

lemonzsaauce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

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

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

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

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

- j.j. scriptease

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DISCLAIMER

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WARNING

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

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J. J. SCRIPTease

THE WALLS OF ASHIDO

(My Hero Academia FanFic)

CHAPTER 1



Synopsis

When Ashido closes herself off for mysterious reasons, Kirishima musters the rock-hard determination to break through her walls.

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The Walls of Ashido

My Hero Academia fanfiction by j.j. scriptease

Chapter 1 – Pink and Purple Don't Mix

Kirishima sank into the ice bath with a happy sigh floating from his lips. “Ahhh.” If his muscles could speak, they would make the same sound. Nothing beat the cold embrace of ice water after an all-out, backbreaking, adrenaline-pumping, punching bag thumping session at UA’s top-notch facilities. More than helping him carve and sculpt his body into the ultimate temple of manliness, gym was his therapy, his breathing room amidst the heaps of pressure stacked on aspiring heroes, his getaway from all the chaos, Quirks and calamities you got from living with a bunch of superpowered adolescents learning how to make the most of their often dangerous – sometimes unwanted – natural gifts. At last, here, alone, in a tub of crushed ice and silent bliss, he could enjoy the rejuvenating benefits of uninterrupted–

“BWAAAHH!”

The bathroom door burst open.

“What the?!”

As he pulled his upper body out the water, something small and unexpected leapt high into the air above him. Time froze and all Kirishima could do was widen his eyes in shock. It wasn't a bird or a plane, or a missile, or a bomb, or anything that might explode for that matter; oh no, this instrument of terror was much more horrifying. Purple grape-like balls sat glued to its head, a look of utter distress paled its features and, worst of all, its little sea serpent flailed about in the open air. Before Kirishima could fathom why the hell Mineta was cannonballing into his heavenly bath pants-less, the inevitable splash emptied half his ice-bath from the tub.

Kirishima was gobsmacked, his arms still shielding his face as little pale buttocks floated in his contaminated pond. “What the hell, dude?”

Mineta gurgled something indistinct.

Kirishima groaned, didn’t know whether to pull his face out of the water or push it down even deeper. Whatever Mineta had to say couldn’t restore the tranquillity he’d obliterated. Kirishima’s frustration blew past his flapping lips. “What even happened to you, man?” he wondered aloud, noticing strange plumes of steam rising from the lower half of Mineta’s body. “D’you need help or something? Did someone—”

Mineta shot up from the water so quickly the chaotic splashes drowned out the rest of his question. “Nope! All good here. Everything’s totally normal.”

“Uh, okay... but you do know it’s *not* totally normal to randomly jump butt-naked into someone else’s bath, right?” Then again, given all the antics Mineta engaged in, his definition of ‘totally normal’ probably didn’t line up with most people’s.

“Oh. Right. That.” He surveyed his half-submerged state as if coming to realise where he was. “Wait, you mean this isn’t the pool?!”

Kirishima narrowed his eyes in disbelief. “Seriously, dude, you can’t just spring up on a guy like that. Especially when I’m naked! I was *this* close to knocking you out cold.”

Mineta shed his uneasiness with a laugh. “Sorry. Didn’t realise anyone was in here.”

“Right. And where’s the fire?”

“Fire? What fire? No fire here.” He shoved both hands underwater and covered his crotch. Not that Kirishima could see anything through the rising steam anyway. “Er, so, yeah, I think I better go now—”

“Hold up.” Kirishima leaned in and raised a suspicious brow. “You didn’t get caught again, did you, being somewhere you shouldn’t have been?”

“EEEEP! N-no! No way! What do you take me for? Some kind of sick pervert?!”

Kirishima blinked. “Is that a trick question?”

“Hmph! Well, I’ll have you know I’m not.” He stuck his nose up. “Not this time.”

“Right...” And yet he was too embarrassed to spill what really happened? Whatever. Mineta’s deviant antics didn’t concern him right now. Kirishima just wanted the bathtub back. He kicked Mineta out but not before the little pervert made him promise not to tell anybody about this little run-in.

By the time Kirishima took his seat in class the next day, he’d forgotten all about the bathtub invader. The classroom filled up as per their humdrum routine, except a couple of notable absentees caught his attention.

Amongst the kids arriving late was one Mina Ashido. Very unlike her. She wasn’t the most studious student in 1-A and the least she’d do was pitch up well before time, lest Mr Aizawa got the impression she didn’t take the academy seriously at all. It was already bad enough she, Kirishima and a couple others were forced to attend remedial classes to make up for failing their latest exams. She knew better than to draw more attention to herself. Not to mention, she couldn’t resist the temptation to goof off with her friends before the official school day began, and gossip about who did or didn’t hook up the previous night. Not today. Today, Mina Ashido skulked in like a zombie and dragged her feet towards her desk without so much as greeting a classmate.

Kirishima hmm’d with concern, but tried to be positive. *Maybe she just woke up on the wrong side of bed?* He greeted her with his usual gusto as she approached her desk. And, well, she completely ignored him. “Hey, Ashido!” he tried louder. She walked into Kaminari’s desk with a start. *Ouch.* Kirishima winced. “Everything alright? You seem a little...distracted.”

“Oh, yeah.” She laughed off her embarrassment, rubbing her leg where it knocked the desk. “All peachy!” She gave him an ‘OK’ gesture and a big old wink. “It’s gonna take more than some stupid old desk to ruin my day.”

“Heeey,” Kaminari whined, “what my desk ever do to you, huh? *You assaulted it.*”

She growled and raised a fist. “I’m gonna assault *you* in a second if you don’t zip it!”

Kaminari yelped and recoiled in his seat.

Her snappy retort caught Kirishima off-guard, too. “Now, now.” He gestured for calm. “No need for anyone to be assaulting anyone right now. I’m sure she didn’t mean it.” He played peacemaker despite the agitation seared into her furrowed brows. “Right... Ashido?”

Three excruciatingly tense seconds later, their pink-faced classmate lowered her fist and expelled a heavy sigh. “I’m sorry, guys. Had a bit of a rough night, that’s all.” The lack of lustre in her pitch-black eyes said as much.

It was so strange seeing Ashido not be her usual upbeat, peppy self. But she was allowed off days, too, just like anyone else. Both Kirishima and Kaminari told her not to worry about it before letting her settle into her seat.

Kirishima fully expected Mr. Aizawa to be the next person entering the classroom, but it was Mineta instead, his absence gone unmissed. He was really cutting it close turning up this late, and yet still found the time to scan the room for Yaoyorozu. Typical. Couldn’t help himself. The other girls weren’t safe from his wandering eyes either, frolicking from chest to chest till they landed on Ashido’s – then something completely unfathomable happened...

Mineta looked away.

Not in the slow, sus, sneaky perv kind of way either; his eyes darted for the other side of the room as if they would’ve burnt out of their sockets one second longer. With almost equal urgency, Ashido turned away from him and into her math book. Since when did she love quadratic equations? Something wasn’t adding up. It nearly took the threat of detention to get her to open a textbook on most days, and here she’d done it willingly before their homeroom teacher even walked in.

Kirishima smelt a rat.

Throughout Mr. Aizawa’s lecture, he kept one eye on Mineta, observing how the shifty rascal went out of his way *not* to look at Ashido; he even stood his bookbag on the desk to obstruct the view. And Ashido sat uncharacteristically still and silent, not a peep, not a shrug, not once turning back to utter a joke when Mr. Aizawa wasn’t looking. If Kirishima didn’t know any better, he’d think Mina Ashido was actually – *gasp* – paying attention in class!

What in the name of All Might was going on?

Mineta continued distancing himself outside of the classroom, speeding up at the mere sight of Ashido walking down the same hallway. She continued pretending he didn’t

exist, not a word, not a glance spared in his direction. Odder still, everyone else went about their day as though nothing was out of the ordinary.

Am I overthinking things? Kirishima questioned himself.

Following their remedial classes that evening, he stayed behind with Ashido after Sato, Kaminari and Sero packed their bags and hurried back to Heights Alliance.

Kirishima used weights to destress after a taxing day, and Ashido used dance. She liked to wind down by getting down, by hitting the campus dance studio and working up a sweat, breakdancing her troubles away; and when she didn't have any, she'd just do it for the love of rhythm and groove.

Every so often she'd invite him to join her, insisting he needed more practice with his footwork to avoid embarrassment at their upcoming festival performance. Kirishima could never tell if she was only teasing him or genuinely believed he had the coordination of a drunken giraffe. He couldn't be as bad as Iida though; their stringent and proper-poised class rep made every dance look like the robot, a malfunctioning one at that.

In any event, Kirishima always declined her extramural dance lessons. He hadn't been so hot on the timing of this festival to begin with, let alone on sacrificing his gym time in favour of learning how to twerk. She'd promised to turn him into a 'twerking champ' in no time, even though he hadn't the faintest clue what twerking even was. He didn't particularly want to find out either. It hardly had a manly ring to it.

However, he wasn't above feigning interest to lift a friend's spirits.

"Hey, Ashido, I was thinking..." He walked up to her as she stuffed stationery into her bag. "Tonight's as good a night as any to take those dance lessons you've been threatening me with for weeks."

"Huh." She stopped and turned to him, confirming those words indeed just came out of his mouth. "You. You want to learn how to dance?"

"Yeah," he lied. "Need to make sure I have all the steps right for the festival. Said it yourself, right?"

"Hmm." She tapped her chin, dubious. "What happened to all that 'twirling is the least manly thing a man can do!' bravado?"

He scratched the back of his head sheepishly. “I said that?”

“Uh-huh.”

It *did* sound like something he would say, albeit a little exaggerated, and certainly not in that hammed-up macho tone she put on when she imitated him. “My bad. I didn’t mean to make it sound all frivolous. You’ve shown us how much influence dance can have.”

She crossed her arms and gave a lopsided smirk. “Is that right?”

“You betcha. So, you’re gonna teach me or not?”

“Hmm,” she mused, “why tonight though?”

“Uh...” He stammered on his words before coming up with, “Why not?”

Her proud smirk withered into a frown. “You’re not really interested in my dance lessons.” She went back to packing her bag.

“What? Yeah, I am! Why would you think that?”

“You’re just saying all this stuff because you’re trying to check up on me.”

“I...!” *Shit. She got me.* “Okay, maybe that’s a small part of it, too, but—”

She rolled her eyes. “You could’ve just said that. No need to gas me up.”

“I wasn’t trying to—”

“And if all this is about this morning, I told you I’m fine. I don’t need anyone’s pity right now, Kirishima.”

“But you don’t seem fine. You didn’t even eat lunch with us at the cafeteria.”

“I’m just... I needed to be alone. I’m working through stuff, okay?”

“Well, maybe I can help—”

“Nope.” She zipped up her bag and swung it over her shoulder. “You can’t.”

He groaned. “Why not? You won’t even let me try. What kind of worthless man would I be if I didn’t—”

“You’re not.” She sighed ruefully. “You’re not worthless. You’re trying to be a good friend. I get it. And I appreciate it, I really do. But this is kind of personal. Let’s drop it.”

He couldn’t just drop something that clearly damaged her psyche, especially when he’d had this thorny hunch picking at his brain about it. “Does this have anything to do with Mineta?”

She turned to him and froze, shock etched across her features. “Where did... how did you—”

“I knew it! Okay, what did he do to you, huh? Someone ought to give that pervy pipsqueak a good talking to!” He punched his palm all riled up.

Ashido recoiled and waved her hands frantically to calm him. “Whoa, slow down there, white knight. Mineta can be a nuisance at the best of times but this ain’t his fault.”

That was hard to believe. Something clearly disturbing must’ve happened between him and Ashido. Why would she be defending that little troll? “Just tell me the truth.”

“Already did.” She shrugged. “I’ll be fine.”

“Did he—”

“I said drop it!”

She began storming off when Kirishima leapt and seized her by the wrist. “Wait!”

Surprisingly, she did. It was like the shock of his touch abruptly glued her feet to the floor. But now that he successfully held her back, Kirishima realised he didn’t have a clue what he wanted to say. The silence turned awkward in a hurry. *What am I even doing?* It had felt like the right move at the time, but...

He surrendered her wrist after a long stint of fruitless silence.

His aptitude for comforting words wasn’t nearly as proficient as his aptitude for lifting heavy shit, but he owed her *some* kind of explanation. “I, um, oh, I just... I think you need to speak to someone. Not me,” he added quickly. “Obviously. Someone you can trust. Someone that might understand better, I guess. We’re 1-A. We’re more than just some students that happen to be in the same class. I guess, what I’m trying to say is, whatever you’re going through, don’t keep it to yourself?” She gave him nothing but her silent back. Hopefully his

words sank in. He finished off by saying, “It’s probably selfish of me but I want the old, bubbly, happy-go-lucky, full of life Ashido back. And I bet I’m not the only one.”

She persisted with the silence, wouldn’t turn around to address him or betray whatever emotion had crept onto her face. All she uttered was “thank you” before walking out the door.

Ashido didn’t make it to class the next morning. Her empty seat distracted Kirishima all lesson. He blamed himself for sticking his nose where it didn’t belong. Their last conversation looped through his head nonstop over Mr. Aizawa’s rambling. At some point Sato put up his hand and addressed the elephant in the room. “Where’s Ashido?” he asked. Their homeroom teacher informed the class she had a family crisis to attend to and couldn’t say when she’d be back.

Family crisis? That might’ve been true, or she might’ve made it up to avoid facing her peers. To avoid facing *him*.

Kirishima gazed at her vacant desk with a similarly vacant expression. *Oh man, I really hope I didn’t break her.* He looked over at Mineta, chatty as can be, his body twisted towards the back of his chair so he could address Yaoyorozu – or rather, so he could ogle Yaoyorozu’s chest while he addressed her.

