

# 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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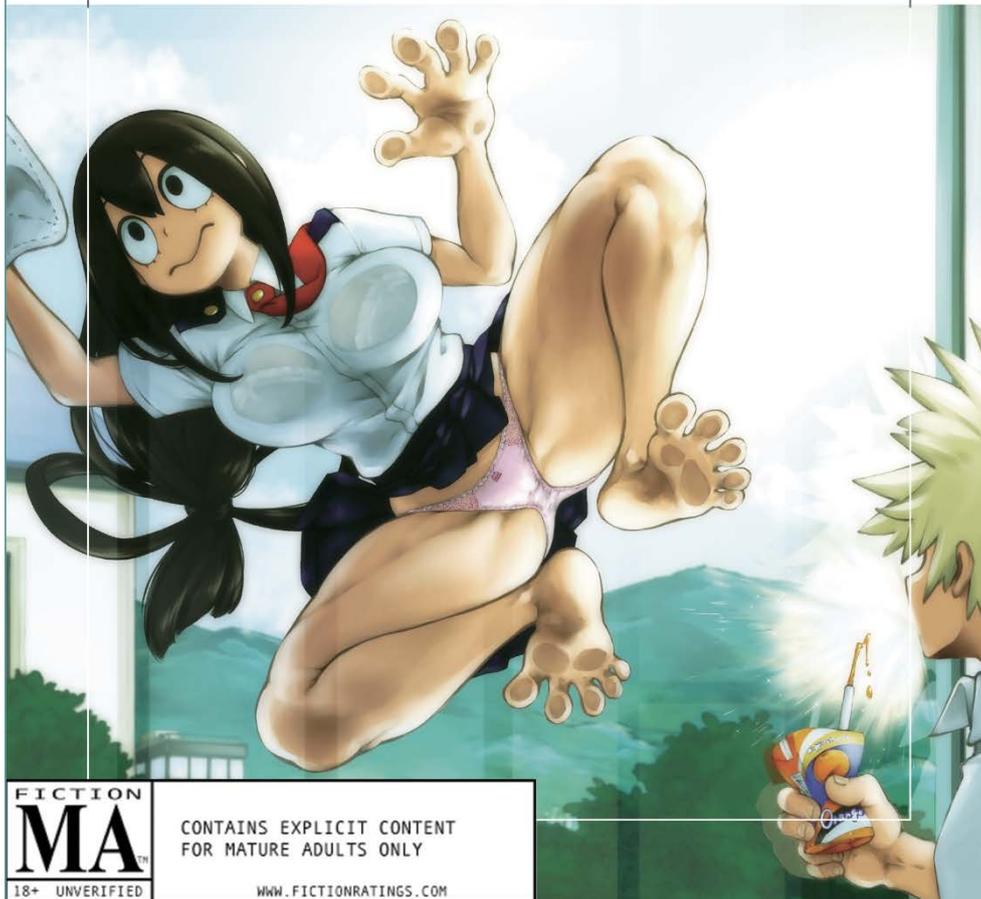
**J. J. SCRIPTEASE**

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**TSUYU'S  
APOLOGY TOUR**

(My Hero Academia Fan Fiction)

**CHAPTER 5**



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## 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 5 – FROP OFF FROG FACE!

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

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

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

She didn't even flinch.

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

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

He grunted at her lame apology.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then, as Frog Face inched diagonally to reach another smudge, her lower half skewed into his view. Legs sprawled wide and knees bent in that froggy pose of hers, it gave him a full-frontal view of her inner thighs, the muscles flexing and bulging with every window-crawling motion. So smooth, yet so strong. He'd never given a second thought to how toned her legs were, not till now, not till this angle, this up close. Made sense though—with all that hopping around like a damn frog, she'd have legs built like... well, like that. They looked...

impressive, he wasn't gonna lie. The kind of impressive that might stir up more than just a nod of approval in different circumstances. It spoke volumes of her athleticism, her grit. Two things he'd always valued when it came to heroism, even if begrudgingly.

Moving from strength to weak as shit, her little schoolgirl skirt was flipping and flapping in the high winds behind her, barely hiding her ass from prying eyes down below. But up top? It was a different storey, a whole different view. Right in his goddamn face, the sight of her pink panties rudely interrupted the scenery, came a whisker away from kissing the glass.

