

# 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 6**



**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 6 – Tsuyunami

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Katsuki hauled himself out of the pool, his victory grin as wide as the damn ocean. He'd just kicked Deku and Icy-Hot Bastard's asses in the water. It'd been a whole week since that shitty team assignment, and he wasn't about to let them forget who ruled the roost, proving how much better he was without a bunch of stooges holding him back.

"Good swimming, Bakugo," Icy-Hot mumbled his half-assed congrats.

Katsuki sneered back. "Maybe try not to suck next time. Might make it a real contest." He lobbed the comment like a grenade, hoping to provoke a reaction, but Icy-Hot's boring ass merely shrugged it off.

"I promised I'd meet Yaoyorozu for a study session."

"Study session, huh? With Ponytail again?" Katsuki couldn't help but smirk. "You two sure seem to be hitting the books hard lately."

He flushed a little, a hint of pink under his stoic façade. "I—it's not—I mean—I have to go." Stammering like a complete idiot caught in a lie, the extra took off, dodging any further ribbing.

Typical. Left with Deku, Katsuki was ready to challenge him to another lap in the pool. "C'mon, Deku, I know for damn sure you ain't got no 'study session' with someone to run off to, right?"

But Deku gave him that dorky, nervous laugh of his. "A-actually, Kacchan, I do have a date with my English assignment," he stuttered, sounding every bit the nerd he was.

Katsuki had blitzed through that same English assignment the day after it was handed out. And Deku, Mr. 'I'm So Studious', was lagging this far behind? He really needed to pull his freckled face out of his ass. It wasn't like him to be this sloppy with schoolwork. Something had been off about him since they'd left middle school, least of all the nerd pulling a Quirk out of thin air. Still pissed Katsuki off that he'd kept it from him for so long. There was more to it though, had to be. Katsuki wasn't blind. Deku sneaking around, always too damn chicken to fess up about where he's been or what he's up to? Something reeked big time. He didn't know what Deku was hiding yet, but he'd sniff it out eventually. He wasn't about to let him off the hook that easy.

"Screw the assignment," Katsuki insisted, "Hell, I'll even let you copy mine. All you gotta do is hang around for one more round."

The nerd hit him with another wimpy chuckle. "You've beaten me five times already. In the mood you're in, we could go another ten times and I still wouldn't get a single win."

"That's the fucking point!" Katsuki roared. "The whole pool's been booked for our class the entire afternoon. Might as well make it count."

"I'm sorry, Kacchan, I really wish I could but—"

"Save it, you damn nerd." He rolled his eyes. "We both know you're just ducking out, so scram."

As Deku scampered away, Katsuki made himself comfortable on the top step of the pool. Arms outstretched along the edge, sprawled like a king on his throne. The sky was his ceiling, the pool his domain. The hell with everyone else. The absence of those extras was a blessing. He had the sun, the water, and all the damn solitude he wanted.

The outdoor pool sprawled out in front of him, large and rectangular, shimmering sapphire with lanes marked out for anyone who dared challenge him. The water was cool, perfect, with just the right sting of chlorine to remind you it's no kiddie pool. He reclined, soaking in the rare quiet, letting the water lap at his waist. Those idiots had no idea what they were missing. Concrete bordered the pool, with strategically placed starting blocks just waiting for someone like him to explode off them. A couple of trees threw shade across the water at the far end, and beyond them was a large two-story building, a recreational facility where the rest of those losers were probably killing time.

His gaze wandered upward, drawn to the vast, blue sky. As the rush from beating those chumps began to fade, he found himself cooling off, left alone with his thoughts. He mulled over his next move, the big picture stuff, how he planned to stay ten steps ahead of all the damn extras and his supposed rivals. He must've stewed over his plans for domination for minutes on end, lost in his strategy, before he noticed the water around his waist begin to churn more aggressively.

Pulling his head out of the clouds, he glanced down to confirm it wasn't just his imagination. He followed the ripples, shot a sharp glare across the pool, spotting this weird-ass shadowy blob smack in the middle. That thing definitely wasn't lurking there a second ago.

*'The fuck?'*

He hauled his ass out of the pool and plopped down on the edge, legs dangling in the water as he squinted at the disturbance. Just beneath the water, the shadowy blob ebbed and flowed, retreating into the depths before suddenly surging up like some curious, swamp creature that just realised it was being watched. A slick, dark head broke through the surface, hair all matted and clinging to its pale features like seaweed on a rock. Only half its face became visible, half submerged, and these big, wide eyes hovering above the water line stalked him from afar. Those eyes... damn it, he knew those eyes.

"You've gotta be shitting me."

The head vanished underneath the surface and left behind a swirl of ripples. His eyes sharpened, tracking the shadow as it moved closer to him beneath the water. Damn it, how the hell had Frog Face managed to sneak up on him again? He kicked himself for letting his musings dull his senses. What if she'd been an actual villain? The most rookie mistake ever. Still, there was no way he was giving her the satisfaction of seeing him rattled, keeping a sharp eye on her underwater approach.

Her head resurfaced just a metre away from his submerged shins. This time, she revealed her entire froglike features, droplets sparkling on her skin like she was some sort of underwater jewel. Pfft, as if. His muscles tensed, unwilling to show even a flicker of surprise.

Staring down at Frog Face, his glare was as hard as nails, her big eyes mirroring his own stubborn defiance. Over the past week, they appeared to have formed a silent pact—an

unspoken agreement to ignore each other's existence. He'd noticed her avoidance, the way she'd take a different corridor when they might cross paths, or her studious attention to anything other than him in class. It was a mutual cold war, both pretending the other was just another piece of furniture in whatever room they'd been forced to share.

He thought he'd finally gotten through her thick skull after that late-night kitchen showdown, made her realise he wasn't someone to be toyed with. But hell, that only lasted so long. Here she was again, popping up in his life like a bad rash. What the hell did she want *now*? He was done beating around the bush.

"You again?" he grunted.

"Ribbit. Try not to sound too much like you missed me."

He scoffed. "From Window Fairy to a damn comedian now? Anything else I should know?"

"Not really," she said, her arms sweeping beneath the surface to keep afloat, ripples fanning out around her. "Just that," she continued, "I've been doing a lot of thinking these past few days, ribbit."

"Thinking? Yeah right. If you had any brains, you wouldn't dare show your face in front of me again. Stay in your damn lane, Frog Face. Or I'll put you there myself," he growled. "Now piss off. You're ruining the damn view." He threw on his sunglasses and jerked his head towards the sky.

A tense silence lingered. Katsuki, trying to act cool, kicked at the water, almost whistling, almost hoping pretending she didn't exist would make her disappear. It didn't. After what felt like an eternity, she was still there. Exasperated, he couldn't pretend anymore.

"What the hell are you still doing here?!" he yelled.

Unruffled, Frog Face asked, "Do you really want me to leave?"

"Duh!" he spat out. "Why the hell wouldn't I want you to..." His assertive tone tapered into a pause, trailing off as he caught sight of her making... unexpected moves in the water. When his voice returned, it was with a softer, almost hesitant, "...leave?"

Frog Face knew exactly what she was doing, the sneaky minx. Mid-rant, she had pulled a stunt that had him nearly choking on his words. With a sleek arch of her back, she brought her lower body up through the shimmering surface. She was clad in a swimsuit so strikingly green it challenged the very brightness of the day, accentuated with dark teal stripes tracing her contours.

But it was her fucking ass that stole the damn show.

It hijacked his attention as it broke the surface with the grandeur of a colossal, peach-shaped island; two rounded peaks breaching the ocean's surface with a defiance that belied the pool's serenity. Water sluiced down the large slopes like liquid silk, pouring over every curve of the twin mounds before sinking into the shadowy crevasse splitting her jaw-dropping booty. Massive in scale and perfectly rounded, her cheeks commanded the scene with a brazenness that was un-freaking-missable.

The swimsuit pretty much surrendered to her majestic ass, sinking into her crack as it abandoned any pretence of covering her bombastic buns. Each globe was a perfect hemisphere, glistening with water droplets that captured and refracted sunlight as though she'd dunked her butt in a bucket of diamonds. Every tiny twitch she made sent shivers across her cheeks—and choked his breath—rippling the water's surface. He'd recently come to learn she was packing a whole lot of booty, but seeing it on full, sparkly display under the sun was a whole other level of 'damn'.

"Am I still ruining the view, Bakugo?" she asked with feigned innocence, knowing damn well her ass *was* the whole fucking view.