Kirishima clicked his tongue, annoyed. Did the little troll even care that he probably played a huge role in Ashido’s absence? The only thing stopping Kirishima from confronting him here and now was the discontent on Ashido’s face when she’d eventually find out.

The weekend came and went. Still no Ashido. He feared she’d not only walked away from him, but from U.A. altogether. Some of the girls in contact with her reassured him that wouldn’t be the case. Up to this point, he’d held back from texting Ashido himself, giving her the space and privacy she demanded the last time they spoke.

But he wasn’t sure he’d make it another hour languishing in uncertainty. *That’s it,* he decided. As soon as class ended, he was going to call her. Except, it turned out he wouldn’t have to, because Ashido came waltzing into the classroom that very moment.

“Heeeey, guuuuys!” she sang and waved her hands. “Did ya miss me?”

“Ashido!” the class cheered in one loud, united voice.

Yaoyorozu leapt from her desk and led a gaggle of ecstatic schoolgirls into a giant group hug welcoming back their kin. Kirishima's butt rose from his seat, too, but he reconsidered making himself an interloper to their moment. He celebrated from afar instead, donning the biggest, goofiest grin on his face.

Ashido was back!

Not just in the flesh either; she smiled, and joked, and laughed a laugh they'd all forgotten, a laugh that filled the room with mirth and festivity. For class 1-A, it was like having a severed limb grow back. All their trials and tribulations and brushes with murderous villains had united them like nothing else could. When one of them went missing, all of them felt it. Even Bakugou managed a grumbly "welcome back, Raccoon Eyes." And Mineta, who'd spent all his time evading Ashido prior to her disappearance, couldn't help ogle her from the corner of the room, his beady little eyes gleaming with joy and that tiny bit of 'Mineta-ness' all the girls had come to know and hate. Not even that could wipe away Kirishima's grin.

Another evening, another intimate date with barbells. Kirishima hit the weights harder than he had in ages. He'd felt lighter all day, more motivated, less burdened. Benched 50 pounds more than his previous best. He sang throughout his post-workout shower. And even a little after he stepped out, tossing on a fresh black vest and grey sweatpants. He slung his gym bag over his shoulder and set out for U.A. High's residential area.

The western campus's Sports and Dance Hall caught his attention with its lit windows fighting off the night. He double-checked the time on his phone, confirming it was indeed as late as he thought it was.

Ordinarily, students were barred from certain premises afterhours, but with the annual U.A. School Festival looming, a certain pink resident had petitioned successfully for additional access to the dance studio. "Of course," he said to himself, chuckling. Who else would it be? "You really don't miss a step, do you?" Her first night back and she was already dancing it away. Kirishima figured his faithful dumbbells and punching bag wouldn't yell at him for taking one minor detour.

The energetic music booming in the Sports and Dance Hall grew louder as he neared the entrance, bass trembling beneath his sneakers. He slipped in through the open door.

Empty space filled the large hall with polished hardwood flooring making for a smooth dance surface. Mirrors stretched the width of the far wall and LED downlights gave the room a warm, white glow.

His swift entry went unnoticed as the loud music drowned out whatever squeaks or pitter-patter his sneakers might've made. The plan hadn't been to sneak up on her but, now that he'd fortuitously done that, it seemed rude to interrupt in the middle of a private session.

He'd let her do her thing and they could catch up after she was all danced out. Who knows, maybe he'd even get an explanation for her mysterious disappearance. In the meantime, he could appreciate Ashido in her natural element, more so if she stayed unaware of the spiky-haired spy. Kirishima tiptoed behind a large cream pillar and poked his head towards the main dance floor.

Ashido was fully kitted in her hero costume, save for her mask, cropped waistcoat and acid-proof boots sitting by the wayside. How long had she been here? Had she come straight after a late practical? Her whole appearance had an impromptu vibe about it.

Regardless, Ashido looked well suited up for the occasion, the unitard snug on her athletic form like a second layer of skin, and she moved in it as comfortably as her first. She twirled on one heel, completing more revolutions than his eyes could follow, and suddenly stopped with all the etiquette of a trained ballerina. Once both bare feet touched the floor, she busted out hip hop moves, bopping left and right to the beat with her arms and shoulders.

It all looked effortless from behind the pillar. But Kirishima knew good and well if he tried, he'd wind up flat on his ass quicker than you could say heel spin. Thank God she'd dumbed down the choreography for the festival.

Untethered, unhindered, the right song morphed the Alien Queen into a Dancing Queen, exercising perfect command of every fibre in her being. She wasn't dancing to the music; she *became* the music, her body a seamless extension of every kick, snare, hi-hat and bass drop, her timing so precise he questioned whether she was keeping up with the song, or the song was keeping up with her.

Ashido possessed way more funk, flex and pizzazz in one pink pinkie than all the fingers and toes of class 1-A combined. She showcased her versatility, too, when an old

school electro song came on and she switched her style accordingly. Her athletic physique lent itself to back spins and helicopters and, if he stared too long, he'd find himself getting dizzy wondering how the heck she wasn't.

His respect for Ashido intensified after years of watching her breakdance and seeing her come into her own at U.A. High. But, if he was honest with himself, it wasn't just the acrobatics and flashy dance moves captivating Kirishima right now.

His focus strayed from her technique as he lost himself wandering her sinuous curves. Her turquoise unitard, splashed in splatters of purple, highlighted the roundness of her healthy thighs and coke bottle shape body. Pink and rotund, her breasts puffed out the top of her costume, wrapped *just* snugly enough to prevent spillage amidst all the handstands and windmills she performed.

Though not as busty and revealing as Yaoyorozu, Ashido boasted a buoyant pair, a natural bounce that steered attention away from her fancy footwork. Flashy as ever, she'd colour-coordinated her outfit to compliment her pink pigmentation, bolstering a truly unique and exotic look, the kind that got her fetishized by creeps like Mineta.

More than once, Kirishima had overheard him in the locker room blathering drivel such as wanting to “get a taste of dat alien cuisine” whilst contemplating whether she was “pinker on the outside or the inside”, a question he had put forth to all the boys within earshot. Kirishima hadn't cared to dignify him with a response. He stopped listening round about the time the troll mercifully steered the topic towards some special edibles he planned to make. How anyone could have such little respect for their female classmates, Kirishima never understood.

And yet, here he was, spying on the bootylicious dancer from a shadowy pillar, a deed dangerously close to something Mineta would do...

Oh, hell no! I'm not as bad as that guy, am I? Kirishima tried to reassure himself. He never acted like this! *It must be all those squats I did before I got here. Yeah, that's it!* A good workout often provoked a spike in his testosterone levels and, subsequently, his libido. That, combined with his elation at Ashido's return, must've explained this uncharacteristic 'intrigue' he was experiencing all of a sudden.

Said intrigue had him poke his head out of his hiding spot again. Ashido was facing the mirror wall while performing her solo dance, her back towards him, oblivious to the view she gifted behind her. And what a view it was.

None of the girls in class 1-A (or possibly the entire academy) could match the big bubbly perfection that was Mina Ashido's ass. Her glorious glutes ate the back of her spandex. His mouth grew parched just staring at her butt. So nice and thick, it sat high and firm at rest but, at the slightest shuffle of her hips, her cheeks came alive, wobbling and bobbling voraciously through her tights, and even more so when she dropped into a front split. He gawked, a silent gasp tumbling from his lips.

Soon, a shadowy sliver of his face wasn't the only thing poking out of the stone column, so too was the tip of a crude tent. He pulled himself out of sight and scolded his raging member. *No way, big guy, now's not the time for that! Calm down already. We're just here to welcome Ashido back.* He couldn't walk out there like this. Good thing she hadn't spotted him yet–

“Hey, you!”

Fuck.

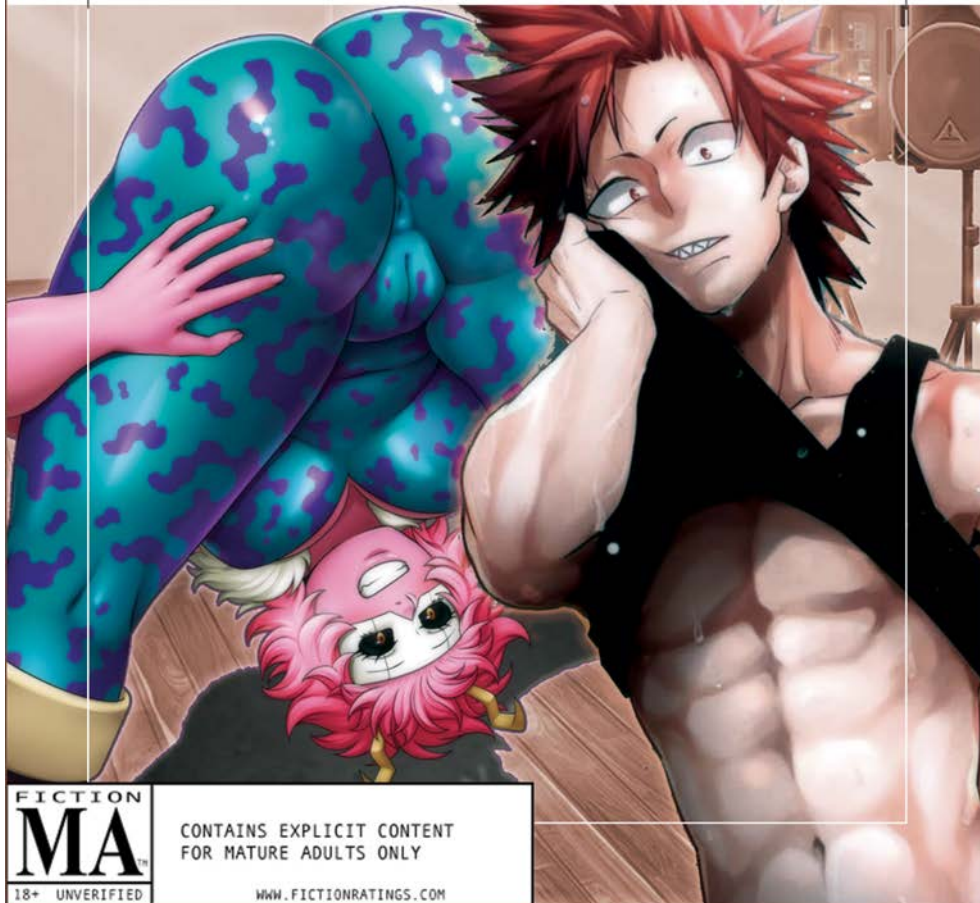
... TO BE CONTINUED ...

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

THE WALLS OF ASHIDO

(My Hero Academia FanFic)

CHAPTER 2



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Chapter 2 – Dancing on Acid

“This ain’t a free show ya know,” Ashido’s voice rang out.

Kirishima jittered behind the pillar. *Crap*. He was pondering his best course of action when the music suddenly cut.

“I’m only gonna be more mad if I have to come over there and drag you out!”

He squeezed his eyes shut at the humiliating thought. Mercifully, all his stalling had softened the protrusion in his sweatpants. He shoved both hands in his pockets to further disguise his blunder and shambled out of hiding. “Hey, Ashido, how’s it hanging?” There was a nervy tremor in his voice.

“It’s...you?” She tilted her head to the side.

“Yeah. Were you expecting someone else?”

She shrugged. “Not exactly. Just... I never thought stalking would be your *modus operandi*.”

“It’s usually not.” He laughed uneasily. “I didn’t want to interrupt you is all.”

“Uh-huh...”

“I was walking by when I saw the lights on and thought to pop in and say hi. Oh, and tell you I’m thrilled you made it back in one piece!”

“Thrilled, huh?” She quirked a suspicious eyebrow. “Well of course I’m back. You’re not getting rid of me that easily!” She stuck her tongue out playfully. “On the real though, I should be thanking *you*. You’re the reason I’m here right now.”

He was taken aback. “Me?”

“Mhm. After our last conversation, I took your advice and confided in Yao-Momo. She really helped me feel better about my situation. My mom did, too. You were right – I don’t have to take on the whole world by myself.”

Her ‘situation’ still intrigued him, but Kirishima knew better than to barrel the conversation down that road again. Besides, she appeared to be back to her normal self so what did it matter anymore? “Right on! That sounds amazing, Ashido, though I can’t really take much credit for it.”

“Too bad ‘cause I’m giving you some anyway.”

“Heh, if you insist.”

“Oh, I do insist. I would’ve thanked you sooner but we’ve missed each other all day. You know, now that you *are* here...” Her eyes roamed his body top to bottom and back in reverse. A nervous shiver ran up his spine whenever she glanced over the front of his grey sweatpants. She was measuring him up with something in mind, but whatever that was remained hidden in her dark and mysterious eyes. “Maybe you can help me out with something.”

“Ehh, something like what?”

She pressed a button on her phone and her Bluetooth speaker boomed to life, startling him. A soft rock and blues song warmed the atmosphere. She extended her arm and beckoned him to ‘come here’ and join her.

“Wait, you want *me* to help *you* with dance?” Had he entered the twilight zone? She continued eagerly gesturing for his approach. Kirishima looked around hoping to find someone else in the room she was summoning. But no, it was just the two of them on this big, empty dance floor. He never felt more out of his depth. “Uhhh... seriously? Right now?”

“No, next week. Of course right now!”

“But I, uh, I don’t really know this song.”

“Doesn’t matter. I’ll lead the way. The only rule is: don’t step on my toes!” She wiggled her barefooted extremities. “I still need to be able to walk out of here.”

“Uh, you do realise I have two left feet, right? I can’t make any promises.” He chuckled nervously. “You’ve seen me in rehearsals. I’m a terrible dancer.”

“Well, for a terrible dancer, you’re awfully good at tapdancing around the issue.” She gesticulated insistently with her extended hand. “C’mon. You said you wanted a lesson, didn’t you? Or was I right about all that being a lie?”

