

## NSFW BNHA Drabbles

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# NSFW BNHA Drabbles

by [Leticheecopae](#)

## Summary

This collection has multiple drabbles, scenarios, and pairings in it. The names of the pairings will be in the title, and if it contains non-con, dub-con, or other serious warnings, they will have that added in the title as well. All other warnings will be in the chapter summary. ALWAYS READ THE CHAPTER SUMMARY!

Drabbles that are considered Mature or Explicit will show up here.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# Blister: Dabi/Hawks — Minor Dub-con

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Quirk use
- Burning
- Fire-play
- NSFW
- Semi-rough/violent sex
- Un-even power dynamic.

## Chapter Notes

Love writing these two.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

No one would consider precision one of Dabi's strong suits; not usually. But when he puts his mind to it, he can split fucking hairs with his flames.

Hawks breathes in nothing but heat as he stays as still as he can. Flames wreath him to the point that he'll have blisters; secondary hickies left behind by this fire-fuck whose mouth should not be nearly as welcoming as it is. It should burn, singe, but it is the perfect temperature as Dabi slides his tongue along the underside of Hawks' shaft.

Staples catch against Hawks' hip bones as he is left with his arms above his head, legs still and spread. If he moves even a little, the flames will bite. Blisters can heal, but burns will scar, and it's getting hard enough as it is to keep his cover around the other heroes. At least can blame the blisters on Endeavour; plenty of heroes get them around him. The burns, though, those he can't. The new number one has too much control to leave actual burns without reason.

Dabi has just enough control to make them a threat.

Hawks' hips twitch a hair's breadth, and he feels flames lick against his outer thigh. He hisses and then gives a groan; it is born from a mix of pain and what Dabi does with his tongue is it slides up, up, and then off his dick. Hawks does not acknowledge his own whimper.

“What did I say?” Dabi asks, and he sounds board; like he doesn’t have two fingers sliding inside Hawks and touching over nerves that might as well be live wires.

“Not to m-move,” Hawks pants. Not answering Dabi will mean marks. He can’t do marks; they’ll pull him off the case if he gets many more.

“Then what are you doing?”

Hawks grits his teeth as the fingers in him twist. He feels the staples on the back of Dabi’s hand catch on his inner thigh. The sensation sends a spark up his spine to sink in just below his navel.

He can’t respond. It’s taking his everything not to roll his hips down on the fingers inside him. They are pulsing just below where he wants them; teasing and stroking. Just a little more, it’s all he needs. Less than a millimeter and then he can feel himself burn somewhere else.

They slip down to stretch just within his rim.

“Answer.”

Hawks manages a strangled syllable that might have been a ‘please’ if he could remember what words are. Tears gather in his eyes as he feels Dabi swipe a bead of precum from the tip of his cock with his tongue; a whisper of sensation.

The tears drop, and the moisture dissipates in seconds, leaving nothing but salt crusted on Hawks’ cheeks.

“Dabi,” he manages.

“I’m not what you’re doing. I’m doing you,” he replies, and the fact that he says it so flatly makes Hawks’ wings flare. A few feathers light, but he can’t bring himself to care. They’ll grow back. He’d let Dabi burn them down to the bone if it meant he would move.

“I-I—”

“If this is all it takes to shut you up then I might as well just get up and leave; nothing fun if you break this fast.” The fingers slide out, and while the flames blaze around Hawks, the heat fades as Dabi pushes himself up. In the firelight he is nothing but dull patches of pale skin; his scars lost in shadow. The blue of his eyes are the only things that catch the flames.

“Please,” it comes out more air than substance, but it makes Dabi pause. Hawks’ whole body is a trembling line, the flames licking him. They give him sensation, but it is dull compared to what he wants.

“That’s not an explanation.” Dabi draws a lazy finger up his thigh and to his groin where he presses a bruise just to the side of Hawks’ taint. Hawks can feel the slickness of the lube evaporate against his skin.

“I-I’m trying,” Hawks gasps out, and more feathers burst into flame. “Please, I’m trying.”



“What is it about Heroes saying they’ll try? I thought you were supposed to do.” But he’s leaning back in, and as he does, heat returns to Hawks flesh.

“Please,” is all he can manage as he feels fingers prod back at his hole.

“Alright.” The fingers disappear, as do the flames around Hawk’s thighs. In the shadows of the fire, he barely sees Dabi’s hands move. Under the crackling of his own burning wings, he strains to hear Dabi slick himself up.

Hawks manages to keep his upper body still as Dabi hooks his hands beneath his knees and pushes his legs up and back, settling them on his shoulders as he lines himself up.

“Don’t move.”

Hawks’ wings flare into the flames as Dabi pushes inside. A sob echoes from his throat as the flames catch along the tips and down towards his shoulders. He keeps everything else still, though his body moves minutely. The fire backs off just enough to allow for the shifts from Dabi’s thrusts.

It saves his skin, but for most of his wings, it’s too late. Hawks feels his feathers burn to ash. The fire is cold compared to the kiss Dabi burns into his calf.

Hawks hopes that it will blister.

## Chapter End Notes

Come talk to me over on [Twitter](#) or [Tumblr](#)!

Next Chapter: Small Might/Eraserhead

# Star-shaped Scar: Allmight/Eraserhead

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Body worship
- Feelings
- Bitter-sweet
- Comfort
- Implied sexual themes but nothing sexual actually happens
- Semi-NSFW

## Chapter Notes

Something cute and sweet for these two.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Aizawa follows the scar with both his fingers and gaze, mapping it into memory. They tendrils of it stretch and pull each time Yagi's breaths, no matter how deep or shallow. Aizawa tries to remember how each breath changes the shape; a gentle stretch of flesh over ribs that show through the skin too easily.

"You're going to make yourself pass out if you keep that up," Aizawa mutters as he follows the star of scar tissue down towards Yagi's hip. His breathing is quick and thin, making the scar flicker and dance.

"Tickles," is all he gets back. A thin arm is thrown over dark eyes, and that won't do. Aizawa reaches up with one hand, the other continues to roam; he loathes the idea that at some point he will have to stop touching the death mark that failed its mission. Yagi only fights the tug of his hand a little; the strength behind it is more than one would expect from someone so thin.

"You really hiding?" Aizawa asks, and while he means it as a tease, it comes out flat. It isn't really his forte after all.

Yagi's cheeks turn almost feverish against his pale skin anyway.

"No," he tries, but they both know he's lying. He's terrible at it, after all.

Aizawa says nothing, just pulls the arm down to Yagi's side before he turns back to the mark. The stitch marks are a trail of pain under his lips that he tries to soothe. His tongue smooths over the lines of mismatched ligaments stretched under too thin skin.

He feels the gentle sobs beneath his mouth before he ever hears them. They are a hitch in Yagi's breath as Aizawa tries to remind the nerves how to fire; that even numbed they are still worth his time.

The hand Aizawa had moved away grips his offered palm tight; squeezing to the point that his fingers go numb.

"Shouta?" Yagi's voice is a hiccup filled with more silent questions than can be answered in a single night.

Aizawa dips his tongue into the center of the star-shaped scar and hopes it answers enough.

## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Monoma/Shinsou

# Monoma/Shinsou

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Anal plug
- Spanking
- Domme/Sub relationship
- Teasing

## Chapter Notes

Love me some MonoShin.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The flare of the plug is large, but the base is woefully lacking in size. Not so much that it could slip inside of him, Monoma knows that Shinsou wouldn't be so careless; it's all according to whatever plan the bastard has cooking up in his skull.

