

Pieces of Valentine, And Just A Song Of Mine

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Pieces of Valentine, And Just A Song Of Mine

by [NidoranDuran](#)

Summary

Ochaco has started raising money for her parents by offering herself to her classmates as a prostitute, and quickly finds herself booked up by her entire class. Now, she has to please 19 eager customers over a few days, and hope she can get her new business thriving.
Anonymous commission.

Notes

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

An urgent and clumsy sort of desperation marked what had driven Ochaco now to this. The spectre of whoring herself out hung as a last-ditch idea, a desperate bottom of the barrel she never wanted to actually reach, but if she needed money, she needed money. That much couldn't be argued with. And Ochaco needed money. Her parents' house sustained very heavy damage in a showdown between a gang of villains and some pro heroes, but the insurance company found excuses to prove the broken pipes were ready to burst anyway and refused to cover it. Her parents were now without money to cover the repairs to the house. Desperately needed, vital repairs, that without them had her parents staying with relatives for a brief spell.

So, in her desperation, Ochaco decided to put it out there. Quietly, so as not to let any of the staff know what was going on. For a price, Ochaco Uraraka would whore herself and perform whatever task they wanted, within a few boundaries. She didn't feel good about it. But it felt necessary. The only way to make sure her family didn't go without a house. As awful as it was, it felt like her only option forward. She put it out there, and was startled by how quickly the messages began to feed in. Word of mouth traveled across Class 1-A quickly, and whether it was born out of a desire to help her out in her plight, or because people had been waiting for a chance to fuck the cute brunette, she was soon enough booking appointments with each of her classmates. Regardless of intention, they were all helping and pitching in. It was a grand relief.

It didn't surprise Ochaco at all that Koji wanted to keep things sweet. The gentle giant was an absolute gentleman in how he kissed her and gently undressed her. It was almost a bit startling to feel his strong hands touch her with such gentleness, a careful and unbelievably tender touch that kept her confused and shaky, twisting about between all these attentions as he eased her into this. Kissing him back only seemed right, Ochaco happy to have such an easy and simple first time around the block with him. He deserved tenderness back, hands caressing his cock in slow, careful motions as she tempted him into giving her more, but not any more hastily than he wanted.

Everything went at a pace Koji felt comfortable with, urging her finally into his lap and sitting her slowly down onto his cock. It was a hefty one, Ochaco gasping and shivering as she began to sink down onto it. "Is it too big?" he asked, hands ready to pull her off, but she dragged him into a kiss and stated her certainty harder, urging him to let the pleasures continue rising. Each steady motion of Ochaco's hips brought herself a bit lower down his cock, taking more of him into her and taking a careful, easy approach to handling this all. "You feel really nice, but please, tell me if anything is wrong. I want to make sure I don't hurt you."

Ochaco clung tighter to him. His sweetness shook her in the best of ways, and she remained firm in what she took, letting him ease her into the pleasure as she worked along his cock. "You're so sweet," she cooed, as he dipped her back and pushed his face into her chest, starting to kiss the tops of her round breasts and add even more attention to this, keeping Ochaco dizzily sinking into the smooth, adoring seduction that left her with all new appreciation for Koji. His tenderness spoke to her now like never before, and she was happy to lean into this all, working along his cock firmer, confidence rising and a desire to see this

through urging her on. For a first client, Koji seemed perfect, giving her a chance to pace herself that she wouldn't have had otherwise.

"I don't want to cum until you do," Koji said, one final little peek of sweetness and care that helped push her over the edge, body twisting around under the delight and the warmth of letting him push her over the edge. Ochaco came, sweetly gasping and burying her lips against his as she had him fill her, had him cum deep into her waiting, needy hole and set her aflame with utterly guiltless desire. She felt his sizable load, its ejaculation the only intense thing about any of this as his mighty cock fired off into her. She liked it that way, but wasn't ready for Koji to ask, "If I pay you for longer, will you cuddle?"

"I'm sorry about what I'm about to do," Tenya said. Ochaco wasn't surprised he was so antsy with her, that he shivered and rocked about in anxious, high-strung worry.

"It's okay, you've paid for it. I can handle whatever you do," she said, knelt down in front of Tenya as he asked her to be. She was sure where this was going, his big cock out and pointed toward her as she prepared herself for this, unsure what was coming but ready to find out as she steadied herself. Deep breaths and a careful, caring pace to this were how she'd get through this without trouble.

Only for Tenya to grab hold of her head, ram his cock down her throat, and begin to fuck her face with utterly merciless vigor.

Ochaco's eyes nearly bulged out of her head as she felt the senseless and greedy facefucking take her, his thrusts pounding forward without a second of restraint or care for how much this was over the line. "I only know how to do this one way," he said, as if that was supposed to help Ochaco in any way as she struggled, gagging on his dick and making a noisy mess of how completely over the line this was. She was stuck here, flailing and squirming under the ferocity and pressure of letting Tenya facefuck her, and where she had been enjoying a fairly restrained first time with her last client, Tenya was not low key or gentle in any capacity, knowing what he wanted and seizing it with excessive force.

