bill in the “well-endowed” department. Maybe she'd been better off trying to set him up with Mina instead of Yao-Momo.

“Like what you thee?” His voice broke through in laboured pants, dripping with a smugness that made her toes curl.

*Like* was pushing it. Intrigued? Well... maybe, kinda. Reluctantly.

And he knew it, too, the dirty creep, even if it wasn't for the reasons he wished it was. She figured there was no harm in just watching, as long as he kept to *that* side of the room, where she couldn't catch a whiff of that monstrous shlong. Better to let him finish quickly. Then she could get on with her day like this had never happened.

“Just... get it over with, okay?”

“Can't wait for the big, explothive finale, huh?”

“Argh, that's not it!”

He laughed. “Keep telling yourself that. You're only making it sweeter.”

She scoffed. “Figures a perv like you would get a kick out of—”

“Getting you dripping wet?” He raised an eyebrow, still working his length. “Guilty as charged.”

Trying to have a decent conversation with Mineta was hard enough on a normal day, but straight up impossible when his pants were off. She decided to bite her tongue and let him finish, praying silence might speed things along.

But, of course, he'd never let silence settle. “I'm serious, Ochaco. These little shorts?” He breathed in said fabric, half his face buried in pink. “Your hero costume's great and all, but theeing you in these today had me rock-hard in theconds. That juicy body of yours is killing me.” His voice came out raw, ragged, like he could still see her wearing them in the kitchen, the memory fuelling his rough strokes. “I've never been this hard in my life.”

*Yeab, right.* She barely resisted the urge to roll her eyes. He was probably this hard every couple of minutes, at minimum. No way she was buying that one.



“It’s true,” he insisted, catching onto her scepticism. “My Quirk has this... hidden perk. You see, the more turned on I get, the bigger my dick keeps growing and growing...” He paused his hand, letting that disturbing image seep into her brain, before resuming his stroke. “And after seeing that fat ass of yours? This is the biggest it’s ever gotten!”

Really now? Just her, walking past in a pair of comfy shorts, could trigger this supposed “growth mode” in his Quirk? As quickly as she wanted to write it off as another wild exaggeration, there was a hint of genuine excitement in his voice, enough to make her pause. And if, somehow, he was telling the truth, it might explain a few things—like how he could go from not even a hint of a dickprint in his trousers to this... massive anomaly he’d whipped out from nowhere. She knew the concept of “growers” well enough, and if Mineta was to be believed, he might actually represent the most extreme case imaginable.

She let her eyes wander once more to his erect penis, taking in its sheer size, wondering. If this was truly the biggest he’d ever been, did that mean he lusted after *her* more than any of the other girls he’d drooled over? More than Yaoyorozu, Mina, Midnight, or even Mt. Lady, despite all the posters and memorabilia cluttering his room?

That wasn’t exactly a distinction Ochaco wanted to lug around, but a small, reluctant part of her felt... flattered? No, *flattered* wasn’t right. She wasn’t *flattered* by his creepy obsession. She was... well, she wasn’t quite sure what she was.

While she struggled to piece it all together, he took full advantage of her distracted stare, stroking with more fervour, his breath quick and shallow. Whatever hope she’d had of sorting through her thoughts evaporated the moment he started making low, needy sounds. Every breathy moan felt like a hint of the X-rated scene playing out in his mind, a scene where he was surely doing unspeakable things to her. Then, a particularly husky moan broke from his lips, sending a shiver up her spine and raising the hairs on her neck. There was something so raw, so disturbingly genuine in that sound, that her own body betrayed her, sparking with a faint warmth she hadn’t intended.

*No...*

Her legs... under the blanket... they started rubbing together.

*No!* She forced them still. This was *not* the time. Not with him right there in her room!

While she struggled to contain herself, he only let loose more, his moans and groans growing louder, less restrained. Her pulse quickened despite herself, hearing him growl her name like an animal, his hand working furiously over his towering length.

“Ngh, you don’t even know how bad I wanna wreck you...” He kept pumping, kept imagining. “Firht, I’d bend you over, hands pinned, right where I can keep you still.” His hand tightened on his girth, threats turning breathier. “Then I’d grab that thexy waist of yourth and thlam you down, over and over, till your mind goeth blank.” His voice dropped, thick with excitement. “And, ngh, I’d keep going, fucking you sentheless till you’re begging me to thtop—but I won’t. I’d just keep pounding.” Drool leaked from his mouth as he pictured it. “And if you even think about thtanding up, I’d hop on your back and plough you on the spot, make that puthty feel every thwing of my ballth thmacking into it.”

For a pint-sized pest, he sure had a humungous mouth on him, spouting off delusions about manhandling her, as if he was a titan rather than a gnome. Hearing him talk big about bending her over and having his way was everything from mildly amusing to downright hysterical. Like she’d ever sit there and play his little concubine. He seemed to forget she dwarfed him, stood at least twice his height and heft; even without the Gunhead Martial Arts she’d picked up during her internship, he didn’t stand a chance.

She let out an amused huff. “I’d love to see you try.”

“You would, wouldn’t you, horny little bitch?” His reply came quick, twisting her words to suit his perverted mind. “Why don’t you come here and thit on this dick if you want it tho bad?”

“Who do you think you’re calling ‘little,’ shorty?”

“Nothing ‘short’ about this dick, though, is there?” He let go of his colossal erection, the thick, veiny shaft standing tall, a monument to his masculinity in the face of her belittling him. With a cocky shake of his hips, he set it swaying, the heavy length swinging side to side like a hypnotic pendulum, luring her into a trance. Her sights were tethered to the rhythmic sway, unable to resist the arc of the glistening, purple head as it swung past his half-draped smirk, taunting her silence. The witty comeback she had been crafting fell off her tongue unspoken, her focus completely and utterly hijacked by the spectacle of his oversized genitalia.

Not missing a beat, he turned it up for his one-woman audience. The horny imp braced his palms on the floor behind him, arching his back as he launched his hips upward in theatrical thrusts. The ferocity sent his length bobbing higher, aiming to puncture the ceiling, a heinous exhibition of the vigour he would've unleashed had she taken up his offer to sit on it. She felt sore just from watching that thing go, from imagining what its reckless force would do to her insides, assuming any of it could even squeeze through her timid threshold. His butt lifted further and further off the ground, and the skyward momentum hoisted his heavy testicles, too, making them bob in sync, a loaded vision of all the lust he had pent up for her.

“Yeah, that’s right,” he muttered under strenuous breaths, “I flex nuts.”

What did that even mean? Did his balls actually swell up too, thanks to that “Quirk boost” he’d bragged about? Because right now, they looked positively enormous, nearly matching the size of each purple sphere lining up his hairdo...

That’s when she noticed her legs unconsciously brushing against each other beneath the blanket. Again. She bit her lip, fighting to ignore the warmth curling in her loins, the strange heaviness pooling inside her.

*What the heck is going on with me?*

Her inner thighs pressed together, seeking to quell the inconvenient ache that had taken root between them. It had been small at first, a faint pull, but the longer she watched his blatant display, the more she listened to his arrogant taunts, the more that little ember inside her caught wind, spreading like a slow-burning fire under her skin. Her heartbeat thudded faster, pulsing in sync with the erratic rhythm of a horned-up Mineta fucking empty air. She squeezed her legs a little tighter, hoping to extinguish the tension, but the friction of her smooth, bare thighs only amplified the heat.

He slumped back onto his rear, one hand returning to his length, grunting with desperate, unrestrained need, verging on high-pitched whimpers, as if he could already feel her tightness enveloping him, using his dry hand as a poor substitute. But it was enough to draw deep-throated sounds of pleasure from within him. The erotic noises stirred her in places better left untouched, turning her flustered, frustrated, her own breathing beginning to lose its steadiness.

Her teeth sank deeper into her lip, the sting a dire plea to focus on anything other than the way her body was reacting. It wasn't so much the crudeness of his words as it was the audacity behind them, the overconfident way he put himself on full display, openly unapologetic about his intentions. She'd never thought of herself as sexy. Sure, people called her "cute" or "pretty," she'd had a few offers to grab lunch or ice cream, but no one had ever made her feel... *wanted*.

Not that his attention didn't come with its own baggage. His clueless grin was stuck in her mind, the one he'd worn after she suggested he try talking to girls without objectifying them. She didn't know what would've been worse—that he genuinely didn't know how, or that he didn't even realise he was doing it.

Could he really change? Could he even be saved? And if he could, did she have some kind of duty to try?

The lecherous attention Mineta hurled at any female who crossed his path was far from ideal, even outright infuriating most of the time. But right now, in this strange, charged moment, it scratched an itch she hadn't realised was there. No boy had ever told her what they really thought of her body, let alone gone out of their way to show her the physical response she stirred in their sex organs.

*Deku...*

Her heart clenched. Why couldn't *he* be this open with her? Did he even see her that way? Did he feel anything for her beyond friendship, beyond the easy camaraderie they shared? And those flowers... had they even come from him? She truly appreciated the anonymous gesture, but deep down, she'd hoped the sender would've had the courage to deliver them in person, to be direct.

Shame pricked at her, realising how easily this confusion had created cracks, spaces where someone like Mineta could worm his way in. This time, she barely fought the instinct to rub her thighs together under the sheets, allowing herself the stolen moment of pleasure. It had nothing to do with Mineta. He was nothing more than a crude catalyst, a blunt, smelly tool that just happened to be in the room in a moment of weakness. Yeah, that was it. While her body might've been present, reacting in ways she wished it wouldn't, her mind fought to detach, to escape the uncomfortable proximity of him in her space. As her heart quickened,

she reminded herself its beats were reserved for someone else, someone far more deserving of her emotions.

But he wouldn't go quietly into the night. The sounds he made, those rough, shaky breaths and strangled groans, filled the room like a suffocating fog. She couldn't shut out the noises, or unsee his fist dragging up and down his considerable length. The way he stroked, the way he grew and throbbed, stirred her in ways that intensified the friction between her restless thighs. That boner made no bones about what it wanted.

*Her.*

“You're just begging for it, aren't you? Looking tho damn hot...” His throat tightened, excitement thickening his ragged breath as he dragged the words out. “If I wasn't tho dedicated on becoming a thstand-up hero, I'd go full villain on you—would've pounced on that lewd body the thecond I climbed through your window.” His hand moved in a boastful stroke from the base to the swollen tip and back down, flaunting every inch of that obscene thing, as though he didn't want her to forget how long and thick it was. “You'd already be flat on your back,” he growled, husky, trembling, “and I'd shove this fat cock right where it belongs—right where it deserves to be. Not a damn thing you could thay would thtop me.”

It was surreal, watching him like this—so sure of himself, so distant from the jittery, little guy who'd freak out and cower at the first sign of trouble. The confidence oozing off of him unnerved her, as if that oversized appendage between his legs had granted him a whole new persona. This wasn't the Mineta she knew; or maybe it was, minus whatever half-arsed filter he might've clung to if her hands weren't bound. Normally, he'd stammer or fold up if she so much as scowled at him for his off-colour comments, but now he doubled—no, *tripled* down on every sordid thing he dared to say to her face.

A strange feeling twisted in her gut, something she couldn't shake. For the first time, she wondered if she could really stand up to this little, three-and-a-half-foot demon after all. Yet, alongside that doubt, came new waves of heat against the tides of her defiance.

“Bet you're dying to touch yourself right now, huh?” he murmured as if he'd read her mind—or maybe he'd simply noticed how the blanket didn't quite hide the way her thighs rubbed together. “Theeing this big ol' shlong,” he pressed on, voice thick with a smirk, “it's gotta be driving you wild, imagining what it'd feel like filling you up. I'd pay to thee you touch yourthelf right now.”