“Of course it wasn’t a lie!”

“Oh, I dunnoooo,” she sang in a teasing voice. “From this side of the world, sure looks like someone’s having a little trouble being *manly* enough to live up to their word.”

Damnit! Can’t have her thinking I’m unmanly now, can I? Despite his muscles sore from the workout, Kirishima had no choice but to accept. “Fine. Let’s get this over with.”

Ashido giggled as though she fully expected that response after goading him. “Now you’re talking, manly man.” She winked. “Let’s dance, shall we?” She pulled his gym bag off his shoulder and dragged him onto the dancefloor.

“H-hold on a sec—”

“No, *you* hold on to *this*.” She placed his right hand on her hip. He baulked. She joined her left hand with his other and raised them into the air. “Just follow my lead.” Her feet glided effortlessly across the floor and, even though she moved at a snail’s pace, his lumbering pair played catch up in even slower, awkward steps. “Relax. You’re way too stiff.”

“R-right!”

They got halfway through the song, somehow, though his progress left plenty to be desired. “You’re overthinking it,” she pointed out. He probably was. Every step he’d taken was a conscious decision. He kept his head down tracking his ungainly feet. The last thing he wanted was to sully her violet nail polish. She advised him to “think less, feel more.”

“How?”

“For one, keep your eyes up here.”

“Oh, right.” He hauled his head up. *Wow, she’s really close.* He couldn’t not notice her eyes, how the gold in her irises really shined against her pitch-black sclerae, a stunning contrast you’d never find in ordinary eyeballs. Quirks could do the most magical things. To

witness it this up close... The scent of sweat and lavender poured off her skin, leaving a piquant tickle in his nostrils as he fell deep into her eyes. He caught himself staring and cleared his throat abruptly. “Er, and then?”

“And then, we move. Together. In the same direction. When I move, you move.”

“Just like that?” he quipped.

“Hell yeah!” she said. “Now, focus.”

It took several awkward missteps but Kirishima caught on. When she moved forward, he’d move back. She slid left and so did he. Forward, back. Right, right.

She made the pattern really easy to telegraph, building up his confidence. With enough practice, he wouldn’t have to think before moving. This wasn’t so hard. Granted, she still called upon her quick reflexes once or twice, moving her feet out the way to avoid his tramples. They swayed side to side to soft rock blues and, soon enough, they were circling the dancefloor in slow, fluid rhythm.

“Yaaas!” she cheered him on. “Look at you! Mr. Two Left Feet’s tearing the dancefloor to shreds!”

He grinned his satisfaction at sparing her toes. “I guess this officially makes me a twerk champ, huh?”

She recoiled to the sound of a record scratch. “What?”

“I mean, isn’t that what we’re doing?”

She burst out in such furious laughter she dropped her hands to her knees. “Are you being serious right now? You don’t know the difference between slow dancing and twerking?”

He scratched the top of his spiky head. “It’s not *that* funny.”

“You’re right, you’re right. It’s kind of precious actually.” She wiped the tears from her eyes. “Oh yeah!” she remembered, “I did say I’d teach you how to twerk that one time, didn’t I? I was *totally* kidding around! But hey, if you’re that keen to be a ‘twerk champ’ then sure, I’ll show you the ropes, Mr. Manly Man.” She giggled.

Kirishima groaned. He hated not getting the joke.

“But first, this song ain’t gonna cut it.” She stopped the track abruptly. “We need something a little more upbeat, a pinch of trappy, something with a lot more pa pa pow, know what I mean?”

“Pa pa...pow?”

“Just stand back and watch.”

Ashido cued up a hip hop track with minimal vocals and overpowering bass and drums. She switched her style up to match the aggressive tempo: less smooth and silky footwork, more brisk and snappy moves. She embodied the attitude in the music. Every twist, shimmy and shoulder bop landed precisely on a drum or snare. The instrumental was basic, hardly anything he’d listen to on its own, but her synchronised performance bolstered its sound and infectiousness.

Sticking his hands in his pockets, he tapped his foot and nodded along to the beat. *So, this is twerking, huh?* Pretty cool. The choreography looked a lot more complex than their slow dance but, if she broke it down piece by piece, he’d bet on himself to catch on after a dozen lessons or so. He didn’t see what the big deal with twerking was.

Then the beat dropped.

Ashido abruptly turned her back to him and shook her hips with pace and swagger. All that junk in her trunk swung side to side, huge globes of wobbly ass-meat stealing his attention. Kirishima lost the rhythm in his foot, his tapping dying down as his eyes bulged larger and larger. She brought the ‘pa pa pow’ alright, plus ultra.

Her buttle butt shook seamlessly in her skin-tight attire, so form-fitting it was like watching her nude with turquoise and purple painted on. She raised both arms over her head and twisted her body like a snake, her childbearing hips swaying in slow, sensual motion. Her hourglass figure slithered through the calm verse, rendered him speechless, and when the beat drop came round again, business picked up.

Ashido sank to a low squatting stance and stuck her ass out. He gulped. Hands on her knees, she arched her back and made her fat cheeks bounce and jiggle to the beat. She watched his reflection in the mirror wall, his shameless gawk at her gyrating rump. Her lips coiled into a smirk. She heeded the lyrics dutifully, shaking and dropping and ‘popping that booty’ in all manners of eroticism.

So, this must be twerking, he decided at last. Nope. No way I'm even attempting that!

He hadn't the body, hips or booty to pull it off. No wonder she'd been so amused picturing him bent over shaking his much tauter, much stiffer arse. She could've just explained what twerking was without this trouser-raising live demonstration. 'Where's the fun in that?' he imagined her response.

Ashido performed a high kick and held her leg vertically in the air while balancing on her other foot. He whoa'd at her flexibility, her agile limbs parallel with the walls. She jiggled her ass in a one-legged mini-twerk before twirling and planting her foot on the floor with her back towards him again. Shaking her waist, she slowly bent her torso forward till she appeared upside-down between her parted legs. Kirishima didn't know where to look: her inverted grin, the back of her wobbling thighs and ass, or the cameltoe unveiled by her flexibility? He broke into a sweat and lifted the bottom of his vest to wipe his face.

The Alien Queen transitioned into a handstand – but not just any ordinary handstand – her legs fell to her sides and formed an upside-down split. If not for their tight confines, her pink breasts would've spilt out from gravity's pull. She wore the confident expression of someone who'd walked on their hands a million times, and flaunted better coordination than he had on his feet!

With an upside-down wink, Ashido resumed the same hip motions she'd performed while standing, sending ripples wobbling along her shapely thighs. He didn't know whether to be impressed by her athleticism or extremely turned on. So, he just stood there like a gobsmacked idiot. It was impossible to ignore the cameltoe in her costume, or the booty of biblical proportions jiggling right above it. She could only twerk upside-down for so long though before dropping her lower body back to Earth. Her ass hit the floor with a fat jiggle.

But she didn't stop there.

Ashido twerked with her legs split across the wooden floor. The crevice down her crack looked even more pronounced, a clear division between her perfectly-round globes of flesh mirroring each other's jiggles. Up and down, she'd raise her ass off the ground for maximum wiggle and drop so low she was practically humping the floor. She looked back over her shoulder, seemingly admiring her own bouncy bottom, and levelled a sultry gaze at her one-man audience.

He swallowed a knot of nerves. When did his palms get so sweaty? The heat of her scrutiny rattled him. Her hungry eyes crept down his broad shoulders, down his strong arms still bulky and veiny from their recent pump, down his chest, down his sporty vest, and finally settled on the notable dick print in his grey sweatpants. Could she see how badly his cock wanted to be part of the act? He scrambled to cover up.

Just what is she playing at, anyway? She needed my help for...this?

Ashido had made a habit out of poking fun at him. As far back as the day he'd debuted his manly crimson hair, she teased him about it, while reminding him to keep true to himself. None of his other 1-A classmates knew the old him. His middle school ties with Ashido left him open for inside jokes, but also, for deeper respect; he'd always secretly hoped she would recognise how far he'd come from being that self-loathing, hesitant kid afraid to step in when his peers needed help. He'd taken lessons in bravery. From her. And she probably never knew it.

He'd warmed up to her teasing overtime but she'd never taken it to this level before.

Ashido hopped back to her feet and strutted towards him with purpose in her expressive hips. He stood awkwardly still as she danced circles around him. What part of the lesson was this supposed to be? His new alien overlord held him under her dominion, serenading him with sinuous dance moves he couldn't escape, didn't want to escape.

The Alien Queen backed into his chest and bent low enough to touch her toes, all whilst shaking her thicc ass against the hands on his bulge. Sweat poured down his brow. He could feel her softness through the spandex as her butt brushed his knuckles. The thought of moving his hands out the way became more tempting by the second. What if he grabbed her teeny waist right there and then and just...!

Knowing Ashido, she'd swat his hands away, the little tease. She was happy to keep backing up, kept twerking that booty up and down his front until the song began winding down. If he could reach her phone, he would've smashed the replay button to pieces.

On the final drumbeat, she spun round and threw herself into his chest, bringing their faces mere inches apart. Her heavy panting filled the silence left by the end of the track. "And that," she said, drawing big breaths, "is how you twerk."

Kirishima gave a slow, appreciative nod. "Yes, ma'am."

Ashido always looked fantastic in her element, and the sweat glistening on her heaving chest only amplified her sex appeal. To think, he might've witnessed this performance much sooner if he'd taken her up on those dance lessons.

They locked eyes in breathy silence. Something unsaid hung in the air. Neither of them gave it voice, though it compelled them to move.

The elusive magnetism drew their faces closer together. It felt as though it took them forever to get here, and all patience ran out the moment their lips touched. She poured a needy moan into his mouth, a strained noise of longing and relief. It sounded as though she'd been waiting an eternity to kiss him. In that moment, Kirishima realised their weeklong absence of each other affected her, too.

Ashido stood on her tippytoes chomping at his mouth, inserting her tongue as deep as he'd allow. Once more, she led and he followed. His tongue-work came more naturally than his footwork. Not once did she stop to coach him, or breathe for that matter.

Their noses brushed past each other as she tilted her head with fervour. Her need, her lavender-scented sweat excited his carnal senses. He ran his fingers through her cropped hair, a shade darker than her complexion, and she ran hers over his vest, feeling up his manly pecs. Their tongues tangoed with or without the music.

He slid his hands down the smooth curves of her spandex and settled respectfully at her waist. But apparently, she didn't care for his respect. She took his hands and moved them further south. Round her hips he roamed, feeling her supple rump over the tights. He gave her ass a half-hearted pinch, afraid of over-imposing himself, and despite the deftness of his touch, her chubby cheeks yielded to his sinking digits. He stifled a tiny purr at the incredible suppleness of her perky butt.

“Damn, Ashido. It feels even better than it looks,” he whispered.

“Hehe. I always knew you were an ass man.”

Perhaps he was, or perhaps her little twerk number converted him. Whatever the case, he firmly latched onto her juicy treasure. He knew for a fact most of the boys in class would've seized the opportunity with both hands, too.

“Grab it,” Ashido said in a husky voice.

“I...sort of am?” Kirishima said with chunks of ass in his grasp.

“No, like, *grab* it,” she growled. “Really grab it. Like you mean it.”

“Like I mean it?”

“Yeah. Like... a manly man would,” she teased. “Don’t be shy. You can get a little rough with me if you want.”

“A little rough, eh?” Not that he’d lose any sleep over it, but Kirishima still wondered why they were getting physical at all. “Ashido, what is this?” he muttered. “Thought I was supposed to be helping you with something.”

“You already are.”

“I am?”

“Hey, you wanna do this with me or not?”

Whatever ‘this’ was, he’d welcome more of it any day of the week. Kirishima set aside his question and toughened his grip on her big, round butt, squeezing a muffled groan from her diaphragm.

“That’s more like it, manly man.”

The raspiness she dripped on ‘manly man’ unexpectedly turned him on. He wondered if dancing didn’t up her libido the same way pumping iron enflamed his. A horny, sweaty Ashido was quite the spectacle to behold.

He gave the curvaceous dancer nothing more than she asked for, kneading her thick ass in rough and ardent gropes. Her plump buns shifted shape as malleably as dough in his clutches, and when he let go, they snapped back into taut formation with a grand wobble. He watched her buoyant cheeks hop in the mirror wall, jiggling as he bounced them on his springy digits. “So heavy, too.”

“Hey! Are you calling me fat, mister?”

“I mean, only in all the right places.”

She tittered. “Ooh...quite the charmer, aren’t you, Eijiro?”

People at the academy rarely addressed him by his given name. Her sultry, seductive spin on it raised tingles in his ears. “With an ass like this,” he whispered back, “you make it so damn easy, Mina.”

“Mmm...” She enjoyed him toying with her famous derriere. “I hope you’re not calling *me* easy though. That’s the first time I ever twerked for anyone like that.”

His heart smiled. “It’s not for the faint hearted, that’s for sure.”

“Of course not. Only a real twerk champ like you can handle it.”

“Oh boy, you’re never going to let me live that down, are you?”

“Never!” She giggled. “You know, I figured you’d be happy to see me again but I didn’t think you’d be *this* happy.” She rubbed up against his bulge. Embarrassment and randiness wrestled across his strained features. It wasn’t like he’d intended to be this horny when he walked in. She found it all so amusing. “You’re so cute,” she said, caressing the side of his anxious face, “when you get all flustered like this.”

She traced a fingertip along his chiselled jawline before turning around and backing her ass into his crotch, stoking the fire in his loins. Harder than steel, his cock relished the contrast of her soft tush rubbing him to full arousal. She curled her arm round the back of his neck and wound her waist in a slow, sensual belly dance, grinding her butt against the ever-growing swell in his trousers.

