

lemonzsaUCE

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

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

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

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

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

- j.j. scriptease

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DISCLAIMER

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WARNING

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

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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

**SOUR GRAPES &
VANILLA CAKES**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

CHAPTER 3



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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

Chapter 3 – Sticky Situations

Ochaco scrambled out of bed and nearly tripped over herself hurrying towards the door. “Get back here with my flowers, Mineta!” she yelled, urgency cracking her voice. She made it halfway into the hallway before an unexpected chill hit her thighs, reminding her she was pantless. A panicked yelp squeaked out, her hands flying to cover herself as she spun on her heel and scurried back into her room.

Her hurried gaze scuttled about for something to wear. No time for options. The first thing her fingers snagged was—ugh—*those* pink booty shorts off the floor. The ones she’d practically exiled to the corner of shame after seeing that pipsqueak tug them over his head like some deranged panty sniffer and strut around as if he’d found nirvana. It gave her the ick just thinking about it, her stomach twisting in second-hand disgust. She was *definitely* still planning on burning them, but right now? Right now, getting back her flowers took priority.

She huffed and yanked the tiny shorts up, wriggling to get them over her thick thighs. “Stupid shorts,” she muttered under her breath, giving them one final tug. As she turned to leave, a quick glance at the mirror caught her mid-step. Hmm. She stepped back and turned a little, her scrutiny happening upon the ass in the reflection.

Her brows furrowed. *Wait a second.*

She twisted her hips and craned her neck to get a better view, glancing down behind her shoulder as if she didn’t quite believe what the mirror was telling her. Her reflection revealed the full curve of her butt spilling out in a way that made her blink twice. The shorts sat high and rode up to expose the bottom half of perfectly round side-cheek, her pale complexion glaring against the bubble-gum pink.

Frowning, she reached back and tugged the shorts down, figuring it was the way she'd yanked them on in a hurry. But even after smoothing out the wrinkles and flattening the fabric against her hips, there was no denying it—plenty of her ass still peeked out below the hem, looking bigger, rounder, fuller than she remembered. She tilted her head and put a hand to her chin, lips pursed in quiet disbelief.

“When did... that happen?” When did her ass get that... big? An ass she was hesitant to call her own.

Admittedly, it wasn't something she'd monitored while tracking her progress through the Hero Course. She'd focused on technique, agility, anything that'd help her in the field. Her butt? Not exactly top priority. But now, with Mineta's sordid observations stalking her thoughts...

It crept her out knowing he'd recognised *that* development in her figure even before she had. Then again, why wouldn't he? *This is Mineta we're talking about!* Probably took mental notes every time a girl turned their back to him.

Nonetheless, she stood by her statement—it was just a butt!

It's not even that big. Side-eyeing its reflection in the mirror, she quirked a brow. *Okay, maybe it's a little big.* Her cheeks burned, thinking of all the attention Mineta kept shoving her way. *But not Mina-big! Not even close. Definitely not worth all the creepy comments from that little freak.*

Shaking her head, she grabbed her resolve and bolted out of the room, her legs moving faster than her thoughts. She had a mission, and no way was she letting Mineta ruin her Valentine's with his grubby little schemes. Those flowers were hers, and she'd get them back—even if it killed her.

Seriously, hadn't he already done enough? Shoving that filthy—*thing*—in her mouth like that?! She should've made grape juice out of his testicles when she had the chance. Regret never tasted so bitter, though not as bitter as the lingering aftertaste of his cum. Halfway towards the elevator, she decided a detour to the girls' bathroom was not only a good idea, but a necessity.

She rinsed with mouthwash so many times her gums felt raw, but that ugly, nasty, salty aftertaste had practically set up camp. *Ugh!* Almost made her desperate enough to scrub

a bar of soap across her tongue. Not that it'd help much. His seed was so foul, so rancid, it'd probably fight off soap and win. She swished the mouthwash around one more time, but even as she spat it out, she knew the problem wasn't just physical, if at all. At this point, she might've been imagining the taste. Imagining *him*. Replaying his nasty eruption in her mouth like a bad movie she couldn't turn off.

She hunched over the sink and splashed cold water onto her face, scrubbing at the spit and semen residue left in his wake. Cold droplets trailed down her cheeks, inciting a shiver, but it didn't matter—she needed to feel clean. She kept splashing until the reflection staring back wore no spit or crusted streaks—just her, a little more wrecked and dishevelled than usual. While her face looked fresher, the smell... *God*, the smell. It wouldn't leave, stuck around in her nostrils no matter how hard she tried to block it out. Part of it wafted up from below.

Her eyes dropped to her shirt, where dried cum had already started to stiffen the fabric. "Ugh, disgusting." She splashed another handful at her stained top, but the crusty streaks wouldn't budge. Nope, this shirt was toast. It was going straight into the bonfire with the booty shorts when this nightmare was over. No way was she keeping *anything* that carried even the faintest whiff of him.

She raced out of the bathroom, her face and shirt still damp, but at least she didn't feel like crawling out of her skin anymore.

The deserted corridors of Heights Alliance greeted her again, the same unsettling silence that had hung heavy this morning when she'd thought she was the last one left behind. Only now she knew she wasn't alone, and somehow, that made the emptiness worse.

Now, where did that pervy imp scurry off to with my bouquet?

She had a pretty good inkling, though just thinking about returning there gave her the shivers. Her feet carried her down the corridor, the eeriness following her every step. The closer she got to his dorm, the louder the warning bells in her head rang. This *had* to be a trap. And yet, inch by inch, tippy-toeing like she might spook whatever lurked inside, she crept closer to his room. Foolish? Probably. But her simmering indignation drowned out her better judgement.

She balled her fist and pounded on the door. "Mineta? You in there?"

No answer.

She cocked her head, catching video game music leaking through the walls. “I know you’re in there!” she called, annoyed. “C’mon, just give them back already!”

Her next knock hit harder than intended, and the door creaked open a sliver. The sound raised the hairs on the back of her neck, as though she’d disturbed the entrance to some spooky monster’s lair. But she couldn’t stop now. Not with her bouquet on the line.

Swallowing her hesitation, she leaned into the doorway, her grip tightening on the frame as she called out again, sharper this time. “Hey! Give me my flowers *right now* or else—” The threat caught in her throat. Or else what? Who was she kidding? Like that little freak would be scared of anything she said right now.

The silence that followed was louder than any response.

From her narrow vantage, his room looked... deserted. The desk chair was spun back and empty, the bed a heap of rumpled sheets. The techno beats of his video game thumped in the background, but there was no sign of him playing it, or even being there. Her scanning eyes moved downward to the controller on the floor, lying right where she’d dropped it in her panicked scramble earlier.

Everything screamed “setup” even louder.

She was pulling her head back from the doorway when something snagged her attention—a splash of lilac on his desk. Squinting, she zeroed in. Was that... a petal? Her breath hitched. It looked exactly like one of the petals from her Valentine’s bouquet.

Optimism squeezed her heart.

She pushed the door open wider, her pulse pounding as the full picture came into view. Sure enough, there they were: the Valentine’s gift from her secret admirer, perched on the edge of his desk, not a petal out of place. Relief flooded her chest. It was like spotting a hostage alive and unharmed in a hostile situation.

But she wasn’t here to negotiate. Not after everything he’d pulled. After all the ‘deals’ he’d broken thus far. The little weasel wasn’t getting any sympathy or second chances. Besides, the flowers were *right there*. All she had to do was swoop in, rescue them, and dart right back out.

It couldn't really be that easy... could it?

Her studious gaze surveyed his lair from the safety of the doorframe. Walls, ceiling, floor, even under the bed—she wasn't taking chances. She half-expected, the moment she stepped inside, that pint-sized pervert would pounce from a shadowy corner, cackling like some cartoon villain ready to pull whatever slimy trick he had up his sleeve. What if the flowers were just bait?

It felt like one of those training sims from last week in their Heroics lesson. Half their classmates had played villains, setting up elaborate traps, and her team would've been toast if Deku hadn't spotted the setup from a mile away. His quick thinking had led them to victory, like always.

Her teeth caught her bottom lip while she stood frozen in the doorway, staring at the bouquet like forbidden fruit.

What would Deku do?

Whatever it was, it'd be calculated and confident, already ten steps ahead.

But she wasn't Deku.

Her stomach somersaulted at the thought of setting foot inside Mineta's room again. Dread and disgust churned in her gut, but there was something else tangled up in her jitteriness—something she didn't want to think too hard about. Sitting right next to her sense of impending danger, an odd nervousness that had strayed its way into her subconscious.

Not quite the heart-pounding fear she'd felt facing down villains in the line of duty, but a unique strain of unknowing she'd only ever experienced today after her intimate dealings with Mineta.

Mercifully, perhaps, she didn't get much time to dwell on it before her ears perked up at the distant sound of a toilet flushing.

Her eyes snapped wide open. *Mineta!*

He wasn't in there. She clenched her fists. This was it. This was her chance.

She burst into the room like a sprinter launching off the blocks. The bouquet sat ahead, its petals beckoning her. When nothing and no one had sprung out to stop her, a

hopeful beam spread across her features. Her arm stretched out, fingertips wiggling, reaching for the vase. Almost there... almost there... almost—

SNAP!

Her foot caught on something. A thread? Her stomach lurched at the sound of an ominous, mechanical whir. The sudden click-click-click froze her mid-reach. She hardly had time to blink before something shifted underfoot—a hidden spring beneath the rug—launching her sideways like a ragdoll.

“Ahh!” The yelp flew out of her as she crashed onto his bed, bouncing on the mattress before rolling onto her stomach.

Disoriented, she tried to push herself up, but something sticky slapped across her wrists and ankles. Her eyes widened in horror. *No. No, no, no...* Much to her chagrin, she recognised the tacky texture on her wrists immediately—his Quirk.

The sticky orbs latched onto her skin like tar, strung along hidden wires that snapped taut with the ferocity of a snare. Her limbs were dragged wide in all directions, spreadeagle across his bed. She writhed against the restraints to no avail. Her head dangled over the edge while her legs extended toward his pillows. Funnily enough, last time she was in his room, she'd wound up in a similar position; except now, she wasn't lounging playing video games. She was trapped.

The room suddenly felt smaller, the walls pressing in as panic hammered against her ribs.

How could she have been so stupid? The heat of regret flooded her cheeks. She should've listened to her gut, but no, here she was, tangled in his web of wires and sticky orbs like a rookie.

And then she heard whistling.

Lackadaisical as it floated down the hallway, so calm, unhurried. Yet it sent a cold sweat prickling down her spine. Her pulse quickened with each step, the meandering tune growing louder, closer, until Mineta finally appeared in the doorway.

He strolled in with his hands in his pockets, rocking a cocky little smirk. He froze mid-step, his eyes widening in mock surprise as though he hadn't been the one to orchestrate this disaster.

“Huh, Ochaco?! Fancy running into you here!” he chirped, his voice sticky-sweet, oozing fake sincerity. “So kind of you to me a visit.” He spoke with the air of a host welcoming an honoured guest, rather than a devious scumbag taunting his captive.

Fury flashed in her narrowed eyes. If her wrists weren't bound up, she just might've flipped him the bird. “Cut the crap, Mineta. Get this sticky crap off me!” She let out an angry growl through gritted teeth.

He exaggerated a pout. “Aw, and here I thought you were back for round two.” He tilted his head toward the T.V. and PlayStation. “I mean, we *were* having so much fun, weren't we? Before things got all... you know, weird.”

“When are things ever *not* weird with you?”

“Hehehe. Not weird enough to keep you away though.”

“I'm only here for my flowers! And you know that.”

“Do I?” He gave a nonchalant shrug, his grin widening, smug and insufferable. The kind of grin that said he knew exactly how much he was getting under her skin. “Point is—you're here. So why not pick up where we left off, huh?”

He didn't give her a chance to protest before leaping out of her line of sight. She could only crane her neck, looking up to catch him flipping through the air. He landed squarely behind her, the force of his weight sinking the mattress between her spread legs. Alarm filled her big, brown eyes as she twisted to look back over her shoulder.

“Wh-what are you doing?”

He was already lying flat on his stomach, a sniper lining up his target. Only, she was the bullseye, and his aim locked onto the space between her thighs.

She felt naked, even with her shorts covering her inches from his face. From her angle, all she could make out were the clumps of purple balls atop his head and one wide, gleaming eye creeping over the horizon of her pink waistband.

“Hey!” She flinched as something warm—his *nose*, she realised in horror—brushed up against her shorts. “What the heck, Mineta?!”

“Hey, yourself.” He waved happily from behind her backside, way too close for comfort. “You’re not back here just for the flowers,” he insisted, “You’re really back here for *this*.”

With a dispassionate flick of his cursed remote, the mattress beneath her juddered awake once more.

Crap, not this again!

The vibrations hit hard and fast, coursing through every inch of her body pressed against the bed. Relentless hums seeped past her shorts, sending tingling waves skittering through her hips and nether regions. Her cheeks burned as a flicker of sensation shot straight to her chest, igniting a traitorous buzz along the tips of her nipples.

“Nnngh—turn it off!”

But, of course, the vibrations didn’t stop. If anything, they sparked the unbearable between her legs.

Her face flushed crimson as she struggled, torn between fury, embarrassment, and rising panic.

She twitched, *squirmed*, desperate to find some angle, *any* angle, that might ease the assault. But all the frantic fidgeting only made things worse, rubbing herself against the source of her torment. The accidental friction stoked the fires within her shorts, igniting the tingling warmth into a blazing inferno. A strangled moan, an involuntary cry of distress and unsolicited pleasure, gurgled its way through her larynx.

What the hell was going on? Her mind scrambled for answers, but the sensations ripped through her too fast, too hot, too much. It was even more intense than what had her scampering out of his room the first time. The little imp must’ve cranked it up past full blast. She bit her lip in a futile effort to contain the involuntary noises, but her body wasn’t listening. Tremors rippled through her muscles as every nerve pulsed in sync with the bed’s vibrations.

And those vibrations—God, they were merciless. They honed in on her most sensitive spots, over and over, leaving her powerless against the mounting waves. While she fought to deny the pleasure, her body found itself wracked by uncontrollable spasms. Her thighs screamed to clamp shut, to disrupt the onslaught, but the purple shackles held her wide open. She gasped as another pulse struck, her face contorting into some kind of grimace, somewhere between fury and unbearable bliss.

Okay, enough already, hadn't he proven his point? That he could... turn her on, get her juices flowing at the click of a button?

Just when she thought she couldn't take any more, the vibrations cut off. The suddenness left her disoriented, unmoored. She panted, drawing hot breaths, quivered from the tremors' aftershocks. The heat coursing through her, however, couldn't so easily be turned off. It didn't fade; it lingered, her sex throbbing with lasting echoes of the fierce pleasure. She might as well have been yanked out of some drug-induced haze, her nerves crying out for more even though her mind had screamed for it to cease.

"How'd you like your thirty seconds of bliss?"

Breathless, rattled, she gasped out, "Th-that... that was thirty seconds?"

"Oh, yes." His smug grin stretched wide. "You ready to beg for my cock yet? Or do we need to drag this out a little longer?"