"How many?" Shinsou asks, his hand stilling and hovering just over the burning skin of Monoma's upper thighs. Each swat had fallen just beneath the plug's base, leaving the aching large toy untouched and sentinel over Monoma's ever-waiting prostate. Just one good hit and it will do what he needs, but Shinsou is purposefully aiming too damn low.

"Sixteen." The words are surer than his mind because honestly, he's not sure. The swats had come sporadically; hard, soft, quick, and paused. It could be as few as twelve or as many as twenty. The only thing Monoma is sure about is that he needs some movement inside of him, and soon, or he is going to have to revert to rutting against the bed. He doesn't care if that's against the rules. Damn the rules, he needs some goddamn friction somewhere, and if it isn't inside himself, then it will at least be against his cock.

"Fifteen," Shinsou replies. "Again."

Monoma whines as he pushes his face into the comforter. His skin is nothing but flames that lick up his nerves and tickle just below his taint.

"Too much?" The question is teasing, but also serious. If it was too much, Monoma knows he could tell Shinsou. The scene would end, the toy removed, and then they could either move on to Monoma getting a cock in his ass as he wants or a gentle handjob as he curls against Shinsou's chest.

He doesn't want either of those things.

"I can't count if I don't have something to measure," he pants, fingers tight against the sheets. He waits, muscles tensing as he waits.

Shinsou's smile is a weight against his spine.

"Then count correctly this time."

The first swat is nothing more than a flutter of fingers that touch the tip of the plug's base. The second is over his balls. By the sixth, Monoma's not sure what number is going through his skull as a full palm pushes in the plug with a sharp smack.

"How many?" Shinsou asks, and the question is not fair as he rains more smacks down.

Monoma can only respond with a gurgle as Shinsou slaps his palm fully over the plug.

"Should I start again?" Shinsou pushes down on the plug.

The sob Monoma lets out must be damn pitiful. His body spasms as the plug plunges in deep, the base flush to his hole. The only reason he knows he screams is the ache in his throat.

"Are you done counting?" Shinsou asks him as he pushes again.

Nothing but incoherent gibberish follows.

"What's your word?"

Monoma's brain throws a few syllables his way, but nothing quite catches. The plug stills.

"Your word."

"Licorish," he gasps before he rolls his hips back.

"Do you want to use it?"

"If I did, I fucking would," Monoma snaps back at him.

"You couldn't remember it a moment ago."

"Oh fuck yo—" The word is cut off by a smack right over the plug.

"Count," Shinsou demands.

Monoma does, and while the number he finally says is probably wrong, Shinsou takes pity on him.

Next up, more MonoShin!

# Monoma/Shinsou

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Lingerie
- Piercings
- Teasing
- Mind control (implied consent)
- Anal sex

## Chapter Notes

I love the idea of these boys have different piercings.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Careful, don’t want to make them catch.”

That’s such bullshit. Shinsou wants to make the metal that glints between the light blue lace stretched over Monoma's chest to catch and tear through the fabric almost more than he wants to slip inside the man beneath him, but he also knows the rules. No touching, no pulling, no playing for the first month. It’s a sucky rule, but a necessary one; he's not about to hurt Monoma due to his own selfish wants.

“Well, what about here?” Shinsou asks.

Monoma gives out a groan as Shinsou presses the head of his cock against the lace that does little to cover his cock and taint. It pulses against Monoma's clothed hole, the ball on the tip of Shinsou's Prince Albert piercing catching in the larger loops of lace.

“T-that’s fine,” he replies, hips lifting and thighs spreading.

“Really?” Shinsou asks as he pulls back, a few strands of fabric coming with him. It tugs at the head of his dick, making nerves fire and flare as he does his best to keep himself silent. He’s not done playing, and if he lets on just how much the new glints of gold in Monoma's chest are getting to him, then he’s done for; Monoma wins, and he’ll be ridden for the rest of the night. Not the worst thing, but a few more ideas are swirling in his brain that he wants to try before he gets to that point.

Shinsou may not be able to play with the piercings, but the flesh around them is more than free game. Shinsou's nails have never been 'even' so to say. Climbing up pipes and walls only traversed by those with the strongest fingers have left them ragged and sharp. He uses them against the tender skin of Monoma's pecs, pushing into the skin of the muscle just outside the still swollen areola. Between Monoma's legs, he jerks at the lace caught on the tip of his cock.

"Hitoshi." The name is more breath than substance, and it wraps around them both as Shinsou grins down at his boyfriend. With a harsh jerk back, and a slight amount of pain to himself, the lace over Monoma's ass tears. The pain spurs his fingers to dig in deeper, leaving Monoma panting and gripping at Shinsou's wrists in response.

"Still fine?"

"More," Monoma mewls.

"Doesn't answer the question."

Monoma's hands grip his wrists.

"Shinsou," he pants, eyes wide and pleading.

"Yes?"

The control is instant and encompassing. The small presses he had been teasing Monoma's taint with cease, and he stands motionless above him.

"Fuck me," Monoma tells him, and his irises are nothing but a slash of silver in the dark.

Even without mind control, Shinsou would be powerless to say no.

## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Kirishima/Bakugou



# Kirishima/Bakugou

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Trans-man Bakugou
- Somnophilia (consensual)
- Fisting
- Dreamscape

## Chapter Notes

This is one way to wake up.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Bakugou's not averse to pressure. He deals with it every day, after all. The pressure to be number one; the pressure over his chest as he draws each breath, no matter how good his binder is; the pressure to keep himself ahead of everyone else and avoid the questions he knows are lurking in other's throats.

This is not the same kind of pressure. It sits deep in Bakugou's gut as he runs, making him stumble and cry out as he tries to move through the strange forest that surrounds him. There is nothing horrific about it; the mountains are welcoming and solid beneath his feet, the pines smelling of home out in the wild.

Snow covers the world, but everything is warm as he moves from tree to tree, pressing against sharp slabs of bark as he pants and moves. The only thing his chest is heavy with are his pants as he stumbles from one tree to the next, his legs bowed as he tries to figure out just what is going on.

"S-shit," Bakugou manages as he clings to the next tree, his insides clenching down on something so thick he feels like he might be splitting in half. When he looks between his legs, there is nothing of note; just shaking thighs and a bulge in his belly that can't be real.

The pressure shifts and Bakugou finds himself on his back, fingers digging into soft earth as the pines above him spin. Around him, the wind whistles his name and gentle murmurs of encouragement as pleasure shoots up through his body, lancing through the root of him and into his spine. Through the trees, the sun shines down on him.

*'Shhhh, you're okay,'* it tells him, and he believes it as his fingers crunch down into the snow and he is left writhing against the pressure inside him. It is a heavy stone that shifts and presses; earth waiting to escape him and rejoin the soil beneath.

*'You look so good like this, Katsuki.'*

He sobs, unable to think past the fact that the sun itself is shining down on him, loving him, and he can't do anything to escape it. It kisses along his throat, over his chest, and down to the swell of his belly as the pressure inside increases yet again. It curls up, turns, and he cums with a pop of his fists and strangled cry from his throat.

Behind the white static of his sight, he sees the sun go from gold to red, though the smile is just as bright.

