

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.

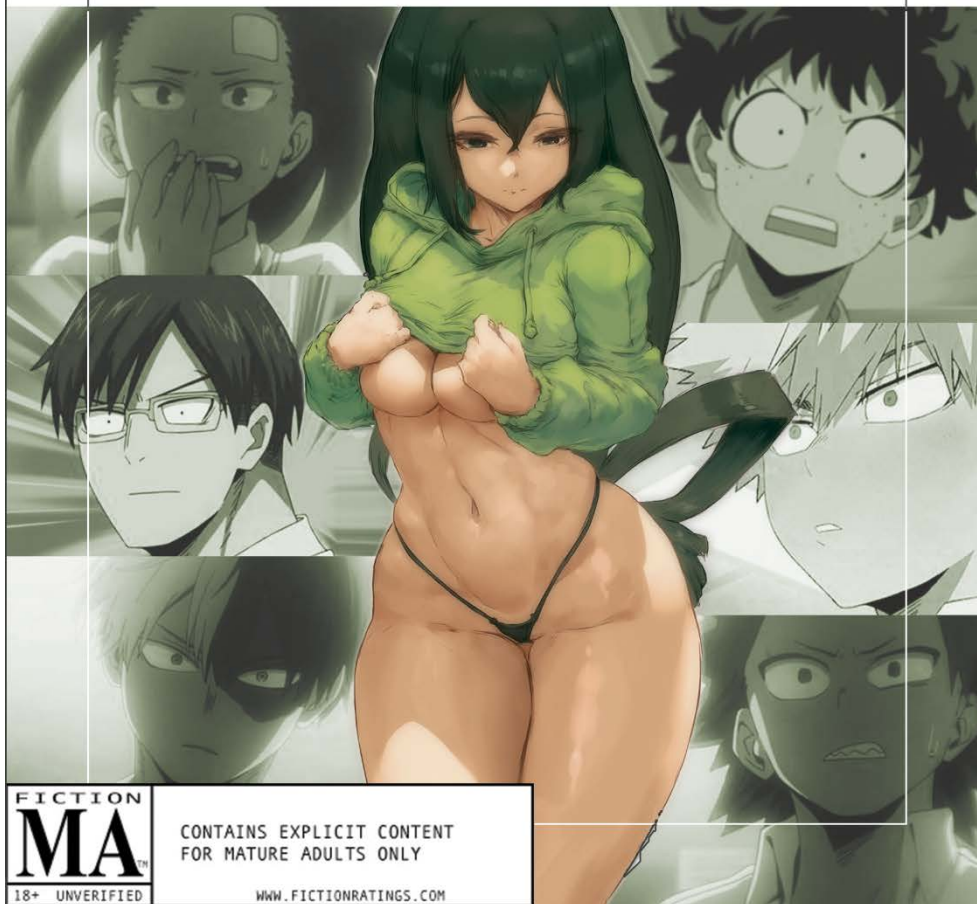
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J. J. SCRIPTease

**TSUYU'S
APOLOGY TOUR**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

CHAPTER 1



Synopsis

Wracked with guilt after denouncing a rogue mission to rescue Bakugo, Tsuyu sets out to earn her classmates' forgiveness by hook or by nook.

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Tsuyu's Apology Tour

My Hero Academia fanfiction by j.j. scriptease

Chapter 1 – Stopping Go

Izuku sank into a bean bag, the weight of his rigorous training lifted for a moment. The common area at Heights Alliance was a spacious and welcoming retreat, illuminated by warm overhead lights that cast a cosy glow over everything. He found himself in the company of four classmates—Iida, Todoroki, Kirishima, and Yaoyorozu—seated cross-legged on the floor, some leaning against bean bags and armchairs that cradled textbooks or hero course equipment. Expansive windows lined one wall, offering a view of the starlit sky, while the opposite wall showcased vibrant posters of famous heroes, inspiring and colourful. The potted plants nestled in corners added splashes of green, their leaves whispering in the breeze drifting through the open window.

At the heart of the room, two wooden Go boards held court on a coffee table. Black and white game pieces clicked against the board as players took turns enacting their strategies. Izuku and Iida were deeply absorbed in their match, competitive fervour in their focused expressions as they plotted each move. Next to them, Kirishima and Todoroki's game unfolded at a more leisurely pace, largely due to the former's casual approach. Kirishima frequently paused the game to interject with random thoughts and anecdotes, lightening the mood with his easy-going nature. Izuku could tell he wasn't really invested in Go itself, but more engaged in the social aspect and the camaraderie it fostered.

While Yaoyorozu tried to follow the strategy in both games with her brows furrowed in concentration, Kirishima blurted out, "You guys think a hero costume made entirely of marshmallows would be effective in battle?"

A stunned silence enveloped the room as everyone processed the absurdity of the question. Then, as if on cue, the silence shattered into an explosion of laughter, the absurdity proving too much to contain.

Yaoyorozu couldn't keep a straight face when she countered. "Only if you're fighting against a villain with a sweet tooth! It would certainly be unique, but I doubt it would offer much protection," she explained in good humour. "Imagine trying to defend yourself while stuck to everything!"

Todoroki joined in with his dry wit. "Maybe not effective in battle. But it could be a hit at a children's party."

Iida flung his hands up in exaggerated perplexity. "A marshmallow costume goes against every safety regulation we've learned!" he exclaimed, his earnestness making his bafflement all the more comical. "It's unthinkable!"

"It might not be the most practical idea," Izuku admitted, "but it's definitely creative, Kirishima."

Undeterred by the laughter and scepticism echoing around him, he leaned in with renewed enthusiasm. "Just think about it, guys! A marshmallow suit could be the next big thing in stealth missions. Soft, silent, and sweet!" His eyes twinkled with a playful seriousness.

The others continued laughing at his wild imagination. A chuckling Yaoyorozu added, "Well, I suppose in a world full of Quirks, someone is bound to have one that makes a marshmallow costume feasible."

"That's true," Todoroki mused, before adding, "I'd be more concerned about it melting under high temperatures, especially around my father."

The image of the fiery Endeavor encountering his marshmallow-clad son sent a new wave of laughter through the room, though Todoroki himself remained stoically unamused, not quite seeing the humour in his own incidental joke.

Amidst the ongoing jest and joviality, Kirishima took his chance. While the others were distracted, he adjusted a couple of pieces on his Go board, a sly grin tucked away in the corner of his mouth. Izuku caught the movement from the corner of his eye then confronted Kirishima's gaze. The boy with fiery hair gave him a conspiratorial wink, a silent pact sealed between them. Izuku couldn't help but be entertained; Kirishima had more up his sleeve than he'd let on, even if it was slightly against the rules. Izuku found himself swept up in the jovial atmosphere, reluctant to call out the cheat for the harmless trickery. Sure, his methods may

have nudged at boundaries, but they also injected an extra dose of fun to the evening. For now, Izuku chose to stay silent about the pieces that found themselves magically transported across the board, or altogether off of it.

Besides, he had his own game to worry about. Iida's glasses glinted as he adjusted them. "It was fascinating to see everyone's rooms," he declared after the laughter had died down. "They really reflect our personalities and hero aspirations!"

"Yeah!" Kirishima agreed. "It was like getting a sneak peek into everyone's lives outside of training." He let out a big sigh before adding, "Except for Bakugo's room, of course. Would've been cool to see what kind of stuff he's into."

Izuku offered an awkward chuckle. He shared Kirishima's curiosity about Bakugo's room, but was not surprised by Kacchan's reluctance to let anyone in. Even as kids, he had always been one to run his own race, opt for fierce independence and keep his peers at an arm's length. That was as much a part of Kacchan as his explosive Quirk. Despite Kirishima's growing bond with Kacchan, even he hadn't managed to penetrate his formidable walls. Izuku and the rest of 1-A had learned to accept it. Shifting gears back to the game at hand, Izuku set his mind on strategizing his next move.

Yaoyorozu's eyes returned to Todoroki's Go board, and her forehead creased with suspicion at the arrangement of the pieces. Izuku caught the subtle change in her expression and suppressed a nervous smile, careful not to give anything away. She chose not to voice whatever concerns she might've had, and instead segued into a reflection on their room tours. "Everyone's had its own charm. It's interesting to see how our environments can influence us." Her gaze drifted toward the hallway, a solemnness touching her profile. "But, it's strange Tsu didn't participate. She's usually so involved with the class."

Izuku nodded, his brows furrowing. Now that he thought about it, Asui's complete absence was kind of out of character.

Todoroki weighed in with his measured tone. "Everyone has their reasons. Maybe she just needed some space."

The conversation meandered through various topics and everyone took turns sharing their observations. They discussed the decorations, the personal touches that made each room

unique, and how these spaces were small reflections of their journeys as aspiring heroes. Their voices in the common room held a sense of unity.

Game night was unfolding seamlessly, punctuated by laughter and friendly competition, when Todoroki finally noticed something amiss. He studied his Go board with a narrowed, discerning gaze. “I might be mistaken, but it appears some of these game pieces may have a mind of their own.”

Izuku and Kirishima exchanged uneasy glances, and the former fumbled for words. “Uh, what are you suggesting, Todoroki?” he stammered, trying to sound nonchalant.

Kirishima chimed in with a forced chuckle. “Pieces moving on their own? That’s more ridiculous than a marshmallow costume!”

Todoroki levelled a pointed look at him. “Did you perhaps—”

“Ha!” Kirishima silenced the accusation before Todoroki could even make it. “As if I’d need to cheat against you guys! That wouldn’t be manly at all!” He laughed a bit too quickly, a bit too loud.

Yaoyorozu squinted at him. “Thou doth protest just a little too much, no?”

Todoroki looked Kirishima straight in the eyes. “Just making an observation,” he said, calm yet probing. “But your reaction is... interesting.”

Kirishima insisted he was innocent to anyone who cared to listen, prodding at the others in attempts to guilt-trip them into agreeing.

Yaoyorozu raised her hand like a beacon in the clamour, ushering in silence. “Settle down, everyone! Let’s get to the bottom of this,” she commanded with an air of authority. Izuku didn’t expect her to set her gaze upon him all of a sudden, her discerning eyes piercing his facade as though she already knew the answer to the question she was about to ask. “You’ve been awfully quiet about the whole thing, Midoriya. Tell us, what do *you* think really happened here?”

Izuku gulped like a duck choking on a grape.

Kirishima tried to jump in to save his bacon, but both Yaoyorozu and Iida silenced him with a firm look.

“Midoriya, we’re waiting,” Iida stated.

A swarm of butterflies seemed to be throwing a rave party in his belly, his face turning into a living, breathing radiator under the barrage of their gazes. Across from him, Kirishima gave his head a subtle shake, a ‘please-keep-your-mouth-shut’ signal if he ever saw one. Izuku hesitated, torn between his tic for honesty and preserving the playful spirit of the evening. His thumping heart was doing somersaults on a bouncy castle. Anticipation thickened the air, the resolution of the Go board mystery hanging in the balance.

Just as Izuku opened his mouth, poised with a response, the common room’s door groaned on its hinges. Every gaze in the room swivelled towards the source of the noise, finding Asui standing there, her unexpected arrival stealing the spotlight. None of them had expected to see her this evening, and Izuku still couldn’t believe he was, especially in the getup she had decided to christen them with.

Asui had slipped into a green crop top hoodie, its hood sprouting fanciful frog ears—a playful nod to her Quirk. The outfit’s light green hue created a vivid contrast against the dark sea-green of her hair. Her face, nestled within the hood, emerged from what appeared to be the mouth of a stylized frog, lending a touch of whimsy to her otherwise serious expression. Shoulder-length locks framed her visage, softening her stoic look, while shorter bangs hovered above her large, round eyes, imbuing them with a teal glow.

As Izuku’s eyes travelled southward, he couldn’t help notice how little the getup covered. The long-sleeved hoodie was cropped at the hem, leaving just enough material to veil her bosom while simultaneously revealing the underside of her breasts. The daring cut exposed more of Asui’s toned midriff than even Yaoyorozu’s hero costume dared to bare, showcasing the slender curve of her athletic body. His eyes continued their exploration below her belly button before encountering any further clothed territory—and that was only this sleek, high-waisted thong. The undergarment was a bold stroke in black, minimalistic and eye-catching. It hugged her hips snugly, its straps rising in a distinct V-shape leading his gaze to her navel, accentuating the contours of her hourglass figure. The black thong, a mere whisper against her skin, clung to her crotch in a small triangle that offered the barest coverage possible.

Izuku’s mouth fell open. He couldn’t believe Asui owned such a thing, let alone was brazen enough to flaunt it in front of all of them.

Beneath the audacious sliver of a thong, her legs were encased in thigh-high socks of a soft, light-green fabric, each adorned with cheerful frog faces. They clung tightly to her shapely limbs, highlighting the definition of her toned thighs and calves. The combination of the playful socks with the provocative thong rendered Asui in a light that Izuku (and everyone else in the room, judging by the mutual silence) had never seen her in before. A profound shift in atmosphere swept over them, the boisterous fun giving way to stunned silence as tangible as the night outside the windows. The stillness was abruptly shattered when a few Go pieces tumbled out of Kirishima's pockets and clattered onto the floor.

The noise snapped everyone back to the present, breaking the spell cast by Asui's entrance.

Yaoyorozu was the first to find her voice. Rising to her feet, she addressed Asui. "That's... quite a cute outfit," she said, trying not to let her astonishment seep into her tone.

Asui tapped her long forefinger against her cheek. Her expression bore a hint of contemplation, as if weighing the word 'cute' against whatever she had been aiming for. For Izuku, 'cute' didn't even begin to describe what his eyes were seeing. His gaze drifted to the finer details of her ensemble, noticing how the fabric stretched across her chest drew outlines of her nipples against the material.

Iida, sensing a need to ease the growing tension, cleared his throat and interjected with his usual formality. "Ahem, Asui, would you like to join us?" He motioned towards the Go boards on the table.

Izuku chimed in, eager not to appear distracted. "Yeah! That's a great idea!" Perhaps, they could still restore the room's earlier atmosphere, and redirect everyone's focus away from Asui's clothing, or lack thereof.

But Asui shot down the idea almost faster than it had been suggested. "I don't deserve to join you." Her voice carried a solemn weight. "I haven't been a good friend. Ribbit..."

Her words left a ripple of confusion among the group. Kirishima embodied their collective bewilderment when he voiced his thoughts. "What are you talking about, Tsu? You're an awesome friend!"

The others joined in, affirming his statement, reassuring Asui of her valued place among them. But she shook her head, a shadow of doubt crossing her features. "I was overly

critical when the five of you made the decision to rescue Bakugo.” Turning to the class rep, she offered a sincere compliment. “Iida, your leadership and decisiveness are crucial. You’re always guiding us, even in the toughest times, kero.” Her gaze shifted to Kirishima. “And your bravery and spirit are inspiring. You never back down, ribbit, no matter how dangerous the situation gets.” Looking at Yaoyorozu, she continued, “Momo, your intelligence and quick thinking saved us more than once. Your ability to strategize is remarkable.” Asui’s gaze then met Todoroki’s. “Your resilience and the way you balance your immense power with a calm demeanour is truly admirable, kero. You face challenges with such composure.” Finally, she turned to Izuku. “Midoriya, your selflessness and determination are what make you a true hero. You always put others before yourself.”

Each heartfelt compliment reflected Asui’s genuine admiration and respect for her classmates.

“Wow, Tsu,” Yaoyorozu said, visibly moved, “That means a lot. To all of us.”

The others nodded in agreement.

But Asui wasn’t done. “Your courage made a difference, all of you, ribbit. I should have seen that then. But instead I... I... I compared you all to villains,” she said, barely stopping herself from sobbing, “because you made the tough decision to break a few little rules.” She looked down, her voice tinged with remorse. “I’ve been hiding in my room,” she continued, “because I didn’t feel like I deserved to be around any of you. But... well, I wasn’t *just* hiding. I was contemplating ways to make it up to you guys, to be a better friend.” She paused, a determined look in her eyes. “And I believe I’ve found a way, kero.”

As the group glanced around the room, bemused, Asui pulled back her frog-head hood. Her long, dark, sea-green hair unfurled in a dramatic sweep, cascading around her face and shoulders in a raw, tousled style, the strands splaying out in seductive disarray.

As intriguing and inconveniently stimulating this all was, Kirishima thought best to address her underlying guilt. “Come on, Tsu,” he began in a reassuring tone, “there’s really nothing you need to do to make up for...”

His words faltered as Asui reached for the hem of her scandalously cropped hoodie. The room tensed. Iida’s face flushed a deep red, his glasses fogging up from the sudden heat of embarrassment. Todoroki, usually so composed, ogled with eyes as wide as saucers. They

could all sense what was about to happen next, yet were unable to move from their frozen positions, probably out of shock and, perhaps, a hint of something else.

As Asui began to lift the bottom of her cropped top, the room held its breath. Izuku, despite his best intentions, couldn't help but leer at the upward motion of her bosom. The movement was subtle at first, but as the hoodie rose, it brought into greater view the lower curve of her mounds. Millimetre by millimetre, the fabric peeled away, revealing the undersides of her breasts more and more, each inch of exposed skin adding to the mounting tension in the room. The hoodie appeared to struggle against the swell of her chest, creating a mesmerising interplay of concealment and reveal, and as it continued its ascent, the fabric teased with a fleeting glimpse of areolae, edging ever closer to revealing their pink peaks. Suspense hung thick in the air. And just as her breasts verged on spilling out completely—

Yaoyorozu sprang into action, darting in front of Asui with arms outstretched to obstruct the boys' view.

"Tsu, stop," she urged. "This isn't necessary. You don't need to do this for forgiveness."

Asui halted at her female classmate's intervention. Yaoyorozu pulled the short hem of the hoodie back down to preserve Asui's modesty.

The room exhaled, the tension dissolving into a collective sigh of relief.

Granted, a small part of Izuku might've preferred if Yaoyorozu had stepped in just a few seconds later than she had...

"Ribbit," Asui uttered softly, perplexed. "I thought the boys would appreciate—"

"The boys *definitely* don't want to see you do that!" Yaoyorozu insisted. Yet, a deafening silence lingered behind her, the boys' echoes of agreement notably absent this time. Detecting the unusual quiet, Yaoyorozu prompted, "Right, boys?"

"Y-Yeah!" "Right!" "Oh yeah, definitely!" "Absolutely!" "That certainly won't be necessary!"

Their responses tumbled out in a rushed and overzealous chorus, each voice stumbling over the other.

Yaoyorozu glanced back at them, her eyebrow raised in annoyance at their delayed reactions.

Asui's gaze lingered on each of her classmates as she considered their erratic feedback with muted consideration. "Oh," she uttered, an epiphany dawning in her voice. "I see." With a polite nod, she pulled her hood back over her head. "Thank you, then. Have a good evening." Her scantily clad figure retreated into the dimly lit hallway, casting a shadow of puzzlement and lingering questions behind her.

Kirishima scratched the top of his head. "Uh, does anyone get what just happened here?"

Yaoyorozu gazed down the empty hallway and let out a concerned murmur. "I wish I could say I did..."

Iida, meanwhile, busied himself with clearing the steamy fog from his glasses. "It would appear she's still grappling with the aftermath of the Bakugo incident."

Yaoyorozu's brow knitted together. "I get that much. But it's still worrying Tsu would choose such an... extreme way to express her feelings." She scanned the faces of her male classmates, searching for any indication they knew something she didn't. "Where could she have possibly gotten the idea to... it's so unlike her."

The boys exchanged glances, each looking more confused than the next. Kirishima threw his hands up defensively. "Hey, don't look at us. We're just as baffled as you are!"

Todoroki added in his calm tenor, "It doesn't seem like something any of us would've suggested to her."

Izuku felt the weight of Yaoyorozu's implied accusation and stuttered out his response. "Y-Yeah, none of us had any idea she was feeling this way... or would ever encourage something like that."

Iida sought to bring some order to the conversation. "Regardless of where the idea came from, it's evident Asui is experiencing some personal turmoil. I propose we consider a definitive course of action."

"A... definitive course of action?" Todoroki asked.

“Indeed.” Iida pushed his polished glasses up his nose with a renewed sense of purpose. “Given Asui’s vulnerable state of mind and her propensity for rash decisions, I suggest we exercise caution and refrain from encouraging any... imprudent offers she might make.”

‘Imprudent offers?’ Izuku thought to himself. *You mean like how she almost flashed us out of the blue?’* That was a lot more than just ‘imprudent’. That was... well, Izuku didn’t know what he would call that. Nonetheless, Iida did make a lot of sense, and Izuku knew there was no way he could take Asui up on such an offer in good conscious. “You’re right. We should all give her the space and time she needs to return to her usual self.”

“Absolutely!” Kirishima agreed, his voice brimming with a sense of duty. “That’s the manly thing to do! Put it here, boys.” He stuck his hand out palm-down, an invitation to solidify a pact.

Todoroki placed his hand over Kirishima’s. “Fine by me.”

Iida added his hand to the stack. “It’s official then!”

Izuku moved his own atop the pile with a nervous chuckle. “Oh, I’m in, too!” He’d always wondered what it would be like to be part of a pact, having been excluded by all the cool kids with Quirks throughout his school life. Although, he never quite imagined his first pact would involve refraining from a female classmate seemingly offering herself up to them.

Kirishima turned to Yaoyorozu, the only hand missing from the stack. “You too, right? We all need to be on the same page here.”

“Are you serious?” Yaoyorozu responded, incredulous. “I hardly think Tsu’s ‘little show’ was intended for me. I certainly didn’t lose my composure like some of you did.”

Kirishima rubbed the back of his spiky head sheepishly. “It wasn’t that bad, was it?”

She cocked her brow in silent judgement.

“Either way, you were here, too,” Kirishima pointed out, “Asui’s pretty calculated when she wants to be, and clearly, she wanted you to be here, too, when she... you get the picture. You oughtta be in on this, too!”

Yaoyorozu rolled her eyes and gave a light shrug. “Alright then,” she relented, placing her hand atop of Izuku’s. “But I’m counting on each one of you to stick to this ‘pact’ or whatever you want to call it. No exceptions,” she tacked on, her gaze pointedly lingering on Todoroki, who returned her stare with a puzzled arch of his eyebrows.

“Okay, let’s do this!” Kirishima’s voice boomed with infectious energy. Their hands lifted together and broke away from the stack in perfect unity, solidifying their pact. “Now that that’s out the way, I can get back to kicking your ass at Go!” He taunted Todoroki.

“You mean get back to hiding pieces?” Todoroki retorted dryly.

Laughter and banter gradually returned to the common room as everyone’s attention drifted back to their Go boards. Asui’s interruption faded into the backdrop of game night. But every now and then, Izuku would catch an inquisitive look from Yaoyorozu that made him wonder if she was still mulling over what had happened. Or maybe, he thought, it was just his mind playing tricks on him; he’d been told on more than one occasion he had a tendency to overanalyse the little things.

Iida awaited his move on the Go board. Izuku, usually a mastermind of strategy, found himself adrift in a sea of black and white stones. His fingers hesitated over the board, each potential move shrouded in uncertainty. His scattered concentration spiralled into a succession of missteps, culminating in a decisive loss to Iida.

Despite his outward composure, despite the pact they’d just solidified, the vivid memory of Asui in that thong flashed before his eyes, an image that refused to fade away.

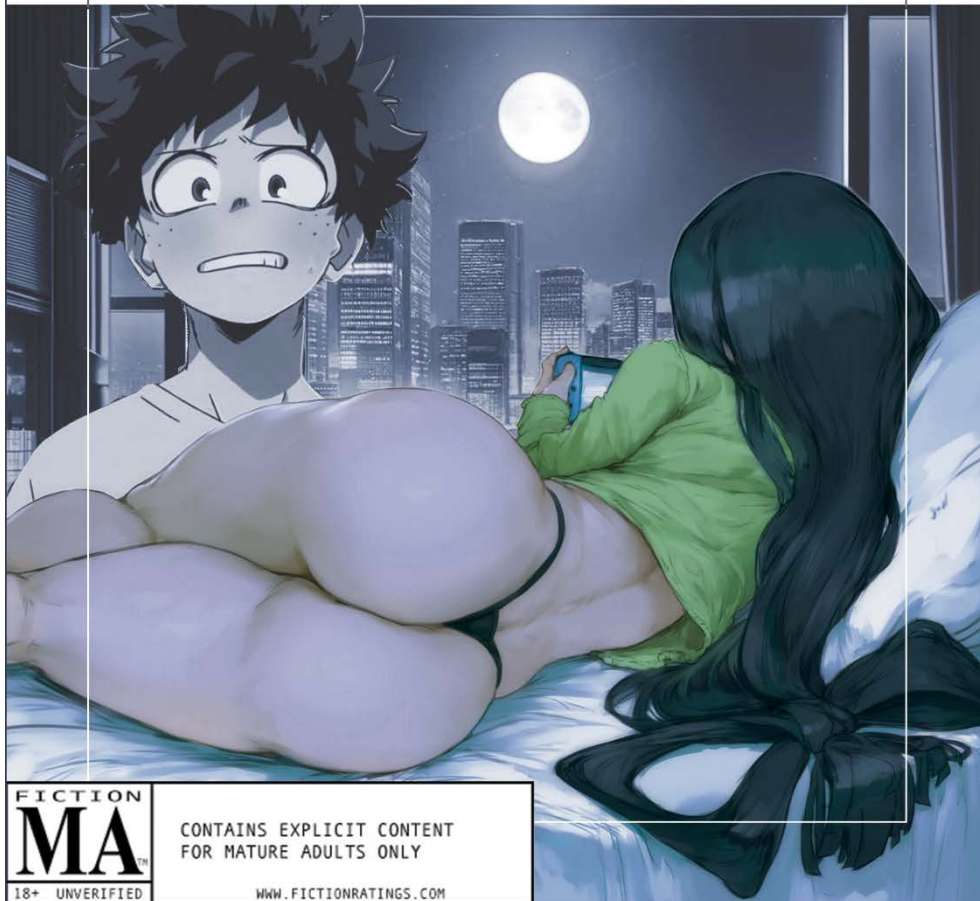
... TO BE CONTINUED ...

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

**TSUYU'S
APOLOGY TOUR**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

CHAPTER 2



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Chapter 2 – Midnight Trap

Izuku trudged back to his dorm, thoughts swirling from his defeat. As he replayed the Go game in his head, each move unfolded with agonising post-match clarity. The victory had been in his grasp but he had let it slip through his fingers. He mumbled to himself, criticising all his silly mistakes as he rode the elevator to his floor, his footsteps a faint echo in the deserted corridor. A good night's sleep, he decided, would prepare him for a rematch tomorrow and a chance at redemption.

Stepping into his room, Izuku instantly felt something awry. The All Might star-patterned curtains, which he distinctly remembered drawing closed, were swept aside, allowing the soft glow of moonlight to seep into the room's darkness. A frown creased his brow. Had he actually left them open? As his eyes adjusted to the dim light, they landed on his bed. There was a noticeable lump under the sheets, an unusual shape that *definitely* hadn't been there when he left for the common room earlier.

"What the...?" he whispered to himself, heart rate picking up. He reached for the light switch, and with a flick, the room was bathed in light.

His heart catapulted to his throat, adrenaline coursing like a wild river through his veins at the sight of an unfamiliar figure in his bed. The intruder had shaped his covers into a silhouette evocative of a crescent moon, starting slim at the foot of the bed where they contoured around feet. Gradually, the fabric arched upwards and formed a rounded summit—hinting at the voluptuous curve of a hip—before sloping down towards the pillow. The sheets, taut over the mysterious figure, veiled it entirely except for the rear view of a head, a cascade of dark sea-green hair. These deep hues clashed with the pale bed linens and spilled luxuriantly over the pillow, where a neatly tied bow dangled off the bed's edge.

Eyes wide, Izuku stammered, "A-A-Asui?!"

Without rolling over to face him, she spoke with calm resignation. "Ribbit. This bed's actually pretty cozy. Might've dozed off if you'd taken any longer, kero." She gave a languid

yawn. “I know I’m a little late for the room tours, but I’m really glad I got to see yours. Though, all this All Might memorabilia... it’s kind of overwhelming, isn’t it?”

Asui’s demeanour was flagrantly nonchalant for someone who had, in essence, broken into his room. Then again, she usually maintained a nonchalant tone about most things. Despite the initial shock, Izuku’s instinct to defend All Might was unwavering. “Well, you see, All Might isn’t just any hero. He’s the Symbol of Peace—b-but more than that—the reason I’ve been able to make it to U.A. at all. His journey, his legacy... of course I’d hold him in such high esteem. Naturally, anyone in my position would want to pay tribute by—” Izuku paused mid-sentence, suddenly aware he was straying off topic. “Wait a second, Asui, why exactly are you in my room?”

“Please, call me Tsu.”

“R-right,” Izuku stumbled, flustered, “Asu-Tsu, what exactly are you d-doing here?!”

“Ribbit. Let me guess... you’re frozen at your doorway, all perplexed and wide-eyed, your hands probably feeling clammy, and yet there’s this odd sense of excitement inside you, too.”

His heart rate spiked. It wasn’t so much a guess as it was a statement of fact. He wiped his brow with a trembling hand and swallowed hard. Either Asui knew him better than he thought, or he was just embarrassingly predictable. He stood there, a silent testament to the accuracy of her blind assessment, shaking in his socks, utterly lost for words.

Asui’s voice came again, more pointed this time. “You’ve never had a girl in your bed before, have you, Midoriya?”

His face flushed a deep crimson, and his trembling intensified.

“And now you’re turning all shades of red, huh, Midoriya?”

He fumbled with his collar, sweat streaming down his face. If he didn’t know the limits of her Quirk, he might have thought she had eyes in the back of her head.

“I don’t blame you for getting a little hot under the collar, kero. It *is* quite a warm night, isn’t it?” To underscore her point, she drew the covers off herself, casually revealing her scantily-clad form.

Izuku's eyes, almost against his will, followed the contour of Asui's figure as she lied on her side, still wearing the attire she had flaunted in the common room. His focus was pulled toward the cropped hem of her hoodie, which ended halfway down her back, exposing a tantalising stretch of skin, the arch of her spine curving towards her waist. The vision of one sinuous leg resting atop the other, each encased in those thigh-high, frog-patterned socks, only added to her sex appeal.

And then there was the teeny, tiny, black thong—an image forever seared into his memory. Its audacious minimalism struck him hard, offering even less coverage at the back than at the front. The thin straps outlined the curves of her hips, while the slender central band plunged into her crack, leaving every round inch of her sculpted butt on full display. Her horizontal position emphasised the roundness of her hip, its pronounced arch inviting Izuku's gape. The moment she had unveiled herself, every coherent thought in his head vanished quicker than the thong in her voluptuous cheeks had, leaving him spellbound.

"You still there?" Her casual voice floated over her shoulder.

He mustered a jumbled murmur in response. His eyes caught the faint glow of a phone screen over her shoulder. How could she be so at ease, lying there with her big butt exposed while playing a game or whatever?

"If you want to call it a day, don't let me stop you, ribbit."

Right now, nothing felt better than the idea of going to bed... possibly even with Asui still in it. But he instantly recalled the pact, leaving him idling between temptation and his promise. As he wavered in his decision, a conspicuous bulge formed at the front of his shorts.

Panicking, he fumbled for the light switch, plunging the room back into darkness. Some part of him hoped extinguishing the light would not only hide his arousal, but also shield his eyes from the view that stoked it. Yet, the moonlight spilling through his window only enhanced the vision of Asui's silky skin. Silvery beams pirouetted across the lush curves of her backside, cloaking it in a veil of luminescence that outshone the glow from her phone's screen. He couldn't tear his eyes away.

"You know, ribbit, I could tell Momo wasn't speaking for all of you. My proposition might've escaped her interest, but it got through to you guys, didn't it?" She paused, granting

him a moment to rebuttal. He kept still, silent. “I appreciate the gentlemanly front you all put up, kero, but I had a hunch the truth would only reveal itself in a more private setting.”

Well, as far as private settings went, they didn't get any more private than his dorm room.

The glow from her phone screen disappeared as she closed whatever she'd been looking at, indicating her attention was about to shift entirely towards him.

A knot formed in his throat.

“Out of everyone back there, your eyes were on me the most, Midoriya.” His tongue twisted itself in knots, scrambling for a denial, but she smoothly interjected, “It's alright. I was actually hoping for that kind of reaction.”

“Um, oh, o-okay?”

“I've been struggling to sleep tonight,” she confessed in a tender tone. “The third night in a row. I don't think I'll be able to sleep again, ribbit, not until I've made up for letting you all down.”

He should've been paying attention to what she was saying, but instead, his eyes wandered to her legs. Her upper thigh shifted back and forth over the lower one in a motion that seemed innocuous. The room was so quiet, and his focus so intense, he believed he could hear the soft rustle of fabric as her sock-clad thighs brushed against each other. It sent waves of fluster through him.