"Wha...?" She resented how he'd made it sound as if it were only a matter of time until she caved into his demands. The minute remote in his hand was all to blame for this. Without it, she'd never have been half as weak to her desires, half as shamefully horny. She shot evil daggers at the remote—the small, innocuous thing, no bigger than a car key, yet held terrifying power over her. "Th-that's cheating!"

"Cheating?" He chuckled, twirling the remote between his fingers as if it were nothing more than a harmless toy. "Don't tell me you're afraid of this little, old thing?"

His thumb pressed down again, left her no time to brace herself for the fresh wave of vibrations that tore through the mattress. Her body caved instantly. What had started as wriggling to escape quickly morphed into something far more humiliating. The way her hips moved, her cheeks clenched... it wasn't just squirming anymore. It was *grinding*.

Her treacherous body couldn't resist rubbing her aching crotch into the mattress. Every roll of her hips was a slap in the face to her dignity, chasing a release she desperately didn't want to want. He'd already denied her once, made it clear he wouldn't allow her relief until she allowed him his, until she begged him for his cock.

But, damn it, this mattress...

It felt so unreal, stimulated her in ways she would've never achieved with her fingers even if he hadn't interrupted her. Heat flared in her cheeks, and she bit her lip hard, trying to stop the tiny whimpers clawing their way up her throat. Would it be weird if she'd asked him where he bought it?

"Would you look at that," he cooed from behind her, dripping with mockery. "Looks like someone's body knows what it wants, even if her mouth's too chicken to say it."

She squeezed her eyes shut like it might make him disappear. Like it might make her disappear. But it didn't stop the ache between her legs from digging in deeper, or her hips from moving against her will, driven by instincts she was powerless to suppress. And the worst part? She couldn't tell if it was the vibrations or his taunting voice that was making her body betray her so completely.

"Yeah, that's it," he purred, "Don't fight it, Ochaco. You're already halfway there—might as well go all in. Hell, the mattress might as well be your Valentine at this point, the way you're humping it."

"Shut up!" she snapped, though the bite in her tone was dulled by her breathless gasps.

"Wanna moan my name while you're at it?"

"Grrr. Shut. Up."

"Oh, sure, shut up. Like I don't see it—your hips are doing all the talking for you. You're so into it, I bet you don't even care I'm watching." She could feel his eyes devouring the sight of her body moving on its own like he was enjoying a private show. "You're not fooling anyone. You like it. Hell, you love it."

"Sh-shut up!" she shouted again, stronger, though the tremble remained.

“Nah, you thut up!” Excitable, he slipped into his lisp again. “And keep going. Rub that puthy juice all over my theets... that way, I’ll never have to wath ‘em again!”

“Ugh, you’re disgusting!”

“Aw, thweetcaketh, I’m not the one humpin’ a mathtreth like a dethperate little thlut. Although... I bet you’re wishing it wasn’t just a mattress, huh? Probably want thomethin’ big, thick, and really pumping inthide you...” She heard him lick his chops. “What’s the harm in admitting you could do with some cock? Might even make it easier on you.”

“Pfft! Not true!” The rebuttal burst out too fast, too defensive, as if saying it louder might make it feel true. And even if—*if*—there was some truth in his claims, who the heck said it had to be *his* cock?!

Her thoughts scattered as another involuntary roll of her hips sent sparks racing through her, sharp enough to make her knees weak, even though they weren’t even holding her up. She bit her lip harder, desperate to choke back the pathetic whimper climbing up her throat. But the bastard heard it—of course he did. He never missed a thing.

“There it ith,” he said, his tone thick with satisfaction. “Go ahead, keep going. Ride it out. Maybe after you’re done thoakin’ my mathtreth, I can give you thomethin’ better to work with. Grind that pretty little—”

“Don’t. You. Dare.” She twisted her head to glare at him, but the effect was ruined by the way her body shuddered beneath her, trembling on the edge of something quickly becoming inevitable.

He just laughed. “What? I’m juth being thupportive here! You’re doing so good, Ochaco. Real proud of you back here.” He waved his hand in encouragement like she was a contestant on some twisted game show. “You’re gonna cum all over my theets in a thec, aren’t you?”

Her nails dug into her palms so hard they stung. That would be the ultimate humiliation! But, God help her, her own body was listening to him more than it was her.

He paid close attention to her grinding, close enough to see her approaching the precipice of release. And then, with calculated cruelty, he clicked the remote off. The mattress stilled beneath her, leaving her gasping into the void he’d created. The bastard. Her

grinding didn't stop right away, though; her hips kept moving, rolling forward in jerky, helpless motions, chasing phantom vibrations as if her body couldn't quite process that he'd denied her relief again.

"Never imagined I'd get to watch you bucking away on my sheetsh like it'sh the lasht call at the rodeo!"

Her mouth opened to fire back, but the words tangled with the shaky breaths clogging her throat. She couldn't even *think* straight, let alone come up with something to shut him up.

"Watching you all worked up like thith..." His voice slithered out in thick sleaze. "...ith making me rock hard again, Ochaco. You have no idea. Tho damn hard..."

The bed creaked as he rose behind her, and Ochaco made the mistake of glancing over her shoulder, catching a glimpse of that thing again—thick, swollen, and twitching as it hung between his legs. Scary. How the heck was it ready to go again after unloading in her mouth barely fifteen minutes ago? Gone was the shrivelled little worm it had become when she'd squeezed his sack in a scolding grip earlier. As if recharged by vengeance, his phallus looked even more monstrous than she'd seen it at its peak. Bigger, angrier, throbbing like it was itching for payback.

Ochaco gulped.

"Oh my God!" she cried, whipping her head back around so fast her hair smacked her cheek. "Put that thing away already!"

His obnoxious snicker grated her nerves. "I've got way more interesting ideas about where to put it, ahehehehe."

Then, she felt his small hands land on her ass. His stubby fingers nudged at the sides of her cheeks, just enough to set them jiggling into each other. Her booty shorts clung to every wobble, accentuating the way her flesh moved before settling back into place. He muttered something under his breath, a quiet awe in his voice, mesmerised by the way her butt reacted to his touch.

She couldn't bear to watch, kept her eyes locked on the bouquet in front of her, praying the flowers would give her the strength to withstand his advances. It wasn't her body that needed strength right now—it was her mind.

Her heart thudded as she felt his fingers at the hem of her shorts, peeling them upwards. Slowly. Agonisingly slow. He savoured every millimetre of rounded skin unveiled, inviting cool air to kiss the bared flesh. Inch by inch, he bunched her shorts up higher, leaving her butt cheeks more exposed than covered.

“Whooooa, man! You've got a whole bakery back here,” he muttered what she assumed was meant to be a compliment.

She grumbled to let him know how little she cared for his 'flattery'. But he was beyond paying attention to her reactions, or anything above her waist for that matter. The next thing she felt was his breath, warm and sticky, lowering onto her scantily-clad bottom. She tensed.

“Theriously, this is one delicioussh view!” he slobbered, his words landing wet and sloppy as spit splattered all over her butt cheeks. Relishing his proximity, he followed up with a tirade of vulgar 'compliments' addressing her ass directly. “You're tho perfectly round... tho soft, like fresh-baked cake, just begging for me to bite into you, aren't you?” His lisp made everything sound even grosser, every hissed 's' sending more flecks of spit showering her ass. So, of course, the next line he sprayed was, “Your thexy-assh, thucculent sshoftnessh is theriously sshomething elshe, tho plush, tho irreshistible... just wanna sshink my handsh into you!”

“What the...

Despite the threat, it wasn't his grubby little hands she felt next. It was something a lot heavier. Her body stiffened. Startled, she swivelled around and caught his face buried in her hiked-up shorts, his nose and mouth sinking into the flesh he'd exposed. She cringed, feeling the press of his cheeks mash against the plusher ones rounding out her rear.

“H-hey!” A tremor shook her protest. She tore her sights away from the mortifying sight.

But he didn't need her viewership to continue. He rubbed his face in her ass, really burrowing in. His lips slid from one round bun to the other, and she flinched at the scrape of

his nose, the rough cartilage dragging against the fabric bunched between her cheeks. Every drooling peck left a slimy trail of moisture behind that made her want to crawl out of her own skin.

All those disgusting comments he'd thrown at her before—about her “thicc” and “juicy” butt, about all the vile things he wanted to do to it—echoed in her head now, loud and impossible to ignore. He'd meant every filthy word, and now he was proving it, putting his money where his mouth, in more ways than one.

“Thishh gotta be the besht ssheat in the houth!” His muffled voice barely made it out the smothering hold of her butt cheeks. She felt him push them closer around his temples, sandwiching his own face within her flesh, desperate for the suffocating embrace. And if that wasn't enough, his hands crept beneath her bunched-up shorts, pinching at the parts of her backside still hidden. He was possessive in his groping, invasive, leaving no curve untouched; he made it clear there wasn't a single inch of her round rump beyond his obsession, or beyond his reach.

After what felt like forever, he pulled his head out of her ass, gasping for air like a drowning man breaking the surface. “Damn, thweetcakes, I could just die in thith booty,” he wheezed, face flushed with the afterglow of plunging in booty. He took a quick breath, then dove right back in, hungry and heedless, eager to be swallowed up all over again. If she didn't know any better, she'd swear he went through withdrawal from being separated from her ‘cake’ for one second too long.

Dear God, Ochaco, get a grip! She chastised herself for even mentally referring to her ass as ‘cake’. The last thing she needed was him rubbing off on her—especially not while he was in the middle of rubbing himself *on* her.

Siezing as much ass-flesh as his grubby little hands could manage, he pried her cheeks apart like they were his to do as he pleased, then leaned in closer—*way* closer. The sound of him sniffing in between made her stomach drop.

Her eyes shot open, mortified. But he didn't stop there. His face dug in deeper, his nose burrowing into the part of her booty shorts wedged in her crack. Another sniff. Another wince. The thin material did little to separate her from his closeness, the tip of his nose prodding the cloth covering her anus.

“Ooh, Ochaco, I can thmell your buttohole.” He giggled with glee. Humiliation flooded her cheeks in a burning blush that felt like it might set her skin on fire. She didn’t know whether to feel relieved or even more mortified when he added, with a breathy sigh, “Aahhhh... thmells like heaven!”

A shiver crawled up her spine as his hot, humid breath permeated the scant fabric separating his nose from her sphincter. She had never experienced any kind of pressure in that area before, and to her surprise, even his clumsy, incidental touches triggered a confusing conflict of feelings—discomfort, certainty, but also a little hint of something that made her skin prickle in ways she wished it wouldn’t.

The sound of his exaggerated sniffing had her cringing hard, but the invasive prodding of his nose... it was harder to ignore the inexplicable response it roused. If she could block out his vulgar commentary, she might’ve even found the occasional prod... oddly tolerable.

Distracted, she forgot to cringe when he pressed his wettened lips against her right buttock. What started as a single, tentative kiss quickly devolved into a frenzy of slobbering, open-mouthed affection. Mineta had been kissing her ass all day, and now, perhaps it was apropos he’d made it all literal.

That dirty mouth was his was everywhere, mowing over every inch of her skin in his gross, overzealous devotion. When his lips latched onto a sizable chunk of her right cheek, she tensed, half-expecting him to bite. But instead, he sucked on the flesh with such intensity it felt like he was trying to pull the entire mound into his mouth. A loud, wet pop resounded when he finally released her ass, letting it wobble before settling into its tentative tautness. He slithered onto her other cheek without missing a beat, and tried to wolf it down it much the same way.

God, he’s beyond obsessed...

He’d spent all day licking the ground she walked on, and now here he was, practically worshipping her ass.

She didn’t know what to do with herself. Sure, on this mutually lonely Valentine’s Day, she might’ve tossed him a bone here and there, let herself acknowledge his existence when it suited her, but maybe that had been a mistake. Maybe she shouldn’t have been so

lenient with his perverted tendencies—ignoring him when he'd whipped it out behind her, brushing off the time he'd masturbated in her room, enduring the indignity of him shoving his dirty dick in her mouth. Every break she'd given him only emboldened his advances, made him feel more confident in pushing her boundaries, in literally sticking his nose in her business.

Still, whatever warped fantasies he'd cooked up in that perverted little head of his, she wasn't going to reciprocate this ass-kissing gesture. Not now. Not *ever*.

Another wet pop punctuated the air as he let go her left cheek, her skin cooling rapidly where his mouth had been. Her flesh still tingled from the suction, the sensation lingering longer than she wanted to admit.

"How's that feel?" His voice was low, almost tender, as if he genuinely cared for her feedback. It was hard to reconcile this with the Mineta everyone knew—the selfish little perv who was always chasing his own twisted cravings. For a split second, she nearly blurted it 'felt kind of nice,' but caught herself just in time and threw out a convincing grumble instead.

"You're... you're vile! I can't believe you get off on... on... on—"

"Eating ass?" he finished for her, like it was no more controversial than a conversation about dessert preferences.

"Yeah... that."

"Ha. Maybe you'd get it if you could thsee what I'm theeing!" He gave her cheeks a playful jiggle, putty in his hands.

"Hmph! You're so weird, Mineta. It's just a butt." She tried to sound dismissive, but even she could hear the shakiness in her voice.

He snorted. "You keep thaying that, but you don't believe it. You know what you got going on back here. This doughy ass cake is to die for!" He planted a long, exaggerated kiss on one cheek. "Mmm!" he hummed dramatically, as if he were tasting some rare delicacy. The smack of his lips echoed as he pulled away, leaving a string of spit connecting his mouth to her jiggling flesh. "Definitely detherved to be higher on the litth."

That stupid list again? Her cheeks puffed in exasperation. But if she was being honest with herself, a small part of her was... curious. "Speaking about that list... do you remember who voted for who... exactly?"

He paused mid-lick on her left cheek, his head snapping up like a mutt catching a new scent. "Why do you wanna know?" He raised a suspicious brow. She said nothing. An awkward beat passed. Then it clicked. "Ohhh, I get it... trying to figure out who Midoriya voted for, huh?"

Her high-pitched squeal all but confirmed it. "No! Nothing like that!" She fumbled for a plausible excuse, face burning. "I was... I was actually more curious about Iida! Yeah, Iida! You know, because he's the class rep and all. It'd be really surprising if he got mixed up in a tacky 'hottest girl' list like that."

He hummed a sceptical "mhm", unconvinced by her lame deflection. "Who cares who they voted for anyway?"

"I don't! I was just... curious, that's all."

He shrugged. "Well, *I* voted for you in the best ass category, just so you know."

Her head snapped toward him. "You... what?" She'd just assumed, like everyone else, he'd thrown his vote at Ashido.

"Yep," he repeated, as if was an accomplishment worth bragging about. "Gave my vote to Yaoyorozu for best boobs because—duh—but best butt? This vanilla cake right here? Gets my vote *every* time." His palm rubbed her ass cheek in slow, appreciative circles, underlining his point.

Ugh. Why'd it have to be him?

She fought to keep her expression neutral. What was she even supposed to say to that? *Thank you?* That'd just feel disingenuous and wrong, like condoning his behaviour. On the other hand, if she said anything else, she risked offending him and inviting even more obnoxious commentary.

The silence must've given her away because he chuckled as if picking up on her dilemma. "Bet if Midoriya spouted half the stuff I said about you, you wouldn't label him a creep or weirdo. He'd just be a 'secret admirer,' right?"