"Mornin, babe," Kirishima says gently.

Inside himself, Bakugou feels something thick shift; much too thick to be Kirishima's morning wood.

Glancing down with his swimming vision, Bakugou finds Kirishima's wrist the only thing visible between his legs.

"Took me so well," Kirishima mutters against his temple as the fist inside him shifts. "Almost feels like you're hungry for more."

The fingers spread inside him, pressing against nerves he wasn't aware he had, and Bakugou wonders if maybe, just maybe, he's still dreaming.

## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Inasa/Todoroki

# Inasas/Todoroki

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Quirk use
- Size difference
- Fear of heights
- Sex in the sky
- Praise

## Chapter Notes

I had to write them having sex in the sky at least once.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Heroes don't have phobias.

It's not an actual rule, plenty of them do, but Todoroki finds himself battling with his own mind any time he ends up more than three stories up. He's never been able to pinpoint as to why. Maybe it was 'training' in the mountains with his father on the cliffs and almost falling off onto the rocks below if he hadn't iced his hand to the cliff face. Possibly it was the day Endeavour threw Touya off the roof, expecting him to catch himself with his fire and instead the eldest sibling ending up with a broken leg.

Whatever it was, it sits in Todoroki's subconscious and makes his heart race and limbs lock any time he's more than three stories up. More than most with the same phobia, but as a hero, three stories should be nothing. More than once he's frozen up during a fight and had to blame it on using too much of his ice. But the excuse is getting old, especially now that both his fire and ice are equal in ability.

"How are you?" Inasa calls, and even though he is just behind Todoroki, it is hard to hear him with the wind whipping about them. It keeps them suspended above the field without issue; tousling Todoroki's hair as he stares down at the grass between Inasa's legs. They are only a few feet up. If he wanted to, he could slide between the other's legs and touch the ground with his toes, but he won't do that. Inasa is taking a risk doing this with him in the first place; he isn't about to throw the chance away without doing what they've set out to do.

"I'm fine," he replies.

Truthfully, he's not.

The cock inside him tries to at least nudge him towards the idea that yes, he is. Both of Todoroki's hands tighten on Inasa's knees as the shaft that is almost quite literally splitting him in half slips in another inch.

"Too much?"

"N-no."

Yes, yes it is, but he won't say it. The feeling of having something that is literally thicker than a soda-pop can slipping into him is more grounding than the earth itself, and while it has taken months of prep and work to get him to this point, he's not about to back down. Yes the split burns, but it isn't painful, and Todoroki finds his ass clenching and relaxing much like a throat trying to gulp down water.

"Don't force it." Inasa's voice comes with the wind; gentle and warm. His fingers find the muscles above Todoroki's glutes and push gentle circles. The little spikes of tension melt almost instantly, and another inch slips inside him.

"I'm n-not." The stutter slips from him, and for a moment, he is afraid that Inasa will stop. Instead, the fingers work quicker; thick fingers massaging into muscles that he didn't know he had before he met the wind wielder.

"Are you sure?" The fingers continue to move, and Todoroki closes his eyes. The world becomes a warm layer of red as only the sun filters through his eyelids. The wind around him stays warm, and he knows that is mostly Inasa's doing; a kind touch that really isn't needed. He knows cold, isn't afraid of it, yet Inasa does his best to make it as comfortable as possible.

"Look at that," Inasa murmurs, the words barely there against his throat as his body swallows more of him down. "How hungry have you been for it? Have you really wanted it for this long?"

Todoroki can't reply, just nods. He wants to look back at him to let him know that, yes, this is what he's wanted. Outside of Inasa's thick fingers and their exploration with toys, he's done his own training. It had been expensive finding something that matched Inasa's thickness, but as he takes another inch, he mentally thinks that it was worth it.

"Can you take more? Don't force yourself, but—" The words get cut off with a groan as Todoroki rolls his hips down. More slips inside him, at least half of what Inasa has to give, and Todoroki braces his hands against Inasa's knees as he pushes back. Without the ground beneath him, his legs hang; calves flexing as his lower body fights the instinct to pull off while his nerves beg for him to move down.

"Oh god." The words are a choked gasp behind him, and Todoroki keeps going. It burns, his insides stretch, but he finally finds his ass pressed to Inasa's hips.

Both of his hands shake as he grips Inasa's knees, his body curling forward on instinct, which causes the cock inside him to push back into his spine through the muscle. Todoroki's breathe

is torn between his lungs and the whirlwind whipping about them.

“Shouto,” Inasa pants. “Look down.”

He does.

The world is a plane of green beneath them; the outline of the parking lot just within view from their height. It is much more than three stories.

Todoroki shifts his hips, feels Inasa inside him, and finds his only worry is how to make him move.

“More,” he gasps.

Whether it be height or Inasa’s cock he's asking for, Todoroki isn’t sure, but he ends up getting both.

He doesn’t freeze up once.

## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Mine(OC)/Bakugou

# Mine and Doors: Bakugou/Mine(OC)

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Teasing
- Vaginal sex
- Straight sex
- Semi-public sex
- Closet sex
- Characters are portrayed as being over 18

## Chapter Notes

Mine belongs to [tsunderesushi](#). She was a lot of fun to write and I look forward to writing her again!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Give me some fucking room, you troll,” Bakugou snarls, his hands pushing at slim shoulders with only a hint of his strength. Not that Mine wouldn’t be able to put up some amount of fight if he did use his full strength. The meager display doesn’t dissuade her from pushing up against him, her breasts pressing against his lower ribs. The current piercings she has in barely bite into her nipples, but the outer points push right into Bakugou, making him hiss at the sudden sharp pricks.

“I thought the whole point of coming in here was to get close,” Mine snickers as she keeps crowding against Bakugou, hands undoing the belt of his slacks. Not that it does much, even as a third year the grumpy fuck won’t pull his pants up.

“Yeah, well unless you want a bottle of bleach knocked on that rat-nest you call a bun, then I’d back the fuck off.”

“Oooo, maybe I’ll look like a dead-dandelion like you.” She jerks his pants down, fingers in the hem of his pants and his boxers. His cock springs forth, bumping against her belly.

“We gonna fuck or are you going to keep babbling?”

“If you have to ask, then maybe I should just say forget it.” Mine reaches to the side of him, hand going for the doorknob.

Bakugou grabs her wrist and twists. It surprises Mine, forcing her to move with him or have the limb twist painfully. He uses the momentum to switch their positions, Mine against the door, arm pinned above her head while he snarls down at her.

“You’re the one who wanted this so bad, so shut up and let’s get it over with.”

“Is someone actually eager? I would have never guessed.” She drags her free hand up Bakugou’s cock, making him shudder.

“Keep that sandpaper shit to yourself,” he seethes as he steps back out of her reach.

“You like ‘em.”

“Not on my dick I don’t,” he grumbles as he pulls out a condom. “Now take your panties off already.”

“Who says I’m wearing any?” Mine keeps a completely straight face. Bakugou pauses, the condom wrapper dropping from his hand.

“Kidding. Like I’d risk that shit. I’ve got enough strikes against dress code going on.”

“And whose fault is that?” he grumbles as he slides the condom down his cock as she pushes her underwear down before putting it on a shelf.

“Shut up, saggy,” she grabs him by the cloth around his thighs. “Fuck me already.”

