

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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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.

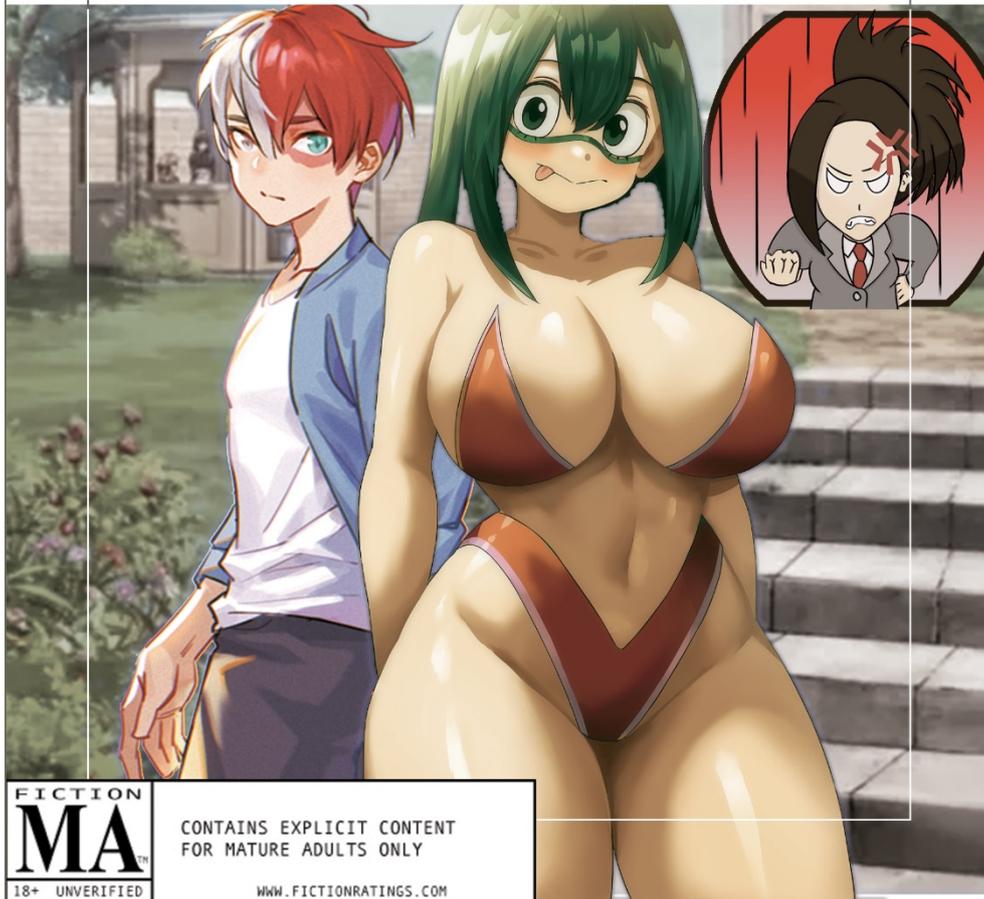
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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

**TSUYU'S
APOLOGY TOUR**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

CHAPTER 4



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 4 – The Final Bastions

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

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

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

Her unconventional approach had been more practical than emotional, a means to an end, rather than a means with any meaning. In her quest for redemption, she hadn't paused

to cherish a single moment of their physical interactions. Her focus had been on the objective, with little consideration for what these encounters should have felt like on a deeper level.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Not inappropriate, Ochaco, *enlightening!*"

"Enlightening, right..."

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

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

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

Ochaco sighed. "Mineta, your 'dimensions' are always one-dimensional, and they always lead in the same direction."

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

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

Mineta remained unbothered by her insinuation. He nudged the glass of water closer to Tsuyu, his face breaking into a shifty grin. “You should really drink up, Asui,” he urged, his voice dripping with sly intent. “Staying hydrated is super important, you know.” His grin broadened, clearly optimistic about the conspiracy’s validity.

Ochaco facepalmed. “You’re incorrigible.”

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

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

“Please, call me Tsu.”

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

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

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

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

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

“Ribbit…”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Kero. Go ahead.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tsuyu offered a noncommittal ribbit.

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

He slumped, shoulders drooping in defeat.

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

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

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

...

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

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

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

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

"Midoriya?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Todoroki blinked. “Me?”

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

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

Please, just say something...

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kirishima backed down with a frustrated huff.

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

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

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

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

...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I suppose...”

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

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

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

“I was just surprised,” he said plainly.

“*Just* surprised?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her smile broadened. It was a small victory.

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

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

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

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

“Different how?” He furrowed his brow.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Huh?”

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

Startled, both Momo and Todoroki jerked their heads upward.

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

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

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

“Ribbit,” she chirped, ever so modestly.

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

“I know. I heard the whole thing.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Open... my eyes?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...

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

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

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

"No way..."

...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Can you see me now, Todoroki?'

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

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

Todoroki responded with a puzzled tilt of his head.

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

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

He stuttered, “I... she...”

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

“Well...” His words faltered once more. “I mean...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Finally...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'That's it!'

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

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

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

Tsuyu tapped a finger on her chin in musing.

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

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

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 *Jason Yu* 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://jasonry.fanbox.cc>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.