“N-no.” He tried to shake the tempting thoughts out of his head. “It's like Yaoyorozu said. You don't have to do anything to—”

Asui cut his reassurance short with a sudden move, so sudden he nearly stumbled back out of the door. She transitioned into a seated position on his bed, folding her legs beneath her, easing her plush backside down onto her feet. The frog faces on her thigh-high seemed to wink at him in the soft light. Her feet nestled against the sides of her ample buttocks, creating soft indentations in the supple flesh.

An involuntary whimper slipped past his lips.

Asui arched her back, illuminated by the moonlight, casting a sinuous silhouette against the backdrop of the window. She then raised her arms, her fingers dancing through her tousled hair. With playful ease, she flicked random locks over her head, each toss exuding a carefree seductiveness. When she'd lifted her arms, the hem of her cropped hoodie followed suit, offering a generous glimpse of the underside of her breasts. She held this pose with artful poise, leaning forward ever so subtly, her curved back accentuating the roundness of her butt in contrast to her little waist. Then, turning her head, she cast a glance over her shoulder at Izuku. One eye, alight with a hint of curiosity, appraised him, gauged the impact of her seductive pose.

"You keep insisting I don't need to do anything," she began, "But, have you considered, maybe it would be *you* doing me the favour?"

His mind churned at her suggestion. That perspective hadn't crossed his mind before. Hmmm...

He soon found himself mumbling, his thoughts spilling out in a low, continuous murmur as he tried to process this new angle:

"Technically, if I *did* do anything, it would be considered helping. Right? And if I help her, that's me being a good friend, wouldn't it be? But then, what if it's just what she *thinks* she needs? No, no, it's about her guilt. It has to be. Helping her could ease that. But is that really helping, or... or is it just indulging? And what about boundaries? We're friends, so I should help, but then, where does that line get drawn? And the pact. Oh man, the others would never forgive me if I broke the pact. Especially Yaoyorozu! Those daggers in her eyes... But, wait, what if they looked at it from Asui's perspective, too? Shouldn't it be more about making her feel better about herself and less about how we feel about ourselves? I should talk to them, maybe we need to reevaluate our approach to helping Asui. And then I'd also have to consider..."

As he rambled on, his thoughts spun in circles, juggling notions of friendship, morality, and the complex dynamics of their pact. He might have continued this restless musing until dawn had it not been for the distinct creak of his bed as Asui climbed down from it.

Framed against the backdrop of the moonlit window, her silhouette advanced towards him, each step oozing an irresistible sensuality that filled the air with headiness. Every

movement brought her closer, set her chest into a lively bounce and sway, a jiggly spectacle celebrating the freedom of their bra-less state, her nipples screaming 'hello' into the fabric.

A part of him yearned for her to stop, to allow him a moment to gather his thoughts and further analyse the predicament. Yet, each time he stole a glance at the ample chest bouncing his way, his train of thought got derailed.

His gaze descended to devour the sight of her toned midriff, bared and beautiful. Then wandered further south... where that slender, little thong scarcely covered her most intimate area. The midnight-black hue merged with the room's shadows, its outline emerging only due to the luminescent kiss on her upper thighs and pelvis. It was as though the moon itself was in collusion, eager to reveal the secrets the darkness sought to keep.

She stalked closer, every step a seductive prow, the barely-there underwear showing more than it hid. Like the fact his classmate was clean-shaven, the surrounding skin of her pelvis glowing like polished marble under the silvery light. The thong, almost futile in its thinness, featured a central band that was little more than a delicate ribbon preserving her modesty. So narrow it taped over but a sliver of her sex, and so taut, it traced the faintest outline of her slit. Astoundingly, as she moved, it was a miracle the sparse strip hadn't slipped into her folds—a wardrobe malfunction that, despite his better judgement, he found himself not entirely opposed to.

Asui closed the gap between them, the space around him seeming to shrink. She now stood so close that the exotic fragrance emanating from her—a mix that might have been perfume or perhaps lingering traces of her shampoo—wove its way into his nostrils. The scent was reminiscent of a dew-kissed morning in a verdant forest. Dominant notes of crisp water lily blended with the earthy essence of freshly cut grass, weaving around him like a gentle mist. The sensory embrace towed the line between danger and desire, mingling with the charged atmosphere to stir a heady mix that left Izuku grappling for focus.

"You don't need to analyse everything like your life depends on it," she commented on his habitual rambling. "Ribbit. If you really want me to leave, I'll hop on out of here. It's that simple."

Except, it really wasn't. Not for Izuku. He couldn't muster a coherent response. His skin glistened with a sheen of nervous sweat at her scantily-clad proximity. While he trembled, struggled to articulate a single thought, her gaze descended to the bulge pressing

against his shorts. She touched a finger to her cheek, staring at his tent as though it was the unspoken answer he couldn't find the words for.

'Oh man, oh man, what's going through her head right now? Is this like, some kind of test? Did I just completely mess it up? Oh gosh, what if she's totally grossed out by my boner? But why... why is she looking at it so... so focused? Is it... is it too small? Or wait, maybe it's too big? No, no, Izuku, don't be ridiculous, that's not it!'

He feared his involuntarily response might've forever changed the dynamics of their platonic relationship. Between now and his shameful gawping downstairs, he'd probably shattered the wholesome image she had of him.

Trying to read her expression, his attention was drawn to a subtle detail that had eluded him from afar—a faint blush dusting her cheeks. The revelation gave him pause. Beneath her bold demeanour and sexy outfit, was it possible Asui, too, was grappling with embarrassment? What a surprise; she had maintained such a confident façade until now. There was something oddly reassuring about her vulnerability. The soft blush was a comforting reminder the Asui he knew was still lurking behind this alluring façade, and that she too must've realised how awkward this was in light of their friendship.

His discomfort escalated under her steady stare, leading him to cover the bulge with his hand and take a step back. "Asui, d-don't... look... maybe it's better if you don't stand so close... ahehehe..." Nervous laughter peppered his stutters. A mantra in his head echoed relentlessly:

'The pact, the pact, the pact!'

She raised her arm and extended it forward. He flinched, tensed in anticipation of her touch. However, rather than making contact, her hand reached past him to nudge the open bedroom door shut. The darkened room turned a shade darker. In the sudden proximity, he could feel the heat radiating off her body and the rise and fall of her chest as it brushed against him, her nipples grazing his torso through the fabric of her hoodie, sending a static shock through his body.

"Kero, you haven't asked me to leave," she observed, drawing a conclusion from his lack of response. Then, her hand began its slow ascent up his thigh, eliciting another flinch from Izuku. Her touch was like a series of ripples, sending tingling sensations through his

body, each wave growing in intensity as her hand ventured closer to his strained bulge. His mind raced with frantic thoughts teetering on the brink of chaos.

She took hold of his wrist in a gentle grasp, her eyes seeking his in a silent query, an implicit request for consent. His eyes fluttered, though he must have conceded a subtle nod because she proceeded to move his hand away from his crotch, encountering little resistance. The instant her fingers grazed his bulge, however, he recoiled dramatically, his back slamming against the door with a startled thud.

“Ribbit... you *really* haven’t had a girl in your room before,” she concluded bluntly.

His response was a nervous chuckle. “Wha-what makes you say that? Ahehehe...”

“Please. Let me...” Her voice dropped to a near whisper. “It’ll help.”

“But, A-Asu—Tsu, I’m not so sure this is a g-g-good ide—aaaahhh!” His protestation faltered as her hand ventured to his crotch once again, this time with a decisive firmness.

Beads of sweat multiplied on his forehead while she persisted in rubbing him over his strained shorts. The room grew warmer, or perhaps it was just the heat radiating from their close bodies, from the friction of her intimate touch. With every motion of her hand, the fabric pressed and shifted against him, amplifying the sensation and sending waves of both pleasure and nervous tension through his body.

‘I can’t believe this is happening... a girl is actually touching my... whoa!’

Her touch struck a balance between confidence and curiosity, her palm applying pressure against the lump in his shorts. A tide of panic swelled within Izuku, rising in tandem with the escalating intensity of her rubbing. Asui wasn’t shy at all about touching him down there. It felt like she knew exactly what she was doing. Up and down, her palm pressed against his excited bump, driving him closer to the brink of his exhilaration.

“Does that feel good, Midoriya?”

“Mhm...” The muffled affirmation escaped him reflexively before he promptly corrected himself. “I-I mean, n-no! We shouldn’t be d-doing th-this, Asui,” he stammered, “The pact... I made a promise to the others, I... I can’t just...” His reluctance tumbled out in a jumbled mess.

She brushed past his stuttering resistance and put her hand down his shorts, casually asking, “Promised who what, ribbit?”

The moment she slipped into his briefs, his ability to string a sentence together went AWOL. The feel of her bare hand on his bare skin sent his heart racing and breath hitching, swamped by a deluge of intense sensations. His scattered brain was stuck in a tug-of-war between explaining the pact and acknowledging how pleasant her fondling was. He managed to do neither. Her hand, larger than average thanks to her Frog Quirk, enveloped his entire package within the tight confines of his underwear. It felt so big, yet so soft, so gentle in its twiddling embrace.

He admitted in a whisper carrying a hint of awe, “A-Asui... Your hand feels so... nice and big...” As soon as the words left his mouth, he winced, regretting how awkward he was making an already-awkward situation. The comment didn’t seem to faze his handler.

“Kero, you really think so?” she whispered her nonchalant response while digging around in his briefs. Inquisitive digits navigated the texture of his testicles, gently squeezing, groping. The soft pads of her fingers caressed the sensitive skin as if she were reading braille on contours of his warm sack. All the while, her palm traced the curve of his erection, its shape contorted by its restrictive surroundings. Although he was well-acquainted with the pleasure elicited from stroking his own shaft, the experience of a foreign hand—softer, larger—introduced a new dimension of gratification.

Izuku nodded dreamily, his head lolling back against the door. It was hard to tell whether it was a trick of his imagination or a hopeful wish that Asui was finding as much guilty pleasure in this as he was; he could almost swear he felt her nipples harden against his chest through her hoodie.

In a moment of awkward honesty, perhaps an attempt to reciprocate his clumsy compliment, Asui stammered, “And your... your... it feels... interesting, kero...”

“Interesting?” He mused. It dawned on him that this was the first time he had ever received any sort of assessment of his anatomy—and it was from a girl, like a real-life girl! More notably, this also might’ve been the first time he heard Asui deliver anything devoid of her forthright confidence. There was something endearing about her shyness to explicitly name what she was touching.

“In a good way!” she added promptly, her bluntness returning.

A dreamy expression washed over him as he surrendered to her touch. She raised her face, their gazes locking, and again he noted the deepening blush on her cheeks, now mirroring the crimson hue burning on his own. Almost as quickly as their eyes met, they broke away—hers descending back to the hand toiling in his shorts, and his darting upwards to the ceiling.

They both appeared mutually hesitant, mentally at least, for this scene to unfold, and yet there was an unyielding, primal force—probably in the shape of an amphibian-like hand—determined to guide them into uncharted waters.

His eyes were half-lidded when he felt the sharp tug of his shorts and underwear being pulled down. His member sprung into the cool air. A shiver rippled through him and a gasp broke free from his lips, swiftly stifled as he brought his hands to his mouth, his eyes snapping open in shock.

She gave him no time to dwell on his sudden nakedness. Her famously long and nimble tongue darted out, encircling his erection with blood-stirring dexterity. The feel of her damp, strong organ was incredibly arousing, eclipsing the tenderness of her hand. Her tongue grew longer and longer, coiling further and further up his shaft with a serpentine grace, stopping short of snaking into his thick tuft of dark-green pubes. Sinuous and slimy, the pink serpent executed rhythmic strokes, constricting and releasing, painting glistening trails of saliva along its hard, veiny path. His knees trembled at its torturous, undulating grip.

While manoeuvring her elongated tongue, Asui was forced to speak from the side of her mouth, her words slightly distorted, “It feels like it’s alive.”

The hint of awe in her tone delivered some reassurance. It meant she didn’t find his throbbing anatomy revolting like he had feared. The room’s darkness offered a kind of solace, a protective veil that shielded him from the vulnerability he would have felt under her scrutinizing gaze. It was a gentle buffer, granting them both a degree of comfort to explore this new and intimate entanglement.

She took his hands away from smothering his mouth and guided them towards her sides. The feel of her bare skin under his fingertips sent his heart into overdrive, pounding so fiercely he thought it might burst from his chest. And while she continued to work his shaft

with her coiled tongue, she directed his quivering hands further south. The velvety smoothness of her skin was nothing short of breathtaking! His nervous, trembling hands travelled down, tracing the slender curve of her waist before coming across the fine straps that adorned her hips. A jittery twitch of his finger almost led it beneath the right strap, but he quickly corrected course, mindful of how easily the flimsy thong might come undone. The scant cloth felt fragile under his touch. A simple tug would easily snap it off her sexy hips and leave her bottom half completely naked in the dark confines of his room...

'No, no, I can't do that! It's already bad enough we've gone this far...'

Exerting self-discipline, he tapped into the same rigor he'd honed while learning to control One For All.

His hands moved away from the temptation of stripping her thong, and onto the large expanse of her bare butt just beneath. His breath caught in his throat. The feel of her skin here was unlike anything he'd ever set hands on—remarkably smooth, lush, and perfectly sculpted into roundness. His fingers, trembling even more, wavered between the urge to explore and the wisdom of restraint. He longed to give her exceptional rear a firm, appreciative squeeze, to feel the give and bounce of her supple flesh under his touch, but he held back, wary of seeming too forward or disrespectful. Instead, he let his hands wander over the curvature of her cheeks...

The further his fingertips ventured down their slopes, the further they swelled outward, an astonishing show of their sheer size and overall roundness. For such a big butt, it maintained a firm and perky demeanour, almost laughing in the face of gravity, a testament to both her physical conditioning and nature's artistry. His fingers lingered, took their time to fully appreciate the shape of her ass, before continuing their descent. They slid down the smooth, well-toned backs of her thighs, feeling the warmth of her skin give way to the texture of her long socks.

She grasped his hands with a firmness suggesting they had strayed too far, and guided them back up her thighs, parking them on the plush terrain of her derriere, as though she knew exactly where they really wanted to be. And, she wasn't wrong.

"It's okay," she whispered in his ear.

He could barely contain his excitement, interpreting her reassurance as a green light to indulge in a fantasy he had nurtured since walking in on her beautiful, bare ass lying on his bed.

I'm sorry, guys. I really tried...

Granting himself permission, he gave her sexy butt an exploratory pinch. To his astonishment, even this gentle touch allowed his fingers to sink into her flesh, beyond the initial layer of firmness. He let out a sigh that seemed to have been pent up for ages, a sound of utter relief and satisfaction. He squeezed again... and again... and again... each grip growing progressively firmer, until he was groping her ass hard enough to imprint the memory of his touch onto her skin. The soft give of her flesh, coupled with its subtle bounce back, was addictive to the touch. He exclaimed in an excited whisper, "Incredible!"

She ribbited. "I'm glad you find it adequate."

Before he could even begin to articulate how 'adequate' undersold the tremendousness of her backside, Asui dropped into her frog-like crouch, an open-legged perch on her haunches. As he gazed down at her legs splayed wide on either side of him, his eyes smiled at the playful frog faces decorating her light-green socks. Then something else grabbed his attention, a much more *pressing* detail, practically confirming his earlier suspicions—her nipples had indeed grown hard during their mutual exploration. They now pressed more distinctly against her top, forming big, protruding outlines impossible to unsee.

If they get any harder, they might just poke holes through her hoodie!

Despite the coyness on her cheeks, she looked up to meet his gaze. "Ribbit. So, you forgive me?"

The sudden query derailed him. It felt so disconnected from their hot and heavy touching. Somewhere between her cradling his junk and wrapping her tongue around his erection, he'd lost sight of the underlying reasoning behind any of it. "Of course, you're forgiven," he quickly reassured her, "It was never that big a deal really."

She responded with a tender "Thank you." He could almost feel a lift in the tension from her shoulders. "Midoriya," she went on, "You are an incredible friend, and I have no doubt you're destined to be one of the greatest heroes of all time. The way you leap into

danger to help anyone in need, even when they don't ask or admit they could use a hand, is truly inspirational.”

Overwhelmed by her compliment, Izuku found himself speechless, emotions welling up to the brink of tears. *'Of all the times to get emotional... her tongue's still wrapped around my boner for crying out loud! I've really got to get a handle on these emotions.'* Her words seemed to harken back to the incident with Kacchan. Indeed, Kacchan hadn't sought their help against the League of Villains, yet Izuku and the others had intervened regardless. Swallowing the lump in his throat, he expressed his gratitude, “Thank you for s-saying that, Asui... Tsu.”

“Ribbit. It's my pleasure. Now, I'm going to be that friend who helps *you* in need,” she said, rather cryptically.

A look of bewilderment crossed his face. Him, in need? “What do you mean, Tsu?”

The answer lied within the depths of her sultry gaze. His eyes, with growing realisation, followed her line of sight downwards to his swollen member, his shaft visibly throbbing whilst wrapped within the sinuous embrace of her coiled tongue. A bead of precum had emerged at its very tip, hanging precariously like a dewdrop at the edge of a leaf. It fell, shimmering with an almost ethereal quality in the moonlight, and landed softly upon her hoodie. Another droplet promptly followed, equally luminous and transient in its journey. Just as he opened his mouth to mumble an apology for dotting her attire, she spoke up, “I hope you'll find this equally as adequate.”

Without warning, Asui's mouth stretched open in a way that would rival any frog he had ever seen. She engulfed his phallus, her lips closing around the bulbous tip and capturing the third bead of precum that had just emerged. The intense warmth and suction caught him off guard, drawing out a loud, involuntary moan. He slapped both hands over his mouth, embarrassed.

She sucked his dick, her lips a taut ring of heat that pulled him deep until she reached mid-length, all whilst her coiled tongue worked in tandem to heighten his pleasure. The expansiveness of her mouth, a distinctive aspect of her frog-like features, enriched his experience, providing ample space for a comfortable and complete embrace of his girth.

As he savoured her sensational tongue and lips, he thought of Kacchan—brash, prideful Kacchan—who hadn't, and probably never would, offer a word of thanks for their

daring rescue. Perhaps it was justice that here, in this moment of unsolicited intimacy with Asui, he found a different, more visceral form of gratitude. While her actions stemmed from her own unique expression of remorse and reconciliation, they were also a way of acknowledging what they had all risked. That thought, coupled with her mind-blowing tongue lavishing his cock with attention, forced a series of deep, guttural noises, each stifled by his own hands, sounds of acceptance and appreciation, not just for the physical ecstasy but also for the emotional closure it represented.

Gazing down at her large, oval-shaped eyes as she pleased him, with the moonlight illuminating half of her sultry expression, Izuku hoped she found as much enjoyment in their encounter as he did.

He dreamt up another Izuku Midoriya in some far-off, alternate universe, an Izuku Midoriya with steady hands that wouldn't be cowering around his mouth, but guiding her head while encouraging her to take him all—although, she was doing that perfectly fine on her own at the moment. That Izuku might even lift her off the ground after she'd serviced him to satisfaction, spinning her around to press her back against the All Might poster on his bedroom door. That Izuku would pluck aside the frivolous strip guarding her entrance and deliver the pleasure she yearned with passionate thrusts. That Izuku would have her whining in ecstasy, clawing at his back while he ravaged her against his bedroom door into ungodly hours of the night.

But, he wasn't *that* Izuku Midoriya.

This Izuku snapped back to the present, to the here and now, to the underwhelming reality that barely fifteen seconds into his first blowjob, his entire body was on the precipice of release. It started as a subtle, almost teasing flutter deep within him, a prelude to the unstoppable wave that was building. The sensation quickly grew more pronounced, a rhythmic pulsing resonating through his very core. He experienced a mix of exhilaration with a dash of regret for the hastiness of his body's response.

With her tongue wrapped tight around his manhood, she must have felt the heightened throbbing of his arousal, because suddenly, Asui stopped sucking and withdrew her lips. Her intuition couldn't have been timelier; for in the next heartbeat, he felt his climax barrel through him like a freight train. He let out a strangled cry, his body quivering with immense pleasure and shock. Unable to hold back, his load shot out like a raging cannon,

splattering hot, sticky cum all over Asui's face. It was a wild, balls-emptying blast, leaving her smeared with the evidence of his inexperience. The pungent scent of his release overpowered the fresh, verdant fragrance she carried, her face and hair now bearing the lingering aroma of his seed.

Everything went dead silent, so much so that even the breeze slipping through the window was loud enough to be heard whispering across their skin.

Asui, her flushed face now a canvas marked with ropes of semen glistening in the moonlight, somehow maintained her stoic composure. Her big, oval eyes didn't even flicker as a line of jizz slid down right between them. Izuku, on the other hand, looked like he'd seen a ghost, his eyes bugging out as he stared at the sticky mess he'd just plastered all over his classmate. A glob of cum hanging off her chin chose that moment to drop, hitting the floor with a tiny, but loud splat.

Izuku was a whirlwind of embarrassment, his hands flailing as he stumbled over a torrent of apologies. "I-I'm so sorry, A-Asui! I didn't mean for it to, uh, go like that! It's just... it doesn't usually happen this fast... I-I'll get something to clean you up, I'm so sorry, just give me a moment..."

Amid his frenzied apologies, she remained composed on her haunches, her tongue gliding over her face with a graceful flick, a swift brush sweeping away every trace of his gooey mishap.

His rambling ground to a halt, his brain fried.

'She just... licked it all off...'

She then got up and sashayed over to the window, a sensual silhouette against the moonlight. His gaze followed the sway of her butt, the darkness swallowing the slender strip of her thong and rendering her ass bare to his still-hungry eyes. She hopped onto the windowsill and assumed her signature crouch. In the moonlit frame, her butt was a pair of two perfect orbs, rivalling the roundness of the moon itself, her hood and long hair fluttering in the open window. She just lingered there, staring out as if she had a million things on her mind.

Was she disappointed in him? Disappointed it had all ended before it started? What if she regretted the whole thing altogether?

He would've given a penny for her thoughts. And even more for her to climb back in.

As he stayed rooted to the spot like a statue, tracing the outline of her curves, he felt a twitch of resurgence down below. Not that it mattered anymore. Asui leaped out of the window into the night.

All he could do was stand there with his pants around his ankles, suddenly assaulted by the lonely chill of night.

'What... the hell just happened?'

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

J. J. SCRIPTease

**TSUYU'S
APOLOGY TOUR**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

CHAPTER 3



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Chapter 3 – Light Showers and Heavy Rain

Eijiro dragged himself into the locker room, totally beat from the brutal sparring match with Tetsutetsu. It was his fourth damn loss in a row, a new low in their ongoing rivalry. The locker room was dead-ass silent, the lockers standing around like they were mourning his defeat. In reality, he knew it was only because of how late it was. During the day, the place would be swarming with dudes, half-dressed, cracking jokes, showing off their gains, and banging lockers shut. But now, Eijiro had only himself and the echoing thoughts of his latest defeat, brooding beneath fluorescent lights that cast a stark glow over the benches and tiled floor, stretching out long, lonely shadows.

His gym bag hit the floor with a thud of frustration, echoing in the quiet. What made it worse was Tetsutetsu had brought a couple of his 1-B buddies to watch them go at it. It was like rubbing salt in the wound, making him feel like a total letdown to his 1-A classmates, even if none of them knew the scrap was happening. He clenched his fist, his teeth grinding in annoyance.

'Cool it, Eijiro, you'll kick his ass next time.'

Losing to Tetsutetsu and his annoying steel-hardening Quirk always pissed him off big time. Sometimes, it felt like U.A. just wasn't big enough for two hard-bodied men with such similar abilities. Neither of them was about to give up on their big dream of becoming a Pro Hero though, not by a long shot. Eijiro told himself to man up, stop whining and throw down the gauntlet for a rematch as soon as freaking possible.

He unzipped his P.E. shirt, the sweat-soaked fabric parting to unveil sculpted pecs. With a shrug, he shed the top from his broad shoulders, dropping it to the ground where it collapsed into a crumpled heap of navy-blue and white. His track pants and briefs joined the pile, baring him to the bone—his physique a landscape of muscle and grit, every bit of it hard-earned.

Suddenly, a strange creak pierced the silence. He spun around. His sharp gaze darted across the empty benches and rows of lockers. “Tetsutetsu, that you, man?” His voice bounced off the tiled walls and hung in the air. Maybe he could get that rematch even sooner than he hoped. The corners of his mouth twitched upward in anticipation.

But dead silence dashed his hopes, left him with nothing but the sound of his own bated breath.

“Hmph. Disappointing.”

He stepped out of the discarded gym clothes and into the shower. Hot water poured over his muscular frame, running down his tough skin in soothing rivulets. Rising steam clouded around him, bringing his thoughts back to the intensity of the sparring session. His jaw clenched under the shower’s spray, a resurgence of frustration flaring within. The remnants of the match lingered in his sore muscles, every hit and block replaying in his mind. He tried to shove those thoughts aside and let the shower wash away the sweat and fatigue of the day.

He lathered soap in his hands, forming a rich foam, then began to cleanse his face. As he massaged the suds over his cheeks and chin, the heat penetrated his pores and eased his taut muscles. He let his eyelids close, succumbing to the relaxing beat of the shower, its rhythmic flow a balm to his bruised spirit.

Engulfed in the soothing embrace, Eijiro came close to humming a tranquil melody before a peculiar feeling crept up the back of his neck.

Hub... someone there?

His eyes flew open and—holy crap—there *was* someone standing right outside the shower!

His heartrate kicked into overdrive, adrenaline pumping as he jumped back from the glass. The shrouded figure outside remained motionless, which was kind of a relief, though still sus as all hell. With his heart thumping loud in his head, he wiped away the condensation on the glass to get a good look at whoever was out there being super creepy.

His eyes bugged out when he recognised who it was.

Not Tetsutetsu, that was for damn sure.

It took a moment for it to register, and after Eijiro recognised Asui, he was even more confused than before. What was she doing *here*, in the *boys'* locker room?! And dressed in... *that?*

Perplexed, Eijiro recognised the skimpy cheerleading getup Mineta had notoriously duped the girls into wearing at the sports festival. It looked even skimpier now and tighter around the chest than he remembered. Tailored with uncanny precision—as though Mineta had some freaky insight into her exact measurements—the orange top clung to her tits, making them look rounder and perkier than Eijiro ever realised. The white strip across her bust had 'U' and 'A' stamped over each breast, the letters barely quieting the outline of her nipples. Her exposed, flat stomach and curvy waist led down to an orange skirt that flared out, its pleats sitting ridiculously high on her legs, showing off a whole lot of her milky limbs. Knee-high white socks and matching orange sneakers rounded off the ensemble, lending an air of athletic elegance to her appearance.

He did a double-take, then a triple-take, and still questioned his own sight. "Asui...? What the hell?"

"Kirishima," she replied cool as a cucumber despite him low-key freaking out. He had to really focus to hear her through the glass and the pattering of the shower. "You know, one thing I really admire about you?" she laid up, "Your rock-solid support and how you're always there to cheer us on, no matter what. Kero. You're the epitome of true friendship."

Is she being for real right now? She came all the way just to drop that compliment? He totally appreciated it but, time and place, dude. "Uh, thanks, Asui, that's super cool of you to say, but—"

"And," she cut across him, "You, too, deserve someone to cheer you on. Someone to celebrate your moments of courage and loyalty, not criticise them."

"Hmm... cheering me on, huh?" He gave her getup a onceover and pieced together the inspiration behind it. Cute. Yet, unlike her usual, confident self, she didn't look entirely at ease, standing there with her elbows bent, her large hands gripping the pom-poms in that goofy, claw-like way of hers. She came across like someone trying something new, unsure whether she was pulling it off or not. "You know, you don't have to do all—"

“I know. But I already went through the trouble of practicing a routine and everything. Ribbit, want to see?”

“Uh—” Before he could say more, she launched into a performance on the other side of the steamed-up glass. “Right... okay then...”

She started off with these half-hearted shakes of the pom-poms, looking about as confident as a kitten in a room full of rocking chairs. With her shoulders hunched and her whole posture kind of stiff, she kept the pom-poms close together and swayed them side-to-side uncertainly. The feeble rustling of the green strands scarcely reached his ears over the backdrop of the running shower. Watching this was like seeing someone trying to twerk at a church picnic—out of place and kinda cringe. He scratched his head, thinking, *‘She really practiced this?’* She was no Ashido, that was for sure. But hey, they were already here, so maybe he should just hang back and let her get through this trainwreck so they could both move on with their lives.

Things took a turn, however.

Her shoulders loosened up and the gradual ease cascaded to her arms. He couldn't tell if she had been holding out on him or just needed a moment to grow into the performance. Either way, she went from stiff and unsure to... kinda bossing it. She flung her arms out wide, her stance opening up completely. His eyebrows nearly hit his hairline as her energy cranked up a notch, suddenly shaking those pom-poms like she was born to do it. She whipped up a storm of rustling green that glittered as she spun them around. Going full-on cheerleader mode, she arched her outstretched arms in fluid motions with the pom-poms drawing a rainbow shape above her head. Her whole body loosened up, her moves becoming more natural by the step. Pretty soon, he wasn't just watching those flashy pom-poms anymore; he started noticing how her chest was bouncing and swaying along too, trying its best to keep up with her energetic moves.

Her tits put on quite the show in that tight cheerleader top, jiggling and jiving with every twist and turn and pom-pom shimmy. It was wild how quick she went from awkward to borderline seductive—he almost forgot they were smack in the middle of the boys' locker room. *‘Man, Tetsutetsu better not barge in right now.’* When Asui started moving her waist and hips with more oomph, her skirt swayed and twirled, flipped and fluttered, teased with small peeks of her pale cheeks. His gaze hovered around her dancing skirt, drawn in by the promise

of more. Then, as if giving him exactly what he was itching to see, she busted out this killer high kick, her foot shooting up past her head, toes aiming for the ceiling.

It was the kind of kick you'd see real cheerleaders do. When her leg shot up, her skirt went with it, flashing her white underwear for a hot second. Unlike what real cheerleaders might've sported, these were not your typical boy shorts, but just simple, everyday panties set against the backdrop of her toned thighs. At the height of the kick, her leg stretched so perfectly vertical that Eijiro got an eyeful of her right cheek, thanks to a subtle shift of her underwear; the vigour behind said kick was so intense it tugged one side of the cotton into her crack. Simple as they were, the mere sight of her panties stirred something raw inside him. Her skirt fluttered in the air for just a half-second before floating back down as her leg descended.

It was a 'flash' in every sense of the word—over quicker than he could blink, but damn, the image stuck in his head. Just like that, Eijiro found himself hoping she wouldn't stop anytime soon.

The would-be cheerleader grew into her role, spinning around and shaking those pom-poms with the flair of an actual cheerleader. She wiggled her ass side to side, her back facing the shower glass, and man, he couldn't tear his eyes away. Slowly, she bent forward, synchronising her hips with the spirited shaking of her pom-poms. Her skirt bounced on top of her lively ass and each shake sent it higher up her creamy thighs. All fired up with anticipation, he wiped steam off the glass for a clearer view, soon finding his eyes locked on the bottom of those cheeks quaking beneath the fluttering orange pleats. All that ass shaking bobbed her skirt high enough to gift him another peek at her panties—askew, with one side clinging to her left cheek and the other lost in her crack.

His dick twitched to life, a sudden jump as if the spectacle on the other side tugged it towards the glass with a magnetic string.

Her little dance number came to an end all too soon, her skirt settling back into place over her ass, the rustling of her pom-poms fading to a hush as she turned to face him. "Ribbit." She reverted to her customary posture—a crooked stance with her hands curled like a velociraptor, very much the Tsuyu Asui he always knew. She met his stunned expression with sincerity and asked, "Thoughts?"

He returned a blank stare, his mind a tangle of musings as he mumbled through his daze, “Who are you?”

She touched a finger to her cheek with a hint of shyness, and then her eyes dipped below his waist. “Kero...”

Still shrouded in a lingering fog, his absent mind wondered why Asui was looking at him like that. When suddenly, it all hit him like a ton of bricks—he was butt-naked in front of a girl from class! And the glass between them did jack shit to hide his blatant boner, a pretty clear indication of what he thought about her little performance. He clapped his hands over the raging hard-on, cheeks burning. Sure, she might’ve been offbeat here and there, but who was counting steps when she’s rocking a body like that in such a flirty, little number? Man, did this actually mean he owed Mineta one? Shoving that troubling notion out of his mind, he snapped his focus back to Asui.

“I know why you’re doing this! It’s all that Bakugo stuff, right?” he accused. “C’mon, you gotta let it go. Everyone else has.”

“I haven’t,” she countered, stepping closer to the glass.