He snapped out of his butt-gazing daze with a chuckle. "Alright. Hell, I'll admit it. Your ass... isn't the most annoying thing about you."

Her eyes widened in surprise. "That might be the nicest thing you've ever said to me. Ribbit. I knew there was a gentleman in there somewhere."

"A gentleman? Don't make me puke!" he scoffed. Was she freaking serious? But then, he had to admit, that probably said more about his usual tact than anything else. He grunted, standing by his statement. "I just call it like I see it."

Suddenly, she found the comfort to float a little closer to him. "And how do you see it?"

“Exactly as it is. You’re a pain in my ass.”

“But with a view you can appreciate?”

He rolled his eyes behind his shades. “Don’t let your frog head get bigger than it already is. I’ve seen better.”

“Ribbit, but you’re still looking, aren’t you?” She floated even closer.

“Cause it’s hogging the whole damn pool!”

“And... that’s a bad thing?”

“Tch.”

He turned away from the sight of her, scoffing. His mind churned behind the concealing shades. How’d they go from butting heads in the team exercise to completely ignoring each other for a week, and now, to... lowkey flirting? He hadn’t missed her, not for a split second, that was for damn sure. But he couldn’t explain why her presence seemed to inject some colour to the poolside ambiance either.

“Do you want to know how *I* see things?” she floated the idea.

“I don’t give a rat’s ass how you see anything.”

She continued anyway. “I think... you’ve been doing some thinking too.”

“Yeah, about how I might blast you to bits and toss your limbs into my next fiery stir-fry.” His words came out with a scoff, lips curling into a wicked grin.

She stalled, taken by surprise before firing back, “So... you’re saying you want to... devour me, is that it, Bakugo?”

He facepalmed. Since when did Frog Face start twisting every damn word into some perverted shit? Too much time hanging around Sticky Balls, he surmised. Pushing aside her insinuations, he suggested, “Frog legs are considered a delicacy in some places, you know.” His smirk widened, savouring the sadistic tinge to his retort.

“Ribbit,” she croaked. “You’d have to catch me first,” she declared, as if that alone was an impossible feat, then added, “And secondly, I’m still not afraid of you, kero, even less so with the way you’ve been eyeing me.”

“Tch. Please. Quit flattering yourself, Frog Face.”

“Ribbit. Now that I have your attention, are you prepared to hear my apology?”

He bit back the urge to blast her ears into next week. After all, he'd already tried yelling at her to drop it a gazillion times, and that got him nowhere. Maybe if he pretended to care about whatever nonsense she had on her mind, she'd finally let them all move on with their lives. “Fine,” he grunted, shifting his weight on the pool's edge, trying to appear nonchalant. “Spit it out then.”

The look of surprise on Frog Face's face was almost worth it. Clearly, she hadn't expected him to cave, not even for a second.

He just sat there, awkward as hell, waiting for Frog Face to get on with her stupid apology. But instead of words, she took his encouragement to “spit it out” quite literally, and unleashed that freaky-ass tongue of hers.

It glided across the water, slowly making its way towards his legs hanging off the edge. The slimy thing slid up his shin and over his knee—a sensation that made him want to recoil. But screw that; he wasn't about to show any weakness in this little game. What the hell did this have to do with an apology anyway? Frog Face needed to get her head checked. He kept his game face on, hard as concrete, letting her know he was unfazed by anything she could ever throw at him, even her ridiculously long and freakish tongue.

Cold and slick, the damn thing continued its ascent, slinking up his thigh and edging towards the leg hole of his trunks. He clenched his teeth, fighting every ticklish impulse to kick it off. He wouldn't admit it for all the world, but the sensation wasn't as repulsive as he'd always made it out to be. Almost like he was getting used to the damn thing, which was a troubling thought in itself. Hell, it was starting to feel sort of... interesting.

Then, it wriggled up his trunks. He sucked in a deep breath. It was some freaky shit, feeling her tongue squirming under his shorts like a damn tentacle, making the fabric bulge as it snaked further up his muscled thigh. Just how far was Frog Face willing to push this stunt? Whatever. He'd be damned if he was the one to back down first.

And apparently, neither would she.

Frog Face didn't freaking stop. Her tongue kept going, burrowing deep into his trunks. And then, shit, he felt it—that slimy appendage slithering over his fucking nutsack.

His stone-cold face twitched, just a little. “Wha-what the hell is this?”

“Just relax,” she mumbled out of one side of her mouth, sounding all garbled with her tongue tangled up in his shorts.

Relax? Was she out of her freaking mind?! How the hell was he supposed to relax with her slimy tongue all up in his business? He found himself gawking down at his crotch, where her pink serpent was getting way too familiar with every single detail of his ballsack.

It slithered over his left nut, gentle yet inquisitive, like it knew just how sensitive that shit was, before squirming its way over to the other. His balls twitched and rolled as her tongue massaged between and underneath them, sending a mix of ticklish and surprisingly pleasant sensations up his spine, stirring a subtle squirm on the edge of the pool. The slickness of her saliva coated his balls, and when her slimy appendage encircled the neck of his scrotum and gave it a gentle tug, it stirred a strange pleasure in his groin he'd never even conceived of. His muscles locked up, struggling not to jump the hell away or do something even more embarrassing.

As she continued her... ‘ministrations’, his foggy eyes searched her oddly serene pair. She looked freakishly calm about the whole thing. How much experience did she have with this kind of stuff exactly? Maybe she wasn't as by-the-book as she liked to pretend.

“You know how I know you've been thinking about me too?” she said, her voice muffled.

“What?” he muttered, half-dazed, trying to process her words while her elongated appendage stirred a riot of sensations under his shorts. He didn't know what was weirder—Frog Face having her tongue up his swimming trunks, or her trying to have a casual fucking conversation while it was there.

She rambled on through his delirious state. “I can tell because you haven't yelled or cussed me out once today.”

*Heh, plenty of time for that to change...*

“Sure, you’ve still been pretty rude in true Bakugo fashion, ribbit,” she went on, “but hey, baby steps, right?”

He teetered on the verge of losing it, ready to blast her for thinking she could treat him like some sort of pet project. But then, her tongue worked its magic on his pent-up sack, its slick caress tempering his rising fury. His anger started to simmer down, to make way for the pacifying effect of her tongue rolling over his testicles. Fucking unbelievable—Frog Face had him by the balls.

He promised himself he’d still cuss her out, just not now, not when she was working him up so damn good down there. He thought about how they were now, all up close and personal, a stark contrast to when the window pane had stood between them. The distance hadn’t changed much, but shit, something inside made everything feel way closer. Their temperaments were like night and day—his wild fire against her chill demeanour—mirroring each other perfectly, like reflections on the same pane of glass. The more he let it sink in, the more she made a home for herself inside his head.

The bulge in his trunks responded in kind, growing to accept her efforts, to accept that the idea of *her* got him so fucking hard. Before long, the lump in his soaked trunks got uncomfortably big. Then the little minx went and tongue-stroked the curved underside of his dick, all stiff and bent up in his damp shorts, forcing a curse out of him as his grip on the pool’s edge turned white-knuckled.

While working her tongue all over his junk, Frog Face laid her upper body almost parallel to the water, giving him a front-row seat to her big, buoyant buttocks breaking through the surface again. She raised and dipped that fine ass in and out of the water, hell-bent on getting him hard as humanly possible. Alongside the insane licking and tongue-fondling of his crammed cock and balls, he had to grapple with the sight of her perfectly plump peach making his trunks feel like a goddamn straitjacket. He shoved his sunglasses up to his forehead, not wanting to dim a damn thing about this spectacular show.

As her huge, heart-shaped cheeks bobbed in the water, each motion set off similarly heart-shaped ripples across the pool. The sun shone off her big, wet butt, spotlighting every sexy curve; the way her swimsuit was gobbled up by her hungry ass, made them cheeks look even rounder and juicier, a wet dream turned into a wet reality.

She glanced up at him, eyes full of provocation, her froggy butt teasing, almost daring him to plunge in after it. He writhed on the pool's edge, the urge to jump in and grab it growing stronger by the second.

Just as things were heating up, Deku's damn voice rang out from behind, startling Katsuki.

"Oh good, you're still here," chirped the damn nerd.