She scoffed, dismissing his claim, but she could already feel her cheeks heating up, like they always did whenever Deku's name was brought into the mix. The mere idea of him noticing her—like, really noticing her, not just as a classmate or a friend—sent a flutter through her chest. Imagining him appreciating her figure, even just once, made her heart skip a beat. Heck, if Deku so much as told her she had a nice smile, she'd probably melt on the spot.

As much as it irked her, Mineta had a point. Everything he'd said, all the comments that made her cringe, would hit completely different if they came from Deku's mouth. A twinge of guilt tugged at her, made her wonder, just for a moment, if she was being unfair. She could almost understand Mineta's frustrations.

But, like always, that tiny bit of sympathy evaporated the second he opened his mouth again.

"That's fine." He smirked. "Won't be that way for much longer. This little obsession you have with Midoriya? I'm gonna fuck it right out of your system."

Her mouth flew open, aghast.

Without warning, he grabbed one side of her shorts and yanked it inward so vengefully, her entire right cheek—and the edge of her thong—were thrust into the chill of the room. Goosebumps rippled across the exposed flesh before his palm came down hard on its smoothness. The sharp crack echoed off the walls, the sting blooming instantly across her cheek.

"Hey!" She ground her teeth like an animal ready to pounce on him. "You can't just—"

"Can't just what?" He spanked her again, palm bouncing off the roundness of her ass. "What are you going to do about it?"

But for all her growling and indignation, her retribution amounted to nothing more than clenched fists in his sticky traps and biteless wriggling against his bed.

He chuckled with dark amusement. "That's what I thought." The mattress groaned under his shifting weight as he knelt behind her. From the corner of her eye, she caught him gripping his enormity—thick, veiny, and frighteningly rigid in his hand. He angled it upward, the meaty shaft hovering over her ass and jutting past the small of her back. God,

she could even smell it from here, that familiar musky, pungent stench that had imprinted itself in her nostrils.

Her eyes widened in alarm, silently asking a question she couldn't bring herself to voice...

What the heck is he planning on doing with that thing?

Her throat tightened, a nervous lump forming as dread twisted her insides.

He answered her silent, wide-eyed question by bringing his phallus down like a fleshy hammer, smacking against her bare cheek with a loud, meaty *thwack*. The sting lingered, as much from the impact as the sheer audacity of it. She could do nothing to stop his disrespectful show of dominance.

He pressed his advantage further and shoved his smelly dick underneath her shorts, forcing it through one leg hole. His length pushed between the fabric and the soft flesh of her backside, crowding the already snug fit of her attire. Wedging himself into the narrow space he'd created, his intrusion formed a cylindrical bulge distorting the pink cloth straining to contain her ass, and now his erection too. With everything crammed inside her little booty shorts, he began rubbing his dick back and forth.

His hardness burned against her bare flesh, molten heat coursing through its veins as he dragged it against her rear. The bunched-up fabric heightened the friction whilst trapping his cock inside, turning every inch of contact into something inescapable. All she could do was lie there, body tense in his snare, enduring the invasive rub of his genitals.

After witnessing him touch himself—not once, but *twice*—and worse, after getting force-fed his freakish manhood, she was more than well acquainted with his proportions. And yet, feeling it on her skin added a whole new dimension to her awareness. The way it jammed and jostled in her shorts made them feel unbearably full. Every time he thrust forward, the swollen head pushed up against her waistband, the material moulding to the shape of its bulbous tip.

“Damn, thethe booty thorts... your big butt is really making them work over time!” he panted, all rough and winded. “Bet you love how they show off thith juicy ass. Stretching them out so good, I can barely thqueeze my cock inthide! Doethn't mean I won't try though...” His grubby hands latched onto both sides of her ass—the half-covered cheek and

the one he'd fully exposed—then mashed the plumpness together around his cock. The pervert formed a crude hotdog of flesh, his throbbing meat wedged between unwilling buns. “These shorts make me wanna bury myself in you, just like this.”

He dug his fingers in harder, using her ass for leverage as his hips snapped forward, his thrusts faster, more frenzied, driving him deeper into the snug crevice he'd made for himself. The pint-sized perv showed her how much he loved her booty shorts by fucking them while they were still on her.

Her mind flashed back to her bedroom mirror, to the one moment she'd caught herself actually *looking*. She'd seen it—the way her shorts hugged her bottom, highlighted every dip and swell, practically thrust her ass on display. She hated to admit it, especially now, but he wasn't entirely wrong. The shorts *did* kind of make her butt look big... That didn't mean he had any right to touch it though! To shove himself between her cheeks and rub his dick all over her! *Ugh*. It didn't matter how enticing she might've looked. Didn't even matter that all his rubbing wasn't a completely unpleasant sensation...

Her head snapped to the side, shaking furiously as if she could physically throw the thought away. No, she couldn't let him worm his way into her head like that. Not after he'd already wormed his way between her ass cheeks.

The narrow bed protested beneath them, creaking and cracking like a desperate plea for mercy. It wasn't built for this kind of abuse, for anything more than Mineta's miniscule weight, let alone all the vigorous movement. Her weight combined with his manic dry-humping felt like more than the poor thing could handle, and she half-expected it to collapse beneath them if he got any more aggressive.

But while she braced herself for an inevitable crash to the floor, the pint-sized pervert was in heaven. Lost in his own world, in the crevice between her plump buns, oblivious to everything but the flesh beneath his hands. “Check this out!” he chirped, annoyingly giddy as he suddenly released his grip.

Her buttocks sprung back to their natural shape, but her relief didn't last. Turned out, he'd let only go so he could smack her ass instead.

His palms came down in quick succession, alternating slaps across both cheeks like some half-drunk drummer improvising an off-beat solo. “I think I just found the best

instrument in 1-A!” He drummed a playful rhythm on her bouncy ‘instrument’. Each slap landed with an abusive crack, light enough to sting but strong enough to send ripples through her flesh. Her cheeks bounced under the staccato of his palms, the claps mixing right in with the fighting game’s sound effects playing idly in the background, creating a strange, syncopated beat only he could possibly enjoy.

“This should be the main event at the next U.A. School Festival!”

“Wha...?!” Even if he was just messing around, the thought of someone walking in on him treating her backside like a set of bongo drums sent a shudder through her. And the idea of him doing it in front of a crowd? God, she’d never show her face again. Not even *one* person could ever find out about this! How had she even let it get this far? She couldn’t live with the shame of being seen standing next to him in public, let alone anyone assuming anything more had gone on between them. “Whatever happens in this room stays in this room, Mineta!”

“Oh, you mean me clapping these cheeks like I said I would?”

She groaned at the snarkiness in his tone.

“Admit it,” he dragged on, “we make beautiful music together.”

“You call that music?” she spat.

“I mean, c’mon, just listen.”

He pulled his stiff cock free from the snug hold of her cheeks, the sudden absence almost a relief—until he brought it down hard on her ass with a heavy, fleshy smack that made her whole body jolt.

Gone was the light, playful sting of his palms, replaced by a much denser, thicker instrument. The solid weight of his cock came down on her ass with meaty thumps that sounded nothing like the sharp crack of slaps. Where his palms had spread warmth over a broad area, this new contact was narrow, sharper, more intense. He’d swapped the flat of his palms for a big, meaty drumstick to really drive the rhythm home. She could feel the cylindrical shape pressing into her tush with every impact, its firmness leaving a brief imprint before the next strike followed.

“Seriously?” she snapped, twisting her head as much as she could to glare at him. “You’re slapping that disgusting thing on me now?”

He just shrugged, that insufferable smirk plastered across his face. “What can I say? It’s the perfect tool for the job.”

“Yeah, if the job is being a complete degenerate!”

“Hey, I’m just improvising back here. A good musician works with what he’s got.”

“You’re not a musician, Mineta.” She rolled her eyes. “You’re a walking HR violation.”

“Nah, I’m an innovator, sweetcakes. They’re gonna teach this technique in music class one day!”

The day that happened would be the day she left U.A. and quit on heroism for good.

Today, though, her humiliation continued. His tool wasn’t just long and thick—it was heavy, too, every solid *thwack* hammering that fact into her. It bounced off her rear to skin-tingling effect, a warm flush spreading outwards from where it struck. Over and over, he switched from cheek to cheek, the strikes landing harder, louder, almost taunting her to look over her shoulder and witness his audacity firsthand.

“Like the way I’m pounding out a drum solo on this fat ass?”

Huffing, she ignored him, her gaze fixed forward. Somehow, her mind had tuned out the metronome of his dick slaps, her body falling into a sleepy sync with their steady cadence. She’d almost forgotten what was happening back there—almost—until the sound abruptly stopped.

Her brows furrowed in confusion, and then she felt it—the bed shifting behind her, mattress dipping as his presence retreated.

“Uh, we done here?” she asked groggily. There was something off about the tender way the words came out; he might easily mistake it for disappointment. But it wasn’t! Not in the slightest! It was just... abrupt, that’s all.

Her thoughts scattered as she felt his hands at her ankles, compounding her confusion. Wait, was he letting her go? Finally gave up on trying to break her? The tension in

the threads eased, and for a fleeting moment, hope flickered. The slack gave her legs a sense of freedom she hadn't felt since this nightmare began.

But, of course, it wasn't that simple. It never was with Mineta.

Giving a grunt of effort, he clutched her ankles and dragged her legs inwards until her thighs pressed together. Satisfied, he secured the cords again, the sticky shackles tightening, locking her creamy limbs in place.

She tested the new setup with a few desperate wriggles, but it was useless. Her legs wouldn't spread more than an inch, no matter how much she strained against the readjusted bindings. All she managed was an awkward, pitiful squirm, twisting on his sheets like a worm caught in the sun.

"Heh, cute," he sneered, "You really think I'd be doing this if my Quirk was *that* easy to break out of?"

She ground her teeth so hard she thought she might chip one. "Whatever!"

"Yes. I think I *will* do whatever. Like... eat this fat ass of yours real good."

"What?!" That wasn't even close to what she'd meant!

"I'm really good at it, too. Want me to pull these little shorts down and prove it?"

His fingers didn't wait for permission. They hooked into the pink waistband with infuriating confidence, and began inching it downward. With her legs glued together, the fabric slid much easier over the hump of her rear, threatening to expose the fullness of both cheeks. Her heart raced as the waistband crept lower. The bastard had planned this move all along, hadn't he? And if she didn't do something to stop him...

"W-wait, just... hold on a second!"

To her shock, his hands actually stilled, leaving her shorts awkwardly bunched halfway, meandering at the peak of her round ass. Instead of trying to force them all the way down, he slipped his hardness back under the fabric. Disgusting as it were, his thickness felt familiar inside her clothing, and with her legs squeezed shut, her cheeks only clamped even tighter around his girth.

He didn't resume thrusting straight away. To her absolute horror, he flicked the cursed button as if it was a game he couldn't wait to level up.

Suddenly, Ochaco found herself bound and wedged between the mechanical pulsing beneath her and the pint-sized pervert romping on top of her. She didn't stand a chance.

What had started as a dull throb between her thighs now burned hotter than Endeavor's flames. Her toes curled and her fingertips tingled from the overload. The way he kept shoving his hips against her ass ground her aching pussy into the vibrations, over and over again, until a wayward moan burst from her lips.

Her eyes flew wide, horrified at the sensual noise that just came out of her. She made to slap a hand over her mouth but her binds holding her wrist tightened, refusing to allow her even that small mercy.

His snicker let her know her mishap hadn't gone unheard. "Sounds like someone's enjoying this more than they let on, huh?"

Her jaw snapped shut, vowing not to make another sound. But Mineta was ready for her stubborn silence. With a devilish flick, he cranked the vibrations to a whole new, torturous level.

Just how many settings does this thing have?!

As if raring to outdo his mattress, Mineta ramped up his own speed settings, his skewed thrusts hammering against insides of her shorts. The back of them stretched and bulged as his swollen tip threatened to pierce through. His tiny hands proved deceptively strong when it came to squeezing her ample cheeks, moulding them together under fierce grips. She could feel the veins and ridges of his engorged cock gliding against the tender insides of her buttocks.

"Fuck, Ochaco, your slutty ass is choking my cock," he groaned through laboured breaths. "It doesn't wanna let me go. Wants me to keep fucking it like this!" he declared, as if her ass was having a secret conversation with him she wasn't invited to. "You love it, don't you, Ochaco? Love feeling this big, nasty cock all up in your big, fat booty?"

Absolutely not! she screamed in her head, uncertain which one of them she needed to convince.

“Yeah, you do,” he pressed on, “You didn’t come here for those dumb, stinking flowers—you came here for this big, stinking dick!”

Her head whipped side to side vehemently. She wanted to spit a hard, disgusting *no* in his face, but she couldn’t bring herself to open her mouth, terrified of what humiliating sounds might betray her if she did.

“Yeah right. You couldn’t get enough of it back there—drained my balls like you were starving for it,” he sneered. “Bet you loved the taste. Bet your pussy’s still dripping from it.”

Cheeks burning, she shook her head again, lips pressed into a tight, trembling line.

“Heh. All you gotta do is say the word, you know? And I’ll thlam it right back in.” His hips slammed forward again, his swollen tip punching against the strained fabric. Just a little more—just a little harder—and it’d push right through. “But this time…” His voice lowered to a vulgar rasp. “I’m not putting it in that cock-hungry mouth of yours. This time, I’m gonna thove it where you’re really gonna feel it.”

The sick thrill in his voice made her shudder.

“Bet that’s what you really want, huh?” he panted, still rutting against her, “For thith thick cock to thplit that tight little puthy open. Thtretch you wide. Give you exactly what you been dripping for.”

Her face burned hotter, her head shaking harder, warring against the pulsing ache between her legs.

“Yeah, you do. Just tell me you want it, sweetcakes. Tell me you wanna get wrecked by thith fat cock.”

She refused to let a single sound escape her lips.

“Beg for it, Ho-chaco! You need this fat cock stretching you out, making you cum harder than you’ve ever cum in your life.” His voice stumbled out breathless, giddy, drunk on his own delusions. “We both know you’re dying for me to bury it deep inthide you. Wouldn’t be rubbing that thloppy puthy all over my sheets right now if you weren’t!”

Even as she snapped her head side to side, the sticky heat down below a different story. Oh God. She could feel it—the excitement pooling between her thighs, soaking

through her thong, staining the inside of her shorts. Craving Mineta? Not a million years! But her body was certainly craving... more. He wasn't going to stop torturing her until she admitted it, was he?

“Feel these nuts?” he breathed. The heavy weight of his sack dragged along the tender skin of her back-thighs, the roughness scraping against the yielding flesh beneath. “They’re all loaded up again, thweetcaketh—ready to explode all over you.”

How?

Her mind reeled, grappling with what she could feel pressed against her. After all the seed he'd already spewed out, how the hell could he have *more* left in there? And yet, every time he ground his hips forward, she felt the undeniable weight of his balls brush against the underside of her ass, swollen and eager to spill.

She'd spent more headspace fixated on his junk in the past hour than she ever thought possible; her bewilderment, her horror, her morbid curiosity—all merged into something dangerously close to awe.