The mirror wall reflected her lithe torso, hypnotic in its snake-like gesticulations. He rested his chin on her shoulder and peeked down her bursting cleavage. Watching her sweaty mounds wiggle in their confines had his cock throbbing against her grinding rear, precisely the effect she’d wanted.

Ashido craned her neck and met his lips above her. If the kiss was meant to distract him from her sly hand creeping up his leg, it didn’t work. Kirishima sensed her intentions every step of the way. He chose not to stop her.

A racy flutter exploded in his gut as she squeezed her hand through the tiny gap separating them and stroked the outline of his phallus up and down. “Ooh, hello there...”

His heart pounded out his chest as he struggled for steady breath. A hot girl was actually feeling his penis! *What should I do?!* He took a deep breath and tried to steady his

nerves. *Don't freak out! It'll be totally unmanly if you do. Just...take another deep breath...and keep it chill.* She let him touch her ass. It was only fair she got to do a little groping, too.

While he battled the internal crisis of his manhood being tested, Ashido moaned her appreciation for what she could feel over his sweatpants. “Do you always get this hard thinking about me?” She casually stroked his dick-print up and down.

He let out a cut-off moan. “A-Ashido...”

“Hm?” she murmured innocently.

“I don't know...how much more of this...I can take...before...”

“Before...?”

“Before...”

“Before what, Eijiro? I'm stroking your hard cock right now,” she reminded him, “Whatchu gonna do about it?”

He stammered. “You really w-w-want us to go there, don't you?” It seemed kind of silly to ask while she courted his manhood with long, generous strokes. Something told him there was more to her advances than raging teenage hormones. The timing of all this was a little too conspicuous.

“Relax, will ya?” She sensed his hesitance. “This is only meant to be silly fun. We're clearly both *very* happy to see each other.” She grinned, rubbing him eagerly. “Let's just...enjoy it.”

“Silly...fun...” Was he being too uptight about it? Any guy would kill to be him right now, and here he was fighting his luck. *Silly fun it is. I can do that.* How hard could it be? He racked his brain for everything he ever watched, read or heard about having sex, but getting fondled over his sweatpants really muddled his concentration. Maybe it was best he just worked off her cues. She'd insisted on more aggression. “Okay then,” he said, “*this* is what I'm gonna do about it.”

He cupped her big tits without warning. A muffled ‘ooh’ escaped her lips, surprise at his sudden response. Two could play the groping game and, while she stimulated his dick-

print, he massaged her bosom over the unitard, squeezing and rubbing her breasts in small circles. He knew he'd made the right move when her breath hastened.

Apparently, Ashido was a sucker for a good tit massage. Her body squirmed when he neared her nipples and drew circles around them. He stole her concentration from stroking him. She found herself following his digits as they skated everywhere round her tits except where she really wanted them to go. Kirishima had picked up a thing or two about teasing from his dance partner and used it to torment her with anticipation. Her nipples swelled through her hero costume screaming to be touched.

Kirishima couldn't help notice her peaks looked a bit different. Rather than single nubs, her nipple-prints appeared to be clusters of three little bumps. Sometimes he'd wondered if her Quirk triggered more external mutations than her pink skin, black sclera and curly horns. Perhaps he'd just stumbled upon a fourth.

He, and other guys, loved all the exotities that came with the Ashido package; however, Kirishima kept tight-lipped about it, fearful of rousing offence or assumed fetishising. Most people couldn't help reciprocate Ashido's friendliness but a couple boys in middle school had made fun of her horns, likening them to alien antennae designed for communication with distant family across space. Ashido took their jibes in her stride and learned to embrace the physical manifestations that came with her Quirk, even dubbed herself the 'Alien Queen' to show how little she cared. Eying her ample breasts, Kirishima figured she was comfortable with the tri-nipple formations contouring her costume.

He kneaded the plumpness surrounding her peaks.

"You dirty dog," Ashido said huskily, "teasing me like that... I think I need to remind you who you're playing with here." She upped the ante by moving her hand away from his sweatpants, and stuffing it *in* his sweatpants.

Kirishima face-faulted.

She coiled her clammy digits around his manliness. A helpless mewl stumbled from his lips. Her long, slow, skin-on-skin strokes beat any sensation he'd ever coaxed out of his penis himself. He could never go back to masturbation after this. Her fist bulged his sweatpants every time she slid up to his tip and rotated around it. He groaned, strained

against the pleasure, not unlike his cock strained against its increasingly cramped confines. Ashido did him a favour pulling it out.

Alarm flashed across his features. “Aaa-Ashido! You can’t just–”

“Chill out,” she said nonchalantly with his exposed erection trapped in her fist, “it’s only us in here. I booked it for a private session.”

“I know but w-wha-what if, what if someone comes?” He hadn’t exactly locked the doors to the dance studio on his way in. What if it was Mr. Aizawa? Or any teacher? “What if we get thrown out of school?!”

“C’mon. No one even knows it’s open at this hour. And who’s gonna expel us for having a little silly fun?”

There she goes again with the ‘silly fun’. “Let’s take this back to the dorms then.”

“Pssh! And where’s the fun in that? Way to kill all the momentum. This feels a lot more...thrilling and spicy, don’tcha think?”

“I don’t know about this.”

“Are you really going to question me every step of the way? Jeez, when did you become such a worrywart?”

“I’m just saying – all this – don’t you feel like we’re moving at 1,000 miles per hour?”

“It’s been a long time coming, Kirishima. Think I haven’t noticed the way you look at me in practicals?”

His cheeks turned pinker than hers. “I was just – that was just–”

“It’s okay. I might’ve glimpsed your way once or twice, too. How long are we going to keep pretending we don’t feel the things we feel?”

“That’s not it.” It wasn’t that he didn’t want to fuck her. It was that... “Why here? Why now?”

“Because I need to know...”

“Huh?” Need to know what?! “Tell me.”

She took a beat and shook her head, dispelling whatever resolve she'd had to make her admission. "I want you, Eijiro," she said in her sweetest, sexiest voice, "isn't that enough?"

"I want you, too."

"Then why are we still talking?" She slowly resumed stroking his manliness. "I mean, unless you want me to stop?"

She knew good and well a testosterone-fuelled, post-workout Kirishima couldn't resist her womanly touch. He gave a silent shake of his head.

"Good." She giggled nefariously. "Then quit with the overthinking. Seriously, it's making the big guy shrivel up on me."

'Shrivel up' might've been an exaggeration but indeed his hard-on had gotten a little less hard. Her persistence brought it back to life, tugging on his shaft till it stiffened in her pink fist. She had his junk hanging over his waistband and jerked him with more leeway, his ballsack bobbing in tandem. Excitement beaded the crown of his swollen penis. Kirishima was loving the handjob so much, he almost forgot the great rack at his disposal.

The idle hands on her bosom came alive and he made of her hero costume what she'd made of his sweatpants, yanking down the bodice so her round tits popped out. Ashido didn't have tri-nipples like he'd imagined. Quite ordinary, actually, besides their purplish colouration. The odd nipple-prints had been a result of nothing more exotic than barbell piercings. *That makes sense... Can't believe I thought she actually had three nipples.*

For all intents and purposes, she stood before him topless, and Kirishima could no longer resist the urge to grope her. He kneaded her underboobs and circled his thumbs around her nipples. This time, however, he wouldn't deny her direct stimulation, his own curiosity piqued by the decorated nubs. She shivered as soon as he brushed his thumbs over them. He couldn't speak to her sensitivity before the piercings, but her nipples were certainly sensitive now, sending tremors down her spine with every pinch and twist.

The dance mirror reflected no dancing, just two horny teens consumed by arousal, her tugging his dick while he stood behind her pawing at her bare chest. Her eagerness for cock hadn't ceased to amaze him. She pulled on it like she wanted to take off with his detached member. Her pierced tits were fun but a similar eagerness began burning inside him. His

hands roamed south of her hourglass figure, but the second a fingertip crossed her waistline, she seized his appendage and redirected it to her breasts.

It seemed as though she'd grown addicted to him groping her sensitive bosom. But, after thwarting his fourth attempt to reach her nether regions, it became apparent she wanted him nowhere near there.

"What gives?" he asked in a heated whisper. "I thought you wanted this."

"I did."

"Did?"

"I mean, I do. But..."

"But what? Don't tell me *you're* getting shy all of a sudden," he teased. "That's so not like you, twerk champ." He expected some sort of clever clapback from the sassy heroine. Perhaps something witty or playful or just outright silly. What he didn't expect was the utter silence she served up. "...Ashido?"

"I think... maybe we should stop."

"Huh?!"

"Ugh, I'm so stupid." She let go of his cock and stepped forward out of reach. "This was such a dumb idea."

"What? I don't get it." He stood there like an idiot with his dick in his hands. "Is it because I tried to touch your puss—"

"I shouldn't have seduced you like this." She lifted her costume over her breasts.

"Did I do something wrong?"

"What? You? No, of course not! Please don't think that. It's me. It's all me." She cast her head down in shame. "I thought I could..."

"Could what?" Kirishima pulled up his sweatpants before placing his hands on her shoulders and giving her a comforting squeeze. "I don't know what's going on. One second, you're all down to do, well, *everything* – and the next, you want to pull out? What's going on with you?" She kept silent. "Please, Mina. Tell me."

After a drawn-out pause, she sighed. “I just...don’t want to hurt you, Eijiro.”

“Do I look like I was being hurt?” He chuckled in disbelief. Maybe he had come across hesitant and clueless at times, but hurt? No way! “I thought we were having silly fun.”

“It’s all fun and games until...”

“You could never hurt me.” He arched his brow quizzically. “Why would you even think that?”

“Because the last time someone tried to...” She stared absent-mindedly at her fidgety digits. “Well, let’s just say it didn’t end well for them.”

Kirishima blinked.

That was a lot to unpack. So, she’d done this kind of thing before? With who? He wondered if it was one of their classmates. Nah, he would’ve noticed if anything strange was going on between her and anyo– *wait!* His eyes exploded with realisation. “You and Mineta?!”

She neither confirmed nor denied it, but the slight twitch in her features was confirmation enough.

“I can’t believe–”

“It’s not what you think,” she stopped him abruptly. Probably for the best considering the images he conjured to fill in the gaps were not the least bit flattering. “Last week I needed help with our science assignment,” she explained, “Yao-Momo was off handling something with Todoroki, and Iida had some family business to attend to, and Tsu had that important mission at the Oki Mariner, and and and–” She sighed. “Point is Mineta wasn’t my first option, okay? But we can’t deny he did pretty well in the midterms. So when he offered to tutor me that night, I thought...” She shrugged.

“I see...” Kirishima tried to remember where he’d been that night and why she never considered asking him. Granted, Mineta had outperformed him, too, in the midterms.

“Anyway, it started off all normal until I got distracted by these funky-looking blueberry muffins on his desk. They’d been sitting there since before I stepped foot in his room. I finally asked him about them after holding back for hours. Apparently, Tsuburaba

had baked them for Tsu but she wasn't around to accept them, so Mineta offered to take them off his hands instead of letting them go to waste. And, well, I guess all that studying made us a little peckish..."

"Uh-oh..." Kirishima could already see where this was going.

"Yup. We only realised *after* we tried them that they weren't exactly your typical blueberry muffins. Far from it." Solemnness cast a dark shadow on her face. "One thing might've led to another and we might've made some stupid dare about who could eat the most and we might've been less focused on studying after that and—"

"You fucked him?" Kirishima cut her rambling short.

"No!" She sounded horrified. "God, no!"

Kirishima felt unexpectedly relieved to hear that. "Then what?"

"Well, we weren't exactly in our right minds. We were acting all goofy and shit, basically being idiots." She facepalmed at the memory. "And I don't remember when, or how, but we were like half-passed out on his bed at some point and – I'm not proud of any of this by the way – I swear those muffins must've been spiked with some sort of libido agent! But anyway, he might've, well, you know..." She covered her face in embarrassment. "I might've let him try to slip it in a little..."

"Wha—"

"Only a little!" she insisted, as if that made it all the more acceptable. Ashido was no stranger to blonde moments but he couldn't believe she fell for the good old 'just the tip' ruse. "It didn't go in very far, barely a quarter of an inch. I swear! I mean, it *couldn't*. He started screaming like a banshee and next thing I knew he bolted out the room!"

"Really?" Kirishima furrowed his brow. "Oh, that's right..." He remembered that night all too vividly now, when his ice bath was invaded by a streaking, cannonballing imp. "It all makes sense now." The subsequent weirdness between the two of them all week. He could see why Ashido would've been too embarrassed to recount the tale; albeit, it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. "The little creep had it coming. All these pervy shenanigans he pulls, one of them was bound to blow up in his face in a big way." Kirishima wasn't all that convinced about the muffins' origin story either.

“He seemed as clueless as I was when we took them though. Had just as much as I did, too. Say what you want about the little perv, but he didn’t deserve to get his knob damn near melted off ‘cause I suck at controlling my Quirk!”

If you asked Kirishima, Mineta getting his knob burned off sounded more like a solution than a problem.

Nonetheless, he sympathised with Ashido’s crisis of control. Although she’d gotten better at manipulating her Acid Quirk, he’d noticed she was still a lot more comfortable sparring training mechs than her fellow classmates, or even villainous humans for that matter. If she didn’t get the solubility in her offense right, she could easily corrode the flesh and bones (and boners) of friends and enemies alike!

The potential consequences complicated her decision making every time she considered using her Quirk. Anyone who’d watched her battle knew she could secrete corrosive liquid from the pores in her skin but nobody perhaps, certainly not Mineta, predicted she produced it *inside* her baby-making factory, too.

“I totally get it,” Kirishima said. Not having a handle on your Quirk was one of the most frustrating aspects of training to become a hero. And even more so, he imagined, when it affected your private life in such a crippling way.