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

*Just what the hell is all this?!*

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

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

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

He stomped down the stairs, cursing like a sailor with a splintered mast, bitter as rancid beer. The juice pack, now a crumpled piece of garbage in his grip, got chucked into the bin with extra force. It had left orange stains smeared over his shirt like graffiti tags, mocking

him for getting caught off guard. “Fucking great,” he spat. Sure, he had bolted from that ridiculous scene quick enough, but not quick enough to avoid giving that stupid toad more spotlight than she deserved.

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

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

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

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

clingy mutt through the ruins, but there she was, dogging his steps through the twisted metal and broken concrete.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Katsuki wasn’t having any of this hiding crap. He wriggled and squirmed, hell-bent on getting up there and blasting those idiots to kingdom come. But Frog Face was stubborn, holding him in place with her freakish tongue. His attempts to yell turned into a muffled mess when his own tongue slammed against the smothering grip of hers. All warm, and slimy, and deceptively strong. The hell? His mind reeled. It was weird, kind of gross, and definitely not something he wanted to admit didn’t feel as bad as he thought. But come on, it was freaking Frog Face! Their tongues touching better not count as his first kiss! No way in hell was he giving her that trophy!

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

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

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

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

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

“Then you should’ve listened to me!”

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

“Tch!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her words were simple. So simple, and yet, they hit different, like he was hearing them for the first time in his life. Her hand lingered on his chest, not budging an inch. Their eyes met, gazes dancing across each other’s faces, then down to each other’s lips, and back up again. His brain fell into a tailspin. *What’s happening?* he thought, even as the distance

between them shrank. His heart pounded like a jackhammer; every inch they moved closer made it feel like it would burst right out of his ribcage.

Then, the closet doors got yanked clean off.

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

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

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

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

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

it was infuriating. A damn puzzle missing a ton of key pieces. Not that she was actually worth trying to figure out, of course.

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

Upon reflection, he remembered more details about her underwear than he'd let on: those girly-ass flowers and dandelion patterns scattered around the hem, looking like something right out of a kid's colouring book. And the way the cotton stretched, barely covering her ass, left part of her cheeks exposed even in his frontal view. Not to mention, it was so snug, the material painted a faint stroke of the slit beneath. Such a flimsy piece of cloth set against the fierce backdrop of those thunderous thighs. That got him thinking—was what lay underneath as soft and dainty as that little scrap suggested, or was it more battle-ready, robust as the might of her thighs, tough enough to take the beating it was practically begging for...

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

*'What the hell am I doing?'*

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

botched the whole frikkin' mission—the only thoughts he should've had towards her were murderous ones!

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

...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Oh. Water? I guess, great minds think alike.”

He snorted. “If you’re a great mind, I’m fricking Einstein! We’re nothing alike!”

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

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

“I didn’t say I know you, ribbit, but I can recognise parts of myself in other people.”

“Huh?!” Recognise herself inside of him? What the hell did that even mean?! Whatever she was implying, he didn’t like it. “I’m nothing like you!” he reiterated. And he was about to go in even more when Frog Face swung open the fridge door. The light from within burst out, casting her figure into a sharp silhouette against the shelves of food. Suddenly, he could see, in glaringly vivid detail, exactly what she was wearing, and the rest of his tirade fell silently out of his mouth.

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

Her fat ass looked just as sculpted as her freakin’ thighs from all that squatting and hopping around like a damn frog, he’d guess. It was almost too much. He fought like hell not

to squeeze the life out of the water bottle in his hand, not to have a repeat of the juice packet fiasco with water spraying everywhere like a damn geyser.

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

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

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

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

He clammed up, seething with frustration.

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

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

“Ribbit?”

“Don’t gimme that bullshit!”

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

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

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

“I said *trying*.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He was in charge now, a goddamn beast, owning the whole scene. Frog Face was trapped, back against the fridge, her skimpy thong offering no barrier to his ramming thrusts—like it wasn't even there as he hammered into her teasing gash, deep and ruthless. Completely at his mercy, she clawed at his back while every thrust made her and the fridge shudder like they were caught in an earthquake. By the time he got done ravishing the frog bitch, all the milk bottles, yoghurt containers, and whatever other shit they crammed in there would be tossed and spilt all over the shelves. He took pleasure in the power he wielded and the shocked gapes on the extras' faces, forced to acknowledge his raw dominance after watching him go to town on Frog Face like a damn boss.

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

“Damn you, Frog Face.”

**... TO BE CONTINUED ...**

**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 *kyuugata* 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://twitter.com/kyugata5385Up>

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

*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*