Shifting on the edge, Katsuki positioned his broad, sculpted back to block Deku's view of Frog Face's underwater antics. As the clueless git continued to approach, blabbering on about having time for that rematch after all, Katsuki's mind raced with expletives. *'This fucking nerd, worst timing ever.'*

Twisting his neck, he shot a scathing glare over his shoulder "HEY, YOU DAMN IDIOT, GET THE FU—"

But his rant got choked off by a sudden grip on his thigh. Glancing down, he saw Frog Face, now floating in the water between his legs, had a hand firmly on his thigh. She whispered, "Now, now, be nice. He didn't realise you'd be in the middle of something."

Katsuki didn't give a shit! He nearly flipped at the absurdity of her request, but there was something about the earnestness in her eyes... Plus, the feel of her tongue worming around in his trunks had him biting back his rage. He grumbled, turning back to Deku. "Hey Dek—uh, Midoriya, can you give me a minute? The pool's kind of occupied."

Deku stayed rooted to the spot, looking like his brain had short-circuited. "What did you... just call me...?"

Katsuki's patience wore thinner than toilet tissue as Deku just stood there gaping like a fish, chipping away at his quality time with Frog Face. At this rate, he'd be as limp-dicked as the loser standing behind him. Katsuki gave the dork all of five seconds to take a hint, but the dumbass continued his best impression of a retarded statue. Fed up, Katsuki raised his hand where Deku could see it and let loose a series of 'warning shot' explosions on the tip of his fingers. "GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE, YOU DAMN NERD! I NEED SOME FUCKING PRIVACY!"

Deku squealed like a stuck pig and bolted from the pool area, scampering faster than Katsuki had ever seen him go.

He huffed, his annoyance still simmering.

Frog Face let out a sigh. “Ribbit... Well, you tried,” she admitted. “We’ll work on it.”

“Fuck that,” he grunted. “You’ve only got one thing to worry about working on, and that’s my damn cock!” He hastened for the waistband of his trunks.

...

Tsuyu retracted her tongue, recalling the long appendage as Bakugo heaved his hips to yank down his trunks. His manhood sprang free, recoiling with a spray of tiny droplets that flecked her face. He let out a hefty sigh, a sound rich with relief, as his freed length swung back with a fleshy thud against his sculpted abdomen. The sudden, resounding thwack made her flinch, her eyes blinking in surprise.

Now liberated, his erection asserted itself with a sense of pride and relief. It rose impressively tall, thick, and intricately veined, a pillar of his physical prowess.

“Scared yet?” he taunted, catching the fleeting astonishment on her face. His phallus stood like the proud warrior he was.

“Ribbit,” she croaked, non-committal. Scared wasn’t the right word. Intrigued was more like it.

In silent reflection, she noted Bakugo was quite the specimen compared to the others she’d seen. His statuesque staff stood firm, an ivory tower crowned with a pink, bulbous tip that triumphantly soared past his navel. Set against the canvas of his sculpted abs and distinct Adonis belt, it was a sight nearly artistic in its display. The meticulous attention to grooming lent an air of polished refinement to his entire lower torso. Even his bloated sack was smooth and hairless, complementing the stately elegance of his shaft, the very picture of virility. Droplets of water cascaded down its veiny length, shimmering like dew on a pristine sculpture. She had long recognised Bakugo’s deep-seated pride in his physical form, and the immaculate landscape of his pelvic area was a testament to it. Though not an aficionado of

male anatomy, even she could appreciate the striking sight before her—large and in charge, with an undercurrent of menace.

She noticed a prominent vein adorning his length, reminiscent of the one frequently bulging on his forehead. “Even your penis looks angry,” she remarked, an air of wonder in her tone. She watched, fascinated, as it throbbed and shuddered of its own accord, jutting from side to side in an unrestrained display of readiness. Tsuyu had never seen anything like it. “Ribbit... I didn’t know they could do that.”

He huffed with a boastful air. “There’s a lot more it can do than just that,” he assured, perched on the edge with his trunks pooled around his half-submerged shins. “What’re you waiting for, Frog Face? A fucking invitation?”

Realising she’d been staring, Tsuyu shot her tongue out and spiralled it around his shaft. She was taken aback by the number of wraps required to encircle even half its length. His girth was impressive within her grasp, and she could feel it pulsating against her tongue, as if she were holding onto his very heartbeat—a sensation both strange and profound. She considered it a significant moment of trust from Bakugo, letting her get this close, handle his prized possession. Nobody had ever gotten this near to him; all her classmates would’ve called her crazy for even thinking about it. Determined, she resolved to take better care of his well-being than she had during his perilous encounter with the League of Villains.

She worked her coiled tongue up and down his length, each vein distinct under her slick touch. The taste of chlorinated water mixed with the natural scent of his skin. Her saliva left a shimmering trail along the way. He fidgeted on the edge, trying hard to mask his pleasure, but every so often, his leg would spasm and kick out into the pool. His restlessness intensified whenever she neared the base of his head. So, she wrapped her tongue around it and applied a gentle squeeze, then extended her nimble appendage further to reach up and tap on the engorged crown. As a salty tinge of precum hit her taste buds, his thighs clamped shut as though he’d just clenched his buttocks, his hands clasping onto the edge for dear life.

He muttered a curse. “You’re a fucking menace,” he grunted, breathless. “If the hero thing doesn’t pan out, you’d make one hell of a vixen with that criminal tongue of yours. Hell, I might just keep you as my personal sidekick. How about that, huh?”

She pondered whether his remark was a genuine question or just a way to voice his pleasure from her tongue massage. Uncertain, she focused her continued attention on

stroking and squeezing along his pulsing girth. Regardless of his intent with that query, she found a quiet satisfaction in his evolving view of her, from a 'useless underling' of yesterday to a 'potential sidekick' of tomorrow.

Indulging in the fantasy he'd spun, Bakugo carried on. "Imagine it, Frog Face. Every morning, you'd have the honour of polishing my gauntlets. And every damn night, polishing my fucking cock."

"Ribbit..." The idea amused her. She couldn't believe Katsuki Bakugo—the Great Explosion Murder God himself—was actually suggesting a sort of companionship, if even only in jest. "So," she mused, her voice garbled, "does that mean you're not repulsed by my tongue anymore?"

His answer came between ragged breaths. "I can tolerate it, under special circumstances."

She didn't need to ask what said 'special circumstances' were. In all honesty, she doubted he had a problem with it at all.

"Anyway, enough talking," he growled. "Could use that wide-ass, froggy mouth for something better."

He reached down, his long arm coaxing her upwards with a finger under her chin. She planted her wet hands on his muscular thighs, struggling a bit with the slippery grip, but managing to hoist herself halfway out of the water to reach his face. With her tongue still protruding from one side of her mouth, Bakugo leaned in for an unconventional kiss, wedging his own tongue into the unoccupied half. The amalgamation of a kiss intertwined with oral stimulation was awkward, balancing his tongue in her mouth while hers continued attending to his arousal. Bakugo, however, embraced the awkwardness, deepening the lip lock with fervour in the limited space her mouth afforded him. His sunglasses wobbled precariously as he pressed harder into the kiss, his lips meshing with hers in the strange, shared space.

Bathed in the warm glow of the sun, Tsuyu and Bakugo existed in solitude, wrapped in an embrace at the pool's edge. The rest of the world around them drifted away, leaving them alone in their intimate cocoon, the poolside their secluded isle, setting the perfect scene to explore and understand each other away from prying eyes.

Bakugo pulled back from the kiss. “Enough with that tongue,” he ordered. She gladly withdrew it, welcoming the respite after such a strenuous workout. He allowed her a brief pause before bluntly instructing, “Get back down there and suck it like you mean it.” She plunged back into the pool with a hefty splash and then resurfaced, positioning herself between his legs, her arms for support over his thighs.

Tsuyu came head-to-head with his immense erection, surpassing the length of her face, its tip grazing her forehead while her chin shed droplets on his testicles. It loomed over her, an imposing presence, its palpable heat brushing the tip of her nose, its masculine scent intermingled with traces of chlorinated water. A flicker of doubt crossed her mind about handling his entire length, but she reminded herself she wasn't afraid of Bakugo, and this was just another part of him. Admittedly, a rather big part of him.

Impatient as ever, he grumbled, “Hurry up, we don't have all fucking day,” and pulled her down towards the swollen mushroom-tip. As soon as it nudged her lips, she parted them, and instantly, Bakugo applied a firm pressure on the top of her head, easing his way into her mouth. A deep, guttural sigh rumbled from his chest, his relief so intense that she felt its vibrations resonate through her skull.