“When you walked in here tonight, I started feeling things...and got to thinking that maybe the problem wasn’t me. Maybe it was him. Or maybe those muffins made my body react the way it did?” He could tell by her tone she was still confounded by the whole ordeal. “Anyway, you gave me a sliver of hope. I thought maybe...if I just tried with the right person, under the right circumstances, it wouldn’t happen again.”

“I see...”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to drag you into the woes of my pitiful sex life. At this rate, I’ll never have one. Heh, the closest thing I’ll ever get to a sex life is overhearing Ocha and Midoriya going at it in the next room.”

“What?” *Midoriya lost his virginity before I did?* Kirishima loved the guy but he could barely string two sentences together in front of girls he liked. “You mean, those two are...?”

“You mean you didn’t know?” She looked surprised by his surprise. But Kirishima had more manly things to do than keep up with high school gossip. “Yeah, they are,” she confirmed. “Our whole floor knows it, too. You’d never think she’d be the loud type looking at her, would you?”

“Definitely not.”

“Anyway, yeah, that’s my life now.” She draped her arms on the barre in front of the mirror wall and hung her head in sombre silence.

Now that she gave him the transparency he’d been prying for, Kirishima didn’t know what to do with it. As much as he considered himself a close friend and reliable comrade, matters of the female anatomy were above his paygrade, and that was before you added Quirk complications to the mix. What could he – a man’s man – possibly say to raise her spirits?

Silence gripped the room.

He must’ve been staring at the same patch of wooden floor for a full minute before a realisation sprung to mind: it was no accident he was standing where he was. Ashido had picked *him* for a dance partner. She’d trusted he could help her situation somehow, even if she hadn’t been upfront about it from the jump. For someone who delighted in teasing him about cold feet, she lost her own footing at the 11th hour. She probably thought it best for him to step back, give her space. He did that once. And as he stood in the dark smog of her dismay, he knew he couldn’t do it again.

She flinched when a hand squeezed the back of her shoulder. “You’re still here?”

“What kind of man would I be if I wasn’t?”

Kirishima got hold of her phone and kept skipping through her playlist until he landed on a poppy, ballad-like song. If nothing else, breathing sound into the room lightened the tense air. He glided across the dance floor in an awkward slide that elicited a titter.

Ashido hadn’t moved from leaning on the barre, but half-glanced behind her when he started massaging her shoulders. “What are you doing?”

“Oh, me? Nothing.” He continued kneading her shoulders.

“You don’t have to... you know?”

“I know.”

He wasn't doing it just for her. Any small comfort was the least a friend could offer and went a long way to compensating for not helping her out before. Truthfully, he didn't know what he was doing, but she wasn't pushing him off of her either.

She rolled her neck side to side as his strong hands squeezed her collarbones and the erogenous zones around her nape. For someone so nimble and light on her feet, she felt awfully stiff back here, almost as though she'd been carrying her recent woes squarely on her shoulders. He was happy to alleviate the tension and received a needy moan for his efforts.

As he dug into the crook of her neck, it grew impossible to ignore the bulge pressed up against her soft ass. She felt his resurrection, too, and leaned into it, grinding her booty into his tented sweatpants. Desire pulled her back into its embrace and Kirishima wasted no time relocating his massaging hands much lower.

Kneeling behind her, he grabbed big chunks of her globular cheeks and pressed them together over and over, marvelling at their supple tautness through the tights. Beyond the fact he really liked touching her butt, the crude massage emphasised his sexual interest in the acid user despite her concerning revelation.

“You still can't get over my ass?” She seemed surprised. He moved his face close enough to breathe her in, close enough to see her sphincter's contour in the tights when he spread her cheeks apart. “Oh my– don't you think that's close enough?” she said timidly.

“Not yet.” He extended his tongue until the tip touched her anus.

She gasped and recoiled, jumping forward. “Kirishima!”

He grinned devilishly. Judging by her reaction, she'd never had her butt licked before. “What? I'm only finishing what you started. This whole thing was your idea, remember?”

“Yeah, but...”

But she never thought twerking her booty would lure his tongue to her bootyhole? He grabbed her hips and dragged her runaway butt back into his face.

“Kirishima–”

“Reblaks.” Her smothering cheeks muffled his voice. “I’m ponlee eeeffing ass.” Was she fretting about leaking acid on his tongue? His muffled disclaimer was meant to inform her he’d be steering clear from *that* hole.

She stopped attempting to wriggle from his grasp. “Careful…”

He separated Ashido’s fat cheeks, using his thumbs to shift as much fleshiness out the way, and poked his tongue through the middle. She recoiled again, tickled by the foreign sensation, but he held onto her firmly and prevented her ass from running while he licked her backdoor unashamedly, tasting the spandex clinging to her sphincter.

Ashido tightened her grip on the barre as congenial shivers threatened her balance. A hungry Kirishima broadened the scope of his licking, leaving trails of saliva on the insides of her cheeks and up and down the crack of her ass.

Her mouth hung open and spilt purrs over the ballad. Whenever he tongued her sweet spot, she’d clench her ass on impulse, trapping his facial cheeks within her hind-cheeks. He basked in her musk, motorboated her booty while she simultaneously twerked on his face, her cheeks dwarfing the size of his head.

Ashido stared at her flushed reflection as her salad got tossed through her hero costume, the sounds of his flicking tongue audible over the soft music. Kirishima moaned, too, as if spandex-ass actually delighted his taste buds.

His appetite could not be satiated. Nor his patience controlled. His hands fumbled all over her costume, down her sides, up her back, scouring for a zip or whatever mechanism she used to stitch herself into this scandalously tight getup. Barely three seconds into his search, he gave up trying to unravel the workings of her unitard, and made a crude adjustment for his own convenience.

A loud *RIP* of spandex interrupted the song.

She gasped.

The targeted tear in her costume revealed glimpses of pink, peachy ass devouring her leopard print thong.

“Oh my God, did you just rip my costume?”

He could hardly believe it himself. Had he gone too far? “Just a little bit.”

“Just a little bit, you say?”

He shrugged. It was one way to convince Ashido her ‘condition’ didn’t frighten him. “You’re such a hot piece of ass, Mina. Any guy would be lucky to have you.”

“I guess...”

Clearly, she needed more convincing. Kirishima ripped the hole in her costume into a much wider opening. Kept tearing until he uncanvassed her entire plum of an ass.

The sheer size of her cheeks swallowed her thong to the extent it looked as though she wasn’t wearing any, betrayed only by the strip of leopard print lining her crack. Kirishima pulled back and beheld her glorious booty, taking a whiff and sighing as if her pink buns just came hot and fresh out the oven. *If this doesn’t convince her, nothing will*, he thought, before crashing his face into her bare bottom.

“You’re...you’re crazy...” Ashido said breathlessly, utter disbelief anyone would suffocate themselves in her rear end.

Kirishima smirked through the lack of oxygen. *Crazy for this ass maybe*. He squashed her cheeks together so they completely enveloped his features. High off her musk and sweat and juiciness, he went to town licking every inch his tongue could reach, albeit conscious about straying too low.

She stared down at him, her eyes and mouth quivering, moans trembling loose as his spiky head rose and dipped behind her plump ass. The music crooned about love and romance whilst he devoured her bubble butt in just about the most unromantic way imaginable.

Where other guys might’ve been intimidated, Kirishima went full speed ahead and dug her thong out of her crack with his finger, revealing a purplish ring that puckered like it wanted a kiss. The tip of his tongue obliged.

“Ooh!” She clenched her cheeks on his face.

His thumb hooked her thong out the way as he spread her ass open and delved in tongue-first. He’d never done anything like this before, pure instinct and carnal desire. She

might've been on to something calling him an 'ass guy'. As much as he was doing this to bolster her sexual confidence, the anilingus served his lust, too, the inclination for pink asshole he never knew he had. He lathered her anus with spit before dipping his tongue into the orifice.

Ashido made a squealish noise, something between a cry and a giggle. Her clasp on the barre tightened and whitened her knuckles. Pleasure shivered up her spine from his shallow tonguing. Her little mewls encouraged him to munch on.

So he did, whilst rolling handfuls of ass in circles on the sides of his face. He probed the Alien Queen to thigh-shuddering effect. When he finally emerged for breath, he maintained eye contact and kissed his way up her right cheek before giving it a tender bite. Too soft to leave a mark, yet toothy enough to elicit a salacious moan.

“Ooh,” she said huskily, “you’re an animal!”

“I mean, you did order a manly man, didn’t you?”

“Suppose I did.”

“Well, I thought you needed to know,” he said, rising to his feet, “how totally beautiful you are *everywhere*, Mina. You’re worth it.”

“Eijiro...”

He kissed her on the lips, holding her turned face in position. Their mouths clashed with less chaos and more tenderness this time. He no longer felt as though he'd been lured into something dubious, a genuine connection between friends (and lovers?), a fluid dance of tongues and emotions.

At some point during the lip lock, his hand found its way back to her bare butt-cheek and gave it a firm squeeze. “Man! Your ass is just ridiculous,” he whispered in her ear.

She half-chuckled. “Oh yeah? Hungry much?”

“I could eat it all day.”

“Mmm...somehow I don’t doubt that.”

He grinned mischievously. “It was a good appetiser. But time for the main course.”

“Main course? What are you–” His sweatpants hit the floor. A large, pulsating erection brushed up her outer thigh. “Oh, hey there. We meet again.” She seemed all too eager to jerk him off once more, but Kirishima had other plans for this boner.

Before she could grab hold of it, he slipped his throbbing cock between her thighs and pushed it back and forth. Panic paled her features. She’d been so stringent about steering him away from her acid-churning vagina and here he was rubbing himself under it!

Kirishima felt nothing painful from the friction, not a hint of a burning sensation, this despite the stain darkening *that* part of her costume – evidently, all that buttplay really turned her on. Her spandex was practically soaked through.

He pushed her legs together, shutting the gap between them, and fucked her thighs through the snugness. Ashido watched in awe as his cock-head poked out from under her crotch repeatedly. She had dilemma written all over her face: stop him from toying so close to her danger zone, or savour him toying so close to her danger zone?

Guilty pleasures kept her rooted to the spot. Kirishima harboured no such dilemma. He showed no signs of slowing down as his dick burned hot from rubbing the spandex of her inner thighs.

Conflicted as she might’ve been, her bodily reaction came clear as day, the blotch around her cameltoe growing from the dogged friction. Any minute now she’d cave, he thought, lower her guard and let him in, let him help her.

He set his hands roaming about her horned-up body, cupped her tits and yanked her costume off of them. Her pierced, blueberry nipples stood swollen and erect, beckoning his touch. She expelled her most desperate, high-pitched cry yet when he twisted them affectionately. He lowered his head and snogged her, swallowing whines and moans as his appendages stimulated multiple erogenous zones at once.

He broke the kiss to declare, “I want to put it in.” In case it wasn’t obvious enough.

“Wha...what...” She sounded delirious from all the stimulation.

“You heard me,” he whispered hotly in her ear, “I want in.”

“Mmm... Eijiro... no... we can’t...”

“Why not? I know you want it, too. Look at you... you’re soaking wet.”

Her pink cheeks burned hot red. “I thought I could but... I don’t want to – mmmnh – I don’t want to put you in danger.”

“Not this again,” he muttered back. “Why won’t you let me help you?” He planted a line of reassuring kisses up the side of her face. “I’m more than man enough to handle you.” What else did he have to do to prove it? He grasped a handful of butt-cheek and gave it a rough and rugged shake. “And I can definitely handle this ass.” He pulled his hand back and swung a full-force *SLAP!*

She cried out in surprise as the spank ricocheted in the echoey acoustics of the dance studio. Her cheek wobbled for a hot second before settling at rest. She looked back at him, taken aback by his sexual aggression. “Fuck, that was so hot. You’re really turned on right now, huh?”

He skipped over her rhetorical question. “What did you think would happen when you showed me that sexy dance of yours?”

She gave a guilty chuckle. “I guess this one’s all on me.”

He shrugged.

“Okay then. It’s not safe for us to...get down and dirty,” she intimated, “but, suppose I could do *something* to fix this little mess I stirred up.” Ashido got down on her haunches and brought her face right up to his member.

Kirishima balked at her proximity. He never dreamt his first time standing rock-hard and pants-less in front of a girl would be in a random dance studio on campus. Lust had swallowed up all his concerns about getting caught and brewed a nervy excitement in his veins. His dick twitched and leaked precum inches from her face.

He was embarrassed by his own untethered excitement but Ashido giggled as though it were the most endearing thing ever. She didn’t have much more experience than him in these matters, yet she approached it with the same bravery and go-getter attitude she’d displayed throughout the hero course, closing the gap between her breath and his swollen cock-head. Raising a delicate hand, she fondled the underside of his testicles and an

awestruck expression crossed her features. “Not gonna lie, these feel kinda nice. It’s really calming. Sort of like tiny, little stress balls.”

“Uh...” She caught him flustered and speechless. As long as she didn’t treat them like actual stress balls, he supposed she could say whatever she wanted about his gonads.

“I’m not gonna crush them, alright? You can get rid of that petrified look on your face now.”

He laughed. “Okay. Thanks.”

“Never had a blowjob, have you?”

“What gave it away?”

She smirked. “I know you better than you think. And judging by the look of this...” She held the bottom of his sack between her fingers and tugged on it gently. “You’re absolutely loaded! Bet it’s been a while since you’ve relieved yourself.”

Um, why does she sound lowkey giddy about the possibility? You’re a strange one, Mina...

Nonetheless, a couple of days amounted to a ‘while’ in his current stage of adolescence, and the constant testosterone build-up from his workouts frustrated matters further. “Maybe.”

“Poor Kirishima. All pent up and blue-balled to oblivion!”

He rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. “I wouldn’t say all that.”

“Don’t you worry! Pinky’s on the job and I’m gonna make sure we get it all out of your system.” She winked.

“Uh, great? So how do we get star-” Her lips already wrapped around his cock-head halfway through the question, her tongue mopping clean what little precum was left dotting the swollen tip. His sentence ended with an abrupt grunt. “Oh shhh!”

Ashido jerked her pretty little head back and forth on his virgin cock. The warmth of her mouth, the rub of her tongue; it all blew his mind, stirred sensations his hand could never stimulate, and nor could hers. Those soft, pink, luscious lips though... She locked her bedroom eyes onto his as she took him in, a palpable intensity brewing between them.

He couldn't tell which one of them took more pleasure from her servicing, what with the delicious moans purring out of her stuffed mouth. Watching her unblinking appreciation for cock and savouring her sounds of satisfaction, Kirishima met the Ashido many a teenage boy had dreamt of, a hero he'd be happy to meet many a times over.

It almost felt as if he'd gone full circle, seeing a peer he'd once idolised crouched before him worshipping his cock. She knew the taste of his dick better than she knew how much her influence got him into U.A. High. It would never leave him – the bravery she'd shown that day rescuing her middle school classmates from a colossal monstrosity. What a badass. What a woman. What a cocksucker, he thought, seeing her tackle *his* monstrosity with even more tenacity and zeal.

She twisted her fist round his erection clockwise while twisting her mouth round his tip the counter direction. Kirishima didn't know what to do with himself, his hands fidgeting in the air before combing through his spiky hair. He cursed and moaned and prayed it wouldn't end. She shoved her mouth over the entire thing, kissing her fingers coiled around his base, and held herself in place with a half-lidded, cock-crazed gleam in her eyes.

He could tell she loved dick. The look on her stuffed face said it all. She'd just learned her condition might prevent her from ever 'getting some' and he wondered if that bolstered her craving even more.

Blueberry muffins ate the blame for whatever had happened between her and Mineta, but an innate curiosity must've been bubbling under the surface already? It couldn't be easy overhearing your closest classmates having all the fun and wondering when it would be your turn – if you'd ever get a turn. Kirishima couldn't blame her for any sexual curiosities – they were all hormonal teens grappling with Quirks and bodily developments after all – and he certainly didn't mind her afflicting those curiosities on him.

Ashido practically choked herself on his cock, shovelling it down her face to 'gluck, gluck' inducing depths. She coated his shaft with spit and made a drooling mess over her pierced tits. While one hand jerked him mid-blowjob, her other toiled between her legs, fondling her clit over the unitard. She turned herself on turning him on, all the while delivering the best blowjob he ever had. The pinkette popped his dick out of her mouth and licked her chops wolfishly.

"Where'd you learn all that?" he asked in breathless wonder. "You done this before?"

She gave a playful giggle. “A lady doesn’t kiss and tell,” she said, with a cock against her cheek. “But no, I saw it in porn.”

“Porn?”

“Um, yeah? Is this the part where you pretend you never seen any?”

“Uhhh, no, I mean, yeah, of course I have, but–”

“But since I’m a girl, I don’t watch any. Is that about right?”

Kirishima scratched the back of his head sheepishly. He certainly never met a girl who openly admitted it. Granted, he never went around the classroom handing out sex surveys to his female classmates either. “I was just a little surprised is all.”

“Yeah, yeah. Don’t worry, I was only busting your balls, manly man.”

“You sure love doing that.”

“You make it so easy. By the way, anyone ever tell you you have a beautiful dick?”

“I...do?”

“Mhmmm!” She raised said dick up tall and slowly stroked its hard, veiny, spit-shined length to the bulbous peak, admiring every inch along the way before stroking him back down to the balls. “I mean ‘beautiful’ in a totally virile, girthy, rugged, manly kind of way, of course.”

“Of course...”

“Man, seriously, you should let me mould this beauty into a dildo!”

“Yeah, ‘cause it totally won’t be weird having one of my classmates walking around school with a cast of my penis in her pocket.”

“Pfft! As if it could fit in my pocket.” She let go and his tower of manliness fell onto her forehead with a meaty thwack. It divided her face in two and a dirty grin spread across either side of his girth. “How do I look?”

Like a cock worshipping slut? “You never looked prettier, Mina.”

“Aww, you’re too much! Huh, wait, why are you looking at me like that? Do I...have something on my face?” She crossed her eyes pointing at the glaring dick between them.

He chuckled. Talk about putting the ‘silly’ in ‘silly fun’. “Quit goofing around and put it back in your mouth.” His cock was starting to feel cold out here.

“Wow, okay, sir. So assertive.” He worried he came across too demanding and impatient, until she added, “I like that.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Mhm...hey,” she said in a low, raspy voice, “want me to show you something else I saw in porn?”

Did he?! “Go on.”

Ashido sat on her knees and scooped her breasts up so his dick slipped into her cleavage. Pushing her tits together, she rubbed him up and down in circular motions. “You like that, hon?”

“Uh-huh,” he bumbled stupidly, devolving in the softness of her ample bosom.

“Hehe. I’m glad. I always wanted to try this.”

“Yeah? I guess Mineta didn’t make it this far then.”

She scoffed. “Don’t remind me.”

“What, was he not big enough for it?” Seeing her tits nearly envelope his length entirely, Kirishima couldn’t help imagine his much shorter classmate disappearing altogether in Ashido’s bosom. “I guess not,” he answered his own question, “especially after you melted three inches off whatever he had going.”

“Hey!” she objected in a half-playful, half-scolding way. “Not funny. He could’ve got seriously maimed.” True enough; Kirishima wouldn’t wish that fate upon anyone, not even a pervy imp like Mineta. “And just so you know, he’s bigger than you think.”

Kirishima was shook. “Seriously?” He was a grower then?

She shrugged and hummed a jolly tune as she focused on administering the titjob.

Hm, was she pulling his leg again? It would be just like Ashido to do so and, as much as he didn't want to fall into her trap, his curiosity wouldn't go away. "...bigger than me?"

She rolled her eyes. "You men are *sooooo* obsessed with your junk. Like, literally."

Kirishima shrugged, tried to play it cool. "Just curious."

"Yeah, so manly gossiping about another guy's penis while you're in the middle of a titjob, isn't it?"

Damn it, I hate it when she makes good points. "Never mind."

"Yeah, thought so. How about you try focusing on what's happening down here?" She stroked his sandwiched cock up and down with purpose. "I want you to fuck my tits."

Well, *that* certainly pulled him out of his musings. Kirishima met her breast strokes with tentative thrusts. She nodded encouragement before drooping a long string of saliva down her cleavage, the lubricant coalescing with her tit sweat. Her soft, sloppy bosom made for fluid thrusting. She squeezed her tits together, kept him wedged between those pierced mammaries as he fucked them like she'd ordered.

"Yeah, that's it," she spurred him on in a breathy murmur, "keep using my tits like that... mmm, yeah... glaze these muffins with that potent cream of yours."

"Aaa...Ashido..."

"Please. I need it." Such a desperate, horny girl, he thought, keen to prove her worth in the sexual market. Perhaps, she imagined, facilitating a powerful orgasm would make up for barring him from her potentially hazardous pussy. "I want to eat your cum."

"Whoa, Ashido."

"I want it all over me. Give it. Or I'll suck it right out."

"T-take it easy—"

"Please," she begged in a whiny tone, "fuck my brains out, Eijiro. I want to feel you at the back of my throat."

As the head of his phallus jutted past her tits, she snatched it between her lips, granting him the pleasures of her breasts and mouth all at once, anything to coax the seed

from his bloated sack. All her dirty words came right out of dirty movies. Just how much of that trash did she watch? A lot, evidently, living her sex life vicariously through others, a sex life she never pictured being hers. She must've been over the moon to finally have a cock poking through her tits and probing past her lips.

Kirishima would be lying if he said the image of his topless, pink-skinned classmate drenched in cum didn't tickle his fancy. He grabbed the horns on her head and increased the velocity of his thrusts, jabbing the inside of her cheek as he face-fucked the aspiring slut. "Oh my – aah! Aaaah!"

"Mhm! Mhm!" she moaned through the face-fucking.

"Shit!" Her mouth felt *too* good around his cock. He screwed his eyes shut and lulled his head back, stars twinkling behind his lids. Her sloshing and slurping overpowered the music. She reoriented her cock-filled mouth so that each thrust hit the back of her throat.

His grip tightened around her horns. Pumping away, he provoked gags between the moans, his first blowjob turning into a deepthroat experience. *Only Ashido...* He stopped and looked down where tears (of joy, he'd imagine) filled her eyes while his entire manhood filled her face, spit dangling off her chin.

She barely took a breath jerking her head back and forth, wolfing down mouthful after mouthful of cock, her tits jiggling with enthusiasm. He felt a tell-tale rush in his loins, immediately held her still and evacuated his penis from her cum-hungry chops. One second longer and he was certain her stomach would be flooded with hot semen right now.

Not that she would've minded.

But Kirishima couldn't let his own pleasure subjugate the mission. This was supposed to be about boosting her self-confidence, about proving she could have as meaningful a sex life as the next girl, about giving *her* the pleasures her Quirk denied. It was incumbent of him to fulfil his mission. He kept her head an arm's length away as his slick, pulsating dick cooled from her tenacious fellatio.

"Hey!" she whined, trying to lurch her head forward to nab his cock. "What gives? Why won't you let me have your cum?"

“Because...” Panting, he took a moment to regather his composure. “Because I’m a gentleman, that’s why.”

“Huh? Too gentlemanly to cum?”

“Oh no, I’m gonna cum all right,” he said, still recovering from the close call. “But, ladies first.” He remembered reading somewhere it was always good form for a man to withhold his load until he’d satisfied his partner first. Virgin or no virgin, Kirishima could be that guy.

Ashido dropped a little chuckle. “You really won’t let up, will you?” He shook his head. “Look, I really dig the confidence and all that but, like I said, I don’t think it’s a good idea for us to—”

“Let me stick it in your ass.”

Her face turned blank, the look of someone who hadn’t considered it. “Say what?”

“Why not?” He was pretty sure whatever dangerous fluids churned in her cooch wouldn’t be churning in her backdoor. “Last I checked, you love it when I stick things up there.” Granted, the tip of his tongue wasn’t quite the same prospect as a large, raging, bona fide erection.

“That’s true but...”

“No ‘but’s,” he said, “except the one you’re sitting on. Come on, stand up. Shake it for me again.”

Ashido grabbed the barre in front of the mirror wall with hesitance, but once he hit the replay button on the song she’d twerked to earlier, her demeanour shifted. Her head bobbed to the beat, her foot tapped to the treble. Before long, her bubbly ass was dropping and shaking to the bass. Her plump peach wobbled out the back of her ripped camouflage tights, a purple tinge marking the cheek he’d spanked.

Something about the music freed her of inhibitions and the real Mina came out when she danced. The confidence in her moves, the flaunting of her sex appeal; if only she could encapsulate this energy for moments of self-doubt.

Rotating her thighs inwards and out, she made her cheeks slap together, a whole lot of ass colliding, rippling as the fleshy claps blended with the trap music. His dick twitched at the chorus of her slapping meat, eager to join the orchestra. She leapt in place and landed in a split. Jiggling her ass on the floor, she looked back at him and said, “Well?”

“Uh...” A dumb expression lounged on his face, still mesmerised by the sights and sounds of her booty.

She just giggled. “Come here. Put your dick between my cheeks. I know you want to.”

She wasn’t lying. More than that, she appeared to be warming up to the idea of more adventurous buttplay.

Kirishima rubbed saliva on his dick and kneeled behind her, anticipation thrashing in his chest. Her bubble butt gave a little jiggle as if urging him to hurry up and mount it. He golloped. His fingers sank into her stupendously plump masses of pink and spread them off the tiny string hidden in their fleshiness. As per her instructions, he plucked the thong out of her ass before laying his pipe along her middle, and fastened the stringy underwear over his cock like some stopgap seatbelt. He moved to squeeze her cheeks together when she shouted, “Hey!”

“H-huh?” He froze.

“Hands off,” she said, “I’ll take it from here.”

The wink she flashed him looked confident enough. He picked his hands off her alluring rump and held them up where she could see them.

The twerk queen proceeded to exhibit mastery of her glutes. Keeping her legs split, she moved her ass back and forth in artful, jiggly waves. She achieved the effect he’d intended without him laying a finger on her autopiloted rear. Her leopard print thong kept his dick strapped in, kept the ass job hands-free as she put more back into her motions. Little grunts fell from his lips. He rested his hands behind his head, enjoyed the friction of her thong and the thiccness of her ass masturbating him.

Then she clenched those phat cheeks of hers.

Suddenly, his pleasure grew twofold, the taut grip on his cock jerking him with an intensity impossible to withstand. “W-wait!” He panicked. “Ashido! S-s-s-slow down.” She

moved quicker. Her big booty wobbled out of control whilst hotdogging his cock, squeezing and jerking him to devastating effect. “Ashido!” he warned. By the time he took his hands off his head to rescue the situation, it was too late.

“What’s the matter?” she said, turning back. “Can’t you handle a little–”

Jizz splattered her face before she could finish the taunt.

“HUUAARGH!” Kirishima’s roar was one of anguish and ecstasy. His sperm rocket let loose across her back while he struggled to untangle himself from her thong. He came free, but only after the damage had been done, after streaks of white decorated her purple and turquoise costume and a spatter of man-goo drooped down her cheek.

“Oopsie.” She chuckled insincerely.

Kirishima groaned. “Damn it. It wasn’t supposed to go down like that.”

“What are you talking about? That was some pretty sick shooting. Like, holy cow!” She scanned her cum-splattered costume with contentment in her eyes. “You even got some on the mirror!”