He waved his hands frantically to get her to stop. “Don’t! I—we all made a pact. If you get any closer, I don’t know if...”

“A pact? Ribbit?” There was genuine curiosity in her voice.

“Never mind that,” he dismissed, “Bottom line is, we don’t want to do anything we’ll regret.”

An uncomfortable silence fell between them, both frozen on either side of the glass. The empty locker room was filled with the solitary sound of the shower’s steady patter raining down on him, echoing off the walls and amplifying the quietness around. Her gaze wandered upwards to the showerhead and lingered there as though she was fishing for a reason to pursue her agenda. Out of nowhere, she decided, “Can’t really catch what you’re saying over the water.” She inched forward again.

A surge of fret gripped him.

“Whoa, hold up!” He lunged for the shower door and gripped the handle tight with both hands, making sure to block her entry. Only to realise, his desperate intervention left his

tackle hanging out again. He readjusted in an awkward flurry, one hand covering his junk while the other remained clutched on the handle. Her advance came to a standstill on the other side of the door, mere inches from the glass.

She just stood there. Staring. Calm, unflappable. It was unnerving, borderline predatory. *'Man, what's gotten into her?'* She didn't even try to grab her side of the handle, probably knowing she didn't stand a chance in a tug-of-war against him. His pounding heart began to settle. He let out a relieved sigh. Sure, it wasn't exactly his manliest moment—cowering butt-naked behind a shower door from an overzealous cheerleader—but hey, it did the trick. Pact intact.

Or so he thought.

Out of the blue, Asui catapulted herself upwards, vanishing from his line of sight. Her pom-poms fluttered down, landing like feathers on the pile of gym clothes where she had just been. He gawked at them, surprise and confusion washing over him. A prickling unease crept up his spine, and he twisted his neck, peering upwards behind him.

Found her.

Attached to the freaking ceiling like a scene from a horror flick. Her hands and soles stuck to the plaster, defying gravity. And her dark hair spilled downwards from her scalp, a striking contrast to the stark white ceiling, cascading like a waterfall of ink. In this freaky Spiderwoman-esque pose, her skirt also dangled upside-down in a light flutter, revealing those panties that seemed to nestle more and more into her crevice every time she flashed them. Despite the amazing view from below, he couldn't shake off her creepy, upside-down stare.

Next thing he knew, Froppy-gone-wild plummeted right into the shower with him.

He jerked back, his back slamming against the cold wall tiles, heart pounding.

There they were, suddenly, awkwardly, face-to-face in the cramped space, neither uttering a word, eyes locked in a silent showdown.

Warm water cascaded around them, its soothing pitter-patter contrasting against the thick, steamy tension filling the air.

The relentless shower drenched her cheerleader outfit, transforming it before his eyes. Already form-fitting, the orange crop top moulded to her chest while the white band around her tits turned see-through, bringing out the natural hues of her skin beneath. Her breasts looked like soft dunes rising and falling with her breath. From the soft slopes of her mounds to the firm peaks of her nipples, it all shined through the translucent veil like a landscape coming into focus, each detail vivid and picturesque. Streams of water traced paths down both their toned abdomens. Her damp, skimpy skirt clung to her pelvis and upper thighs; each pleat, once lively and fluttering, was now heavy with moisture, sticking to her skin and outlining her shapely thighs. Droplets dripped from the soaked hem and journeyed around the subtle muscles of her quads and shins. More water wound its way through the mesh of her sneakers and down the arc of his bare feet, converging on the tiled floor before sinking into the drain between them.

Great, now he was stuck in here with her.

'Damnit, why couldn't it have been Tetsutetsu? That would've been way less awkward than this whole mess!'

But then, he was assaulted by the mental image of two hard-bodied dudes in a steaming shower duking it out with their unmentionables flapping about, and thought—maybe not.

He wouldn't be nearly as hard as he was right now though, that much was for sure. And Asui was the last person he needed to be around when his lower regions were staging a revolution.

Something told him that asking her politely to exit stage left from the shower wasn't gonna cut it. And putting his hands on her to attempt a physical eviction? Nope, that was off the table. Not only would it be unchivalrous, it'd be a total disaster, slipping and sliding all over the place—and, oh yeah, couldn't forget the tiny detail of him being in his birthday suit the entire time! So yeah, that idea was a solid nope.

Asui wasn't budging though.

It seemed like she had made it her personal mission to push him to his limits tonight.

The shower kept hammering down on them, slicking their hair to their skin like they'd just stepped out of a shampoo commercial, streams running down their faces as they

locked eyes. The tension was thick enough to cut with a knife, their bodies just inches apart, soaked to the skin. He was super hesitant to make a move, even something as small as wiping water out of his eyes. If she wanted to play hardball, he'd play it right back.

But damn, he felt handicapped in this stare-off contest—she didn't have a raging boner to contend with. It had gotten so hard that, had his hands not been there shielding it, his erection would've been lifting her drenched skirt right about now. While he struggled to keep himself in check, her fixed stare remained unmoving—*mostly* unmoving—if he ignored the little glimpses wandering up and down his chiselled, dripping chest. A faint blush crept onto both their cheeks, an unspoken admission they were both kind of checking each other out. All the while, his dick throbbed harder and harder, straining against the confines of his hands.

At a loss, an awkward chuckle escaped him and reverberated against the shower walls. “Um... sup?” was all he could think to say. Pretty lame, but what else was he gonna do?

She just stared back at him, her expression unreadable, and dropped a solitary “ribbit.”

He didn't know what to do with that other than let out another awkward chuckle, a little more forced this time.

'Fine then', he thought defiantly, 'if she's gonna act all weird and stubborn like this, we can stand here all freaking night till she gets bored and bails. All night!'

'All night' lasted six more seconds before the mounting tension snapped.

Their bodies sprung into sudden motion. He hit his knees on the shower floor while she leaned back against the steamy glass, her hips thrusting forward. Their bodies flurried into position without words—Asui, catching the direction of his hungry gazes during her performance, raised one leg and bent it at the knee, a blatant offer he couldn't resist. From his kneeling position, he pushed his face forward, his nose nudging the hem of her drenched skirt upwards.

'Damn it... I did my best, guys!'

Unfortunately for the pact, his 'best' entailed pressing his lips against Asui's shower-soaked panties. They were gonna give him hell for this, especially Yaoyorozu, but he would've loved to see any one of them hold out as long as he had! Midoriya would've probably frozen stiff

in the corner and let Asui waltz right into the shower. And Iida might've been all formal and by the books, but there was nothing in the course notes that would've prepared him for pussy getting thrown in his face. At least, Eijiro thought, he'd negotiated some semblance of control over the predicament.

Her soggy skirt hung heavy over the bottom half of his face, urging him to feel—to *breathe*—the heat radiating off of her body, off of her very core. He didn't realise how much he'd been dying for a taste until it was right there in reach. His tongue was all over those sodden panties, feeling the softness of her lips right underneath. Somehow this all equated to her cheering him on? He didn't know about all that, but cheering him *up*... yeah, her cheerleader coochie was definitely raising his spirits after getting his ass kicked by Tetsutetsu. It was no secret Asui needed a little cheering up herself following the whole Bakugo debacle, and hey, if this helped... Maybe it didn't have to get more complicated than friends scratching each other's backs? The heat under her skirt, coupled with the hot water drumming on his back and neck, turned the whole shower into a steamy box of lust and consolation.

He pulled his face out from under the soaked drape, partly for a gasp of air, partly to take in the vision before him. Heart pounding, he pushed her skirt up with the back of his hand, and damn, what a sight. Her sopping wet panties clung to her pussy and left nothing to the imagination. While the waistband and the trim around the leg openings stood out in stark white, the fabric right in the middle, where it mattered most, had turned almost completely see-through from the water's embrace. Every detail of her pussy shined through the gossamer barrier—her smooth, hairless mound, along with her engorged inner petals bulging against the fabric, confined yet rebellious in their soaked prison. The sodden cloth melded seamlessly with her skin, blurring the lines between the shower's moisture and the slick, natural wetness of her folds. It was all the same to him—a mouthwatering sight, totally fixated on how her swollen petals all squished up against her drenched panties, looking so damn juicy he couldn't stop himself from diving right back in.

He pressed his mouth against her cooch with such passion it pushed her back against the shower's glass wall. Caught off guard, she splayed her arms out for balance, palms flat against the clear barrier as she kept herself upright on one leg. Her cheerleader skirt, now saturated and deepened to a darker orange, clung to her cheeks and outlined them in big, circular prints against the misted glass—a hell of a sight for anyone who'd wander into the

boys' locker room at this hour. Not that Eijiro cared in the heat of this moment. That rematch with Tetsutetsu could wait until whenever.

In the midst of eating her out, Eijiro took a quick glance up and caught her eyes through the steam. Her voice trembled in a way he'd never heard before. "Kirishima, you... ribbit, you forgive me, right?"

His brow creased. And here he thought she was about to compliment him on his muff-diving technique. But no, she was still hung up on the whole Bakugo thing. Oh well. He gave a muffled "mm-hmm" with a mouthful of soaked panties and sweet snatch, nodding his head to let her know it was all good.

"Thank you... it means a lot."

He hummed another "mm-hmm" in response, though this time it was less about reassuring her and more about how much he was enjoying her taste.

His mouth worked over her pulsing core in big, hungry motions. He stretched his jaw as far as it would go, hell-bent on licking up every last bit of her, his tongue gliding over her panties in long, ravenous strokes. Each sweep was a hungry quest over the fabric, roaming across the small hump of her compressed petals. He cranked his head to the side, aligning his mouth in a vertical mirror to her nether lips, then pulled like he was trying to drag them right through the waterlogged barrier. The attempt only succeeded in wedging the fabric deeper into her folds. Reversing tack, he bit onto a piece of the sodden cloth and yanked it out from between her lips. Holding the fabric in his mouth, he sucked on it good, wringing out every last drop of her nectar that had soaked into it and mingled with the shower water. It carried a warm, mineral-like flavour, laced with her own unique scent. He drank it down like it was the best damn thing he'd ever tasted. The second he let go of her panties, they snapped back against her pussy with a loud, wet slap, sending droplets flying in all directions.

A faint whimper drifted down from above as her tight underwear whipped back into place. He glanced upward, concern flickering across his face, but the sight that greeted him allayed his worries. Through the veil of steam, he caught glimpses of Asui's flushed cheeks, her eyes wide and shimmering with a blend of surprise and delight. Soft, hesitant moans barely reached his ears over the shower, yet spoke volumes, each one a delicate expression of her growing pleasure, a shy confession spilling out in trickles.

He grinned against her damp panties, confident he was licking all the right spots. From his spot below, he got a great view—the underside of her tits, and more pointedly, her nipples—hard as hell, excited, poking through her soaked top. The hot shower was still going full blast, further drenching her drenched clothes. It was like a waterfall pouring down her athletic abs, then over her sopping skirt, where it cascaded around the portion covering his face, flooding him with the sensation of drowning in pussy.

Needless to say, this little, cheerleading hussy had won over his forgiveness ten times over. It blew his mind someone as strait-laced and studious as Tsuyu Asui could let loose like this. He had heard through the grapevine she hadn't always been great at making friends, probably because she could be so brutally honest without even realising it. It might also explain why she was so desperate to keep the bonds she *had* forged at U.A. Well, if she kept this up, her circle of friends—particularly among the boys' locker room—was likely to blow up, big time.

And as he blew *her*, his tongue painted a picture on the canvas of her panties, every stroke bringing him closer to a fuller image of Tsuyu Asui. Her stoic façade began to crumble, her body betraying her with subtle quivers. She kept readjusting her balance on her standing leg, her sneaker seeking traction on the slippery floor, her palms squeaking against the glass, struggling to stay up. Her coy moans grew a decibel louder and his dick throbbed at the sound of them, its curved length brushing up against the wet sock on her calf.

Eijiro couldn't take it anymore.

He clambered back to his feet and grabbed her by the waist. Her skin was all wet and slippery, like trying to hold onto a fish! But he got just enough grip to spin her around, the shower glass saving her from toppling forward. He yanked up her skirt from behind, exposing her big, soaking wet butt. He could see her crack through the clingy panties, and with the fabric all misaligned, big chunks of her bare ass were peeking out. The droplets on her cheeks gleamed like tiny jewels scattered on her skin.

Man, the things he was itching to do to that ass...

With his heart hammering in his chest and adrenaline pumping through his veins, he reached down between her legs, fingers closing around the damp panties, all but ready to shove them aside. Yet, in that critical moment, a pause took hold of him, a sudden intrusion of self-awareness halting his desire.

Is this... really the manly thing to do?

Sure, she seemed totally into it—heck, she instigated the whole thing! But what if the others were right? He'd seen it too—Asui acting way out of character—but he'd shoved those thoughts aside, letting his dick lead the way. What kind of man ditched a pact made with close friends for a quick lay? No man at all, he'd say! He didn't want to be *that* guy, the kind who took advantage of a situation, the kind that exploited a friend's moment of vulnerability. He'd hate if Asui looked back on this and thought he used her. That wasn't his style.

So, he made up his mind—he was going to stick to the pact after all. Sort of. He pulled his hand away from her panties, leaving them in place, and instead guided his throbbing cock between her hot, wet, slippery thighs. He figured as long as he didn't actually put it in, he wasn't really breaking the pact. With that bit of bro-science firmly in place, he began thrusting his hips.

He fucked the tight, wet gap between her thighs. The slickness from the cascading shower and the heat of their bodies made everything slippery and intense. He quickly got lost in the feel of her inner thighs rubbing against him, her soft skin taut around his girth. The contrasting texture of her damp panties grazed his length, adding a tantalising roughness. His dick fell in love with the raw interplay of soft and coarse, wet and warm, every element combining to stir a crescendo of pleasurable friction. With each thrust, his hips smacked against her ass, droplets scattering from her cheeks on impact. The force sent visible waves rippling across her wet flesh, cascading from her taut tush to her toned thighs.

The boys' locker room, once sombrely silent with the echoes of his defeat, came alive with a fleshy fanfare of triumph—the raw, rhythmic cadence of their bodies clapping together in the steamy shower.

He leaned forward, his body arching over her bent form, and planted his palms against the misted glass for support. On the other side, a nosy bystander might see his larger handprints high above hers, but beyond that, they would struggle to make out anything more than blurred silhouettes behind a veil of steam. The hot mist from their heavy breathing and stifled moans made the glass even cloudier. As her pom-poms lay still and silent atop his clothes outside the shower, the fervent atmosphere within was anything *but* still and silent.

Her breaths came in ragged gasps now, the back of her head matching the rhythmic thumping of their flesh colliding. He made sure his dick brushed against her panties in each

to-and-fro motion, feeling those puffed-up petals through the thin barrier, hoping it drove her as mad as it drove him not being able to ram his cock through her. He couldn't see it earlier but he could *feel* it now—a distinct wetness that had nothing to do with the water soaking her clothes. Bent forward under the cascade beating down on his back and shoulders, he drank in the curve of her lower back, the way her bunched-up skirt stirred over her little waist. He kept his arms outstretched above the faux cheerleader, holding the fogged-up glass, his larger frame looming over hers, while all his movement came from beneath his waist. His powerful hips swung back and forth, each thrust hitting her ass just right, nudging her forward, a dance of push and pull as rhythmic as it was intense.

He fucked her as passionately as he could without actually fucking her.

Asui didn't stay a passive participant to his wet-humping for long. She got into the rhythm, pushing back every time he thrust forward, grinding her ass against his jet-black pubes. It felt like she was doing it on purpose, her strong, wet thighs squeezing him tighter with every move. Each grinding motion was coupled with a tugging sensation along his shaft, squeezing and pulling, drawing him deeper into the warmth nestled between her closed legs, almost coaxing him to cum, and cum *now*.

The air turned hotter than a sauna around their steamed faces, the fog filled with heavy lust and traces of soap and shampoo. *'Holy hell, what's she doing to me?!'*

While he was still trying to wrap his head around the fact that this was *Asui* getting him off, the froggy heroine did a little 'wrapping' of her own—with her long tongue, coiling it around the part of his dick poking out from between her thighs. He stood no chance against the slick and slimy sensation stroking and twisting the base of his cock-head. It sent him rocketing from a 'really good time' to blinding ecstasy within seconds.

"Oh my fucking—aaahh ahhh Assuuuuuuuu!"

The steady beat of slapping flesh suddenly stopped dead, punctuated by a raw, guttural groan that reverberated throughout the boys' locker room.

Hot cum blasted out of his swollen tip, striking the shower glass with an audible splatter. His cock continued twitching in the tight grip of her thighs, every spasm squeezing out another splurt of relief, leaving his nutsack feeling lighter and lighter. Trails of white,

viscous goo meandered down the foggy glass, the air adopting a potent, musky aroma that mingled with the shower's humidity.

He and Asui stayed fixed in their positions, his dick softening between her thighs. Their hot, heavy gasps filled the steamy atmosphere, the sound of their shared exhaustion.

As the rush of release began to subside, Eijiro found himself grappling with a rising tide of guilt.

'Fuck... I can't let them find out about this...'

...

Nightfall draped Hosu City.

Tenya's hero costume was a tapestry of striking white and blue, glimmering against the neon-lit alleys and shadow-laden streets. The city beneath hummed with a subdued energy, its pulse softly thrumming even as a steady drizzle cloaked it in a misty veil. His helmet, a sleek marvel equipped with a high-tech visor, honed his senses to razor-sharp clarity, making him a sentinel of vigilance in the half-light. The armour-like components of his costume were more than just protection; they were the lifeblood of his Engine Quirk, supercharging his moves on demand in the relentless quest for justice.

After a thorough sweep of the streets, Tenya rendezvoused with Manual, the Normal Hero, who doubled as both his mentor and patrol partner in these nightly watches.

"Good work," Manual commended, surveying the snoozing streets. "Seems like a quiet one tonight. Time to wrap up, I'd say."

But Tenya's mind raced with possibilities. "What if villains are observing our patterns, biding their time until we leave?" he pondered aloud. The Stain incident had left an indelible mark on him, instilling a deep-seated vigilance. Hosu City, inadvertently becoming the battleground between heroes and the so-called Hero Killer, held a special place in his heart. He felt a profound duty to bolster its safety, to offer its citizens a sense of security.

Manual's eyes wandered skyward, reflecting uncertainty as he peered into the drizzly heavens. "No need to push yourself too hard, Iida, especially as an intern. This rain might just keep our streets peaceful tonight."

Nevertheless, Tenya's determination remained steadfast. "It's no trouble at all." His voice resonated with unwavering resolve. "I propose we undertake an additional patrol. We must be thorough, rain or shine!"

A smile of resignation graced Manual's lips. "Well, I should've expected as much from the Turbo Hero, Ingenium." With a nod of mutual understanding, they parted ways, embarking on different routes for their final patrol of the evening.

Navigating the rain-drenched streets, Tenya felt a disquieting sensation. A persistent unease haunted him, akin to elusive shadows flitting at the edge of his sight. On multiple occasions, he whirled around, his rapid movements cutting through the quiet murmur of rain. Yet each pivot revealed naught but deserted, glistening asphalt.

The sound of footsteps, distinct and unnerving, echoed in rain-filled puddles. Occasionally, they morphed into a galloping rhythm, suggesting the presence of a creature—or villain—lurking on all fours. Each swift turn to confront said noise continued to reveal nothing but empty streets. Yet, the unsettling feeling he harboured put him on edge, but also sharpened his alertness, priming his body like a warrior's braced for covert adversaries.

As Tenya ventured an exceptionally dark alley, a bolt of lightning split the sky, casting a fleeting reflection in a puddle—a humanoid silhouette on all fours, clinging to a building's wall behind him.

He whirled towards the potential threat, his pulse quickening, certain he'd finally confront the villainous presence that had shadowed him through the night. However, as the flash of lightning faded, he was met only with the building's shadow-draped façade—no sign of the mysterious wall-crawler, just the cold brick wall.

A frisson of doubt trailed down his spine, casting uncertainty over his own vision. Then, his thoughts were shattered by the sudden crash of a garbage can toppling over.

Poised for confrontation, he instead found himself facing a stray cat. The feline purred as it darted out from the shadows, brushing past him before vanishing once more into the darkness. A muted chuckle escaped him as he envisaged the scene from a bystander's perspective: Ingenium, the Turbo Hero, ready to dish out justice, his courageous and formidable might up against... a hungry kitten.

However, the moment Tenya pivoted to resume his patrol down the alley, his amusement dissolved into alarm.

A shadowy figure materialised before him, its appearance perfectly timed with a thunderous *BOOM* and a brilliant flash of lightning. His heart pounded vehemently within his chest, adrenaline flooding his system. He recoiled, facing the sudden, ominous figure that had emerged from the stormy veil of night.

The white flash revealed the identity of the figure before him: Froppy, clad in her hero attire. The tinted goggles and green bodysuit, hallmarks of her costume, were readily identifiable, even in the fleeting light.

But what was she doing in Hosu?

Rainfall embraced his classmate, its droplets delineating the snug fit of her bodysuit. His attention was drawn to the belt cinched above her bust, its design making her chest area more prominent as the spandex shimmered with rainwater. The observation elicited a surge of embarrassment, compelling his gaze to divert to her footwear, where green, frog-like flippers were safely neutral. Yet, despite his disciplined efforts to maintain propriety, his gaze inevitably ascended again, guided by the lines of her sleek black boots. It was at this juncture he discerned a rather alarming modification to her costume—a sizeable tear in the spandex around her crotch area.

The aperture did not bear the hallmarks of accidental damage or wear from the strenuous demands of hero work. Rather, it was a perfect circle, an exact and calculated alteration, a snare of sorts. Her smooth, pale, pubic region stood out from the saturated fabric of her bodysuit. Such a sight was far beyond what he had ever envisioned witnessing of his classmate, particularly in a locale as public as a rain-soaked street in Hosu City!

The scenario presented an anomaly that was difficult to reconcile with the norms of hero attire. Rainwater, unimpeded by any fabric, flowed over the deliberate aperture in her costume. Each droplet momentarily paused upon the exposed skin, creating a glistening outline around her intimate folds, before adhering to gravity's pull and continuing its descent. The situation's incongruity with standard hero decorum were notably jarring.

As he stood immobilised, his mind reeling, Asui demonstrated a feat of superhuman agility. First, her tongue extended at an alarming velocity, securing him in its grasp within a

fraction of a second. Then, she vaulted into the air, her sinewy appendage lifting him off the ground with a force that rendered him breathless. The world around him transformed into a dizzying blur as he was disoriented from his rapid elevation from the earth.

Then, silence.

The alleyway, which had just been the stage of their dramatic encounter, succumbed to a profound stillness. The persistent patter of rain became the sole accompaniment to this sudden desolation. In the midst of the silence, the stray cat reappeared, tiptoeing through the alley in search of forgotten morsels. However, mere moments after Tenya had been whisked to the heavens, his navy trousers along with chunks of white armour plummeted from the skies. They crashed on the pavement with a resounding clatter, startling the cat into a panicked flight. It vanished into the alley's shadows.

Then, silence.

Streets, empty.

Rain, pouring.

...

Perched atop a towering building in Hosu City, amidst the persistent downpour, two figures sat on the edge of the rooftop, their silhouettes outlined against the urban landscape. From behind, their appearance gave the impression of two compatriots absorbed in the panorama of the city, their side-by-side figures opposite in stature—Tenya's broad, muscular back overshadowed Asui's smaller frame. Their arms touched in their close proximity, their posture suggesting a shared introspection as they surveyed the architectural vista below.

Yet, should an observer venture near enough to peer over their shoulders, they'd discover Ingenium, the Turbo Hero, was devoid of his trusty trousers. His muscular legs dangled over the building's edge, his slacks lost to the streets below. The ledge presented cold and slick concrete beneath his bare bottom, chilled by the continuous deluge from above.

Nevertheless, there *was* warmth to be found—in Asui's hand, of all places. Her remarkably large appendage enveloped his arousal, offering a humid yet comforting respite from the brisk, moisture-laden atmosphere encircling them. Her manual stimulation was

administered with slow, methodical precision, as though this was not her inaugural foray into such activities. For Tenya, this was a departure from his regimented lifestyle, his usual focus on discipline and duty now challenged by his classmate's brazen ministrations. Compounding his inner turmoil, he found his own hand guided by Asui, and purposefully positioned in her lap. Through the strategic tear in her costume, his digits were encouraged to explore, the feel of femininity both foreign and oddly enticing.

BOOM!

Lightning intermittently lit the night sky as Tenya and Asui sat entwined in a complicated storm of wills.

While their gazes remained fixed in the distance, their hands engaged in mutual exploration. He grappled with the need to voice his reservations, his mind a maelstrom of duty and decorum. "Asui, I must express my hesitation in continuing—"

"Is it because of the pact?"

Astonished, he turned sharply towards her. "You're aware of the pact?"

BOOM!

A clap of thunder underscored his question.

She ribbited in response. "I do appreciate your concerns, but you can trust me, kero." She sounded so certain, so matter-of-fact. "I'm quite aware of what I'm doing."

Surprised by her statement, he contemplated the broader implications of her words, wondering if they extended to her current ministrations. This line of thought led him to cast a glance downwards, where her confidence manifested in her short, stroking motions. Her hand, which he had never truly noticed for its size, now looked rather large as it encircled him. It nearly enshrouded his entire manhood, leaving a mere half-inch visible beyond her curled fingers. She required minimal effort to administer a full stroke along his length. Each motion resulted in a gentle retraction of his foreskin, her technique understated in its execution yet profoundly impactful in sensation. The rain washed away traces of pre-ejaculate, yet his engorged member was an irrefutable indicator of his deviation from the very pact he had been instrumental in establishing. He found himself questioning whether Asui

truly understood the depth of her actions, or whether he was predisposed to believe so, influenced by the pleasure elicited by her touch.

“Tida,” she spoke, her tone as casual as commentary on the weather, “your qualities as a leader have always garnered my respect. Ribbit. The complexities of leadership, the tough decisions that sometimes mean defying peers or breaking rules, were things I failed to appreciate, ribbit.”

He struggled to maintain focus on her discourse, as the pleasure induced in his lap proved distracting. His eyes remained steadfastly forward, lacking the fortitude to meet her gaze or acknowledge the deft movements of her hand. His response was a tremulous nod, a feeble effort to communicate his attentiveness amidst the overwhelming cascade of sensations.

Asui continued, “But now, I think I understand. Leadership isn’t always about consensus; sometimes it’s about making tough, unilateral decisions—ribbit—choices that may not conform to everyone else’s idea of what’s right. I should’ve placed my trust in you, as others did,” she paused, lost in a moment of introspection. “Even though I don’t deserve it, I hope you can extend that level of trust to me right now, or at least trust that all the decisions I’m making come from a place of clarity and understanding. Ribbit.”

Could he, though? Could he reconcile himself to the notion that her actions here were an earnest attempt to atone for her opposition to Bakugo’s rescue operation? As these ruminations persisted, burdensome in his mind, his fingers continued to fondle her, detached from his conscious focus.

The tactile sensation of her skin beneath his digits provided a welcome distraction from the uncertainties besieging him. The velvety, moisture-laden contours of her private realm glided effortlessly beneath his exploring fingertips. Unwittingly, he was drawn into conducting bolder strokes along her sex, his longest digit tracing up and down between her sleek folds, acquainting himself with the texture of her inner petals. His touch was tentative and curious, a nonverbal interrogation. It appeared she deciphered his unspoken quandary when she disrupted the silence with a proposition as candid as it was unforeseen.

“It’s okay to put it in... I mean, if you’d like... ribbit,” she said, her voice cutting through the rhythmic drumming of the rain and the cacophony of his internal deliberations.

At this juncture, he found himself at an ideological impasse, her proposition suspended in the charged atmosphere. It lured him towards a deed antithetical to the principles the pact upheld. His finger, poised at the brink of her entrance, mirrored his internal vacillation. In the depths of his conscience, he acknowledged a growing curiosity, an impulse to experience the intimacy of being inside her, even in this 'small' way.

Yet, as his fingertip lingered on the precipice of her intimate boundary, he found himself immobilised. A battle waged within him. One facet of Tenya remained steadfast to the tenets of the pact, emblematic of self-control and discipline. Concurrently, another facet grappled with acknowledging Asui's autonomy in this matter. Was it not equally imperative to recognise and respect her desires? The role of a true leader entailed valuing the perspectives and choices of his comrades.

His digit quivered with the weight of this internal debate, suspended at the very verge of her entry. His resolve wavered until Asui's voice, now imbued with a commanding, husky undertone, broke through his reservations. "Put it in, Iida."

The firmness, the unmistakable desire in her voice dissolved his lingering hesitations. With a mixture of nervousness and determination, he advanced his finger forward.

His eyes widened behind his spectacles, astounded that he had actually crossed that boundary.

Asui, however, maintained her stoic composure, offering nothing more than a pragmatic observation. "See? That wasn't so hard, was it?"

A nervous chuckle escaped him as he responded with a hint of sheepishness. "No, I suppose... it wasn't..."

With each progressive movement, Tenya's sense of curiosity and wonder intensified. The contrasting embrace of her inner warmth and moisture, particularly against the cold environment on the rooftop, was nothing short of remarkable. The marked disparity was further emphasised by the raindrops splashing onto them from the tumultuous heavens above. It felt like... safety inside her, a warm refuge amidst the tempest. As he inserted more of his finger, he became keenly aware of the snugness enveloping its circumference. Almost two-thirds of his digit had submerged into her tightness when she shifted slightly and let out a muffled sound.

Before he could articulate his concern, she reassured him, “It’s fine, ribbit. Keep going.”

Heeding the trust she had sought from him, he permitted his finger to probe deeper. As she stirred again, a muffled groan squeezed past her lips. In the next instant, a lightning strike illuminated her face, now dampened and flushed with the depth of his breach. It was then he considered the subtle nuances in her voice were not indicative of discomfort, but rather subdued indications of enjoyment.

“Iida,” she uttered softly, her breath mingling with the rainfall, “you forgive me, don’t you?”

He halted, disconcerted by the sudden gravity of her question amidst his probing. The timing for such a discussion seemed incongruous, yet he responded with emphatic nods, sending rain droplets scattering from his wet hair. “Most certainly! And it is my firm belief that our entire class harbours the same sentiment.”

A barely audible sigh escaped her, nearly imperceptible amidst the sound of falling rain. He sensed a slight easing around the sleek grip on his finger, as if a weight she had been carrying diminished.

“Keep going,” she insisted softly.

While he harboured reservations about accepting any part of her being as a token of gratitude, his digit, already immersed in the warmth of her essence, felt an inexorable pull to proceed with its carnal intrigue. He manoeuvred his finger within her, each twist and turn and probe a meticulous study in sensation. Her subdued vocalisations grew increasingly discernible when his digital exploration discovered certain... deeper areas.

Strikingly, what captured Tenya’s attention most was the auditory aspect of her intimate response. The bodily noises emanating from her sex—the squelches and squishes—were unlike anything his extensive readings could have prepared him for. The visceral essence of these auditory cues was not encompassed in any sexual education curriculum he had encountered. Their understanding necessitated a tangible, firsthand approach. In response to his deeper ventures, the cadence of her hand along his shaft accelerated, her strokes imbued with a greater sense of intent.

His breathing grew more laboured.

Perceptive to his heightened response, she ventured a daring inquiry. “Do you want me to sit on it, kero?”

BOOM!

A crack of thunder rivalled the startling impact of the audacious question.

Her proposition prompted him to cast his eyes downward, conjuring the image of Asui astride him, with the strategic aperture in her costume accommodating his arousal. The mere contemplation of such an intimate alignment set off a surge of excitement within him, his blood pumping at the prospect. The notion was thrilling, yet the practical considerations of coitus atop a slick, elevated rooftop tempered his eagerness. His manhood pulsed in her grasp, betraying his instinctive desires. However, he still clung to a shred of his decorum, and dispelled the provocative thought with a vigorous shake of his head. “No! This is already... too much!”

She seemed to understand his hesitation and redirected her efforts into intensifying the fervour of her hand strokes. Mirroring her escalations, Tenya’s own actions grew more audacious, his digit now fully immersed in her warmth, knuckle-deep. The amplified rhythm of their mutual stimulation was further heightened by Asui’s agile tongue, which darted out and flicked deftly at the glans of his penis. The sensation was fleeting but intensely pleasurable, eliciting a spontaneous, unguarded moan from Tenya.

At that precise moment, a familiar voice resonated from below. “Iida, you still out here, buddy?”

The sudden recognition of Manual’s voice caused Tenya’s heart to skip a beat.

The realisation that their patrol duties had not been concluded pulled him from the depths of his current diversion.

Asui raised a finger to her lips, signalling Tenya to remain quiet. And then, as if challenging his resolve, she flicked her tongue at his engorged tip once more. The elation was overwhelming, coaxing another deep, involuntary moan, which he swiftly suppressed with his hand. His anxious eyes darted side to side, scanning the area below in an attempt to ascertain Manual’s exact location and movements. The imminent threat of being discovered in such an indelicate situation propelled a surge of apprehension through him.