Even with her wrists bound, she managed an indignant shake of her finger. “No way!” It was bad enough he’d already caught her once, fumbling under the heat of her impulses. She wasn’t about to give him the satisfaction of seeing that again, especially not right to his face. But while her wagging finger put on a brave front, her inner thighs kissed and caressed each other with more vigour than ever, waging a secret war against the heat building inside her. It almost felt like they were back in his room, only now, they faced each other head-on while combating the urges churning through their bodies.

“I bet you’d go straight for that clit if I took those balls off,” he mocked, nodding towards the restraints holding her wrists. “Hm... don’t know if I can trust you, though... you might pull a fast one if I set you loose.”

He wasn’t wrong. The second these infernal balls came off her wrists, she’d have her fist flying straight for his smug jaw. The thought alone made her lips twitch with a flash of satisfaction, a little preview of the payback she was dying to deliver.

As his strokes picked up momentum, her own pulse rose to match it, her breaths shallow and tight. The primal sounds escaping his lips burrowed under her skin, provoked her own stirrings. Things had changed somehow—from him forcing her to watch him masturbate, to her choosing to rest her eyes on his gigantic phallus, letting herself experience all the emotions it was awakening within. Her thighs squeezed together more urgently, shaking, unsure if they were still trying to silence the simmering warmth between them, or stoke it further. It was maddening, feeling herself react so viscerally, trapped in a tug-of-war between resisting the heat and feeding it.

No matter what though, she wouldn’t let him get any closer. She’d use him as nothing more than a visual, a tool for her own gratification—no different than how he’d ogled every girl in 1-A to satisfy his own twisted fantasies.

A corner of his crooked grin peeked out beneath the slant of her pink shorts. “Wanna see a cool trick?” He sounded way too casual for the tension thrumming between them. Before she could react, he dipped his head forward, letting the tip of his phallus graze his lips. Her breath caught, heart pounding as he parted his mouth and slid it over the swollen head, giving it a light suck, while his hand continued its rhythm along the rest of his length.

She gawked, unblinking. More stupefying than the feat itself was his nonchalance, sucking himself off as though he’d done it a hundred times before, as though it was just

another Friday. She couldn't even begin to guess what he wanted her to take away from this little performance, probably another way to show off the length he was so proud of. He pushed his shameless exhibition even further, bending forward with surprising flexibility to take himself past the tip. Her eyes widened as, inch by inch, he took at least three into his mouth.

The sounds were impossible to ignore—wet, slippery noises every time he withdrew, only to engulf himself further, his mouth creating a deafening suction in the tense silence. Up and down his head bobbed, and the low, throaty hum of his self-indulgence became an inescapable earworm. He let out a guttural groan, a purr, as he dipped down again, his tongue curling along the underside with practised ease, drawing out every sensation for both himself and her viewing pleasure.

Bound by both his sticky orbs and her own morbid fascination, her pulse roared in her ears, drowning out any last shred of logic urging her to look away. Every so often, his eyes flicked up to catch her frozen expression. She felt a hot prickle of shame at her inability to tear her gaze away, but it wasn't enough to break the spell. She stayed rooted, held captive by equal parts revulsion and intrigue, until finally, he hoisted his head back up, his mouth leaving his length with a soft, wet sound.

“What?” He feigned innocence. “Think you could do better? Is that it?” He chuckled. “You know, I bet you could, too.”

She recoiled at the suggestion. He knew damn well she'd never put her mouth anywhere near that dirty, smelly thing. But that didn't stop him from suddenly standing and making his way toward her bed.

“No, no, no—what do you think you're doing?!”

She jolted upright, legs snapping wide apart like they'd never been grinding together in the first place. Heart pounding, she forced herself to keep a straight face, to act natural—as if she hadn't been the least bit affected by his display, as if watching him stroke that big dick hadn't made her feel anything but irritated. Still, heat tingled at her cheeks. She hoped he wouldn't notice, but the way he looked at her said he already had.

He stepped right up to the edge of her bed, a sly glint in his visible eye, then grabbed her blanket and yanked it over his head, vanishing beneath it.

*What the—?!*

Before she could react, he was already crawling onto the mattress, invading the space she'd inadvertently left open between her legs. Her stomach dropped as she watched the telltale shape of his grape-ball head form an ominous lump under the blanket, far too close for comfort.

“H-hey! You can't just—are you insane? Mineta, I swear—get out!” Her voice cracked, close to a scream, but it was too late to snap her legs shut. Then she felt it. His face, pressing up against her heat.

A sharp gasp leapt from her throat.

His head nudged against the flimsy barrier of her panties, sending illicit shivers up her spine. Her back slammed against the wall in a startled reflex, trying to put distance between them, but there was nowhere to go.

“Mineta... stop! This isn't—don't you dare... d-dare...” Her protest broke apart in a trembling whisper, the words dissolving into a squeak the moment his nose brushed up along her thinly-veiled sex. “Mineta!” His name shot out of her mouth, but it came out weaker than she wanted, a shaky plea more than an assertive command.

She squirmed, reduced to helpless wriggles. The little perv wouldn't quit, hellbent on burying his face between her naked thighs. His bony nose kept grazing her through the thin fabric, aggravating the very heat she'd been trying to smother. There was nothing careful or coordinated about his feral fumbling under the blanket. And yet, somehow, the blind touches stumbled onto all the right (or wrong) places, stirring sensations she wasn't prepared for, like he had a nose for all her weak spots.

Her head whipped from side to side, eyes darting between the sticky orbs pinning her wrists. Teeth gritted, she yanked hard against them, praying for even the slightest bit of slack. But nothing. The damn things wouldn't budge an inch.

*How long do they freaking last?!*

Her mind scrambled, ransacking through every memory of his Quirk, rummaging for some forgotten detail, a loophole that might help her break free. But it was near impossible to



think straight while her body was working against her, the intimate brushes beneath the covers pulling her back into the haze she was struggling to escape.

The bulging blanket rose and fell as he nudged deeper between her legs. She couldn't help imagining how steamy and stifling the air under there must be, yet he didn't even come up for breath, content to suffocate in his pursuit.

Her eyes drifted to the bouquet of Valentine's flowers on her bedside table, bright and hopeful, a reminder of how differently the day had started. How did it go from that sweet surprise to... *this*? If only she'd been honest from the start, admitted she'd seen him in the reflection, watched him touching himself when he thought she wasn't looking. Maybe then he wouldn't have felt the need to push things so far, to prove his point about her getting all worked up. All worked up because of that stupid, vibrating mattress. And yeah, fine—maybe catching a glimpse of him behind her had stirred a little something, too. She stifled a sigh. It was way too late to admit any of that now.

Here she was—on Valentine's Day, no less—trapped in a scenario that felt both unreal and all too real, with the last person she ever thought she'd spend a romantic day with. Talk about a disaster.

She wriggled in defiance, her hips shifting and twisting under the blanket, thighs closing around his head in a last-ditch effort to jostle him off-centre. She wasn't about to just sit there and let him shove his face wherever he pleased. But every time his nose or chin brushed against something erogenous, a shock of sensation shot down her legs, making them quiver against her will, unwelcome but undeniable. His clumsy nudges wore her down. The fierce resistance in her hips, the rebellious squeeze of her thighs—it all began to waver, little by little, as warmth spread through her in waves, stronger and stronger, harder to swim against.

Her gaze dropped to the blanket, where her bent knees jutted up like small hills, framing the lump of his head as it pushed hungrily between her legs. Then, when he'd nestled himself right between her sweaty thighs, she heard him take a loud, obnoxious sniff—long, exaggerated—followed by a deep sigh of satisfaction, the sickening sounds reverberating through the layers of the blanket.

*What a creep...*

His nose nudged hard into the softness of her crotch, digging into her panties like he was trying to burrow through, like he was trying to crawl inside her. His muffled voice filtered up through the sheets, smug and giddy. “Mmm, Ochaco... your panties are dripping wet for me right now, you know that?”

“S-stop talking!” Her face flared hot.

A dark cackle drifted up. “What? I’m just thtating the obviouth.”

“The only thing obvious is how much of a creep you are!”

“I’m the creep? You’re the one all moisth for my huge cock.”

“A-a-am not! And quit saying ‘moist!’”

“Heh. It’s kinda cute you’re tho shy about it. You don’t have to lie though—I’m actually honoured.”

“Honoured?!” She opened her mouth to spit out something fierce, but the words jammed in her throat when she felt his hands shift beneath the blanket.

His fingers glided up her sides, way too freely, then hooked around the waistband of her panties, digging into the soft skin beneath with a possessive grip. “Let’s stop pretending, huh?” he murmured coolly, like he had every right to take what wasn’t his. “We both know you’d rather have these out the way. I’m pulling them down.”

“No, you’re not!”

“Oh, come on, thweetcakes... you know it’d feel tho much better without them. And don’t think I haven’t noticed your thighs trembling this whole time.”

Her face burned a guilty shade of red, grateful he couldn’t see it.

His curled fingers tugged the fabric down only an inch, but an inch enough to make her panic spike. “Cut it out, Mineta! I’m serious!” She braced herself, legs tensing, ready to kick and thrash like hell if he dared to strip away any more of her dignity.

To her surprise, he stopped without a fight. “Fine,” he grumbled, releasing her waistband, even though they both knew she wasn’t in much of a position to stop him if he’d pushed the issue.

Relief flooded her chest, and a shaky breath slipped out, her muscles relaxing.

“Don’t worry. I won’t take them off,” he promised, before adding, “not until you beg me to.”

*Beg him?* Did he seriously think she’d beg *him* for anything? The idea was so preposterous, so far from reality, that despite her perilous predicament, a laugh burst from her chest, breaking through the thick unease.

But Mineta wasn’t laughing.

And, a heartbeat later, neither was she. Not after she felt something new, something warm and slick dragging up the front of her panties, stopping her breath in its tracks. Her whole body went stiff, a startled gasp slipping out before she could stop it.

*Oh god. His tongue...*

The laugh died in her throat, strangling to silence as her body shivered.

Enthused by her reaction, his tongue moved with greater purpose, relentless as it worked over the fabric between her legs, pressing and prodding like he could somehow taste her through the lace. If her panties weren’t damp before, they sure as heck were now, a humiliating combo of his sloppy saliva and her body’s own traitorous response.

It didn’t take long before her legs were trembling all over again, involuntary quakes she couldn’t force still. And this time, when her thighs closed around him, it wasn’t to shove him away; instead, they tightened, almost trapping him right where he was. She clenched her fists hard as she fought against the flood of sensations rising inside her, swirling from where his tongue kept prodding. Her teeth sank into her lip and refused to let even the tiniest sound escape. She couldn’t—*wouldn’t*—let him hear her crack.

“Mmmmp!”

*God... why does it have to feel so...*

His flicks only tested her further, growing bolder, closer to where the ache throbbed the strongest. Her panties felt useless against his persistence, the wet pressure so vivid it might as well have been tongue-to-skin. She bit down harder, a muffled, choked sound slipping through her lips as he brushed over the fabric wedged against her slit.

“By the way... I take it back,” he murmured between licks, his warm breath humming through her damp panties, sending a ripple of relief where she was already sensitive. “Calling you cold... I didn’t mean it. Honestly... you *are* the nicest girl in class.”

The compliment hit her like a curveball. For a second, she might’ve wanted to hear him out, if only to pull her mind off the things his tongue was doing whenever he stopped talking. She found herself torn between disbelief and the strange sincerity in his voice.

“You... you actually wanted to help me, huh?” he continued, softer, vulnerable. “When I told you about Yaoyorozu... most people would’ve laughed, maybe tried to put me down. But not you. You said you’d help me get her. And... I believe you.”