Sure enough, when he looked past her head, evidence of a misfired spurt drooped sadly down the crystal-clear surface. Even he was taken aback by how far it had flown. To think, she’d coaxed his most potent ejaculation yet from just rubbing her butt on him. So much for ensuring her climax came first. As the relief from unloading waned off, discontent punched him in the gut. Such an unmanly finish!

“Hey, come on.” Ashido sensed his frustration. “It’s nothing to be ashamed of. You did pretty good for a virgin.” She casually fingered his spunk off the bridge of her nose and stuck it in her mouth. “Mmmn. Let me guess – you had papaya and banana in your protein shake today?”

“What?” He was only paying half attention to her cum-tasting antics.

“Never mind. Should probably clean up and get out of here.”

“Wait.” He put his hand on her thigh before she could get up. “We’re not done here.”

She surveyed all the evidence to the contrary sullyng her costume. “We’re not?” She fingered the last of his cum off her chin. Ate it.

“I’m gonna help you, Ashido, if it’s the last thing I do!” said the passionate hero. Suddenly, his deflated dick sprung to full hardness in the blink of an eye.

“Whoa! How did you... of course... your Quirk.”

He wore a smug grin. “They don’t call it Hardening for nothing.”

“Tell me about it...” Her eyes trembled with awe at the resurrected phallus, rock-hard and ready as if it hadn’t just shot his load a second ago.

“Have to admit though,” Kirishima stated, “it’s the first time I’ve used my Quirk for stuff like this. And it’s way below maximum level right now.” Anyone who’d seen him use his Quirk in training or battle probably witnessed his entire body harden and sharpen like rock, transform him into a human tank of ultimate defence. It protected him, too, during bouts of all-out, reckless offence. But he needed none of that here, only focused his Quirk on one specific part of his anatomy, hardening his cock just enough to revive his erection without turning it into jagged rock. “Your ass did most the work – just looking at it made me want to go again, and Hardening gave me the boost I needed to get there.”

“Oh.” She stared at said hardened cock. “Well. Um. You’re welcome?”

“It’s high time I finished what you started.” He spread her fat ass open once more and dragged her thong aside with his thumb. A long string of drool descended from his chops and seeped down her crack towards her dark purple hole. It puckered nervously.

“I... I can’t believe this is happening,” she murmured. Just seconds ago, the sly twerker thought she’d jiggled her way out of a buttfucking.

He massaged the crude lubricant in and around her sphincter. “If there was ever a butthole that deserved a good ploughing, it’s this one.” He delighted in the prospect of penetrating the thicc booty that had twerked and teased him to oblivion.

As his mushroom tip loomed upon her anus, she muttered, “Be gentle.”

He obliged. It took more patience and lubricant than he’d first applied, but he inevitably cracked through her defences, his cock-head crawling inside her lathered anus.

“Ooh,” she purred, “oh God it’s in.”

He grimaced through the tightness of her tiny asshole. “You okay?”

“Keep...keep going,” she said breathlessly.

Slowly, gently, Kirishima eased more of his manliness through her backdoor. It was an incredibly snug and hot fit, fighting her rectal contractions every inch of the way. She cooed and huffed the deeper he crept in. Her hands balled into fists. And he wasn't even a third way in. He stopped here and poked her virgin bootyhole with shallow thrusts, drawing filthy moans and utterances.

“Hnnng! Aaaaah, fuck! My ass! You're – uughh – you're stretching it out! Ooh!”

Indeed, he was, and when he spread her pink ass-meat out the way, he spied his girth bulging where her purple ring choked him. He burrowed deeper. “AH!” she cried, “God, yees!” as half of him invaded her rectum.

Even with all the faux lube, she was ridiculously snug to dig into, his dick chafing against her tight ring of muscle. His sweaty hands struggled for purchase on her rear and more effort dripped from his furrowed brow. He started to think this was a pleasure better reserved for times with apt lubrication. It pleased him enough knowing he'd been the first to claim her treasured booty. He put in a few more thrusts before he pulled out with a satisfied grunt, leaving a gaping hole that was quickly hidden away when her rotund cheeks wobbled back together.

Kirishima stood a few inches taller after conquering her elusive, little hole. As she got back to her feet, she nearly stumbled, caught by his quick reflexes. “Don't worry, I gotcha.”

“You sure did. Right in the pooper.” She rubbed her crack up and down as if to soothe the soreness. “Oh man, I won't be able to sit for a week!”

“You loved it though.”

She held her tongue for a minute before admitting in a scandalous whisper, “...I did.”

It turned him on hearing her confess her whorish ways. “Come here, you little anal slut,” he growled, tugging her by the back of the hair into a ragged kiss.

They devoured each other's lips with ravenous passion. “My ass is yours now,” she breathed between kisses, “all yours, Eijiro. To do with as you please.” She spoke in a tenor higher than her usual pitch, a submissive whine almost. “Want to feel you inside me again. Please. You can go as deep as you want.”

Smirking, he broke their lip lock. “That has to be the quickest one-eighty anyone’s ever done on anal.”

“I didn’t expect it to feel that good. Like, fuck... your big, beautiful cock’s a godsend.”

“So’s this fat, juicy ass.” He squeezed it in both hands as he planted another burning kiss on her lips. “It was built for my cock.”

“Mm-hmm. So why’d you stop?”

“Because.” He kissed her again. “There’s something else this big, beautiful cock wants.” He spun her round by the shoulders.

She yelped in surprise, but knew exactly where he was going before his right hand started roaming down her navel. “Kirishima... we can’t...” She shielded her crotch.

He slid his hand on top of hers regardless. “That’s just the fear talking.”

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Then don’t,” he said flat-out. “Our Quirks don’t control us. All the power’s in our hands.” Or genitals as it were. “If I’d let fear get in my head, I could’ve easily cut you up from the inside with a bad case of rock-cock.”

Her horrified expression suggested she hadn’t considered all the ways his Quirk could’ve gone wrong mid-anal. “Um...ouch.”

“But instead, I controlled Hardening like a champ, and had you begging for more, didn’t I?”

“You did...”

“Trust me, I get it. I know what it’s like thinking your Quirk’s a pitiful setback sometimes. But you’re one of the people who showed me ‘it’s not what your Quirk can do, but what you can do with it’. That’s what separates heroes from villains. We can use our Quirks to bring pain. Or...” he leaned into her ear and whispered, “bring pleasure.”

She seemed to be mulling over his words as she weighed herself up in the mirror, his supportive hand caressing the timid one sheltering her sex. He stood behind her, and he’d stand behind her every step of the way. Gently, with his free hand, he fondled a pierced

nipple while placing tender kisses down the side of her face and neck. She breathed in a palliative breath. “I want to,” she said tentatively, “but–”

“I told you. No ‘but’s. If someone like me can control their dumb Quirk long enough for us to have a little fun, what about someone as beautiful, naturally talented and courageous as you?”

“I don’t know...what if, what if I... I...?”

“Let me show you.”

The trauma of nearly neutering Mineta had poisoned her confidence. She guarded her pussy like it was an untameable cat prone to spit acid at strangers. But Kirishima more than readied himself to jump into her den. With sugary words and sweeter kisses, he dampened her defences, his hand sneaking slowly and slyly beneath hers. He dabbed her mons Veneris with prying digits before prodding the fleshiness of her labia.

“This feels...good,” Kirishima decided, without the practical knowledge of what female genitalia should feel like. It was everything he’d imagined though: soft, kind of spongy, and oh so, “Wet.”

“Oh, uh...”

“Seriously. You’re soaked down here.” He wedged his hand further between her thighs. “Wow. Getting fucked in the ass really turns you on, huh?”

“Umm, well, yeah. Are you happy now you finally got to cop a feel?”

He chuckled. “A little bit.” She piggybacked her hand on his while he fondled her, monitoring his movements, ready to course correct should he veer too close to her acid pit. He appreciated her concern but he didn’t need it. It was his turn to take the lead. He pulled her arm away with his other hand before grabbing a palmful of pussy.

“K-Kirishima! Not so...mmm...”

He ran his longest digit up and down her cameltoe whilst squeezing her labia together so they protruded through her spandex. Her chest rose with hastened breath as he openly fiddled everything she’d hoped to safeguard. He wanted her to see her cooch wasn’t as

dangerous as she imagined. So confident in his assertion, he stuck his dick on the line, pushed it through her thighs and rubbed her drenched crotch back and forth.

“Oh look,” he said merrily, “my dick hasn’t melted to goop yet.”

“Right? It’s almost as if my costume is acid-proof.”

“Right.” He might’ve forgotten that little detail. If anything, it spoke volumes of her paranoia. “Well, let’s get it out the way then.”

He ripped the tear in her costume further down the back of her legs, peeling purple and turquoise off her sweaty pink thighs. She seemed caught in two minds, wary about her condition, yet thrilled by his reckless persistence. In the end, she neither gave him the go ahead nor tried to stop him, merely stood flatfooted as her spandex got stripped off of lewd, strategic parts of her flesh. With her gigantic ass and rear-thighs exposed, he’d carved out easy access to her taint, easy access to that wet, troublesome cunt.

Kirishima dug her thong out her crack again and bravely rubbed the head of his cock around the sleek folds of her sex. “Ooh, you’re practically dripping on my dick.” His voice dropped low and heavy in her ear, shaky with excitement. “I’m putting it in.” It wasn’t a question.

“W-wait...”

Despite her feeble resistance, her sopping cunt told him everything he needed to know. “I’m putting it in,” he reaffirmed.

“Kirishima...”

“No more tapdancing around the issue, right?”

As soon as his fumbling cock-head sniffed out her pesky, little entrance, Kirishima pushed his way past her puffy folds, claiming her virginity as he left his at her door. Both first-timers cried out in union: Ashido christened by the abrupt but pleasurable stretch, Kirishima immediately engulfed by her warmth and tightness. More hot than warm if he were honest; he might as well have stuck his dick in a furnace.

He stayed motionless inside her and allowed them both to savour the loss of whatever innocence they’d had left. All the trials and tribulations that conspired to unite them

suddenly felt worth it, serenity in the musk-filled air, a magical moment of great solace, their hopes and fears and dreams non-existent.

It lasted all of four seconds before–

“ARRGGGHHHHH!!!!”

The horrific cry tore out of Kirishima’s throat.

“Oh my God, no! Eijiro!” A frightful Ashido tried to reach back and shove him out of her acid trap, but his body was too sturdy. When that didn’t work, she fumbled around his ensnared member, noting with some curiosity a harder layer had coated his girth. “Huh... wait a minute, did you...?”

He suddenly broke into a fit of sniggers. “Gotcha.”

“You fucking asswipe!” She elbowed his ribs as hard as she could.

“Ooph!” The impact broke his laughter for a second before it tapered off naturally.

“NOT. FUNNY! Are you *trying* to give me a heart attack?” She clutched her chest as panicked breath staggered out her lungs.

“I told you, Mina. You can’t hurt me. That wasn’t just some macho manly talk, you know? I got the perfect Quirk to counter yours.” Evidenced by his timely activation rendering his cock immune to any acid contaminating her juices.

“Hmph!” She crossed her arms. Still unimpressed.

“Oh, come on, it was just a silly joke. We’re supposed to be having silly fun right now, aren’t we?” She still wasn’t talking to him. “Know what’s *not* a joke though?” he continued. “This insanely tight, sizzling hot pussy of yours.” He wondered if the acidity of her bodily fluids had anything to do with the temperatures in her cunt. For all he knew, all pussies burned this hot on the inside. Whatever the case, whatever the feeling, Kirishima loved it. He slowly ventured deeper inside her.

Ashido kept her arms crossed and brow creased in fury. She looked determined not to let him off the hook, regardless of the work he was putting in behind her. But they both knew the slut in her couldn’t stay stubborn forever. Especially not after he pumped in more shaft. Cracks fractured her mask of indignation, quivers breaking her frown. First, little

moans snuck out. Her pouting face twitched as she struggled to keep it together. Then he grabbed her hips and thrusted the killing blow.

“Ngaaah!” she blurted out in rapture. His smug expression in the mirror wall annoyed her as he pumped away. “F-fuck – aaaaaah – you, Ei-Ei-Eijiro! Why – ooh – wh-why’s your – HNNNNG – your cock have to feel so damn good!”

Her filthy, backhanded compliment sang like a triumphant horn in his ears. He hadn’t the patience to tapdance or march around her acid walls for six days; rather, he rammed right through them, proving she could feel things she’d given up on ever feeling. Only a real manly man could pull her from the depths of despair and thrust her into the throes of passion. A feat above Mineta’s shortcomings. She’d picked the right dance partner this time. And he paid back her trust pounding that pussy good.

Kirishima extracted himself after a steadfast series of thrusts. His veiny, rock-like man-meat was glazed in hot, pussy sauce. A drop fell and seared the wooden floor. “Whoa.” He dragged his foot back on instinct. “Nearly took out my big toe!” He hadn’t thought to Harden his feet, too. Warning heeded.

Fascinated by her acid churning vagina, Kirishima spread her petals open while she was bent over, and peeked inside. *Whoa...finally got an answer to your question, Mineta. Definitely pinker on the inside.*

And not an ounce of virgin blood in sight; according to her, Mineta hadn’t gone deep enough to pop her cherry, which meant she, being the highly athletic girl she was, probably lost it during some strenuous physical activity, possibly even on the hero course? All he could see were her inner folds glistening in lust, the prettiest shade of glossy pink ever. Crazy to fathom such an inconspicuous, tasty-looking thing could melt your intestines if you dined haphazardly. Little drops of nectar sizzled into steam upon hitting the floor. It probably should’ve frightened him more than it did. He just stood there and gawked.

“H-hey,” Ashido said with a coy tremor in her voice. “What are you doing back there? Anyone ever tell you it’s rude to stare?!”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I’ve just never seen an acid pussy before. It’s...breath-taking.”