Feisty thunder rumbled overhead, mirroring the mounting tension on the rooftop. The downpour rained down harder, faster, almost keeping pace with Asui's diligent strokes. Peripherally, he observed the subtle jiggle of her breasts, oscillating in harmony with her vigorous ministrations. Engulfed in a deluge of pleasure, he maintained the hand suppressing his moans, and let the other continue its persistent fiddling inside and around her.

Despite his concerted efforts, he was unable to match her feverish tempo. Overcome, his head tilted back, his eyes rolling skyward as he succumbed to a moment of immeasurable ecstasy. Raindrops bombarded his glasses, blurring his sight, punctuated by a lightning flash that rendered his lenses opaque. A resounding thunderclap disguised his uninhibited cry of release. His climax was explosive and potent, an upward torrent that seemed choreographed by the storm's intensity. Then, as though commandeered by the tempest, a gust of wind swept his airborne release over the building's edge, where it disappeared into the rainy night.

He only began to return to his senses, when a dismayed outcry reached their ears from far below.

“What the fu—”

BOOM!

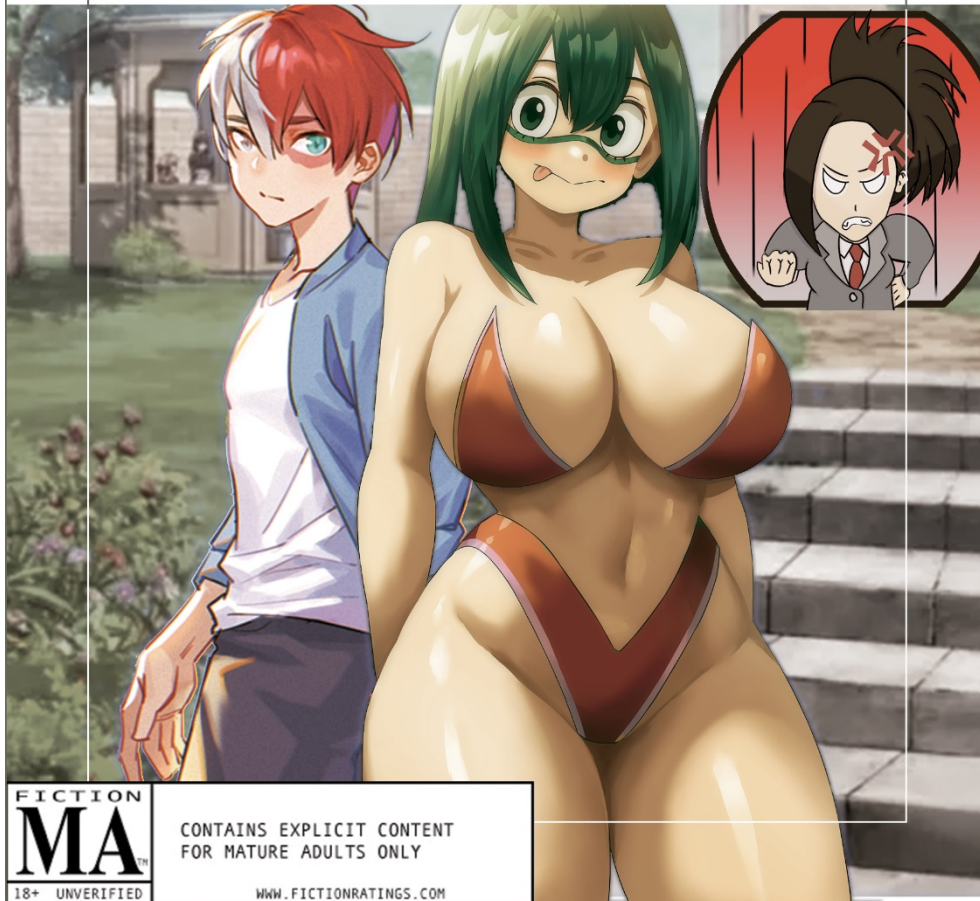
... TO BE CONTINUED ...

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

**TSUYU'S
APOLOGY TOUR**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

CHAPTER 4



Chapter 4 – The Final Bastions

Tsuyu sat on a stool by the kitchen bar counter, her gaze wide and contemplative as she took in the bustling activity. Ochaco was a picture of concentration, her hands moving with methodical precision while she chopped vibrant red peppers, snapped crisp green beans, and diced plump, juicy tomatoes. Each vegetable contributed to the growing medley of scents and sounds in the kitchen, accompanied by the sizzle of a pan on the stove. The aroma of sautéing onions and garlic wafted through the air, mingling with the fresh trace of the chopped ingredients on Ochaco's cutting board, setting the stage for what promised to be a delicious vegetable stir-fry.

Next to Tsuyu, Mineta remained absorbed in his phone, detached from the lively banter and everyday chaos echoing throughout the residence. Her curiosity flickered towards him. *I wonder what he's looking at so intently.* Knowing Mineta, it probably wasn't worth the risk of peeking over his shoulder to find out. His viewing habits were notorious, and she wasn't keen on potentially scarring her psyche.

Instead, her mind drifted, pondering her own past interactions with Iida, Kirishima and Midoriya. She found herself comparing those experiences to what she suspected Mineta was watching—the unrealistic portrayals of intimacy in adult content. She knew well enough that such depictions were staged, the utterances and facial expressions exaggerated for effect. It led her to a deeper introspection—had her encounters been just as scripted in their own way? Had they stirred any genuine emotion, or had she and the boys merely been going through the motions?

Her unconventional approach had been more practical than emotional, a means to an end, rather than a means with any meaning. In her quest for redemption, she hadn't paused to cherish a single moment of their physical interactions. Her focus had been on the objective, with little consideration for what these encounters should have felt like on a deeper level.

Lost in her musings, she barely registered Ochaco's voice breaking through her reverie. "You alright, Tsu? You've seemed kind of distant lately."

"Distant?" Tsuyu echoed, confused about what Ochaco meant. Instead, Tsuyu redirected to a matter at the forefront of her mind, asking quite bluntly, "Have you ever had an orgasm, Ochaco?"

Ochaco's knife skidded and clattered against the chopping board, her cheeks glowing redder than the tomato she just missed. Mineta almost toppled from his stool, catching his phone as it slipped from his grip.

"Ribbit?" Her finger touched the corner of her mouth, bemused by the stir her simple question had caused.

Mineta regained his composure and sat up straight, his focus shifting from his phone to the conversation between the girls. He eyed the glass of water beside Tsuyu with suspicion before pointing at it theatrically. "Aha! Oh my God, it's all true!" His eyes widened in a moment of revelation. "They really *are* putting something in the water that's turning all the frogs gay!"

Ochaco rolled her eyes at his dramatic takeaway. "You've been watching too many conspiracy videos," she dismissed, noting a small bead of blood where her knife had strayed and nicked her finger.

"I'm telling you," Mineta insisted, "it's all true! Think about it... why else would Asui—practically a frog herself—suddenly be so interested in your sex life, hm?" He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

"Well..." Ochaco began, her cheeks flushing a deeper shade of red as she brought her pricked finger to her lips. While she didn't pretend to have the answers herself, Ochaco, like all her female classmates, often disagreed with Mineta as a matter of principle. "That's just ridiculous. Why on earth would anyone put stuff in water to turn frogs..." She trailed off, disappointed she had entertained the idea for even half a second. Shaking her head, she added, "You really shouldn't believe everything you come across on the internet."

"I'm just throwing it out there," he pressed on, "if Asui's checking you out, I totally get it. I mean, who wouldn't, right?"

Ochaco blinked in surprise, sucking on her nicked finger. “That’s not it at all. Can your thoughts take a detour around the gutter for once?”

“Hey, it’s a legit point!” he protested. “Besides, the gutter’s full of underrated gems, right? Like a treasure trove of unexpected insights!”

Again, Ochaco rolled her eyes so hard they nearly did a full orbit. “The only ‘unexpected insight’ here is how your mind manages to twist literally everything into something inappropriate.”

“Not inappropriate, Ochaco, *enlightening!*”

“Enlightening, right...”

“There’s nothing inappropriate about friends wanting to get to know each other better,” he suggested, “A whole lot better...”

Her eyebrows arched so high they threatened to leave her forehead.

“C’mon, you know what I’m talking about,” he said, nodding sagely. “It’s all about... deepening the dimensions of those special friendships. You know, really getting into the... nooks and crannies of our understanding of each other.”

Ochaco sighed. “Mineta, your ‘dimensions’ are always one-dimensional, and they always lead in the same direction.”

He threw his hands back in a gesture flagging innocence. “All I’m saying is, if you girls are interested in exploring each other more deeply, I’m totally supportive of that. It’s all about personal growth, right?” He leaned in closer, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. “And if you do decide to go on this journey of discovery, just remember, I’d be more than willing to be involved. You know, for research purposes.” He nodded gravely, as if he had just proposed a scientific study. “It’s crucial that we investigate this. We need to get to the bottom of what they’re putting in the water at Heights Alliance.”

She narrowed her eyes at him. “You and your ‘research’. I think we all know what kind of investigation you’re really interested in.”

Mineta remained unbothered by her insinuation. He nudged the glass of water closer to Tsuyu, his face breaking into a shifty grin. “You should really drink up, Asui,” he urged,

his voice dripping with sly intent. “Staying hydrated is super important, you know.” His grin broadened, clearly optimistic about the conspiracy’s validity.

Ochaco facepalmed. “You’re incorrigible.”

Meanwhile, Tsuyu sat back, observing the back-and-forth between Ochaco and Mineta with disappointment. They’d both missed the crux of her question. As they continued parrying and riposting each other, Tsuyu silently pondered to herself. Ochaco hadn’t outright answered her question, but her flustered reaction spoke volumes. It suggested she likely hadn’t experienced an orgasm, or perhaps she was uncomfortable discussing such a topic in Mineta’s presence. Tsuyu couldn’t blame her if that was the case. Either way, the conversation had taken a turn far from where Tsuyu had intended, leaving her with more questions than answers.

The enticing aroma of Ochaco’s cooking wafted down the hallway, drawing the nose of one Izuku Midoriya. Tsuyu could hear the shuffle of his footsteps and his voice growing closer. “Wow, that smells incredible. I bet—” As he rounded the corner into the kitchen, his eyes landed on Tsuyu perched at the counter stool. His face turned white as a sheet. “Oh, h-hi, As-Asui,” he squeaked out.

“Please, call me Tsu.”

“Y-yeah, right, Tsu. Fancy running into you here, huh? Wha-what are the chances, right?”

Mineta knitted his brows together. “Uh, actually pretty high, considering we all live here.”

Midoriya offered a nervous chuckle. “Right, right. Anyway, I just remembered, I have to go... um, do something important... yeah...” He spun on his heels and hurried toward the common room, nearly tripping over his feet.

By the time Ochaco whirled around, holding a spoonful of her lovingly-prepared soup for him to taste, she found empty air where he’d been standing. She scanned the kitchen, baffled. “Huh? Where’d Deku go?”

Mineta gave a nonchalant shrug. “Just Midoriya getting all weird and jumpy in front of hot girls, as usual. Heh, I can’t imagine ever being that clueless when it comes to women.”

“Ribbit...”

Sometimes, Tsuyu was convinced Mineta couldn't hear the words coming out of his own mouth.

Mineta pushed himself up to get a better view over the kitchen counter. “Anyway, if you're in need of someone to taste your *soup*,” he said, imbuing the word ‘soup’ with an unnecessary innuendo. “I'm right here, Ochaco. I'll taste *anything* coming from you... whatever you want me to, *wherever* you want me to...” He leaned forward, his eyes closed, puckering up like a fish expecting to be fed.

She cast a withering look at the daydreamer and, without a word, turned the spoon right back toward her own lips, sampling her culinary creation herself.

He hung his head and sank back into his stool deflated, a melodramatic sigh escaping his lips. “Rejected yet again!”

“Maybe if you didn't try so hard,” Tsuyu suggested.

The impish boy responded with a sly grin. “Well, in my experience, ‘hard’ is often the best way to try,” he quipped.

Tsuyu let out a sigh. Why did she even bother?

Kirishima ambled toward the kitchen, lost in a post-workout daydream, lured by the savoury smells. His sweaty tank top clung to him, broadcasting his gym efforts. “Nothing beats a big meal after a killer workout,” he mumbled, picturing a feast fit for a hero. But his pace decelerated after spotting Tsuyu on the stool, his easy-going expression giving way to startled surprise. “Uh, actually,” he stammered, eyes darting between Tsuyu and the others, “I should probably take a shower first—a shower by *myself!*” he overemphasized. Ochaco and Mineta exchanged puzzled looks. “Yeah, you know, a good, normal, super manly, all-by-my-lonesome shower! Can't be lounging around in my own sweat, right? Catch y'all later!” And with that, he made a quick exit, practically sprinting out of the kitchen.

Down the hall, a thud echoed, followed by Todoroki's unflappable voice: “Is there an emergency I should know about?”

Tsuyu and the others heard a flustered Kirishima blurt out, “I gotta get outta there, man!”

Shortly thereafter, Todoroki, Yaoyorozu, and Iida came striding from around the corner. But their trio was short-lived; the moment Iida caught sight of Tsuyu, he practically did a cartoon double-take. “Ah, I just recalled! I’m due for community service... Yes, very important, civic duty calls!” With that, he zipped away so swiftly you’d think his Quirk had kicked into overdrive, leaving an Iida-shaped cloud of dust behind.

Todoroki, ever so stoic, kept moving towards the kitchen without a second thought about the class rep’s abrupt departure. Yaoyorozu, on the other hand, lingered for a moment, her eyes trailing Iida’s retreating back.

“Looks great,” Todoroki commented on the array of chopped ingredients spread out on the counter.

Yaoyorozu nodded in agreement beside him, her nose twitching as she took in the delicious scents. “It really does smell wonderful,” she added, smiling at Ochaco. The spicy aroma tickled Yaoyorozu’s throat, evoking a light cough. She glanced at Tsuyu’s glass of water. “Do you mind?”

“Kero. Go ahead.”

As Yaoyorozu took a sip from Tsuyu’s cup, Mineta clamped his hands over his mouth, barely muffling his excited squeal. “Oh sweet grapes of destiny—Yaoyorozu’s drinking the water, too!”

Ochaco caught the twinkle of mischief in Mineta’s eyes and narrowed her own in displeasure. His sights lingered on Yaoyorozu’s chest a little too long for Ochaco’s liking. With an abrupt swiftness, she banged the blunt end of her knife onto the counter. The loud thud startled Mineta, his eyes snapping away from Yaoyorozu’s bosom to Ochaco’s disapproving expression. Feigning innocence, he shrugged and mouthed ‘What?’ as if he had no idea why Ochaco might be annoyed.

Yaoyorozu set the empty glass back on the table, her brow furrowing in thought. “Is it just me, or was Iida acting a bit odd?” she pondered aloud, looking for confirmation from the others. “And when did he become the poster boy for community service?”

“Well, apparently, it has something to do with what happened on his last internship patrol,” Todoroki shared.

“Wait, Iida?” Mineta’s eyes widened, so stunned his perverted commentary took a backseat. “Mr. ‘Supreme-Discipline-And-Always-Follow-the-Rules’ in hot water? This I gotta hear. What’s the scoop?”

“I don’t know.” Todoroki gave a half-hearted shrug. “When I asked, he turned really red and sweated so much his glasses started sliding off his face. Needless to say, he wouldn’t go into details. But whatever it was, it was bad enough to convince Manual he deserved some kind of punishment.”

“Wow,” Yaoyorozu said, “Must be really serious. Always thought Manual was his biggest fan.”

“No way,” Ochaco jumped in. “There has to be more to it than that. Just a few minutes ago, Deku dashed out of here faster than a rabbit in a carrot shop.”

“Hm.” Todoroki reconsidered. “And let’s not forget Kirishima nearly knocked me over on his way out.”

“Bizarre.” Yaoyorozu mused, her expression turning pensive. “All three of them acting like that all of a sudden?”

“Yeah,” Ochaco agreed, “It’s like they’ve seen a ghost in here or something.”

Yaoyorozu chuckled. “A ghost? That seems a bit far-fetched. But *something’s* clearly got them all riled up. I wonder what it could be...” Her voice faded into silence as she scanned the room and landed on Tsuyu. Suddenly, her eyes widened, a look of realisation crossing her face. “Those dishonourable... Come on, Todoroki, let’s go!” She perked up. “I think I know what’s going on here.”

“You do?” Todoroki looked puzzled by her sudden urgency.

“I’ll fill you in on the way.” She grabbed his arm and pulled him along with her.

Once again, Ochaco and Mineta found themselves scratching their heads at their classmates’ cryptic departures. Tsuyu might have had her suspicions, but she decided it wasn’t her place to spread gossip within the halls of Heights Alliance.

Unnoticed until now, Bakugo had been lounging on the couch in the adjacent room. Suddenly, he bolted upright, agitated by the commotion. “Can’t even snatch a moment of peace with you idiots blabbering,” he snapped, his voice exploding onto the scene.

He stomped into the kitchen, throwing a scathing glance at each of them. “What’s this? Some sort of pity party, gossip circle?” Bakugo couldn’t hide his irritation at Ochaco tending to her injured finger. With a snort of annoyance, he snatched the knife from her hand and nudged her aside. “Out the way, Round Face. At this rate, you’ll lose a finger before that stir-fry gets done,” he grumbled, taking over chopping duty, his hands moving with a surprising level of skill and precision. The self-appointed chef couldn’t help but dish out his own brand of unsolicited culinary advice. “You’ve got this all wrong. Spice it up, for crying out loud!” Without seeking approval or a second opinion, he sprinkled in more red pepper.

Then, turning to Tsuyu, Bakugo hurled a snarky remark, “And you, Frog Face, where’d you get off asking about orgasms all of a sudden? Clearly never been anywhere near one if you need to ask!” he sneered. “You’re as subtle as a brick through a window, you know that?!”

Mineta took the brunt of his next outburst. “Keep your creepy fantasies to yourself, Grape Freak. No one wants to hear it, you damn extra!” With that, Bakugo dumped the chopped vegetables into a bowl and stormed off towards his room. “I’m out. This place is too crowded with idiocy.”

The kitchen fell into an uneasy silence following Bakugo’s departure. His biting remarks had left a palpable tension hanging in the room, like the calm after a storm that hadn’t quite settled.

Shaken, Mineta turned to Tsuyu and Ochaco. “You guys don’t really think I’m a... ‘freak’, do you?” he asked, a wobble betraying his usual bravado.

Tsuyu offered a noncommittal ribbit.

Ochaco hummed to herself, feigning ignorance of his question as she continued to focus on her cooking.

He slumped, shoulders drooping in defeat.

Tsuyu's thoughts drifted to Bakugo, reflecting on the fact he was the pivot around which her recent endeavours revolved. Her opposition to the rescue mission was not because of his abrasive nature—she was accustomed to that—but because the plan to save him had required breaking rules, challenging her ideals of heroism. Was it truly worth it though, going through all this trouble to reconcile with her classmates for someone as self-centred as Katsuki Bakugo, a guy who aspired to call himself the 'Great Explosion Murder God'? He didn't even have the tact to address them politely whenever he opened his mouth.

Yet, Tsuyu found herself considering the possibility that his blunt words, though harsh, might not be entirely without merit. Mineta's fantasies were indeed something she and Ochaco didn't appreciate hearing, and Bakugo's cooking advice sounded somewhat helpful. Moreover, he had stepped in to chop the vegetables after noticing Ochaco's sliced digit, even if he was loud and grumpy about it.

It would appear there was more to him than the brashness and bravado he loved to put on. Which led Tsuyu to ponder the choice words he had dished out to her. Maybe... he had a point?

...

Momo leaned against the gritty concrete of the school's rooftop, her sharp eyes scouring the uneasy faces of Kirishima, Iida and Midoriya, each etched with varying shades of guilt. She sensed Todoroki's presence beside her, a silent ally in her confrontation. This corner of the rooftop was rarely visited, an escape from prying eyes, a place where secrets could simmer in the open. There was nowhere to run, just as Momo had intended. Amidst the backdrop of distant schoolyard chatter and the occasional cry of a city bird, their pact had frayed at the edges, and tension hummed in the air around them.

Kirishima averted his eyes with a stubborn tilt to his jaw. She noted the rigidity of his stance, how his hands formed fists at his sides, braced to fight whatever allegations she might throw his way. He'd probably be the hardest to crack. Iida stood next to him at the centre of the line-up, a bead of sweat trailing down his forehead despite the cool air. It was hard to imagine how he'd gotten himself tangled in this mess. His standing as class rep lent him a margin of credibility in Momo's eyes, enough for her to hold back judgement until she heard what he had to say. And at the end of the line, Midoriya trembled like a leaf caught in a

windstorm, hands fidgeting at his sides. He was a good kid and couldn't lie to save his life, which made her suspicions all the more troubling if they were correct.

Rather than openly call them out, Momo paced from left to right, granting them the opportunity to step up and explain themselves. Yet, as her sweeping gaze searched for a crack in their collective front, their lips remained sealed in the face of her scrutiny. "Well?" Her voice cut through the stubborn silence. "Is anyone going to come clean?" The quiet that followed was answer enough. In that case, she'd just have to try a different approach. Momo ended her pacing at the far end of the line, and turned to pin an accusatory glower on the weakest link. She didn't need an interrogation, just a single, pointed question.

"Midoriya?"

He jumped like someone had set off fireworks under his feet.

The words tumbled out of him in an anxious rush. "It's true," he admitted, eyes darting everywhere but at Momo. "Asui c-c-came into my room that night. It was... unexpected, and I tried, like, really tried to stop it. You have to believe me!" His voice quivered with every word while Kirishima facepalmed on the sidelines as if he couldn't believe Midoriya crumbled so easily. "I kept thinking about our p-pact, you know? About how we agreed not to... do that sort of stuff. But then, it's just... things sort of happened, and I couldn't... I mean, I held back the best I could, promise!"

"Midoriya!" Momo gasped like a disappointed mother scolding their child. "I had a feeling something wasn't right. But to think, you actually went through with it." She shook her head in disgust and disbelief. "Honestly, I would've put my money on Kirishima breaking our pact, not you."

"Hey!" the fiery-haired boy protested, bristling with defensiveness. "What's that supposed to mean? You don't think I'm manly enough to keep a promise, is that it, huh?"

Momo stood her ground, unfazed, and pressed him with a measured tone. "Well, did you? Honour our pact, that is?"

Caught off guard, he opened his mouth like he was about to unleash the world's greatest comeback, then paused. His arms folded over his chest and his face turned as red as his hair. "Okay, okay! Maybe Asui and I... sort of... well, we might've tiptoed over a line. Or two." His admission prompted a surprised look from Midoriya, who, despite his own

confession, couldn't hide his astonishment. "Look, it wasn't exactly planned, alright?" Kirishima rushed to explain. "She just, you know, kinda ninja-ed her way into the shower with me. I tried to stop her though, I swear!"

"Oh, I'm sure you tried your absolute hardest," Momo commented dryly.

"No, really! I did everything but throw the bathroom sink at her!"

Momo let out a sigh carrying all the world's weariness. "Honestly, both of you could learn something about restraint from our resident class rep," she admonished. "He's always exemplified discipline and—"

"Um, actually, Yaoyorozu... I, uh..." Iida stumbled over his words, a rare sight. "Asui... got to me, too."

His confession struck Momo like a slap in the face. A flicker of surprise passed through even Todoroki's stoic expression.

Iida's face was a portrait of self-reproach. "The incident occurred one evening during our routine patrol," he began, his head hung in remorse. "Asui, she... caught me off guard. Used her tongue to... to ensnare me and hoist me onto a rooftop." He paused to collect himself. "Then took my hand and... well, I found myself unable to resist. However, I do believe I prevented our dishonourable conduct from escalating even further," he added, lifting his head with some encouragement. "I acknowledge this does not exculpate my lapse in judgment. The fact remains I should have leapt off the rooftop immediately rather than betray our pact!"

Todoroki's eyebrows arched in surprise. "Jumping off the rooftop might have been a bit extreme, Iida."

Momo almost felt guilty imagining how much he'd tortured himself over his dishonour. "Listen, all I'm saying is, you could've all exercised better judgment." The three of them collectively lowered their heads and their voices merged into a symphony of rueful apologies.

Todoroki scratched the bottom of the barrel for a positive. "Well, like you said, you managed not to let things spiral too far out of control."

“Absolutely!” Iida exclaimed with gusto. “I declined her suggestion for, uh, well, full-on consummation.”

Midoriya’s head snapped towards the class rep, his eyes nearly popping out of his head. “Wait a minute, Asui really suggested... that?”

“Yeah, same,” Kirishima cut in, steamrolling over Midoriya’s shock. “The way things were heating up in that shower... I could’ve easily sealed the deal in a hot second.”

Midoriya’s head whipped towards Kirishima, his eyes bulging even wider. “You two really got *that* far?”

“Yep.” Kirishima shrugged, as if his performance really shouldn’t have surprised anyone. “Why? How far did you get?”

“Oh! We, uh...” Midoriya trailed off, his face blazing like a sunset. He fumbled with his words, then laughed awkwardly while scratching his head. “Actually, it’s not that important. Forget I asked.”

“It doesn’t matter what any of you did or didn’t do,” Momo decided, “You all went against our pact and you’re all equally as culpable, far as I’m concerned.”

Kirishima groaned, and in a swift attempt to shift the focus, jabbed a finger at Todoroki. “Oh yeah? What about him, huh?”

Todoroki blinked. “Me?”

“Come on, spill it,” he goaded. “We’ve all come clean here. You’ve got something to say too, right?”

All eyes turned to Todoroki, but none more probing than Momo’s grey pair. A swarm of butterflies churned in her stomach. Her desperation for the truth grappled with the fear of what it might be. A silent prayer clung to her thoughts, hoping against hope Todoroki had remained loyal to their pact. With every second that passed in silence, her heart thumped louder against her ribcage, her fingers tangled and untangled, her lower lip a captive between her teeth.

Please, just say something...

Not Todoroki, too. There was no way *he* would've succumbed to the pressure under any circumstances, but then, she would've sworn the same of Iida only a few moments ago. A tight knot of anxiety lodged in her throat when he finally opened his mouth to speak.

“No,” he stated plainly. “I didn't engage in anything with Asui. She never approached me.”

Momo exhaled a deep sigh, the swarm in her stomach settling into a calm flutter.

But Kirishima wasn't as easily persuaded. “Bull! Be a man, do the right thing. Come out and say it.” His gaze sharpened toward Todoroki. “Everyone knows you're the heartthrob of the 1-A. Ashido was practically drooling when she said it,” he spat, a tinge of bitterness creeping into his voice. “If Asui was going to make a move on any of us, you'd be the first on her list.”

The accused gave little more than a casual shrug. “I'm not sure what you're expecting me to admit. There's nothing to tell.”

Kirishima made an advance towards Todoroki when Momo stepped in between them. “That's enough. If Todoroki says nothing happened, then nothing happened.” Her word was final. “Throwing accusations around doesn't make you look any less guilty.”

Kirishima backed down with a frustrated huff.

Amidst the simmering tension, Midoriya raised a timid hand and offered his contribution. “Um, if it's okay to say,” he ventured, “I think, maybe, we're, um, giving the pact too much power over us.” He took a moment to choose his next words. “You see, the night Asui came into my room, she seemed... well, she seemed very much in control. We've all been worried about her state of mind, but as far as I could tell, she knew exactly what she was doing.”

Iida nodded along to Midoriya's assessment. “Indeed, my own experience aligns with this observation,” he confirmed. “She was quite forthright about her intentions. There was a certain level of deliberation in her approach,” he elaborated while realigning his glasses. “She appeared well aware of the possible repercussions, and yet, it didn't deter her in the slightest.” He stroked his chin in consideration. “Reflecting on it now, I believe my proposal for the pact may have been somewhat premature. It's possible we might have misjudged the situation.”

“Yeah, I’d say,” Kirishima agreed. “She knew what she was doing for damn sure... rocking up in that scandalous little cheerleader outfit...” His voice carried a hint of nostalgia as he revisited the memory, before Momo’s scowl shook off his reminiscent daze. “But, uh, moving on! I’m more worried about *our* states of mind after she got through toying with us.”

Momo mulled over their assertions. She didn’t think any of them would downright lie, but the timing of their shifts in perception raised eyebrows. It seemed almost too convenient, as though they were reimagining Tsu’s competence in a light that mitigated their own guilt. Of course, there was also the possibility they genuinely believed what they were saying. The whole thing had Momo tugging at her hair. She didn’t know what to do with the three of them.

...

Amidst the picturesque gardens of U.A. High School, the evening unfurled its serene embrace, though tinged with a subtle undercurrent of disquiet. Momo and Todoroki strolled along paths bordered by vibrant blooms and lush greenery, illuminated by the soft glow of twilight. Flowers shared their enriching scents and old trees whispered ancient secrets in the gentle breeze.

Secrets, Momo mused. It turned out her classmates had plenty of them. Something disconcerting had taken hold of U.A. lately, a pandemic of mischief, a contagious spell of dubious decisions touching even those she held in high esteem. At least, there was still one person that hadn’t let her down, she thought, casting a sideways glance at Todoroki. Things felt safer here, away from the circus, from bad influences, away from... Tsu’s clutches.

The distant bustle of student life felt worlds away and Momo cherished the notion of solace amidst the garden’s splendour.

As they wandered in the open air, she took stock of her fashion choice. Her off-shoulder top, a soft pink mirroring the tender hues of the surrounding flowers, was no chance decision. It clasped the lower half of her full breasts, sculpting and elevating their curves, the upper halves puffing out in the twilight breeze. Pressed together and on the verge of overflowing, her mounds forged a pronounced cleavage that was not just a mere dip in her attire but a dramatic valley. The bold cut struck a fine balance between exposure and support

whilst showcasing the fullness of her bust, each step inciting a subtle lift and fall as the naked flesh beneath caressed the fabric.

Momo wasn't one to flash her goods frivolously, but it would appear she wasn't immune to the effects of the social pathogen sweeping through the classroom. Granted, she only had one target in mind, a particular pair of dual-coloured eyes that persisted in overlooking her curves.

Todoroki marched forward, gaze fixed ahead, oblivious to the subtle bounces and jiggles in his periphery. Her long white skirt, decorated with pink floral patterns, featured a slit which offered generous glimpses of her smooth, silky thigh with each stride—an enticing detail that evaded his notice. His aloof demeanour had almost convinced Momo he was indifferent to women's charms, at least until that evening Tsu gate-crashed their game night.

The way his eyes had drank in her body...

It was a look Momo had never seen him direct towards anyone before, and one that hadn't reappeared since.

While her outfit was curated to catch his eye, Todoroki's attire was a reflection of his understated persona. His turquoise sneakers added a pop of colour and personality to his look. He donned a lightweight jacket in a muted shade of blue over his white tee, while his black jeans married functionality with style. His appearance gave off the impression of someone who didn't chase coolness; it just naturally clung to him, as if he'd roll out of bed and instantaneously embody the essence of effortless style.

Skirting the garden's perimeter, a well-trodden runner's trail wove its way through the scenery. A pair of female students in P.E. uniforms jogged in their direction. They slowed their pace just enough to afford themselves an extended glance at Todoroki. Momo resisted the urge to loop her arm around his bicep. True to form, he showed no awareness of the appreciative stares he attracted. As the girls jogged passed, they flung snooty looks toward Momo, their fleeting admiration turning to rivalry in an instant.

Momo paid them no mind. Moments like this made her admire Todoroki all the more. Although he easily could, he never exploited his strapping good looks for attention or personal gain. His feet were firmly planted on the ground, his mind sharp, his manners

impeccable, and his confidence unshakable—qualities Momo sought to cultivate within herself. He was more than just a model hero; he was a model human being.

Would he ever acknowledge her the same way she acknowledged him?

Or even just... look at her the same way he had Tsu?

The incident left a tangle of unanswered questions in her mind. “Um...” She hesitated, grappling with how to address her curiosities, and whether the moment was even right. “About Tsu’s recent behaviour...”

“Hm?” he murmured, his attention elsewhere. “What about it?”

She shrugged, hoping the nonchalant gesture would hide how much the topic had occupied her thoughts over the past week. “It’s all so strange, isn’t it? The way Tsu’s been targeting all the boys in our pact.” If she could even call it that anymore; she and Todoroki were the only ones left committed to its principles.

“Yeah,” he said, matter-of-factly. “I never expected Asui would be capable of anything they described.” A precarious silence stretched between them as it slowly dawned on Todoroki her comment wasn’t a mere reflection on the events but also veiled a tentative question. “You do believe me, don’t you?”

