

Study Partner

Izuku Midoriya stood outside Momo Yaoyorozu's dorm room door, hand raised to knock, frozen in place for the third time in as many minutes.

Why did she ask me to come by again? His brain was doing that thing where it cycled through every possible disaster scenario at high speed. *Study session? Emergency? Did I forget something? Oh no, did I do something wrong—*

"Midoriya-kun?" Momo's voice came through the door, calm and measured as always. "You've been standing out there for two minutes. I can see your shadow under the door."

His face went crimson. "S-sorry! I was just—" He knocked quickly, three nervous taps, and the door swung open.

And Izuku's brain promptly short-circuited.

Momo stood there in casual clothes — a simple pink tank top and white panties, the kind of outfit someone wears when they're comfortable in their own space and not expecting—

Wait. She knew I was coming. She invited me. Why is she—

His eyes, operating on pure panic instinct, darted everywhere except directly at her. The ceiling. Very interesting ceiling. The bookshelf behind her. *So many books. Great books. Wonderful—*

"Midoriya-kun?" Momo tilted her head slightly, completely unbothered. "Are you alright? You look feverish."

"I'M FINE!" he squeaked, hands flying up in surrender, gaze locked on a spot approximately three feet above her head. "Totally fine! Very fine! Super—uh—what did you need help with?"

Momo stepped aside, gesturing for him to come in. As she turned, Izuku caught an inadvertent glimpse — the panties were... not exactly providing full coverage. Her figure was, to put it mildly, *extremely* well-developed, and the fabric had lost a valiant battle with physics somewhere along the way.

Izuku made a sound like a tea kettle and stared at the floor so hard he might've been trying to bore through it.

"I wanted your perspective on some notes from Aizawa-sensei's last lecture," Momo said, walking over to her desk and bending slightly to gather papers. "I thought a study partner might help me—Midoriya-kun, you can sit down. The chair's right there."

"R-right! Sitting! That's—yes!" He scrambled to the chair, eyes still averted, face the color of a fire extinguisher. His hand fumbled for the seat and he dropped into it with zero grace.

Momo turned back toward him, holding a neat stack of notes, one eyebrow slightly raised in that way she had when she was puzzling something out. "You seem unusually nervous. Is everything okay?"

"EVERYTHING'S GREAT!" Izuku's voice cracked. He coughed, rubbed the back of his neck, and tried to assemble his thoughts into something resembling functionality. "I just—uh—didn't expect—I mean—you're—"

"Oh." Momo glanced down at herself, then back at him with the faintest hint of a smile. "I suppose I should have changed. I didn't think you'd mind. We're classmates, after all."

Classmates. Right. Professional. Heroic. Definitely not thinking about—NOPE.

"N-no problem!" Izuku managed, hands gripping his knees, eyes now locked on the stack of papers in her hands like they contained the secrets of the universe. "Let's just—study! Books! Learning!"

Momo's smile widened just a fraction. "Alright then."

She pulled up a second chair and sat down beside him, close enough that he could catch the faint scent of her shampoo.

Izuku's internal monologue was just a continuous high-pitched tone.

Momo settled into her chair, crossing one leg over the other with the kind of unconscious elegance that came from a lifetime of private tutors and etiquette lessons. She set the notes on the desk between them and folded her hands in her lap.

"Before we begin," she said, her tone suddenly a touch more formal, "I should mention that I'm prepared to compensate you for your time, Midoriya-kun."

Izuku blinked. "Huh? No, no, that's—you don't have to pay me! I'm happy to help, really!"

"I insist." Momo reached into a small drawer and produced an envelope—*an actual envelope*—and placed it on the desk. Izuku caught a glimpse of the bills inside and his eyes went wide. That was... a lot of money. Like, *several weeks of allowance* a lot.

"Yaoyorozu-san, that's way too much for a study session—"

"It's appropriate compensation," Momo said firmly, though there was something careful in her expression now, a slight tension around her eyes. "Especially given the... unique circumstances."

"Unique?" Izuku's hero instincts kicked in immediately, scooting forward in his chair. "Is something wrong? Are you in trouble? Do you need—"

"Not trouble, exactly." Momo's composure flickered for just a moment. She glanced away, then back, her voice dropping to something quieter. "The last person I asked to help me study... ended up hospitalized."

Izuku froze.

"Hospitalized?"

"Yes." Momo's face was perfectly neutral now, the kind of neutral that took effort. "It was... an unfortunate incident. They've since recovered, but I thought it was only fair to warn you before we—"

****GLRRRRROOOORRRGGGLLLL.****

The sound rolled through the room like distant thunder—low, wet, and *long*. It came from Momo's midsection, audible enough that there was no pretending it hadn't happened.

Izuku's gaze snapped to her stomach, then immediately back to her face, his expression caught somewhere between concern and confusion.

"Yaoyorozu-san, are you—"

****GRRRRBBLLLLLRRRRRGGGG.****

Another one, deeper this time. Momo's hand drifted to her abdomen, fingers pressing lightly against the fabric of her tank top. Her jaw tightened just slightly.

"I'm fine," she said, though her voice had gone a shade tighter. "It's just... a digestive issue. Nothing serious. It happens when I create too much at once—my Quirk requires caloric intake, and sometimes the process is... *inefficient*."

Izuku's analytical brain was already spinning up. "Oh! Right, because your Quirk converts lipids into—wait, so when your body processes the excess—"

****BRRRRRRGGGGGLLLLLRRRR.****

Momo closed her eyes briefly. When she opened them again, there was something almost apologetic in her expression.

"Midoriya-kun," she said quietly. "If you'd like to leave, I completely understand. I can find someone else, or simply study alone—"

"No!" Izuku straightened up, his helpful instincts overpowering his confusion. "I said I'd help, and I meant it! Whatever you need, Yaoyorozu-san, I'm here!"

Momo looked at him for a long moment, something unreadable passing through her dark eyes.

"...Thank you," she said finally. "That's very kind of you."

Her stomach rumbled again, lower and more ominous this time.

"Though you may want to reconsider that in a few minutes."

Somehow—and Izuku's brain was *still* trying to process the series of decisions that had led to this moment—he was now lying flat on his back under Momo's desk.

How did this happen? When did I agree to this? Why didn't I ask more questions?!

But the envelope of cash was still on the desk above him, and Momo had explained—in that calm, matter-of-fact way of hers—that this was "the most efficient position for studying while managing my condition," and Izuku's pathological need to help people had overridden every single self-preservation instinct screaming in his head.

And now Momo was positioning herself above him, lowering down with careful precision until she was sitting directly on his face, the thin fabric of her panties the only barrier between them. Her thighs framed his head on either side, warm and impossibly soft, and Izuku's hands instinctively flew up to grip them—not pushing away, just *holding on* like a drowning man clutching a life preserver.

"Midoriya-kun," Momo's voice came from above, slightly strained. "Are you ready? Because I really can't—*nnngh*—I can't hold it any longer—"

"W-wait, Yaoyorozu-san, I don't think I'm—"

****PPPHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT—BBBRRRRRAAAAPPPPPP—PPPLLLLBBBBBTTTTT!!!****

The fart exploded out of her with zero warning, a long, wet, *bassy* eruption that seemed to vibrate through Izuku's entire skull. It was hot—*scorching* hot—and the smell hit him like a physical force, thick and rancid and somehow *worse* than he could have possibly imagined.

"MMMPPHHH!!" Izuku's muffled cry of shock was completely drowned out by the sound of Momo's ass unleashing directly onto his face. His fingers dug into her thighs, not pushing her away but just *gripping*, his whole body going rigid beneath her.

"Ohhhhh—" Momo's voice cracked into a breathy moan, her whole body shuddering with relief. "Ffffuck—"

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—FRRRRRTTTT—PPLLLLRRRRRTTTT!!!****

Another one ripped out immediately after, even longer, even wetter. The fabric of her panties did absolutely *nothing* to filter it. Izuku could feel the heat of it, the way her ass clenched and released against his face, the vibrations rattling through his teeth.

His lungs were screaming. The smell was *ungodly*—like something had died, been resurrected, and then died again inside her. His eyes watered instantly, tears leaking from the corners as he struggled to breathe through the assault.

"Haaaahh—s-sorry, Midoriya-kun—" Momo gasped above him, her voice strained and shaky. She was trying to open her textbook, he could hear pages rustling. "I warned you it was—nnngh—it's really bad today—"

****PPPPFFRRRRRRRTTTT—BBLLLLRRRRPPPP—FRRRAAAAPPPPP!!!****

A trio of quick, sharp blasts, each one punctuated by a soft, helpless moan from Momo. Her thighs trembled against the sides of Izuku's head, and he could feel her weight shifting slightly as she tried to settle into studying.

"Oh god—" she whimpered, one hand clearly pressed to her stomach. "It's—hhnnngh—it's so much worse than usual—I made three smoke grenades earlier and a grappling hook and I think—ahhh—I think my body's punishing me for it—"

Izuku tried to respond, tried to say *anything*, but all that came out was a choked, muffled groan. His hands were still locked on her thighs, knuckles white, his entire world reduced to the suffocating heat and stench of Momo's gas.

****BBBRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPPP—PPLLLLBBBBTTTTTT—FRRRRRTTTT!!!****

This one was *long*—a sustained, bubbly roar that went on for a solid five seconds, wet and bassy and absolutely *rancid*. Momo's whole body tensed, her back arching slightly, and she let out a low, guttural moan that was half relief, half embarrassment.

"Fuuuuuck—Midoriya-kun, I'm so sorry—" Her voice was shaking now, breathless. "It smells awful, doesn't it? I can—nngh—I can smell it from up here and it's—ohhh god—"

****PPPHHRRRTTTT—BBBRRRRRAAAAPPP—FRRRPPLLLLTTTT!!!****

Another wet, rippling blast, and Izuku's vision was starting to blur. He couldn't breathe. Every desperate attempt to suck in air just filled his lungs with *more* of that horrible, sulfuric stink. His grip on her thighs tightened even further, his whole body trembling beneath her.

