

# lemonzsaauce

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## ... 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](http://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](http://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 is a work of fan fiction borrowing characters from the My Hero Academia universe, which is trademarked by Kōhei Horikoshi and Bones Inc. I do not claim ownership over any of the original characters, images or settings present here and make no profit from publishing this story.*

## WARNING

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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**

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**TSUYU'S  
APOLOGY TOUR**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

**CHAPTER 3**



**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*

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## Chapter 3 – Light Showers and Heavy Rain

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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 somberly 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 Assuuuuuu!”

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.

“Iida,” 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.

“Tida,” 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 ...

**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](http://lemonzsauce.com) or hit me up at [reviews@lemonzsauce.com](mailto:reviews@lemonzsauce.com). I do my best to respond to all reviews.

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Special credit goes to *Sano-BR* 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/sano-br>

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

*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*