“Of course, I do!” The assurance leapt from her diaphragm. Inside, however, Kirishima’s wild speculations had sown nagging doubts. Was her faith in Todoroki rooted in conviction, or was it a defensive mechanism to avoid considering the alternative? Absently, she twirled a strand of her jet-black hair around her finger. “That night... Tsu’s outfit was quite... something, wasn’t it? A bit over the top...”

Her analytical gaze latched onto his features, scouring for a clue to his genuine thoughts. But he remained inscrutable, simply acknowledging, “Yeah, it was quite unexpected.”

She persisted. “It seemed like she caught a lot of attention with that look. I mean, the other guys seemed pretty... ‘captivated’ by what she was wearing... or rather, what *little* she was wearing...”

“I suppose...”

In a shy mumble, she pushed further, “And you weren’t?”

For the first time in their stroll, his eyes strayed from the sprawling garden before them and swivelled towards her with a curious intensity.

She quickly looked away as a sudden warmth bloomed in her cheeks.

“I was just surprised,” he said plainly.

“*Just* surprised?”

Confusion deepened on his face. “What are you getting at?”

“Oh, nothing!” she backpedalled. “Just making conversation, that’s all.”

He hummed in thought, a suspicious glint in his eyes. “Is that why you suggested this little stroll? Was this always meant to be an interrogation?”

“No, not at all!” She was quick to deny it—perhaps too quick. “I thought some fresh air might clear our heads from all the recent shenanigans.” That, plus—Tsu would be less likely to make an advance towards Todoroki if she’d have to go through Momo first. “To tell you the truth, the main reason I asked you for this walk,” she said, steering him off the main path, “is to show you a hidden gem in the garden. Jirou and I stumbled upon it a while back. It’s a quaint little spot, off to the side from the usual jogging route.”

The scenery melded into an enchanting blend of rustic charm and cultivated beauty, evoking a peaceful ambiance that complemented the dimming of the day. It was a picturesque spot, drenched in the sunset’s gold, orange, and pink hues. At the heart of this hidden gem lay a serene pond, its surface still and reflecting the myriad colours of the dusk and the surrounding flora. A diverse array of flowering plants encircled the shimmering body of water, creating a rich, colourful mosaic of the garden. Neatly placed stepping stones led to the pond’s edge, inviting visitors to pause and soak in the tranquillity.

Nearby, the groundskeeper’s summerhouse stood watch over this secluded paradise. A well-tended hedge bordered the area, its greenery crafting a natural boundary that lent an intimate feel to this tucked-away corner of the school’s grounds.

Todoroki cast a wary glance at the secluded area. “Are we even allowed to be here?”

“Well...” She lingered over her response, debating the level of candour to employ. “Technically speaking, this spot is meant to be left alone by students. But! The caretaker’s preoccupied on the other side of the campus right now—I made sure of it before we left. We won’t be noticed.” Giving him a reassuring nod, she guided Todoroki through the wooden gate, its old hinges letting out a whiny creak as they stepped into the private sanctuary.

Two sculptures, spiralling upward like stone vines, demarcated the far edge of the secluded spot. Beneath the protective arms of a venerable tree, and guarded by these stone sentinels, a stone bench awaited them. A surge of excitement coursed through Momo as she tugged Todoroki towards it with quickened steps.

Halfway there, he commented, “Midoriya seems to be rubbing off on you. First, breaking protocol for Bakugo’s rescue, and now trespassing into the groundkeeper’s secret garden. Maybe Asui was right about us.”

Momo laughed, although his deadpan delivery left her unsure whether or not he was joking. Nonetheless, she motioned for him to join her on the bench.

An uneasy quiet separated them on the stone surface. His eyes darted around, unsure of what was to come next, while the rehearsed words Momo had prepared were slipping away. Eventually, Todoroki broke the quiet. “I appreciate you showing me this place. It’s a beautiful spot.”

Her smile broadened. It was a small victory.

“But,” he added, “if you wanted a quiet place for a conversation, we could have found one without breaking the rules.”

A soft laugh escaped her. “True, but there’s something about this place... It feels secluded, safe, and has a cosy vibe, don’t you think?” In the backdrop, the padding of sneakers and tired huffs of students on their evening run drifted over, their heads occasionally bobbing into view above the hedge. After a moment, she gathered her courage. “Todoroki, there’s something I’ve been wanting to discuss with you... something that’s been weighing on my mind.”

He turned towards her, alert. “Really? Something like what?”

Her nervous fingers traced patterns on the cold stone bench. “Ever since that night with the Tsu incident... well, I've been feeling... sort of different. About us, I mean.”

“Different how?” He furrowed his brow.

“Well, like, being more than just classmates or friends,” she stammered.

“More...? Do you mean like forming a study group or something? Because I'm really not great at English,” he replied in earnest.

“No, not a study group.” She chuckled nervously. “More like... how do I put this? You know, when you start seeing someone in a new light?”

He inclined his head in understanding. “Ah, like the time I realised Midoriya had a strategy behind his recklessness.”

“Uh, kind of? But more personal. Like, personal feelings...”

“Oh, are you feeling okay? Do you need to see Recovery Girl?” he asked, worry seeping into his tone.

She exhaled her frustration. Was he making it this hard on purpose? “No, Todoroki, I'm talking about... liking someone. You know, in a romantic way.”

His eyes widened as comprehension gradually seeped in. “Oh! Are you saying you... like someone? Who is it?”

Her cheeks heated up again. “Never mind. I... this was a mistake.”

“Huh?”

Without warning, a voice came down from the treetops: “Open your eyes.”

Startled, both Momo and Todoroki jerked their heads upward.

Rocketing down from the leafy canopy was a whirl of ruby red, the figure executing an acrobatic flip before landing in a deft crouch before them. As the surprise visitor rose, the outfit she donned became alarmingly familiar. It was an exact replica of Momo's hero costume, reproduced to the last stitch.

Crimson heel boots demanded notice and enticed the eyes to journey upwards. Following her sculpted calves, the path led up the curves of her defined hamstrings and, higher still, the red leotard clinging to every contour of her body, accentuating her narrow waist against the garden backdrop. Her hair was an exotic hue of forest-green, long and lustrous, spilling down her back in a waterfall of silky tresses that were secured into a neat bow at her lower back. The twin gold utility belts sat higher around her waist compared to how Momo typically wore them, drawing focus to this imposter's shapely rear—notably fuller and more rounded than Momo's own, yet equally firm. Her buttocks defied the confines of the leotard and spilled out the sides, showcasing the impeccable toning of her glutes.

As the initial shock of seeing someone else donning her colours faded, Momo had to admit, Tsu's ass looked fantastic in her hero costume. Her appreciation fixated on the perky backside until Tsu pivoted to face them, turning her impressive glutes out of sight.

“Ribbit,” she chirped, ever so modestly.

Todoroki choked out a stuttered, “A-Asui?” before clearing his throat and regaining his composure. “We were just talking about you.”

“I know. I heard the whole thing.”

Momo did a double-take, her eyes widening as she searched for the appropriate words. “Tsu, you look...” Her gaze scanned Tsu from head to toe before settling on, “...kind of spectacular in that. Wait, did you actually raid my wardrobe?”

Tsu ignored the allegation as if it held little significance. “Let's concentrate on what's important here, ribbit.” Her eyes jumped between Momo and Todoroki, indicating the subjects of her statement. “You two.”

The two in question exchanged an uncertain glance as they twitched on the bench, their postures mirroring the awkwardness hanging between them.

Tsu persisted through the tension. “Momo, your bravery and decisiveness never cease to impress, kero. And Todoroki, the way you maintain composure in the face of adversity is truly commendable.” A reflective look crossed her features. “I regret not being prepared to stand by our classmate in his time of need, ribbit, like you both were.”

Momo stopped her right there. “We’ve been over this. None of us blames you for wanting to leave the rescue mission to the Pros. It’s time to move past your guilt, Tsu.”

She shook her head. “It’s not just about guilt. It’s about confronting our fears, ribbit, stepping out of our comfort zones. Something I shied away from, kero... Unlike you, Momo. You’re usually so self-assured, yet around Todoroki, I’ve noticed you have a tendency to second-guess yourself. Not as bad as Ochaco when it comes to Midoriya, ribbit, but there are definitely some similarities...” A thoughtful digit tapped her cheek.

Momo bit her lip, fingers tangling together in her lap.

On the other hand, Todoroki looked entirely baffled. “What are you implying?”

Tsu met his gaze squarely. “Kero, that you need to open your eyes.”

“Open... my eyes?”

“Something I’ve realised recently, ribbit,” she explained, “is sometimes words fall short of conveying what we feel. Sometimes, it takes a grand gesture to truly show others what we mean.”

With that thought, Tsu extended her hand towards Momo. Caught by surprise, instinct prodded Momo onwards, her fingers intertwining with Tsu’s as she was pulled to her feet. The two of them stood together before Todoroki.

Without another word, Tsu leaned in and pressed her lips against Momo’s.

A tiny gasp escaped Todoroki. His body lurched forward, a reflex to intervene, but he stopped himself at the edge of the bench, suddenly unsure of what he would do once he reached them.

Shock spread across Momo’s face the moment Tsu’s lips made firm contact. Momo’s lips parted, intending to voice her surprise, but Tsu seized the opportunity to introduce her tongue into Momo’s mouth. It was precisely the type of advance she had feared Tsu would make towards Todoroki, never considering she herself might be on the receiving end.

Her tongue retreated on instinct, evading Tsu’s persistent pursuit in the confined space of her mouth. Yet, in such close quarters, their tongues were destined to clash, wrestle, intertwine in a tangle of wills as gripping as it was confusing. The more Momo tried to

disengage, the more she discovered the contact was not as discomforting as she had thought it might be.

Momo was well aware of how Tsu's Frog Quirk enhanced and extended her tongue, but she had never experienced its dexterity in such a personal way. Tsu's tongue dictated the terms of their oral tussle, twisting and trapping, dominating the slick exchange as if Momo's mouth was now under its dominion. Its might and tenderness combined to dissolve Momo's initial surprise, transforming her reluctance into a collaborative exploration of taste and texture.

Their mouths melded together, the heat between them intensifying. Every second, the fusion of warmth, intoxicating flavour, and tender lip pressure lured Momo further into a world where only this kiss existed. She pushed her concerns to the distant edges of her consciousness. Together, they discovered a rhythm as natural as a heartbeat, their lips and tongues syncing up in a fervent French kiss that escalated with each passing breath.

...

In the midst of her routine jog, Ochaco doubled over, hands on her knees as she caught her breath. She sucked in several lungfuls of oxygen before unscrewing her water bottle for a refreshing gulp. A quick glance at her wristwatch told her it was time to press on with her run.

As she rounded the bend near the groundskeeper's summerhouse, her eyes idly wandered over the hedge across the way. What she saw in that fleeting moment made her do a startled double take. "Oh my gosh," she whispered to herself, her pace slowing to a near halt as she scrambled to process the sight. There, in plain view, were two of her closest classmates, Tsu and Yaoyorozu, in a lip lock so intense it would make romance novelists blush!

With her head turned towards the scene, she lost sight of the path ahead, veering off course like a drunk pigeon, narrowly avoiding jogging right into a tree. She caught herself just in time, her heart racing from more than the physical exertion. Holding up her water bottle, she squinted at it with suspicion and disbelief.

"No way..."

...

A jolt of reality snapped Momo back to the present, reminded her of their public surroundings. She fluttered one eye open and caught a glimpse of Todoroki sat on the bench, his face etched with astonishment. The unexpected twist was a far cry from the simple stroll she had envisioned. She couldn't deny Froppy was a good kisser, her tongue's talents extending beyond the realm of combat.

Tsu pulled back and her eyes flickered towards Todoroki with intent. She appeared to be transmitting a wordless message through her purposeful gaze. Without breaking eye contact, she guided Momo's hands up the sleek, red spandex of her leotard. The fabric, familiar yet somehow new under Momo's touch, sparked a fresh curiosity. Tsu repositioned Momo's hands on her trim waist, right above the utility belts, before turning back to reconnect their lips in a fiery kiss.

As their mouths crashed together, Momo and Tsu synchronised their moves, tilted their heads to deepen the connection. Their moans intertwined and inspired a melody of shared passion. Aware of their audience, Momo heightened her vocal expressions, adding an extra layer of theatrics to captivate his attention further, perhaps even to provoke a reaction. But fascination kept him immobilised.

Even as a participant in the outlandish kiss, Momo herself found Tsu's boldness a lot to take in, a lot to resist. This must've been how the others felt under Tsu's advances, how she'd managed to dismantle their pact one resistant bone at a time, how she'd turned Momo into a big hypocrite.

As their lips remained interlocked, Tsu aimed another suggestive look towards Todoroki, then guided Momo's hands further up the leotard until they were resting on her breasts. Momo could've sworn she sensed a reaction from Todoroki, a slight shudder, but the smothering kiss kept her from turning for confirmation.

Momo took a cue from Tsu's guiding hands and gave her breasts a little squeeze. While the thrill didn't match what the boys in their pact might have relished, participating in Tsu's agenda felt strangely appropriate. Tsu reciprocated by groping Momo's own sizeable bust, her fingers sinking into the soft mounds concealed beneath her off-shoulder top. The pressure forced the upper swell of her breasts to bulge above the edge of her pink fabric. Her

unabashed groping tested the material as it struggled to contain her burgeoning cleavage. Teasing glimpses of her areolae taunted the limits of the fabric, threatening an all-out revelation with each big pinch.

Momo sneaked a peek at Todoroki and observed a discernible shift in his posture—a conspicuous tent now marking the front of his jeans.

A rush of triumph surged within her. *'Whoa! This is actually working! Keep it up, Tsu!'*

Buoyed by the visual impact of their display, their hot and heavy smooching escalated further, hands roaming all over each other's bodies. Their petting turned more ardent, their kisses sloppier, more urgent, breathless.

Momo felt alive, felt his gaze lingering on her with an intensity that hadn't been there before. She could see the cogs turning in his head, recalibrating his perception of her from just another classmate to someone more compelling and full of desire. It gave her a thrill, the notion of being seen not just for her intellect and diligence, but as a budding woman capable of stirring passion.

Her transformation was beyond internal; it perforated the evening air between them. Todoroki's stoic facade faltered as he watched her, his eyes betraying a spark of intrigue and perhaps, attraction. This was a side of her she had yearned for him to see, a side that wasn't defined by her academic achievements or her role as a strategist in their training exercises. Here, under Tsu's bold influence, she was daring, uninhibited, and unapologetically seductive.

'Can you see me now, Todoroki?'

As their long string of breathless kisses ended, a delicate thread of saliva remained, stretching between their lips until it finally snapped as they pulled away. Tsu turned Momo by the shoulders to face Todoroki, whose expression was one of utter astonishment.

"Ribbit," she remarked, "I may not be the best at interpreting emotions but even I can see how much she's been longing for your acknowledgment."

Todoroki responded with a puzzled tilt of his head.

"Look at her. Really look at her," Tsu urged, "and tell us if you don't find her beautiful."

Momo, meanwhile, despite embracing her awakened sensuality, was overcome with embarrassment. She kept her gaze planted on the earth beneath her feet, her cheeks burning with apprehension as Tsu encouraged him to openly appreciate her transformed presence.

He stuttered, "I... she..."

Tsu unfastened the ribbon binding Momo's hair and allowed her raven locks to tumble seductively over her shoulders. "It's not complicated," she insisted. "All you have to do is be honest, ribbit."

"Well..." His words faltered once more. "I mean..."

"Open your eyes," Tsu encouraged in a soothing tone. "And your mind." Momo's downward gaze tracked Tsu's hands as they emerged from behind to cup her breasts, directing his attention to them. Her touch was soft yet purposeful, massaging Momo's plush mounds over the fabric. Her hands moved in broad, kneading arcs across Momo's chest, before her fingers crept to the upper edge of her off-shoulder top. "She's beautiful inside..." Tsu whispered, her digits slipping beneath the fabric and coaxing it downwards, "...and out."

Tsu's calculated tug slowly unveiled more and more of Momo's bountiful cleavage. Momo found herself in a quandary, her logical side recognising the inappropriateness of their actions in such an open setting, yet her newly empowered, more sensual side hesitated to stop the progression. She remained motionless, surrendered, allowed Tsu to keep peeling down her top. The further the fabric inched down, the more it tightened around the expanding swell of her chest, compressing her plump mounds until they bulged obscenely against their suffocating restraints.

As the top reached its peak of unbearable snugness, Tsu paused, recognising the fabric's limits. Both girls realised they had arrived at a critical juncture; Momo understood this was her final opportunity to object. She felt the weight of decision pressing upon her chest, her natural inclination toward caution nearly prompting her to reconsider. But, a rebellious spark urged her to cast aside her reservations and embrace the risk—after all, the greatest rewards often required the boldest risks. Her subtle nod granted Tsu the go-ahead.

With a decisive yank, Tsu liberated the fabric from its duty and disrobed Momo's ample bust. Her large breasts catapulted forward, unrestrained and exuberantly buoyant,

bouncing lewdly as they tasted fresh air before settling into their natural perkiness. The rosy tips of her nipples made a bold debut against the milky backdrop of her skin.

Feeling the breeze kiss her exposed chest, a sudden flush of shyness swept over Momo. Despite her comfort with nudity—a necessity given the minimal design of her hero costume—this felt different. Her infamous leotard, though scant, was dictated by the requirements of her Quirk, not an intention to be provocative. Yet here she was, her exposure crafted purely to entice a male audience.

Anxiety hit her all at once, unbidden visions of teachers catching wind of this, of being expelled for something so reckless, of the disappointed looks on her parents' faces.

Her instincts kicked in, raising her arms to cover her topless state, but Tsu's hands intercepted hers, and guided them back down. "Go with it," she whispered reassurance into Momo's ear. "He's loving this, kero."

Momo's eyes shifted to Todoroki, searching his face for any indication that might steer her decision. Tsu was right; his attention was indeed fixated on her, not with the judgment she feared, but with an open, unguarded fascination mirroring the way he had looked at Tsu during that memorable games' night—his eyes widened, lips parted in awe.

The irony did not escape Momo: Tsu, who had once been the vocal critic of their rule-breaking endeavours, was now the one championing this illicit act. Momo pondered what experiences might have led Tsu to this revised perspective, what revelations had convinced her some moments called for actions that transcended the confines of strict rules. Whatever these lessons were, they had a profound impact on Tsu, and now, by extension, were influencing Momo.

She let her arms fall to the sides, trusting Tsu's judgement and Todoroki's receptive gaze.

Tsu's hands moulded her big, supple breasts from behind, pressing them together in wobbly claps, lifting them with a light touch before letting them fall back into the warmth of her palms. "Ribbit, they're quite weighty, aren't they?" Her casual observation tickled Momo's ear. Momo was aware her bust size was a topic of silent acknowledgement among the girls in the locker room, but none had ever expressed the candid curiosity Tsu exhibited now, handling her mounds like plush, oversized stress balls. And Momo... let it happen.

Tsu slid to Momo's side and pulled aside the straps of her leotard, unveiling her own breasts. Suddenly, Todoroki found himself confronted with the sight of *two* topless classmates, his flushed features cycling through a spectrum of disbelief. Standing next to Momo, Tsu's chest, though modest compared to Momo's fuller bosom, drew its own share of attention. His eyes darted between them, appreciating both sets of exposed flesh in equal measure. Tsu turned Momo's face towards hers and drew her into another smouldering kiss. As their mouths meshed together, so too did their bare breasts, stirring a tender friction Momo found surprisingly enjoyable. The warmth and softness of Tsu's skin against her own added a layer of intimacy to their snog, their bodies pressing closer in their shared ardour.

When they broke away and turned to face him once more, both of their nipples were glaringly erect, mirroring the excitement tenting his trousers.

"Ribbit. Well?" Tsu pressed him for a response. "Amazing, isn't she?"

He offered a soft murmur, "Yeah..."

"Ribbit. And she's a great kisser, by the way," Tsu added, matter-of-factly, though Momo couldn't tell if her compliment was genuine or only an attempt to incentivise him. Either way, the blunt commentary made Momo blush even harder. And Tsu didn't let up. "She wants you," Tsu carried on, voicing Momo's unspoken desires. "I can feel it. Her body's burning up, kero... she's been yearning for your touch for quite some time..."

Flustered, Momo discretely elbowed her, murmuring a hushed, "Tsu!"

While she appreciated Tsu's advocacy, the girl was bordering on portraying her as a desperate, horny mess. Which... might not have been entirely incorrect at this precise moment, but still! She didn't need Todoroki thinking less of her in anyway.

"What? Ribbit, trust me," Tsu murmured back. "I've seen enough to know what gets their attention." Turning to Todoroki, she suggested, "Why not come over here and say it to her face?" Tsu didn't wait for a response. Her tongue shot forth and looped around him like a lasso, then yanked him up and off the spectators' bench.

Momo's cheeks flared as Todoroki was dragged into their midst. Now, suddenly face-to-face with her secret crush, Momo's topless body tensed with apprehension. Tsu acted quickly to disperse the awkwardness by planting a big, wet kiss right on Todoroki's lips. Both Momo and Todoroki's eyes flew open in surprise. Yet, her reaction wasn't marred by the

jealousy she had anticipated in such a situation; instead, a thrilling pulse raced through her veins. Perhaps, merely seeing this side of Todoroki satisfied some deep-seated curiosities she harboured about him. Moreover, seeing Tsu clad in her hero costume made it easy for Momo to self-insert in the scenario. She wondered if that hadn't been Tsu's intentions with her garb from the very beginning.

When Todoroki reciprocated the kiss, it only ignited a warm thrill in Momo's loins, and a flurry of possibilities in her mind about her own potential interactions with Todoroki.

As if reminding Momo she was still part of the equation, Tsu left Todoroki's lips and hopped right back on Momo's, transferring the heat of his passion and the lingering taste of his kiss onto her.

"Tell her," Tsu whispered to him, "how you really feel."

After a moment's hesitation, where the tension thickened around them, he found the resolve to voice the feelings they had been yearning to hear. "Yaoyorozu," he began, his voice still steady and stoic, although imbued with a welcoming warmth, "you're more than beautiful... you're breathtaking. A remarkable hero. If I have ever been a source of your self-doubt, I apologise. You're amazing. Inside... and out." His leer then dropped to her chest, hunger and intent in his duo-coloured eyes.

Finally...

Her heart fluttered as he recognised her breasts could be more than just large repositories of fat for her Creation Quirk. His rapt stare spoke volumes of his appreciation for her generous bust, while the depth and sincerity in his words resonated with her, affirming her worth in his eyes. Overwhelmed by relief and newfound confidence, she let out a soft, breathy, "Oh, Todoroki..."

As they leaned in for what promised to be a momentous kiss, Tsu popped her head between them, their lips landing on her cheeks instead. "Ribbit. Just one sec," she interjected, "I need to know something, ribbit, before this escalates any further. Do both of you forgive me?"

Taken aback by her abrupt timing, Momo recovered and replied, "Of course! Tsu, we never held anything against you in the first place."

He hummed in agreement. “You’re good in my book, Asui.”

Their acceptance put a small smile on Tsu’s face. She pulled her head back, granting them the space to pick up right where they had been interrupted.

Momo refused to delay her long-held fantasy a second longer. She lunged forward, her lips crashing against Todoroki’s with explosive fervour. While Tsu’s kisses had been memorable, the connection with Todoroki was a whole new level. His distinct and rugged lips brought an intensity Tsu’s softer ones couldn’t match, leaving Momo speculating whether the fiery aspect of his Quirk was at work in their kiss. Hungry to absorb every nuance of this moment, she pressed her face into his, parting her mouth wider to fully engage in the heated exchange, their lips smacking together in impatient passion.

Amidst the loud and wet mouth noises, she harboured a sense of gratitude towards Tsu. Had it not been for her intervention, she and Todoroki might still be back on that bench, entangled in a web of awkwardness, never daring to cross the threshold of their feelings.

As Momo and Todoroki’s tongues tangoed, Tsu placed his hands on Momo’s bare chest. Her heartbeat surged, revelled in the thrill of his touch. Once Tsu had set the stage, he needed no further prompting, his fingers tracing the roundness of her breasts, drawing slow, tantalising circles over her skin, eliciting shivers of pleasure across her voluptuous bosom. The moment his thumbs brushed against her erect nipples, they stiffened even further, sparking tingles that rippled down her spine. Emboldened, he ramped up his touch from hesitant to assertive, kneading and pressing into her plumpness with a growing eagerness. Her soft moans escaped and melded into their kiss. His rough hands moulded the fattiness of her mounds as if shaping clay, each squeeze and grope charged with a searing lust absent from Tsu’s curious touches.

Meanwhile, Tsu directed Momo’s hands to his taut buttocks, a vivid contrast to Momo’s softer curves. Throughout their smooching, Tsu went on to assume the role of a tactful puppeteer, steering their mutual exploration. She interjected at times, too, bestowing a kiss on Momo here or Todoroki there, seamlessly weaving herself into their handsy interlude.

Momo and Todoroki had been the final bastions of adherence to their pact, clinging to a fading respect for the rules they had once set. But this tryst of proscribed kissing and inappropriate touching dismantled any remaining semblance of their agreement. The pact

was completely and irrevocably broken, probably doomed from the start. While a part of Momo felt a twinge of disappointment for not upholding their mutual promises, a much stronger part of her exulted in the unforeseen twist their interactions had taken. In retrospect, the pact might've been the silliest commitment they had ever fabricated.

Tsu slipped behind Momo and layered her hands over Todoroki's, both sets of fingers massaging Momo's breasts as the lovers kissed. Simultaneously, Tsu's naughty tongue weaved a sinuous path downward, navigating the valley through Momo's mountainous chest to reach the seductive slit of her floral skirt. Momo's pulse soared as Tsu used her tongue to pull the fabric aside, unveiling Momo's bare, inviting leg. The sensual arc of her milky thigh captured Todoroki's gaze.

Hunger flamed in his duo-coloured eyes, a primal urge that didn't need Tsu to nudge him on what to do next. He sank to his knees before Momo, hoisting her bare leg to rest on his shoulder. Attuned to his carnal intent, Tsu's tongue slithered beneath Momo's skirt and shifted her dampened panties to the side, revealing a partial bush of jet-black pubes. She felt the cool air hit her exposed sex, pre-empting the warm breath she anticipated from Todoroki any moment now.

His face ascended, his lips venturing towards her most intimate regions. Momo watched, mesmerised by his head burrowing between her thigh and the widened slit of her skirt, his nostrils grazing her pubic hair as he took in a deep breath, savouring her unique fragrance. Their eyes met in a lust-fuelled exchange—his gaze ravenous with need, hers shimmering with anticipation. The moment his tongue caressed her throbbing pearl, a surge of pleasure rocketed through her body, amplified by Tsu's deft twist on her nipples. The dual stimulation was so intense, so perfectly synchronised, it overwhelmed Momo's senses.

The climax that followed was seismic, rolling over her in powerful waves that left her breathless and quivering on one leg. If not for Tsu's steadying presence behind her, Momo was certain she would have collapsed under the sheer, knee-trembling force of her ecstasy.

A rush of deep crimson painted Momo's cheeks, her head still spinning, almost embarrassed at how much power she let this boy have over her. Never before had she experienced an orgasm of such staggering intensity. He rose to his feet and returned to her lips, now carrying the faint aftertaste of her peak. In the quiet sanctuary of her thoughts, she

whispered a silent thank you to Tsu, whose calculated meddling had catalysed this breathtaking moment.

Gosh, what rules were they going to break next? Maybe it wouldn't be a rule at all. With a playful smirk, she entertained the thought that what they broke next might be something far more tangible—like her hymen.

As the thought crossed her mind in jest, Todoroki was all over her again, his kisses landing with renewed zeal, his hands taking more liberties groping her thighs and butt over the skirt. His enthusiasm had her shuffling backwards, step by step, her hands dragging his jacket off his shoulders, while his own hands worked at unfastening his belt, the sound of its leather sliding through the loops setting her loins aflame.

...

Tsuyu took a step back, allowing her eyes a final moment to linger on Yaoyorozu and Todoroki as they retreated in their hot and heavy touching. A sense of accomplishment filled the amphibious cupid as Yaoyorozu's back met the rough bark of a tree. The last image imprinted in Tsuyu's mind before she turned to leave was Todoroki lifting Yaoyorozu's bare leg to his hip level, his jeans a crumpled heap around his ankles, his naked rear exposed as he pinned her to the tree. A sharp intake of breath followed by a deep, gratifying moan echoed through the surroundings. As Tsuyu put distance between herself and the romping duo, their combined cries of relief and the clink of his belt buckle scraping against the ground created a backdrop to her departure. She adjusted the straps of her leotard back over her breasts and made her way to the normalcy of Heights Alliance.

A cocktail of emotions stirred within Tsuyu. She had fulfilled her objective, earning heartfelt forgiveness from each classmate involved in the rescue mission she had admonished. Yet, in the wake of her success, she found herself grappling with emptiness. The relief and liberation she had anticipated were dampened by a lingering notion of something amiss, something unfulfilled.

Unfazed by the curious glances from passing students bemused by her scarlet attire, her mind kept circling back to the passionate encounter she had orchestrated between Todoroki and Yaoyorozu. Their frenzied kissing and groping had etched itself in her memory more than any interaction before, marked by an intensity that refused to fade. Witnessing

Yaoyorozu's pinnacle of pleasure might have shed light on the elusive nature of orgasms; she could still hear Yaoyorozu's faltering breaths escape her lips, still feel her body convulsing and shuddering in her arms, the tremors so violent they nearly sent them both tumbling to the ground. And to think, such a dramatic reaction had been triggered by a mere stroke of Todoroki's tongue.

If that wasn't an orgasm, Tsuyu was even less sure about what was.

She could only ponder if it felt half as intense as it looked.

As she entered the common room, she kept turning the thought over in her mind. Reflecting on Yaoyorozu's response, she considered it might have been less about any physical act Todoroki performed, and more about the emotional connection they shared. While she couldn't grasp the specifics of their bond, something about it must've played a role in ramping up their physical connection.

'That's it!'

What she'd been missing in her own entanglements wasn't a deft tongue or the magic of some masterful touch—it was something much deeper, much more meaningful. A connection.

As she approached the elevator, distracted by her epiphany, her train of thought was disrupted by Bakugo charging out of the metal doors. His shoulder collided with hers as he barked, "Outta the way, Frog Face!" Irritable as ever, he didn't pause or even glance at her scanty leotard, simply stormed past with a scowl on his face, marching toward some urgent matter or confrontation.

Bakugo's notorious temper was predictable as the sunrise and hardly merited more than a subdued chuckle from Tsuyu. As she stepped into the elevator, poised to press the button for her floor, a sudden impulse seized her. Instead of closing the doors, she held them open, her eyes following Bakugo's retreating form—his broad, powerful shoulders rigid with fury as he strode off to God knows where.

Tsuyu tapped a finger on her chin in musing.

Come to think of it, she did still owe one more person an apology.

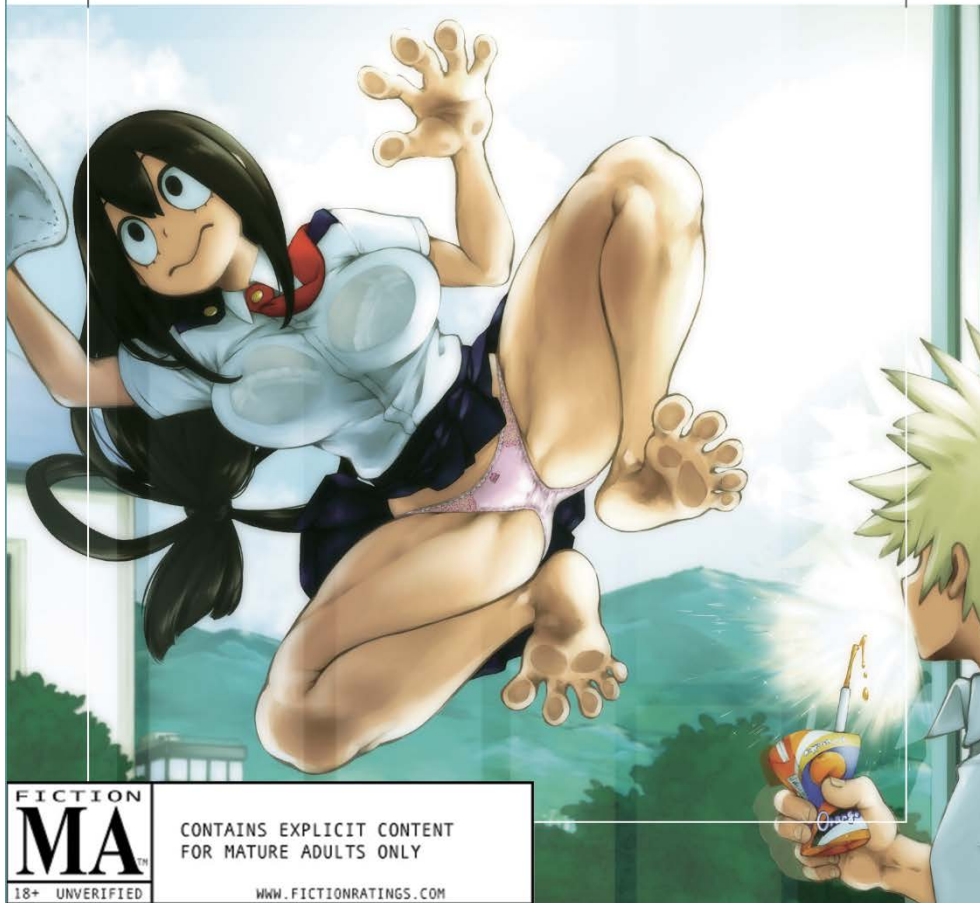
... TO BE CONTINUED ...