“Ooh fuck yes,” he moaned, revelling in the warmth of her mouth. Sunlight glinted off his sunglasses as he tilted his head upwards, seemingly thanking the cosmic forces that crafted this moment. “Always wondered if this freakishly wide frog mouth could take it all,” he muttered to himself, almost implying he didn't believe an ordinary-sized mouth would be up to the task. She paused at that thought—it almost sounded as though he had previously contemplated this scenario with her?

As if putting his fantasy to the test, he jostled his stiff member left and right inside her mouth, gauging the capacity of her cavernous chops. He wasn't gentle either, steering her head this way and that, searching for the perfect fit and angle. With some assertive readjustment, he got her positioned precisely how he wanted, her head craned sideways in an unnatural position, forcing room for nearly his entire length at a slanted angle. It pressed against her cheek, bulging it outward with a clear imprint of his bulbous head. Only about an inch of shaft was still visible outside her overstuffed mouth. Her tongue, just managing to wriggle free, could barely reach out to lick his testicles.

Bakugo groaned with satisfaction, almost all of him fitting snugly. He kept her head in place with force and tapped her distended cheek in a taunting rhythm. “Hell yeah,” he sneered, each pat echoing against the imprint of his member, “your oversized frog mouth’s actually good for something. You should be loving this,” he jeered. “Rumour says you’ve been on the prowl for some dick. Well, you’ve hit the motherfucking jackpot now.” His unapologetic phallus wore her mouth like a glove. “Take it all, you damn cock-hungry toad.” He thrust, even with no room to thrust, each push jerking her stuffed face sideways. “Yeah, that’s it, Cock Face. Bet everyone would die to see you like this.”

Her brow furrowed in confusion, but with her mouth fully occupied, she couldn’t voice her rebuttal. She wasn’t aware of what rumours he had heard, but she certainly hadn’t been “on the prowl for some dick”. Her past interactions with other classmates always had a clear purpose, unrelated to personal gratification. Thinking back, though, she could see how misconstrued stories might have led him and others to such pejorative conclusions. Maybe she could’ve approached this whole thing a little more prudently.

He pressed on with his mockery. “Maybe I should call Deku back here, let him see how a true alpha handles a cocktease,” he sneered. “He’ll never measure up, not on the battlefield and sure as hell not in the pants department.” Bakugo chuckled cruelly. “Heard you gave him a go, heh. Bet that wimpy nerd blew it in half a second.” He laughed like a maniac.

Tsuyu, though fond of Midoriya and respectful of him, couldn’t deny Bakugo’s superiority in physical endowment. She recollected how Midoriya’s modest size had been far less challenging than the overwhelming fullness of Bakugo’s girth. And as for his jibe about Midoriya’s quickness, it was uncomfortably close to the truth. She was thankful Bakugo’s size had her mouth fully occupied, saving her the trouble of fabricating a response to protect Midoriya’s dignity. Bakugo’s ruthless ridicule could pass without her needing to confirm or deny any of it.

“Am I better than Deku?” Bakugo demanded to know, but she still couldn’t answer with her mouth full. He repeated the question, still getting no response. Finally, he realised she couldn’t speak with his saliva-drenched member plugging her mouth, so he pulled it out with a loud, wet pop. “Well?” he demanded once more.

Reluctantly, she responded, “Leave Midoriya out of this.”

“Answer me! I need to hear it coming out of your damn mouth!”

“Ribbit,” she countered. “Are you really thinking about Midoriya right now when I’m right in front of you?”

He grunted dismissively. “That’s not it.”

“Isn’t it?” It perplexed her at times, how he could be so driven, so talented, so prideful, and yet, so insecure. His burning desire to outdo everyone never ceased to amaze her, especially when it came to Midoriya. Tsuyu often thought, with just a minor alteration in the universe, those two might have ended up as lovers instead of rivals.

He finally dropped it with a frustrated grunt. “Whatever.” He pulled her head back towards his erection. “You’re not done here, Frog Face. Quit slacking off.”

Prior to complying, Tsuyu attempted something she typically reserved for those she held dear. “Please,” she whispered, “call me Tsu.”

His expression flickered with confusion. “Huh, that supposed to mean something?” Then, he barked, “I’ll call you whatever the fuck I want, got it?! Now shut up and keep sucking!”

Tsuyu gave a resigned ribbit. He was hopeless.

With his fingers curled tightly into her sodden locks, he dragged her head back towards his stiff arousal. “Work it!”

She took up the challenge and started bobbing her head independently, drawing out muted groans from her impatient classmate. Upping her efforts, her coiled tongue stroked his girth, complimenting the suction created by her lips. She heard and sensed his pleasure, but also, his frustration each time she didn’t take him as deep as he longed.

An impatient Bakugo barked, “What kind of sorry-ass apology is this? If you’re gonna apologise, do it with fucking meaning!” He pushed her bobbing head down further, forcing her past the midway point of his length for the first time, and triggered a gag. She felt her throat constricting, her body’s natural response to the overwhelming intrusion. Saliva burst and slushed from the corners of her mouth, mingling with the involuntary, guttural noises escaping her. He chuckled at the strangled noises and pulled her up by her damp hair, only to force her back down again, each gag throatier than the last, exciting him. “Keep choking on it

you dick-thirsty frog,” he urged. “Heh, speaking of which, heard your Quirk lets you puke stuff up from your stomach, that true?”

He was correct in essence, but it wasn't a part of her skillset she was fond of executing. Doing it in front of others was borderline humiliating, not exactly her flashiest looking ability.

“Let's test it then,” he goaded, his voice dripping sadistically. “Let's see if you can get my cock out if I bury it deep in your stomach.” And then, without warning, his manhood surged upwards as she moved down, the monstrous shaft ramming the back of her throat, pushing her gag reflex to its absolute limit. And the scariest part? He *still* wasn't all the way in.

Her eyes bulged at the overwhelming choking sensation. Try as she might, she ended up regurgitating his mighty length, coughing and gasping for air.

He just chuckled. “Found your limit, huh? Don't sweat it, we can work on that. Baby steps, right?” He winked. “Heard you were lurking around the boys' locker room on a damn dick hunt. Heh, you're lucky I wasn't there, or you'd have found what you were looking for way sooner. But hey, better late than never, right?” Before she could catch her breath, he clasped her jaw, pried her mouth wide, and thrust his manhood back inside. His initial thrusts were deceptively gentle, soon followed by a forceful surge that elicited a violent gag. He allowed her a brief moment to gulp for air, then did it all over again.

Each time she withstood a deep thrust, the next got a bit easier. A peculiar sense of pride developed within her. Maybe she deserved this rough treatment from Bakugo. Wasn't penance part of forgiveness? A necessary step towards redemption? Unlike her other classmates who readily accepted her apologies, Bakugo demanded a trial of resilience. It only strengthened her resolve to endure.

She pushed herself to deepthroat him, each attempt a battle, her throat resisting as his length nudged against the entrance of her oesophagus. His groans, laced with crude approval, spurred her on. “That's the fucking spirit.” He thumbed away her drool with a smirk, then chucked his sunglasses back over his shoulder. “I want to see those fucking eyes water!” he growled as they did just that. “Show me those damn tears if you're really sorry.” Motivated by his fighting words, she committed to a deep, decisive plunge, forcing his rigid member further up her throat than ever before. It ended with an intense, gut-wrenching gag that

echoed loudly. He gave a roar of raw appreciation. “Goddamn, Frog Face, you nearly swallowed me whole! Damn impressive.”

With his shaft held firmly in her throat, her eyes welled up from the strain. He peered down at her, noticing how her mouth was stretched to its limits, her upper teeth grazing his skin in a delicate balance of discomfort and determination. With a surprisingly gentle touch, he brushed away the water pooling in her eyes.

“You really mean it, don’t you, Frog Face?” he asked, a rare softness in his voice amid the intense moment.

At last, he pulled her head back until a wet pop and a gasp marked her release. He took a deep breath himself, leaning back on his arms. She wiped her mouth, a flush of embarrassment crossing her face at the sight of her saliva drenching his lap and leaving his erection glistening with a viscous sheen. Bakugo, however, grinned as he surveyed the mess, more impressed than anything else. As their eyes met, she saw something different in his gaze—a glint of acknowledgement that was new. They paused, exchanging deep gazes and laboured breaths, silently recognising a transformation in their relationship.