Bakugou leans down, his mouth meeting hers. His hands, slick with sweat but steady, grab under her thighs and lift her upward; making her tawny skin look even darker against his pale hands. It’s not hard, seeing as she’s so lithe and probably weighs nothing to the other hero. She barely has to guide his cock between her legs for him to find her pussy and slide inside. He doesn’t go slow, pressing in quick and making her gasp into his mouth.

“God you taste awful,” he grumbles as she pants against him, and even she can smell the slight acrid scent of the flammable gas her lungs can secrete.

“S’what you get waiting until after training.” She braces her hands on his shoulders, pushing down and shifting some to make him give a rough grunt and forcing her to swallow a groan. “Now, get moving. Lunch’ll be over soon.”

“Pushy little troll,” he grumbles.

Before Mine can respond, Bakugou thrusts upward, and finally gives them both a reason to shut up.

## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Mirio/Izuku

Come talk to me on twitter or CuriousCat!

[NSFW Twitter](#)

[SFW Twitter](#)

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# Personal Space: Mirio Togata/Izuku Midoriya

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Chance of getting caught
- Locker room
- Blowjobs
- NSFW
- Comedic

## Chapter Notes

I never wrote these two together before. Hope it read alright!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There are only so many places that Mirio and Izuku can hideout in, fewer now with Eri living in the dorms. No matter what they do, there is always a chance of the young girl somehow finding the two, asking questions and trying to get one or both of them to tell her about something new, such as:

Why is raspberry candy blue when raspberries are red?

Why does the bottom of Kirishima's hair turn black at the end of the month?

Why can't she see the food Hagakuri eats?

Why can't she have a cat when she *knows* Aizawa wants one too?

The two do their best to answer them, smiling all the while as they try to cover up the fact that they may have just been doing something they shouldn't have been.

Izuku's room had been ruled out quickly, what with Eri living in the same building and coming to knock on his door almost as much as Aizawa's.

They had tried Mirio's for a while, but Hado and Amajiki had proven to have almost worse timing than Eri.

With their bedrooms no longer an option, they've had to try more...unorthodox locations around campus. Out of the way bathrooms, classrooms during certain hours, one of the empty dorm rooms (though it's almost impossible to find one that's unlocked, and they don't dare

try and break-in), but so far, the best place has been the showers attached to the training grounds.

Most evenings, they can get them totally to themselves. They go out to the grounds under the guise of Mirio training his body while Izuku practices precision and restraint with his quirk. It's a good cover, one that no one has questioned so far, and they do train...somewhat.

"Mi-Mirio," Izuku pants, one hand curled over the top lip of the lockers, his other wrapped tight in the blonde locks of Mirio's hair. The vents at the top of the locker are biting lines into his shoulders, though he can barely feel them as the nerves in his groin are doing a damn good job distracting him.

"Hmm-mmrrph," is the response he gets, which only makes sense, seeing as Mirio has Izuku's dick shoved in his mouth and Izuku's thighs wrapped around his head. Mirio stands, using his hands to move Izuku's hips as he fucks his own face with Izuku's cock. If Izuku wanted, he could use this position to train, flex his abs and force himself to sit upward as Mirio sucks him off. He has no plan to keep training.

Izuku gives a strangled cry at the vibration from Mirio's throat; eyes scrunched shut as he does his best to keep the sound locked in his chest. Just because there usually aren't any people out here at this time of night, that doesn't mean that there isn't a chance of someone coming out and finding the two of them.

Mirio smirks around him, fine lines of drool trickling from the corners of his mouth before he slurps Izuku back down to the root. His throat pulses as he swallows, his nose buried against Izuku's groin.

"M-Mirio. I'm, I'm gonna—" His eyes roll into his head, his legs wrapping tight around Mirio's head, and he has to force himself to keep from slamming them together as the pleasure builds until he feels the first shudder of orgasm race through him. Mirio is ready to swallow him down.

At least for the first pulse.

"OI! Deku! Doll-eyes! You fuckers in here!?"

Izuku gives a squawk of surprise as he flails, Mirio frantically trying to keep him up as chokes; Izuku still spilling down his throat. The pleasure turns into something closer to panic. His balls pull up tight in surprise and horror as he watches the door to the bathroom open, emptying in a heavy gush into Mirio's mouth

"Y-yeah, Kacchan?" he calls as Mirio frantically puts him down, trying to keep his choking coughs quiet as he rushes to a nearby trashcan.

"I thought you'd be in here. What are you trying to do, show me up in training hours?"

Izuku barely gets his gym shorts up before Katsuki comes around the corner and into the aisle of lockers.

“Just, working with Mir-Togata on hand-to-hand,” he replies, and his grin feels much too wide.

“Yeah?” Kachan looks over Izuku’s shoulder to where Mirio is coughing into the trashcan.

“The fuck’s wrong with him?”

“Oh, I, um-” *”Fuck, fuck, think of something.”* “I...accidentally smack him in the balls?” It’s not meant as a question, though it comes out sounding like one.

“Seriously?” Katsuki gives a ‘tch’ of sound before he shakes his head. “Never thought you’d start fighting dirty just to get ahead.”

“I was not—”

“N-not his fault,” Mirio says as he stands, wiping at his chin. It looks mostly like spit, but if Izuku looks closely, he can see where strands of cum have mixed with his saliva.

“I tried to dodge an attack, and—” he gives a hard cough, “And I ended up slipping. I’m just lucky he pulled the kick, or I would have lost my dick!” He gives a large smile, hands on his hips, before giving another sudden hack.

“You should probably get some water,” Izuku says as he steps over and pats him on the back.

Mirio gives a nod and disappears off towards the water fountains.

“Well, whatever is going on, finish it up. Eri keeps asking me where you are, and it’s starting to piss me off. I’m not your, or her, fucking babysitter.”

“Oh, o-okay, Kacchan. We’ll head back right now.”

“Good. And try and tell her I’m not your fucking keeper.” Katsuki turns on his heel and storms out of the bathroom. “And you better believe I’m not going to let you beat me in training hours, Deku. I’ll be here tomorrow to kick your ass!”

Izuku sighs as the door closes behind Katsuki.

Mirio’s hand is warm on his shoulder, soothing his nerves as he turns his head and receives the offered kiss.

“Looks like we’ll have to find somewhere else,” he sighs. Mirio just offers a sad smile.

Izuku wonders if they can sneak a key to one of the empty bedrooms...

## Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter: Bakugou/Kirishima

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# Rock and Steel | Bakugou/Kirishima

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Quirk use
- Semi-NSFW
- Audio kink

## Chapter Notes

I wrote this a long while back, but originally just didn't like how I opened it. I ended up cutting a whole page that was just not needed and added nothing to the story. I like it a lot better now!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There's something about hearing steel scratching over stone that drives Bakugou wild. He's not sure when he first heard the sound, or why the scratching slide makes his hair stand on end along with his cock, but it must have happened early. Maybe when he was a kid, learning his explosions and listening to metal warp and squeal as shards of rock and concrete was forcefully married together with it; the delight in seeing how his quirk could contort the world.

If he wants to get off, he has to have the sound. Usually, he gets it by sharpening a serrated knife against a wet stone, utilizing the chore as a simple way to get himself excited before heading upstairs and fucking his fist.