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

**TSUYU'S
APOLOGY TOUR**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

CHAPTER 5



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Chapter 5 – FROP OFF FROG FACE!

Katsuki was only half-listening, drumming his fingers on the desk, when Bag-Eyes Sensei threw a tricky question about Quirk evolutions on the whiteboard. He scanned the room, waiting for some poor sap to take the bait. Sure enough, Frog Face, with that annoying confidence of hers, shot her hand up and practically pranced to the front.

She grabbed a marker and scribbled some elaborate answer about external influences on Quirk evolution. The class lapped it up like she was some sort of fucking prodigy, their oohs and ahhs echoing around the room as they scrambled to copy down her explanation. Katsuki just scoffed. He could've answered that in his sleep but strutting around like a show pony? Not his style. *Let these damn extras figure shit out on their own,* he brooded, his features twisted in a scowl.

Frog Face was strutting back to her seat, all high and mighty, when she brushed his pen off the edge of his desk. His irritation flared like a match struck against rough sandpaper. “Hey, Frog Face! You blind or something? Watch it!!” His reprimand was sharp, the nickname thrown like a dart.

She didn't even flinch.

Picking up the pen she knocked down, the ditzy extra dragged out every movement like she was stuck in some freakin' slow-mo scene. Katsuki, who typically didn't give a crap about this kind of stuff, found his eyes tracking the way her skirt—yeah, that boring-ass standard green thing they all wore—crept up, flashing more of her pink panties than he cared to see. She stayed bent over just long enough for him to notice how big and so flipping round her ass was, almost daring him to take it all in. He couldn't shake off the feeling she stretched out the moment on purpose, messing with him. It pissed him off more than he showed.

Straightening up, Frog Face plonked the pen back on his desk. “Sorry,” she offered, meeting his glare with those huge, freaky, unblinking eyes of hers.

He grunted at her lame apology.

She strutted back to her seat like she didn't give a damn about his non-acceptance, like she'd already snagged whatever twisted satisfaction she'd been looking for.

Pissed off at himself for getting sidetracked, Katsuki snatched the pen and tried to shove his attention back to Bag-Eyes' boring lecture. But his brain kept looping back to that damn flash.

For the rest of the class, he stewed, bemused, frustrated. *'Did she really do that on purpose?'* Sure as hell seemed like it. Except, Frog Face wasn't the type to screw around and pull cheap tricks—but somehow, she'd gone out of her way to brush past his desk, even though her seat was all the way on the other side of the room. And the way she'd practically shoved her ass in his face, then shot him that weird look... just remembering it was ticking him off. *'What the hell is she playing at?'* He shook his head, trying to ditch the nagging images, but they stuck to him like gum on a shoe.

Lunchtime found Katsuki steering clear of the cafeteria crowd, and instead taking his favoured solitary stroll through the upper-floor corridors. He liked the calm up here in the senior students' turf, far from the lower floors swarming with first-year losers and nobodies who wouldn't last a second in the real hero grind. Each higher floor had fewer students—it was like climbing a ladder of competence, weeding out the weak. He savoured these walks, imagining his own ascent to the top, already pacing the corridors that would one day be his rightful domain.

He sauntered down an empty corridor, juice packet in hand, slurping through a straw like nobody's business. The silence was bliss compared to the racket disrupting the rest of the academy. He strolled along, eyes drifting over the landscape through the massive windows—treetops, skyscrapers, mountains in the distance. Although, some dirty smears and grime on the glass spoiled the damn view. He scowled at the filthy windows, figuring those slackers in the janitorial squad needed to get off their lazy butts, haul their sorry asses onto those lift platforms and do their damn jobs. Not like they had anything better to do.

Right as he was about to take another sip, something shot up outta nowhere, smacking onto the window. He froze, straw hanging from his mouth, as it took him a second to clock what he was looking at—Frog Face, in her school uniform, plastered to the window like a damn frog on a windshield.

'What in the actual fuck... what's she doing now?'

He stared in bafflement as she smeared a white rag across the window. Sure, the glass was screaming out for a good scrub, but her taking up the job was downright weird. Not that it was beneath her or anything, being another extra and all. Her Quirk did make her pretty damn handy for this sort of menial labour, too, sticking to high places without any need for special gear. *'Heh, stuck doing grunt work, right where she belongs.'* He chuckled to himself.

And yet, he didn't budge. Just stood there. And watched. His sneer turned into a begrudging gaze.

Fucking Frog Face, there she was, decked out in her school uniform, her white shirt smushing up against the glass. As she scrubbed in circular patterns, her fat jugs flattened against the window pane, the fabric straining over her chest. Each sweep of her arm shifted the shirt, made it damn near see-through against the glass—shit—giving him an unasked-for, explicit view of her pressed-up tits. He didn't want to look, didn't want to give her the satisfaction, but hell, he'd have better luck trying to ignore a car crash. Her rack in that thin shirt, all squashed up against the large window, blared like a sleazy ad on a freakin' billboard.

'She could at least look the damn part.' He snorted, picturing her in some grubby, oversized janitor's outfit. Way less distracting. His glower zoned in on her fingers and toes suctioning to the glass like some wacky, spider-frog hybrid. *'This freak think she's something special, huh?'* His own Quirk could've rocketed him up there to clean those windows too, and he wouldn't need to stick to them like some sideshow. *'I'd do a way better job, and look less stupid doing it.'*

Then, as Frog Face inched diagonally to reach another smudge, her lower half skewed into his view. Legs sprawled wide and knees bent in that froggy pose of hers, it gave him a full-frontal view of her inner thighs, the muscles flexing and bulging with every window-crawling motion. So smooth, yet so strong. He'd never given a second thought to how toned her legs were, not till now, not till this angle, this up close. Made sense though—with all that hopping around like a damn frog, she'd have legs built like... well, like that. They looked... impressive, he wasn't gonna lie. The kind of impressive that might stir up more than just a nod of approval in different circumstances. It spoke volumes of her athleticism, her grit. Two things he'd always valued when it came to heroism, even if begrudgingly.

Moving from strength to weak as shit, her little schoolgirl skirt was flipping and flapping in the high winds behind her, barely hiding her ass from prying eyes down below.

But up top? It was a different storey, a whole different view. Right in his goddamn face, the sight of her pink panties rudely interrupted the scenery, came a whisker away from kissing the glass.

His hand suddenly squeezed his juice packet like it owed him money, orange juice geysering up the straw and splattering all over the window.

Just what the hell is all this?!

Through the splattered orange tint of his dribbling beverage, those panties looked tiny against the toned thighs sticking out of 'em, a mere bubblegum wrapper unable to contain the powerhouses busting out. And that stupid little frog emblem squatting right over her crotch? Ridiculous, like how could anyone take her seriously in those? Her killer legs made those panties look like they'd been yonked from the kiddie section, or got shrunk in the wash or something. Ha.

Suddenly, she froze mid-wipe, like she could feel his stare torching through the glass. She dropped her head, hung sideways like a wall-crawling weirdo, and threw a wave at him. "Oh hey, Bakugo," she called out through the glass. Chill as hell, as though they'd just casually bumped into each other in the corridor, as though she wasn't flashing her damn panties right up to him.

His face scorched a shade hotter. But he wouldn't let her see him rattled. He spun on his heel and stalked off. "Keep it professional, Frog Face!" he shouted back over his shoulder. Whatever stupid game she was playing, he wasn't about to get dragged into it. "Only in U.A.," he grumbled as he walked away, leaving her stuck to the window like the damn extra she was.

He stomped down the stairs, cursing like a sailor with a splintered mast, bitter as rancid beer. The juice pack, now a crumpled piece of garbage in his grip, got chucked into the bin with extra force. It had left orange stains smeared over his shirt like graffiti tags, mocking him for getting caught off guard. "Fucking great," he spat. Sure, he had bolted from that ridiculous scene quick enough, but not quick enough to avoid giving that stupid toad more spotlight than she deserved.

Lunchtime might've been over, but his thoughts stayed stuck on the amphibious bitch, spinning in circles like tires in the mud. He half-recalled some jabber amongst the

boys, some dipshits yapping about how Frog Face went all ambush predator on them. He'd pegged it as typical locker room talk, the kind of BS extras spewed to inflate their own significance, a load of hot air from nobodies trying to make themselves sound like hot shit. But now, thinking about it—the way she'd 'oopsied' that pen pick-up right by his desk, and then flashed him right there on the upper-floor window—things were all starting to look a lot less accidental and a hell of a lot more deliberate.

What was her deal anyway? She never struck him as the type to go prancing around like those floosies he'd smashed in the B class—hah, those easy broads couldn't handle the top-class D he was packing. But screw it, he wasn't about to waste his time trying to understand any of them, not even the girls in his own damn class, and especially not Frog Face—though, she always seemed to have her shit together, always seemed so above it all. Part of him wanted to chalk it up to freaky coincidence, her panties just happening to pop up in his face, twice. But seriously, what were the goddamn odds?

The next day, team training had Katsuki fuming. He was lumped with the academy's finest collection of knuckleheads—Dunce Face, Raccoon Eyes, Birdbrain, and of course, freaking Frog Face. The mission sounded simple enough: infiltrate enemy territory and haul their leader's ass back to camp, while roughing up anybody they needed to along away. They could use their Quirks, but no grievous bodily harm allowed. Katsuki wasn't making any promises. He was dying to go full blast, blow the whole damn place sky-high, but no, they had to "work as a team". Pah! The biggest pain in the ass ever! It was like dragging freaking anchors wherever he went.

They got assigned to some crumbling district in Ground Beta, a maze of demolished buildings and heaps of junk—perfect for his kind of mayhem. As the only leader worth his salt, Katsuki had barked orders at his underlings to sniff out the enemy's hideout. Unlike the opposition leader cowering in some ratty hole under the guise of strategy, he marched front and centre, ready to explode into action. He hadn't counted on Frog Face tailing him like a clingy mutt through the ruins, but there she was, dogging his steps through the twisted metal and broken concrete.

His patience hung by a thread the longer they trudged around without any sign of those cowering bastards. "Show yourselves, you spineless weaklings!" He blasted himself onto a rooftop with his explosive Quirk to get a better look at the landscape. As he scanned the area, Frog Face swung up beside him with her freakish tongue and landed with a soft 'ribbit'.

“Is this really the smartest idea?” she dared to question him.

“Hell yeah, it is!” he snapped back, scouring the wreckage for any sign of the rats. “Shut your face and keep your big-ass eyes peeled!”

“Kero, don’t you think we’re making ourselves sitting ducks up here? This could backfire,” she pointed out, that irritating sense of caution still in her voice. “We could get ambushed.”

“That’s what I’m counting on!” he growled, his fists clenched and ready to blast anyone who approached to oblivion.

“Ribbit... but we’ll fail the assignment if they overpower us and capture you—”

“Capture me?!” He burst out laughing, a wild cackle filled with menace. “Just let them try!”

“Your confidence is great and all,” she muttered, then added in a softer tone, “but it wouldn’t be the first time you got captured.”

His smirk faltered. “What did you just say?!”

“Well, uh, never mind,” she mumbled. But then, tapping her chin with that absurdly long finger of hers, she continued, “There’s something I’ve been meaning to discuss with you, ribbit.”

“Huh, with me? Spit it out then!” he barked, not in the mood for games.

“It’s about that night. When the League of Villains kidnapped—”

“Kidnapped my ass! Those League of Bastards didn’t snatch me up, dammit!” he exploded with indignation. “It was a tactical play, something your froggy brain wouldn’t understand. That’s why I’m the leader here, and you’re just a supporting act.”

“Even so,” she pressed on, “I still feel I owe you an apology for—”

“Save your goddamn apology!” he snapped. “I didn’t ask for it then, and I sure as shit ain’t asking for it now. Matter of fact, I didn’t ask for anyone’s damn help that night! Those extras just happened to be my quickest route outta there!” His proclamation reverberated across the desolate rooftop.

Suddenly, the gears in his head turned as he replayed her recent behaviour in a different light.

“Heh, so that’s what this is about? You’ve been trying to catch my eye just to shove your pathetic apology in my face?”

“Uh, something like that, I guess,” she admitted.

“Well, cut that crap out! I don’t want your damn pity.” He turned away, only to whirl back around, anger flaring. “And keep your goddamn panties to yourself! I sure as hell don’t want your loose, worthless cunt either!”

Frog Face just stood there, all blank-faced with those stupidly big eyes, not even twitching a muscle at his scathing diss. She tilted her head and croaked like some brainless creature. Her non-reaction only pissed him off more. He was about to tear into her again, demand to know what the hell she was staring at, when her damn tongue whipped out and snared him. Before he could yell at her to get the disgusting thing off of him, she sprang from the rooftop, her slimy grip tight around his torso. His body was jerked off its feet and twisted into the air, disoriented and fuming. In the next breath, a massive wave of ice crashed down on the rooftop they had just escaped, encasing it in a thick layer of frost.

“What the—?” His eyes bulged at the close call.

Frog Face clung to the wall of the adjacent building like an oversized gecko, dangling him below in her tongue’s lasso while he cursed every second of it. Then he caught sight of that Half-n-Half Bastard landing all dramatic-like on the iced-up rooftop, his grand entrance only stoking the flames of Katsuki’s fury.

“Freakin’ let me go!” he yelled, struggling against her repulsive hold. He was more than ready to take on Icy-Hot Bastard himself, but Frog Face had other plans. She scurried up the wall like some amphibious wall-crawler, then smashed through a window, dragging him along like dead weight. Just as he was yanked through the shattered window, a glint of that showy navel laser whooshed right by his face, jolting him into wide-eyed shock. “Son of a—,” he hissed, barely dodging the flashy beam.

They were under attack from every damn direction. Those spineless idiots had hidden from him, and now they didn’t have the balls to face him one on one. Cowards, the whole bunch of them!

Meanwhile, Frog Face, the ever-annoying and self-appointed sidekick, just wouldn't stop. She leapt from towering windows, diving into the next building with the finesse of a seasoned acrobat, turning the treacherous urban terrain into her own personal playground. All the while, he got dragged behind her like a stunt doll roped up in her tongue, his body slamming through prop furniture and crashing against cracked walls, adding bruises to his rage. His voice cracked and wavered, bounced erratically down the empty hallways as he yelled at her to fucking stop. But she kept on, her relentless pace unbroken, galloping on all fours. Every sharp corner, every window she hurtled through like a lunatic, he was there, bulldozing into shit, eating dust. Like being tied to a damn rocket with no brakes, focused solely on evading that Frosty Fuckwit and the Gay Space Princess nipping at their heels. It was a brutal ride, his body battered by obstacles along the way, leaving a trail of curses and dust in their wake.

Until, finally, they lost their pursuers in the clusterfuck of the concrete jungle.

"Goddamn frog ninja," he muttered under his breath, half impressed, half infuriated.

She dragged him into the musty closet of some godforsaken, derelict shit hole. He was gearing up to unleash a torrent of verbal hellfire when, before he could even speak, her freakish tongue stretched out further from his waist and coiled around his mouth, silencing him with a squishy, muscly gag. His eyes popped out of his skull, feeling the wet, weird strength of it clamped against his lips, trapping every venomous string of profanity he had cocked and loaded.

Frog Face leaned in way too close, making his skin crawl. "I'll let you go, promise." Her whisper was so quiet it prickled the hairs on the back of his neck like static. "Just have to keep it down for a bit."

They both paused as the ominous thud-thud-thud of enemy boots echoed from the rooftop overhead.

Katsuki wasn't having any of this hiding crap. He wriggled and squirmed, hell-bent on getting up there and blasting those idiots to kingdom come. But Frog Face was stubborn, holding him in place with her freakish tongue. His attempts to yell turned into a muffled mess when his own tongue slammed against the smothering grip of hers. All warm, and slimy, and deceptively strong. The hell? His mind reeled. It was weird, kind of gross, and definitely not something he wanted to admit didn't feel as bad as he thought. But come on, it

was freaking Frog Face! Their tongues touching better not count as his first kiss! No way in hell was he giving her that trophy!

After the footsteps above died down, Frog Face spoke up. “Okay, ribbit, I’m letting you go now. Just... don’t go nuts, alright?”

As she unwound her tongue from around his mouth, he exaggerated his disgust, making a show of spitting and retching. “Gross,” he grumbled, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Once freed, he flexed and rotated his arms, feeling out the regained mobility and snapping his gauntlets back into place. “WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU—”

“If I *hadn’t*, we’d both be ice sculptures back on that roof,” she interjected calmly. He grunted in response. She wasn’t wrong, but damn it, she wasn’t right either! “Besides,” she added, “it wasn’t exactly a fair fight, kero.”

“Heh, wasn’t fair for *them* you mean?”

“Sure... I just wanted us to have the best chance of success on this mission, ribbit.”

“Then you should’ve listened to me!”

“Maybe.” She shrugged. “But we’re still in it. That counts for something, right?”

“Tch!”

Her voice softened, almost thoughtful. “I believe in your strength, Bakugo. As of now, you’re arguably the most capable hero in Class 1-A. I acknowledge that,” she admitted, “and so do a lot of others, more than you realise. Ribbit. You don’t need to keep trying to prove yourself to the whole world y’know.”

Caught off guard, he didn’t know what to make of her praise, not accustomed to agreement, especially not when it revolved around his obvious superiority. Silence crept in as he chewed over her words. Had to be some sort of trick, right? She was clever, manipulative, probably just spewing all that crap to mollify him, to get him to go along with her hide-and-seek strategy. Well, she might’ve been good at using her words and body to con the rest of those half-wits into doing whatever she wanted, but he wasn’t going to be swayed that easily. He was onto her game.

“Yeah, right,” he snorted. “Like hell you believe any of the crap you’re spouting. I’m not gonna cower here like some pathetic loser. I’m gonna go out there and finish this.” But as he moved to get up, her hand landed on his chest, urging him to stay put. And, surprisingly, he did.

Her voice took on this sincere, almost pleading tone. “I mean it, Bakugo, ribbit. You *are* strong.” As she spoke, her deft fingers shifted against his chest, tracing the contours of muscle beneath his vest. Was she doing that on purpose? It sure seemed like it when she went on to add, “Like, really strong...”

His body stiffened. The fuck was all this? This wasn’t the time or place for... whatever this was! His scowl locked onto her, ready to tear into her for copping a feel in the middle of a damn mission, but the words died in his throat. There was a weird ‘something’ in her eyes rendering him mute. Suddenly, things got real quiet inside the closet. And she wasn’t taking her hand off his chest. Nor was he screaming at her to.

“I hear you, Bakugo,” she said in a soothing tone, “I really hear you. It’s not easy living up to everyone’s expectations, ribbit, not easy being thought of as the best.”

Her words were simple. So simple, and yet, they hit different, like he was hearing them for the first time in his life. Her hand lingered on his chest, not budging an inch. Their eyes met, gazes dancing across each other’s faces, then down to each other’s lips, and back up again. His brain fell into a tailspin. *What’s happening?* he thought, even as the distance between them shrank. His heart pounded like a jackhammer; every inch they moved closer made it feel like it would burst right out of his ribcage.

Then, the closet doors got yanked clean off.

They both jumped back like they’d been electrocuted, her hand jerking away from his chest. He barely had a second to reel from the shock before they were yanked out of the closet and chucked into a giant, square cage. Richie Bitch, with her sparkly-ass Creation Quirk fading off her chest, clanked the lock shut.

“Nice work, Yaoyorozu!” Deku’s voice rang out. He stood next to her and Gay Boy, all smug and self-satisfied. Katsuki’s blood boiled, glaring out from behind the bars. Deku was already yapping into his earpiece, “Target’s been acquired. Mission’s a success.”

...

Katsuki's rage simmered through the rest of the day. Losing to Deku? *Deku?! Freakin' Deku?!?!?* Unforgivable! He refused to speak, not a damn word to anyone, teammates or otherwise. So damn useless! And Frog Face? The biggest screw-up of them all! She'd sabotaged the whole mission, throwing his orders to the wind like trash. He'd eat his goddamn gauntlets before he'd work with her again.

Fury raged through the night, keeping him tossing and thrashing, reliving the humiliating defeat. He should've blasted everyone to bits, teamwork be damned. Frustrated, he threw the sheets off, his eyes piercing the darkness outside his window, searching for a scrap of calm. But calm was a stranger to him tonight. Instead, his brain did the unthinkable—conjured up an image of Frog Face on the other side of the glass.

Like before. But she wasn't cleaning the window this time. No, she was doing something else entirely, dropping her rag and giving him this 'look'. It bugged him how she could be so calm and collected all the damn time. If people thought he showed too much emotion, they better have been saying she showed too little. Made him question if she even gave a crap about the hero course. Well, she was amongst the top achievers for every exam and physical assignment (barring that last shitshow), so clearly, she did care. But there was something off about her, some weird way she handled her emotions that was as intriguing as it was infuriating. A damn puzzle missing a ton of key pieces. Not that she was actually worth trying to figure out, of course.

His eyes narrowed at the mirage on his window, her tongue dangling out the corner of her mouth like it was too damn long to fit inside. He'd always thought it looked downright stupid. But right now, it wasn't bothering him as much. If anything, the familiarity, the silliness of it all eased the knots in his muscles. Her body was stuck to the glass like a freakish frog exhibit, hands and feet glued to the clear surface in that froggy pose. And damn, her legs were spread so damn wide it should be illegal, stretching from knee to knee, parading her entire span of muscled thighs. Then, smack in the middle of it all, were those pink panties, screwing with his head yet again.

Upon reflection, he remembered more details about her underwear than he'd let on: those girly-ass flowers and dandelion patterns scattered around the hem, looking like something right out of a kid's colouring book. And the way the cotton stretched, barely

covering her ass, left part of her cheeks exposed even in his frontal view. Not to mention, it was so snug, the material painted a faint stroke of the slit beneath. Such a flimsy piece of cloth set against the fierce backdrop of those thunderous thighs. That got him thinking—was what lay underneath as soft and dainty as that little scrap suggested, or was it more battle-ready, robust as the might of her thighs, tough enough to take the beating it was practically begging for...

Heat crept up his face, pulse pounding in his ears, as his hand extended towards the window. His fingers twitched to reach through the barrier as if it were mere air, to rip those panties right off and feel the softness of her skin. But instead of the warmth of her body, his palm met the unyielding coldness of the glass. The tactile sensation shocked his senses, snapping him back to reality in a heartbeat, reminding him there was a firm boundary between his wild thoughts and the actual world.

'What the hell am I doing?'

The sad reality slapped him hard as he stared out into the void, only his own pissed-off reflection glaring back at him from the glass. Fucking hell, what was he thinking? He glanced down and, fuck, there it was—a raging hard-on inspired by nothing but a dumb window and an even dumber imagination. Frog Face? Really? Just pathetic. That damn toad botched the whole frikkin' mission—the only thoughts he should've had towards her were murderous ones!

Goddamn, he needed a drink. And he didn't even drink. Water would do, he decided, stomping downstairs, hell-bent on drowning his stupid thoughts in a cold glass, and if that didn't work, a cold shower.

...

Katsuki marched towards the fridge, not bothering to flick on the damn lights. He snatched up a bottle of water, twisted it open, and took a massive swig, relishing the chill against the heat of the night. The silence, the fridge's subtle hum started to scrub away the fucked-up thoughts keeping him up. Halfway through the bottle, he decided to grab two more to take up to his room. Closing the fridge plunged the kitchen back into total darkness, but as he pivoted, there was a freaking shadow right there in the doorway.

Startled, water sloshed from his open bottle, the other two nearly slipping from his grip.

He took a beat to get his bearings and realised the silhouette wasn't some huge, menacing Nomu. Nah, it was a whole head shorter than him, slender, hardly a threat. In the pitch-black, he could just about make out a hoodie and unnervingly huge, ghostly eyes staring out.

"Frog Face...?" he grumbled, disbelief colouring his tone.

She stood eerily motionless. "Ribbit..." she croaked.

Damnit, if she wasn't crawling up windows, she was popping up right behind him. Was there no escaping this damn broad?

"I'm sorry," she said, "I didn't mean to scare you."

"Scare me?!" he spat, incredulous, almost loud enough to wake the entire Heights Alliance. "Like fuck you could ever scare me! What the hell are you doing up at this hour anyway?!"

"You're up at this hour, too," she pointed out, matter-of-factly.

"I was just getting a sip of water, smarty pants, not skulking around like some creep!"

"Oh. Water? I guess, great minds think alike."

He snorted. "If you're a great mind, I'm fricking Einstein! We're nothing alike!"

She let out a casual "Ribbit," shrugging off his rebuttal. "Okay. Keep telling yourself that." As she moved past him to reach the fridge, he hopped out of her way like she was carrying the damn plague.

What did she mean, 'keep telling yourself that?' Like she was some mind-reading guru or some shit, like she knew a damn thing about him. So annoying. "Quit acting like you know me! No one's buying your dumbass shrink act!"

"I didn't say I know you, ribbit, but I can recognise parts of myself in other people."

"Huh?!" Recognise herself inside of him? What the hell did that even mean?! Whatever she was implying, he didn't like it. "I'm nothing like you!" he reiterated. And he

was about to go in even more when Frog Face swung open the fridge door. The light from within burst out, casting her figure into a sharp silhouette against the shelves of food. Suddenly, he could see, in glaringly vivid detail, exactly what she was wearing, and the rest of his tirade fell silently out of his mouth.

She had on this dark-green hoodie, cropped so short it left her lower back exposed, showing off the curve of her spine and how her skinny waist bloomed into wide hips. Besides the indecently skimpy top, she looked damn near butt-naked! He almost had to squint to make out the straps of her black thong—lines of ink against her flesh, arched high over her hips, drawing a sharp ‘V’ that dipped across the small of her back. And speaking of ‘back’, Frog Face was packing some serious junk in that trunk, left it all out there basking in the fridge’s light, practically mooning him. Her G-string could’ve passed for fucking dental floss, the way it disappeared between her big-ass cheeks, leaving zilch to the imagination. Each curve and dimple were accentuated by the orange glow, her skin looking like it was dusted with gold, her glutes flexing as she rummaged inside the fridge. The sight threw him for a loop, had his hand trembling as he raised the bottle for another drink.

Her fat ass looked just as sculpted as her freakin’ thighs from all that squatting and hopping around like a damn frog, he’d guess. It was almost too much. He fought like hell not to squeeze the life out of the water bottle in his hand, not to have a repeat of the juice packet fiasco with water spraying everywhere like a damn geyser.

Groaning, he chugged down the rest of the bottle, and decided someone had to come out and fucking say it. “You’re not wearing any pants for fuck’s sake!”

Frog Face stopped her rummaging, glanced over her shoulder with those big, unblinking eyes, then looked down at her Frog Butt like she’d just realised he was right—she *had* forgotten to put her pants on. And yet, her tone retained all the casualness of someone merely missing a sock. “Oh. So, you noticed?”

“Noticed? Hell no!” He bristled at the implication. “I didn’t ‘notice’ anything! I just—ah, screw this! You can’t just prance around half-naked like that, or—”

“Or what, Bakugo? Ribbit. Are you going to do something about it?”

He clammed up, seething with frustration.

“Relax,” she said, “Not everything is about you, kero. I didn’t think anyone else was going to be down here.” Then she turned back and bent even lower in the fridge, further emphasising the roundness of her big, round and perfectly taut cheeks.

He groaned, forcing himself to look away. “Cut the damn crap already!”

“Ribbit?”

“Don’t gimme that bullshit!”

“Bullshit?” She straightened up, still facing away. “The only thing I want to give you is an apology. But you won’t even listen to what I have to sa—”

“For the last damn time, you idiot, I don’t need your sorry-ass apology! If you bring that up one more time, I’ll kill you!” His roar ripped through the dead of night. Silence followed, broken only by the low hum of the fridge in the background. His one eye trailed her hips as she bent to snag a water bottle, but he jerked his half-gaze away the second she began turning around. She shut the fridge door and pitch-blackness swallowed up the kitchen once more. With the shadows hiding his blushes, he regained his bluster and spat out, “You can quit skulking around like some horror movie freak trying to scare people now, got it?”

She let out one of those annoying ‘ribbits’ again. “So I *do* scare you?”

“I said *trying*.”

“I might not scare you, but apparently, the thought of someone possibly understanding you does. Why is that, Bakugo?”

“Huh? Not this amateur shrink crap again! Stop talking out of your big, stupid ass, you damn toad!”

“Ribbit.” She shrugged. “That’s okay. You know, Bakugo, you don’t scare me either.”

He boiled with rage. She had some nerve, throwing that crap in his face, and the worst part was that she was freaking right. No matter how much he cursed, no matter how crude and cutting his insults, how fierce his scowl, or how wildly he gesticulated—even when that damn vein in his forehead looked ready to pop—Frog Face didn’t flinch, not even a damn bit. It drove him absolutely nuts he couldn’t scare her off like all the other extras.

She took a step in his direction, and he baulked, his hand slamming down on the kitchen table for balance.

“You seem awfully jumpy tonight, Bakugo,” she observed, a rare hint of amusement in her voice.

“Shut it,” he growled. “Just slipped on some damn water, alright?” he blustered, grateful the darkness hid whatever was showing on his face.

She waltzed right past him as if she owned the damn place. He simmered. About to let her leave when something snapped inside him. “Wait,” he muttered, a low, dangerous edge to his voice. “Listen up, Frog Face. I’m no punk, and no one’s damn plaything. Keep pulling this shit, keep fucking around... and you’re gonna find out the hard way. I’m not one of those losers you can just flash your ass at and expect nothing to happen. Consider this your final warning. Next time, you’ll get what’s coming to you. And then some.”

He watched her silhouette pause in the doorway, chewing over his words like they finally struck a nerve. Heh. About time she learned who she was dealing with. Smirking, he swaggered past her, striding back to his room with his head high.

He climbed back into bed and his mind finally quietened down. But sleep, when it came, twisted recent events into a vivid dream. In this alternate sequence, the kitchen confrontation took a drastically different turn...

Frog Face got pinned against the fridge, her stupid bottle tumbling down. The lid popped off, water gushed out like a busted dam, all over the damn floor. Her cries were loud enough to raise the dead—or at least drag all those snoozing idiots out of their dorms. They came pouring out like a bunch of nosy rats, eyes wide as they caught him giving it to Frog Face good and hard against the kitchen appliance, unabashed and unrelenting, laying his domination bare for all to see.

He was in charge now, a goddamn beast, owning the whole scene. Frog Face was trapped, back against the fridge, her skimpy thong offering no barrier to his ramming thrusts—like it wasn’t even there as he hammered into her teasing gash, deep and ruthless. Completely at his mercy, she clawed at his back while every thrust made her and the fridge shudder like they were caught in an earthquake. By the time he got done ravishing the frog bitch, all the milk bottles, yoghurt containers, and whatever other shit they crammed in there

would be tossed and spilt all over the shelves. He took pleasure in the power he wielded and the shocked gapes on the extras' faces, forced to acknowledge his raw dominance after watching him go to town on Frog Face like a damn boss.

Come morning, he awoke with the remnants of a smug grin plastered across his face. But the grin faded fast when he caught sight of the tent pitched in his sheets, and felt an uncomfortable stickiness in his underwear.

“Damn you, Frog Face.”

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

**TSUYU'S
APOLOGY TOUR**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

CHAPTER 6



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Chapter 6 – Tsuyunami

Katsuki hauled himself out of the pool, his victory grin as wide as the damn ocean. He'd just kicked Deku and Icy-Hot Bastard's asses in the water. It'd been a whole week since that shitty team assignment, and he wasn't about to let them forget who ruled the roost, proving how much better he was without a bunch of stooges holding him back.

"Good swimming, Bakugo," Icy-Hot mumbled his half-assed congrats.

Katsuki sneered back. "Maybe try not to suck next time. Might make it a real contest." He lobbed the comment like a grenade, hoping to provoke a reaction, but Icy-Hot's boring ass merely shrugged it off.