Bakugo stood on the edge, his trunks slipping off his shins to drift in the pool. She looked up at him, struck by the sight of his naked, towering, muscular physique. From down in the water, he looked even taller, his stature magnified. Each chiselled contour and angle of his musculature, from his defined legs, across his intricately sculpted abs, to his broad, water-adorned chest, was sharply delineated. Water droplets traced paths over his carved form, while his normally spiky hair was now dampened and clinging to his forehead. Fittingly enough, his lean and built frame mirrored that of an elite swimmer as he stood against the sun, creating an eclipse of light around him while casting his domineering shadow over her.

His form was reminiscent of a living Greek statue, but with a key difference—his manhood was nothing like the understated, flaccid representations of classical art. In stark contrast, his member was assertively erect. It led the way as he strode along the poolside with unashamed confidence, bobbing with each of his steps, dripping with saliva, followed by her captivated gaze. He descended a step into the pool and eased onto the wide concrete platform, reclining against the edge while stretching his arms along it in a gesture claiming his territory. Submerged up to his waist, the water lapped against his lower half, leaving only the uppermost part of his proud erection breaching the water’s surface. “Get your ass over

here, Frog Face,” he demanded, dripping with authority and smugness. “I haven’t made up my mind about your apology yet.”

She swam towards the steps and emerged from the water, the scene unfolding almost in slow motion.

Her face surfaced first, her large, teal eyes gleaming like emeralds, while the tip of her tongue rested lazily at the corner of her mouth. Then, her generous bust emerged, tightly fitted in the green swimsuit adapted from her hero costume, with two dark lines that traced down her sides and swept over her breasts. Her rising bosom carried water upwards with its emergence, droplets glimmering and trailing off her curves, emphasising the fullness of her chest. The streams cascaded down her narrow waist and flat stomach, too, revealing the faint outline of her navel beneath the clinging wet fabric, while rivulets spilled over the roundness of her hips. Her dark-green hair, long and drenched, flowed past her waist, leaving a trail of shimmering droplets in its wake. The drops falling from her body and tresses created a soft melody of trickles, a serene backdrop to her momentous ascent from the water.

Each stair she climbed towards him felt majestic, as if ascending the steps to a throne.

Approaching Bakugo, she watched him tilt his head to one side, his gaze tracing up her dripping-wet, toned thighs. She could see it in his eyes—a certain level of respect for her physique, even if it was softer and less muscular compared to his ripped thighs and bulging biceps. His eyes devoured every inch of her ‘frog legs’ as he’d alluded to, a drastic shift from the evasive glances back in the classroom and during her window stunt.

Mineta, unfortunately, was the only other person who ever ogled her like Bakugo was right now, and that only ever irked her. Yet, somehow, Bakugo’s unblinking scrutiny felt different, felt like an achievement— piquing the interest of the one guy who always seemed indifferent to everything except his own lofty ambitions. This newfound, open admiration was unlike anything she had ever felt, bringing an unexpected blush to her cheeks, despite her composed stride.

Standing tall, she anchored her feet on either side of him in the shallow depths. His erection, jutting out from the water, was aiming straight up between her parted legs. Merging boldness with a hint of shyness, she gripped the material at the crotch of her swimsuit. As she pulled the fabric aside, her swollen labia emerged like the soft, inviting folds of a luxurious velvet curtain, moist with morning dew. Their subtle brown hue hung in stunning relief

against the green of her swimsuit. The feeling of her delicate petals brushing against the inside of her costume as they emerged, sent a thrilling shiver through her. Poised just above his line of sight, her reveal deepened the ravenous look in his eyes. His usual smirk seemed muted, overtaken by a focused intensity. In a low, charged tone, thick with urgency, he issued a single command:

“Down.”

She hid her timid eyes from his scrutiny while holding her costume aside and lowering into a squat. The touch of his swollen tip against her sensitive folds sent a shiver up her body. Hesitation gripped her as she registered the daunting width of his head nudging at her entrance. His hand reached out and found her waist, easing her descent with a gentle but insistent push.

A sharp intake of breath escaped her, feeling the surprising stretch of her entrance, the sensation more intense than she'd anticipated. His hand remained a comforting presence on her hip, leading her deeper into the water, each inch welcoming him into the warmth of her body.

Gradually adapting to the fullness of his girth, she experienced a myriad of sensations: the caress of the balmy afternoon air on her upper body juxtaposed against the chill of the pool soothing her thighs and buttocks with each dip. The water created gentle ripples mirroring their rhythmic, intimate union. Bakugo was unusually quiet. She lifted her gaze to see his face etched with strained concentration.

“You look so focused,” she noted, her voice steady despite her uneven breaths. “You’re not daydreaming about Midoriya again, are you?”

A slight chuckle broke from the corner of his mouth. “Hilarious.”

“Ribbit.”

“Quit messing around and go lower.” His grip tightened on her waist.

She pushed herself down further, a choked moan spilling from her lips. The pleasurable agony of taking more of him nearly unbalanced her, until her hands fell onto his sturdy chest. He offered an encouraging nod. She anchored herself on his chiselled pecs, gaining leverage to bolster the vigour of her hips.

He grunted his appreciation. “That’s right, keep going like that. Take the whole damn thing, every fucking inch. Show me you’re not all talk.”

Though she wasn’t sure she could take him entirely, his prompting spurred her on, and she quickened her pace, determined to try.

The placid ripples around them turned more turbulent as her hips moved with greater purpose. Their pants and grunts intertwined—hers muted and rhythmic, his punctuated by occasional swearing. “C’mon,” he huffed, his hand migrating from her waist to her left buttock, gripping and then smacking it sharply as it rose from the water. “Lower, you need to fucking earn it, Frog Face!” She hastened her pace while he found a rhythm in spanking her ass. “Expect me to accept your whole apology if you won’t accept my whole fucking cock?” he taunted, his spans growing firmer. “Fucking take it!”

His patience wore thin, prompting him to take matters into his own hands. She yelped in surprise as he shifted beneath her. His free hand swung around and grabbed her other butt-cheek with a wet slap. Caught off guard, she toppled against his chest, his shaft still partially embedded. He kneaded and pried her firm buttocks apart with his big, rough hands. She let out a subdued “hnnng” as water invaded the crevice between her spread cheeks, the misaligned band of her swimsuit barely concealing her anus. With a strong grip on her plump backside, Bakugo rose from his seated position, effortlessly elevating her. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders as he brought them both upright, her body suspended in his arms.

He took the reins. His hands, though slippery, held a firm grip on her wet rear. He balanced her thighs over his forearms and drew her in, his erection navigating past her skewed swimsuit. She bit back her moans, resting her head on his shoulder while he controlled the depth of their union. His pace was measured, mercifully slow, drawing her onto him in steady increments. Her cheek brushed against his, feeling the heated puffs of his breath, a sign of both the physical exertion of holding her up and the intense pleasure he was deriving. “Shit, Frog Face, didn’t think you’d be this fucking tight,” he grumbled close to her ear.

Her body enveloped more of his manhood, a snug and slick welcome, surprising even to her. Being this open and physically receptive to Katsuki Bakugo was the last thing she had expected. He was rude, a loudmouth, notoriously abrasive and perpetually standoffish, yet she

had to admit, when he wasn't simmering or brooding, under certain lights, there were moments she had thought he possessed a certain physical appeal. If he'd learned how to smile, and put as much effort into his interpersonal skills as his physical training, she mused, he'd probably be quite popular with the ladies.

She pondered, with a slight twinge of discomfort, the notion of her female classmates discovering the diamond in his rough. Although he had made it abundantly clear he wasn't her problem to fix, it was hard to ignore the progress they'd made in such a short window. She chose to set her reflections aside, instead immersing herself in the pain and pleasure his considerable girth introduced.

Clinging to him, she took a deep, contented breath, finding a sense of security in his arms. Beneath his fiery facade, he showed himself to be a more multifaceted lover than she had imagined.

His harsh words and carnal aggression belied an underlying attentiveness. He seemed aware of her thresholds and refrained from forcing it too deep while holding her aloft. Gradually, she felt the increasing stretch and pressure of him inside her, a sensation balanced on the edge of intensity but never crossing into discomfort. His careful adjustments, the controlled deepening of his reach, were attuned to her reactions, allowing her to slowly accommodate him without feeling overburdened.

Bakugo was more of a team player than he cared to show on the surface. This was him chopping the vegetables all over again. Tsuyu decided to keep her observations to herself, respecting his need for the tough exterior he wasn't yet ready to shed. It was hard to believe, but here she was, trusting Katsuki Bakugo with her body.