Here at U.A., there's no need to try and make the sound himself. He hears it plenty, what with all the crazy shit they all do with training. Especially with Kirishima. The shitty-haired bastard who glances off rumble like it's nothing. Shards of metal grind against him as if it's completely natural, and the song it makes causes Bakugou to grit his teeth and create bigger and bigger explosions to drown out the noise. He doesn't need the distraction; he doesn't need to let the red-head settle deeper into his skull more than he already has.

Bakugou thought that he'd been doing a damn good job up until the sports festival.

Hearing Kirishima and Tetsutetsu's quirks grind together had set him on edge, pushed his body to sit uncomfortably taut as he watched and listened. The slide of steel on stone. He had done his best to keep it to himself, will away his boner, and focus on what he needed to do. Some of the pent up agitation had come out against Round-Face, that was for sure. Having to

focus on her had helped, at least, making him concentrate on fighting and not the sound hanging in his ears. After that day, he'd wanted to hear Kirishima's skin sing against metal again, but how?

Then the shit had gone down with One for All and All Might, and the answer sat bright and perfect before him, just like Kirishima's smile had when he'd shown up in time to assist him in escaping. He just needed to ask Kirishima for it, just use a different excuse for why; hide his real reasons in plain sight.

"So how is this going to help me with quirk training?" Kirishima asks as he tosses his shirt off to the side.

"It's like a precision training," Bakugou replies as he pulls out one of his knives, one of his personal ones that he keeps up in his room. Like hell he's leaving it down in the common area where anyone can use it. He unveils it, letting the hair-thin edge glint in the light of his lamp. This one is serrated, with the tiniest teeth that make a long, sloping smile down to the ebony-black hilt.

"What do you mean?"

"Do I seriously have to spell this shit out for you?" Bakugou grunts as he comes and motions him towards the bed. Kirishima goes without even a shrug, flopping into his friend's space as if it were his own.

"Come on, man. Give me a break, my brain's full enough trying to figure out what to do with classwork."

"You saying my tutoring isn't helping?" It comes out sharper than he means to, but damn it, he's almost more on edge now than he was back in the League of Villain's hideout.

"That's not even close to what I said," Kirishima replies as he sits back on the bed, propped up on pillows with his shoulders against the wall. "Like, I think I get it? Something about precision training my skin and stuff. Like, figuring out how hard I have to get."

"Least you're not a complete idiot," Bakugou grumbles as he sits down next to him.

"Hearing that from you is pretty much a compliment." Kirishima grins at him, chest on display, and Bakugou does his best to pay more attention to the glint of his lamp in the blade than Kirishima's body.

"Shut up. Do you want to try this or not?"

"Course I want to try it. You're the one who came up with it."

That sends a little curl of pleasure into Bakugou's belly that slithers down to pulse dully against his groin.

"Idiot," he grunts as he lifts up the blade. "Now, get hard enough that you know this won't cut."

Kirishima does so with a slight nod. The edges of his skin become sharp and jagged; slate and shale where skin should be. Bakugou pushes the teeth of the knife against the top of Kirishima's shoulder, right where his costume will cover. It doesn't even dent the skin.

He pulls the blade forward, and the sound of the teeth catching and sighing against Kirishima's hardened flesh makes the hairs on Bakugou's arms stand straight up.

"Sorry."

His eyes dart up to Kirishima's face.

"Why?"

"You know for the...noise." He gives him that stupid lopsided sunny smile. "I'm used to it, but I know a lot of people don't like it."

"Whatever," he grumbles in reply. "I don't give a shit about a little noise."

"Sweet."

Bakugou bites back the defensive 'shut up' that tries to spring from his throat and instead pays attention to Kirishima's skin.

"Drop it a little," he tells him as he goes and sets it onto the skin again. He watches the skin relax slightly before he pulls down.

The knife travels over Kirishima's shoulder, the blade sharp enough that Bakugou knows it can split hairs with barely a touch.

"Can you feel that?" he asks, watching how the blade tries to leave little divots in the hardened flesh — the barest line; no blood, no pain, just the steel on stony skin.

"Y-yeah," Kirishima replies as he sits propped up on his bed. His eyes follow the blade as it skims and skitters over him, tapping along Kirishima's collar bone and down between his pecs. Bakugou varies the pressure as he draws it down over his abs, making the steel sing as he sharpens the edge between the ridges.

"And it doesn't hurt?" He's got to make sure about that, at least. If it does, then he has to stop. Has to try and stop. With how his ears ache along with the pulse in his cock, Bakugou's not sure he can.

"N-" Kirishima quickly clears his throat, the consonant having come out as a high squeak. "No." It comes out closer to his usual tone, though it isn't quite right.

Bakugou pauses.

"You better not be fucking lying to me, shitty hair." He pauses the blade over one of Kirishima's pecs. His nipples are striking nubs of dusky brick in comparison to the rest of his skin.

"I'm not!" he insists. "I just...had something stuck in my throat."

"That better be all it was," Bakugou growls as he guides the tip of the knife towards one of the nubs. "Don't want to be hearing shit about you going to Recovery Girl after this."

"Bro, I've thrown myself from the top of the training buildings and been fine, a little knife is nothi-aaaahh!" Kirishima's entire body shudders as Bakugou brings the blade down against his nipple, causing a sharp singing of steel as Kirishima gapes opened mouthed at him. His face has gone ruddy in embarrassment, and Bakugou finds he can't look away from his startled face.

"Did it hurt?" he asks, voice low, though he's pretty sure he already knows the response. That was not a sound of pain.

"No." Kirishima's voice is a shaky breath that barely ghosts over his ears.

"Did you like it?"

Kirishima's eyes drop slightly, not quite meeting his anymore. Bakugou grinds the blade against his nipple and watches as he gasps and writhes, pressing his chest up into the sensation, making the sound even more prominent as he causes the teeth of the serrated blade to strike in new places.

"I asked you a question." His voice is barely audible over Kirishima's gasps and the sound of the blade sharpening on his flesh.

"B-bakugou, I—"

"Do you?"

"Yes!" He shouts it as Bakugou pushes the tip right against the nub. It sinks in ever so slightly. No blood wells up, though, and Kirishima is left gasping when Bakugou pulls it back. A thin, angry line is left behind.

"B-bakugou?" he asks, voice shaking slightly as Bakugou stares at it. "Bakugou, I—"

"Shut up," he murmurs as he leans forward. "Just tell me if you don't like it."

Bakugou's tongue runs over the nub, tracing the angry line. The skin is sharp and warm under it, threatening to slice his tongue as he gently traces his tongue over the skin he had assaulted.

"Bakugou," Kirishima gasps as his hands jump to his hair. Stiff fingers dig against his scalp. Bakugou pauses.

"Don't stop." Kirishima pushes his face towards his chest.

Bakugou's hand tightens around the knife's handle as he wraps his lips around Kirishima's nipple. The groan that comes out of Kirishima's mouth marries beautifully with the singing slide of sharpened steel over the shale skin of his side. He keeps pulling it along his flesh, following it with his mouth. He's never licked rocks before, but if they taste like Kirishima,



he might end up with some new fucked-up oral fetish of sucking on them. The taste of him, the texture against his tongue, the ever-present worry of having his tongue sliced open if he pushes too hard.

"B-bakugoooooooooh fuck." The groan reverberates through his chest, through the skin, and over Bakugou's tongue.

"Katsuki," he pants as he shifts, trying to make it easier to follow his blade's path.

"Wh-what?"