"I promised I'd meet Yaoyorozu for a study session."

"Study session, huh? With Ponytail again?" Katsuki couldn't help but smirk. "You two sure seem to be hitting the books hard lately."

He flushed a little, a hint of pink under his stoic façade. "I—it's not—I mean—I have to go." Stammering like a complete idiot caught in a lie, the extra took off, dodging any further ribbing.

Typical. Left with Deku, Katsuki was ready to challenge him to another lap in the pool. "C'mon, Deku, I know for damn sure you ain't got no 'study session' with someone to run off to, right?"

But Deku gave him that dorky, nervous laugh of his. "A-actually, Kacchan, I do have a date with my English assignment," he stuttered, sounding every bit the nerd he was.

Katsuki had blitzed through that same English assignment the day after it was handed out. And Deku, Mr. 'I'm So Studious', was lagging this far behind? He really needed to pull his freckled face out of his ass. It wasn't like him to be this sloppy with schoolwork. Something had been off about him since they'd left middle school, least of all the nerd pulling a Quirk out of thin air. Still pissed Katsuki off that he'd kept it from him for so long.

There was more to it though, had to be. Katsuki wasn't blind. Deku sneaking around, always too damn chicken to fess up about where he's been or what he's up to? Something reeked big time. He didn't know what Deku was hiding yet, but he'd sniff it out eventually. He wasn't about to let him off the hook that easy.

"Screw the assignment," Katsuki insisted, "Hell, I'll even let you copy mine. All you gotta do is hang around for one more round."

The nerd hit him with another wimpy chuckle. "You've beaten me five times already. In the mood you're in, we could go another ten times and I still wouldn't get a single win."

"That's the fucking point!" Katsuki roared. "The whole pool's been booked for our class the entire afternoon. Might as well make it count."

"I'm sorry, Kacchan, I really wish I could but—"

"Save it, you damn nerd." He rolled his eyes. "We both know you're just ducking out, so scram."

As Deku scampered away, Katsuki made himself comfortable on the top step of the pool. Arms outstretched along the edge, sprawled like a king on his throne. The sky was his ceiling, the pool his domain. The hell with everyone else. The absence of those extras was a blessing. He had the sun, the water, and all the damn solitude he wanted.

The outdoor pool sprawled out in front of him, large and rectangular, shimmering sapphire with lanes marked out for anyone who dared challenge him. The water was cool, perfect, with just the right sting of chlorine to remind you it's no kiddie pool. He reclined, soaking in the rare quiet, letting the water lap at his waist. Those idiots had no idea what they were missing. Concrete bordered the pool, with strategically placed starting blocks just waiting for someone like him to explode off them. A couple of trees threw shade across the water at the far end, and beyond them was a large two-story building, a recreational facility where the rest of those losers were probably killing time.

His gaze wandered upward, drawn to the vast, blue sky. As the rush from beating those chumps began to fade, he found himself cooling off, left alone with his thoughts. He mulled over his next move, the big picture stuff, how he planned to stay ten steps ahead of all the damn extras and his supposed rivals. He must've stewed over his plans for domination for

minutes on end, lost in his strategy, before he noticed the water around his waist begin to churn more aggressively.

Pulling his head out of the clouds, he glanced down to confirm it wasn't just his imagination. He followed the ripples, shot a sharp glare across the pool, spotting this weird-ass shadowy blob smack in the middle. That thing definitely wasn't lurking there a second ago.

'The fuck?'

He hauled his ass out of the pool and plopped down on the edge, legs dangling in the water as he squinted at the disturbance. Just beneath the water, the shadowy blob ebbed and flowed, retreating into the depths before suddenly surging up like some curious, swamp creature that just realised it was being watched. A slick, dark head broke through the surface, hair all matted and clinging to its pale features like seaweed on a rock. Only half its face became visible, half submerged, and these big, wide eyes hovering above the water line stalked him from afar. Those eyes... damn it, he knew those eyes.

"You've gotta be shitting me."

The head vanished underneath the surface and left behind a swirl of ripples. His eyes sharpened, tracking the shadow as it moved closer to him beneath the water. Damn it, how the hell had Frog Face managed to sneak up on him again? He kicked himself for letting his musings dull his senses. What if she'd been an actual villain? The most rookie mistake ever. Still, there was no way he was giving her the satisfaction of seeing him rattled, keeping a sharp eye on her underwater approach.

Her head resurfaced just a metre away from his submerged shins. This time, she revealed her entire froglike features, droplets sparkling on her skin like she was some sort of underwater jewel. Pfft, as if. His muscles tensed, unwilling to show even a flicker of surprise.

Staring down at Frog Face, his glare was as hard as nails, her big eyes mirroring his own stubborn defiance. Over the past week, they appeared to have formed a silent pact—an unspoken agreement to ignore each other's existence. He'd noticed her avoidance, the way she'd take a different corridor when they might cross paths, or her studious attention to anything other than him in class. It was a mutual cold war, both pretending the other was just another piece of furniture in whatever room they'd been forced to share.

He thought he'd finally gotten through her thick skull after that late-night kitchen showdown, made her realise he wasn't someone to be toyed with. But hell, that only lasted so long. Here she was again, popping up in his life like a bad rash. What the hell did she want *now*? He was done beating around the bush.

"You again?" he grunted.

"Ribbit. Try not to sound too much like you missed me."

He scoffed. "From Window Fairy to a damn comedian now? Anything else I should know?"

"Not really," she said, her arms sweeping beneath the surface to keep afloat, ripples fanning out around her. "Just that," she continued, "I've been doing a lot of thinking these past few days, ribbit."

"Thinking? Yeah right. If you had any brains, you wouldn't dare show your face in front of me again. Stay in your damn lane, Frog Face. Or I'll put you there myself," he growled. "Now piss off. You're ruining the damn view." He threw on his sunglasses and jerked his head towards the sky.

A tense silence lingered. Katsuki, trying to act cool, kicked at the water, almost whistling, almost hoping pretending she didn't exist would make her disappear. It didn't. After what felt like an eternity, she was still there. Exasperated, he couldn't pretend anymore.

"What the hell are you still doing here?!" he yelled.

Unruffled, Frog Face asked, "Do you really want me to leave?"

"Duh!" he spat out. "Why the hell wouldn't I want you to..." His assertive tone tapered into a pause, trailing off as he caught sight of her making... unexpected moves in the water. When his voice returned, it was with a softer, almost hesitant, "...leave?"

Frog Face knew exactly what she was doing, the sneaky minx. Mid-rant, she had pulled a stunt that had him nearly choking on his words. With a sleek arch of her back, she brought her lower body up through the shimmering surface. She was clad in a swimsuit so strikingly green it challenged the very brightness of the day, accentuated with dark teal stripes tracing her contours.

But it was her fucking ass that stole the damn show.

It hijacked his attention as it broke the surface with the grandeur of a colossal, peach-shaped island; two rounded peaks breaching the ocean's surface with a defiance that belied the pool's serenity. Water sluiced down the large slopes like liquid silk, pouring over every curve of the twin mounds before sinking into the shadowy crevasse splitting her jaw-dropping booty. Massive in scale and perfectly rounded, her cheeks commanded the scene with a brazenness that was un-freaking-missable.

The swimsuit pretty much surrendered to her majestic ass, sinking into her crack as it abandoned any pretence of covering her bombastic buns. Each globe was a perfect hemisphere, glistening with water droplets that captured and refracted sunlight as though she'd dunked her butt in a bucket of diamonds. Every tiny twitch she made sent shivers across her cheeks—and choked his breath—rippling the water's surface. He'd recently come to learn she was packing a whole lot of booty, but seeing it on full, sparkly display under the sun was a whole other level of 'damn'.

“Am I still ruining the view, Bakugo?” she asked with feigned innocence, knowing damn well her ass *was* the whole fucking view.

He snapped out of his butt-gazing daze with a chuckle. “Alright. Hell, I'll admit it. Your ass... isn't the most annoying thing about you.”

Her eyes widened in surprise. “That might be the nicest thing you've ever said to me. Ribbit. I knew there was a gentleman in there somewhere.”

“A gentleman? Don't make me puke!” he scoffed. Was she freaking serious? But then, he had to admit, that probably said more about his usual tact than anything else. He grunted, standing by his statement. “I just call it like I see it.”

Suddenly, she found the comfort to float a little closer to him. “And how do you see it?”

“Exactly as it is. You're a pain in my ass.”

“But with a view you can appreciate?”

He rolled his eyes behind his shades. “Don't let your frog head get bigger than it already is. I've seen better.”

“Ribbit, but you’re still looking, aren’t you?” She floated even closer.

“Cause it’s hogging the whole damn pool!”

“And... that’s a bad thing?”

“Tch.”

He turned away from the sight of her, scoffing. His mind churned behind the concealing shades. How’d they go from butting heads in the team exercise to completely ignoring each other for a week, and now, to... lowkey flirting? He hadn’t missed her, not for a split second, that was for damn sure. But he couldn’t explain why her presence seemed to inject some colour to the poolside ambiance either.

“Do you want to know how *I* see things?” she floated the idea.

“I don’t give a rat’s ass how you see anything.”

She continued anyway. “I think... you’ve been doing some thinking too.”

“Yeah, about how I might blast you to bits and toss your limbs into my next fiery stir-fry.” His words came out with a scoff, lips curling into a wicked grin.

She stalled, taken by surprise before firing back, “So... you’re saying you want to... devour me, is that it, Bakugo?”

He facepalmed. Since when did Frog Face start twisting every damn word into some perverted shit? Too much time hanging around Sticky Balls, he surmised. Pushing aside her insinuations, he suggested, “Frog legs are considered a delicacy in some places, you know.” His smirk widened, savouring the sadistic tinge to his retort.

“Ribbit,” she croaked. “You’d have to catch me first,” she declared, as if that alone was an impossible feat, then added, “And secondly, I’m still not afraid of you, kero, even less so with the way you’ve been eyeing me.”

“Tch. Please. Quit flattering yourself, Frog Face.”

“Ribbit. Now that I have your attention, are you prepared to hear my apology?”

He bit back the urge to blast her ears into next week. After all, he’d already tried yelling at her to drop it a gazillion times, and that got him nowhere. Maybe if he pretended

to care about whatever nonsense she had on her mind, she'd finally let them all move on with their lives. "Fine," he grunted, shifting his weight on the pool's edge, trying to appear nonchalant. "Spit it out then."

The look of surprise on Frog Face's face was almost worth it. Clearly, she hadn't expected him to cave, not even for a second.

He just sat there, awkward as hell, waiting for Frog Face to get on with her stupid apology. But instead of words, she took his encouragement to "spit it out" quite literally, and unleashed that freaky-ass tongue of hers.

It glided across the water, slowly making its way towards his legs hanging off the edge. The slimy thing slid up his shin and over his knee—a sensation that made him want to recoil. But screw that; he wasn't about to show any weakness in this little game. What the hell did this have to do with an apology anyway? Frog Face needed to get her head checked. He kept his game face on, hard as concrete, letting her know he was unfazed by anything she could ever throw at him, even her ridiculously long and freakish tongue.

Cold and slick, the damn thing continued its ascent, slinking up his thigh and edging towards the leg hole of his trunks. He clenched his teeth, fighting every ticklish impulse to kick it off. He wouldn't admit it for all the world, but the sensation wasn't as repulsive as he'd always made it out to be. Almost like he was getting used to the damn thing, which was a troubling thought in itself. Hell, it was starting to feel sort of... interesting.

Then, it wriggled up his trunks. He sucked in a deep breath. It was some freaky shit, feeling her tongue squirming under his shorts like a damn tentacle, making the fabric bulge as it snaked further up his muscled thigh. Just how far was Frog Face willing to push this stunt? Whatever. He'd be damned if he was the one to back down first.

And apparently, neither would she.

Frog Face didn't freaking stop. Her tongue kept going, burrowing deep into his trunks. And then, shit, he felt it—that slimy appendage slithering over his fucking nutsack.

His stone-cold face twitched, just a little. "Wha-what the hell is this?"

"Just relax," she mumbled out of one side of her mouth, sounding all garbled with her tongue tangled up in his shorts.

Relax? Was she out of her freaking mind?! How the hell was he supposed to relax with her slimy tongue all up in his business? He found himself gawking down at his crotch, where her pink serpent was getting way too familiar with every single detail of his ballsack.

It slithered over his left nut, gentle yet inquisitive, like it knew just how sensitive that shit was, before squirming its way over to the other. His balls twitched and rolled as her tongue massaged between and underneath them, sending a mix of ticklish and surprisingly pleasant sensations up his spine, stirring a subtle squirm on the edge of the pool. The slickness of her saliva coated his balls, and when her slimy appendage encircled the neck of his scrotum and gave it a gentle tug, it stirred a strange pleasure in his groin he'd never even conceived of. His muscles locked up, struggling not to jump the hell away or do something even more embarrassing.

As she continued her... 'ministrations', his foggy eyes searched her oddly serene pair. She looked freakishly calm about the whole thing. How much experience did she have with this kind of stuff exactly? Maybe she wasn't as by-the-book as she liked to pretend.

"You know how I know you've been thinking about me too?" she said, her voice muffled.

"What?" he muttered, half-dazed, trying to process her words while her elongated appendage stirred a riot of sensations under his shorts. He didn't know what was weirder—Frog Face having her tongue up his swimming trunks, or her trying to have a casual fucking conversation while it was there.

She rambled on through his delirious state. "I can tell because you haven't yelled or cussed me out once today."

'Heh, plenty of time for that to change...'

"Sure, you've still been pretty rude in true Bakugo fashion, ribbit," she went on, "but hey, baby steps, right?"

He teetered on the verge of losing it, ready to blast her for thinking she could treat him like some sort of pet project. But then, her tongue worked its magic on his pent-up sack, its slick caress tempering his rising fury. His anger started to simmer down, to make way for the pacifying effect of her tongue rolling over his testicles. Fucking unbelievable—Frog Face had him by the balls.

He promised himself he'd still cuss her out, just not now, not when she was working him up so damn good down there. He thought about how they were now, all up close and personal, a stark contrast to when the window pane had stood between them. The distance hadn't changed much, but shit, something inside made everything feel way closer. Their temperaments were like night and day—his wild fire against her chill demeanour—mirroring each other perfectly, like reflections on the same pane of glass. The more he let it sink in, the more she made a home for herself inside his head.

The bulge in his trunks responded in kind, growing to accept her efforts, to accept that the idea of *her* got him so fucking hard. Before long, the lump in his soaked trunks got uncomfortably big. Then the little minx went and tongue-stroked the curved underside of his dick, all stiff and bent up in his damp shorts, forcing a curse out of him as his grip on the pool's edge turned white-knuckled.

While working her tongue all over his junk, Frog Face laid her upper body almost parallel to the water, giving him a front-row seat to her big, buoyant buttocks breaking through the surface again. She raised and dipped that fine ass in and out of the water, hell-bent on getting him hard as humanly possible. Alongside the insane licking and tongue-fondling of his crammed cock and balls, he had to grapple with the sight of her perfectly plump peach making his trunks feel like a goddamn straitjacket. He shoved his sunglasses up to his forehead, not wanting to dim a damn thing about this spectacular show.

As her huge, heart-shaped cheeks bobbed in the water, each motion set off similarly heart-shaped ripples across the pool. The sun shone off her big, wet butt, spotlighting every sexy curve; the way her swimsuit was gobbled up by her hungry ass, made them cheeks look even rounder and juicier, a wet dream turned into a wet reality.

She glanced up at him, eyes full of provocation, her froggy butt teasing, almost daring him to plunge in after it. He writhed on the pool's edge, the urge to jump in and grab it growing stronger by the second.

Just as things were heating up, Deku's damn voice rang out from behind, startling Katsuki.

“Oh good, you're still here,” chirped the damn nerd.

Shifting on the edge, Katsuki positioned his broad, sculpted back to block Deku's view of Frog Face's underwater antics. As the clueless git continued to approach, blabbering on about having time for that rematch after all, Katsuki's mind raced with expletives. *'This fucking nerd, worst timing ever.'*

Twisting his neck, he shot a scathing glare over his shoulder "HEY, YOU DAMN IDIOT, GET THE FU—"

But his rant got choked off by a sudden grip on his thigh. Glancing down, he saw Frog Face, now floating in the water between his legs, had a hand firmly on his thigh. She whispered, "Now, now, be nice. He didn't realise you'd be in the middle of something."

Katsuki didn't give a shit! He nearly flipped at the absurdity of her request, but there was something about the earnestness in her eyes... Plus, the feel of her tongue worming around in his trunks had him biting back his rage. He grumbled, turning back to Deku. "Hey Dek—uh, Midoriya, can you give me a minute? The pool's kind of occupied."

Deku stayed rooted to the spot, looking like his brain had short-circuited. "What did you... just call me...?"

Katsuki's patience wore thinner than toilet tissue as Deku just stood there gaping like a fish, chipping away at his quality time with Frog Face. At this rate, he'd be as limp-dicked as the loser standing behind him. Katsuki gave the dork all of five seconds to take a hint, but the dumbass continued his best impression of a retarded statue. Fed up, Katsuki raised his hand where Deku could see it and let loose a series of 'warning shot' explosions on the tip of his fingers. "GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE, YOU DAMN NERD! I NEED SOME FUCKING PRIVACY!"

Deku squealed like a stuck pig and bolted from the pool area, scampering faster than Katsuki had ever seen him go.

He huffed, his annoyance still simmering.

Frog Face let out a sigh. "Ribbit... Well, you tried," she admitted. "We'll work on it."

"Fuck that," he grunted. "You've only got one thing to worry about working on, and that's my damn cock!" He hastened for the waistband of his trunks.

...

Tsuyu retracted her tongue, recalling the long appendage as Bakugo heaved his hips to yank down his trunks. His manhood sprang free, recoiling with a spray of tiny droplets that flecked her face. He let out a hefty sigh, a sound rich with relief, as his freed length swung back with a fleshy thud against his sculpted abdomen. The sudden, resounding thwack made her flinch, her eyes blinking in surprise.

Now liberated, his erection asserted itself with a sense of pride and relief. It rose impressively tall, thick, and intricately veined, a pillar of his physical prowess.

“Scared yet?” he taunted, catching the fleeting astonishment on her face. His phallus stood like the proud warrior he was.

“Ribbit,” she croaked, non-committal. Scared wasn’t the right word. Intrigued was more like it.

In silent reflection, she noted Bakugo was quite the specimen compared to the others she’d seen. His statuesque staff stood firm, an ivory tower crowned with a pink, bulbous tip that triumphantly soared past his navel. Set against the canvas of his sculpted abs and distinct Adonis belt, it was a sight nearly artistic in its display. The meticulous attention to grooming lent an air of polished refinement to his entire lower torso. Even his bloated sack was smooth and hairless, complementing the stately elegance of his shaft, the very picture of virility. Droplets of water cascaded down its veiny length, shimmering like dew on a pristine sculpture. She had long recognised Bakugo’s deep-seated pride in his physical form, and the immaculate landscape of his pelvic area was a testament to it. Though not an aficionado of male anatomy, even she could appreciate the striking sight before her—large and in charge, with an undercurrent of menace.

She noticed a prominent vein adorning his length, reminiscent of the one frequently bulging on his forehead. “Even your penis looks angry,” she remarked, an air of wonder in her tone. She watched, fascinated, as it throbbed and shuddered of its own accord, jutting from side to side in an unrestrained display of readiness. Tsuyu had never seen anything like it. “Ribbit... I didn’t know they could do that.”

He huffed with a boastful air. “There’s a lot more it can do than just that,” he assured, perched on the edge with his trunks pooled around his half-submerged shins. “What’re you waiting for, Frog Face? A fucking invitation?”

Realising she’d been staring, Tsuyu shot her tongue out and spiralled it around his shaft. She was taken aback by the number of wraps required to encircle even half its length. His girth was impressive within her grasp, and she could feel it pulsating against her tongue, as if she were holding onto his very heartbeat—a sensation both strange and profound. She considered it a significant moment of trust from Bakugo, letting her get this close, handle his prized possession. Nobody had ever gotten this near to him; all her classmates would’ve called her crazy for even thinking about it. Determined, she resolved to take better care of his well-being than she had during his perilous encounter with the League of Villains.

She worked her coiled tongue up and down his length, each vein distinct under her slick touch. The taste of chlorinated water mixed with the natural scent of his skin. Her saliva left a shimmering trail along the way. He fidgeted on the edge, trying hard to mask his pleasure, but every so often, his leg would spasm and kick out into the pool. His restlessness intensified whenever she neared the base of his head. So, she wrapped her tongue around it and applied a gentle squeeze, then extended her nimble appendage further to reach up and tap on the engorged crown. As a salty tinge of precum hit her taste buds, his thighs clamped shut as though he’d just clenched his buttocks, his hands clasp onto the edge for dear life.

He muttered a curse. “You’re a fucking menace,” he grunted, breathless. “If the hero thing doesn’t pan out, you’d make one hell of a vixen with that criminal tongue of yours. Hell, I might just keep you as my personal sidekick. How about that, huh?”

She pondered whether his remark was a genuine question or just a way to voice his pleasure from her tongue massage. Uncertain, she focused her continued attention on stroking and squeezing along his pulsing girth. Regardless of his intent with that query, she found a quiet satisfaction in his evolving view of her, from a ‘useless underling’ of yesterday to a ‘potential sidekick’ of tomorrow.

Indulging in the fantasy he’d spun, Bakugo carried on. “Imagine it, Frog Face. Every morning, you’d have the honour of polishing my gauntlets. And every damn night, polishing my fucking cock.”

“Ribbit...” The idea amused her. She couldn’t believe Katsuki Bakugo—the Great Explosion Murder God himself—was actually suggesting a sort of companionship, if even only in jest. “So,” she mused, her voice garbled, “does that mean you’re not repulsed by my tongue anymore?”

His answer came between ragged breaths. “I can tolerate it, under special circumstances.”

She didn’t need to ask what said ‘special circumstances’ were. In all honesty, she doubted he had a problem with it at all.

“Anyway, enough talking,” he growled. “Could use that wide-ass, froggy mouth for something better.”

He reached down, his long arm coaxing her upwards with a finger under her chin. She planted her wet hands on his muscular thighs, struggling a bit with the slippery grip, but managing to hoist herself halfway out of the water to reach his face. With her tongue still protruding from one side of her mouth, Bakugo leaned in for an unconventional kiss, wedging his own tongue into the unoccupied half. The amalgamation of a kiss intertwined with oral stimulation was awkward, balancing his tongue in her mouth while hers continued attending to his arousal. Bakugo, however, embraced the awkwardness, deepening the lip lock with fervour in the limited space her mouth afforded him. His sunglasses wobbled precariously as he pressed harder into the kiss, his lips meshing with hers in the strange, shared space.

Bathed in the warm glow of the sun, Tsuyu and Bakugo existed in solitude, wrapped in an embrace at the pool’s edge. The rest of the world around them drifted away, leaving them alone in their intimate cocoon, the poolside their secluded isle, setting the perfect scene to explore and understand each other away from prying eyes.

Bakugo pulled back from the kiss. “Enough with that tongue,” he ordered. She gladly withdrew it, welcoming the respite after such a strenuous workout. He allowed her a brief pause before bluntly instructing, “Get back down there and suck it like you mean it.” She plunged back into the pool with a hefty splash and then resurfaced, positioning herself between his legs, her arms for support over his thighs.

Tsuyu came head-to-head with his immense erection, surpassing the length of her face, its tip grazing her forehead while her chin shed droplets on his testicles. It loomed over her, an imposing presence, its palpable heat brushing the tip of her nose, its masculine scent intermingled with traces of chlorinated water. A flicker of doubt crossed her mind about handling his entire length, but she reminded herself she wasn't afraid of Bakugo, and this was just another part of him. Admittedly, a rather big part of him.

Impatient as ever, he grumbled, "Hurry up, we don't have all fucking day," and pulled her down towards the swollen mushroom-tip. As soon as it nudged her lips, she parted them, and instantly, Bakugo applied a firm pressure on the top of her head, easing his way into her mouth. A deep, guttural sigh rumbled from his chest, his relief so intense that she felt its vibrations resonate through her skull.

"Ooh fuck yes," he moaned, revelling in the warmth of her mouth. Sunlight glinted off his sunglasses as he tilted his head upwards, seemingly thanking the cosmic forces that crafted this moment. "Always wondered if this freakishly wide frog mouth could take it all," he muttered to himself, almost implying he didn't believe an ordinary-sized mouth would be up to the task. She paused at that thought—it almost sounded as though he had previously contemplated this scenario with her?

As if putting his fantasy to the test, he jostled his stiff member left and right inside her mouth, gauging the capacity of her cavernous chops. He wasn't gentle either, steering her head this way and that, searching for the perfect fit and angle. With some assertive readjustment, he got her positioned precisely how he wanted, her head craned sideways in an unnatural position, forcing room for nearly his entire length at a slanted angle. It pressed against her cheek, bulging it outward with a clear imprint of his bulbous head. Only about an inch of shaft was still visible outside her overstuffed mouth. Her tongue, just managing to wriggle free, could barely reach out to lick his testicles.

Bakugo groaned with satisfaction, almost all of him fitting snugly. He kept her head in place with force and tapped her distended cheek in a taunting rhythm. "Hell yeah," he sneered, each pat echoing against the imprint of his member, "your oversized frog mouth's actually good for something. You should be loving this," he jeered. "Rumour says you've been on the prowl for some dick. Well, you've hit the motherfucking jackpot now." His unapologetic phallus wore her mouth like a glove. "Take it all, you damn cock-hungry toad."

He thrust, even with no room to thrust, each push jerking her stuffed face sideways. “Yeah, that’s it, Cock Face. Bet everyone would die to see you like this.”

Her brow furrowed in confusion, but with her mouth fully occupied, she couldn’t voice her rebuttal. She wasn’t aware of what rumours he had heard, but she certainly hadn’t been “on the prowl for some dick”. Her past interactions with other classmates always had a clear purpose, unrelated to personal gratification. Thinking back, though, she could see how misconstrued stories might have led him and others to such pejorative conclusions. Maybe she could’ve approached this whole thing a little more prudently.

He pressed on with his mockery. “Maybe I should call Deku back here, let him see how a true alpha handles a cocktease,” he sneered. “He’ll never measure up, not on the battlefield and sure as hell not in the pants department.” Bakugo chuckled cruelly. “Heard you gave him a go, heh. Bet that wimpy nerd blew it in half a second.” He laughed like a maniac.

Tsuyu, though fond of Midoriya and respectful of him, couldn’t deny Bakugo’s superiority in physical endowment. She recollected how Midoriya’s modest size had been far less challenging than the overwhelming fullness of Bakugo’s girth. And as for his jibe about Midoriya’s quickness, it was uncomfortably close to the truth. She was thankful Bakugo’s size had her mouth fully occupied, saving her the trouble of fabricating a response to protect Midoriya’s dignity. Bakugo’s ruthless ridicule could pass without her needing to confirm or deny any of it.

“Am I better than Deku?” Bakugo demanded to know, but she still couldn’t answer with her mouth full. He repeated the question, still getting no response. Finally, he realised she couldn’t speak with his saliva-drenched member plugging her mouth, so he pulled it out with a loud, wet pop. “Well?” he demanded once more.

Reluctantly, she responded, “Leave Midoriya out of this.”

“Answer me! I need to hear it coming out of your damn mouth!”

“Ribbit,” she countered. “Are you really thinking about Midoriya right now when I’m right in front of you?”

He grunted dismissively. “That’s not it.”

“Isn’t it?” It perplexed her at times, how he could be so driven, so talented, so prideful, and yet, so insecure. His burning desire to outdo everyone never ceased to amaze her, especially when it came to Midoriya. Tsuyu often thought, with just a minor alteration in the universe, those two might have ended up as lovers instead of rivals.

He finally dropped it with a frustrated grunt. “Whatever.” He pulled her head back towards his erection. “You’re not done here, Frog Face. Quit slacking off.”

Prior to complying, Tsuyu attempted something she typically reserved for those she held dear. “Please,” she whispered, “call me Tsu.”

His expression flickered with confusion. “Huh, that supposed to mean something?” Then, he barked, “I’ll call you whatever the fuck I want, got it?! Now shut up and keep sucking!”

Tsuyu gave a resigned ribbit. He was hopeless.

With his fingers curled tightly into her sodden locks, he dragged her head back towards his stiff arousal. “Work it!”

She took up the challenge and started bobbing her head independently, drawing out muted groans from her impatient classmate. Upping her efforts, her coiled tongue stroked his girth, complimenting the suction created by her lips. She heard and sensed his pleasure, but also, his frustration each time she didn’t take him as deep as he longed.

An impatient Bakugo barked, “What kind of sorry-ass apology is this? If you’re gonna apologise, do it with fucking meaning!” He pushed her bobbing head down further, forcing her past the midway point of his length for the first time, and triggered a gag. She felt her throat constricting, her body’s natural response to the overwhelming intrusion. Saliva burst and slushed from the corners of her mouth, mingling with the involuntary, guttural noises escaping her. He chuckled at the strangled noises and pulled her up by her damp hair, only to force her back down again, each gag throatier than the last, exciting him. “Keep choking on it you dick-thirsty frog,” he urged. “Heh, speaking of which, heard your Quirk lets you puke stuff up from your stomach, that true?”

He was correct in essence, but it wasn’t a part of her skillset she was fond of executing. Doing it in front of others was borderline humiliating, not exactly her flashiest looking ability.

“Let’s test it then,” he goaded, his voice dripping sadistically. “Let’s see if you can get my cock out if I bury it deep in your stomach.” And then, without warning, his manhood surged upwards as she moved down, the monstrous shaft ramming the back of her throat, pushing her gag reflex to its absolute limit. And the scariest part? He *still* wasn’t all the way in.

Her eyes bulged at the overwhelming choking sensation. Try as she might, she ended up regurgitating his mighty length, coughing and gasping for air.

He just chuckled. “Found your limit, huh? Don’t sweat it, we can work on that. Baby steps, right?” He winked. “Heard you were lurking around the boys’ locker room on a damn dick hunt. Heh, you’re lucky I wasn’t there, or you’d have found what you were looking for way sooner. But hey, better late than never, right?” Before she could catch her breath, he clasped her jaw, pried her mouth wide, and thrust his manhood back inside. His initial thrusts were deceptively gentle, soon followed by a forceful surge that elicited a violent gag. He allowed her a brief moment to gulp for air, then did it all over again.

Each time she withstood a deep thrust, the next got a bit easier. A peculiar sense of pride developed within her. Maybe she deserved this rough treatment from Bakugo. Wasn’t penance part of forgiveness? A necessary step towards redemption? Unlike her other classmates who readily accepted her apologies, Bakugo demanded a trial of resilience. It only strengthened her resolve to endure.

She pushed herself to deepthroat him, each attempt a battle, her throat resisting as his length nudged against the entrance of her oesophagus. His groans, laced with crude approval, spurred her on. “That’s the fucking spirit.” He thumbed away her drool with a smirk, then chucked his sunglasses back over his shoulder. “I want to see those fucking eyes water!” he growled as they did just that. “Show me those damn tears if you’re really sorry.” Motivated by his fighting words, she committed to a deep, decisive plunge, forcing his rigid member further up her throat than ever before. It ended with an intense, gut-wrenching gag that echoed loudly. He gave a roar of raw appreciation. “Goddamn, Frog Face, you nearly swallowed me whole! Damn impressive.”

With his shaft held firmly in her throat, her eyes welled up from the strain. He peered down at her, noticing how her mouth was stretched to its limits, her upper teeth grazing his

skin in a delicate balance of discomfort and determination. With a surprisingly gentle touch, he brushed away the water pooling in her eyes.

“You really mean it, don’t you, Frog Face?” he asked, a rare softness in his voice amid the intense moment.

At last, he pulled her head back until a wet pop and a gasp marked her release. He took a deep breath himself, leaning back on his arms. She wiped her mouth, a flush of embarrassment crossing her face at the sight of her saliva drenching his lap and leaving his erection glistening with a viscous sheen. Bakugo, however, grinned as he surveyed the mess, more impressed than anything else. As their eyes met, she saw something different in his gaze—a glint of acknowledgement that was new. They paused, exchanging deep gazes and laboured breaths, silently recognising a transformation in their relationship.

Bakugo stood on the edge, his trunks slipping off his shins to drift in the pool. She looked up at him, struck by the sight of his naked, towering, muscular physique. From down in the water, he looked even taller, his stature magnified. Each chiselled contour and angle of his musculature, from his defined legs, across his intricately sculpted abs, to his broad, water-adorned chest, was sharply delineated. Water droplets traced paths over his carved form, while his normally spiky hair was now dampened and clinging to his forehead. Fittingly enough, his lean and built frame mirrored that of an elite swimmer as he stood against the sun, creating an eclipse of light around him while casting his domineering shadow over her.