He halted without warning, extracting himself from her wetness. The sudden absence left her feeling startlingly empty, a hollow void where moments ago there was fulfilling pressure. She longed for it, to regain the sense of fullness only his enormity could provide.

As their cheeks brushed side-by-side, she mustered the courage to express her thoughts, her voice barely more than a whisper against his skin. "You're incredibly gifted, you know," she murmured. "Maybe even the best of us, ribbit. You might not agree, but I think if roles were reversed, you'd have been first to charge in and rescue a classmate captured by the League of Villains, no matter what anybody said. That's why... I feel so awful about what I

said to the others. I regret not being there for you like I should have been. And for that, I'm really sorry, Bakugo. Can you forgive me?"

Her sincere admission hung in the air, unanswered, as the cool atmosphere around them juxtaposed with the warmth of their bodies.

After an agonising eternity, he responded.

"No," he muttered, sharp and to the point. "You're not sorry," he added, perplexing her. "But you will be."

Before she could process his cryptic reply, he swung her in a wide arc then chucked her through the air. She spun precariously, a startled yelp bursting from her lips just moments before she hit the water with a big splash.

Fully submerged, her thoughts whirled in confusion. She turned to see Bakugo diving in after her, a determined scowl marking his features. It ignited a spontaneous rush within her, an urge to evade him. She spun around and swam speedily towards the pool's opposite end. A small, involuntary smile played on her lips, the thrill of this sudden chase invoking memories of childhood games. Confident of her advantage underwater, she glanced back, expecting to see him trailing far behind. Instead, the pool was eerily empty.

Puzzled, she turned back to the front, only to feel something stirring at the edge of her vision. Swivelling towards it, she caught Bakugo cutting through the water alongside her, his arms extended at his sides, propelling himself forward with bursts from his Quirk. She hadn't known his abilities could be so effective underwater.

A mix of fear and exhilaration accelerated her strokes.

Reaching the pool's edge, her hand broke the surface and slapped onto the concrete. Almost instantly, Bakugo's larger hand thudded down beside hers. As she pulled herself up, she felt his overshadowing presence emerge right behind her, trapping her between the pool's wall and his towering figure. Suddenly, his hand encircled her throat from behind, his voice a low, menacing growl close to her ear, sending shivers down her spine, "What was that about having to catch you first?"

A shaky 'ribbit' quivered through her lips, almost drowned out by the pounding of her heart.

“You’re mine now,” he proclaimed, his grip tightening around her throat, an assertive yet controlled pressure, as he dragged his tongue up the curve of her cheek, lapping the pool water off her skin.

His forceful dominance stirred an unexpected arousal within her, a marked departure from the hesitance she’d encountered in the other boys. Bakugo embraced her proposition with a lack of reservation, keen on using this opportunity to help her assuage past regrets. She could feel his firm arousal pressing against her back, his heat searing through the thin barrier of her swimsuit, pinning her against the pool’s tiled wall. He shifted his hold from her throat to an arm lock around her neck. Keeping her right where he wanted, he used his free hand to yank down a strap of her swimsuit. Her breast bobbed free, floating to the surface, its nipple rigid in a way that had nothing to do with the water’s chill. “Getting off on this, huh, you filthy toad?”

“Ribbit…”

“Damn right, you are,” he growled, “I’m gonna give you exactly what you’ve been begging for.” His hand rose from the water, breaking the surface to seize her bobbing breast. He groped it, rough and greedily, his fingers tweaking her nipple, pulling and pinching, drawing a sharp gasp from her. The combination of gentle caress and sharp pinching made her peak stand even more obediently between his fingers. “Such a horny, little slut, aren’t you? You must be real proud of yourself, making me bust nuts over my own goddamn sheets.”

She was startled by his blunt oversharing. Normally, such a sordid admission would churn her stomach, but instead, the idea of Bakugo nurturing such intense, bed-soiling fantasies about her amplified the throbbing in her core. What was happening to her?

“I’m gonna be the one needing forgiveness for what I’m about to do to this teasing, little cunt of yours,” he threatened in a husky growl.

His hand then moved to the lower seam of her swimsuit, yanking it from between her tight cheeks. The water around her backside began to heat up—a telltale sign of his Quirk at work. In seconds, the fabric between his fingers sizzled and disintegrated, leaving the bottom of her swimsuit hanging open like a split bodysuit. He raised the rear flap, allowing himself unobstructed access to her backside and crotch. Under the water, he manoeuvred his rigid member between her legs, and with a sudden, forceful thrust, he sank his entirety inside her.

“K-KERO!”

...

A wicked grin crept across Katsuki's face. The way her tightness clenched around him was fucking incredible, a sensation worth holding still and savouring. All those slow, torturous strokes weren't for nothing; they were just prep work, softening her up for this precise moment of total conquest.

“Fuck, Frog Face,” he rasped, a rough whisper of satisfaction. “Your damn cunt's way tighter than I gave it credit for.” Boy was he wrong for ever calling it loose. He revelled in the way she squeezed around him, so damn snug it felt like not even a droplet could squeeze through. All those dumbass rumours, all that bullshit about her getting around... He scoffed. Those damn extras definitely didn't have the artillery he was packing. No fucking way she was leaving this pool as tight as she hopped in, he'd make damn sure of that.

Reasserting the arm lock around her neck, he drove into her depths with a series of full-length thrusts. “I'm gonna remodel your fucking pussy, Frog Face,” he growled. Each plunge was a statement, a declaration of his dominance, making sure she felt every damn inch of him, intent on stretching her to new limits.

He could barely contain a sinful grin as he held Frog Face captive against the pool's wall. Each savage thrust forced a strangled sound from her, her pleasure choked under the pressure of his arm lock. “That's right, squirm for me,” he sneered, feeling her body quiver, his powerful hips dragging along water with every thrust. The useless flap of her ruined swimsuit fluttered in the underwater currents behind her bare ass. His cock kept sliding into her, disappearing completely, causing the water around them to churn and ripple.

“Fucking love this, don't you?” he taunted. “Told you this was coming. You're gonna learn the hard way not to fuck with a true alpha.” His crude and explicit taunts matched the ferocity of his pumping. “Thought you were a match for me in the water? Not even close, slowpoke! I'm gonna fuck you senseless in every corner of this damn pool, and there's not a goddamn thing you can do about it,” he growled, a mix of lust and triumph. Each word was punctuated with a punishing thrust of his hips. “You're lucky I didn't drag you in through that damn window and pound you on the damn spot!”

“Ri-ribbit!”

Maybe that was what Frog Face wanted from the start—the little slut. Her spiel about forgiveness was only half the story; no one went around whoring themselves up like that unless they were stupidly horny. He recalled overhearing her dumbass questions about orgasms to Round Face. Knew right then she hadn't had a real good fuck. Well, he was about to give her just that.

He reeled back, letting just the tip of his dick linger inside her, then slammed back in with force, crushing her against the wall with his muscular frame. He did it again, pulled back, then plunged forward, squashing her against the cool tiles, her big, juicy ass flattened by his hard pelvis. “Feel that, huh? That's me owning your ass,” he grunted. On his third power drive, when he'd driven himself in as deep as he could go, he felt her body quake in the confined space, her legs quivering underwater, feet tilted downwards and spasming against his shins. “Yeah, take it all, feel me in your fucking guts, you filthy toad.”

After making damn sure she learned a thing or two, he pulled his cock out of her punished cunt and released the armlock from around her neck. She gasped for air, leaning on the pool's edge, panting like she'd run a fucking marathon. He spun her around, chuckling at her fucked-out look, her ridiculous tongue dangling loosely past her jaw, one tit still floating out of her torn swimsuit. “Bet you've never been dicked down like that, huh?”

All she managed was a weak-ass 'ribbit'.

“Made you respect this fucking cock, didn't I?”

She nodded weakly.

“DIDN'T I, BITCH?”

“Ribbit!” She gave a firmer nod.

“Damn right,” he muttered, the rough edge of his voice softening as he brushed her cheek. The shock on her face was priceless, all wide-eyed and dazed from his gentle caress. He had to give it to her; she was a real fucking trooper, taking all that dick without blacking out, more than he could say for Shroom Scamp. Showed some real fucking guts, Frog Face, worthy of respect. Maybe now he would pay attention to what she had to say. Maybe...

But he wasn't about to get all soft now. Not with those tempting lips right at his fingertips. His touch shifted from a soft caress to a rough grab, pulling her face to his for a blazing kiss—raw, fierce—just like everything else about him.

