

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.

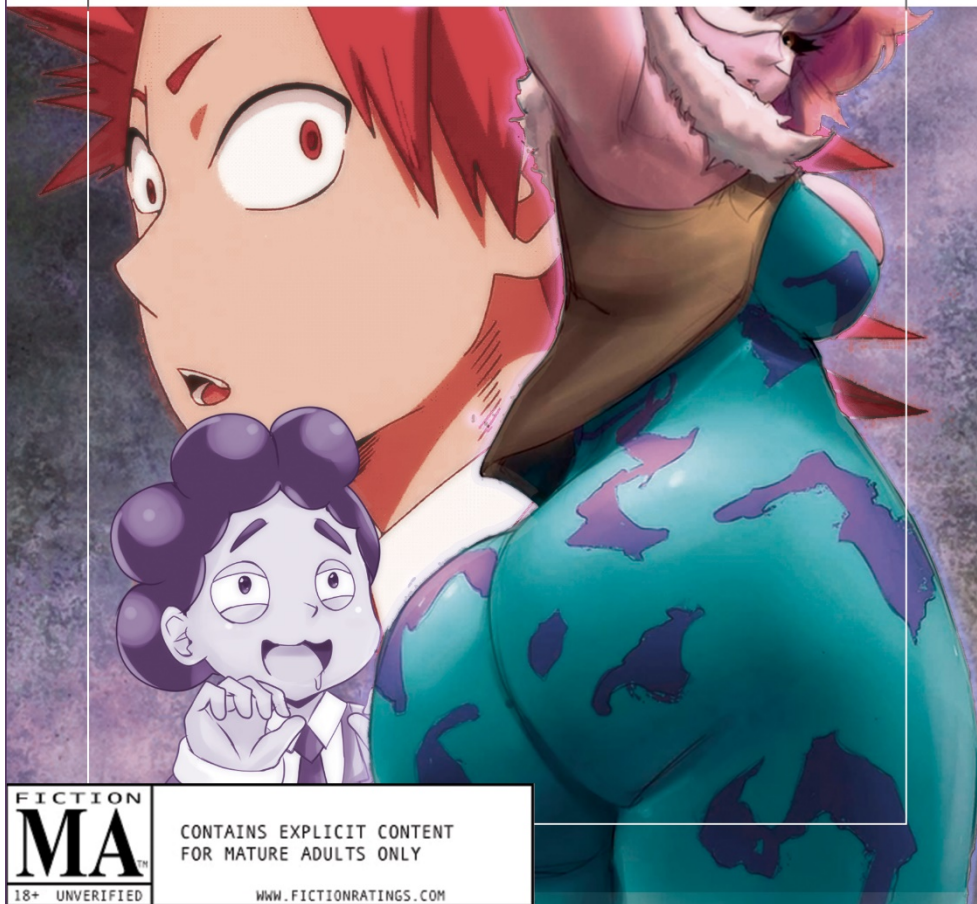
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J. J. SCRIPTease

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 ...

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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Special credit goes to *paranoiddroid* and *Unholysoul* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artist's work here:

<https://linktr.ee/Paranoid.droid>

<https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/3506313>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.