Wait, he did? The fact he’d stopped slobbering on her crotch long enough to announce it made her think he meant every word. Not that it changed anything at this point. Whether her short-lived attempt at playing cupid had been entirely selfless was something she’d rather not dig into at this awkward juncture.

“You’re probably the bravest person in our class, too. Everyone’s always going on about strength, Quirks, or whatever, but you... you actually care. You’re not caught up in trying to be the flashiest hero, and that makes you more heroic than you realise.”

His words continued to surprise her. She’d expected taunts, maybe something smug or crass, but there was none of that in his tone, not even a trace of that sleazy lisp he’d slip into whenever he got too excited. Was there some sort of catch to all this?

“You don’t even see it, do you?” he went on. “That might be what I admire most about you. You’re not just strong—you’re kind. And in our world—or, at least, in mine... that’s pretty rare.”

Colour her intrigued; she’d never thought about it like that. It was all awfully nice of him to say, but why now? Wasn’t like he had to butter her up—not when he already had her right where he wanted, her arms bound, her legs splayed open on either side of him.

“Most people don’t stop to think what it’s like for me,” he murmured. “Nobody else would’ve even considered making my Valentine’s Day special. Not like you did...” His tongue flicked out again, his notion of gratitude delivered in shameless licks. “You don’t know how much that means. How much... you’re helping.”

Helping? Was that really how he saw this? Part of her wanted to push him off her bed, to snap at him for twisting everything around, for making it sound like she was *choosing* to let him do this. She didn't want this. She didn't want him between her legs. She didn't. She didn't. She... didn't?

What she *did* want was to scoff, to roll her eyes at the absurdity of it all, but his words—and the warmth they carried—sank deeper, pressed into the places his tongue was already setting alight, confusing everything. His eager drags and licks made it hard to tell if she was truly disgusted... or merely unwilling to admit she didn't entirely hate it.

“Even now,” he whispered, “you’re making today unforgettable... like this. You have no idea. You’re something special, Ochaco. I could just eat you up.”

And then he did, shoving his face between her thighs as close as that flimsy barrier allowed, mouth munching rough and relentlessly against her tenderness. Whether it was the weight of his words or the flick of his tongue, every nerve down there felt awake, heightened, sharper, buzzing with a sensitivity she'd never felt before.

“Mmmmm... a-ah...”

She heard the sounds fall from her lips, but barely recognised them as her own. Her head thrashed side to side in a futile attempt to shake off the rush, to stave off her vocal reactions.

“That’th it, Ochaco... moan for me... let me help you like you’ve helped me...”

“M-Mineta... I didn't ask for your hel—mmmmm... oooh...” Her voice faltered as his tongue flattened against her panties, covering more ground, pressing through the sodden fabric as it dragged up and down.

“Let me tathe thith delithious puthy of yourth right through your thoaked pantieth... mmm, I can tathe how much you want it,” he mumbled, his lisp muffled against her crotch and further smothered by the covers. “Mmm, tho damn moisth. God, I love it.” Another lick, another shiver. “Can't believe you thought you could hide thith thweet cunt from me...”

Corrupted by her taste, his tone slipped back to his usual filthiness, giving her whiplash as she tried to coalesce the boy who'd muttered all those sweet things into the famished animal pressed between her thighs. The real Mineta, she imagined, idled

somewhere between the two. Her hips bucked, desperate for even a second to gather her thoughts, but his jaw stayed latched to her pelvis, a dog with a boner refusing to let go.

“You’re not going anywhere...” His chilling words oozed between wet licks. “Bet Deku wouldn’t know what to do with all this WAP, would he?”

Her heart stuttered at the mention of that name. Like he knew it would.

“You’re practically begging for it, letting yourself get this wet. How I wish he could hear you right now.” His voice slithered out with that mocking lisp. “All thoaky and moaning like a little thlut... bet he’d never think hith thweet little Ochaco could make tho much noithe from my tongue, huh?”

“Sh-shut... mmmph... shuuu—aaah...” Her attempt at a retort dissolved into an unwanted moan. She bit down on her lip, furious at herself for letting even that slip.

“Come on, let it out... lemme hear you beg, just like you would for Deku...”

*No way!* Her body stiffened, teeth clenched. She wouldn’t—*couldn’t!* Even as his tongue assaulted her with insatiable persistence, she shook her head. He must’ve gotten the picture, because she suddenly felt the heat of his mouth pull away.

She huffed, panted in the silence that followed.

When his voice broke the quiet, it sounded small, nearly swallowed by the blanket between them. “Thanks, Ochaco.”

“Huh... for what?” she asked, breathless.

“For being heroic. For... saving me. For making Valentine’s Day great again.”

She couldn’t take credit for any of that. It was kind of sweet, though, how he could only be this candid under the covers, as if the lack of eye contact lent him courage usually hidden behind all the perverted quips and shameless leering. Strangely enough, she was relieved he couldn’t see her face either, couldn’t catch the way his words were reaching a place inside her she hadn’t expected them to.

“As much as I hate to admit it... you’re like Midoriya in a way,” he mumbled sombrely. “You don’t give up on people, even when they’re hard to save. Even when they’re... well, ‘creeps.’ Like me.”

Her heart skipped at his words. Mineta really thought of her like that? Like Deku? After all the shade he'd thrown at the 'vanilla boy scout' today, she'd never have guessed he'd draw a positive comparison between them. A comparison she certainly didn't deserve. She could see what he was doing—lifting her up while casting himself down. This wasn't just about her and Deku. She'd always assumed Mineta was oblivious to how his perverted antics poisoned his chances with the girls in class, but hearing him acknowledge it so plainly, hearing the disappointment in his voice, stirred a softness inside her.

"I just... I just wish I could be cool, y'know? Like Midoriya." The words faded from his lips, shrinking as if they'd wounded him on their way out. "But... I know I'm not."

She felt the sting of it. And, yeah, he wasn't Deku, not by a mile. But reiterating it now would be like throwing salt on his open wound. *Dang it*, he was twisting her kindness into something messy, complicated. She wanted to tell him to get his creepy butt out of her blankets. But she also wanted to listen. Wanted to coddle him, tell him he didn't need to compare himself to anyone, that it was enough to be himself. Well, mostly.

"Mineta, I—"

"You don't have to say anything. I just thought you should know."

"Well, maybe you shouldn't be so hard on—gaaah!"

His tongue had found the front of her panties again. "Heeeee, I can't help it, Ochaco! I'm always hard." His admission sprung out gleeful, paired with another lick. "Especially when hot girls like you strut around in little booty shorts. I mean, c'mon... you're just asking for it."

She felt his sneaky little hands creep up her sides, forearms wrapping around her upper thighs. With a determined grunt, he used every ounce of strength in those wiry arms to tug her downward, her back sliding a little lower against the wall, her butt dragging across the sheets. The slight shift tilted her pelvis upward, enough for the lower curves of her nether lips to peek up from the mattress, granting him even more access to her sex.

In one hungry swoop, his mouth latched onto her soaked panties, catching both fabric and the plump, tender flesh beneath. He sucked so hard, so loud, the sound sent tremors through her core, through the room. It felt like he was trying to pull her vulva right through her panties and into his greedy trap.

“Ngaaaah! Mineta!”

He chuckled through a muffled groan of satisfaction, savouring the warmth and softness he’d craved for so long.

At this angle, his tongue touched on places it couldn’t reach before, pressing and prodding outside her entrance. Only the sodden lace of her panties kept his voracious tongue from breaching her walls. All the probing pushed the undergarment into her folds, teased at the sensitive flesh along her outer lips, edging dangerously close to a place of no return.

Cheeks blazing, her left eye twitched, willing herself to resist. *The bastard!* He was making her feel so... so...! His breath hit her slick centre, dampening her panties further, his mouth moulding to her, hungry, insatiable. If it all wasn’t gluttonous enough, his grubby little mitts wedged themselves between her bare cheeks and the mattress, where he stole pinches of her ass. He kneaded and groped at the supple flesh while his tongue lavished the damp lace scarcely protecting her. True to his word, he hadn’t removed her panties, but he was doing everything he could to make it feel like they were already gone.

“Oooh... no... mmph... aah... M-Mineta... th-that’s enou...”

Subdued grunts and groans cascaded from her lips as her head twisted this way and that.

“Mm, yeah, just listen to yourthelf... keep moaning my name, Uraraka... way better than just your fingers, right? You keep that up, and I’ll keep thucking on thith moisth puthy...”

God, she hated that word—*moist*. It sounded gross enough on its own, but hearing it mangled by his lisp made it all the more unbearable. He was doing it on purpose. He *had* to be. And yet, as much as his diction grated on her, the remarks dripped over her like syrup, sticky-sweet and taunting, stoking the heat in her cheeks until they burned brighter. She bit down again, eyes clenching shut right as his mouth closed over her again, and sucked on her pussy like he’d promised. The wet heat of his mouth, the graze of his faux bites—it all blended together, sending gasps and broken moans rolling out of her, one after another.

Her eyes snapped open, maybe to confront him, but she recoiled, confronted instead by an unexpected sight: Mineta’s head lay utterly still under the blanket, nestled motionless



between her legs. He'd stopped moving. In fact, the only movement now came from her own body, her hips rolling upwards, grinding against him.

*Wha... how long have I been...*

She swallowed hard.

*...shoving it in his face?*

Apparently, at some point, she'd taken over, claiming the very pleasure she'd been so determined to resist.

*Oh my God, Ochaco... what are you doing? Stop this already...*

But her body ignored her.

Pure madness, something wild and irrational, had taken control. Even with that jolt of clarity, her hips kept rolling, jostling, angling to catch his jaw or any hard edge of his face, chasing any friction that fed the burning ache in her loins. Every thrust lifted her butt off the mattress, which creaked under her as she settled back down, her chest heaving, heat pooling low. The blanket-covered lump of his head bobbed between her bent knees as she pushed harder, faster, panting, burning.

For all his talk about how she'd helped him, Ochaco knew in this moment she was only helping herself—and maybe had been since this whole thing began.

While her hips moved with more determination, her mind struggled to pull back, reminding her she needed to slow down, needed to think about Deku. She needed to know if he'd really sent those flowers, if she meant anything *more* to him. They'd never shared a romantic moment, barely even hinted at crossing that line—but being here, caught up in something reckless with Mineta, felt like a betrayal. A betrayal she wished Deku had given her reason to resist. Something, *anything* to hold onto, to give her the strength to wait. But in the silence he'd left, she wasn't even sure she'd be waiting for him... or for a disappointment she'd been building up alone.

She shoved those guilty thoughts aside with the same urgency she shoved her wet heat against Mineta's face. The blanket shrouded him, reduced him to an indiscriminate shape beneath her, while she focused solely on the release her body craved.

*I just need a second... I'll be able to think straight after I... I...*

Every hip thrust drew her closer to that inevitable end, chasing a clarity she hoped would follow, a calm that would let her face her feelings when this craziness was over.

*Forgive me, Deku...* she whispered in her mind.

She didn't want Mineta. She was only using him—using his *face*—to satisfy a need she'd kept buried for far too long.

“Aaah... hnnng... ahhh...”

The needy whimpers kept pouring out. Her wrists strained against his sticky orbs. Hands balled into fists. Nails dug into palms. She rocked and gyrated her hips to near-completion, to the point where all the built-up tension would finally snap, collapsing in a messy, dizzying release. She could feel it coming, inching closer, every creak of the bed and every moan growing louder, wilder, her breath hitching as she reached for that final push, finally about to—

“Nope.”