"Call me by my name, damn it," he growls before he scratches his teeth over the skin of Kirishima's other nipple; the knife dances over the spit-slicked one.

"Katsukiiiiii," he groans. Bakugou laps at his skin, drinking in the sound of his name mixed with the drag of a knife.

It becomes his favorite sound.

## Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Rappa/Kirishima NON-CON!

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# Rappa/Kirishima Non-Con ABO

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- NON-CON
- ABO dynamics
- Kirishima in heat
- Size difference
- NSFW

## Chapter Notes

I was given this idea for a secret skeleton thing a while back. Finally getting it posted up here, though I gave it to the recipient at Halloween.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Did’ja really think you could keep me away?” Rappa’s voice is a fever that spikes down Kirishima’s spine, yet he refuses to let it break. Instead, Kirishima pushes against the rock that blocks off his cave, small stones falling around his shoulders as he pushes back against the pressure. He can’t let the alpha outside in; if he does, it’s over. He can barely smell him through the barricade of fresh flowers and animal hides he has in front of his home, but they’ll be as protective as a light layer of frost if he can’t keep the alpha out.

“I know you want it,” comes growling from between the stone, and the voice sets Kirishima’s scales on edge. “Want’a nice thick knot to fill that wet pussy a’yours.”

A groan tries to crawl up this throat, but he bites it off. He’s wet, slick drenching his thighs as he stands pressing against the bolder. He can’t let this alpha in. He will not breed with a murderer. It doesn’t matter if he’s one of the strongest dragons in the land; he will NOT be bred by someone who has harmed his mentor and eradicated the ‘lesser’ of his species.

“Been wanting to taste you again,” Rappa growls. “One fight ain’t enough. Bet your slick is sweeter than your blood, my little bitch.”

“Not. Yours.” Kirishima grits the words out between clenched teeth as he tries to hold the other back. He’s half shifted, stuck somewhere between human and dragon, unable to choose one form or the other due to his heat. Undoubtedly, Rappa is the same.

“Come on, Red, I know you’ve been wanting a knot bigger than that flapping sack of flab you call a teacher,” Rappa snarls, and Kirishima can feel the heat of Rappa’s breath inching around the stone. The words set Kirishima’s body on fire. Not only in humiliation at the false insinuation but also because of the jab itself.

“He bested you!” Kirishima shouts. Rage throws him into a sudden fury. No one talks about his teacher that way. Just because Toyomitsu looks larger than others doesn’t mean he isn’t an amazing opponent. Not only had he beaten Rappa, but countless others that had tried to break up their clan. The insinuation that he is weak makes Kirishima want to tear into the shifter outside his home, and that need to attack makes his defense falter. The bolder is thrown forward, Kirishima along with it.

His hardened skin, covered in fine, red scales, is the only thing that protects him from the rock that lands on him. It’s not horribly heavy, but it had been hard enough holding it in place while dealing with just the need of his heat; add in the heady, almost bloody tinge of the alpha’s scent, and he’s all but spent. He tries to push himself upward only for the smell to fill his nostrils and force him back down.

A whimper escapes him as his inner omega cowers, presenting with a wave of pheromones that say ‘I’m yours’ even though Kirishima’s brain and pride refuse to accept it.

“Fuuuuuck,” he hears groaned as the bolder is removed from him with ease. He doesn’t even get a chance to roll over before a hand the size of his torso pulls his body back.

“N-no,” he gasps as his claws scramble against the floor, though there isn’t much he can do. His fingers are weak against the scent of want that assaults his nose. The alpha wants him. He can smell it as clearly as he can see the stone splitting beneath his fingers.

“Come’ere,” Rappa growls, flipping him over like he weighs nothing. The other dragon shifter is in-between forms as well, scales peppering his scarred skin in multiple shades of polychrome jasper that makes Kirishima’s brain spin. Someone so deadly shouldn’t be so fucking gorgeous, and it pisses him off how wet he gets seeing the splashes of color over the tanned skin and beneath the wild, raspberry hair.

His face isn’t quite human, the nose long and snoutlike, with a grin that makes Kirishima panic and pine over the teeth that glint at him. They will leave such a nice matting mark. They will cause so much damage.

“Smell so damn good,” Rappa grunts as he shoves his face against Kirishima’s groin. It forces a cry from him as sensation shoots from the base of his cock up his body. Rappa nuzzles it out of the way, finding his way to the omega’s cunt before taking in a deep breath. Kirishima shudders and goes limp as the hand around his waist tightens, threatening to break him while the omega in him pleads to let it happen. It wants this; a strong mate, someone who will give him healthy eggs that can be laid in even the most destructive fires.

“Yeeeessss,” Rappa hisses before he shifts Kirishima, and something thick, hot, and wet comes into play. It pushes up against him, spreading the folds that lead into the omega’s innards, pushing past the base of his dick, and into the heat of him. Kirishima cries out as his eyes roll, and claws find their way into Rappa’s matted hair. Rappa’s tongue is as thick as

Kirishima's wrist, pushing into him as deep as it can before curling and pulling a flood of slick from Kirishima's body and into Rappa's jaws.

The sound of the larger dragon eating him out is similar to waves slamming against a cliff; wet, fast, and furious. Kirishima writhes and shudders, hands switching between pushing and pulling as his brain begs one thing, and his heat begs another.

"I was right," Rappa growls as he finally pulls back, eyes glinting between his ragged locks and into Kirishima's tear-soaked ones. "Your slick tastes even better than your blood."

The whimper is involuntary as Kirishima is pushed back into the soft furs of the nest he made. One that he had hoped to share someday with someone he loved.

"Don't worry," Rappa says as he moves in closer, face nuzzling against Kirishima's waist. "I won't kill ya."

It is only a minor comfort in Kirishima's mind as he feels the drag of the other dragon-shifter's cock against his thigh. It's as large as his forearm, maybe larger. It should scare the shit out of him. Instead, more slick pours from him, preparing his body to take the monster.

"Good lil' bitch," Rappa approves before licking his tongue over Kirishima's cock. Kirishima raises his hips in response, eyes rolling from the friction. His stomach roils from his self-hatred.

"Gonna fill you with eggs," Rappa growls against his chest as he looks down at him. "Gonna give you the strongest brats out there; strong enough to beat me."

Kirishima gives a little sob as that thick, warm tongue returns between his thighs and plunges back in.

If only he were strong enough to stop such eggs from ever being made.

## Chapter End Notes

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# Monoma/Shinsou

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Oral
- Mind control
- Restraint via mind control
- Teasing

## Chapter Notes

Have some oral that I found hiding in one of my folders.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Stretching out his quirk is similar to reaching out a hand. He can clasp it tight and relax it; let the person within his grasp wriggle and strain to an extent within his hold or keep them so still there is no chance of moving.

When he's on the other side of it, as infrequent as that is, he feels as if the walls of his mind are crowding around him. There is a pressure against his skull as he lays on the bed, hands at his side, and Monoma's mouth around his cock. He wants to groan, thrash, and dig his fingers into the corn-silk of Monoma's hair. The most he can do is blink, and even that is a fight.

Monoma's lips seal around the root of him, pressure presses against the head as Monoma swallows, and Shinsou is left shaking within his skin but unable to tell him just how *good* he is. The words are heavy against the back of his throat, his tongue a paperweight holding down the lyrics that want to fly from his lips and shower Monoma in the praise he knows he would enjoy. But this isn't about Monoma, somehow. This is about Shinsou, and that in itself makes his head spin in his skull.