His form was reminiscent of a living Greek statue, but with a key difference—his manhood was nothing like the understated, flaccid representations of classical art. In stark contrast, his member was assertively erect. It led the way as he strode along the poolside with unashamed confidence, bobbing with each of his steps, dripping with saliva, followed by her captivated gaze. He descended a step into the pool and eased onto the wide concrete platform, reclining against the edge while stretching his arms along it in a gesture claiming his territory. Submerged up to his waist, the water lapped against his lower half, leaving only the uppermost part of his proud erection breaching the water’s surface. “Get your ass over here, Frog Face,” he demanded, dripping with authority and smugness. “I haven’t made up my mind about your apology yet.”

She swam towards the steps and emerged from the water, the scene unfolding almost in slow motion.

Her face surfaced first, her large, teal eyes gleaming like emeralds, while the tip of her tongue rested lazily at the corner of her mouth. Then, her generous bust emerged, tightly fitted in the green swimsuit adapted from her hero costume, with two dark lines that traced down her sides and swept over her breasts. Her rising bosom carried water upwards with its emergence, droplets glimmering and trailing off her curves, emphasising the fullness of her chest. The streams cascaded down her narrow waist and flat stomach, too, revealing the faint outline of her navel beneath the clinging wet fabric, while rivulets spilled over the roundness of her hips. Her dark-green hair, long and drenched, flowed past her waist, leaving a trail of shimmering droplets in its wake. The drops falling from her body and tresses created a soft melody of trickles, a serene backdrop to her momentous ascent from the water.

Each stair she climbed towards him felt majestic, as if ascending the steps to a throne.

Approaching Bakugo, she watched him tilt his head to one side, his gaze tracing up her dripping-wet, toned thighs. She could see it in his eyes—a certain level of respect for her physique, even if it was softer and less muscular compared to his ripped thighs and bulging biceps. His eyes devoured every inch of her ‘frog legs’ as he’d alluded to, a drastic shift from the evasive glances back in the classroom and during her window stunt.

Mineta, unfortunately, was the only other person who ever ogled her like Bakugo was right now, and that only ever irked her. Yet, somehow, Bakugo’s unblinking scrutiny felt different, felt like an achievement— piquing the interest of the one guy who always seemed indifferent to everything except his own lofty ambitions. This newfound, open admiration was unlike anything she had ever felt, bringing an unexpected blush to her cheeks, despite her composed stride.

Standing tall, she anchored her feet on either side of him in the shallow depths. His erection, jutting out from the water, was aiming straight up between her parted legs. Merging boldness with a hint of shyness, she gripped the material at the crotch of her swimsuit. As she pulled the fabric aside, her swollen labia emerged like the soft, inviting folds of a luxurious velvet curtain, moist with morning dew. Their subtle brown hue hung in stunning relief against the green of her swimsuit. The feeling of her delicate petals brushing against the inside of her costume as they emerged, sent a thrilling shiver through her. Poised just above his line of sight, her reveal deepened the ravenous look in his eyes. His usual smirk seemed muted, overtaken by a focused intensity. In a low, charged tone, thick with urgency, he issued a single command:

“Down.”

She hid her timid eyes from his scrutiny while holding her costume aside and lowering into a squat. The touch of his swollen tip against her sensitive folds sent a shiver up her body. Hesitation gripped her as she registered the daunting width of his head nudging at her entrance. His hand reached out and found her waist, easing her descent with a gentle but insistent push.

A sharp intake of breath escaped her, feeling the surprising stretch of her entrance, the sensation more intense than she'd anticipated. His hand remained a comforting presence on her hip, leading her deeper into the water, each inch welcoming him into the warmth of her body.

Gradually adapting to the fullness of his girth, she experienced a myriad of sensations: the caress of the balmy afternoon air on her upper body juxtaposed against the chill of the pool soothing her thighs and buttocks with each dip. The water created gentle ripples mirroring their rhythmic, intimate union. Bakugo was unusually quiet. She lifted her gaze to see his face etched with strained concentration.

“You look so focused,” she noted, her voice steady despite her uneven breaths. “You’re not daydreaming about Midoriya again, are you?”

A slight chuckle broke from the corner of his mouth. “Hilarious.”

“Ribbit.”

“Quit messing around and go lower.” His grip tightened on her waist.

She pushed herself down further, a choked moan spilling from her lips. The pleasurable agony of taking more of him nearly unbalanced her, until her hands fell onto his sturdy chest. He offered an encouraging nod. She anchored herself on his chiselled pecs, gaining leverage to bolster the vigour of her hips.

He grunted his appreciation. “That’s right, keep going like that. Take the whole damn thing, every fucking inch. Show me you’re not all talk.”

Though she wasn't sure she could take him entirely, his prompting spurred her on, and she quickened her pace, determined to try.

The placid ripples around them turned more turbulent as her hips moved with greater purpose. Their pants and grunts intertwined—hers muted and rhythmic, his punctuated by occasional swearing. “C’mon,” he huffed, his hand migrating from her waist to her left buttock, gripping and then smacking it sharply as it rose from the water. “Lower, you need to fucking earn it, Frog Face!” She hastened her pace while he found a rhythm in spanking her ass. “Expect me to accept your whole apology if you won’t accept my whole fucking cock?” he taunted, his spansks growing firmer. “Fucking take it!”

His patience wore thin, prompting him to take matters into his own hands. She yelped in surprise as he shifted beneath her. His free hand swung around and grabbed her other butt-cheek with a wet slap. Caught off guard, she toppled against his chest, his shaft still partially embedded. He kneaded and pried her firm buttocks apart with his big, rough hands. She let out a subdued “hnnng” as water invaded the crevice between her spread cheeks, the misaligned band of her swimsuit barely concealing her anus. With a strong grip on her plump backside, Bakugo rose from his seated position, effortlessly elevating her. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders as he brought them both upright, her body suspended in his arms.

He took the reins. His hands, though slippery, held a firm grip on her wet rear. He balanced her thighs over his forearms and drew her in, his erection navigating past her skewed swimsuit. She bit back her moans, resting her head on his shoulder while he controlled the depth of their union. His pace was measured, mercifully slow, drawing her onto him in steady increments. Her cheek brushed against his, feeling the heated puffs of his breath, a sign of both the physical exertion of holding her up and the intense pleasure he was deriving. “Shit, Frog Face, didn’t think you’d be this fucking tight,” he grumbled close to her ear.

Her body enveloped more of his manhood, a snug and slick welcome, surprising even to her. Being this open and physically receptive to Katsuki Bakugo was the last thing she had expected. He was rude, a loudmouth, notoriously abrasive and perpetually standoffish, yet she had to admit, when he wasn’t simmering or brooding, under certain lights, there were moments she had thought he possessed a certain physical appeal. If he’d learned how to smile, and put as much effort into his interpersonal skills as his physical training, she mused, he’d probably be quite popular with the ladies.

She pondered, with a slight twinge of discomfort, the notion of her female classmates discovering the diamond in his rough. Although he had made it abundantly clear he wasn't her problem to fix, it was hard to ignore the progress they'd made in such a short window. She chose to set her reflections aside, instead immersing herself in the pain and pleasure his considerable girth introduced.

Clinging to him, she took a deep, contented breath, finding a sense of security in his arms. Beneath his fiery facade, he showed himself to be a more multifaceted lover than she had imagined.

His harsh words and carnal aggression belied an underlying attentiveness. He seemed aware of her thresholds and refrained from forcing it too deep while holding her aloft. Gradually, she felt the increasing stretch and pressure of him inside her, a sensation balanced on the edge of intensity but never crossing into discomfort. His careful adjustments, the controlled deepening of his reach, were attuned to her reactions, allowing her to slowly accommodate him without feeling overburdened.

Bakugo was more of a team player than he cared to show on the surface. This was him chopping the vegetables all over again. Tsuyu decided to keep her observations to herself, respecting his need for the tough exterior he wasn't yet ready to shed. It was hard to believe, but here she was, trusting Katsuki Bakugo with her body.

He halted without warning, extracting himself from her wetness. The sudden absence left her feeling startlingly empty, a hollow void where moments ago there was fulfilling pressure. She longed for it, to regain the sense of fullness only his enormity could provide.

As their cheeks brushed side-by-side, she mustered the courage to express her thoughts, her voice barely more than a whisper against his skin. "You're incredibly gifted, you know," she murmured. "Maybe even the best of us, ribbit. You might not agree, but I think if roles were reversed, you'd have been first to charge in and rescue a classmate captured by the League of Villains, no matter what anybody said. That's why... I feel so awful about what I said to the others. I regret not being there for you like I should have been. And for that, I'm really sorry, Bakugo. Can you forgive me?"

Her sincere admission hung in the air, unanswered, as the cool atmosphere around them juxtaposed with the warmth of their bodies.

After an agonising eternity, he responded.

“No,” he muttered, sharp and to the point. “You’re not sorry,” he added, perplexing her. “But you will be.”

Before she could process his cryptic reply, he swung her in a wide arc then chucked her through the air. She spun precariously, a startled yelp bursting from her lips just moments before she hit the water with a big splash.

Fully submerged, her thoughts whirled in confusion. She turned to see Bakugo diving in after her, a determined scowl marking his features. It ignited a spontaneous rush within her, an urge to evade him. She spun around and swam speedily towards the pool’s opposite end. A small, involuntary smile played on her lips, the thrill of this sudden chase invoking memories of childhood games. Confident of her advantage underwater, she glanced back, expecting to see him trailing far behind. Instead, the pool was eerily empty.

Puzzled, she turned back to the front, only to feel something stirring at the edge of her vision. Swivelling towards it, she caught Bakugo cutting through the water alongside her, his arms extended at his sides, propelling himself forward with bursts from his Quirk. She hadn’t known his abilities could be so effective underwater.

A mix of fear and exhilaration accelerated her strokes.

Reaching the pool’s edge, her hand broke the surface and slapped onto the concrete. Almost instantly, Bakugo’s larger hand thudded down beside hers. As she pulled herself up, she felt his overshadowing presence emerge right behind her, trapping her between the pool’s wall and his towering figure. Suddenly, his hand encircled her throat from behind, his voice a low, menacing growl close to her ear, sending shivers down her spine, “What was that about having to catch you first?”

A shaky ‘ribbit’ quivered through her lips, almost drowned out by the pounding of her heart.

“You’re mine now,” he proclaimed, his grip tightening around her throat, an assertive yet controlled pressure, as he dragged his tongue up the curve of her cheek, lapping the pool water off her skin.

His forceful dominance stirred an unexpected arousal within her, a marked departure from the hesitance she'd encountered in the other boys. Bakugo embraced her proposition with a lack of reservation, keen on using this opportunity to help her assuage past regrets. She could feel his firm arousal pressing against her back, his heat searing through the thin barrier of her swimsuit, pinning her against the pool's tiled wall. He shifted his hold from her throat to an arm lock around her neck. Keeping her right where he wanted, he used his free hand to yank down a strap of her swimsuit. Her breast bobbed free, floating to the surface, its nipple rigid in a way that had nothing to do with the water's chill. "Getting off on this, huh, you filthy toad?"

"Ribbit..."

"Damn right, you are," he growled, "I'm gonna give you exactly what you've been begging for." His hand rose from the water, breaking the surface to seize her bobbing breast. He groped it, rough and greedily, his fingers tweaking her nipple, pulling and pinching, drawing a sharp gasp from her. The combination of gentle caress and sharp pinching made her peak stand even more obediently between his fingers. "Such a horny, little slut, aren't you? You must be real proud of yourself, making me bust nuts over my own goddamn sheets."

She was startled by his blunt oversharing. Normally, such a sordid admission would churn her stomach, but instead, the idea of Bakugo nurturing such intense, bed-soiling fantasies about her amplified the throbbing in her core. What was happening to her?

"I'm gonna be the one needing forgiveness for what I'm about to do to this teasing, little cunt of yours," he threatened in a husky growl.

His hand then moved to the lower seam of her swimsuit, yanking it from between her tight cheeks. The water around her backside began to heat up—a telltale sign of his Quirk at work. In seconds, the fabric between his fingers sizzled and disintegrated, leaving the bottom of her swimsuit hanging open like a split bodysuit. He raised the rear flap, allowing himself unobstructed access to her backside and crotch. Under the water, he manoeuvred his rigid member between her legs, and with a sudden, forceful thrust, he sank his entirety inside her.

"K-KERO!"

...

A wicked grin crept across Katsuki's face. The way her tightness clenched around him was fucking incredible, a sensation worth holding still and savouring. All those slow, torturous strokes weren't for nothing; they were just prep work, softening her up for this precise moment of total conquest.

"Fuck, Frog Face," he rasped, a rough whisper of satisfaction. "Your damn cunt's way tighter than I gave it credit for." Boy was he wrong for ever calling it loose. He revelled in the way she squeezed around him, so damn snug it felt like not even a droplet could squeeze through. All those dumbass rumours, all that bullshit about her getting around... He scoffed. Those damn extras definitely didn't have the artillery he was packing. No fucking way she was leaving this pool as tight as she hopped in, he'd make damn sure of that.

Reasserting the arm lock around her neck, he drove into her depths with a series of full-length thrusts. "I'm gonna remodel your fucking pussy, Frog Face," he growled. Each plunge was a statement, a declaration of his dominance, making sure she felt every damn inch of him, intent on stretching her to new limits.

He could barely contain a sinful grin as he held Frog Face captive against the pool's wall. Each savage thrust forced a strangled sound from her, her pleasure choked under the pressure of his arm lock. "That's right, squirm for me," he sneered, feeling her body quiver, his powerful hips dragging along water with every thrust. The useless flap of her ruined swimsuit fluttered in the underwater currents behind her bare ass. His cock kept sliding into her, disappearing completely, causing the water around them to churn and ripple.

"Fucking love this, don't you?" he taunted. "Told you this was coming. You're gonna learn the hard way not to fuck with a true alpha." His crude and explicit taunts matched the ferocity of his pumping. "Thought you were a match for me in the water? Not even close, slowpoke! I'm gonna fuck you senseless in every corner of this damn pool, and there's not a goddamn thing you can do about it," he growled, a mix of lust and triumph. Each word was punctuated with a punishing thrust of his hips. "You're lucky I didn't drag you in through that damn window and pound you on the damn spot!"

"Ri-ribbit!"

Maybe that was what Frog Face wanted from the start—the little slut. Her spiel about forgiveness was only half the story; no one went around whoring themselves up like that unless they were stupidly horny. He recalled overhearing her dumbass questions about

orgasms to Round Face. Knew right then she hadn't had a real good fuck. Well, he was about to give her just that.

He reeled back, letting just the tip of his dick linger inside her, then slammed back in with force, crushing her against the wall with his muscular frame. He did it again, pulled back, then plunged forward, squashing her against the cool tiles, her big, juicy ass flattened by his hard pelvis. "Feel that, huh? That's me owning your ass," he grunted. On his third power drive, when he'd driven himself in as deep as he could go, he felt her body quake in the confined space, her legs quivering underwater, feet tilted downwards and spasming against his shins. "Yeah, take it all, feel me in your fucking guts, you filthy toad."

After making damn sure she learned a thing or two, he pulled his cock out of her punished cunt and released the armlock from around her neck. She gasped for air, leaning on the pool's edge, panting like she'd run a fucking marathon. He spun her around, chuckling at her fucked-out look, her ridiculous tongue dangling loosely past her jaw, one tit still floating out of her torn swimsuit. "Bet you've never been dicked down like that, huh?"

All she managed was a weak-ass 'ribbit'.

"Made you respect this fucking cock, didn't I?"

She nodded weakly.

"DIDN'T I, BITCH?"

"Ribbit!" She gave a firmer nod.

"Damn right," he muttered, the rough edge of his voice softening as he brushed her cheek. The shock on her face was priceless, all wide-eyed and dazed from his gentle caress. He had to give it to her; she was a real fucking trooper, taking all that dick without blacking out, more than he could say for Shroom Scamp. Showed some real fucking guts, Frog Face, worthy of respect. Maybe now he would pay attention to what she had to say. Maybe...

But he wasn't about to get all soft now. Not with those tempting lips right at his fingertips. His touch shifted from a soft caress to a rough grab, pulling her face to his for a blazing kiss—raw, fierce—just like everything else about him.

Startled initially, Frog Face quickly got into the groove, throwing herself into the kiss. Her arms looped around his neck, pulling them closer, her fieriness matching his own.

Together, they twirled through the pool, their own aquatic dance floor, the only soundtrack being the gentle lap of water and the wet smacks of their increasingly sloppy kisses.

He'd always kept his tongue out of these whores' damn mouths whenever he screwed them, but shit was different with Frog Face. She got wild with hers, wrapping it around his like some kind of slippery serpent, sucking on it like she was trying to pull out his soul. The sensation was weirdly fucking amazing. He leaned into it, kissed her harder.

As they drifted past his abandoned trunks floating by, he tore what remained of her swimsuit, yanking it down her arm and freeing her other tit to bob in the water. Frog Face was just as eager to ditch the shredded fabric, peeling it down her waist and wriggling out of the remains, leaving them both butt-ass naked in the school pool.

Their skin connected beneath the surface; her heartbeat thumping against his torso, her strong legs hooked around his waist. He scooped handfuls of her fat ass, squeezed those firm cheeks hard, her moan spilling into his mouth from their locked lips. Their momentum carried them through the water, floating along until his back pressed against the pool's wall, breaking their longwinded kiss.

But he still wanted to feel her lips—just, somewhere else.

Without saying shit, he shoved her head under the water. Frog Face got the hint real quick. In seconds, he felt the pressure of her mouth swallowing his cock. He got damn well lost in the glory of her underwater special, not giving two shits about anything else, eyes shut tight, floating in nirvana. Then, out of fucking nowhere, a random voice crashed his party.

“Hey, have you seen Deku?”

His eyes snapped open in irritation to find Round Face, clueless as ever, in her damn swimsuit approaching the pool area. Her timing was just as bad as that damn nerd she was looking for. He was about to tell her to fuck right off, but a groan of pleasure ripped through him instead.

She gave him this weird look, like she'd never seen someone in fucking ecstasy before. “Uh, everything okay?” She crept closer to the pool, cautious, walking on eggshells.

“No, everything's not okay! Why don't you take your stupid, round-ass fa—aaaah!” he tried again, but the pleasure kept screwing with his words.

Round Face blinked. Then her eyes trailed to the floating trunks and the rising bubbles in front of him. About time the bimbo figured it out.

He gritted his teeth, biting back more curses, forcing calm into his voice. “Just leave, alright? Please?”

“Alright,” she muttered, already beating a hasty retreat. As she bailed, she tossed over her shoulder, “I’ll come back when the pool’s been... disinfected or something.”

“Tch.” Such a pain in the ass.

The moment she left, Frog Face resurfaced, grinning like she’d pulled off some big stunt. “See, ribbit, you’re getting the hang of being more polite.”

“Shut it.” He shoved her head back underwater. She got right back to it, engulfing his cock again, amplified by water swirling around them.

Leaning back, arms stretched along the pool edge, he felt a fucking volcano of urgency brewing inside him. Getting blown underwater was something else; her mouth was a goddamn vortex, sucking him into an abyss of unbearable pleasure. As she bobbed and tugged, a frenzy of bubbles rushed to the surface, visual echoes of the ecstasy she was wringing from him.

“Don’t fucking stop,” he pleaded, his voice barely above a whisper, throaty with lust. The relentless suction, combined with the aquatic resistance, was driving him out of his fucking mind. His fingers gripped the edge of the pool, knuckles white, as he fought to keep himself anchored in reality.

It was like holding back a tidal wave, every suck, every pulse of her mouth dragging him closer to the edge. His hips bucked on their own, seeking more of that maddening pleasure, that perfect fucking suction. He could feel her throat constrict around him, her gag reflex kicking in but she powered through it. The way she was taking him, all teeth scraped back, all tongue and suction, sent him spiralling.

And then, it hit him—a cataclysmic release, so powerful it nearly blinded him. His cum flooded her mouth in a hot, relentless torrent, a stark contrast to the tranquillity of the surrounding waters. The force of his nut wracked his body, every muscle tensing, every nerve ending alight with ecstatic fire. “Swallow it all, you damn dick-starved frog,” he rasped, both

hands gripping her head in place. Taking advantage of her froggy ability to stay underwater like it was nothing, he made damn sure not a single drop spilt into the pool. His balls gave that final twitch, and it kinda felt like he was pissing in the pool, but a thousand times more satisfying, while she vacuumed it all up like some deep-sea cleaner.

She popped up, cheeks bulging more than a chipmunk, before backstroking across the water and spitting out the contents of her mouth in a fountain-like spray. A jet of water mixed with his cum arched through the air like a fricking rainbow. He couldn't hold back a chuckle at her carefree show.

Feeling the aftermath of their exertion, he hung back and just watched her do her thing, swimming leisurely laps like she was on some tropical getaway. He couldn't shake off what she had said about them being alike. It sounded like total bullshit on the surface, but here they were, alone in the pool, cut off from everyone else. The truth was both of them spent more time in their own heads than most of their classmates. And both of them came across like social oddballs in their own ways, but for different reasons, each hooked on some form of recognition from their peers. He craved acknowledgement; she craved acceptance. Maybe if they kept at this, relied on each other for the stuff they sought, they could avoid acting out in ways deemed unconventional by societal norms.

Maybe.

While his thoughts wandered, Frog Face swam back in his direction, showing off with a flawless backstroke. She stopped and floated on her back right in front of him. Then, she flipped onto her stomach, turning to showcase those juicy cheeks of hers. Her big, wet ass bobbed on the gentle surface, glistening under the sun like it was bathed in golden honey. His cock twitched as though he were laying eyes on it for the first time. She beckoned him with a teasing finger before diving underwater.

A crooked grin spread across his face. This again?

He dove right after her, the liquid world muffling the sounds around them. She wasn't racing away this time. Instead, she swam leisurely just a few strokes ahead, slow and teasing. Each kick through the water was more than just breaststroke; it was a fucking tease, her legs parting way wider than necessary, flashing the space beneath those taut cheeks. She knew exactly what she was doing with her exaggerated strokes, flaunting that soaked pussy right in his face. Each glimpse of her sodden lips sent a rush straight through him. He swam

faster, driven by this primal itch to close the gap, to get his hands on her again, every muscle in his body tensed and ready.

She just made it to the pool steps when he swooped upon her like a goddamn hawk. Snatching her waist, she was stuck there on all fours, arms on the edge, knees on the first step, and that big, glistening ass of hers half out of the water, just begging for it. His cock surged out of the pool, a fricking leviathan awakening from its depths, fully recharged and raging hard, ready to fuck shit up. Gripping her slender waist with a firm grasp, his fingers dug into her supple skin, anchoring her. Then, his dick sliced through the water like a fucking torpedo, splitting her in two.

“Aaahh, kero!”

“Yeah, fucking love that, don’t you?” he growled, feeling her body shudder against his thrusts.

He slapped her fat ass, hard enough to leave a mark, grinning as he watched the taut flesh ripple from impact. “If I catch wind of you flirting with any of those other dickheads again, I swear to fuck, Froggy, you’re gonna wish you hadn’t,” he snarled, spanking her again, harder. “You’re mine now, all this ass, all this fucking pussy, all of it. No one else lays a hand on you, got it?” His grip tightened on her hips, possessive and bruising, as he pounded into her, leaving no room for debate.

He fucked her with a fury only possible above the surface. Free of the water’s resistance holding him back, his hips became a blur of aggression and raw power, each thrust hitting home with enough force to make her quake from head to toe. “Die! Told you I was going to murder this cunt, didn’t I?!” Again and again, he stabbed through her sopping gash, his flesh slapping against her ass with wet, resounding thwacks that echoed off the tiles, splashing water everywhere. Every crack of his palm left a bright red print on her big booty, marking his damn territory.

“Your ass was fucking built for this!” He marvelled at how her cheeks wobbled, recoiled and snapped back to their tautness after each ram of his pelvis.

Every thrust set off a fucking tsunami in the pool, loud as hell, nearly drowning out the clapping of their flesh. The carnal flurry sent massive waves crashing over the pool’s edge.

And Frog Face kept letting out these little ribbits and 'kero!' sounds—kinda hilarious, her froggy noises popping out in the middle of moans, like bad hiccups she couldn't control.

And she had no luck controlling her tits either; her funbags bounced and jiggled above the edge of the pool, flailing all over the damn place, flinging droplets through the air. The deep drilling had her arms shaking, barely steady on the edge. Meanwhile, any poor bastard unlucky enough to walk in from the other side of the pool would've got an eyeful of his butt cheeks working overtime as he plunged balls-deep into the water. Hell, it was a damn miracle no one had busted in on them already; what with the violent splashing, and her non-stop moaning and ribbiting making it sound like a damn frog was getting raped in the school pool.

"Ugh, yeah, take it, you slutty little frog!"

"Ah, aaaaah, k-kero!"

"DIIIEEE!"

"Aaahhnnn!"

Water splashed, hips crashed.

"Fuck, uhn, you love this, don't you?"

PLAP! PLAP!

"Mmm...aah... Kero! Ahh, kero!"

PLAP!

"Uuggghh yeah, damn right you do!"

A deep *THRUST*.

"Rrrribbit!"

"ARGH! That pussy's so damn tight around my fucking cock! Gaouh...I'm putting it all the way in again..."

"Aaah oohh... Baku—KERO!"

“Haaah! Fuck yeah! No one else does it like me, huh?” He slapped her ass for good measure. “Remember that, Froggy!”

“Oooh...!”

The harder he hammered into her gash, the louder she moaned, like she knew she'd been a naughty bitch and deserved every fucking inch of his punishing dick.

Again and again, his hips smashed against her ass with a force as explosive as any detonation from his Quirk. He grabbed under her throat and yanked back until her face tilted upwards right beneath his, her spine arching at an extreme angle. Thanks to her flexibility, he could land rough kisses on her upside-down forehead and gaze into her half-lidded eyes, all without breaking the ferocious pace of his pounding.

“You're mine, Frog Face. Mine to fuck how I want, where I want,” he breathed, heavy with exertion and excitement. Their frenzied rhythm escalated, a cacophony of slapping flesh and splashing water. Then abruptly, she threw an arm back and smacked a hand against his pistoning hip, a plea for pause as her body seized up around his huge dick. Her arched back convulsed, her cunt squeezing so damn hard he had to rip his cock out. One second longer and she would've sucked another load out of him right then and there.

Heart still racing, he dropped his ass on the shallow pool step, taking a much-needed breather. She was still bent over the edge, chest heaving wildly as she recovered from her climax. “Ribbit... that was...”

“Just the fucking start,” he cut in, smirking like a conqueror.

...

Tsuyu had barely caught her breath when Bakugo dragged her onto his lap, still perched on the shallow step of the pool as he made her face the water. Surprise flickered across her visage as he reached up to grope her breasts. His manhood, insistent as ever, rubbed against her sex with an eager tenderness, and despite the lingering soreness from his impassioned penetration, a pulse of need throbbed deep within her core. “Kero...” she muttered to herself, taken aback by how her body seemed desperate to compensate for years devoid of orgasms.

She braced herself as he positioned himself to re-enter. Although she'd become more acquainted with his proportions, the initial stretch still had her gasping under her breath, her snugness moulding itself around his girth. She anticipated he'd immediately start pounding away, but Bakugo had other ideas.

He lifted her toned, flexible legs into the air, her toes skimming past her own head as he locked her in a full-nelson-like grip. With her arms tucked in his hold, a rush of vulnerability hit her, laced with a strange thrill. Her hips, previously her own to move and sway, were now still, framed by the wide split of her legs. The open air caressed her engorged clit, making her feel all the more exposed, further magnified by his firm presence inside her, impaling her wet core like a meaty pillar, commanding a blend of pain and pleasure.

Only then did he start lifting his hips off the shallow step, thrusting water up into the air as he rearranged her insides, splashes hitting her face. Tied up in his hold, she could do nothing but blink away the droplets sprinkling her eyes. Her vision, blurred by the water, spotted his trunks and her tattered swimsuit floating by, a stark reminder of how spontaneous all of this was. Despite what he might have presumed, she hadn't approached him in the pool with seduction in mind. Not this time. But the way he had looked at her... something just... clicked. And now, well, here they were. She'd completely surrendered herself to his every whim—if this wasn't enough for him to accept her apology, then would anything be?

Although, thinking about it, she felt like she'd already won something much bigger—and she wasn't just talking about how *huge* he was. Although, that didn't hurt either. Not in a bad way, kero...

As their heated grunts and her odd croaks permeated the air, his thrusts kept rising from below, dead set on stretching her out, on ensuring she'd remember exactly who she'd been 'fucking with'.

Just minutes ago, he'd been spanking her like a misbehaving child and expressing his disdain at the thought of her sharing herself with others. She had no incentive to continue down that path anyway, having secured their forgiveness already. However, had she known from the start Bakugo would develop this kind of possessiveness towards her, she would've never approached the others in the same manner to begin with. Strangely, the idea of being his—and *only* his—didn't intimidate her. At this very moment, he was practically owning her already, coercing wayward noises out of her mouth, noises she had never heard before.

Amidst the throes of their wild passion, she'd gone from Frog Face to Froggy—that had to account for something... right?

Her body rocked in his full-nelson hold, each of his powerful thrusts sending waves through her, forcing her breasts to bounce without restraint. Their union was primal, intense, a fusion of her suppleness and his strength. So exposed and wide open, she felt the full depth of his thrusts, his hips driving upward with a force that felt like he was trying to pierce the sky, his wet sack nearly kissing her stretched folds each time.

Water leapt and splashed around them as his lower body plunged in and out its shallow depths. Amidst shameless moans and ribbits, Tsuyu noticed her extra-long tongue dangling out of her mouth, swaying rhythmically as she panted, as if desperate to escape the fervent heat inside her. With a flash of inspiration, she elongated it even longer, twining it around his manhood and amplifying their shared ecstasy.

He grunted a noise she now came to recognise as profound pleasure. The way his stern facade crumbled, leaving him whimpering in ecstasy, only intensified her arousal. She sensed the familiar pressure building towards another climax, a feeling she was increasingly learning to recognise and crave. Their urgent, high-pitched cries harmonised at the edge of the pool as their orgasms arrived in unison.

Bakugo withdrew his twitching member the second he felt the telltale signs of his peak approaching. His release jetted upwards in vigorous spurts like a volcano, splattering her face and chest while she came in convulsing waves, still locked in his full-nelson. Once he'd emptied all his sticky mess on her, he released the hold and slid out from beneath her on the pool step, giving her space beside him. They sat there, chests heaving, as they came down from the overwhelming intensity of their mutual climax.

With a swift flick of her super-long tongue, she cleaned the remnants of his climax off her face, faster than a frog snatching at a fly. Her reflexes startled him, his face contorting into shock at how quickly she consumed his seed. The essence was gone almost too quickly for her to taste, just a whisper of saltiness on her taste buds. She responded to his stunned expression with a simple, "Ribbit."

"You'll never cease to amaze me, Froggy."

He stood and exited the pool, wrapping a towel around his waist, preparing to leave. Tsuyu realised she hadn't yet received an answer to her apology. "Wait, Bakugo—"

But he cut her off, his voice firm. "Listen, and listen good, because I'm only going to say this once." He paused, not turning to face her. "We are who we are. And for that, I apologise," he began, her heart skipping a beat in surprise, before he continued, "...to no one. And you shouldn't either... Tsu."

With those words hanging in the air, he departed, leaving her in the pool, swimming in her own thoughts.

Time crawled while she dwelled on his parting words. As the sun began to dip, sending a cool touch across her shoulders, it prompted her to retrieve their discarded swimwear floating in the pool. Wrapped in a towel, she meandered back to Heights Alliance, her thoughts entangled in their paradigm-shifting encounter.

She was still half-distracted when she entered her room. Upon closing the door, her froggy senses tingled, picking up another presence behind her. Whirling around, she found Bakugo, his chiselled physique hardly concealed by a towel he clutched around his crotch, too small to contain him. Her eyes drank in the unsuspecting sight of his semi-nudity in her bedroom, catching her by surprise in an ironic twist, rekindling a familiar ache in her loins. The towel fell away, revealing his rigid readiness, his stamina off the charts.

As he strode toward her, an epiphany dawned on Tsuyu—one more apology she owed, perhaps the most crucial of all.

She shut her eyes with thoughtful reflection.

I forgive you, Tsu.'

When her eyes fluttered open, Bakugo had eliminated the distance between them. He ripped her towel off her naked body and pushed her onto the bed.

She laid sprawled on her sheets, her eyes fixed on the ceiling as the bed sank under Bakugo's weight. A wide smile blossomed on her face.

THE END

Author's Notes: Thanks for reading! 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 *cutesexyrobotts*, *Sano-BR*, *Jason Yu*, *kyugata* and *arachnart* for the artwork that inspired these fan fic covers! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artists' work here:

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.