Startled initially, Frog Face quickly got into the groove, throwing herself into the kiss. Her arms looped around his neck, pulling them closer, her fieriness matching his own. Together, they twirled through the pool, their own aquatic dance floor, the only soundtrack being the gentle lap of water and the wet smacks of their increasingly sloppy kisses.

He'd always kept his tongue out of these whores' damn mouths whenever he screwed them, but shit was different with Frog Face. She got wild with hers, wrapping it around his like some kind of slippery serpent, sucking on it like she was trying to pull out his soul. The sensation was weirdly fucking amazing. He leaned into it, kissed her harder.

As they drifted past his abandoned trunks floating by, he tore what remained of her swimsuit, yanking it down her arm and freeing her other tit to bob in the water. Frog Face was just as eager to ditch the shredded fabric, peeling it down her waist and wriggling out of the remains, leaving them both butt-ass naked in the school pool.

Their skin connected beneath the surface; her heartbeat thumping against his torso, her strong legs hooked around his waist. He scooped handfuls of her fat ass, squeezed those firm cheeks hard, her moan spilling into his mouth from their locked lips. Their momentum carried them through the water, floating along until his back pressed against the pool's wall, breaking their longwinded kiss.

But he still wanted to feel her lips—just, somewhere else.

Without saying shit, he shoved her head under the water. Frog Face got the hint real quick. In seconds, he felt the pressure of her mouth swallowing his cock. He got damn well lost in the glory of her underwater special, not giving two shits about anything else, eyes shut tight, floating in nirvana. Then, out of fucking nowhere, a random voice crashed his party.

“Hey, have you seen Deku?”

His eyes snapped open in irritation to find Round Face, clueless as ever, in her damn swimsuit approaching the pool area. Her timing was just as bad as that damn nerd she was looking for. He was about to tell her to fuck right off, but a groan of pleasure ripped through him instead.

She gave him this weird look, like she'd never seen someone in fucking ecstasy before. "Uh, everything okay?" She crept closer to the pool, cautious, walking on eggshells.

"No, everything's not okay! Why don't you take your stupid, round-ass fa—aaaah!" he tried again, but the pleasure kept screwing with his words.

Round Face blinked. Then her eyes trailed to the floating trunks and the rising bubbles in front of him. About time the bimbo figured it out.

He gritted his teeth, biting back more curses, forcing calm into his voice. "Just leave, alright? Please?"

"Alright," she muttered, already beating a hasty retreat. As she bailed, she tossed over her shoulder, "I'll come back when the pool's been... disinfected or something."

"Tch." Such a pain in the ass.

The moment she left, Frog Face resurfaced, grinning like she'd pulled off some big stunt. "See, ribbit, you're getting the hang of being more polite."

"Shut it." He shoved her head back underwater. She got right back to it, engulfing his cock again, amplified by water swirling around them.

Leaning back, arms stretched along the pool edge, he felt a fucking volcano of urgency brewing inside him. Getting blown underwater was something else; her mouth was a goddamn vortex, sucking him into an abyss of unbearable pleasure. As she bobbed and tugged, a frenzy of bubbles rushed to the surface, visual echoes of the ecstasy she was wringing from him.

"Don't fucking stop," he pleaded, his voice barely above a whisper, throaty with lust. The relentless suction, combined with the aquatic resistance, was driving him out of his fucking mind. His fingers gripped the edge of the pool, knuckles white, as he fought to keep himself anchored in reality.

It was like holding back a tidal wave, every suck, every pulse of her mouth dragging him closer to the edge. His hips bucked on their own, seeking more of that maddening pleasure, that perfect fucking suction. He could feel her throat constrict around him, her gag reflex kicking in but she powered through it. The way she was taking him, all teeth scraped back, all tongue and suction, sent him spiralling.

And then, it hit him—a cataclysmic release, so powerful it nearly blinded him. His cum flooded her mouth in a hot, relentless torrent, a stark contrast to the tranquillity of the surrounding waters. The force of his nut wracked his body, every muscle tensing, every nerve ending alight with ecstatic fire. “Swallow it all, you damn dick-starved frog,” he rasped, both hands gripping her head in place. Taking advantage of her froggy ability to stay underwater like it was nothing, he made damn sure not a single drop spilt into the pool. His balls gave that final twitch, and it kinda felt like he was pissing in the pool, but a thousand times more satisfying, while she vacuumed it all up like some deep-sea cleaner.

She popped up, cheeks bulging more than a chipmunk, before backstroking across the water and spitting out the contents of her mouth in a fountain-like spray. A jet of water mixed with his cum arched through the air like a fricking rainbow. He couldn't hold back a chuckle at her carefree show.

Feeling the aftermath of their exertion, he hung back and just watched her do her thing, swimming leisurely laps like she was on some tropical getaway. He couldn't shake off what she had said about them being alike. It sounded like total bullshit on the surface, but here they were, alone in the pool, cut off from everyone else. The truth was both of them spent more time in their own heads than most of their classmates. And both of them came across like social oddballs in their own ways, but for different reasons, each hooked on some form of recognition from their peers. He craved acknowledgement; she craved acceptance. Maybe if they kept at this, relied on each other for the stuff they sought, they could avoid acting out in ways deemed unconventional by societal norms.

Maybe.

While his thoughts wandered, Frog Face swam back in his direction, showing off with a flawless backstroke. She stopped and floated on her back right in front of him. Then, she flipped onto her stomach, turning to showcase those juicy cheeks of hers. Her big, wet ass bobbed on the gentle surface, glistening under the sun like it was bathed in golden honey. His cock twitched as though he were laying eyes on it for the first time. She beckoned him with a teasing finger before diving underwater.

A crooked grin spread across his face. This again?

He dove right after her, the liquid world muffling the sounds around them. She wasn't racing away this time. Instead, she swam leisurely just a few strokes ahead, slow and

teasing. Each kick through the water was more than just breaststroke; it was a fucking tease, her legs parting way wider than necessary, flashing the space beneath those taut cheeks. She knew exactly what she was doing with her exaggerated strokes, flaunting that soaked pussy right in his face. Each glimpse of her sodden lips sent a rush straight through him. He swam faster, driven by this primal itch to close the gap, to get his hands on her again, every muscle in his body tensed and ready.

She just made it to the pool steps when he swooped upon her like a goddamn hawk. Snatching her waist, she was stuck there on all fours, arms on the edge, knees on the first step, and that big, glistening ass of hers half out of the water, just begging for it. His cock surged out of the pool, a fricking leviathan awakening from its depths, fully recharged and raging hard, ready to fuck shit up. Gripping her slender waist with a firm grasp, his fingers dug into her supple skin, anchoring her. Then, his dick sliced through the water like a fucking torpedo, splitting her in two.

“Aaahh, kero!”

“Yeah, fucking love that, don’t you?” he growled, feeling her body shudder against his thrusts.

He slapped her fat ass, hard enough to leave a mark, grinning as he watched the taut flesh ripple from impact. “If I catch wind of you flirting with any of those other dickheads again, I swear to fuck, Froggy, you’re gonna wish you hadn’t,” he snarled, spanking her again, harder. “You’re mine now, all this ass, all this fucking pussy, all of it. No one else lays a hand on you, got it?” His grip tightened on her hips, possessive and bruising, as he pounded into her, leaving no room for debate.

He fucked her with a fury only possible above the surface. Free of the water’s resistance holding him back, his hips became a blur of aggression and raw power, each thrust hitting home with enough force to make her quake from head to toe. “Die! Told you I was going to murder this cunt, didn’t I?!” Again and again, he stabbed through her sopping gash, his flesh slapping against her ass with wet, resounding thwacks that echoed off the tiles, splashing water everywhere. Every crack of his palm left a bright red print on her big booty, marking his damn territory.

“Your ass was fucking built for this!” He marvelled at how her cheeks wobbled, recoiled and snapped back to their tautness after each ram of his pelvis.

Every thrust set off a fucking tsunami in the pool, loud as hell, nearly drowning out the clapping of their flesh. The carnal flurry sent massive waves crashing over the pool's edge. And Frog Face kept letting out these little ribbits and 'kero!' sounds—kinda hilarious, her froggy noises popping out in the middle of moans, like bad hiccups she couldn't control.