The heat of Monoma's mouth disappears, making his body burn and yearn to have that friction back, but he can do nothing as Monoma peppers his hip with kisses.

"Are you alright?" Monoma asks, the heat of his breath puffing out over Shinsou's straining cock.

"Yes."

Monoma's tendril of control is too tight to let him say more than just a direct, succinct answer. He wants to tell him that it is heavenly to feel the way his throat pulls him down and tries to guide him in; that his lips are a pressure that rival pleasure itself as they trace the base of his cock.

"Do you want to say more?" Monoma's mouth is a warm smile against Shinsou's hip, burning and thin like a red-hot blade. Shinsou knows it can cut deeper than any steel.

"Yes."

"Keep it to yourself."

Shinsou would whine if he could. There is no give in the hold for it to even become a rumble in his chest.

"Open up wider," Monoma commands, and Shinsou's thighs spread to the point of aching, not that it is anything in comparison to the burn on his tongue.

"Good boy," Monoma murmurs, hands following up his thighs before pressing his thumbs against the sensitive skin on either side of his balls. "The second it becomes too much, cum."

Monoma's mouth descends upon him. Pleasure spikes up into his body, burns along his spine, and begins to fill his brain. Even as he pleads with himself, his body refuses to release. He can take it, he can wait, and Monoma damn well knows it.

Beneath his legs, grey eyes glitter up at him.

The control breaks.

Monoma's eyes widen, his throat swallows, and Shinsou's voice is a broken song of praise as he spills his symphony down Monoma's throat.

## Chapter End Notes

Next: Monoma/Bakugou

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# Indifferent Attention: Monoma/Bakugou

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Wax play
- Temperature play
- Restraint usage
- Ball-gag usage

## Chapter Notes

Just something fun with these two.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The rubber between Bakugou's teeth should yield to him just like everything else: his classmates, his grades, even the green-headed idiot who claims he will surpass him but is still too afraid to even brush his teeth next to him. How dare this little ball refuse to shred beneath his incisors and the flat, sharp planes of his front teeth. How dare it not give like the man that sits between his legs; left hand holding the scented wax shape above him and drips it down onto his belly.

"You really do like heat," Monoma chides as his hand comes closer, the fist warm like a flame. Bakugou knows that he had run into Todoroki, but he hadn't expected this when the 'thief' had summoned him with the promise of a challenge. "And here I thought the half-n-half bastard could get the best of you."

Hearing the nickname on Monoma's tongue shouldn't make him so happy; shouldn't send splinters of sensation through his spine as he watches the shadows of Monoma's eyes trace the sporadic wax patterns on his sternum.

"Look at that. You're barely even turning red." Monoma pokes at the wax just under Bakugou's right pectoral, teasing at the skin just beneath the areola with a cold finger. It makes the skin shrink back as the temperature changes, making Bakugou shudder and groan as he moves away without meaning to. He quickly stops himself. He will not show how the inversion of temperature affects him.

"I've been going about this all wrong," Monoma murmurs, his left hand moving back, dripping more wax down along Bakugou's belly and over his left hip. His skin burns just

slightly beneath the heat. It becomes a searing shock as Monoma's freezing right-hand traces along the silhouette of the wax, hardening it immediately and tightening it against the skin.

"I thought warming you up would make you more fun to play with," Monoam's hand plays over the wax, freezing it into pebbles on Bakugou's skin, "But really, all I had to do was cool you down."

The first whimper slips from Bakugou as a cooled finger flicks against his chest. The wax is a tight scar of sensation over his body.

"Should have known, what with you being such a hothead."

Bakugou would snarl at that if he could; bite into the gag and split it with will alone. It's impossible as his throat instead pushes out a moan. Hot wax drips along his public bone, a cold finger follows, and Bakugou yields to the sensation as he shakes beneath Monoma's indifferent attention.

## Chapter End Notes

Next: Ms. Joke/Midnight

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# Ms. Joke/Midnight

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Teasing
- Nudity
- Lots of laughter

## Chapter Notes

Not horribly explicit, but something sweet and sexy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There is nothing lewd about laughter. It is crisp, clean, and Fukukado laughter rings out like a singing bowl, gently stroked by Kayama's hands so that it never ends. She tickles along the sides, her mouth kissing down the rim, and more laughter spills forth to fill the room around her as she prays in reverence to the happiness it brings.

"Stop stop stop," Fukukado swats at Kayama as she giggles beneath her hands. They are bare as the day they were born, wrapped together in thin blankets as the spring fights against the summer that is slowly inching in degree by degree.

"What? I thought you liked it when I kissed your neck." Kayama kisses along her pulse, keeping the touch light and teasing as her hands stay down around her waist. They want to go exploring, see what other sounds they can make Fukukado sing, but her ears crave the laughter that overflows.

"You're awful," Fukukado giggles. "Do you know that? You are so awful. How can you look so sweet when you're being so devious." She pushes her forehead against Kayama's, grin wide as she plays with a few wild strands of hair. The tugs are gentle, barely-there as Fukukado twirls her fingers in the dark strands. It sends zips of lightning into the very roots of each strand, and rolls of thunderous pleasure roll along Kayama's scalp.

"How can you look so sexy when you laugh?"

"Oh, stop." Yet the words are met with more laughter, making shapely breasts jiggle with the sound. It's such a simple movement, so natural, and it drives Kayama wild as she leans down to nuzzle between them. The vibration of Fukukado's laughter hitches, simmers, and comes as a gentle wave as it becomes muted with slight moans.

“You’re such a tease.”

“Me?” Kayama pulls back, feigned shock on her face. “Dear, I have been upfront with you every step of the way how much I want you. Look at me, laying here being good with my hands right where you asked them to be when there is so much skin I could be exploring.”

“Oh, did I ask you to keep them there?” Fukukado grins at her, green eyes sparkling with mirth. Kayama feels laughter bubble up from the base of her belly, through her throat, and then spills sweet and thick over her tongue.

“Now YOU are the *tease*.” Kayama emphasizes the words with her fingers digging into Fukukado’s sides, tickling along them and bringing forth new peels of laughter. A few escape from her as well as she leans in, mouth tracing over twitching lips that are never quite still.

“Such a tease,” she repeats.

Fukukado’s laughter is sweet on her tongue. It is just a taste of how delicious she is.

## Chapter End Notes

Next: Rule 63 Tetsutetsu/Bakugou  
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## Rule 63: Tetsutetsu/Bakugou

### Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Reference to sexual happenings
- References to fingering and eating out
- Mild petting over clothing

### Chapter Notes

This was teetering on the edge of being T or M, but to be safe I went with M.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There is something about being held that puts Tetsutetsu at ease. She's always been the one to do the holding, the bracing. She's always been the one to protect others and keep their lives stable as she supports them.

With Bakugou, she doesn't have to worry about any of that. Bakugou may be small, thin bone wrapped in tight muscle, but she has more strength in her core than any person her size has any right to have. A hurricane in a bottle; the intensity of a hundred atomic bombs held in by soft skin and the sweet smell of nitroglycerin.