"Okay—*hahh*—okay, let me just—" Momo was trying to focus on her notes now, her voice strained as she read aloud. "The—*nnngh*—the Quirk Singularity Theory posits that—*oh fuck*—"

****BBBRRRRPPPPPPP—PPFFFFRRRTTTT—BBLLLLRRRAAAAPPP!!!****

A vicious series of rapid-fire farts, each one wetter and bassier than the last, and Momo *moaned* through gritted teeth, her hips shifting involuntarily as her body expelled more gas.

"*It's so bad*—" she whimpered, barely holding it together. "God, Midoriya-kun, I don't know how you're—*haaahh*—how you're surviving this, it smells like something *died* in me—"

****PPLLLLBBBTTT—FRRRAAAAPPP—BBBRRRRPPPP—PPPHHRRRTTTT!!!****

Four more in quick succession, and Izuku let out a strangled, muffled sound that might have been a sob. His hands were shaking against her thighs, his whole body going limp beneath the relentless assault.

"*Ohhhh—fuck*—" Momo's voice cracked into another helpless moan. "I'm trying to study, I *swear* I'm trying, but it just keeps—*nnngh*—it keeps coming and it *reeks* and I—*ahhhhh*—"

****BBBRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPP!!!****

The longest one yet—a deep, wet, *bassy* roar that seemed to go on forever, vibrating against Izuku's face with brutal intensity. Momo's whole body shuddered, her thighs clamping tight around his head, and she let out a long, ragged moan of pure relief.

"*Haaaahhhh—fuck*—" she gasped, slumping slightly forward over the desk. "That one was—*nngh*—that one was so bad, oh my *god*—"

Izuku's muffled groan was barely audible beneath her.

And her stomach rumbled again.

Izuku's feet curled involuntarily, his toes digging into the carpet as his body tried to process the sensory overload. His hands were locked on Momo's thighs like vices now, fingers trembling with effort as he gripped harder, desperate for *something* to anchor himself to reality.

This is happening. This is actually happening. How—how did I end up here?! What series of life choices led to Yaoyorozu-san sitting on my face and

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPLLLLBBBBTTTT—FRRRAAAAPPPP!!!****

Another brutal volley cut through his thoughts, wet and bassy and *hot*, and Izuku's entire body convulsed beneath her. The smell was getting worse somehow, layering on top of itself, thick and suffocating like a physical weight pressing down on him.

Above him, Momo was muttering to herself, her voice tight with concentration—and periodic interruptions.

"Okay, so if we consider the—*nnngh*—the application of support items in urban rescue scenarios—" She paused, pen tapping against paper. "No, wait, that's not right. The question is asking about *combat* applications, not rescue—*oh god*"

Her stomach let out another low, ominous gurgle.

"Not now, *please* not now, I need to focus—" Momo's voice cracked with frustration. She shifted her weight slightly, and Izuku felt her ass clench against his face.

****PPPHHRRRRRTTTTTT—BBBRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPPP—PPLLLLBBBBTTTTTTTT!!!****

She *squeezed*, deliberately forcing it out, and the fart that erupted was monstrous—long, wet, and *bassy* as hell, rattling through Izuku's skull like a goddamn earthquake. It went on for what felt like ten full seconds, a sustained roar of gas that had Momo moaning through gritted teeth.

"*Fffuuuuck—haaahhh*—" Her whole body shuddered. "I *have* to pass this test—I *have* to—my parents are expecting—*nnngh*—"

Izuku's muffled groan was barely human at this point. His vision was swimming, dark spots creeping in at the edges. The smell was *apocalyptic*—rotten eggs mixed with something sulfuric and *meaty*, like her insides were actively decomposing.

I'm going to die here, some distant part of his brain observed with eerie calm. *I'm going to suffocate under Yaoyorozu-san's ass and they're going to find my body and Aizawa-sensei is going to have to explain this to my mom and—*

****BBBRRRRPPPPPPppppppppplplplplplplpl—FRRRPPLLLLTTTT—BBBRRRRRAAAA PPP!!!****

Another series of rapid blasts, and Izuku's feet kicked out involuntarily, his whole body going rigid. His fingers dug even *harder* into her thighs, nails pressing into soft flesh.

"The structural integrity of—*ohhhh*—" Momo tried again, voice shaking. "The structural integrity of modern support gear relies on—*god*, why does it smell so *bad*?!—relies on the tensile strength of—*hnnggh*"

She squeezed again, *hard*, her ass clenching tight before releasing.

****PPPLLLLBBBBTTTTT—BBBRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPP—FRRRAAAAPPPP
!!!****

This one was even longer, even wetter, a deep bass rumble that vibrated through every bone in Izuku's face. Momo let out a strangled moan, her hips shifting involuntarily as the gas poured out of her.

"*Ahhhhh—fuck—I'm sorry, I'm so sorry—*" she gasped, though she made no move to get up. "I just—*nnnggh—I need to pass this test, Midoriya-kun, I need to—*"

And somewhere in the oxygen-deprived haze of Izuku's brain, a thought surfaced. A terrible, intrusive, absolutely **unhinged** thought.

If Kaminari found out about this, he'd lose his mind. And Mineta—oh god, Mineta would probably build a shrine. He'd call me a legend. He'd want every detail. He'd—

****BBBRRRRRAAAAAAAAAALLLPPLPLPLPPPPPP—PPPHHHRRRTTTT—BBLLLLRRRAAA
APPPP!!!****

The next blast snapped him back to the present—the *horrible, suffocating, rancid* present. Momo squeezed again, forcing out another long, bassy eruption that had her moaning through clenched teeth.

"**Ohhhhh—that one was—hahh—that one was awful—*" Her voice cracked. "I can taste it in the *air*, oh my *god—*"

Izuku's muffled sob was completely drowned out.

No one can ever know about this. EVER. Not Kaminari. Not Mineta. Not—

****PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPLLLLBBBBTTTT—FRRRAAAAPPPP—BBBRRRRPPPPPP—
PPPHHHRRRTTTT!!!****

Four more rapid-fire blasts, each one wet and bubbly, and Momo let out a helpless whimper as she tried to refocus on her notes.

"Okay—*okay*—the question about Quirk evolution patterns—*nnngh*—I know this one, I *know* this—" She was practically panting now, one hand pressed to her stomach. "If a Quirk mutates due to—*oh fuck*—"

She bore down again, *hard*, and Izuku felt her entire body tense.

****BBBRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPP—PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPLLLLBBBB
TTTTTT—FRRRPPPLLLLTTTT!!!****

The longest, wettest, most *brutal* fart yet roared out of her, and Momo *screamed*—a raw, guttural moan of relief that echoed through the room.

"*FUCK—HAAAHHH—OH MY GOD—*"

Izuku's world was nothing but heat and stench and the crushing weight of Momo's ass on his face. His hands were shaking violently now, his grip on her thighs the only thing tethering him to consciousness.

They'd applaud me, he thought deliriously. *Kaminari and Mineta would give me a standing ovation. They'd call me a hero. They'd—*

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—FRRRAAAAPPPP—PPPHHHRRRTTTT!!!****

Momo squeezed out three more quick blasts, moaning softly with each one.

"Almost done—*nnngh*—just two more pages—" she gasped. "Just—*hahh*—just hold on, Midoriya-kun—"

Izuku's muffled groan might have been agreement.

Or it might have been a death rattle.

Hard to say.

Izuku's eyes rolled back involuntarily as another blast hit him, his body acting on pure survival instinct now. His hands, which had been gripping her thighs for dear life, slid up to her ass—not intentionally, not *consciously*, but because his brain had stopped making rational decisions somewhere around the fifth consecutive eruption.

He squeezed. Not pushing her away. Just *holding on*.

And the worst part—the *absolute worst part*—was that he had to breathe.

His lungs were screaming, burning, demanding oxygen, and the only way to get it was to **inhale**. So he did. A desperate, involuntary sniff that pulled the thick, rancid air directly into his nose.

Oh god. Oh god oh god oh god—

The smell was beyond description. If farts could manifest as visible clouds, these would be *brown*—deep, murky, toxic brown, the kind of color that suggested something fundamentally wrong was happening inside Momo's digestive system. It clung to the back of his throat, coating his tongue, seeping into his sinuses.

Training, some delirious part of his brain supplied. *She said she made smoke grenades and a grappling hook. Her Quirk converts her lipids into matter. Too much creation, not enough time to process the waste, and now—*

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPLLLLBBBBTTTTTT—FRRRAAAAPPPP—BBBRRRRRAAAAPP
P!!!****

Momo bore down *hard*, squeezing out a vicious quartet of blasts that had her crying out—half moan, half sob—as her body expelled more gas. Her ass clenched beneath Izuku's palms, the muscles flexing with each brutal release.

"Ahhhhh—*fuck—haaahhh*—" She was barely coherent now, pen shaking in her hand. "The—the strategic deployment of—*oh my god*—"

Izuku's eyes rolled back again, his whole body convulsing. He squeezed her ass tighter, fingers sinking into soft flesh, and took another involuntary sniff.

Mistake. Huge mistake. Why did I do that—

The smell hit like a punch. Thick, sulfuric, *meaty*—like rotten eggs mixed with spoiled meat and something chemical that burned his nostrils. His feet curled so hard his toes cracked, his legs trembling violently.

"Nnngh—I overdid it today—" Momo gasped above him, voice strained and shaky. "I made—*hahh*—I made too much, I *know* I made too much, and now my body's—*oh fuck*—"

****PPPHHHRRRRRTTTTTT—BBBRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPP—PPPLLLLBBBB
BTTTTTTT!!!****

She squeezed again, forcing out another monstrous eruption—long, wet, and *bassy* as hell. It vibrated through Izuku's entire skull, rattling his teeth, and the heat of it was *scorching* against his face.