The relentless grinding of his cock against her shorts finally hit a breaking point; with a rough, vigorous thrust, his ramming meat finally surged past her waistband, its swollen tip punching into the open air!

All the extra space allowed him a wider range of motion, and he exploited it by shoving harder, pushing further, no longer constrained by her bunched-up shorts. Despite herself, Ochaco snuck an eye over her shoulder, catching all the action in her periphery. The way her butt cheeks bulged and squished between his forceful hands magnified its proportions. It looked so big and plush, swallowing his cock whole except for that fat, leaking tip poking out from between her waistband and the crevice of her ass.

Back and forth, he pumped, romped through all the motions of fucking her—minus the actual penetration. And her mind did this really weird thing where it tried to fill in the gaps. Imagining what it might feel like if... he really *did* slide inside?

Would it hurt? He was so dang big, how couldn't it? He'd take her apart with that thing... Or, maybe, he'd be gentle? Could she even handle something that huge stretching her though?

The more she didn't want to think about it, the more her tingling body shoved the thoughts to the forefront of her mind. Meanwhile, at the forefront of her heat, he was grinding so damn close all it would take was a quick tug of her thong, a slight nudge in angle, and—

He'd be inside her.

Assuming he even fit.

More terrifying than the prospect of his size, was her even considering letting him try.

Snap out of it, Ochaco! she scolded herself. There were better ways to alleviate her urges. Except, there weren't, were there? Not while she lay tied up in his room and dry-humped to oblivion on his vibrating mattress. His rigid length powered through the tight squeeze of her ass and jutted out the other end of her booty shorts, his hips working an endless, piston-like rhythm.

"You know what would *really* make beautiful music?" he muttered sleaze between laboured lips. "The thound of our meat clapping together..."

Ugh. *Their meat?* Did he have to make everything sound so vulgar?

"Bet your pussy's clenching just thinking about it," he crooned. His fingers spread over her ass, kneading in circles as he rutted through the tight space harder. "Whaddya say? Let's make some real music." He pulled all the way back, his cock slipping out of the leg hole, dragging his wet tip along the back of her thigh. Then shoved it in again, smearing precum on the inside of her shorts before reaching her waistband and thrusting out once more, his tip glistening and twitching in the open air on the other end. "Let's get this a little louder, the whole camp will hear it."

"Let's not!" she groaned. What part of *everything that happens in this room stays in this room* didn't he understand?

"Why not? You scared?" He chuckled. "Bet if I shoved it in right now, we'd hear how loud you can really scream."

"Not. Gonna. Happen."

He snorted. "We'll see."

Mineta was nothing else if not disturbingly honest about his sick little fantasies. She could tell by the way he was fucking the space between her cheeks he really had been fantasising about her ass all day, and probably much longer than that. More surprising was her: lost in the haze of his humping and the mattress, her mind had started to slip, too. One way or another, they'd both devolved into thinking about sex. Granted, when was Mineta ever *not* thinking about sex?

Her heat burned hotter the longer they went on. The vibrations, the friction, the way his rutting hips had her clit trapped against the damp, aching press of her shorts—it was all blurring together into something unbearable.

He wasn't holding up much better. His cocky trash talk had withered into ragged breaths, rough, cut-off grunts, as if it was taking every ounce of focus just to keep fucking the tight squeeze of her ass. She bit down on her lip, unravelling, losing herself right alongside him, more moans spilling out than she could swallow down. Even though Mineta was small, he used every ounce of his weight to press down on her, his hips angled to make her aching clit grind against the inside of her shorts, right against the spine-tingling vibrations of his mattress.

In the heat of it all, Ochaco forgot how gross he was. Forgot the sweaty musk of his balls, the rancid stink of his dick. All her mind lingered on was how close it was to her entrance, how badly it wanted to ram through that last thin layer of soaked lace. Her every nerve lit up, both of them hyper-aware of the dangerous proximity of their engorged genitals. All she had to do was beg...

...she would never.

The ecstasy in her crotch built to a fever pitch. It surged outward from her loins, setting her entire body tingling with anticipation, desperation. Her shameless moans mingled with the creak of the bed, vibrating right along with the unsteady frame. And then, another roll of his hips, another shudder of the mattress, another jolt of pleasure dragged her straight to the brink.

“Want me to thtop?” he whispered, hot and heavy.

She'd gotten so used to shaking her head at everything he'd said, she did it again on instinct, reacting before her mind even caught up to the full breath of his question. And yet,

the moment it registered, the moment the meaning sank in... she didn't feel any particular urge to take it back.

“Sure about that?” he asked again, mirth in his voice. “Cause I will, y’know? If you really want me to.” He slowed down the pace of his grinding, as if to prove he really would. “Want me to turn off the mattress and stop fucking these ass cheeks?”

She paused.

Nine times out of ten, the answer to any of his perverted questions would be an automatic *no*, with the occasional *hell no!* But the way she was feeling right now... heck, it could've been a damn Nomu back there rubbing up on her so good, and she wouldn't want it to stop. She thought about every single time she'd come this close, every time he'd stolen the pleasure right out of her grasp, leaving her stranded at the edge.

To be sure, she loathed Mineta. But right now... right now...

Ochaco shook her head, deliberately this time. No, she didn't want him to stop.

He cackled a dark, arrogant sound, as if the tiny shake of her head was the magic word he'd been waiting on all day along. “That's more like it, you horny little slut.”

As soon as the sinister words came out of his mouth, she asked herself, *Oh God, what have I done?*

Mineta made good on his willingness to oblige. His grip on her ass clamped down *hard*, fingers digging deep, squeezing the soft flesh until it swallowed his cock whole. Then he thrust at a brutal pace, unhinged, his hips pounding through the narrow squeeze with the kind of reckless abandon that had her bound body—and the whole damn bed—rocking back and forth.

Her sights drifted to the Valentine's Day flowers on his computer desk, the whole reason she wound up here in the first place.

Or was it?

Could he... could he have been right? No matter how she tried to slice it, she'd knowingly walked right into a trap. It seemed like a thoughtless, heat-of-the-moment decision at the time, but what if it was really a subconscious one? She wouldn't go so far as to

say she *wanted* to get tied and bound, again, but it begged the question how all this really ended up happening.

How she'd let him mount and hump her to his devious little heart's content...

How she was enjoying it way more than she had any right to.

His rabid grinding left her no room to scrutinise her decisions. Her mind spun, thoughts scattered like leaves in a heady storm, whipped away by the feverish chase for that elusive orgasm.

Between his freakishly long dick and the merciless vibrations beneath her, she lay trapped between two forces hell-bent on wrecking her in their own perverse ways. The duo assault hit her from every angle, zeroed in on that throbbing ache between her legs. Friction burned hot against her swollen clit, pushing her towards the edge, faster and faster. She couldn't stop the ragged moans spilling from her lips. Rapture fogged her vision, her eyes heavy and half-lidded as the flowers on the desk blurred into smudges of colour. She felt herself slipping, her mind unspooling, ecstasy dragging her further and further from reality, until suddenly—

She choked on a broken moan. A violent tremor ripped through her, seizing muscles, curling toes, clamping her thighs together even tighter. The dizzying ecstasy left her breathless, the world collapsing into a single, blinding point of pleasure detonating inside her. She convulsed, helpless, caught in the throes of erotic spasms until—in a final, shuddering crescendo—her big butt clenched down hard around Mineta's girth, like her body was trying to lock the feeling in place, keep him from ever taking it away. The sudden squeeze was all it took to push Mineta over the edge right after her.

A guttural groan erupted from behind her. The sound hit her ears just a second before she felt it—the hot, sticky spray of his seed splattering across the back of her shirt, seeping through the fabric to her skin. His cock jerked between the tight squeeze of her cheeks, pulsing hard, then another spurt shot out, arching right over her head and splatting on the floor, inches from her fallen controller.

The musky stench of it stunk the room up. She could feel it, too, the warm streaks trailing down her back, even a sticky spot tangled in her hair. Annoyance flickered across her

features, but she was too spent to bark, too wrung out to even glare at him for it. Her body felt drained, trembling as the last waves of pleasure ebbed away.

The aftermath left them both panting, gasping, dragging in the sweat-and-sex-drenched air. Mercifully, he had the decency to power off the mattress and let the last echoes of her explosive climax wither in peace. Climax... she couldn't believe it. Mineta. Of all people. Mineta had not only made her come, but come *hard*. That sure as hell wasn't on her Valentine's Day bingo card.

She felt his dick soften between her cheeks, the twitch of it fading as he pulled out, dragging the sticky tip against her back-thigh. His hands returned to her waistband and nudged with a subtle suggestion. In a dazed, instinctive reaction, her hips lifted off the bed, making it easy to slide her abused shorts from halfway down her ass to all the way down to her ankles.

Did I seriously just help Mineta undress me?

By the time her brain caught up and realised that just happened, it was too late. He'd already yanked her shorts the rest of the way off and tossed them aside like they'd served their purpose. Knowing him, he'd probably try to steal them after this, keep them as a souvenir. She lay there, naked from the waist down, save for the flimsy thong hanging on to her hips, covering next to nothing.

The mattress dipped, then lifted as he climbed off. What now? A pulse of something gripped her chest, something that wasn't exactly dread. That devious little runt, always one step ahead, always keeping her guessing. It was like teetering on the edge of a cliff, not sure if she was about to fall or jump.

Either way, her Valentine's Day was shot to hell. Was there even a point in trying to salvage it now?

...

Best fucking Valentine's Day ever, thought Mineta, was there a way to make it last forever now?

He dragged a folding step stool from under his bed and snapped it open at the foot of the mattress, where her head dangled off the edge, sweat glistening on her flushed skin, still panting from the aftershocks. Climbing to the top step, he brought his crotch right up to her face, front and centre. The musky funk of his cock hit her full force, punching through whatever blissed-out fog she'd been floating in.

Her head jerked back, nose wrinkling, but he caught a flicker of something that wasn't pure disgust. Not like the first time he'd shoved his junk in her face. Now it was more like... surprise. Intrigue. Maybe even respect. Like her brain was catching up to what her body already knew: his cock wasn't just something to tolerate. It was something to appreciate, to fucking worship, for all the mind-blowing pleasure he'd proven it could bring to her, if she let it.

He hadn't planned on busting another nut like some desperate virgin, but fuck, the way her fat ass clenched his dick had his balls tapping out before he even realised. It took a whole lot out of him, in weight and liquid, left his dick limp and shrivelled, a sad little noodle compared to the throbbing beast it'd been seconds ago. Still, he wouldn't let a little post-nut droop define him, always ready to remind her he was a grower, not a shower.

With the step stool under his feet adding a few precious inches to his three-and-a-half-foot frame, he reached down and ran his stuggy fingers through her sweat-soaked hair, strands plastered to her forehead. He half-expected her to snap at him, to jerk her head away, but she didn't. Whether it was the afterglow messing with her head or she'd actually gotten used to his manly musk, she just laid there, arms stretched out—bound, useless, and not even trying to wriggle free. Apparently, her orgasm had taken a lot out of her, too.

He brushed her bangs aside, fingers trembling. Was she too wiped out to fight him off or just finally accepted her fate? Hell if he knew. But if she was willing to let him get away with touching her hair like this...

His shrunken cock twitched in tentative excitement. "You think you're done just 'cause you came? Nah, sweetcakes, we're juth getting thtarted." He pinched his teeny pecker between two fingers and brushed against her bottom lip, giving it a little wiggle, up and down, as if he was teasing her with the world's tiniest lollipop. "You're gonna thuck thith dick again 'til you're gaggin' on it," he promised, "*and* you're gonna fucking thank me for letting you tathte it." Her brow furrowed, but he laughed. "What? Don't even try to act like

that pussy's not still dripping all over my sheets. Thill aching for a huge dick to tear it apart. Quit stalling, get me hard again—and maybe I'll let you come one more time before I'm done with you.”

She opened her mouth to say something, probably some weak-ass protest, but he hit the button with perfect timing. The mattress roared back to life and drowned her would-be words in a startled gasp. He took advantage of the tiny opening, shoving his flaccid cock past her lips. So tiny and shrivelled, it barely weighed on her tongue. At first.

While she ground that pussy against the vibrations, he moved his hips back and forth, dragging his limp dick over her slippery tongue. Her warm mouth wrapped around him, every slow drag leaving trails of spit, making the slide even wetter, messier. He could feel his cock swelling in real-time, veins pulsing, skin tightening as it thickened in her mouth.

She licked along his underside with the flat of her tongue, then flicked the tip, making his toes curl on the step stool. The warmth, the spit, and the messy slide had his cock stiffening in double time.

He was both surprised and stupidly pleased by how quickly she got into it. She spared him the trouble of coercing her like he'd had to the first time he'd stuffed cock in her mouth. If he didn't know any better, he'd think she'd been craving it the second he had pulled out. Guess this dirty, old dick of his was an acquired taste—burned going down, but kept her coming back for more.

He stroked her hair, encouraged her to keep going. So pretty with his cock in her mouth. He didn't have to tell her what he wanted—she knew. Keep sucking. Sucking like her next breath depended on it. Earn it. Because the only thing between her and the rough ploughing she so desperately craved, was how quickly she could rouse him with these pretty, little lips of hers.

Heh. Maybe it wasn't even about the taste. Maybe it was the promise of what was waiting for her at the end of his cock-coloured rainbow.

His eyes raked down her body, over the crusted streaks of cum dried into the back of her T-shirt, the fabric clinging to sweaty skin. He drank in the way his sprawled-out classmate rubbed herself on his sheets, humping his mattress. The backs of her thick, creamy thighs quivered with every rock of her body, muscle and softness rippling right up to that fat,

juicy ass, jiggling in perfect sync with her head bobbing on his cock. From his elevated vantage, it looked like her white thong didn't even exist—barely a faint, disappearing line swallowed up between those plush, wobbling cheeks.

God, the things he'd do to that fat ass...

The pink booty shorts were hot, sure, but seeing all that tail in all its bare, bouncy glory? That was a different kind of art.

She put her back into the blowjob, as much as she could while lying on her stomach, eager to get him fully hard again, to have him make good on his promise to devastate her aching cunt. He wiped the drool from his chin, mouth watering, cock throbbing as he gawped at the way her bouncy bubble butt danced back and forth. It was practically eyeing him now, begging for his hands, begging to be slapped and groped, for him to grab two fistfuls of all that ass-meat and spread it wide—then fuck her so deep she'd be feeling him in her guts this time next Valentine's Day.

Mineta groaned just thinking about it, fist clenched in her hair like he was gripping the reins of some wild, bucking thing that needed breaking. He yanked her head back, forcing her to stare up at him with those big, brown eyes—glassy, half-lidded—searching his face for approval, a desperate need to know she was blowing him right, that she'd get her reward for it.

His shaft grew increasingly weighty upon her tongue, pressing down as he watched her cheeks draw inward, contouring around his expanding girth as it swelled back to fullness. Trapped, legs cinched together and arms splayed wide, she clutched the edge of the bed while her feet scrabbled against the sheets for leverage, rocking her fit bod and fat tits across his mattress.