In one cruel instant, Mineta pulled his head back from between her legs, leaving her pelvis thrusting into empty space. He crawled backward beneath the blanket. The abrupt withdraw wrenched a primal growl from her throat. She cursed herself for not clamping her thighs around his skull, forcing him to finish what he'd started.

The blanket slipped off his head, and he emerged slowly, smug, like it had all been part of his master plan. Her pink shorts were still slung sloppily over his face, one leg hole drooping over his eye, even more dishevelled after the frantic rhythm she'd set with her hips.

“Not. Till. You. *Beg.*” He dragged out each word, making sure she felt how much he meant it.

Her face burned with anger and frustration, her body still aching from where his tongue had been. “But...” she started weakly.

*But what?*

What was she supposed to say now? Yell at him to get out of her room? Yell at him to get back down there and finish what he started? Neither option sounded like a fulfilling victory, nor a respectable loss.

*Beg him...?*

No.

Absolutely *not*. It was shameful even letting the thought cross her mind. She'd already sunk low enough letting things go this far, but that was a depth she could never allow herself to reach.

“Gotta hand it to you,” he mused, reading the conflict on her features, the desperation simmering beneath her defiant glare. “You’re one tough nut to crack.” For a split second, she thought he was backing off, relief mingling with annoyance—until he added, with a wicked grin, “Your turn now.”

She choked on a gasp.

*Wait... what?*

...

Mineta’s grin stretched from ear to ear at the flash of panic in Ochaco’s eyes.

“W-what do you mean, *my* turn now?”

He rubbed his hands together, leaning into the role of a cheap cartoon villain. “Oh, I think you know exactly what I mean.”

She was all his now, wrists pinned above her head, helpless. It was too perfect. He took advantage, buried his nose in her armpit, letting that sweet scent of sweat fog up his primitive brain. A whiff wasn’t enough. His tongue darted out from under her shorts and dragged up her armpit, the saltiness and trepidation making for a cock-stirring combination.

She flinched, a surprised giggle trickling out. “Hey, knock it off!”

“Oh, didn’t know you were ticklish! How adorable.” Addicted to the sound, and her taste, he flicked his tongue at her armpit again, quick little licks, and relished the way she squirmed, half-smothering more giggles whilst wiggling to no avail.

“Min-ne-neta, qui-quit it,” she stammered, titters breaking her protest, “you’ve... I-lost it... stop...”

He didn’t stop. He wouldn’t stop. Not if she begged, whined, or even peed herself—in fact, he might’ve liked it if she did. He leaned in close. “You look cute like this, all tied up and helpless. Honestly, I think you’re loving it.” Doubling down, he smooshed his hungry chops into her armpit, planting a fat, messy, French kiss right there, his crazed tongue lathering up the smooth-yet-bumpy texture in broad, sloppy strokes. One eye stayed trained on her cringe expression, the look of someone who couldn’t fathom why anyone would ever want to sniff an armpit, let alone practically make out with one. Mineta was a different breed. Something she was coming to learn all too well today.

He unmouthed her tangy underarm and licked the aftertaste off his impish grin. “Why are you so delish, Ochaco? Seriously—every inch.” He threw out a dramatic chef’s kiss.

Unsurprisingly, his compliments to the chef were met with a deadpan scowl. “Are you done yet? And what do you mean it’s *my* turn?” she asked again, pushier this time.

“Wow, eager to get down to it, huh?”

“More like eager for you to stop being... well, you! How are you still this terrible at reading cues?”

He slapped on a wry smile in the face of her criticism. “Well, I’m reading how moist your pussy is just fine, aren’t I?”

Her eye twitched. “Quit saying that!”

As if dropping it would make it any less true. “You really need to come to terms with what your body wants, sweetcakes.”

“Quit calling me that, too, you brat!”

“Ooh, feisty! No wonder Bakugo had a tough time putting you down at the sports festival.” He’d been impressed himself at how long she’d held her ground against that

explosive prick. But now? It was his turn to have a shot at her. “I’m about to do something even he couldn’t. Something no one has, judging by that slick mouth of yours. I’m gonna put you in your place,” he promised in a sadistic murmur, “the way you need it. Good and hard.”

“Ha! Tough talk coming from a guy who needs these just to keep up.” She jerked her arms to indicate the sticky balls pinning her wrists. “Why don’t you take them off, huh? Then we can really go at it and see who comes out on top!”

“Oh, don’t worry. We’re gonna go at it alright...”

“You’re insufferable. Can’t believe I actually felt sorry for you for a split second!”

Sorry for him? It wasn’t her pity he wanted. It was that hot, sopping wet cooch between her legs. But first...

He plucked two more sticky orbs from his scalp. The scorching challenge in her fiery brown eyes suddenly flickered with unease.

“Um... and what exactly are you planning to do with those?”

“Oh, these?” He tossed them up in a playful juggle. “Maybe something. Maybe nothing.”

She rolled her eyes. “I can’t with you.”

Before she could say more, he pitched the first orb, aiming north of her right wrist. It hit with a sticky splat, pulling a yelp out of her as she jerked her head to look at the fresh glob plastered to the wall. Her brow furrowed trying to work out what he’d been aiming at, but he didn’t wait for her to connect the dots before launching the second purple ball. It splatted against the wall a few feet above her left wrist, mirroring the first. Her upward gaze darted between the round blobs, confused as ever, her expression telling him she realised it probably wasn’t something kosher.

The next thing he threw her way, was himself.

Mineta sprang out of his pants and latched onto the sticky orbs like handholds. He balanced his feet on the ones binding her wrists, standing upright, face-to-wall, looming over her seated form as his crotch met her at eye level.

He cast a grinning shadow below. “How’d you like my Quirk now?”

His girthy shlong dangled a ball's hair from her stunned face, close enough to spew its heat across her facade. Veins bulged along its length, popped like they were ready to burst. She whipped her head to the side with a disgusted “ugh”, crinkling her nose as if she'd caught a whiff of something rotten. “You're so dramatic,” he sneered.

His weighty shaft hung low between his legs, dangling past his feet. So heavy, it barely kept pace with his hips moving side to side, lagging behind like some meaty, lumbering pendulum. The lazy monstrosity wafted its manly scent toward her wrinkled nose, swinging so damn low its swollen tip nearly skimmed the top of those big, perky tits stretching her white tee.

“Argh, seriously, Mineta?” she spat. “When's the last time you washed your... thing?”

He snickered, excited she finally acknowledged it. “Aw, don't give me that. It thmells way better than those th'tupid flowerth you keep thwooning over.”

She feigned a gag, shoulders bunching up as though she might puke. “You're nasty!”

“Hehehe... I mean, I *could've* washed it,” he said offhand, like hygiene was some optional side quest, “but where's the fun in that? Figured I'd let someone else... *handle* it for me, if you catch my drift.”

“Revoltng. Who even *does* that?”

“Didn't seem all that revoltng when you were staring at me jerking it.”

Her lips twitched in that telltale way she always did when she was scrambling for a comeback. “I wasn't—wasn't *staring*. Ew! I was just, uh, surprised by how freakishly big you—” She cut herself off, lest she dug herself into an even bigger hole.

“Ohhh, so you do like 'em big, huh?”

She opened her mouth to clapback, but all that ventured forth was a frustrated huff, like she already knew he'd twist whatever she said. Fine by him. He knew better things she could do with that pretty little mouth of hers anyway.

Gripping tight to the purple handholds, he hauled his butt all the way back, giving his huge, hung cock the space to rise from a half-hard semi to a full-on battering ram. The

swollen tip flushed purple as the foreskin pulled back, aimed right at her zipped mouth, poised to bust through whatever resistance stood in its way.

“Have a taste,” he offered in gentlemanly fashion.

“Nuh-uh.” She shook her head like a bratty child refusing to eat her vegetables.

“Oh, come on, it’ll do you good.” He eased his hips forward, inching that fat, bulbous head right up to her lips. She turned away at the last second, his slick tip smearing precum across her cheek instead. “Whoops! Hold still, will ya?” He angled his hips for another go.

But again, she whipped her head the other way, defiant to the last.

“Please, Ochaco?” He put on his sweetest voice.

“Mmm-mmm!”

“Just this last little thing and I’ll be out of your hair. We’ve already gone this far—look at me, I’m hard enough to drill through steel, and you’re dripping wet. We both want this. Please?”

Another vigorous shake of her head.

Impatient now, he jabbed his cock like a spoon being shoved at a fussy kid. And another stubborn headshake. Even with her face turned, he kept at it this time, smudging his wet knob against the pink patch of her cheek, her skin dimpling with every adamant nudge. She tensed up, lips locked tight, giving him no angle. A bead of precum dotted her dimpled cheek, and he let it linger there so she’d feel his thirst marking her face. When his cock eventually retreated, a thin string of his stickiness connected the points of contact, stretching from her cheek before it snapped in the middle.

As hot as it was seeing his precum glistening on her face, his raging hard-on begged for the moistness of her lips. “Come on, why not?” he wheedled.

She snorted, offended he even had to ask. “You seriously expect me to put that dirty, stinky thing in my mouth?!”

“I mean... on the plus side, you’d be cleaning it up if you did...”

“Wha—?!”

“Hehehe, just messing with you! But still, it’s not fair,” he whined, although he had no third leg to stand on. Or did he? “You got yours, when am I gonna get mine?”

“Excuse me?”

“Oh, so it’s fine to grind your dripping pussy all over my face, but my cock can’t even come within spitting distance of your lips?”

“Hmph!”

Although she kept her face turned away, he could tell his point had landed somewhere on her small island of consideration. She hadn’t heard him complaining when she was mashing her sopping cunt in his face like a bitch in heat. Her silence spoke volumes, probably ruminating over the inconvenient facts he’d laid out, the scales that needed balancing. After he’d (happily) endured the aggressive gyration of her hips, the least she could do was give a little something back.

Maybe a compromise?

“Fine, fine, you don’t want my dick in your mouth, got it. But how about... just a little kiss?”

She kept staring off to the side as though she hadn’t heard him. But the fact he hadn’t been immediately shot down was immense. Finally, a hesitant voice squeaked through her tightly pressed lips.

“Just... a little kiss?”

Her merely echoing his suggestion was enough to splash a crazed optimism across his face. “Yes, yes, YES! A thousand times, YES!”

On the opposite end of the enthusiasm spectrum, a tepid Ochaco regarded him with her typical scepticism, biting the inside of her cheek as she chewed over the proposition.

“And you swear that’s all it’ll be?”

“On my sticky balls!”

“Ugh, not exactly reassuring... but, whatever. Let’s just get it over with.”



A tsunami of joy flooded his big, starry eyes. He couldn't decide whether to laugh, cry, or punch a fist in the air à la All Might after a decisive battle.

“Just so you know,” she muttered, “I'm only doing this because you won't stop whining! But, please—” she scrunched her nose, “could you do something about that atrocious smell?”

“Oh, I've got you covered.” Since her hands were kind of ‘tied up’ at the moment, he took great pleasure in reaching down to pinch her nostrils shut for her.

Steadying his feet on the sticky spheres anchoring him, he guided his engorged cock-head closer to her lips, every moment of her reluctant cooperation feeling like the culmination of countless fantasies. Her eyes squeezed shut as if she couldn't bear to watch his purple tip approach, but she pursed her lips for its arrival all the same. The sight of her like this—the shut eyes, the flushed cheeks, the slight tremble in her jaw, the lips poised like they were waiting for the perfect kiss from her dream man—was almost enough to make him nut all over her face right there and then. So many nights lost picturing that look right there, aimed at him from every girl he'd ever crushed on. Funny, he hadn't even scored his first kiss yet, and here he was, about to feel his first pair of lips in an entirely different way.