And she had no luck controlling her tits either; her funbags bounced and jiggled above the edge of the pool, flailing all over the damn place, flinging droplets through the air. The deep drilling had her arms shaking, barely steady on the edge. Meanwhile, any poor bastard unlucky enough to walk in from the other side of the pool would've got an eyeful of his butt cheeks working overtime as he plunged balls-deep into the water. Hell, it was a damn miracle no one had busted in on them already; what with the violent splashing, and her non-stop moaning and ribbiting making it sound like a damn frog was getting raped in the school pool.

“Ugh, yeah, take it, you slutty little frog!”

“Ah, aaaaah, k-kero!”

“DIIIEEE!”

“Aaahhnnn!”

Water splashed, hips crashed.

“Fuck, uhn, you love this, don't you?”

*PLAP! PLAP!*

“Mmm...aah... Kero! Ahh, kero!”

*PLAP!*

“Uugghh yeah, damn right you do!”

A deep *THRUST*.

“Rrrribbit!”

“ARGH! That pussy's so damn tight around my fucking cock! Gaouh...I'm putting it all the way in again...”

“Aaah oohh... Baku—KERO!”

“Haaah! Fuck yeah! No one else does it like me, huh?” He slapped her ass for good measure. “Remember that, Froggy!”

“Oooh...!”

The harder he hammered into her gash, the louder she moaned, like she knew she'd been a naughty bitch and deserved every fucking inch of his punishing dick.

Again and again, his hips smashed against her ass with a force as explosive as any detonation from his Quirk. He grabbed under her throat and yanked back until her face tilted upwards right beneath his, her spine arching at an extreme angle. Thanks to her flexibility, he could land rough kisses on her upside-down forehead and gaze into her half-lidded eyes, all without breaking the ferocious pace of his pounding.

“You're mine, Frog Face. Mine to fuck how I want, where I want,” he breathed, heavy with exertion and excitement. Their frenzied rhythm escalated, a cacophony of slapping flesh and splashing water. Then abruptly, she threw an arm back and smacked a hand against his pistoning hip, a plea for pause as her body seized up around his huge dick. Her arched back convulsed, her cunt squeezing so damn hard he had to rip his cock out. One second longer and she would've sucked another load out of him right then and there.

Heart still racing, he dropped his ass on the shallow pool step, taking a much-needed breather. She was still bent over the edge, chest heaving wildly as she recovered from her climax. “Ribbit... that was...”

“Just the fucking start,” he cut in, smirking like a conqueror.

...

Tsuyu had barely caught her breath when Bakugo dragged her onto his lap, still perched on the shallow step of the pool as he made her face the water. Surprise flickered across her visage as he reached up to grope her breasts. His manhood, insistent as ever, rubbed against her sex with an eager tenderness, and despite the lingering soreness from his impassioned penetration, a pulse of need throbbed deep within her core. “Kero...” she

muttered to herself, taken aback by how her body seemed desperate to compensate for years devoid of orgasms.

She braced herself as he positioned himself to re-enter. Although she'd become more acquainted with his proportions, the initial stretch still had her gasping under her breath, her snugness moulding itself around his girth. She anticipated he'd immediately start pounding away, but Bakugo had other ideas.

He lifted her toned, flexible legs into the air, her toes skimming past her own head as he locked her in a full-nelson-like grip. With her arms tucked in his hold, a rush of vulnerability hit her, laced with a strange thrill. Her hips, previously her own to move and sway, were now still, framed by the wide split of her legs. The open air caressed her engorged clit, making her feel all the more exposed, further magnified by his firm presence inside her, impaling her wet core like a meaty pillar, commanding a blend of pain and pleasure.

Only then did he start lifting his hips off the shallow step, thrusting water up into the air as he rearranged her insides, splashes hitting her face. Tied up in his hold, she could do nothing but blink away the droplets sprinkling her eyes. Her vision, blurred by the water, spotted his trunks and her tattered swimsuit floating by, a stark reminder of how spontaneous all of this was. Despite what he might have presumed, she hadn't approached him in the pool with seduction in mind. Not this time. But the way he had looked at her... something just... clicked. And now, well, here they were. She'd completely surrendered herself to his every whim—if this wasn't enough for him to accept her apology, then would anything be?

Although, thinking about it, she felt like she'd already won something much bigger—and she wasn't just talking about how *huge* he was. Although, that didn't hurt either. Not in a bad way, kero...

As their heated grunts and her odd croaks permeated the air, his thrusts kept rising from below, dead set on stretching her out, on ensuring she'd remember exactly who she'd been 'fucking with'.

Just minutes ago, he'd been spanking her like a misbehaving child and expressing his disdain at the thought of her sharing herself with others. She had no incentive to continue down that path anyway, having secured their forgiveness already. However, had she known from the start Bakugo would develop this kind of possessiveness towards her, she would've never approached the others in the same manner to begin with. Strangely, the idea of being

his—and *only* his—didn't intimidate her. At this very moment, he was practically owning her already, coercing wayward noises out of her mouth, noises she had never heard before.

Amidst the throes of their wild passion, she'd gone from Frog Face to Froggy—that had to account for something... right?

Her body rocked in his full-nelson hold, each of his powerful thrusts sending waves through her, forcing her breasts to bounce without restraint. Their union was primal, intense, a fusion of her suppleness and his strength. So exposed and wide open, she felt the full depth of his thrusts, his hips driving upward with a force that felt like he was trying to pierce the sky, his wet sack nearly kissing her stretched folds each time.

Water leapt and splashed around them as his lower body plunged in and out its shallow depths. Amidst shameless moans and ribbits, Tsuyu noticed her extra-long tongue dangling out of her mouth, swaying rhythmically as she panted, as if desperate to escape the fervent heat inside her. With a flash of inspiration, she elongated it even longer, twining it around his manhood and amplifying their shared ecstasy.

He grunted a noise she now came to recognise as profound pleasure. The way his stern facade crumbled, leaving him whimpering in ecstasy, only intensified her arousal. She sensed the familiar pressure building towards another climax, a feeling she was increasingly learning to recognise and crave. Their urgent, high-pitched cries harmonised at the edge of the pool as their orgasms arrived in unison.

Bakugo withdrew his twitching member the second he felt the telltale signs of his peak approaching. His release jetted upwards in vigorous spurts like a volcano, splattering her face and chest while she came in convulsing waves, still locked in his full-nelson. Once he'd emptied all his sticky mess on her, he released the hold and slid out from beneath her on the pool step, giving her space beside him. They sat there, chests heaving, as they came down from the overwhelming intensity of their mutual climax.

With a swift flick of her super-long tongue, she cleaned the remnants of his climax off her face, faster than a frog snatching at a fly. Her reflexes startled him, his face contorting into shock at how quickly she consumed his seed. The essence was gone almost too quickly for her to taste, just a whisper of saltiness on her taste buds. She responded to his stunned expression with a simple, "Ribbit."

“You’ll never cease to amaze me, Froggy.”

He stood and exited the pool, wrapping a towel around his waist, preparing to leave. Tsuyu realised she hadn’t yet received an answer to her apology. “Wait, Bakugo—”

But he cut her off, his voice firm. “Listen, and listen good, because I’m only going to say this once.” He paused, not turning to face her. “We are who we are. And for that, I apologise,” he began, her heart skipping a beat in surprise, before he continued, “...to no one. And you shouldn’t either... Tsu.”

With those words hanging in the air, he departed, leaving her in the pool, swimming in her own thoughts.

Time crawled while she dwelled on his parting words. As the sun began to dip, sending a cool touch across her shoulders, it prompted her to retrieve their discarded swimwear floating in the pool. Wrapped in a towel, she meandered back to Heights Alliance, her thoughts entangled in their paradigm-shifting encounter.

She was still half-distracted when she entered her room. Upon closing the door, her froggy senses tingled, picking up another presence behind her. Whirling around, she found Bakugo, his chiselled physique hardly concealed by a towel he clutched around his crotch, too small to contain him. Her eyes drank in the unsuspecting sight of his semi-nudity in her bedroom, catching her by surprise in an ironic twist, rekindling a familiar ache in her loins. The towel fell away, revealing his rigid readiness, his stamina off the charts.

As he strode toward her, an epiphany dawned on Tsuyu—one more apology she owed, perhaps the most crucial of all.

She shut her eyes with thoughtful reflection.

*I forgive you, Tsu.’*

When her eyes fluttered open, Bakugo had eliminated the distance between them. He ripped her towel off her naked body and pushed her onto the bed.

She laid sprawled on her sheets, her eyes fixed on the ceiling as the bed sank under Bakugo’s weight. A wide smile blossomed on her face.

## THE END

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**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 *arachnart* 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:

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

*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*