"HHAAAAHHH—" Momo's moan cracked into something almost pained. Her thighs clamped tight around Izuku's head, trapping him completely. "It's—*nnngh*—it's so *bad*, oh my *god*, I can *taste* it—"

Izuku's grip on her ass tightened reflexively, his fingers digging in as his body writhed beneath her. He sniffed again—couldn't help it, **had** to breathe—and immediately regretted it.

Brown clouds. Actual brown clouds. If anyone could see this, if there was a visible manifestation of what I'm breathing right now, it would be—

****BBRRRRPPPPPP—FRRRPPLLLLTTTT—BBRRRRRAAAAPPP—PPHHHRRRTTTT!!!***

Four more rapid blasts, each one wetter than the last, and Momo let out a desperate whimper as she tried to refocus on her textbook.

"Okay—*okay*—if a hero's Quirk has a—*nnngh*—a metabolic cost, then the—*ohhhh fuck*—"

She squeezed again, *hard*, and Izuku felt her entire body tense above him.

****PPLLLLBBBBTTTTTT—BBRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPP—FRRRAAAAPPPP—BBRRRRRPPPPPP!!!****

A sustained barrage—long, wet, bubbly, and *brutal*—that went on for nearly ten full seconds. Momo *screamed*, her voice breaking into a raw, guttural moan of relief as the gas poured out of her.

"FFFFUUUUCK—HAAHHH—OH MY GOD—"

Izuku's eyes rolled back so far only the whites were visible. His whole body went rigid, then limp, then rigid again, legs kicking weakly as his hands spasmed against her ass.

He sniffed.

Why do I keep doing that. Why. Stop. STOP.

The smell was *ungodly*. Thick, rancid, *oppressive*—like breathing in pure decay. His vision blurred, tears streaming from the corners of his eyes, and somewhere in the oxygen-deprived haze of his brain, a thought flickered.

If there was a color for this smell, it would be the brownest brown that ever browned.

****BBRRRRRPPPPPP—PPHHHRRRTTTT—BBLLLLRRRAAAAPPPP—FRRRPPLLLLTTT!!!****

Momo squeezed out another vicious series, moaning helplessly with each one. Her hips shifted, grinding slightly against his face as her body forced out more gas.

"*Dear lord—*" she whimpered, voice cracking. "*I—hahh—I used my Quirk way too much today—I know I did—and now it's all just—nnngh—coming out and it reeks and I—ahhhhh—*"

****PPPLLLLBBBBTTTTT—BBRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPP!!!****

Another long, monstrous blast, and Izuku's entire world narrowed to three things:

The crushing weight of Momo's ass.

The suffocating, toxic *brown* stench filling his lungs.

And the involuntary, reflexive *squeeze* of his hands against her soft flesh as his body fought for survival.

His eyes rolled back again.

And Momo's stomach rumbled.

Louder this time.

"*Oh no—*" Her voice went tight with panic. "*That one's—nnngh—that one's going to be really bad—*"

Izuku's muffled groan might have been a plea for mercy.

Thirty minutes in, and Izuku's body had officially stopped listening to his brain.

His eyes were still rolled back, tears streaming down his temples, lungs full of nothing but thick, toxic fart-stench that would probably be classified as a chemical weapon in any civilized country. His hands were still locked on Momo's ass, squeezing reflexively with each new blast.

And then—*god help him*—he felt it.

The unmistakable, horrifying, *undeniable* pressure building in his pants.

No. No no no no NO—

But his dick didn't care about his protests. It was responding to the heat, the pressure, the *squeeze* of Momo's thighs around his head, the soft weight of her ass on his face, the vibrations

of each fart rattling through his entire body—and somewhere in the oxygen-deprived chaos of his brain, his body had decided this was *arousing*.

This CAN'T be happening—I can't—I'm not—oh GOD—

He felt himself getting harder, the fabric of his pants tightening uncomfortably, and his hips bucked involuntarily—just a small jerk upward, not enough to move the desk, but enough that he felt his erection throb against his zipper.

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPLLLLBBBBBTTT—FRRRAAAAPPP—BBBRRRRRAAAAPP
P!!!****

Momo squeezed out another brutal series, and Izuku's dick *pulsed* in response. His hips bucked again, a helpless little thrust into empty air, and a muffled whimper escaped his throat.

What is WRONG with me?! This is—this is YAOYOROZU-SAN'S ASS and she's FARTING ON ME and I'm—I'm—oh god I'm getting HARD from this—

Above him, Momo had entered some kind of focused trance. Her voice was steadier now, more determined, like she'd made peace with the fact that her body was going to keep erupting and she just had to *work through it*.

"Alright—the question about urban combat scenarios—" Her tone was clipped, professional, even as her stomach gurgled ominously. "If a villain takes hostages in a—*nnngh*—"

****PPPHHRRRRRTTTTT—BBBRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPP—PPPLLLLBBBB
BTTTTTT!!!****

She bore down *hard*, and this one was *massive*—a long, wet, bassy roar that went on for a solid eight seconds. But instead of crying out, Momo just let out a soft, breathy moan and kept reading.

"—in a confined space, the optimal response is—*hahh*—tactical extraction rather than—*mmmnh*—direct confrontation—"

Izuku's dick throbbed again. His hips jerked upward, a tiny desperate buck, and his hands squeezed her ass tighter without his permission.

Stop it stop it STOP IT—

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—FRRRPPPLLLTTT—BBBRRRRRAAAAPP—PPPHHRRRRTTTT!!!***
*

Four more quick blasts, each one punctuated by a soft little "nnnh" from Momo as she kept her focus on the textbook. She was in the zone now, refusing to let the constant gas distract her from studying.

"The structural limitations of—*mmmh*—modern support gear mean that—*hahh*—"

****PPPLLLLBBBBTTTTTT—BBBRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPP!!!****

Another long one, and Momo's voice barely wavered. Just a soft moan mid-sentence, then right back to reading.

"—mean that weight distribution is—*ohhhh*—is critical for—*nnnh*—prolonged field use—"

Izuku's entire body was trembling now. His dick was *hard*, uncomfortably so, straining against his pants as his hips gave another involuntary buck. The heat, the pressure, the *constant assault* of Momo's farts—his body had completely short-circuited.

I'm going to hell. I'm definitely going to hell. This is—this is so wrong and my body is—oh god Kaminari and Mineta can NEVER know about this part—

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPHHHRRRTTTT—FRRRAAAAPPPP—BBLLLLRRRAAAAPPPP—PPPLLLLBBBBTTTTTT!!!****

A vicious five-blast combo, each one wet and bubbly, and Momo let out a longer moan this time—"Mmmmmnh—fuck—"—before catching herself and refocusing.

"Okay—*okay*—next question—" Her breathing was heavier now, but her voice stayed steady. "If a rescue operation requires—*hahh*—"

She squeezed again, deliberately forcing it out so she could keep studying without interruption.

****PPPHHHRRRRRTTTTTT—BBBRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPP—FRRRPPLLLLTTT—BBBRRRRPPPPPP!!!****

This one was *enormous*—a sustained, wet, bassy roar that went on for nearly twelve seconds. Momo's whole body shuddered, her thighs clamping tight around Izuku's head, and she let out a long, breathy moan.

"Hhhhaaaaaahhh—god—that one was—mmmnh—"

But she didn't stop reading. Just took a breath and pushed through.

"—requires vertical extraction, the recommended equipment is—*nnnh*—Type-C grappling hooks with reinforced—*ohhh*—"

Izuku's hips bucked *hard* this time, his dick throbbing almost painfully, and his grip on her ass tightened to the point where his fingers were practically white-knuckled.

I can't—I can't take this—I'm going to—oh god I'm going to—

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPLLLLBBBBTTTTTT—FRRRAAAAPPPP—BBBRRRRRAAAAPP
P—PPPHHHRRRTTTT—BBLLLLRRRAAAAPPPP!!!****

Six rapid-fire blasts, each one wetter and bassier than the last, and Momo moaned softly through each one—"nnnh—mmmh—hahh—"—while somehow still reading her notes.

"The tensile strength of—ohhhh—modern cable systems allows for—nnnh—payloads up to—mmmh—three hundred kilograms—"

Her focus was *unshakeable* now. The farts kept coming, long and brutal and *toxic*, but she'd adapted—just letting them out with soft moans while her brain stayed locked on the material.

****PPPLLLLBBBBTTTTTT—BBBRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPP—FRRRPPPLLLLT
TT!!!****

Another massive eruption, and Izuku's entire world was nothing but heat and stench and the *unbearable* pressure in his pants. His hips jerked again, a desperate little thrust, and a strangled moan escaped his throat.

Momo either didn't notice or was too focused to care.

"Alright—hahh—last section—" Her voice was steadier now, almost confident. "If I can just get through—mmmnh—"

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—FRRRAAAAPPPP—PPPHHHRRRTTTT—BBLLLLRRRAAAAPPPP
—PPPLLLLBBBBTTTTTT—FRRRPPPLLLLT!!!****

A brutal six-blast barrage, each one long and wet and *obscenely* bassy, and Momo moaned through it—"nnnh—ohhhh—hahh—mmmh—ffffuck—haaahhh—"—while her pen kept moving across the page.

Izuku's dick throbbed. His hips bucked. His hands squeezed.

And somewhere in the back of his oxygen-starved, completely scrambled brain, a single thought surfaced:

I'm never going to be normal again.

No. No I'm not. I don't—I can't—this is WRONG—

But his dick disagreed. It throbbed harder with each fart, each wet blast sending a jolt straight through his body that made him buck helplessly into the air.

****BBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!**

Another enormous single eruption, and Momo moaned softly—"Nnnnnh"—before continuing.

"—is a staggered line formation with—ohhhh—"

Izuku's hips jerked *hard*. The wet spot in his boxers was growing, pre-cum leaking steadily now, and his whole body was trembling with the effort of *not admitting what was happening*.

I don't like this. I DON'T. I'm just—my body's just reacting because—because of the pressure and the heat and the—

****PPPHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTT—BBBRRRRRAAAAPPP—FRRRPPPLL**
LLTTTT—BBBRRRRPPPPPP!!!**

The long blast broke into a quick four-hit barrage, each one wet and bubbly, and Momo gasped through it—"Nnnh—mmmh—hahh—ohhhh—"

Izuku bucked with *each one*. Four quick thrusts matching the rhythm perfectly, his dick pulsing in time, more pre-cum soaking through the fabric.

Oh god. Oh god I'm—I'm timing it to her farts. I'm BUCKING to the RHYTHM—

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!****

Another single monster blast, and Izuku's entire body went rigid before jerking upward *hard*. His grip on her ass tightened, fingers digging into soft flesh, and a muffled moan escaped his throat.

"Mmmpphhh—"

Above him, Momo was completely focused now, in her element, working through the material with single-minded determination.

"If the evacuation route is compromised—nnnh—the secondary protocol is—mmmh—"

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!****

Long. Wet. *Bassy*. Izuku bucked, his hips lifting off the floor slightly, and more pre-cum leaked out.

I like it. Oh god I LIKE it. I don't want to but I DO and I—I can't stop and—

****BBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
—PPPHHRRRTTTT—FRRRAAAAPPPP—BBLLLLRRRAAAAPPPP—PPLLLLBBBBBT
TTTTT!!!****

The long blast broke into a five-hit combo, and Izuku's body responded *instantly*—bucking five times in rapid succession, each thrust matching a fart, his dick throbbing so hard it felt like it might burst.

"Nnnh—mmmh—hahh—ohhhh—ffffuck—" Momo moaned through each one while still reading.

Izuku's vision was completely blurred now, tears streaming, the wet spot in his pants spreading, his whole body trembling violently.

Broken. I'm broken. She broke me. Thirty minutes of this and I'm—I'm—

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!****

Another massive single roar, and Izuku bucked *so hard* his back arched off the floor. His hands squeezed her ass desperately, and the moan that escaped him was almost a *sob*.

"Mmmpphhhhnnh—"

He was leaking steadily now, pre-cum soaking through completely, his dick throbbing with every heartbeat.

And the worst part—the *absolute worst part*—was the realization settling over him like a weight:

I don't want her to stop.

****PPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT—BBRRRRPPPPP
P—FRRRPPLLLLTTTT!!!****

Long blast breaking into a quick two-hit finish, and Izuku bucked three times—*once for each*, plus one extra involuntary thrust—his body completely out of his control now.

Momo kept reading, kept moaning softly, kept studying.

And Izuku kept bucking.

Kept leaking.

Kept *not admitting* what his body was screaming at him.

****BBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!**

The blast erupted with such force that Momo actually *winc*ed, her whole body tensing.

"*Ohhhh—fuck—*" She let out a sharp breath. "That one was—*hahh—*that one was *huge*. I felt that one all the way up my spine—"

Izuku's hips jerked in response, bucking helplessly, and he tried—*god he tried—*to think about something else.

All Might. Think about All Might. His smile. His—his heroic speeches. The way he—

****PPPHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!****

Another monstrous single blast *punched* him in the nose—there was no other way to describe it. The smell, the heat, the sheer *force* of it slammed into his face like a physical blow, scattering every thought.

—dammit—okay, okay, think about—about training! Yesterday's exercise! We did—we were working on—

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP—BBBR
RRRAAAAPP—PPLLLLBBBBBTTTTTTT!!!****

Long blast breaking into a two-hit combo, and Izuku bucked *hard* with each one, his dick throbbing, more pre-cum leaking out.

—can't think—can't focus—every time I try she just—

"*Nnnngh—*" Momo shifted slightly, one hand pressing to her stomach. "That one *burned* a little. Like—*hahh—*like it was hotter than the others—"

****BBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!**

She was right. This one felt scorching against Izuku's face, and he let out a muffled whimper as his hips bucked again.

Homework. Think about homework. I have that essay for—for—what was it even about—

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT—FRRRPPPLLLLT
TT—BBBRRRRPPPPPP!!!****

Three quick punches to his senses, each one obliterating whatever fragile thought he'd been trying to construct. His hands squeezed her ass reflexively, and another buck, another throb, another leak.

Momo paused in her reading, pen tapping thoughtfully against the page. Then, almost casually:

"Midoriya-kun? Are you okay down there?"

Izuku's response was a strangled, muffled sound that could have meant anything.

"I just—*nnnh*—" She shifted again, and Izuku felt her weight settle more firmly on his face. "I want to make sure you're still conscious. Can you tap my thigh twice if you're alright?"

His hand moved automatically, tapping twice against soft flesh.

"Good. That's—*hahh*—that's good." Her voice softened slightly, genuinely grateful. "This is really helping, you know. Being able to study while just—*mmmh*—letting it all out. I really appreciate it."

****BBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!**

Another massive blast punctuated her sentence, and she moaned through it before continuing.

"Though I should warn you—ohhhh—this might take a while. Like—*hahh*—a few hours, probably. I still have three more chapters to review and—*nnnh*—my stomach feels like it has so *much* left—"

Hours. HOURS. She said HOURS.

Izuku's brain tried to process that information and simply *couldn't*. Hours of this. Hours more of—

****PPPHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTT—BBBBRRRRRAAAAPPP—FRRRAAAAPPP—BBBLLLLRRRAAAAPPPP!!!****

Four quick blasts, and his hips responded with four matching bucks, completely automatic now, his body trained like Pavlov's dog.

Math. Think about math. Numbers. Equations. Two plus two is—

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!****

The fart *punched* straight through his attempted distraction, and his dick throbbed so hard he gasped against her ass.

"Mmmnh—that one felt different—" Momo mused, almost to herself. "Wetter, maybe? Or just—*hahh*—I don't know, denser somehow—"

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
—PPPLLLLBBBBTTTTT—FRRRPPPLLLLTTTT!!!****

Three in rapid succession, each one accompanied by her soft moans, and Izuku bucked three times, his whole body trembling.

Hero names. Think about hero names. Deku. Red Riot. Froppy. Uravity. Chargebolt—

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!****

Another massive single roar, and the smell—*god the smell*—it punched so deep into his nose that his eyes rolled back involuntarily.

"Alright, next question—" Momo's voice was steady again, back in study mode. "The psychological impact of—**mnnnh*—prolonged combat situations on civilian populations—"

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!

Izuku bucked. Leaked. Squeezed her ass.

The cafeteria menu. What did we have for lunch. It was—it was curry, I think, or maybe—

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP—BBBR
RRRPPPPPP—PPHHHRRRTTTT—BBLLLLRRRAAAAPPPP—FRRRPPPLLLLTTTT!!!****

Five brutal blasts in quick succession, each one *punching* straight through his defenses, and he bucked five times, moaning helplessly into her ass.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh—" Momo let out a longer moan. "That series felt—*hahh*—that felt like my body just wanted them *out*—"

Weather. Think about the weather. It was sunny today. Or cloudy. Was it cloudy? I don't—

****PPPHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!****

Punch.

Punch.

LLBBBBBTTTTTT!!!**

Punch, punch.

throbs, leaks.

more hours and—*mmmnh*—"

T—BBBLLLRRRAAAAPPPP!!!**

completely broken, completely *conditioned*.

Hours, his brain echoed weakly. *She said hours.*

Izuku was going to cum.

body—his *broken, traitorous* body—was going to finish from it.

No no no I can't—not like this—not from THIS—

boxers and into his pants. Every blast sent another jolt straight through him, every buck brought him closer, and he could feel it building—inevitable, unstoppable.

AAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!**

the floor, his whole body arching.

"MMMPPHHH—"

Close. Too close. I'm going to—oh god I'm going to—

Above him, Momo shifted slightly, and he heard her voice change—tighter, strained.

"Nnnngh—okay this next part is—hahh—it's really hurting now—"

****PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTT—
BBRRRRRAAAAPP—FRRRPPLLLLTTTT—BBRRRRPPPPP—PPLLLLBBBBTTTT
TT!!!****

Five brutal blasts and she moaned through each one, her body shuddering above him.

****NNnnh—mmmmmmmmh—hhhhhahh—ohhhh—ffffuck—**

Then she did something new.

She leaned forward, pressing her upper body down against the desk, her ass lifting slightly—giving herself more leverage—and Izuku heard her take a sharp breath.

"Okay—okay this one's—nnnngh—"

She bore down *hard*, gritting her teeth, her whole body tensing with effort.

****FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
P!!!****

The longest fart yet—*easily* twenty seconds—a sustained, wet, bassy *roar* that vibrated through Izuku's entire skull. Momo's ass clenched and released in waves against his face, forcing every last bit out, and her moan turned into something almost *guttural*.

"HHHAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH—FFFFUUUUUCK—"

Izuku's hips *slammed* upward, bucking wildly, his dick throbbing so intensely he saw stars. The wet spot had spread completely now, his whole crotch soaked, and he was *right there*—teetering on the edge—

Can't—can't hold—gonna—

****BBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
—PPPHHHRRRTTTT—FRRRAAAAPP!!!****

Momo stayed leaned forward, head down on the desk, and kept pushing. Three more massive blasts in quick succession, moaning through gritted teeth.

"Nnnngh—god—hahh—it hurts but it feels—mmmnh—feels better getting it out—"

Izuku bucked three times, matching rhythm perfectly, his hands squeezing her ass desperately.