An entirely better way.

With anticipation lumped in his throat, he tightened his pinch on her nose, trembling as his throbbing meat inched forward, pounding in his ears. Those lips looked even fuller, plump, more inviting, glistening when she pursed them like that—just blindly waiting for him, blindly waiting for his cock. The closer he drew, the harder his chest thudded, heart threatening to burst through his sternum; closer, closer still, until at last...

No more distance.

His glans met the soft, moistness of her lips.

He damn near lost his mind, throwing his head back with a triumphant holler that could probably be heard across campus. Not even winning the Sports Festival would've awarded him this much euphoria!

*It's real, it's happening... oh my God, it's happening!*

Irrepressible thrill nudged him on, his swollen mushroom-tip pressing into the plush cushion of her kiss. *Damn, those lipth...* So soft. They looked and felt like they'd give under the lightest pressure, and he couldn't stop himself from testing out his theory. He pushed forward until they began to yield, their suppleness unprepared for his hardened follow-through. The velvety cushions parted ever so slightly, and he gulped down another dollop of nerves and exhilaration, sweat pooling on his brow beneath the mask of her stolen shorts. It felt as though he was walking a tightrope, keen to serve his impulses and make it to the other side, all without her pushing him off in retribution.

He was probably overthinking it. There was really only one direction he could go, and that was forward.

Pushing on, the fat end of his cock crammed itself into the tiny gap, pushing her lips outwards as it bullied its way through. The girthy intrusion casually reshaped her mouth from a cute little pout to a startled 'O'. He gawked at how perfectly her lips conformed to the rounded swell of his cockhead. Even with just the tip nestled between her cushions, he could feel the imminent moistness of her mouth, the warmth emanating from deeper inside. Her lips twitched, pressing back as if she'd suddenly caught onto his intentions. But it was way too late; his glans was already jammed in, far enough to make closing up shop a losing battle.

Smirking like he'd already won, he pressed his advantage further, demanding more room as he worked the gap into something bigger. His cockhead looked obese against the demure frame of her mouth, a sight that made it pulse inside her bashful grip. Whatever deal they'd made seemed to have gone out the window; those plush lips had no choice but to keep stretching, keep accommodating dick, stopping only when his intrusion met the wall of her teeth.

Her eyes flew open, blazing with indignation as they shot up to confront his, screaming, *I thought we had a deal?!*

A pang of guilt tried to surface, but he shoved it down fast. Lust never lost that fight. His thirst outweighed his shame, like it always did, crippling his integrity. He needed this, *bad.*

*Sorry, Ochaco, but...*

He kept his pinch firm on her nose, cutting off her oxygen and her options.

Her face tensed, the strain starting to show as the lack of airflow sank in. He could see it in the way her brow furrowed, her chest jerked. Seconds grew heavier with every tick. Her lung capacity might've been impressive, but they both knew it wasn't infinite. Anticipation glimmered in his eyes, while hers wavered from fiery outrage to quivers of dread.

Her lips twitched, barely holding together around his cockhead, face reddening as she started to buckle under the severe lack of air. Ochoa honoured her warrior spirit with everything she had, but Mineta saw the writing on the wall, his half-hidden grin growing more crooked under her shorts. She was losing steam fast, and damn if it didn't make him even harder. His cock throbbed like mad at the brink of her trembling lips, awaiting the inevitable.

And then it came.

All too abruptly, her mouth burst open for a desperate gasp of air. The long-awaited inhale came loud and sharp, chest heaving as she sucked in the oxygen she'd been deprived of. But oxygen wasn't the only thing that rushed in.

Immediately, his raging cock surged past her parted lips, the swollen head disappearing into the wet, searing heat of her mouth in the midst of her sucking in breath. By the time her lips closed, it was too late—the first few inches had secured their place, leaving her lips no choice but to wrap snugly around his invading girth. The rapture hit him like nothing he'd ever felt before. So hot, slick, and mind-meltingly perfect. An obnoxious moan, sheer relief ripped out of his chest, his lungs forcing out a shaky exhale. Heaven. His head tipped back, his whole body surrendering to all-consuming bliss.

*Fuck yeah...*

His fingers released their grip on her nose, their work complete, as he let himself bask in the momentous occasion. He couldn't believe it. His dick was finally wet, like *actually* wet, not from his lube or his own spit. This wasn't another lonely daydream he'd whipped up in his dorm, or some scene plucked out of the porn magazines stashed under his vibrating mattress. It was real. In the space of a few glorious seconds, Mineta had indeed gone from 'just a kiss' to 'just the tip' to 'holy shit, my cock's in a girl's mouth!' For once, reality didn't just match his wildest dreams—it was blowing them out of the water.

While he stood on the purple spheres glued to the wall, grinning like a lunatic, his euphoria was rudely interrupted by a muffled “mmph!” from below. He glanced down to find her glaring up at him, her furious eyes screaming bloody murder.

Yeah, maybe shoving his dick in an angry girl’s mouth hadn’t been his brightest moment. One wrong move and... A cold shiver ran down his spine as his brain painted a horrifying picture of his beautiful, glorious cock reduced to mangled meat between her chompers.

But such was the force of his horniness; his cock had moved on its own, not unlike how Midoriya rushed to save people without thinking. Except, something told him Ochaco didn’t see his lewd instincts nearly as heroic. Thank goodness she wasn’t spiteful enough to bite his cock clean off... right?

His grin faded into a nervous gulp.

Maybe gambling with his manhood wasn’t such a hot idea. The glare on her face sucked the joy out of what should’ve been his first blowjob. This whole thing could flip from dream-come-true to nightmare fuel faster than he could stammer out a half-assed, “My bad.”

But... it didn’t. Not yet. And Mineta found that... curious.

The message in her scowl read: *Just wait ‘til I’m free, you little punk!* But for all her righteous fury, she wasn’t doing everything she could to stop him, was she? No kicking, no thrashing, no clamping down to send him to the emergency room. Heck, not even the smallest shake of her head. And this after he’d spent all day poking at her, mouthing off about how much she secretly wanted his dick. He hadn’t believed it himself, but now? He was starting to wonder...

His tip sat beyond the plush seal of her lips for a solid ten seconds. And she’d done nothing to make him regret it.

Maybe that starstruck look she’d had while watching him jerk off should’ve been a dead giveaway?

Maybe she really *was* into his big ol’ shlong despite all the disgusted faces she made?

Maybe... she wanted his cock exactly where it was right now.

His heart raced at the possibility, dared to dream. Taking a shaky breath, he gathered up the nerve to edge his hips forward, easing a little more of his veiny shaft past her lips. He kept a razor-sharp eye on her face, on every micro expression that could hint at a bite. If she so much as blinked wrong, he'd yank himself out faster than a gambler snatching winnings off the table.

Her glare didn't let up, fierce as ever, yet he noticed a tiny twitch, a coy quiver at the corner of her stuffed mouth. He felt her teeth graze his shaft, a light pressure that made his stomach churn. But instead of clamping down, her pearly whites moved in the opposite direction, parting as her jaw lowered a fraction. A fraction enough to let more of him slide in.

Was it a reflex? Instinct? A subconscious surrender to what was happening?

Or—dare he believe—a choice?

Whatever it was, he didn't waste another second overthinking it.

He pushed one more inch into her mouth before stopping as if he'd reached a checkpoint in one of his video games. His heart thumped so loud she could probably hear it, probably feel it drumming along the veins of his thickness. He sent up a silent prayer to every god he could think of, hoping for once he was reading all the cues right, then he bravely fed her more cock.

Her face contorted like someone had waved a dirty sock in front of her nose. Honestly? He didn't blame her. Even *he* could catch the ripe, sweaty funk wafting off his crotch. The air between her flushed face and his tangled patch of purple pubes was saturated with it, a cloud of raw musk. Her brows scrunched together, holding on by a thread. She almost looked like she regretted letting things get this far, forced not only to taste, but breathe his rancid masculinity. It wasn't just a mouthful—it was a full sensory overload. But he wouldn't let her sour expression slow him down.

Millimetre by millimetre, her mouth took in more of his pungent length, even as her face screamed how much she despised each swollen inch. His shaft glided along the wet surface of her tongue, felt it stir beneath him—tentative at first, then a light push upward, as if she was gauging the weight and texture of his beastly phallus. *Has she even done this before?* He smirked at the thought. Not to toot his own horn, but even if she *had* sucked a dick, there was no way it could've been this long and meaty. Probably not as smelly either.

In what little space he'd left in her mouth, her tongue got to work, exploring the enwrapped inches. He felt the flat of it massage his underside, then curl up along the girth, familiarising herself with the contours and ridges. Her stretched lips kept readjusting as if coming to terms with how thick he was, all while she learned the shape of his phallus with every curious stroke of her tongue.

He watched her, grinning to himself as a thought struck him. *She's not stupid.* She had to have known where this was headed, that the second she offered him an inch, he'd take a whole damn mile. And the kicker? She let him. All that fuss, all those glares and muffled grumbles? Probably an act to keep her pride intact. Deep down, his horny little classmate was dying for some dick. Needed it so bad, she'd probably stopped caring it was his.

Between the death stares, her face loitered in this uncanny, scrunched-up limbo, as though she were trying to work out if she hated the taste or not.

"Powering through it, huh?" He chuckled. "Knew you had it in you. Good girl!"

"Hmmp!" Her eyes narrowed into sharp slits, scolding him without words, making it clear that, despite appearances, she was still pissed at him for renegeing on their deal.

"Whatever. How's it taste?" The only question that mattered right now. He toyed with the idea of pulling his dick out just to hear her lose her shit, only to stuff it right back in mid-rant. "It's an acquired taste, huh? Not half as sweet as that pussy of yours..." His tongue dragged across his lips in fond memory of his little muff-diving session under the blanket. "God, I'd have thtayed down there all day if you let me. Tell you what, new deal." He lowered his breath and pledged, "Blow me like a champ, and I thwear I'll dive right back in and leave you shaking and dripping all over the damn sheets. Thounds pretty good, huh?"

She shot him a flat look, done with all these 'deals' he handed out like cheap flyers. Pity. He'd actually meant it this time.

The further down his shaft you went, the thicker it got—a detail she discovered the hard way when he'd slipped halfway in. A stifled grunt squeezed through her stuffed chops announcing she'd hit her limit. *That's it?* He scoffed. *What the hell am I supposed to do with the rest of this dick?* Unacceptable. Half his pipe was left out in the cold like an unwanted guest. He bet she could take it to the back of her throat if she really tried. But hey, he'd already pressed his luck this far. Any further might actually earn him a one-way ticket to Bite City.

He eased back enough to relax the strain in her jaw, watching the glistening half of his shaft unsheathe, a messy ring of spit marking the depth she'd managed. A sharp inhale through his nose steadied his nerves. He eased forward again, grinning as her mouth welcomed him back in, lips wrapping him up tight like he was her favourite meal and she'd been starving.

*Yeah, that's more like it...*

Funny how fast her lips had gotten greedy for his big, smelly cock. His hips rocked with a lazy confidence, a patient back and forth that kept plenty of his cock warm and slick while the rest caught a breath of cool air. Out and in, cold and hot, the contrasting cycle of pleasure quickly became addictive. And each time, her tongue pressed against the underside, adding the right amount of pressure to make him groan under his breath.

“Look at you,” he sneered, ragged and heavy. “Only doing this because I was *whining*? Yeah, right. Don't kid yourself—you've been dying for a taste ever since you caught me beating my meat, haven't you?” The pissed-off glint in her eyes snubbed his suggestion, but he didn't care. Hell, it only egged him on. “What? Don't gimme that look. You know I'm right.”

