

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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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 ...

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 *cutesxyrobotts* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artist's work here:

<https://www.deviantart.com/cutesxyrobotts>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.