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!****

Another enormous single blast, and Momo let out a long, shaky breath before forcing herself to focus.

"Okay—hahh—the question about—nnnh—emergency response protocols—"

She was still leaned forward, still reading, but her voice was strained now, punctuated by sharper moans as her stomach cramped.

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP—BBBR
RRRPPPPP—PPLLLLBBBBTTTTT—FRRRPPLLLLTTTT!!!****

Four brutal blasts and she *moaned* through them—"Ohhhh—fuck—hahh—mmmnh—"—before gritting down again.

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPLPLPLPLPLPLPLPPP!
!!****

Even *longer* than the last one—nearly thirty seconds of sustained roaring—and Momo's whole body shook with the effort, her moan turning into a *cry*.

"HHHHAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH—GOD—SO MUCH—"

Izuku's vision whited out. His hips bucked so hard his back lifted completely off the floor, his dick pulsing violently, and he felt it—*right there*—

Gonna cum—oh god I'm gonna cum from her FARTS—

****PPPHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTT—BBBRRRRAAAAPP—FRRRRAAAP
PP—BBLLLLRRRAAAAPP—PPLLLLBBBBTTTTT—FRRRPPLLLLTTTT—BBBR
RRRPPPPP!!!****

Seven rapid-fire blasts, Momo moaning desperately through each one while still trying to read.

"Nnnh—the—mmmh—the protocol requires—hahh—immediate—ohhhh—assessment
of—ffffuck—civilian casualties—nnnngh—"

His dick pulsed violently, cum erupting in thick, hot spurts that soaked through his already-drenched boxers, through his pants, wave after wave of it as his body convulsed

helplessly. His hips bucked wildly—once, twice, three times—and on the third thrust his legs *kicked out*, slamming into the underside of the table with a loud ****THUNK****.

The whole desk shook.

"—*WHAT?!*" Momo jerked upright immediately, sitting up straight from her leaned-forward position, pen clattering to the surface. "*Midoriya-kun?! Are you—*"

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPLLLLBBBBBTTTTTT—FRRRPPPLLLLTTTT!!!****

Three more blasts escaped as she sat up—shorter now, less intense, her body finally starting to empty out—but her focus was completely broken.

"Are you *okay* down there?! What happened?!"

Izuku couldn't respond. He was still *cumming*, his whole body trembling, legs spasming weakly, more thick ropes of cum pumping out as the orgasm tore through him like a goddamn *freight train*.

Can't—can't let her know—she can't FIND OUT—

****PPPHHRRRTTTT—BBBRRRRAAAAPPP!!!****

Two more quick ones as Momo shifted her weight, clearly concerned now. Her thighs loosened slightly around his head.

"Midoriya-kun, talk to me! Did you hit your head? Are you hurt?!"

He managed a muffled sound—something between a groan and a whimper—and weakly tapped her thigh twice.

I'm okay. I'm okay. Please don't move please don't look please don't—

His dick gave another weak pulse, more cum leaking out, and he had to bite back a *sob* because he could feel it—he was *still* hard, still throbbing, still right on the edge of going *again*.

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—FRRRAAAAPPP!!!****

Two lighter blasts now, Momo's body clearly running low, but she was sitting fully upright, one hand pressed to the desk for balance.

"Are you *sure* you're okay? You kicked the table pretty hard—"

Another two taps. Weaker this time, his hand shaking.

Please. Please just keep going. Don't look. Don't move. Don't—

****PPPLLLLBBBBBTTTTT—BBBRRRRPPPPPP!!!****

Two more, softer, almost gentle compared to the monstrous blasts from before. Momo let out a shaky breath.

"Okay. Okay, if you're sure—" She sounded uncertain, worried, but after a moment she slowly leaned back forward, settling her weight onto him again. "Just—just tap me if something's wrong, alright? I don't want you getting hurt down there—"

Izuku's response was a strangled, muffled sound as his dick gave another weak throb.

The wet mess in his pants was *obscene* now—cum everywhere, soaking through multiple layers, cooling against his skin. His whole body was trembling, hypersensitive, and every tiny movement of Momo's ass against his face sent another jolt through him.

Still hard. Still HARD. How am I still—

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPHHHRRRTTTT—FRRRPPPLLLLTTT!!!****

Three quick ones, nowhere near as brutal as before, and Izuku's hips gave a weak, involuntary buck.

No. No no no not AGAIN—

But his body didn't care. It was *primed* now, conditioned, broken. Every fart—even the gentler ones—was pushing him right back toward that edge.

"Nnnh—okay, let me just—*hahh*—" Momo picked up her pen again, trying to refocus. "Where was I—emergency response protocols—"

****PPPLLLLBBBBBTTTTT—BBBRRRRAAAAPPP!!!****

Two more soft blasts, and Izuku's dick throbbed in response, still leaking, still *hard*.

She can't know. She CAN'T. If she finds out I came from this—if she sees—

His hands loosened their death grip on her ass, trying to seem normal, trying not to give himself away. But his whole body was still trembling, still hypersensitive, still teetering on the edge of a *second* orgasm.

****FRRRAAAAAPPPP—BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPHHHRRRTTTT!!!****

Three lighter ones, Momo moaning softly—"Mmmnh—hahh—nnnh—"—as she kept pushing them out, and Izuku felt it building again.

No. Not again. I can't—not TWICE—

But his dick was already throbbing harder, the sensitivity from the first orgasm making everything feel *more intense*, and his hips gave another weak buck.

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPLLLLBBBBBTTTITTT!!****

Two more, and Momo let out a longer breath.

"Hahh—I think—nnnh—I think it's starting to slow down finally—"

No. Please. Keep going. Don't stop don't stop don't—

Izuku's brain and body were in complete contradiction—one begging for mercy, the other *desperate* for more.

****FRRRPPPLLLLTTT—BBBRRRRAAAAPPP—PPHHHRRRTTTT!!****

Three soft ones, and his dick pulsed again, leaking fresh pre-cum into the already-soaked mess.

Gonna cum again. Oh god I'm gonna cum AGAIN—

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPLLLLBBBBBTTTITTT—FRRRAAAAPPPP!!****

Three soft blasts, and Izuku's body made the decision for him.

His hands *clenched* on her ass—hard, desperate—pulling her down as his face pressed deeper into her, and his hips slammed upward one more time.

And he came *again*.

"MMMMMPPPPHHHHHHNNNNGH—"

The moan ripped out of him, muffled but *deep*, guttural, impossible to mistake for anything else. His whole body convulsed, dick pulsing violently as another massive load erupted—somehow even *more* than the first time, fresh cum pouring out to mix with the already-obscene mess soaking his pants.

His legs kicked weakly, trembling, his back arching as wave after wave of it tore through him.

Can't stop—oh god I can't STOP—

Above him, Momo went completely still for half a second.

She felt it. She *had* to have felt it—the way his hands clenched, the way his whole body locked up, the deep muffled moan vibrating against her ass.

But after that brief pause, she just... kept going.

****PPPHHRRRRRTTTTTT—BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!****

A longer one now—ten full seconds—and she bore down through it, moaning softly.

"Nnnnnh—the structural considerations for—hahh—urban infrastructure during—mmmh—"

Her pen kept moving. Her voice stayed steady. Like she either didn't notice, or decided not to acknowledge it.

Izuku was *dying*. His dick was still pulsing, still cumming, soaking through everything, and his face was pressed so deep into her ass now that he could barely breathe even between farts.

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP—BBBR
RRRPPPPP—PPLLLLBBBBBTTTTTT!!!****

Three brutal blasts and Momo moaned through them—*"Ohhhh—hahh—nnnh—"*—while Izuku's body kept convulsing beneath her, his orgasm finally starting to taper off into weak, trembling aftershocks.

She knows. She HAS to know. Oh god she felt that and she's just—she's just IGNORING it—

His hands were still locked on her ass, too weak to let go, his whole body shaking violently.

****BBBLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA PPPP
PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!****

Another long, hard blast—she was pushing them out deliberately now, squeezing each one out with effort—and Izuku's hypersensitive dick gave one last weak throb.

"Hahh—one hour down—" Momo's voice was matter-of-fact, like she was just checking the time. *"Still have—nnnh—probably two more to go—"*

Two more HOURS. After I just came TWICE and she—

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTT—FRRRPPPLLLTT
TT—BBBRRRRAAAAPPP!!!****

Three more—long, wet, *hard*—and she moaned through each one while still reading her notes.

"The psychological impact of—*mmmnh*—prolonged exposure to—*ohhhh*—combat stress can result in—*nnnngh*—"

Izuku's brain was completely offline. His body was limp, trembling, soaked in his own cum, face buried in her ass, and she was just... *studying*.

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP—BBBR
RRRPPPPP—PPHHHRRRTTTT—BBLLLLRRRAAAAPPP!!!****

Four brutal blasts, and his dick—*somehow, impossibly*—gave another weak twitch.

No. I can't. There's no way I can—not a THIRD time—

But his body was already responding, already conditioning itself, already preparing.

Momo shifted slightly, getting comfortable for the long haul, and let out another massive blast.

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!

"*Nnnnnh*—two more hours, Midoriya-kun—" she said softly, almost gently. "*Hahh*—just hold on a little longer—"

Izuku's muffled whimper was barely audible.

And his dick was already starting to harden again.

Izuku's hips were bucking weakly now—small, helpless jerks that happened without his input. His eyes rolled back again, whites showing, as another blast hit him square in the face.

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
PPLLLPLPLPLPLPLPLPPPPPTTTTTT!!!****

Long. Wet. *Hot*. Momo moaned softly through it—"Nnnnnh"—and Izuku's dick gave another traitorous throb.

Can't—already came twice—body can't possibly—

But it was already happening. The familiar heat building low in his gut, his oversensitive cock responding to every vibration, every wet blast, every soft moan from above.

****PPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT—FRRRAAAAPPPP—BBBRRRRPPPPPP!!!****

Three more, and Momo paused mid-sentence, her pen hovering over the page.

She shifted slightly—Izuku felt it—and then she made a small sound of discomfort.

"Nnnh—" Her voice was quieter now, almost thoughtful. "My underwear is—*hahh*—it's completely damp now. From all the—*mmmh*—"

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPHHHRRRTTTT!!!****

Two more soft blasts, and she let out a longer breath.

"That's... probably not comfortable for you either, is it? The fabric getting wet and—*nnnh*—"

Izuku's muffled sound could have been agreement or protest or just pure oxygen-deprived delirium.

Momo was quiet for a moment, clearly thinking. Her hand drummed thoughtfully on the desk.

"I should probably just—*hahh*—take them off. It'll feel better. For both of us."

Wait. WAIT. She's going to—

"Just—hold still for a second, Midoriya-kun—"

She lifted slightly—*blessed air for half a second*—and Izuku felt her hands move, heard the soft rustle of fabric. She was shimmying her panties down, working them past her thighs, then her knees, and—

They were off.

And then she settled back down.

Oh god. Oh GOD. That's—that's bare skin now that's—

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!****

The difference was *immediate*.

Hotter. Wetter. More *direct*. The blast erupted straight from her bare asshole onto Izuku's face with nothing to filter it, and the smell—*oh god the smell*—

Momo let out a long, relieved moan.

"*Ohhhhhhh—yes—that's—hahh—that's so much better—*"

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
—PPPLLLLBBBBBTTTTTT—FRRRPPPLLLLTTTT!!!****

Three massive blasts in quick succession, each one *scorching* against his face, and Izuku's entire body convulsed.

His hips bucked *hard*. His hands squeezed her bare ass—soft, warm, *perfect*—and his dick throbbed so violently he thought he might black out.

Bare. She's bare. Her actual asshole is on my face and she's—

****PPPHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTT—BBBRRRRRAAAAPPP—FRRRAAAAPP
PP—BBBLLLLRRRAAAAPPPP—PPPLLLLBBBBBTTTTTT!!!****

Five brutal blasts, each one wetter than before, and Momo moaned through every single one.

"*Nnnh—mmmh—hahh—ohhhh—ffffuck—*"

She bore down deliberately, squeezing each one out with clear relief, and Izuku felt it—felt her asshole clench and release directly against his nose and mouth.

His vision went white.

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!

A fifteen-second monster, and his hips slammed upward, bucking wildly as his dick leaked fresh pre-cum into the nightmare mess already coating his crotch.

Building again—oh god it's building AGAIN—

"*Haaahhh—that's—nnnh—that's perfect—*" Momo sighed contentedly, settling her full weight back down. "So much more comfortable now—"

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP—BBBR
RRRPPPPP—PPPHHHRRRTTTT—FRRRPPPLLLLTTTT!!!****

Four more, bare skin to face, each blast *searing*, and Izuku's whole body started trembling.

Close. Getting close again. Third time—gonna cum a THIRD time—

His eyes rolled back completely, only whites visible now, as his hips bucked in perfect rhythm with her farts.

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—** Buck. **PPLLLLBBBBBTTTTTT—** Buck.
FRRRAAAAPPPP— Buck.**

"The economic considerations of—*nnnh*—post-conflict reconstruction require—*mmmh*—" Momo was back to studying, her voice steady even as she kept farting.

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
—FRRRPPPLLLTTTT—BBBRRRAAAAPPP!!!****

Three massive ones, bare and hot and wet, and Izuku felt it—*right there*—

His hands clenched desperately on her bare ass, fingers sinking into soft flesh, and his whole body went rigid.

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!****

One final enormous blast, and—

Izuku came *again*.

"MMMMPPPPHHHHHHNNNNNNGH—"

The moan was *guttural*, muffled deep into her bare ass as his dick erupted for the *third* time. Thick ropes of cum pumping out, mixing with the already-obscene mess, his whole body convulsing as the orgasm ripped through him like lightning.

His hips bucked frantically—once, twice, three times, four—each thrust accompanied by another pulse, another spurt, his oversensitive cock wringing out *everything*.

Can't—too much—TOO MUCH—

****BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPP
PPPPPPPPPP!!!****

Momo bore down through it, squeezing out another long blast, moaning softly.

"Nnnnnh—almost done with this chapter—*hahh*—"

Izuku was *gone*. Trembling, twitching, cumming *hard* as his face stayed buried in her bare ass, breathing nothing but her toxic gas, his body completely broken and conditioned.

His dick pulsed. And pulsed. And *pulse*..

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP—PPPL
LLLBBBBBTTTTTT!!!****

Two more, and the orgasm finally started tapering off into weak, shuddering aftershocks.

Izuku's muffled sob was barely human.

And Momo just kept studying.

"*Mmmh*—one hour fifteen minutes now—" she mused. "*Hahh*—only about an hour and forty-five minutes left—"

Izuku's brain could barely process that information.

Still an hour forty-five. Still—

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!

His dick gave one last weak twitch.

She's bare now. And there's still almost two hours left.

Momo stopped mid-sentence.

Her pen clattered to the desk. Both hands pressed flat against the surface, bracing herself, and Izuku felt her entire body tense above him.

"*Nnnngh*—okay—*okay*—" Her voice was strained, tight with discomfort. "My stomach is—*hahh*—it *hurts* and I just need to—*nnngh*—I need to push them all out *now*—"

She leaned forward again, pressing her upper body down against the desk, her bare ass lifting slightly to give herself leverage.

And then she *bore down*.

****FRRAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
PPPPP!!!****

Fifty full seconds.

A monstrous, wet, bassy roar that seemed to go on *forever*, her bare asshole clenching and releasing directly against Izuku's face as she forced every bit of it out. Her whole body shuddered with the effort, and the sound she made was somewhere between a grunt and a moan.

"NNNNNNGH—HHAAAAAAHHHH—FFFFUUUUUCK—"

Izuku's eyes rolled back so far they nearly disappeared. His hips bucked *wildly*, his hands clenched on her bare ass, and he felt it—*oh god he felt it*—

Gonna cum. Again. AGAIN. Fourth time—how is there even a fourth time—

****BBBBRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
PPPPP!!!****

Another one—*sixty seconds*—and Momo gritted her teeth, grunting through it with raw desperation.

"NNNGH—GET OUT—HAAHHH—ALL OF IT—"

Her bare ass pressed harder against his face, her asshole flexing and pulsing with each wave of gas, and Izuku's body went into full convulsions.

His dick was *throbbing*, leaking heavily again, the wet mess in his pants utterly destroyed at this point. His hips bucked frantically—no rhythm, no control, just desperate jerking thrusts as his body prepared for another orgasm.

Need help. Someone help. Anyone. PLEASE—

But there was no one. Just him, trapped under the desk, Momo's bare ass on his face, and the endless brutal assault.

****PPPLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB
BBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!****

Another *enormous* blast—at least forty-five seconds—wet and bubbly and *scorching*, and Momo let out a long, guttural moan.

"OHHHHHHH—GOD—YES—FFFFUCK—"

Izuku's whole body locked up. His back arched completely off the floor. His hands squeezed her ass so hard his fingers left marks.

Here it comes—oh god HERE IT COMES—

****FRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
PPP—BBBRRRRRAAAAPP—PPLLLLBBBBTTTTTT—FRRRPPLLLLTTTT—BBBRRRR
PPPPPP!!!****

A sustained fifty-second monster that broke into five quick finishing blasts, and Momo
screamed through it.

"NNNNNNGH—HAAAAAAHHHHHH—OUT OUT
OUT—NNNH—MMMH—HAHH—OHHHH—FFFFUCK—"

And Izuku—

Izuku *shattered*.

"MMMMMPPPPPHHHHHHHNNNNNNNNNGH—"

The moan was *broken*, desperate, as his dick erupted for the *fourth* time.

Cum exploded out of him in thick, heavy spurts—wave after wave of it, far more than should have been possible, soaking through the already-destroyed fabric of his pants and pooling beneath him. His whole body convulsed violently, hips slamming upward over and over as the orgasm tore through him like a goddamn *tsunami*.

His legs kicked out weakly, hitting the table again—****THUNK****—but Momo was too focused on pushing out gas to care.

****BBBRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!****

Another massive forty-second blast, and Izuku's dick *kept pulsing*, kept cumming, his body wringing out every last drop as his face stayed buried in her bare ass.

Too much—can't stop—PLEASE—

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB
BBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT—FRRRAAAAPPPP—BBRRRRPPPPPP!!!****

Three more—long, wet, brutal—and Momo grunted through them, her whole body shaking.

"NNNNGH—HAHH—NNNH—"

Izuku's orgasm finally started tapering off, his dick giving weak, helpless twitches as the last few spurts leaked out. His whole body was limp now, trembling, utterly *destroyed*.

Someone help. Please. Can't take anymore. CAN'T—

[illegible]

One final sixty-second monster, and Momo let out a long, shaky breath of relief as it finally finished.

"Hhhhhaaaaahhhhh—oh thank god—" Her voice was raw, exhausted. "That—hahh—that helped. My stomach feels—nnnh—better now—"

She slowly sat back up, settling her full weight onto Izuku's face again, and picked up her pen.

"Okay. *Hahh*. Back to studying."

Izuku's muffled whimper was *pitiful*.

He'd just cum *four times*. Four. From nothing but her farts. And there was still—

An hour and a half left.

Izuku's brain was barely functioning anymore.

Oxygen-deprived. Overstimulated. *Broken.*

And somewhere in the scrambled mess of his thoughts, a new idea surfaced—unwanted, intrusive, *impossible to ignore*.

Would... would Uraraka's farts be this bad? Or—or Ashido's? Asui's?