His cock slid... back... forth...

“Feel sorry for me, do you? I didn't ask for your damn pity.”

Back... forth...

As if she could really feel sorry for him—she'd spent half the time trying to get rid of him so she could go back to rubbing herself raw over Midoriya!

“Feel sorry for yourself,” he hissed, “sitting here, cleaning up my big, filthy cock like some cheap whore.” Her brow furrowed, glare intensified. It took every ounce of willpower not to burst out laughing at her disgust. “Yeah, that's right. Haven't washed it in weeks,” he added, stretching the truth to bolster her reaction. The more she cringed, the more it fuelled his degenerate remarks. “Got my dick cheese all over your tongue and you're just eating it up, huh?”

Back... forth... The cool air licked his shaft on the way out, only for the wet, searing heat of her mouth to reclaim him on the way in.

“Bet you’re starting to like the taste now, huh? All that sweat and stink? Makes your pretty little mouth water, doesn’t it?”

Back... forth...

“Show me how much you love it... make it shine... polish every freakin’ inch.” Lust thickened his voice and excitement sharpened his lisp. “I wanna feel your thpit running down the thides, dripping, pouring off. Fucking thlobber all over it, Ochaco! Make a real meth for me.”

Back... forth—a touch further this time, half an inch past the ring of spit marking her previous limit. A pinch of discomfort tightened her face.

“What’s the matter? Didn’t think it’d be thith fucking huge, did ya?”

The sight of her lips straining to keep up with his girth only made him hungrier. Cute, innocent Uravity, the sweet little hero everyone adored, reduced to this. He wished all their classmates could see her right now. Especially Midoriya.

Back... forth...

He angled his fat cockhead against the inside of her cheek, smearing his filth on it. The side of her face bulged in the shape of his bulbous crown. “That’s it, sweetcakes. Clean it up real good.” He dragged his dick across her tongue, switching sides to sully her other cheek, too. “I want your breath reeking of my cock. You like that, huh? Tell me you’d love it.”

“Hmph!” was all she could muster, cheeks puffing in protest.

Back. Forth. Faster now.

Her breath trickled in choppy, little puffs, barely slipping past the seal of her mouth, drool pooling at the crammed corners.

Back. Forth. Back. Forth.

“Haaah... yeah...” The ramped-up tempo pulled and dragged at his retracted foreskin, waves of tantalising friction shooting pleasure from his sensitive tip right through to his toes. “Fuck... ah... your mouth...”

His hips bucked of their own accord, chasing that rising heat pumping down below.



Back, forth. Back, forth. Back, forth.

Her cheeks hollowed and bulged in tandem.

Faster.

Back, forth, back, forth, back, forth.

Stronger.

*BACK, FORTH, BACK, FORTH...*

It wasn't a blowjob anymore—it was a full-on face-fucking. His cock slammed into her mouth with all the finesse of a battering ram, sending his huge sack swinging beneath him, heavy and aching to unload. The prolonged stretch of her jaw, pried open for so long, had worked up a hot flood of saliva. It was everywhere now, slimy and messy like he wanted, coating his every thrust, spilling from the corners of her mouth in glutinous strands that dripped down her chin.

“Heh, and you call me a messy eater?” he quipped breathlessly, thinking back to her teasing jab about his table manners. He put extra oomph into the subsequent thrusts, getting even, sending more of that sloppy drool soaking into her shirt.

Back, forth—*shlrp*. Back, forth—*shlrp*.

The wet noises amplified the suction as she practically slurped on the same unwashed cock she'd deemed 'too stinky' only minutes ago.

That stony glare of hers was eroding at rapid pace, the hard lines of fury in her brow softening into something closer to anxiety. It was too funny, watching her tough-girl act disintegrate with every inch of dick he force-fed her. It wasn't only her expression that withered either; even her muffled, irritated grunts began to change. To his ears, at least, they melted into murmurs and hums of intrigue, possibly even enjoyment—a lot less “mmph!” and far more “mmmm...”

The muted sounds imbued him with the poise to rock back and forth, striving to stay balanced on his Quirk's footholds despite the extra verve he poured into his motions. Sweat clung to the back of his shirt, but everything below his waist was gone. From behind, it must've been one hell of a view—his small, bare buttocks flexing as he thrust, obscuring the

sight of her head between his pelvis and the wall, the only clue to her position the lurid visuals of his nutsack swinging towards her chin. All the while, spit dripped onto her white shirt in dark splotches. The chill from her open window bit at his naked bottom, but the heat of her mouth more than compensated for it, drawing him into its sloppy wetness.

A thought crept into his head, one so ridiculous it made him snicker. What would someone think if they happened to glance through her window right now? They'd see her Valentine's bouquet, all neat and proper on her nightstand, the kind of gift that whispered sweet romance and quiet intimacy. But just beyond that? Oh, they'd get an eyeful of anything but: a pint-sized perv with pink booty shorts yanked over his head, throwing his bare buttocks to and fro, the lurid soundtrack of sloppy moans and wet, squelching suction playing in the backdrop.

Back, forth—*sblrp*. Back, forth—*sblrp*. Back, forth—*sblrp*. Back—

He broke the rhythm mid-thrust for a much-needed breather. His cock pulled free with a sticky pop, shiny and twitching in the cool air. The second her lips came unplugged, she gulped a huge swig of air, chest heaving as if she'd staggered out of a bout tougher than anything the Sports Festival had thrown at her—a bout against his massive, undefeated schlong.

“Look at it.” Brimming with giddy pride, he tilted his spit-slick shaft at an angle, letting the sunlight through her window catch every shiny, messy inch, making it gleam like the first-place trophy it deserved. “Look at all that fucking thpit. Figured you were cock-hungry, but damn, Ochaco.”

Her head drooped forward, chin a mess of drool, her witty comebacks nowhere to be found, mouth hung open, fighting for breath. “I’m... you’re...” Her words tumbled out in scattered fragments, nonsensical, her brain scrambled, quite literally fucked out of her mind.

“You’re gonna let me use that cock-washing mouth of yourth thum more?” It was a statement, not a question.

“But I... I sucked it already...”

“Not all of it.” He ran a hand along the dry, untouched base of his monstrous length.

“Mineta... it’s... too big...”

He barked out a laugh, half disbelief, half pride. “Damn right it is!” His cock twitched in agreement. “Made to go with all that thicc, juicy ass you’re packing.” It got him thinking, “Hey, why don’t we just forget about Yaoyorozu and Midoriya?” The answer to both his and Ochaco’s Valentine’s Day woes had been staring them in the face this whole time. “We could just be each other’s Valentines instead!”

Her head snapped up at the apparent absurdity of his suggestion, an incredulous glare cutting straight through his dream. “What...? You’re... you’re delusional.”

He was ready for that. “Why not? Think about it—who else gets you this dripping wet?”

“That’s not—” she started, only to falter into a frustrated sigh. “Are you even listening to yourself right now?”

“Every word. And you should too. You know it makes perfect sense. It’s exactly what you’ve been needing—someone who doesn’t just notice that sexy body of yours, but knows how to worship it, too.”

“And... that would be you?” She quirked a brow.

“Why not?” he asked again.

“Because—”

“Because you’ve been waiting for someone to treat you like the hot piece of ass you are,” he cut in, finishing her sentence the way it should’ve been finished.

She huffed out a humourless laugh. Albeit, one that didn’t exactly sound like disagreement. “You’re unbelievable.”

“I’m therious.” She could play coy all she wanted, but anyone with eyes could see it. Ochaco was into it as much as he was; she just kept letting her stupid pride get in the way of enjoying a good thing. Well, whether or not she’d agree to be his Valentine, there was one thing he still expected her to do. “Open up. Let’s thee a little more appreciation for what’s got your panties so fucking thoaked right now.”

Bashful, she dipped her head low, eyes darting away as though she couldn’t bear to face his, couldn’t bear to confront the truth in his words.

But he wasn't about to let her hide from it.

Reaching down, he grabbed a fistful of her bangs. A sharp tug forced her head back up with a gasp, giving her no choice but to meet his gaze. Her wide, uncertain eyes locked onto his, and he bent lower, his voice dark, insistent. "Don't you dare go daydreaming about Deku again," he spat, tightening his grip to drive the point home. "Not when I'm right here."

He'd worked too damn hard to let her brush him off now, to let her retreat. She wasn't getting off that easy.

"Please, Ochaco..." His voice cracked into his characteristic whine, though the fire in his eyes didn't waver. If anything, it burned hotter, sharper. "Let me do this. Let me show you how much I want you—*way* more than anyone ever has, more than anyone ever could." His thumb brushed against her bottom lip, coaxing it down. "Come on. Open that pretty mouth for me again."

"Mineta..." The faintest tremor in her whisper betrayed the battle between her pride and the pull of his words.

He grunted in frustration. At this rate, he'd go flaccid waiting for her to sort through thoughts and feelings. He'd lost the patience for that crap.

With an intolerant growl, his fingers dug into her scalp and held her in place. Then, without warning, he twisted his hips, swinging the weight of his hog through the air, watching it collide with her cheek in a wet, meaty *thwack*. The cock-slap reverberated through her quiet bedroom, leaving a streak of her own saliva smeared across her flushed skin.

That woke her up alright.

Her eyes twitched wide at the sting, the shock dragging her out of whatever Deku-induced stupor she might've wandered off to. She remembered where she was, what was waiting in front of her, and her dutiful lips parted, wet and ready, exactly like he'd demanded.

"Finally," he grumbled, shoving himself back into her subservient mouth like it was his goddamn right. Poised on his sticky orbs, he kept his arm angled down, fingers twisted in her bangs as he threw his pelvis forward. The passion in his thrusts kept her in the here and

now, making damn sure she couldn't think about anything else—not Deku, not her pride, nothing but the thick, musky meat stuffing her mouth over and over again.

“Yeah, that's it, sweetcakes. Look at you now... all that fancy Gunhead Martial Arts, and you're still defenceless against a big, thmelly cock thlapping you in the face, huh?”

That ought to teach girls to quit underestimating his Quirk. Sure, he wasn't as flashy as Todoroki, but someday, he'd make Yaoyorozu acknowledge him, too—with a swift slap of his fat cock against her pretty, perfect face. If Ochaco was any proof, it wouldn't take much to humble her, too.

“You must be so desperate right now, letting me stick it in your mouth without even washing it first. You know you love it,” he muttered, his grip keeping Ochaco's head steady and her eyes locked onto his. She wouldn't get away with touching herself while treating him like some stand-in for her latest crush—not anymore. “Uhn, yeah... keep those eyes up here, just like that... all me, got it?”

She gave a weak nod, barely more than a tilt of her head. Not good enough.

He yanked his cock out and delivered another messy, resounding slap to her other cheek. The force twisted her head slightly to the side, leaving behind a fresh smear of spit and a faint flush blooming where his shaft had struck. “Open that fucking mouth!” She obeyed—no hesitation this time, no sass, just her jaw dropping like she finally understood her place. His cock drove forward before her lips were even fully parted, shoving them open the rest of the way. “Good girl,” he muttered with an accomplished smirk.

Did she finally get it now?

Everything she wanted, everything she needed, was right here. Literally slapping her in the face. He made damn sure she wouldn't forget, pausing the face-fucking every so often to deliver stinging reminders across her cheeks.

*He* owned this cock. He owned her. If this ended up being the best Valentine's Day of her life—and it would—it wouldn't be thanks to some sappy bouquet or box of chocolates—it'd be because of his huge dick stabbing her mouth time and time again.