The vigorous bobbing had her bangs flapping all over her sweaty brow, some strands clinging to the damp skin while stray locks jumped with each jerk of her head. The room filled with the obscene music of wet, sloppy noises—spit slurping, muffled moans vibrating around his shaft, the tremors of the mattress echoing through her frame.

“That'th it... thuch a good girl... fuck, Ochaco...”

She sucked keener, sloppier, practically choking on the desperation to get him rock-hard again, to have him split her open and fuck her like she wasn't even human—just a wet

hole to use. Soon, he'd grown long enough in her mouth that her chin no longer grazed his sweaty balls every time she jerked her head forward.

He never thought he'd see her so vulnerable, so horny, so desperate for another orgasm. The 'magic' mattress was like a cheat code, a full-body vibrator hitting every one of her hot spots. Without it, he probably wouldn't have gotten her this turned on, but hell, he was through with playing fair. Fair had him standing on the sidelines while big booty broads like her walked right past him without a glance, sizing him up and tossing him aside for being too short, too perverted, too much of nothing. None of that mattered now. The mattress was the great equaliser, proving once you stripped away all her pretences (and her skimpy booty shorts), even a humble, virtuous, self-respecting heroine like Uraraka was just another girl aching to be destroyed by a massive dick. He'd peeled back enough layers to uncover the slut she'd hidden so damn well from the rest of 1-A, the dick-loving, pussy-dripping whore now gagging for it right before him.

Like, literally, *gagging* for it, as the sound of his dick thudding against the back of her throat marked his surge back to full hardness.

“Yeah, you better fucking suck that dick, you thicc-ass slut.”

He kicked back, arms folded behind his head, enjoying the view while she took care of big business. Every restrained lunge forward, she tried to choke down as much of his meat as possible. Her mouth stretched to the max, drool leaking out, dribbling down her chin. His cock was a thick, veiny fuck-stick she kept ramming her mouth over, so full she could barely breathe, her nose brushing against his forest of purple pubes, snorting ragged breaths of his nasty funk. Sure, he wasn't a pretty boy like Todoroki or manly like Kirishima, but he was huge where it fucking counted, a fact drilled into her with every inch she choked down, every gag that made her eyes water, every ravenous bob of her head.

He slapped his hands down on her shoulders and jerked her back and forth, amping up the quiver of her flesh, the wave of jiggle starting at her thighs and rolling up to that fat, juicy ass, making the heaving mounds quake like crazy. “Jesus fuck, look at that thing go,” he grunted, shoving harder, salivating at her expressive buns. “I'm gonna pound that fucking cake till it's cherry red, you hear me?” His voice was a savage snarl, scraped up from somewhere animal. “Bet you'd love that, wouldn't you?” He paused and pulled his dick out, hoping to hear her answer, hoping to hear her beg.

But all she did was pant, gulp for air.

He grabbed his spit-shined dick, holding it inches from her face, blown away by his own enormity, his length jutting past the top of her head. She probably didn't believe him but this really was the biggest and hardest he'd ever seen it, the hidden facet of his Quirk cranked up to eleven by her voluptuous curves.

“Good job,” he said, genuinely in awe.

She grumbled, assuming he was patronising her.

“No, theriously. You're not half bad at thucking dick.” The compliment only earned him a deeper scowl, but he piled on all the same. “Shit, you're almost good enough to be forgiven.”

She quirked a brow. “Forgiven?”

He smirked, edged closer on his step stool and hoisted the base of his dick so his big, sweaty balls hung right in her face. “You tried to snuff out my family tree,” he reminded her, “Well, now you're going to apologise. Kiss these nuts and make 'em feel better.”

She huffed at his nerve. “You're out of your damn mind.”

Three seconds later, the mattress was buzzing on full blast, and her lips were all over his balls, peppering them with sloppy kisses from every which way.

“You were saying?” He cackled, rubbing his sweaty sack across her face, smearing in his stink as her tongue darted out in apologetic licks. “Now your face is gonna smell like balls!” He laughed harder. “That's what you get for trying to juice 'em like grapes.” The memory still made him wince—how she'd seized them in a brutal clutch. He glanced at the stolen flowers out the corner of his eye, thankful for the quick reflexes he'd honed; in a way, they'd saved his nuts from being pulverised on the spot. Soon, she'd pay for the mistake of even making the threat, for thinking she could take away everything that made him a man, everything that made him *him*.

The only risk his balls ran now was a soaking from her spit. Encouraged by the vibrations tickling her cunt, she tilted her head as if she was making out with his sack, pulling his left nut into her mouth and suckling it apologetically while a hand pumped his shaft, his knuckles occasionally bumping against her nose.

He was rather enjoying the feel of her tongue making amends when she suddenly jolted, gasped, as if the air had been punched right out of her. His lathered-up nutsack slipped from her slack lips. For a split second, he worried she'd caught a cramp or a phantom jab to the ribs or something, but when her body proceeded to spasm against the sheets, he came to realise what was happening.

A sly smirk spread across his face as he pumped his cock lazily, keeping the edge humming while watching her writhe through another earth-shattering orgasm, her restrained body squirming like she was possessed. He powered down the mattress as the last tremor faded. She went limp, face smushed sideways into the sheets, drool glistening at the corner of her slack mouth, ragged breaths pouring out while her back heaved up and down.

“You’re welcome,” he chimed. She’d had her fun and, “Now, it’s my turn.”

Even after he stripped the sticky shackles from her wrists, her arms didn’t move, didn’t even twitch. Just laid there, splayed out like dead weight, as if her brain forgot to send the memo she was free. Not one to make the same mistake twice, Mineta had calculated ahead of time—if he was ever gonna let her loose, it’d be right after post-orgasm paralysis. She was soft clay now, all the fight drained out with the last shudder, her sneaky little hands too wiped out to make another grab for his nuts.

Grinning like the devil himself, he booted the step stool to the floor as he hopped down from his pedestal. The threads and sticky orbs keeping her legs bound together came undone, too, and Mineta clambered back onto the bed behind her limp form.

With a dark chuckle rumbling in his throat, he grabbed the backs of her prone thighs, fingers sinking into their thiccness, and gave them a hard jiggle. The ripples crashed into the swell of her ass, making those thick, juicy cheeks part and collide in squishy kisses, flashing glimpses of the tiny white string buried between them. Fuck, it was hypnotic. All that booty, that scrumptiousness... His mouth watered, teeth grinding with the itch to bite. While she lay there, too wiped out to do anything about it, he cocked his arm back and let his palm fly—*CRACK!*—landing flush on her right cheek with a skin-scorching smack that sent a ripple tearing through all that fat, fuckable ass-meat.

The sound lit up the air like a whip cracking in a cathedral—raw, sharp, and meaty—the kind of satisfying snap that made his blood race and wickedness stretch across his face. His own palm burned from the sting, but fuck it, it was worth it—if only to watch her hips

jerk sideways from the vicious force, taking her limp body by surprise. That thicc-ass cake didn't know what the fuck just hit it, wobbling beautifully on impact, jiggling like two bowls of creamy pudding. He could've stared at it forever. It settled back into place with a cute little tremble and a fresh handprint staring him in the face, baiting him to do it again.

God knew she more than deserved a spanking. Thought she could grab his balls like that and get away with it? Ha!

“Think it's cool to try and cripple a guy, do you?” His growl was thick with payback as he latched onto a handful of her other cheek, squeezing with twice the grit she'd used on his nuts. Vengeful fingers sank deep into her cake, then yanked—hard—shaking its plushness side to side, daring her to say something about it. “How'd you like it when I put these hands on *you*, huh?” When he grabbed and took whatever the fuck he wanted? He might've forgiven, but forgetting?

Not a goddamn chance.

“This ass deserves every fucking thing that's coming to it!”

He pulled back and swung, slamming his palm across her left cheek with a brutal crack that shot through the room, harder, louder than the first. The meaty clap nudged her hips to the right, provoking a broken yelp from her lips, like the bitch finally snapped back to the reality of getting her ass tanned in his dorm room. As sure as he lit up her buttocks, the sound of her pain sweetened with pleasure lit *him* up from the inside.

“Told you I'd make thith ath mine, didn't I?” He kept his palm hot against the flushed skin, fingers tracing the imprint of his own hand, watching the way it blazed red under his touch. Fuck, she was burning for him. He could feel it. See it. He needed her to admit it. “Ready to beg for this dick, thlut?”

She slurred something incoherent, still adrift from the aftershocks of cumming so hard, her mind swimming somewhere between that high and the inevitable crash that came after.

He could definitely expediate this process.

Jamming a hand through the softness of her merged thighs, he found heat and sweat between the creamy flesh. Clammy, sticky. His digits slid along the squeeze of muscle and

tender skin, collecting moisture, and when he lifted them to check, he gasped at the glimmer smeared on his fingertips. *Fuck*. It wasn't just sweat between her thighs. He'd struck gold. It was straight-up pussy juice, shiny as melted honey, glistening proof of how turned on she was, seeping right through that tiny scrap of thong. Between the vibrating mattress and the spanking, Ochaco was leaking more than a busted faucet.

He'd figured as much, but seeing it up-close was another level of childhood dream fulfillment. Bringing his slick-coated fingers to his nose, he took a long, indulgent whiff, nostrils flaring at the aroma of her excitement. A pleased groan escaped his throat. *Yeah*, that was the kind of smell a man could get addicted to.

All he could think was *more*.

He shoved his hand right back in and tugged with a grunt. Her thick-ass thighs were heavier than they looked, all soft muscle and dead weight as he dragged one across the sheets, hungry for what was tucked between. He wrenched until the gap revealed that little white strip her big butt had hidden so well. Then, his hand shot straight in.

Stubby fingers smashed against the soaked fabric clinging to her pussy, feeling the heat, the sheer, dripping wetness of it. That finally yanked a big reaction out of her; she flinched, hips bucking, head snapping up from the mattress, groggy eyes squinting back at him.

"Mi... Mineta..." she mumbled, unfocused, trying to catch up with what the fuck was happening.

He didn't wait for her, but rather wedged his hand between her crotch and the wet spot she'd left on his mattress, eager to palm as much of that hot, wet pussy as he could. His middle finger found the crease of her slit, a soaked line under the sodden thong, feeling it twitch when he traced it up and down.

"Mmm..." she murmured, thighs snapping shut like a trap, locking his wrist in place.

Exactly where he wanted to be.

He fondled her through the soft resistance of clenched muscle, his hand a thin barrier away from the raging inferno of lust between her legs. Funny, this was exactly what he'd caught her doing in her room—caressing that aching pussy, moaning over some clueless nerd

who didn't have a clue what a woman like her really needed. Mineta wasn't exactly sorry for busting in on her, but maybe this was his shot at making it right, touching her way better than she ever touched herself.

Wet—*fuck*, was she wet. Not just a little. Drenched, like she'd been stewing for months, simmering in her own need, all pent up for a dick that actually knew what to do with her. A dick like his.

Well, here he was, delivering it practically gift-wrapped. What better day to get it on than the 'day of love'?

He snorted at his own thought, his knuckles shuffling against the mattress as he rubbed her wet pussy. She caught him off guard when she started rubbing back. Those plump cheeks flexed and clenched, grinding down, her cunt hungry enough to do the work itself, smearing her nectar all over his fingers with every desperate roll of her hips.

"Wow." His breath hitched in amusement. "What a greedy little pussy. Two orgasms weren't enough for ya?"

She didn't answer. Just turned her head, cheek pressed into the sheets, grinding like she wasn't even fully there, her body running on autopilot. One thing was certain though—didn't matter if it was two orgasms or two dozen. That pussy wasn't going to be satisfied until it got ploughed to oblivion.

All in the name of love, of course.

He pulled his hand from between her thighs and grabbed her waist, trying to flip her over. No dice. Too much soft, heavy deadweight for his scrawny-ass arms to handle.

He scooted onto his knees beside her, slapped both hands on the outside of her thigh, and *pulled*, putting his whole back into it. "C'mon, roll over," he grunted, teeth clenched in effort. But for all his huffing, he barely managed to move her thigh an inch off the bed, let alone heave her whole body onto her back. Turned out, he didn't need to.

Her half-limp form caught onto the pull and followed the momentum he started, rolling onto her back, her stuffed top jiggling as she completed the sluggish turn. He couldn't tell if she'd helped him by reflex or through some foggy, half-conscious decision, but his face

split into a victorious grin all the same. With them booty shorts flung somewhere on his floor, he finally got an unfiltered view of her front.

And holy fuck.

Laid out on her back, her hourglass figure never looked more hourglassy than right now, that T-shirt rucked up to expose her taut midriff, the little dip at her waist before it curved into wide, child-bearing hips. The thin waistband bit into the curves of her pelvis, while the fabric over her crotch struggled against the sheer size of her puffy mound. He could see everything. The way her folds bulged around the edges. The way the fabric wedged up between them, sucked in by that fat kitty, lost in the heat and wetness of her body. He grinned, and the deep crease in her thong grinned right back, a shameless cameltoe leaving no room for imagination, plump and salacious, the perfect imprint of her dripping slit right there for him to drink in.

'Drink in' sounded about right, seeing all the wetness, the big patch darkening the crotch of her underwear. Her thong was useless against the flood—a rain-soaked tissue trying to hold back a tsunami—honey leaking down her inner thighs in glistening trails. He swallowed hard, throat dry, the urge to taste her hitting him harder than ever. Her hungry cunt made a mockery of the thong trying to contain it. It took everything he had not to yank that last scrap of fabric aside, to see that puffy mound completely bare, its centre glistening. His cock twitched. And for a second, all he could do was stare.

Because goddamn.

He dipped down, nose a breath away, and dragged in a gluttonous inhale—shuddering, frothing at the mouth like a horned-up mutt catching its first whiff of real pussy. His head spun, a shiver running straight down his spine, his tongue lolling out as he soaked in the scent of her arousal. He pulled back and sighed in satisfaction, swiping the back of his hand across his mouth, smearing away the slobber he hadn't even noticed.

Swinging his lecherous gaze across her body, he landed on the sight of her big bust crammed into her too-small T-shirt, streaks of his dried jizz smeared across the white fabric. Heh, maybe if she'd swallowed like a good little slut, she wouldn't be wearing his leftovers. Her rack rose and fell in heavy drags, still coming down from the high, lips parted, dazed and pliant. She'd left herself completely open, spread out in front of him like a buffet on the

dinner table, every inch of her waiting to be devoured. His head jerked left, then right, not knowing where to start.

He hovered one hand over her chest, the other poised over her crotch, fingers trembling, caught in the brutal indecision of a man who wanted it all.

Then he shrugged and took both at once.

“Ooh...”

She whimpered as his grubby hand clamped down on her tit while the other crash-landed on her plush cameltoe. He rubbed them both. Every so often, she'd twitch, the two-pronged attack quickly became too much. He'd been so distracted by her thick cake—who wouldn't be, the way those booty shorts gripped it—but now, with a solid handful of boob, he remembered she was stacked up top, too. He marvelled at the breadth of her mounds, the one under his palm swelling way beyond the span of his child-sized hand, so big he couldn't even squeeze the whole thing. He felt the lace of her bra, the give of her plush skin, kneading in rough circles as his other hand worked between her legs.