The thought hit him like a truck, and his dick—*still somehow hard after four orgasms*—gave a violent throb.

No. Don't think about that. Don't—

```

**BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPP PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!
**

```

Momo bore down hard, squeezing out another massive blast, and the image flashed through Izuku's mind before he could stop it—Ochaco's round face, blushing and apologetic, sitting on him the same way. Mina grinning wickedly, making a game of it. Tsuyu's calm, matter-of-fact expression as she just... did it.

Oh god. Oh GOD.

His hips bucked *violently*, his dick throbbing so hard it hurt, and—

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTT—FRRRAAAAPPPP
—BBBRRRRPPPPPP!!****

Three brutal blasts, and Izuku's body went rigid.

"MMMPPPHHHNNNNGH—"

He came *again*.

Fifth time.

His legs kicked out weakly, hitting the table—**thunk**—but barely moving it this time. His whole body convulsed, dick pulsing helplessly, but the orgasm was *weaker* now. His body was running on empty, wringing out what little it had left.

Can't. Can't keep doing this. Gonna die. Actually gonna DIE—

But his dick stayed hard.

And that's when Izuku made a decision.

A terrible, desperate, *absolutely insane* decision.

Fuck it.

His shaking hands fumbled with his waistband. He couldn't get his all the way off—not without moving too much, not without Momo noticing—but he managed to shove them down to his thighs, leaving just his boxers.

Then, with trembling fingers, he reached into the soaked fabric and pulled his dick out.

I'm doing this. I'm actually doing this. Under her desk. While she's—

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!****

Another massive blast hit his face, and his hand—acting on pure instinct—wrapped around his shaft.

And he started *stroking*.

Slow at first. His hand slick with pre-cum and the remnants of five orgasms, gliding easily along his oversensitive length. Every stroke sent jolts through his body, and he had to bite back a moan.

She can't know. She CAN'T know. If she finds out I'm—

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
—PPPLLLLBBBBBTTTTTT—FRRRPPPLLLLTTTT!!!****

Three blasts, and his hand moved faster, matching the rhythm, stroking in time with each one.

Above him, Momo was completely oblivious, focused on her notes.

"The tertiary response protocols require—*nnnh*—coordination between—*hahh*—multiple agencies—"

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—** Stroke. **PPPHHRRRTTTT—** Stroke. **FRRRAAAAPPPP—**
Stroke.**

Izuku's other hand stayed on her bare ass, squeezing reflexively, while his stroking hand worked faster, *faster*, his hips bucking up into his grip.

This is insane. This is INSANE. I'm jerking off to her FARTS while she STUDIES—

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!****

A long, wet blast, and Izuku's hand flew over his shaft, his grip tightening, his whole body trembling.

"*Nnnh*—if the primary evacuation route is compromised—*mmmh*—"

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP—BBBR
RRRAAAAPPP—PPPLLLLBBBBBTTTTTT!!!****

Three more, and Izuku stroked frantically through each one, his dick throbbing, leaking heavily, the wet sounds of his hand barely audible under the roar of her gas.

Gonna cum again. Sixth time. SIX TIMES—

****BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBLLLLLLBLBLBLBLBLBLRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!****

One enormous blast, and his hand worked *desperately*, stroking hard and fast, his hips bucking up into his fist.

Close. So close. Just need—

****PPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT—FRRRPPLLLLTT
TT—BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPHHRRRTTTT—FRRRAAAAPPPP!!!****

Five rapid-fire blasts, and Izuku stroked through **all of them**, his hand flying, his whole body tensing—

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLLLPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
PPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!****

One final massive roar, and—

Izuku came *again*.

But this time, there was barely anything left. His dick pulsed weakly, a few thin spurts dribbling out onto his hand, onto the floor, his body utterly *wrung out*. His hand kept stroking through it, milking every last weak twitch, and his muffled moan was almost *pained*.

"Mmmpphhh—"

Above him, Momo kept reading.

"—requires immediate assessment of structural integrity before—nnnh—"

****BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPLLLLBBBBTTTTTTT!!!****

Two more soft blasts, and Izuku's hand finally slowed, his grip loosening as the aftershocks faded.

His dick stayed in his hand. Still hard. Still *ready*.

Six times. I came six times. And I just—I just jerked off under her desk and she doesn't even KNOW—

****FRRRAAAAPPPP—BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPHHHRRRTTTT!!!****

Three more, and his hand gave his shaft a slow, experimental stroke.

His dick throbbed in response.

Still an hour left. And I'm—I'm just gonna keep going.

It happened without warning.

One second Izuku was stroking himself weakly, his body wrung out and trembling. The next—

Crack-crack-crack-crack-crack—

Green lightning erupted across his skin.

One For All—5%, maybe less, just a flicker—but it was *there*, coursing through his exhausted body, and suddenly everything felt *more*. Sharper. Hotter. *Intense*.

His dick went from half-hard to *painfully* erect in seconds, throbbing so hard it felt like it might split in two. The oversensitivity from six orgasms combined with his Quirk's enhancement, and his whole body lit up like a livewire.

"Nnnngh—" The sound escaped him before he could stop it, and his hands—both of them—flew to Momo's bare ass, gripping *hard*, fingers digging into soft flesh with Quirk-enhanced strength.

Not enough to hurt. Just enough to *feel*.

And then he did something he couldn't take back.

He *inhaled*.

Deep. *Desperate*. His nose pressed hard into her asshole, and he *sucked* in her scent like his life depended on it.

***BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!

The blast hit him directly—bare skin to face, no filter, all of it straight into his lungs—and the green lightning across his body *flared*.

"MMMPPPPHHHHHHH—"

He inhaled *again*, even deeper, his whole body shuddering as the toxic brown cloud filled his nose, his mouth, his *lungs*. The smell was still apocalyptic—thick and rancid and *wrong*—but his brain had stopped caring. It wanted *more*.

Need it. Need MORE. Don't stop don't STOP—

****PPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTT—FRRRAAAAPPPP—BBRRRRPPPPPP!!!****

Three blasts, and Izuku's hands squeezed harder, pulling her down as he *sniffed* frantically through each one.

Sniff. Sniff. SNIFF.

His chest heaved with the effort, drawing in as much as he could, his Quirk making everything feel amplified—the heat scorching, the smell overwhelming, the sensation of her bare asshole flexing against his nose absolutely *intoxicating*.

Above him, Momo paused mid-sentence.

Her pen stopped moving. Her body went still for just a moment.

...is he? No. No, he can't be—

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!****

She pushed out another long blast—fifteen seconds—and felt it. *Definitely* felt it.

The way his nose pressed harder into her. The desperate, rhythmic *sniffing* sounds. The almost frantic way his hands were squeezing her ass now, holding her down like he was afraid she'd move away.

He's... he's actually sniffing them. Like—like he WANTS to. Oh my god.

Her face flushed slightly, a mix of embarrassment and something else she couldn't quite name.

But the strangest part was—

The smell in the room was getting better.

Not gone. Not even close. But... less oppressive. Like someone had opened a window (they hadn't). Because Izuku was literally *inhaling* it as fast as she could produce it, his Quirk-enhanced lungs working overtime to pull every bit of gas directly into himself.

He's acting like a filter. An actual human air filter. That's—that's actually kind of...

She didn't finish the thought. Just shook her head slightly and went back to her notes, trying to focus.

"The economic impact of—*nnnh*—infrastructure damage during—*hahh*—"

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
—PPPLLLLBBBBTTTTTT—FRRRPPPLLLLTTTT!!!****

Three more blasts, and Izuku *sniffed* desperately through all of them.

Sniff-sniff-sniff. Sniff-sniff-sniff.

His hands squeezed in rhythm with his breathing, his whole body trembling, green lightning still crackling faintly across his skin.

The smell. The heat. The direct contact. The way her bare asshole flexed and pulsed against his nose with each blast. His oxygen-deprived, overstimulated, Quirk-enhanced brain had decided this was *exactly* what it needed, and nothing—*nothing*—was going to stop him from getting more.

****PPPHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTT—BBBRRRRRAAAAPPP—PPPLLLLBBBB
BTTTTTT—FRRRAAAAPPP—BBBRRRRPPPPPP!!!****

Five rapid blasts, and Izuku's sniffing got *louder*, more desperate, his chest heaving as he sucked in every bit.

High. I'm getting HIGH on this. Oh god I'm actually getting HIGH—

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!****

Another massive twenty-second roar, and Izuku's whole body *shuddered*, his hands squeezing so hard now that Momo actually made a small sound.

"*Nnnh*—Midoriya-kun, you're—*hahh*—you're gripping pretty hard—"

But he couldn't stop. Didn't *want* to stop. His Quirk was still active, still making everything feel impossibly intense, and his brain had fully committed to this nightmare.

More. Need more. Don't stop. NEVER STOP.

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
—FRRRPPPLLLTTTT—BBBRRRRPPPPPP!!!****

Three more, and his sniffing became almost *violent*, his whole face pressing into her, his nose practically **buried** in her asshole as he inhaled with Quirk-enhanced desperation.

SNIFF-SNIFF-SNIFF-SNIFF-SNIFF.

Momo shifted slightly, clearly feeling every bit of it now, and her internal monologue was a mixture of confusion and dawning realization.

He's completely lost it. He's—he's actually enjoying this now. Or his body thinks he is. Or—I don't even know anymore. But the smell IS getting better because he's literally breathing all of it in before it spreads...

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTNTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!****

Another long blast, and Izuku's muffled moan vibrated against her bare skin.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh—"

His dick—still out, still painfully hard—throbbed violently between his legs, leaking fresh pre-cum onto the growing puddle beneath him. He'd completely forgotten about stroking it. His hands were locked on her ass, his face buried in her, and all he could do was *sniff* and *squeeze* and *feel*.