When his outstretched arm started to burn, he let go of her hair and grabbed onto the sticky orbs above instead, spreading his limbs like some impish starfish plastered against the

wall. From there, his core took over, thrusting his hips forward. Even without his fist holding her in place, she kept her head tilted back, those big, obedient eyes staring up like she was waiting for her next order. It had taken several cock-slaps to the face, but she was being such a good girl now. And he was still playing nice, sparing her the full rod, keeping his thrusts measured to what she'd shown she could handle.

But that was about to change.

The wet, sloppy noises of his cock plunging through her slickened lips grew louder, more obscene, a visceral symphony of squelches and schlurps taking centre stage. His thrusts pushed the mess further, spittle flinging from the corners of her mouth, all the spit making his pumping smoother, slicker, and a whole lot nastier.

*Glorp. Glorp. Glorp.*

Soon, her muffled hums blended into the sticky medley of reflexive noises and sloppy suction.

*Hmm. Glorp. Glorp. Mmm. Shlrp. Glorp. Mmmph.*

Hearing her moan with a mouthful like she loved it drove him crazy.

“Fuck, yes,” he wheezed, barely able to get the words out between his ragged breaths, “keep... making those nasty noises...” And she did—whether by choice or reflex—while his weighty sack swung like a wrecking ball, grazing her chin as it dripped spit. Deciding she was ready, Mineta snapped his pelvis forward in a long, pointed thrust, propelling several inches past her supposed limit.

*GLRK!*

She gagged, *hard*, eyes bulging wide as the loud, guttural choke tore from her throat. He kept it right there, nice and deep, his cock all but blocking her airway like it belonged there. So much dick. Her lips stretched far beyond what she probably thought they could, jaw trembling under the strain, cheeks hollowing around his girth.

“Yeah,” he muttered darkly, slipping a low growl under his breath, “choke on it, you filthy masturbator.”

He didn't move. He savoured it—the way her face twisted, her furrowed brow, her hollowed cheeks, her drooping eyes struggling to endure the overwhelming blockage. Only when her breaths grew faint and her body shivered, did he finally drag the intrusion out.

His cock emerged covered in copious amounts of slobber, slimy sheens coating his shaft nearly to the base. Drool rolled down his length in sticky rivulets, dripping onto the rumpled sheets below.

Breathless and flustered, her head hung low, droplets of sweat and spit falling to her lap. She might've been mortified by the mess she'd left all over him, but Mineta revelled in it. "Damn, that's hot," he assured her. "Now, let's keep this going. Open up!"

"Wha...? Wait," she pleaded, panting, "Let me catch my brea—mmffph!"

He rammed his brutish cock back in, smothering her excuse before she could make it. Mineta had waited over a decade and a half for a Valentine's Day worth remembering. He was done waiting.

*Glorp, glorp, glorp*—he worked her mouth at an amiable depth, almost teasing, keeping her guessing before—*GLRK!*

"Oh yeah. That's the spot," he hissed, pulling back to let her pant.

"Haah... haah... haa—*GLRK!*"

"Don't act like you weren't begging for this with your eyes." He sniggered, his mind flashing back to the way she'd watched him jerk off so intently. "Go on, it's yours. Choke on it, thlut!"

*GLRK! Glorp, glorp, glorp, glorp, GLRK!*

Every time he heard that beautiful, guttural gag or saw the strain etched across her face, he sighed dreamily. He allowed her half-seconds to snatch breath between thrusts, and silenced any whimper or plea with a deep plunge, whether she was ready or not. When she tried to clamp her jaw shut in some half-hearted resistance, he just smirked. Pinching her nose shut did the trick, forcing her lips apart so he could ram himself back in, reclaiming her mouth like it was his to fuck as he pleased.

As far as he was concerned, thrusting his pelvis into her mouth was no different than what she'd pulled under the blanket. She'd used his face, smeared that dripping cunt all over him, tried to grind herself to an orgasm after refusing to let him take her panties off. If she could be that self-serving, then why the hell couldn't he be, too? If she could dish it out, she ought to be able to take it.

Unfortunately for her, Mineta had way more to bring to the table—or, more accurately, to her mouth. Not some soft, pliant pussy lips; he had a thick monster, one that could penetrate her defences in ways all her pitiful rubbing and grinding never could.

Celebrating the turned table with every surge of his hips, he grinned down at the sight of his cock punching past her lips, her crammed mouth surrendering in noisy *glorps* and *glucks*. Peering beyond the mess of schlurping and drool, he noticed something else—the blanket beneath was stirring, surreptitious movements from her lower body hidden under the covers. Her thighs were rubbing together again. He'd bet everything on it.

He let out a breathless chuckle, barely believing it himself. Who'd have thought Ochoa of all girls, the sweet little goody-two-shoes, would be getting *this* turned on by a 'pint-sized perv' fucking her face?

The idea lit a fire under his balls, made him want to go harder, to fuck her brains out and leave her breath forever reeking of his cock.

"Aw, Ochoa, what's wrong? Can't thit still?" he rasped, voice breaking between the rough rhythm of his thrusts. A mocking grin spread across his face when her only answer was more sucking, choking, and gagging. He snickered. "Can't get enough of me stuffing that cute little mouth, huh? Like the good little Valentine's thlut you are."

If she was eating it up this much, then hell, he'd serve her a bigger helping. He slammed his dirty cock deeper into her mouth, hitting that sweet gag-inducing depth she was acclimating to. She still tensed up every time he stabbed the back of her throat, her body jerking in reflex, but each time it took her less and less effort to recover. Her growing resilience inspired a faster, more punishing pace—hips pistoning at full throttle, ploughing that mouth like no one's business.

*Gluck, gluck, gluck, gluck, thud, gluck, thud...*



The back of her head bounced off the wall in rhythmic thuds, loud enough to carry through to the next room—if anyone had been there to hear them. With his feet perched on the purple orbs shackling her wrists, she latched onto his shins like her life depended on it, bracing herself against the onslaught of cock shoving her skull backward. Why settle for some cheap-ass slab of chocolate when she could gorge on *this* slab of throbbing man-meat instead? “Forget that stupid candy!” he snarled, words broken by his laboured breathing and her gurgled gasps. “Thith dick is all you’ll ever need!”

He pulled in the scent wrapped around his face once more and it spurred his hips into overdrive.

That filthy mouth of hers lit up every fibre of his being like the month of December. Not even his prized Mirko-inspired fleshlight came close to the tight, moist, messy submission of Ochaco’s lips. Her mouth embraced his tool like it didn’t want to let go, vacuum-sealed around his girth, the sloppy suction pulling as he pushed. Muffled gags and an endless string of *gluck, gluck* saturated the space, added to the feverish slap of his thighs against her flushed cheeks and the dull thud of her skull tapping the wall. Every time he plunged deep enough for her throat’s entrance to spasm around him, it evoked a loud, gratuitous moan of satisfaction.

She took it like she knew she deserved it—for flaunting herself, for teasing him, for ogling him, for gaslighting him, for using the image of his cock in her dirty little fantasies without giving him the credit he was due. His narrowed eyes drank in the sight of her pinned against the wall, shoulders pressed back with nowhere to turn. She was his to control, every inch she took dictated by the sway of his pelvis, every gurgling choke a reminder of who was in charge.

The muscles in his thighs burned, fire licking through his jerking hips, but it barely registered. He thrust past the fatigue, couldn’t stop. Only push faster. His big, swinging gonads followed up each thrust with a wet smack against her spit-drenched chin, his sack heavy with the promise of release. He clenched tighter around the sticky handholds of his Quirk, nails digging into the orbs as he threw his full weight into every piston of his hips, making her choke and sputter.

The sounds of her messy submission filled the room, drowning out every thought but the pleasure of watching her struggle and adapt.

*Glorp-thud-gluck-thud-gluck-thud-gluck-thud...*

“Ahhh—fuck...” Ecstasy poured from his lips in shuddering waves, merging into the lively pool of dick-sucking noises.

*Glorp, gluck, thud, gluck...*

“Uhhhn, yeah, just like that... Mmm, thuch a good little mouth...”

“Mmhhph—hahhh... mphhh—!” she tried to gasp around him, her breaths lost in the frenzy of his thrusts.

*Schluck, schlurp, glorp!*

His eyes darted downward and caught the movement of her thighs stirring the blanket. A knowing smirk twisted his lips. “Heh! Can’t keep those thick-ass thighs apart, huh? So damn moisth you can’t help yourself... ahhh—shit... Bet you’re loving this even more than I am... uhhnn... thucking cock and getting off like the filthy little girl you are!”

“Mnnhhh... gahhh... mmphhh...” she glorped, the friction of her thighs feeding into her dazed expression.

“Ghhhh—ahhh! Yeahhh, make it wet... wetter, Ochaco... more thpit... Uhhhn—thath it!” he hissed, bucking harder.

*GLRK! Gluck, glorp, gluck-thud, thud, thud...*

Her head bounced back and forth between the wall and his pistoning hips, his bare cheeks blurring with the motions.

She gasped and sputtered, spit bubbling around her stretched lips. “Haah—uhhhnn... pphhh—gahh...”

“Hahhh—shit... yeah, take it deeper, girl. Gag on that fucking cock!”

She did—*GLRK!* And moaned around it, “Mnnhhh—gahhh... mmphhh... mmmm...”

*Glorp, gluck, glorp-thud!*

“Fuhhh—ahhh, yeah... don’t stop now, sweetcakes, keep rubbing those thlutty thighs together,” he rasped. “Bet you’re dying for me to slide down there, thpread ‘em wide, and shove thith dirty dick right in there... nghhh, you’d love that, wouldn’t you?”

“Mnnnh—mmphhh!” Her strangled whine vibrated through his manhood, practically begging him to make good on his taunts. Or at least, that’s what he chose to hear. Nothing screamed ‘fucked out of your mind’ louder than the half-lidded, glazed-over look smeared across her flushed, drool-streaked face.

A bead of sweat rolled off his chin and splattered onto her forehead as that slick mouth of hers seemed dead set on dragging out every inch of pleasure he could handle. He knew he couldn’t hold out much longer, his body teetering on the edge of his sticky balls, and decided it was time for the grand finale.

“Am I good enough for you yet, Ochaco?” He drew his length back, leaving only the swollen tip inside. A beat. Then, in a single, definitive motion, he punctuated the skull-fucking with a savage thrust.

*GLLRKKKK!*

This time, he stayed put, let the moment stretch out. He felt that telltale tug in his nutsack and the first involuntary spasms of his cock. Before he succumbed to ecstasy however, he managed one last cocky line, rasping, “How’s this for a grand gesture?”

And then it hit—his cock pulsed violently.

Heat surged upward from his aching balls, rocketed through his hot pipe and burst forth in thick, molten streams. He cried out, high-pitched and guttural, as the release overwhelmed him. Her half-lidded eyes flew wide open, crossing towards the pulsating cock between them, cheeks going from hollowed around his girth to ballooning out like a damn pufferfish. His sticky grape juice special flooded her mouth in splurt after briny splurt, faster than she could figure out how to stop it.

He could see it on her face—the exact moment his warm, cloying load coated her taste buds. Her expression turned all scrunched-up, and a garbled “mmmph!” broke free from her bloated mouth. It was all too much to take in, too much to taste. Her body locked up, thighs halting mid-rub as though her wiring had short-circuited, her fingernails biting hard into his calves.

He didn't feel a damn thing. His head was floating somewhere above it all, a long, contented sigh drifting off like the last note of a lullaby. Every twitch of his cock drained him, left him feeling lighter, emptier, the burden in his sack lifting. Meanwhile, she took on the weight he unloaded; her cute, rosy cheeks swelled fuller and rounder, inflating like overripe fruit. With nowhere else for it to go, streaks of his white-yellow goo oozed from the corners of her mouth, mingling with the spit already dripping down her chin. Her crossed eyes fluttered, threatened to roll back completely as his spasming erection kept pumping her full, cramming her to capacity, until there wasn't room for a single drop more.