“So fucking thoft...” he breathed, staring down in awe, fingers sinking into his first pair of real tits. Those ‘accidental’ brushes during hero training—like when he'd copped a feel on Asui at USJ or face-planted into Ashido's chest—yeah, those didn't count. It felt like heaven at the time, but compared to this? They were nothing but cheap, stolen moments. This was the real deal, not some quick squeeze before getting smacked halfway across Ground Beta. This was happening, and not only was Ochaco letting it, she was purring under his touch.

Villains had it rough, man. The male ones, anyway. How the hell were they supposed to concentrate when heroines had bodies like this? Big, lewd, bouncy, all wrapped up in tight spandex, just asking for trouble. If he ever went rogue, busty heroes would have a hell of a lot more to worry about than getting their asses kicked. Because after he defeated them, they'd end up laid out in some back alley, just like this, while he relished the spoils of victory.

Really, all his classmates ought to quit busting his chops for being a pervert and start thanking their lucky stars he wasn't batting for the other side.

For this pussy though, he thought, dragging a finger up and down her soaked slit, it might've been too late—his cock had nothing but lewd intentions of going full villain on her cunt.

He pressed his fingertip in, shovelling her thong even deeper between her hungry folds, tracing the shape of her. “Bet you never been this wet before, huh?” She didn’t answer, didn’t need to. Her body did all the talking with the way it squirmed under his fondling, thighs quivering like they couldn’t decide whether to clamp shut or spread wider.

He flattened his palm against her mound and pressed down, feeling its softness yield under the pressure. Jesus. What a fat pussy. He’d had an inkling, caught a glimpse of this juicy print through her shorts in the kitchen, but he hadn’t been prepared for all this. The sheer plumpness, the way her lips pressed together in thick, plush curves, so stuffed and swollen.

Then again... maybe the mattress had something to do with it.

The constant tremors rattling through her body, shaking her up, working her from the inside out. Maybe it sent her blood rushing south more than he realised, got her swelling up, made her pussy fatter, plumper, more eager for destruction. Either way, he fucking loved it, pinching the swollen labia between his thumb and fingers as though he were testing the ripeness of a peach, mesmerised by how it squished and yielded in his grip.

“H-hey...” She squirmed, face on fire. “Th-this how you treat a Valentine, Mineta? Like some... some piece of meat?”

He grinned. “Everyone knows the best cuts of meat get tenderised first, sweetcakes,” he said, leering at the treasure in his grip, “And last I checked, you’re not my Valentine.”

He was about to slip his hand under that thong when she suddenly gathered the wherewithal to grab his wrist, stopping his fingers at her waistband.

“What... what about Yaoyorozu?” she panted, trying to guilt-trip him into backing off.

He snorted. “What about her? She’s out there living her best life with her ‘Valentine’.” Whoever the hell that might’ve been. “And so is Deku, by the way,” he added with a conniving smirk. “No reason we shouldn’t be doing the same.”

“But Mineta—”

“But nothing.” In one smooth flick, he twisted his wrist free and seized hers instead. “Wake up and smell the flowers.” He guided her hand onto the monstrous cock looming large over her midriff. “This—” he wrapped her fingers around the shaft, forcing her grip to tighten, “—is all you need to be worrying about, sweetcakes.”

He dragged her hand up and down his length, keeping her in the here and now, attuned to how girthy his manhood was. The kind of thick that made her fingers stretch just to hold on. Nice and slow, he made her feel the way the veins stood out along the shaft, how the heat of it scorched her palm. Back in her room, she’d said she wanted to touch it, and even though it turned out to be a ploy, he knew there was some truth in it. Evidenced by the fact she wasn’t pulling away; she was letting him move her hand all the way up to the tip, bulbous and purple, and then all the way back down to the base, where he was thickest, where his shaft met his swollen, aching balls.

She’d run her mouth before about how he sucked at picking up on cues and body language, but he was so confident in his read right now, he let go of her wrist. And, sure as the stickiness of his purple balls, her strokes didn’t stop. They continued autonomously. Fascination had taken the wheel.

He could almost see it on her face, her attitude changing, warming to the idea that the very real, very thick reality in her hand was so much better than whatever dumbass Deku fantasies had been seesawing in her head.

“You’re obsessed,” he noted with glee.

“What?” she mumbled, barely registering his words, her eyes locked on the huge phallus she was masturbating with morbid curiosity, all but proving his point.

“You’re obsessed with my cock.”

Her head snapped up this time, fingers pausing. “What?” she shot back all defensive, acting as if she hadn’t been caught red-handed jerking him off on autopilot

“It’s okay,” he assured her, “I like the way you touch it. Keep stroking it like that, while I...”

With her hand too busy to stop him now, he went right back to her waistband and yanked it up hard. The soaked fabric drove straight between her swollen lips, wedging in like a flossing string.

“Uhn!” she grunted, jolting as her thong cut right into that fat mound.

He ran two fingers along either side of the embedded fabric, grazing the bare skin puffing out, the soft swell of her pussy lips. He could hear her breath pick up, feel the tiny tremors in her thighs as he skulked closer, gravitated around where she was hottest, wettest. His own breath picked up, patience wearing thin as her tiny thong.

“Come on,” he pleaded in a desperate, husky whisper, “let me thtuck a finger in here...”

She shook her head against the sheets, cheeks flaring pink.

“Just one. Please, baby?”

“Baby?” She recoiled, some of that classic Uraraka fire sparking back to life. “Let’s get one thing straight—just because we’re... doing stuff, doesn’t make me your ‘baby’, your Valentine, your anything!”

He snorted. Here they were, stimulating each other’s engorged genitals, and she wanted to get hung up on labels? “You had my dick in your mouth,” he stated bluntly. “Not once, but twice. That’s gotta at least make us something, right?”

She scoffed, fingers still absentmindedly stroking his shaft. “Yeah, makes me someone with really bad decision-making skills.”

“Nah, makes you someone with great taste,” he corrected, thumb over the cleft of her mound. “And a little bit of a perv,” he snuck in, pressing down to make her hips twitch.

She sucked in a sharp breath. “I’m clearly not thinking straight...”

“All side effects of getting some good dick,” he quipped. “And you haven’t even got it *got it* yet. Just wait till I break in this fat, sloppy cunt.” He pulled the thong even higher up her gash, damn near flossing her folds.

She yelped. “Yanking my underwear up like a middle school bully ain’t exactly romantic, you know?”

“Romance is for chumps. Besides, you’re not my Valentine, remember?”

“Obviously,” she deadpanned. “Real Valentines get chocolates, not tied up and given an atomic wedgie!”

“Pffft. Chocolate melts in your mouth—this dick stays there. For as long and hard as you want it, sweetcakes.” He blew her a kiss.

She groaned. “God, you’re disgusting.”

“And yet,” he mused, squeezing her mound, “your hand is still right there, jerking that cock like you want me to bust all over your pretty face. We both know it—you’d rather be here, getting pulverised by this monster dick than thitting across from thome loser at a fancy restaurant. Bet you’re already picturing it stretching you open, huh?”

She scoffed, cheeks burning. “Shut up, Mineta.”

He laughed. Sounded like she’d finally run out of comebacks. And he’d damn near run out of patience.

Shifting across the bed, he moved from kneeling at her side to settling right between her spread legs, which she’d conveniently left open to make just enough room for him. She lay there, pretending she didn’t know what he was up to while he hooked a finger beneath the thong and pulled it out, peeling the drenched thing away from those hungry lips. A string of her arousal stretched between the soaked crotch and her cunt the further he separated them. Then, with the sight of her glistening slit making his balls tighten, he slotted his manhood right under the wet fabric.

He let go of the thong and watched with satisfaction as it snapped back down over him. Half his length jutted past the waistband, thick and throbbing, while the rest lay trapped beneath, pressing hot against her mound. The undergarments—that had already been too tiny for her—now bulged obscenely around his girth, clinging to both of them as he began grinding.

He grunted, dragging his cock up and down her slit, his shaft caressing the drenched heat of her bare pussy. The thong bunched and crinkled against his movements, bulging in the shape of his girth as he glided back and forth within. She shivered from the intimate friction, from the underside of his shaft grazing her plump, tender folds, smearing her own

honey all over her nether regions. Every grind parted her pussy lips a tad, spreading that wetness further, bathing his cock in it as if he was marking his territory.

“F-Fuck, say it,” he panted, desperate, breathless, barely holding himself back. “Say it, Ochaco—tell me you want it...”

“M-M-Min... Mmmm... Mineta...” She struggled, voice shaking, moans betraying her, every sound a dead giveaway; she was losing the fight against herself.

“Say it!” He growled, thrusting his cock harder through the thong, grinding over that quivering pussy, forcing more of her juices out onto him.

“Mmm... aah! Mineta... I—mmm, oh God!”

Oh yeah. She was feeling it alright. They both were. She wanted it as bad as he did. It was right there, on the tip of her tongue. He could feel it, as sure as he could feel the sopping heat underneath his cock. She just had to say it, and they could both put an end to this drawn-out torture.

“Beg me, Ochaco... beg me to fuck you!”

“Mineta...! You won’t...mmmaaah! Promise you won’t... promise you won’t tell anyone!”

His grinding stuttered for a half-second. “Wha...?” *That’s* what was holding her back? Not whether she wanted it, but the shame of people finding out she gave it up to *him*? He actually felt offended. Like, damn—was letting him fuck her really *that* scandalous? Like he didn’t deserve it? Like he didn’t earn that pussy? But then, another sharp pulse from his aching cock reminded him he was way too fucking horny to argue about dignity right now. He could deal with her ego crisis later. “F-fine!” he barked, frustration bleeding into desperation. “I won’t!”

“Promise?”

“YES! Now let me tear that pussy up!”

She opened her mouth, but nothing came out at first—only gasps, hitched moans, hot, panting breaths as his cock kept grinding through her slicked-up folds, their heat and friction mounting.

“Now, Ochaco!”

“G-god, I can’t believe I’m gonna—”

“OCHACO!”

“FUCK ME, MINETA!”

She screamed it. Loud. So loud she immediately slapped her hands over her face, her whole body going red from sheer embarrassment.

He grinned like a fucking madman. That was all he needed.

With a feral snarl, he jerked his hips upwards, his dick rising so fast and abruptly it snagged the strap of her thong—and *snapped* it like a cheap rubber band.

She gasped, one of her wide eyes peeking through her fingers in time to witness her waistband tear clean at the hip, the ruined fabric whipping in opposite directions as his cock surged into the open air. One severed strap flopped uselessly beside her, while the soaked crotch part draped limply over her mound, clinging to whatever shred of dignity she had left.

With a rough swipe, he flung the soggy scrap off to finally—*finally*—lay his eyes on the fat, fucking cunt that had been driving him wild all damn day.

Fucking sopping. Sloppy, gleaming wet, slick from cleft to entrance. So slick it shined. So ready for him that when his cockhead glided down her folds and found that aching little hole, he felt it quiver, *beg* to be pried open, practically sucking him in before he’d even done a damn thing. Those sugar walls needed busting in, and he wasn’t about to—

“W-wait—”

He shoved it in, cutting off her hesitation with a scream-inducing thrust, so loud it might’ve rattled the walls.

He gritted his teeth, eyes rolling back for half a second, because *fuck, fuck, fuck*, she was *tight*.

Fuck flowers. And fuck Deku. Because now? Now this pussy was his.

Mineta froze midway in, marinating in the syrupy warmth of his classmate’s pussy, savouring the triumph of nailing a fantasy that had haunted his wet dreams since the first

time he popped wood. It was nothing like he imagined—nothing like the prized fleshlight he'd kept stashed under his pillow, supposedly moulded after Ms. Midnight's legendary snatch. He'd spent countless nights jamming his cock into that thing, wanking himself silly, wondering if she had any clue one of her own students was hammering away at a rubber cast of her cunt like some obsessed fanboy. But now? Now that he could actually feel the real thing—living, breathing, dripping, clenching around him—he doubted he'd ever find the same thrill in that overpriced hunk of silicone.

The difference between an inanimate imitation and actual, pulsating flesh struck him real quick. Ochaco's pussy wasn't some dead, lifeless sleeve—it was *alive*, ensnaring him in a warm, moist stranglehold, walls clenching down trying to suck him in, as if they needed every inch buried inside her right then and there. He could tell it had hurt her a bit, the way she'd been stretched so unceremoniously mid-sentence, voice breaking off into that wail as he speared in deep before she had a chance to brace for it. Probably for the best, though. The old adage about ripping off a bandage came to mind. They both knew there was no way she was walking out of his room without her tight little pussy getting thoroughly used—so what was the point of delaying the inevitable?

He tilted his head down, marvelling at the way her walls moulded around his intrusion, her pink inner folds peeking through the obscene stretch of her swollen outer lips. Her hands spread open like a curtain revealing the flushed face behind them, as if she *had* to see it for herself—how the humongous thing between his legs had somehow fit through the tiny slit between hers. Her stomach tensed, pussy adjusting, frantically trying to make sense of what had been rammed inside it. If nothing else, they could both appreciate how sopping wet she was, how all her natural lubricant facilitated the brutal entry, that pussy well and truly tenderised for exactly this.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” he wheezed, breathless, “you're so goddamn tight, Ochaco... you a virgin or something?” How fucking poetic would *that* be? His lips curled, daring to imagine.

“N-none of your business!” she spat, cheeks burning. Definitely embarrassed about *something*. She could've been hiding the fact it *was* true, which would've made him her first, or maybe she was just too ashamed to admit she *had* done stuff like this before, wasn't as pure as she let everyone believe.

Didn't really matter to him; he'd only asked to embarrass her, to rub in the fact he'd breached her walls despite all the defences she'd put up. And not only that—*she'd* begged him to do it.

One thing he knew for damn sure?

“Midoriya's never fucked you before, has he?” He grinned, watching the way she sputtered, stammering for some respectable response.

“S-so what?! This... this doesn't mean anything! It's just—”

“Just what, Ochaco? You craving my big dick?”

Mineta didn't need one hand—hell, not even one finger—to count how many things Midoriya had beaten him to in the hero course. That green-haired try-hard always had the head start, always had the glory. This, however, was the one place he'd finally beaten him to. Midoriya might've been locked in some dumb rivalry with Bakugo on the battlefield, but when it came to the sweet, pink fruit between Ochaco's legs, Mineta considered Deku *his* rival. No matter how hard Ochaco tried to downplay this victory, Mineta was going to revel in it, rub it in both their faces every fucking chance he got.

Starting right now.

“Look at you now,” he sneered, “nothing but a horny little slut begging for a big dick in her gash.”

She scowled, but the angry line in her brow quivered as he inched more of his cock inside her, stretching her wider. “Y-you're a pervert... a-a-a-and a pig,” she stammered, struggling with the overwhelming sensation of him pushing into depths she'd never imagined letting him reach.

“Oh yeah? So you like being fucked by a pig, huh?” He sheathed nearly three-quarters of his shaft before she could answer that, turning her response into a sharp hiss.

“Ooh, Mineta!”

“*Ooh, Mineta!*” he repeated in a mockery of her strained voice. “It's called a dick, slut, and you're gonna take it all.”

“Slow...” she gasped, her midriff tensing, chest heaving like she was on the verge of hyperventilating from how impossibly full she already was.

He let out a rough snort but obeyed, dragging himself back inch by inch, resisting the urge to bury himself to the hilt. For now.