"I swear to fuck, if you keep letting that Monoma bitch push you around I am going to blast you into next week." Her fingers, thin yet calloused, push through Tetsutetsu's hair as they sit beneath the trees. They aren't too far out from the main grounds, having gone just far enough that they are hidden, but where the grass is still trimmed down enough to be soft against their legs as they lounge in their school uniforms.

"She's my friend, babe," Tetsutetsu replies, voice somewhat sleepy from the heat that surrounds them and the fingers against her skull. The gentle drone of the last summer cicadas doesn't help.

"Friends don't ask you to throw yourself under the bus so they can put their shit agenda into motion."

"It's not a shit agenda. If she gets that internship, then she'll be able to learn about some of the most powerful quirks out there. The more she is exposed to, the better she can work with her quirk." She looks up at Bakugou through her thick lashes. "And we're just first years. This won't be my last chance to get a good internship."

“You’re too fucking soft,” Bakugou says, fingers tightening in her hair. “I swear to god, you and Kirishima have this stupid self-sacrificing streak that is going to get you killed someday. And then what am I going to do?”

“Besides become the best hero ever?”

“No shit, dumb-ass. But it doesn’t mean anything if I don’t have anyone to share it with.” Bakugou’s eyes dart away, looking into the lush summer greenery. Her fingers, though, grow soft as they run gentle circles into Tetsutetsu’s scalp.

“Hey.” Tetsutetsu reaches up and touches her shoulder. Bakugou refuses to look at her.

“Babe, look at me.”

Her eyes flick down to Tetsutetsu; garnets playing at being irises. They don’t linger long.

“Katsuki,” she says softly.

“Who said you could use my name,” she grumbles, but her eyes finally focus on Tetsutetsu.

“Pretty sure you did when I had my hand between your le—”

“Shhhh,” she hisses, eyes darting around.

“What? The great Bakugou afraid of people finding out that she likes having a few fingers in her?”

“No,” she seethes. “But if they do, I want it to be from me talking about how good my girlfriend’s hands are; not some second-hand account that doesn’t do it justice because the bitch spouting it doesn’t have enough of a spine to actually tell it right.” Her cheeks are red as she says it, but she doesn’t look away this time.

Tetsutetsu feels her own cheeks warm, her chest aching as her breathing spikes.

“I’ll take the internship,” she says fingers squeezing against Bakugou’s shoulder.

“Damn right you will,” Bakugou grunts, fingers moving once again. “If you don’t, you’re not tasting me again until the end of the year.”

“Like you could keep away from my tongue that long.” Tetsutetsu sticks out said tongue between her sharp teeth. Bakugou’s cheeks darken slightly.

“You questioning my resolve?”

“Not at all babe.” Tetsutetsu traces her hand down over the slight swell of her breast and tweaks the nipple beneath the thin bra; Bakugou shudders. “Not at all.”

Next: Ojiro/Kirishima

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# Ojiro/Kirishima

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Tail use
- Fingering

## Chapter Notes

It's amazing how many rare-pairs I have sitting in my WIPs.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Kirishima knows he's strong. He's done enough work with weight training and rescue scenarios to know that he can carry twice what the usual person can. It is nothing compared to what Ojiro's tail can do. He's seen it flip up slabs of pure stone off of victims, knock villains thrice his size to the ground. It is thick, strong, and the skin is deceptively soft as Ojiro holds Kirishima up with it.

"Are you okay?" It's a strange question to ask when Kirishima can only moan and babble insane syllables as thick, padded fingers slide inside of him. The pads aren't as defined as those on Ojiro's feet, but when they are inside him, Kirishima can feel the ridges catch against his prostate and the sensitive ridges of his hole as he is spread.

Kirishima whines an affirmative, one hand wrapped into the soft fur at the tip of Ojiro's tail as the other grips Ojiro's bicep. Usually, Ojiro's arms are hidden beneath his hero costume, the loose cloth hiding just how defined it really is. It easily rivals that of most of their classmates, strong and thick, just like the tail that holds Kirishima up as if it is nothing.

Ojiro smiles down gently at him, his fingers stroking inside him but no longer thrusting. "Come on, Eiji, I need to know."

"M'good," Kirishima slurs, not able to stay still as he tosses his head side to side. Along his spine and over his joints his body ripples with patches of hardened skin, though Ojiro doesn't seem to notice. His tail may get a little skinned and scraped, but unless Kirishima really tries, he won't break the skin. He twists his hand in the fur at the tip and tries to rock down on the fingers just before they slip out.

"Ma-mashi," Kirishima whines, his eyes begging Ojiro as he rolls his hips down against the tail, the base of his spine pushing into the thick muscle of it.

"Yeah?" His eyes glint mischievously as the tail pushes upward, raising him up as far as it can as he straddles it. Kirishima's toes barely touch the ground as he finds them face to face.

"Please," he whines, wrapping his legs around it, ankles hooking together beneath him. It's an awkward angle, but not one he's unused to.

"As much as I love your body language, I would—"

"Fuck me," Kirishima says quickly.

"I don't fuck you, Eijirou," he replies as he grabs his hips, moving him both with the slick, padded digits and his tail. "I make love to you."

It's cheesy in the manliest of ways, and heat spreads through Kirishima's chest before Ojiro ever pushes inside him.

## Chapter End Notes

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# Ashido/Kaminari

## Chapter Summary

Tags:

- Tentaclit (Tentacle clitoris)
- Pegging? (is it pegging if it's not...a strapon?)
- Humor

## Chapter Notes

I don't remember why I made this so silly, but I am still happy I did.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ashido enjoys sleeping with Kaminari. He is an absolutely gorgeous guy willing to try just about anything, and her prehensile clit doesn't bother him in the least. The first time he had seen it, he had actually tried to deep throat the thing. It was her first indication that he probably wasn't fully straight; not that straight guys couldn't enjoy having their throat filled. Still, when he had asked her to use it on his ass, she hadn't been surprised. The amount of sensation loss, though, did.

"F-fuuuuuck," Kaminari whines, back bowed as she lazily rolled her hips, her clit thrashing inside him. She is barely wet, despite the wonderful noises and tightness clenching around her, mostly because she can barely feel it. There are a lot of good things about being with Kaminari: he's not afraid to eat her out, he's got insane stamina —as long as he doesn't let off all his energy in one go—, and he can make her feel like she's the only woman in the world.

The downside of sleeping with Kaminari is that, when Ashido is the one fucking him, she loses almost all sensation due to the constant tickles and socks of electricity along her clit. It's not a bad thing, but it does take a lot of the sensation and enjoyment out of it for her. That doesn't mean she doesn't like doing it; it just means she gets...board.

"Damn it," she grumbles as Kaminari lets out a cry that will probably wake the neighbors again. Not that she cares, he's the one who has to deal with all of the sound complaints. Thank god it's usually from Bakugou and Kirishima; not that they can say shit to them.

"W-what?" he whimpers.

"Lost by two moves," she replies with a pout. She wriggles her clit in deeper, making Kaminari gasp and scratch at the bed as she restarts the level. The colorful candies mock her



as she looks around the stage and finds only two possible moves.

"Y-you can do it b-babe."

She smiles at him, pushes her hips forward, and cements herself in deeper.

"You bet I can."

He cries out as she does...something. What, she's not quite sure. All Ashido knows is that she is moving, that he's enjoying it, and that if she doesn't beat level 347 soon, she might just take her frustration out on Kaminari's ass; not that he would mind.

## Chapter End Notes

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## End Notes

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