Finally, her body rebelled. A violent gag sent her reeling, head snapping back as she barfed his intrusive cock with a guttural *glrk*, instantly followed by an avalanche of steaming-hot semen. The bucket of cum spilled past her lips like regurgitated slurry, viscous streams splattering onto her shirt and covers in sticky, milky streaks.

The stink hit the air immediately—a dense, overripe musk, heavier and even more pungent than the foulness wafting from his dirty crotch. The invasive odour wrapped around them in an oppressive fog, sticking to their skin and filling every breath. He breathed it in, chest puffing with a sick sort of pride, amplifying the bliss of his long-awaited release.

This? This was how Valentine's Day was meant to be. Every year.

Both of them panted hard, riding out the aftermath of his 'grand gesture'. Her head hung low, a string of cum drooping from her bottom lip, swaying gently with her ragged breaths.

"Damn," he muttered, a smug grin tugging at his lips, "you really made a mess on yourself. Would've been a whole lot easier if you'd just swallowed it all." His tone was dripping with that cocky satisfaction he couldn't keep to himself, still buzzing from the high of emptying his balls.

He braced himself for the inevitable comeback—a sharp-tongued remark about how disgusting his cum tasted or some colourful insult about how much she hated his guts. Instead, what came out was a soft, breathless mumble, "You could've... warned me."

That threw him for a loop. No vitriol? No rage for going back on their deal? It kind of made him feel... a little bad. Like, maybe he should've given her a heads-up before unloading

in her mouth. “Uh... yeah, sorry.” He scratched the back of his neck sheepishly. Honestly, he hadn’t expected to cum so much. “Guess I got a little carried away.”

“You think?” she shot back, not even looking at him, her messy bangs hiding her expression. “I’ve... I’ve never had so much... my mouth, it feels...” She stretched her jaw from side to side, testing its range as if she was making sure the thorough skull-fucking hadn’t left it unhinged.

“Thanks, Ochaco,” he said of her sacrifice, “I needed that more than you’ll ever know.”

“Whatever, you perv,” she huffed, rolling her jaw back into place. “Can’t believe you put me through all that and didn’t even let me touch your penis once!”

“Wha...” He froze, blinking at her. *That’s* what she was mad about? “You... you *wanted* to... touch it?”

She lifted her head enough for her eyes to peek out from beneath her dishevelled bangs. Her expression teetered between annoyance and something softer. Then, looking away bashfully, she murmured in a voice so quiet he almost missed it, “...maybe... a little.”

His eyes tripled in size at her confession, scandalised. Though, really, he shouldn’t have been so surprised. Thinking back to the way she’d snuck glances at his cock when they were supposed to be focused on video games, of *course* she’d want to touch it. After everything that went down, after crossing the boundaries they’d crossed, after having his manhood all but shoved down her throat—finally admitting she wanted to cop a feel seemed tame, predictable. Hell, she’d probably been working up the nerve this whole time, and now, with her pride a shambles, there was no reason to hold back anymore.

Still, Mineta being Mineta, couldn’t let her admission go by without a little teasing. “Wait, wait—so, is it, like, because you’ve never touched a dick before? Or is mine just that irresistible?”

Her face turned scarlet, her head snapping to the side. “Do you ever shut up? Why do you always have to make everything so awkward?”

“Hey, hey, I’m just asking!” He threw his hands up in mock innocence. “It’s a legit question. I mean, I *am* packing something special here...”

“Specially gross, maybe!” She rolled her eyes.

“Ouch, harsh! You weren’t saying that when you were choking on it five seconds ago.” Granted, she hadn’t been able to say much at all with her mouth, uh, otherwise preoccupied.

“Ugh!” Groaning loudly, she threw her head back in frustration. “Are you letting me touch it or not?!”

Although his cock was halfway back to turning flaccid, the sheer passion in her demand made it twitch with renewed interest. Excitement roused in his veins as he scrambled to unstick the purple orbs trapping her wrists.

“Hell yeah, you can! I mean—uh, yeah, totally, go for it.” His hands fumbled in his haste, mind racing ahead, already painting salacious images of her soft fingers wrapping around him, stroking his shaft until he exploded all over again. “I’ve never had a handjob before, so, uh... make it a good one, will ya?”

But the second her hands were free, she didn’t go for his eagerly waiting cock. Nope. Her hand shot straight for his exposed, dangling nutsack instead, and seized it in a threatening grip.

*Well, shit.*

It was more a warning than a malicious squeeze, but sweat broke out across his brow all the same. One wrong move, one dumb joke, and she could turn that grip into something so painfully crippling it’d leave him singing soprano for the rest of his life.

He gulped, hard. How could he have been so stupid?! Maybe letting his actual head do the thinking once in a while wouldn’t be such a bad idea.

“Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t crush these grapes and make my own wine?” Her grip tightened a smidgen, urging him to speak up.

“Because!!” he squeaked. “Because... uh, because you’re way too young to drink wine?” he tried through a shaky grin, a fat bead of sweat rolled down the side of his face.

“After today?” She barked a bitter laugh, glancing down at the sticky mess staining her shirt and beddings. “I could drink a whole vineyard. Besides, I think the legal age for revenge is *whatever the hell I feel like!*” Then her eyes narrowed at the stolen booty shorts

perched over his head. “You look like a goddamn idiot,” she snarled. “Take those off. Now. You sicko.”

“Y-y-yes, ma’am!” He yanked her booty shorts off his head and tossed them over his shoulder like they were on fire. Cold air hit his face and sliced through the sticky layer of sweat that had built up underneath. The fabric had felt like a mask, cocooning him in her essence, and now he felt oddly exposed without it. But with his balls still firmly in her grasp, he knew better than to complain. He held his hands up in surrender, palms out for inspection. “See? They’re gone! You can relax now! No need to turn my grapes into raisins!”

A dangerous glint flashed in her eyes. “You... you shoved that *thing* in my mouth when it was just supposed to be a ‘little kiss.’” She spat to the side, ridding her tongue of the last traces of his bitter cum, her face curled up in disgust. “And now you expect me to go easy on you?”

Her vengeance tightened around his scrotum, enough to send a fresh spike of terror through him. The agony knocked the air right out of his lungs, his mouth falling open in a soundless wheeze.

“P-please... Ochaco...” he croaked, colour draining from his face, knees buckling. “How am I supposed to carry on the family name without my balls?! A-and, and, my... my harem!”

“Harem?” Her lips curled into a disdainful sneer. “You’re lucky anyone even tolerates you, let alone sleeps with you. A harem? Don’t make me laugh.” She gave his nuts a small twist, provoking a yelp as desperate tears pricked at the corners of his eyes. “Honestly, sparing the world from more Minetas? I’d call that a public service.”

“Don’t! Pleeeaaase, Uraraka! I’m sorry!” he wailed, snot and tears streaming down his face in dramatic rivers. His once-proud, once-mighty “monster cock” had shrivelled into a sad, flaccid nub—a tiny shadow of its former self, unrecognisable and embarrassingly fitting for his pint-sized frame.

“Heh, so it’s true.” She frowned at the pathetic sight, disappointed, as if she’d found out Santa wasn’t real. Her expression was painfully reminiscent of the shock and deflation on everyone’s face when they first saw All Might’s true, shrivelled-up form. “This is the real you,

huh? This what you've been so proud of? This little... worm?" A small chuckle. "No wonder you try so hard—you've got a hell of a lot to compensate for."

This wasn't just the fiery, hyper-competitive Ochaco that occasionally flared to life. No, this was something darker, almost villainous. A side of her he hadn't even imagined existed. And honestly? He was kinda scared shitless.

"Look at you." Her eyes bored into his squirming form with merciless judgement. "I wish you could see how pathetic you look right now." Her taunt struck like an uppercut to the groin, a conscious echo of the way he'd mocked her expressions while skull-fucking her. "Pity it had to come to this," she added, her tone sinking to a chilling calm. "Pity I had to remind you just how *little* you really are."

Another vicious squeeze. His face twisted in agony, head jerking to the side as he tried to escape the brutal pain. His vision blurred, the world going fuzzy at the edges. Wait, what if she ripped his balls off?! Like some deranged chimpanzee hell-bent on neutering him?! The horrifying thought threw his heartrate into a frenzy. If he didn't do something fast, he'd be limping out of her room with nothing between his legs but a traumatic memory.

While his head whipped about in panic, his eyes landed on her flowers, their cheerful blooms sitting innocently within arm's reach. A desperate plot formed in the chaos of his mind. If he could only stretch far enough...

Mustering every shred of courage he had left, he lunged sideways, arm extended. Pain exploded through his groin as her grip tightened reflexively, pulling back against his escape. Still, his fingers brushed the vase. Gritting his teeth, he managed to curl them around the edge and secure a shaky grip before yanking it into his hand.

With her prized possession now hostage, he hoisted the vase over his head, both hands clutching it like his life depended on it—which it sort of did. "Let... go!" he demanded, his voice hardening as some semblance of authority flickered back into it. "Or these stupid flowers are going straight out the window!"

A flash of panic broke through her icy composure. Her fingers slackened—ever so slightly—as if she were still gauging how serious he was about ruining something so dear, so irreplaceable to her. "You wouldn't dare," she called his bluff. "Those are... I haven't even thanked him properly! You can't do that, Mineta."



“Try me!” he snapped, pulling the vase back as though preparing to hurl it full force against the wall above her head. Her surety cracked, her body flinching as if she could already hear the shattering porcelain and feel the destruction of her treasured gift raining down on her. Horror twisted her face, and he pounced on the opportunity to drive it home, lowering his voice to a menacing growl. “Let. Go.”

She huffed in frustration but finally relented, pulling her hand back and releasing his abused sack. Relief flooded through him so fast he nearly doubled over, half-tempted to bend between his legs and kiss his sore, precious balls in gratitude.

Despite letting him go, that pissed-off glare burned with unspent fury, screaming how much she hated cutting her vengeance short. “Now put down my flowers and get out of my room,” she ordered, annoyed, “while you still can—with your balls intact.”

Funny—now that her death grip was gone, he wasn’t feeling quite so intimidated anymore. If anything, he felt the thrill of the game igniting anew, like the challenge had been reset. A mischievous smirk tugged at the corner of his mouth. “Sure, I’ll go now...”

But she never said he had to leave *empty-handed*.

In a flash, he clutched the vase tight and vaulted off her bed, landing after a smooth backflip and then bolted for the door.

“Hey!” she yelled behind him. “Get back here with those!”

He didn’t even glance back, his feet pounding down the hallway as her furious shouts chased after him. He clung to the vase tighter, cradling her precious bouquet like it was his golden ticket to freedom. And so much more.

“You better not mess with my flowers, Mineta! Mineta?! *MINETA!!*!”

Her voice faded as he rounded the corner, a manic grin spreading across his shadowy features. He slowed to a jog, glancing at the stolen prize in his arms with a wicked gleam.

*Oh, Ochaco... Valentine’s Day is far from over.*

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

**Author's Notes:** Thanks for reading! This *was* supposed to be the grand finale, but, well... I couldn't quite stick the landing just yet. The next chapter will *definitely* be the last one – no take-backs this time. Pinky swear!

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](http://lemonzsauce.com) or hit me up at [reviews@lemonzsauce.com](mailto:reviews@lemonzsauce.com). I do my best to respond to all reviews.

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...

Special credit goes to *pixxelplaythings* and *kuzumochi* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover!

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

*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*