He grinned at the slick sheen glazing his shaft as he withdrew, strings of arousal clinging between them. “Look at this,” he murmured in amusement. “You’re such a messy bitch, getting your sloppy cunt juice all over my dick. What would Deku think?”

“He’s never going to find out!”

“Who says?”

“Mineta, you promised!” Panic flashed across her face.

He snickered. “Yeah, yeah, just yanking your chain.”

Or was he?

Slowly, he sank his way back in, every inch past her lips swathed in molten lava. Each time he breached the halfway mark, her body flinched, breath hitched, and that’s how he knew “Deku’s” girl loved it deep. If she and Midoriya ever got around to fucking, she’d be sorely disappointed. Mineta had seen what that nerd was packing, had caught plenty of glances in the locker room. That sad little worm wouldn’t stand a chance after he mowed through this fresh pussy. He was setting a standard Deku—or frankly, anyone else in that locker room—could never reach. His dick was practically the Hulk, except instead of anger, it fed on lust, growing beastlier the more horned up he got. In the end, Ochaco had no one else to blame if it hurt when he split her in two—she was the one who had to be so damn thick, so damn sexy, parading her lewd body in skimpy shorts that barely qualified as clothing, no hope in hell of hiding all that cake.

His fingers dug into the plump swell of her outer lips, squeezing as he pumped, making that tight little hole feel even tighter. The damn thing clamped down on him like it was trying to wring out an early nut. And it almost worked.

“Fuck!” His balls gave that ominous twitch, and in a panicked split-second, he yanked himself out, mission aborted before he could blast her insides white.

He landed flat on his ass, panting, sweat slicking his forehead. His throbbing monster towered past his shoulders, twitched like it was seconds from blowing. He clenched a desperate fist around its base, squeezing tight, battling to hold it all in. “Not yet, dammit! We gotta show that pussy who’s boss!”

They both lounged on the bed, sweat-slicked, sucking in deep breaths of sex-scented air. He needed a minute to calm his dick, angry and unsatisfied, throbbing its demands to be shoved back where it belonged. Meanwhile, her pussy had closed right back up the second he’d vacated, her plush mound appearing as though it hadn’t just been stretched open by his cock.

How long had he even lasted in there? Not long enough to permanently reshape her, apparently. If he hadn’t pulled out when he did, though, she would’ve shamed him into the two-pump chump category. He couldn’t have that. From here on out, Mineta was playing smart. Every tactic he’d ever used when edging, all those long-ass masturbation marathons where he kept himself on the brink for hours—he was bringing that discipline into play.

He sat there, legs splayed wide, staring face-to-tip at his own erection. Not many guys could say their dick was long enough to meet them eye-to-eye when they were sitting down, but such was the freakish nature of his Quirk-powered tool. Inches from his nose, the bulbous crown glistened with warm nectar still fresh from her infinite well.

It called out to his lips. How could he say no?

He leaned forward and sealed his mouth around his own swollen tip, tongue flicking against the sensitive glans as he sucked the taste of her straight off his cock. Pleasure jolted down his spine, made his thighs twitch.

Across from him, she let out a muffled gasp. “My God…”

He popped his dick out of his mouth with a lewd smack. “What? You jealous?”

“You’re a freak!”

“Takes one to know one.”

“Tch. I’m no freak.”

He arched a brow, grinning. “Oh yeah? Then why are you still here?” He bobbed his head toward her hands, a reminder his Quirk wasn’t holding her down anymore. ‘Whatever happens in this room stays in this room, Mineta!’ He still remembered when she’d said that, rather than telling him to quit while he was ahead. That had told him everything he needed to know about her state of mind. “If this was really about getting your flowers back, you’d have grabbed them and bailed by now.”

Their gazes snapped toward the bouquet sitting untouched on his desk, forgotten.

He leaned back and folded his arms behind his head, suggesting he wouldn’t do a thing to stop her if she tried.

And yet—neither of them moved.

His smirk curled wider. “Yeah. That’s what I thought.” She’d rather sit there watching him suck his own dick like a needy little pup, hoping he’d share. Lucky for her, he was the generous type. And lord knew he had plenty of dick to go around.

He lunged without warning, making her jerk in surprise as his arm shot out, fingers grabbing hold of her plump mound. “That’s a naughty little cunt.” He gave it a scolding squeeze, making the fleshy lips pucker between his fingers as he shook them like he was chastising a misbehaving pet. “Trying to milk me dry already? Naughty, naughty!”

His fingers came down with a slap, sending a delicious wobble through her voluptuous folds. She didn’t even pretend to try and close her legs, kept them spread wide for him to spank her swollen pussy again, letting him gawk as the obscene mound jiggled from the impact, a cameltoe-shaped cushion built for taking the kind of pounding he had in mind.

“Like how I spank this pussy like it owes me back taxes?” Before she could bark back, he squished her nether lips between his fingers again, rolling a digit into the fleshy part of her cleft hiding her clit.

She sucked in a sharp breath, thighs shuddering. “F-fuck, Mineta—”

He only squeezed harder, fingers coaxing out a warm trickle of excitement that darkened the green bedsheets under her ass. “Holy shit, you really out here making me a Valentine’s Day fondue?”

Her face went scarlet. “MINETA!”

“What? I’m just thaying, dip some ththrowberries in this and I’d call it a five-star dessert.”

“Ew!” She shook her head, hiding her face in her hands. “You’re nasty!”

“You think *that’s* nasty? Watch this.”

He went from grabbing her pussy to palming it, fingers pressing into her mound before shoving two through her folds without warning, feeling her tight little hole clench around him immediately. She gasped at the sudden penetration, but he knew she could take it, spreading the inserted digits to part her open so he could stuff in a third, and still not come close to matching the girth that had stretched her earlier. This should’ve been child’s play for her.

Especially since Mineta didn’t have the longest fingers; although, according to his late night ‘research’, he didn’t need to. Her G-spot should’ve been in reach, even for him. He curled his fingers inside her, teasing along the roof of her coochie, before jabbing into her at full-force.

“Minet-aaaah! Aaaaah!”

Her voice cracked, broke apart as the room filled with the wet, obscene smacks of his palm against her fleshy mound. Squish. Squelch. Slap. Her pussy flooded around him, juices slinging with every knuckles-deep thrust. *Fuck, she’s like a damn sprinkler!* He could practically bathe in this.

He didn’t hold back. Couldn’t. His stubby fingers weren’t long enough to wreck her, but what they lacked in reach, they damn sure made up for in velocity. His hand blurred in and out of her folds, fingers jackhammering her clenching heat, pumping so viciously fast her moans fractured—staggered, broken, like a radio signal cutting in and out.

“Uh-huh!” he grunted, eyes wild. “Look how fucking wet you are!”

He adjusted the angle of his thrusts, and her juices sprayed upwards in a frantic, chaotic gush, jets of clear fluid spurting like a busted sprinkler. Sticking his tongue out, he caught warm droplets as they showered down on his face. When her pussy rained, it poured. The limitless supply of lust kept spraying in fountains and fountains as he smacked his palm against her pelvis, the impacts rippling along her inner thighs.

“Yeah! Bet Midoriya could never get you this wet!” he taunted as he plunged into her sopping gash. “Yeah! Fuck, you’re wet enough to drown in! Make it rain! Get it all over my face! All over my fucking sheets!”

Through the fountain of wetness, he caught her expression—eyes glazed, half-lidded, fluttering on the verge of rolling back as he targeted her G-spot again and again. Her mouth hung open, a long, drawn-out moan breaking into stuttering, shaky gasps. “Ah-uh-uh-ah-uh!” Her voice oscillated like she was sitting on a freaking power tool, trembling and erratic.

If she hadn’t cum again already, she looked like she was gonna.

By the time he dragged his pumping digits out, his whole hand was fucking soaked, pussy juice dripping off his fingertips. He smeared some across his dotted face, then flicked his wrist over her quivering body, splashing her stomach and tits with her own lewd mess.

“Happy fucking Valentine’s Day.”

He didn’t give her a second to breathe. Still on his knees, he scooted back between her legs and reinserted his manhood. His fingers had only half-prepped her for the return of his hulking girth, stretching her anew. Slicker, looser than before, he slid in with less resistance and adopted a safe, patient rhythm. He wouldn’t underestimate her tightness again, knew better than to buck like a feral animal and nut too soon. Instead, he switched up the pace, alternating between long, slow strokes and sudden bursts of rapid-fire thrusts, practicing the same control he’d honed while edging for hours—pumping fast, then easing off to a slow grind, pausing altogether when he got too close.

Except, fuck—ploughing through an extremely real, extremely sopping wet pussy was a lot tougher to manage than jerking off with his fist or any of his fleshlights. The pleasures of her womanhood wooed his cock, urged him to bottom out. He battled every instinct, forced himself to stop every so often, simmer in her heat, breathe through it, let the tension build as he cooled. The room would go silent except for their heavy panting—then, out of nowhere, he’d kick back into gear, making her spill moans all over again, her poon welcoming him back with clenching greed.

Trusting he’d got a handle on himself now, he promised her, “After I’m done, that nerd’s gonna feel like he’s sticking a damn pinky in you!”

He grabbed her thighs underhand and hauled them up—and immediately almost teetered over. Holy shit, they were heavy. Smooth. Thicc. Way softer than his puny biceps, but damn near quadruple the girth. He could barely wrap his little arms all the way around their thickness, like hugging two voluptuous pillars of flesh while still trying to ram her pussy. His face hovered between her quivering knees, sweat rolling off his brow, arms already burning. His clammy palms kept slipping down her sweaty thighs before clambering right back up.

How the hell did those dudes in pornos make this shit look so easy?

They'd toss sluts around like ragdolls, flip them over, bend them like pretzels—meanwhile, here he was, huffing and puffing just trying to keep a grip on her thick thighs while fucking her in missionary. Granted, he wasn't exactly some six-foot stud built like All Might. Still, he *did* have that porno dick, and he wasn't about to give up. She might've been four times his size, but that didn't matter now that he had her flat on her back. He'd wreck her in his own way. And judging by how her sweaty thighs trembled in his grasp, and her moans cracked with every thrust, he was nailing it pretty damn well so far.

“Yeah, you like that, huh?” he panted, his breath ragged from the effort of holding her open and fucking her at the same time. “Bet this is the biggest dick you've ever fucked, huh? Wanna see what happens when I really let loose?”

She hid her face behind her hands and gave a pathetic, little nod, so subtle he would've missed if he blinked.

Yeah, no. That wasn't gonna fly. He needed her to, “Say it. Tell me what you want me to do to you.”

“...Fuck me harder,” she squeaked through her fingers.

“Oh, that's not nearly good enough. Say it like you mean it, fucking slut!”

“Fuck me harder, Mineta!”

His heart pounded with sadistic glee. “Fuck what?”

She whimpered, hands trembling over her burning face. “F-fuck... fuck my pussy harder!”

“Ooh, Ochaco, who knew you had that kind of mouth on you?” He cackled. All shy and sweet one second, then moaning like a filthy little cock-hungry whore the next. “Love it! If you’re gonna be a Valentine’s slut, you better damn well own it!” Here she was, ditching the heartfelt gifts she’d been given in favour of getting split in half by his filthy, degenerate, non-romantic cock. “Yeah, chocolate can’t fuck you like this, can it?” he grunted.

“At least...” she panted, voice ragged from the penetration, “At least chocolate doesn’t run its stupid mouth while I’m trying to cum.”

He huffed. “Uh, excuse me? You can’t even compare gifts! I’m literally over here delivering the best dick of your life.”

“Just shut up and fuck me harder, Mineta...” she breathed, “before I roll your little gremlin butt off this bed and call Deku to finish the job.”

His head jerked back. He was shooketh. *What the fuck?* That actually stung.

So, his dick hadn’t snuffed out the fire in that feisty inner Ochaco just yet, huh? The last thing he’d expected was for her to throw Deku’s name in his face like that, and to add insult to injury, they both knew she really *could* roll his little ass off the bed with just a twist of her hips. Even with his monstrous cock piercing her right now, she’d somehow found a way to make him feel small. Women were evil! She probably didn’t mean to, but still, it cut deep. Took him right back to middle school, back to those hot, stuck-up chicks who sneered at his stature and ran off to hook up with the jocks instead. But Mineta was long past finding some corner to skulk in.

He wasn’t that kid anymore.

Today, he had all the right tools to handle a mouthy bitch. And none more effective than the one prying her open right now.

His grips tightened around her thighs, fingers leaving dents in the suppler flesh. “Oh, you wanna get fucked harder?” His voice dipped into a warning growl, like he was letting her know she was about to regret what she asked for. “Fine. Now you’re gonna take every goddamn inch.”

She barely had time to gasp, let alone take back her words, before he yanked his hips back and drove forward at full force, spearing into her in one brutal thrust.

“OH, FUCK!”

The strained whine ripped out of her throat, pure music to his ears.

“Fucking bitch.” He didn’t give her time to recover—pulled back and hammered into her again, harder, deeper, faster.

SMACK!

The clap of his hips against the back of her thighs rang through the room as he buried himself to the hilt. Finally, he got his entire cock wet, gobbled up by that ravenous cunt. He lingered there and marinated in it all while her thighs spasmed in his arms. His cock throbbed, buried to the base, her drenched heat wrapped around him. Panting, he turned his head and pressed a kiss to the soft flesh beside her knee. “Goddamn, sexy-ass thighs,” he muttered, “So thick and creamy, I could just eat them.” He turned his head to the other, but instead of a light peck, he bit into her thigh, making her whole body shudder.

“Ooh...” she exhaled, breathless.

“*Ooh*, what?” he mocked.

He hugged her legs together in a tight embrace, forearms crossing, so all that hot, sweaty thigh-meat sandwiched his face. Bracing himself with a steady breath, he raised his hips and found the strength to haul her ass an inch off the mattress. His pelvis snapped downward at this new angle, hitting sweet spots she probably didn’t even know existed. Her moans spiralled into wails, broken only by the vengeful slaps of his hips thundering against her ass and the backs of her thighs, all that tender flesh rippling on impact.

“Ah, aah, aaaaah, Mineta!”

The thick thighs clamped around his ears muffled her cries, but he could still hear the shaky moans fighting their way out of her. His own laboured panting mixed with hers, arms tight around her locked legs as he pounded away like a slighted man hell bent on drilling his point home. “Wanna call Deku, do you?” he grunted, hot and heavy. “Call him now, Houchaco. Go on. Let him hear you whining like a horny thlut that can’t get enough of this short king breaking your fucking puthy!”

“A-aaah—ahhh! M-Mineta—!”

“Nnngh—yeah, where’s that phone at, huh?”

Her head thrashed side to side. “N—no, please—haaah—please don’t!”

“Tch—yeah, that’s what I thought!” he growled, tightening his grip around her legs. “Bet you can’t even thay his name right now. Probably forgot all about that nerd, huh? No way his little-ass dick could ever make you thream like this!”

“Nnngh—haaah—ahhh—fuck, I—!”

He snickered through gritted teeth, sweat dripping down his forehead.

“Hahh—f-fuck, yeah. Shit—he wouldn’t even know what to do with a thopping wet pussy like this, goddamn!”

