

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.

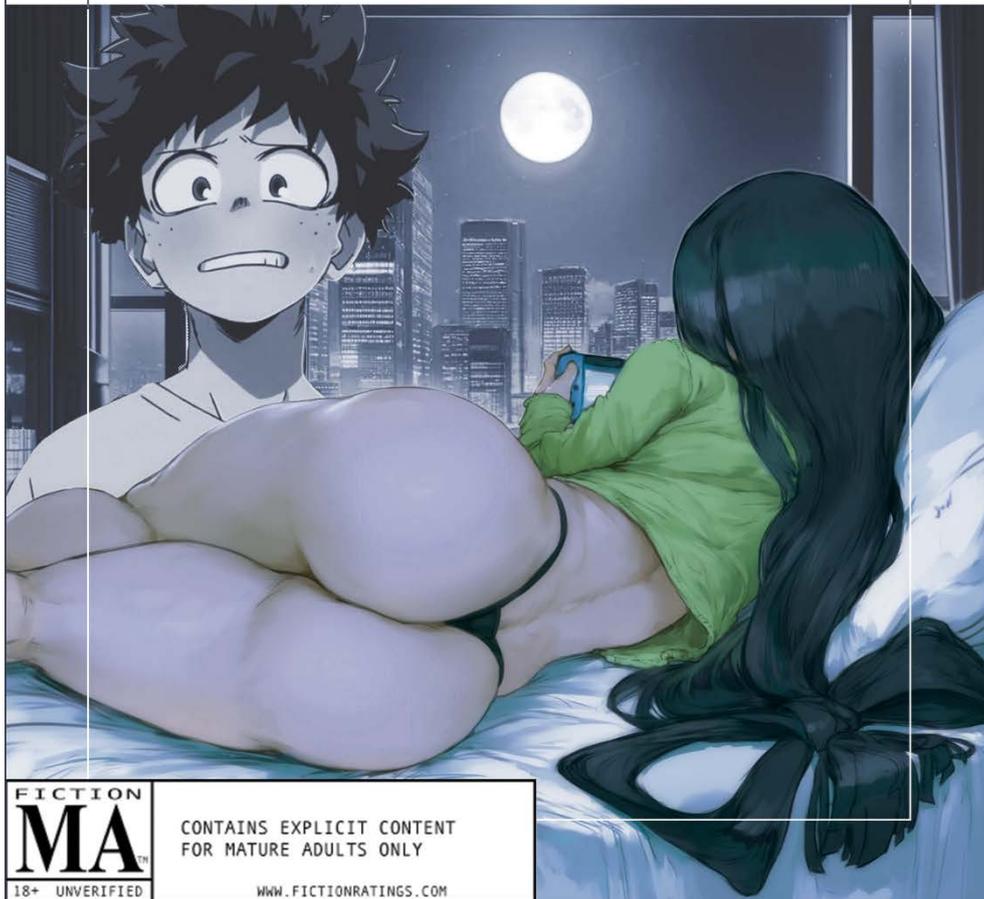
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J. J. SCRIPTease

**TSUYU'S
APOLOGY TOUR**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

CHAPTER 2



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 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. Hrrm...

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

musings 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 ...

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.