“It’s what? Weirdo alert...”

“I’m gonna have to Harden a little more of myself to stay on the safe side.”

“Great. Whatever. Just put it back in already.”

“Heh. My pleasure.” He rammed his Hardened cock up her hungry gash.

She howled. “Oh, God, yes! Fuck me! Make me your little slut!” she begged in a squeal as he returned to regular thrusting. “Yes, Eijiro! Yes! Fuck my dirty, little, alien cunt!”

“Fuck your wha–”

“Do it! Harder! Unh, unh! Yes, like that! Harder! Beat it up!”

He sped up his thrusts a little but–

“Harder! POUND ME!”

Goddamn, fine then!

Kirishima clutched her narrow waist from behind and forcefully shoved his entire length inside her ‘dirty, little, alien cunt’. She cried a high-pitched noise. He worried he’d fed her more than she could chew, but seconds later she was begging him to keep up the deep pounding.

Her threshold for pain astonished him, especially for a virgin, albeit, a virgin with a lot of hard, physical hero training to boot. Now that she’d learnt some semblance of a sex life was indeed in the cards for her, she wanted it all, wanted it now, like a famished bum suddenly thrust into a buffet. She needed the dick she’d been missing all her life and he gave it to her in spades.

Neither of them noticed when her playlist reached its end, the sounds of slapping flesh persisting after the soundtrack.

Sweat crowded his brow. Her body jerked, her pink fists shaking the barre they’d so desperately clung to. The leopard print thong kept slipping away from his clammy digits. He yanked it once and for all, snapping the thin strap off her left hip. It fell to her ankle like tattered litter. He hoped it wasn’t a favourite. Fuck, what did he care? Nothing but pink, juicy ass stood before him now. A hell of a lot of it, too. So deep and passionate were his thrusts that his pelvis clapped her cheeks at full force. The loud impacts rippled through her flesh

and echoed across the dance hall. Between their heated grunts and groans, she barely had the breath to keep sputtering her dirty talk.

But her pussy couldn't shut up. Squelching and queefing from his deep penetration. She only seemed to get wetter the harder he pounded her. Her acidic cunt spat hot liquid round their feet and seared over a dozen blots in the wooden floor. At this rate, they'd have nothing left to stand on. Kirishima realised he wasn't quite through taming that wild kitty between her legs.

He grabbed a handful of her fluffy hair and yanked her head back so he could breathe words into her ear. "You're burning up the floor with that toxic cunt of yours. Control it."

Although he'd slowed his thrusting to speak, her breath remained ragged and unsteady. "I... I'm trying...but I can't...I can't--"

"You can."

"Your cock is too... mmm, I love your cock."

"Yeah? Then get down and suck it again." He spun her around and pushed her head down to his crotch. She loved being ordered around, immediately took his cock in her obedient mouth. "Argh yeah...get that acid off my dick, you slut." She'd missed a spot of cum under her fringe and he thumbed it through her hair, combing her locks back as he made her taste herself on his cock. "Such a pretty alien slut." Kirishima never imagined himself spewing such degrading comments to a classmate, but her encouragement emboldened him and her filthy mouth was infectious. Perhaps this was the language he'd best get his message across.

"You want to be my good little slut?"

She nodded enthusiastically with a mouthful of cock.

"Yeah? I'll pound that pussy so hard your whole extended family's gonna feel it back on your alien planet." She gave a guttural, yearnful moan at the sound of that. "Bet you'd like that, wouldn't you?"

She nodded again.

"Of course you would, slut. But only if you show me you can control that cunt."

A sad crease furrowed her brow. She popped his dick out of her mouth. “But how?”

Well, that he didn’t know exactly. His expertise on the Acid Quirk was limited at best. But, if it was like most meta-abilities he’d encountered, it must’ve had some kind of fight or flight element to it, some auto activation property when it sensed its wielder in great distress or a heightened state. He theorised Ashido’s crippling fear of melting her lovers’ wangs was ironically the catalyst that triggered said wang-melting abilities. If only she wouldn’t be so hyperconscious about her Quirk in the midst of lovemaking.

“Hm, I got an idea.”

“You do?” Her eyes lit up, big and hopeful.

“Think of it like dance.”

“Huh? Dance?”

“Yeah. Don’t overthink it,” he said, turning her advice back on her. “Just go with the flow. That’s all there is to it.”

“That kind of makes sense... I guess...”

“Get up. Let’s try it.” He helped her back to her feet. “Do that sexy kick you showed me earlier.”

“Sexy kick? Oh! You mean like this?” Ashido kicked her leg straight up into the air again, but this time Kirishima caught it and rested her calf on his shoulder. “Whoa!” She hadn’t expected that.

The vertical stretch of her legs ripped her spandex further as she pulled off the standing split. “Wow,” he said. “I love how flexible your body is. So sexy.” He slouched down a little and angled his cock upwards towards her entrance. Their eyes slow danced to their heartbeats as he reinserted himself. “Remember,” he puffed, gripped by her wet tightness, “don’t think, just do.”

“Okay...” His Quirk afforded her the practice without consequence. He hardened his taut torso as she assumed control, sheathing his erection with experimental sways of her pelvis. “Like dance,” she repeated under her breath.

“Exactly,” he whispered back.

His horny little student rolled and twisted her waist until she found the perfect slant and rhythm to self-penetrate. Her hot snatch gripped him snugly and slid down wetting his shaft. Eyes flickering, he swallowed countless moans, trying his utmost not to let his pleasure distract her from the task.

“Am I doing good?”

“Your pussy’s gonna be the end of me,” he said in laborious breaths. “Shit, it’s tight.” Not as tight as her asshole but much, much friendlier to his manhood. “Anyway,” he digressed, “stop thinking. Let go. You can do it. Let go. Let go.”

‘Let go’ was the mantra swimming in her head as she loosened up her waist. He liked to think his whispered encouragement had the same effect on her body as a club banger. The athletic dancer gyrated her hips the best she could standing on one foot while her other bobbed over his shoulder pointing at the sky.

Wait, did it work?

Kirishima very much appreciated her efforts, liked what he saw, liked what he felt even better. “That’s my good little slut.” She’d followed his lesson well and it was high time he followed one of hers, by taking the lead.

She gasped when he suddenly hoisted her standing leg off the ground. He carried her in the air with two big scoops of ass and penetrated her at a velocity beyond her slow-motion hips. “Ohhhh shiiiiit!” A long, shuddery cry stuttered from her bobbing head.

He pulled on her thighs while ramming her airborne cunt, his up-swinging balls slapping the bottom of her wobbling cheeks. What was left of her severed thong dangled loosely on her ankle before the vigorous pummelling sent it flying off her toes. Watching his pistoning quads, you’d think they weren’t burning from his workout – well, his workout before *this* workout. Such was the sorcery of her sex, acidic or not. He ‘beat it up’ good and hard like she’d craved, had her bubble butt bouncing off his pelvis, leaving her a weeping mess in his strong arms.

They capsized from pleasure, their vertical tango turning horizontal after the explosion of energy left Kirishima flat on his back. Ashido straddled him, pushed up the black vest and felt up his chiselled pecs. He pulled her face down into a searing kiss. A long string of saliva broke from their lips when she pulled away. She steadied herself with both

hands on his chest and performed yet another one of her famous splits – only this time, she did it atop his dick.

For what felt like forever, she held herself round the summit of his erection, enfolding only his tip while the rest of him simmered for more pussy. It drove him mad, demanded every ounce of willpower not to lift his butt off the floor and rocket through her teasing gash!

She performed a mini twerk whilst keeping his tip embedded, clapping her meaty cheeks in the open air behind her. That was showing off if he ever saw it. Through her boastful theatrics however, she flaunted a newfound comfort in sex amid her long-term comfort in dance. It might've brought a tear to his eye if his emotions weren't clouded by this incessant urge to fuck the ever-loving shit out of her.

He seized a loose piece of spandex flapping about her crotch and yanked it hard, tearing away any fabric left covering her pussy, along with a big strip off her six-pack abs. Something told him she wouldn't be wearing this costume on missions anymore (not unless the mission happened to be in his dorm room). He marvelled at the sight of her exposed sex, at the creamy lust accumulated around her stretched entrance.

“Perv,” she huffed. “Just so you know,” she said between pants, “you’re buying me a new one.”

He let out a strained chuckle. “Deal.” He’d buy her as many costumes as she’d like if he got to rip them off of her. “Now quit playing and let’s finish this—”

She plopped down with a squelchy thump. That shut him up in a hurry. She slowly raised herself up his pole and dropped down again.

Kirishima expelled a high-pitched whine unbecoming of his manliness. Who could blame him? It should've been impossible to be this tight!

Again, she dunked that sopping wet cunt on him, splitting her split down the middle. Each abrupt plunge devoured his dick whole. Not an inch stayed dry. She cried in pleasure, too, every time she impaled herself and hit some sweet spot on the way down. That itch needed scratching so she bounced on his cock whilst maintaining her athletic split.

He propped up on his elbows, looked round her side and ogled that fat ass jiggling up and down in the mirror wall.

“Down!” she growled, pushing him back to the floor. “I’m fucking *you* now.” She rode him like a mule. The jewellery on her bouncing tits glistened. He reached up to cup and squeeze her fun bags, twiddle her pierced nipples. She gave a weak cry. The extra stimulation fuelled her hips and she humped him with more urgency. She wrapped her hands over his fondling pair so he couldn’t take them away. The fire raging in her loins reached fever pitch but neither of them expected her inevitable climax would be so...stormy.

A piercing wail ricocheted through the hollow dance studio and, as she lifted herself off to escape her sudden super sensitivity, a clear stream of ejaculate sprayed him down!

She covered her mouth, mortified, but the aftershocks of the powerful orgasm continued trembling in her thighs for a good seven seconds, her eyes half-lidded as her pussy uncontrollably squirted him head to torso. After the last spurt, and last quiver of her thighs, she wiped at his chest in a frenzied panic.

“Oh, gosh! I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to!”

For someone who’d just been showered in potential acid, Kirishima was the perfect picture of calm and cool. He leisurely wiped her climax out of his eyes.

Ashido was befuddled. Had he somehow activated his Quirk before she came undone? No. His face wasn’t Hardened. His chest wasn’t Hardened either, she realised, pausing her frantic attempts to wipe her stuff off of him. His abs weren’t Hardened. Looking down, not even his dick was Hardened anymore! “Hey, how did you...when did you...?”

“As soon as I felt the temperature in your pussy drop,” he explained. “You didn’t need training wheels anymore so I stopped using my Quirk.”

“What?! You know how dangerous that could’ve—”

“Hey, I’m fine, aren’t I? A little soaked but...” He laughed at the state of himself. After prematurely unloading on her, it only seemed fair he suffered the same fate. “I’m fine, nonetheless. I knew you could do it.”

“What made you so confident?”

“I’ve seen you control your acid’s viscosity in your hands and feet, so why wouldn’t you be able to control it in your – ahem.” He cleared his throat bashfully. “Was just a matter of training, like anything else.”

“Ha... well... thank you.” A darker shade of pink bloomed across her nose and cheeks. “You’re so brave, Eijiro. I couldn’t have done this with anyone else.”

“My pleasure!” And he meant that quite literally. “But we’re not done here yet.” He pointed at his lingering erection. “I made sure you finished first this time.”

“Wow.” She eyed his long-standing member with awe, and a little bit of trepidation. “Hold on there, stud. Could we take 5 for a sec? You really did a number on me.” She rubbed the back of her head sheepishly.

“Don’t worry, I had something else in mind anyway.”

“Oh yeah?” She quirked a brow, intrigued.

Moments later, she was sitting on his face. He’d asked her to park that ass on him. While he revelled beneath her, lapping up her juices, she bent over and offered her mouth in lieu of her sore pussy. Kirishima assured her, if there was any doubt, her pussy was safe for human consumption in every way imaginable, slurping up her spicy nectar as it spilt down his chin.

She experienced the second most awesome orgasm in her life when his tongue discovered her clitoris. As her thicc thighs squeezed his skull in, his cock erupted in her throat, his volcanic helping almost as voluminous as the first. The ravenous cum eater couldn’t gulp it down all at once and a long gloop dribbled out the corner of her lips, before she pulled it back up with a swift and powerful suction.

One little burp later and she keeled over to the side. They stared at the ceiling lying head to foot, chests heaving from their athletic shift.

“Wow,” he said, “well if that wasn’t the best dance class I’ve ever taken. How’d I do?”

She shook her head with a playful laugh. “I’ll admit, you’re not *completely* useless. You have some moves, manly man.”

“Ha. Same time next week?”

“Maybe. I still need to teach you how to twerk after all.”

“Oh gods, no.” He turned serious for a second. “Hey, Mina.”

“Yeah?”

“Don’t you dare ever go disappearing on me like that again, okay?”

She fell silent, guilt-ridden. “Okay.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.” A congenial silence fell over them like a warm blanket. After a long while, Ashido broke the serenity with a random titter as if something amusing suddenly sprung to mind. “That was super fun. But if you really want another dance lesson, you’re gonna have to buy me dinner first. And some ice for this pussy! You really don’t hold back, do you?”

“You would’ve hated it if I did.”

Her lips twisted into a devilish grin. “You know me too well.”

“Besides, it could’ve gone so much worse,” he said.

“Hm?”

“I could’ve stepped on your toes.”

THE END

Author's Notes: Thanks for reading! This is my first ever My Hero Academia fic. Please help me become a better writer by sending me your feedback. Whether you hated it or loved it, I'm open to hearing all opinions as long as you're genuine and respectful about it. You can drop a review at lemonzsauce.com or hit me up at reviews@lemonzsauce.com. I do my best to respond to all reviews.

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