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

“Fuck,” he spat, breathless, “You didn’t come here for flowerth, dumbass. You came ‘cause you were hungry for dick. Needed to get thtuffed—needed to feel my fat, thtinkin’ cock inside this little, fuckable hole of yours.”

“Aahh—ahh—nngh—!”

“Unh, yeah bitch, gonna stretch it ‘til you’re dripping down my fuckin’ balls!”

Every time his flesh collided with hers, shockwaves rippled from her tailbone all the way to those big, bouncy tits. They jiggled violently inside her cum-stained top, shaking like they wanted out.

“Shit, look at those things go!”

She glanced down, blushing furiously before crossing her arms over her big breasts, desperate to keep them under control, to hide their jiggling from his leering gaze.

“C’mon, don’t be thelfish—let ‘em out. You know you wanna.”

A feeble shake of her head.

He remained unconvinced. “You’re probably dying for me to thuck on ‘em while I fuck the rest of your brain cells away, huh?”

“Mmm-nngh!”

He laughed breathlessly, the last of his power burst fizzling out. The adrenaline rush of punishing her for daring to threaten him with Deku was wearing off, and suddenly her thighs felt like concrete pillars in his grip again. His arms burned, chest ached, sweat poured out of every pore, exhaustion coming thick and fast.

But he had one last thrust in him.

With a final, bone-rattling swing of his hips, he slammed home, burying himself balls deep, stuffing her to the fucking brim.

She cried a piercing noise, eyes rolling back as the force of it knocked every last gasp of air from her lungs.

He fell backwards, his cock springing out as he collapsed flat on his back. Her thighs flopped limply to her sides the second he lost grip, her body as wrecked as his felt. For minutes on end, neither of them moved, their postures mirroring each other—lying on their backs, legs spread wide, chests rising and falling in ragged pants.

And yet, his dick stood defiant. Stiff and proud, the lone survivor of a well-fought battle, staring straight up at the ceiling, not unlike All Might's arm jutting up after a hard-earned victory, a monument to the absolute pounding he just delivered.

His vision blurred, a lazy, satisfied fog settling over his mind.

“Try... and match that... Deku...”

...

Midoriya hunched over his phone, elbows digging into the restaurant table. His knee bounced under the booth, the plastic seat creaking with every anxious shift of his weight. The idle chat window stared back at him—Uraraka's name pinned at the top, her 'last seen' frozen hours ago.

That was weird, right?

His thumb hovered over the keyboard, but he had no idea what to say. He'd drafted and erased his next message at least a hundred times in the past half-hour. Every version felt wrong. Too desperate. Too casual. Too obvious.

His pulse hammered in his ears as he reread their last interaction. Or—no, not even *their* interaction. Just the single, impersonal “*Thank you*” message she'd left in the 1-A group chat. For the beautiful flowers. The ones he'd sent. Well, technically, the ones her *secret admirer* had sent.

He chewed his lip, his mutters barely making it past the lump in his throat.

“Was that the right move? I thought it'd be romantic, a little mysterious, something to make her heart skip a beat. But what if it just... weirded her out? What if she thinks it's childish? Or worse—what if she thinks it's some coward who can't even admit his feelings properly? That'd be awful. Maybe that's why she hasn't messaged me. Or—no, wait, maybe she just doesn't know who to respond to? Or—”

His stomach twisted.

“Maybe she did figure it all out and just... doesn't care. Oh god, what if she thinks I'm pitiful?”

He scrubbed a hand down his face. His untouched soda fizzed beside him, condensation dripping onto the napkin beneath it. His fingers twitched above the letters again. He could just—*what?* Text her? Own up to it? Delete the whole conversation and flee the country?

His thoughts spiralled, tumbled out of his mouth in endless mumbling:

“Okay, wait, was this stupid? This was stupid. I should've just told her! But what if she freaked out? I mean, theoretically, the secret admirer thing should have worked—romantic tension, a little mystery, build-up, right? That's what happens in books. But... now she probably thinks some random guy sent them. Oh no—”

A new horror gripped him.

“What if she thinks Kacchan sent them?!”

His brain immediately conjured the worst image possible: Bakugo standing there, arms crossed, scowling as he grunted, “Tch. Happy Valentine’s or whatever.”

Midoriya gulped. *No*. That didn’t make sense. If Kacchan sent a girl a gift, it’d probably be a... a cactus. Or a punch to the gut. Or a bouquet of grenades.

“She knows it can’t be him. It couldn’t be that hard for her to figure out it’s me. Maybe... she does know?”

That thought should have been reassuring. It wasn’t. What if she’d been avoiding her phone all day to dodge him? What if she—

“Gah, what if she already threw them away?! Maybe she already has a Valentine?”

He clutched at his hair, anxious fingers tangling in the mess of green curls.

“Oh man. I should’ve just... asked her out like a normal person.”

Regret and second-guessing knotted in his gut. The restaurant had long since faded into the background—conversations warping into distant murmurs, the clatter of plates dulling under the weight of his runaway thoughts.

Why hadn’t she said anything since the group chat? Was she busy? Maybe she went home? Out with family? Friends? Was she—

“Bro.”

The voice jolted him so hard his phone slipped from his fingers and clattered on his empty plate with an embarrassing clink. His head shot up, blinking rapidly, and—wait.

Where did everybody go?

Koda, Hagakure, Sero—they’d all left. When had that happened? After visiting his mom, Midoriya had stopped by the mall to pick out a surprise gift for delivery. That’s when he ran into the other singles, and they all decided on an impromptu ‘singles’ lunch. But now, the only person still at the table was Ashido, sitting across from him sipping on a smoothie, one brow quirked in amusement.

“Dude,” she said, licking whipped cream off her straw. “You’ve been sitting there muttering like a psycho this whole time.”

His stomach dropped. *Seriously? Again? You really need to get a handle on that Izuku!*

She plucked his phone off the plate and flipped it over, eyes scanning the screen. A knowing grin slowly stretched across her pink visage.

“Ohhh. I see what’s going on here.”

He nearly had a heart attack. “Y-y-y-you do?” He lunged forward, almost headbutting the table as he swiped the phone back from her hands. Turning crimson, he shoved it deep into his hoodie pocket, secured like a classified document. “I was just, uh—it’s nothing.”

She sucked loudly on her straw. “Mmhm. Yeah. Okay.”

“Wha...why are you looking at me like that?” He rubbed the back of his head, sheepish.

“Izu.” She rested her elbows on the table, levelling him with a stare. “You’ve been orbiting exactly *one* girl like a lovesick satellite for months. Heck, I heard you mumbling her name just a sec ago. Today’s February 14th.” She sipped her drink as though it was hot tea. “Now, I might be failing math, but even I can put two and two together here.”

He let out a weak laugh.

“Relax, will ya?” She leaned back, twirling her straw. “And trust me, if I figured out those flowers she posted in the group chat were from you, there’s no way she hasn’t figured it out, too.”

He frowned. “Maybe, but what if—”

“She knows.”

“How do you—”

“Dude.” She shot him a flat look. “Sure, Ochaco spaces out sometimes, can be a little ditzzy now and then, but she’s not an idiot. Plus, she’s had a cru—” Ashido froze, eyes widening for half a second before she cleared her throat and backpedalled. “Anyway! Point is—she knows.”

He sat there scratching his head. *Okay... what was that weird pause about?*

Before he could dissect it, she nudged his foot under the table, hurrying the conversation along. “Sooo... what’s the play here, loverboy? Confession? Declaration of undying love? Or are we going full ‘80s rom-com’ with a mixtape?”

“Mixtape?! That’s—wait, do people still even make those? I don’t even own a cassette player! Does Uraraka own a cassette player? Guess I’d have to buy one and a blank tape. Where do people even get those anymore?!”

Ashido laughed. “Man, is there anything you don’t overthink? You sound about two seconds away from building a time machine.” She paused, tapping her chin. “Although... not gonna lie, kinda would be low-key romantic if you pulled it off.”

He gave a nervous chuckle. “Or... I could just make a playlist? But then again, a playlist feels less personal... Oh no, is digital romance less meaningful? Is love dying because of streaming services?!”

“Great, and now you sound like an eighty-year-old man who just discovered Spotify.” She stuck her tongue out at him. “Anyway, we’re getting way off track here. It is kinda cute though—big ol’ nerd like you, being a hopeless romantic.” She giggled. “And here I thought your only crush was All Might.”

His face burned hot enough to rival Todoroki’s flames. “Y-you think I have a c-c-crush... ON ALL MIGHT?!”

She burst out laughing. “You definitely have a crush on *someone!*” She wagged her brows. “And hey, you don’t have to admit it—at least not to me—but you *do* have to *do* something about it.”

“Do... something?”

“Yeah, y’know—action?” She made it sound like the most obvious next step. “Stop lurking in your messages hoping for some text and go talk to her. Surprise her. Ask her out. Take her to a romantic dinner or something. We still have daylight—Valentine’s isn’t over yet.”

His throat went dry. “S-surprise her? Like... in person?” His pulse hammered. “Wouldn’t that be, uh, too much? The flowers and chocolate were already a lot, right?”

“Oh, babe, let me tell you a little secret about women—” she took a dramatic pause, slurping obnoxiously at the last of her smoothie, “—when it’s the right guy, it’s *never* too much.”

Ah. Well, that kind of made sense. The only problem was—how was he supposed to know if he was the ‘right’ guy? His insides churned. “I... I don’t know... it’s a bit of a sticky situation and I don’t know if—”

CLACK.

He jumped as she slammed her empty cup onto the table, rattling the ice inside.

“Man up, Deku!” She threw her hands up, exasperated. “You got no problem hurling yourself at villains who literally want to *murder* you, but *talking* to little old Ochaco freaks you out? C’mon, bro! You can do this! And now’s the *perfect* time.”

“N-Now?!” His voice cracked. “Why now?”

“Because...” She leaned in, voice dropping as if she was about to impart some ancient forbidden knowledge. “Ever since we all started living together at Heights Alliance... hers and mine... our *timetables* have, uh... synced up, so to say.”

He blinked. “...Timetables?”

She gave a slow, knowing nod. “Mhm.” She let the suspense hang for a moment before dropping the real kicker. “And if my calculations are correct... today is her peak day.”

“Peak... day?” His brow furrowed. Peak what? Peak happiness? Peak productivity? Peak oxygen intake? He was already running through statistical probabilities when Ashido shot him finger guns.

“Peak *mood* day, Deku,” she attempted to clarify, “She’ll be real in the mood for, you know...” She wiggled her eyebrows, and he squinted, trying to figure out if something was on her face. “Thought I’d leave her a little something that might help, but the poor girl probably doesn’t even realise it.” Ashido sighed dramatically, resting her chin in her palm. “She never keeps track of her window or any of that kinda stuff, y’know?”

“I see...” He nodded slowly. His expression shifted into deep concentration while he meticulously processed every word, turning them over like pieces of a puzzle, analysing,

overanalysing, as he tended to do. He mused for seconds upon seconds. A beat passed. Then, with complete seriousness, he announced, “Yeah, I literally have no idea what any of that means.”

She let out a strangled noise and face-faulted right out of her chair, legs twitching in the air.

He jolted up in panic. “A-Ashido?!”

From the floor, she wheezed, voice muffled against the tiles. “Midoriya... you might be both the smartest and slowest person I know.”

He chuckled awkwardly as she flipped herself and her chair back up like nothing happened.

Uncertainty tugged at his chest, but... maybe Ashido was right. He was thinking himself in circles when he could just go and ask Ochaco.

He took a deep breath, rolled his shoulders, tried to shake off the nervous tension. Yeah. He’d do it. He’d go back to Heights Alliance, knock on her door, and tell her exactly how he felt. He straightened up in his seat, determined.

“Alright.” He squared his shoulders, nodded to himself firmly. “I’m doing it.”

She squealed and kicked her feet excitedly as if she was watching a rom-com unfold in real-time. “Attaboy!” She flashed him a big thumbs-up. “That’s what I like to see—protagonist energy! Bust down her door, sweep her off her feet—maybe even throw in a ‘*Hey, baby*’ for good measure!”

He recoiled. “I-I am *not* saying ‘Hey, baby’ to Uraraka!”

“Your loss.” Ashido shrugged. “She’s practically been your ‘baby’ since day one, y’know? Just both of y’all are too slow to realise it,” she muttered out the side of her mouth.

“Um, thanks for the vote of confidence, but I don’t think that’s it at all...” He pushed back his chair, ready to leave, but hesitated. Speaking of having someone to call ‘baby’, he wondered, “Hey Ashido, I get why everyone else came to this singles’ lunch, but... how come *you* don’t have a Valentine?”

“Wow. Rude.”

He waved his hands frantically. “No, no, no—I meant, you sure seem to know your stuff about romance, and you’re pretty popular with the boys...”

She blinked. “You tryna say something, Midoriya? That I’m only good for a one-night stand, but unworthy of true love? The type of woman men wanna bed but not wed? Just some tragic harlot slut doomed to be cast aside?!”

His soul left his body. “NO! I—I DIDN’T—THAT’S NOT—I WOULD NEVER—”

She threw her head back, howling with laughter. “Dude, you’re too easy!”

His knees nearly buckled as he let out a shaky laugh. “Aheheh... ha...” *Oh god, I need to sit down.*

“Honestly?” She stretched her arms over her head, joints popping. “Man, I dunno. Guess I’ve just been in the mood for something different lately.” She hummed, tilting her head in thought. “Maybe I’ll have a nice, quiet evening for once. Y’know, retire early, read a nice book or something.”

“Ah, that does sound—”

“Or maybe I’ll fuck Kirishima for the fourth time this week.”

An abrupt choke escaped Midoriya’s throat as he grabbed his chest like he’d been sniped. She always caught him off guard with that level of openness.

“Aww, your innocence is so adorable, honestly.” She beamed. “Don’t get me wrong—screwing our resident ‘Mr. Manly’ is pretty fun, but it’s all starting to feel a little samey, y’know? I can ride that dick in my sleep. Besides,” she said, holding up her thumb and forefinger, barely an inch apart. “I think I need just a little bit *more*, if you catch my drift?”

He wasn’t sure he wanted to catch her drift.

She sighed, waving him off. “Get outta here, will ya? Shoo, shoo! Go get your girl, loverboy!”

“R-right! Uh, thanks!” He scrambled toward the exit, but turned back halfway out the door. “Oh! By the way, if you need any book recommendations, just let me know!”

She chuckled, shaking her head as he bolted out of the restaurant.

His heart was pounding, but this time, it wasn't from panic or dread. It was hope.

He was finally gonna do this.

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

Author's Notes: So, surprise! There will be a Chapter 4 because apparently, I'm as bad at endings as my protagonists are at confessing their feelings. Thank you for sticking with me through my serial inability to stop typing – I promise the next one will definitely be the last. (Probably. Maybe. No promises.)

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 lemonzsauc.com or hit me up at reviews@lemonzsauc.com. I do my best to respond to all reviews.

If you enjoyed this fic and would like to read more like it, please consider [subscribing](#) to my mailing list for free (lemonzsauc.com/subscribe) and get email notifications whenever a new story is posted on the website.

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...

Special credit goes to *pixxxelplaythings* 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.