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP—BBBR
RRRAAAAPP—PPPHHRRRTTTT—BBLLLLRRRAAAAPP—PPPLLLBBBBBTTT
T—FRRRPPPLLLTTTT!!!****

Six brutal blasts in rapid succession, and Izuku's sniffing matched every single one perfectly.

Sniff. Sniff. Sniff. Sniff. Sniff. SNIFF.

Green lightning crackled brighter for a moment, his whole body trembling, and Momo felt his grip tighten even more.

"Hahh—okay, you're definitely—nnnh—you're definitely still conscious down there—" she murmured, half to herself. "Very... very conscious, apparently—"

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!

Seven. Eight. Nine.

He loses count after that.

Sometimes from the farts alone—his dick pulsing weakly, dribbling out what little it has left. Sometimes from his own desperate stroking, his hand moving automatically, rhythmically, his body wringing itself dry over and over.

The puddle under the desk grows. Spreads. Becomes a small *lake* of cum and pre-cum and sweat.

Hours pass.

****BBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP.***
*

Momo finishes one chapter. Starts another. Her stomach keeps cramping, keeps *demanding* relief, and she just... gives it. Blast after blast, long and hard and relentless.

"Nnnh—the psychological impact—*hahh*—"

```

**FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPP PPPPPPPPPPPPPPP—PPPL
LLLBBBBBTTTTTT—BBBRRRRPPPPPP.**

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More hours.

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT.****

Izuku's sniffing never stops. Deep, desperate pulls of air, his Quirk-enhanced lungs working like a vacuum, drawing in every toxic blast before it can fully spread. The room's smell stays *tolerable* because of him—barely—but the cost is everything.

His mind is *gone*. No thoughts. No words. Just sensation. Just *need*.

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP
—FRRRAAAAPPPP—BBBRRRRPPPPPP—PPPHHHRRRTTTT.****

More hours.

Momo's notes pile up. Three chapters done. Four. Her handwriting stays neat, focused, even as her body keeps expelling gas in brutal waves.

"Mmmh—next question—*hahh*—the ethical considerations—*nnnh*—"

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPP PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP****

Underneath, Izuku bucks weakly. Cums again. His dick barely even pulses anymore—just weak twitches, dry orgasms that leave him trembling and *empty*.

****BBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP.***

More hours.

The night stretches on. Endless. Brutal.

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTT—BBBRRRRAAAA
PPP—FRRRPPPLLLTTTT—PPPHHRRRTTTT—BBBRRRRPPPPPP.****

Five blasts. Ten. Twenty. They blur together.

****FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP.****

Momo yawns once around 3am, stretches slightly, and keeps going.

***BBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP.*
*
*

Izuku's hand moves automatically, stroking himself through another weak orgasm he can barely even feel anymore.

****PPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT.****

More hours.

The first light of dawn starts creeping through the window.

Momo finishes her final chapter, sets down her pen, and lets out a long, satisfied breath.

"*Hahh*—done. Finally."

****BBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP.***

One last enormous blast—a triumphant final roar—and she slowly stands up, stretching her arms above her head.

Underneath the desk, Izuku collapses completely.

Green lightning fades. His Quirk finally shuts off.

His body goes limp. Trembling. Soaked. *Destroyed*.

But conscious. Somehow, impossibly, still conscious.

Momo bends down slightly, peering under the desk with a concerned expression.

"Midoriya-kun? Are you... are you okay?"

His response is a weak, broken sound that might have been a whimper.

She bites her lip, looking genuinely apologetic.

"I'm really sorry it took all night. My stomach just—*hahh*—it wouldn't stop. But I feel SO much better now. And—" She glances at her notes. "—I'm completely ready for the exam. So... thank you. Really."

Izuku makes another weak sound.

Momo straightens up, gathering her things, and pauses at the door.

"You should probably... clean up before anyone sees you. And—*um*—maybe take a shower. A long one."

The door closes softly behind her.

Silence.

Izuku lies there, in the puddle, under the desk, utterly *broken*.

And despite everything—despite the horror, the exhaustion, the complete destruction of his body and mind—

His dick gives one last weak twitch.

...would do it again.

Izuku had **just** managed to drag himself out from under the desk.

Barely.

His whole body was trembling, covered in sweat, his pants still shoved down around his thighs, and his dick—*god, his dick*—was still out, still twitching weakly, absolutely *destroyed* but somehow not fully soft yet.

He lay there on his back, chest heaving, staring up at the ceiling with unfocused eyes, trying to remember how to form coherent thoughts.

Survived. I—I actually survived. Oh god. Oh GOD—

The door opened.

Izuku's eyes went wide, panic flooding through his exhausted body, but he couldn't *move*—couldn't even lift his head—

Momo stepped back into the room, fresh from a quick change. New panties. Clean skirt. She looked refreshed, composed, ready for the day.

And then she saw him.

Her eyes landed on Izuku first—sprawled on the floor, pants down, dick *out*—and her face immediately flushed bright red.

"M-Midoriya-kun?! What are you—"

Then her gaze shifted to the desk.

She froze.

Her eyes went *wide*.

The underside of the desk was... *coated*. Thick ropes of cum covering the wood, dripping down the legs, pooled on the floor beneath. And on the *ceiling* of the desk—the flat underside where someone's knees would go—

Splatter marks. *Everywhere*.

Like he'd been directly underneath, stroking himself, and just... kept going. All night. For *hours*.

Momo's face went from red to *crimson*.

"Oh my god." Her voice was barely a whisper. "You were—the whole time—you were—"

Her hand flew to her mouth, eyes darting between the evidence and Izuku's twitching, exhausted dick.

That's why he was sniffing so deeply. That's why he kept gripping my ass. That's why he—oh my GOD he was MASTURBATING while I—

"I—" Izuku's voice cracked, hoarse and broken. He tried to say something—*anything*—but his brain was still offline, and all that came out was a weak, strangled sound. "I'm—s-sorry I—I didn't—"

Momo's whole face was *burning* now, her hands fidgeting with the hem of her skirt as she stared at the absolutely *obscene* crime scene under her desk.

"You—you were—*the entire night*?" Her voice pitched higher. "While I was studying? While I was—*oh god*—"

Izuku managed a weak nod, unable to meet her eyes.

Silence.

Momo stood there, processing, her face cycling through about seventeen different emotions in five seconds—shock, embarrassment, confusion, and something else she absolutely refused to name.

Finally, she spoke again, her voice quieter now.

"...did you—" She paused, clearly struggling with the question. "Did you... *finish*? Like—multiple times? Because there's—there's a *lot* and I just—"

Izuku made a sound that might have been confirmation.

Another pause.

"How many times?"

"...lost count," he whispered hoarsely. "After six. Maybe... maybe more."

"*Six?!*" Momo's voice cracked. Her hand covered her mouth again. "You came *six times* and kept—and I didn't even—*oh my god*—"

Her eyes flicked back to the desk. To the evidence. To his still-twitching dick.

And despite everything—despite the mortification, the shock, the absolute *absurdity* of the situation—

A small, nervous laugh escaped her.

"I—" She covered her face with both hands now, her voice muffled. "I can't believe—you were *sniffing* them because you were—*oh my god Midoriya-kun*—"

Izuku wanted to die. Actually, genuinely wanted the floor to open up and swallow him whole.

"I'm sorry," he managed again, his voice barely audible. "I'm so—I didn't mean to—I just—I couldn't—"

"No, I—" Momo peeked through her fingers, her face still bright red. "I mean—it's—you were helping me study and I was just—I didn't realize you were—*god*—"

Another long silence.

Then, very quietly:

"...was it—" She stopped herself. Shook her head rapidly. "No. Nope. Not asking that. Absolutely not."

Izuku's dick gave one more weak twitch, as if answering the unasked question.

Momo saw it.

Her face somehow got *redder*.

"Okay. Okay." She took a deep breath, clearly trying to compose herself. "You need to—*hahh*—you need to clean that up. All of it. Before anyone else sees. And—and get dressed. And maybe shower. For like an hour."

Izuku nodded weakly.

"And we—" She gestured vaguely between them. "—we *never* talk about this again. Ever. Understood?"

Another nod.

"Good."

She turned toward the door, paused, and glanced back one more time.

Her eyes flicked to the desk. To him. To the *mess*.

And despite herself, a tiny, mortified smile tugged at the corner of her mouth.

"...you're insane, Midoriya-kun."

Then she left, closing the door firmly behind her.

Izuku lay there for another full minute, staring at the ceiling, his body completely destroyed, his mind utterly broken.

She knows. She KNOWS. Oh god she knows and I—

His dick twitched one last time.

...would absolutely do it again.

Momo walked toward Class 1-A, her textbooks held neatly against her chest, her steps confident and composed.

She felt *good*. Better than she had in weeks, actually. Her stomach was finally settled, her notes were perfect, and she was absolutely, completely ready for today's exam.

All thanks to—

Izuku.

The name surfaced in her thoughts naturally now, familiar in a way it hadn't been before. Not Midoriya-kun. Just... Izuku.

She paused outside the classroom door, hand on the handle, and felt her face warm slightly at the memory of what she'd walked in on earlier.

The *mess*. His exhausted body. That twitching, destroyed—

Nope. Not thinking about that. We agreed never to talk about it.

But as she pushed the door open and stepped inside, a small, private thought crossed her mind—unbidden, unexpected, and absolutely *impossible* to ignore:

...maybe I could ask him to help me study again sometime. Without the textbooks.

Her face flushed bright red immediately, and she quickly moved to her seat, burying herself in arranging her notes and absolutely *refusing* to examine that thought any further.

But it lingered.

And somewhere deep down, she knew—*knew*—that if her stomach acted up again, if she needed relief again, if she wanted someone who would just... *endure* it...

She'd be knocking on Izuku's door.

THE END.