Drool dripped down her chin and onto the floor, Ochaco's hands spread down upon it for balance as she tried her best to control the suddenness and brutality of what was happening. She didn't have a hope of controlling all these brutal sensations, thrusts finding even more momentum as he challenged her with burning intensity. Ochaco could do nothing to fight off what he was doing, and he'd paid her, so she just had to take it. Her throat bulged out around his cock and she just had to live with that, focusing instead on trying to stay conscious amid the hopeless pulse of fever and brutality that came from Tenya's senseless oral treatment.

It was completely over the top and without sense, and Ochaco had drool all over her clothes in the middle of a school day, something that would soon be the least of her problems given how Tenya drew back and cried out, "I don't want to hurt you by cumming inside! I have concerns!" Those concerns did absolutely nothing to help her as he instead erupted all over her face, ejaculating with a force that certainly merited some concern, but that helped her in no ways as his cum blasted her face and her uniform, leaving her a mess staring up at him, wondering how to even begin asking how she was supposed to clean up before class resumed.

"Nobody will find us here," Mina said, closing the bathroom stall she and Ochaco stepped into, just as readily pressing herself up against the front of it and sticking her wide hips back. "You ever eat ass before?"

"Never," Ochaco confessed as she lifted up Mina's skirt and prepared herself. The plump, pink ass beckoned her. "I didn't even know this was a thing until you asked me about it." But Mina had offered to heap on extra to help out a friend, a handsome tip almost as much as Ochaco's rate itself, so she was ready to deliver, spreading Mina's cheeks out and burying her face between them, taking curious, exploratory licks up Mina's ass as she started to figure out what she was doing here and how all of this was supposed to work, hopeful but full of confused little worries she wouldn't be fully ready to handle it all.

Steady licks against the tight, quivering hole made Mina moan, sucking down ready breaths as she pressed against the door tighter. "You learn fast," she said, happy to let the cute brunette figure this out at her own pace and explore the idea. Mina was happy to let this happen as it did, not wanting to push Ochaco but certain she'd enjoy this while she got down to it. "Do well enough and maybe I'll book another segment to eat your cute butt out, too." That had been the goal here, after all; to put the matter on the table for what Mina had determined was a butt almost as nice and as plump as hers.

Ochaco continued licking, and the more she leaned into this, the more confident she found herself becoming. There was a lot on the line here, but each passing second seemed a bit easier. Her fingers tightened against the cheeks, keeping them apart as she brought her tongue in firmer, even penetrating Mina's hole a few times and licking deeper into her, getting deeper into this and loving what she found, as strange as it was. Ochaco couldn't deny that a strange allure in this surrender kept her engaged and sinking deeper, moaning through this sloppy pleasure as she made swift work of Mina's sensitive, cute pucker, letting the exploration carry her.

And what a grand bliss it carried her to. With a shaky back and forth, hips bucking under the delight and the fever of letting go, Mina came hard, gripping the door for stability as she moaned out in ready bliss. "So fucking good!" she gasped, shaken to a firm anal orgasm driven only by an inexperienced tongue, which was by far the most satisfying way Mina could think of to cum. "Nngh, I don't care if you have someone coming next, I can't wait any longer!" She shoved a fistful of bills into Ochaco's hand, dragged Ochaco to kneel up over the toilet seat, ripped her tights open, and dove in on Ochaco's own cake for a surprise overtime session that Ochaco was not going to have a single complaint about.

Everyone always figured that Mezo could emulate cocks with his tentacles just as much as he could any other part of his body. It was always a curiosity, a joke. Ochaco learned the hard way just real it was as she lay across clumsily across his lap, Mezo's actual cock forgotten as he held with one hand on her hair and the other on her hip. "Not only can these be more effective," he said through a formed mouth pressed up against hers to make out with her, "but as penises, they're much more sensitive." The other three tentacles were all in the shape of cocks, one nestled between her breasts and the others threatening penetration into her ass and her pussy.

Ochaco was ready for three dicks and a mouth to make out with. But that would have been too easy; instead, the mouth she'd been making out with turned into a cock and thrust into her mouth. It caught her off guard, but as she struggled on the suddenness of a cock slamming into her throat--for the second time that day--having her ass and pussy filled just as fast left her with a lot more issues to deal with. Ochaco had never had sex with more than one person before, so having four cocks fucking her at once was overbearing and wild, even if Mezo was only one guy. In some ways it made things weirder; she was stuck in such a mess of clumsy panic as her mouth, ass, breasts, and pussy each handled a cock at once.

And yet, his own dick remained unloved. Even if Mezo was sure the penises were more sensitive, she couldn't neglect his own cock, just as big as the ones plundering her holes. She got a hand around it and began to stroke as she lay across his lap and let the chaos continue, startled by how rapidly Ochaco had stumbled into the outright weird, crazy shit with her new prostitution gig. Excessive as it was, Ochaco found herself ready to explore it, prepared to handle him as she worked five cocks over at once, feeling like she'd need to charge him for all this extra action a bit more. And for that matter, maybe establish a group sex rate to apply to not only groups of people, but situations exactly like this.

Mezo fucked in silence, use of mouths simply not happening with his tentacles all buried inside her. He gripped her firm and worked his arms back and forth to fuck her body all over, challenging Ochaco's senses and limits in the most brilliant way. She felt dizzy and wild and clueless as she swayed through this, crashing into the most baffling orgasm of her life as he finally let loose a torrent of cum. He got it all over her body and her chest with the cocks she stroked and titfucked, but the internal cum loads were far more startling, driving her from sheer volume over the edge and bringing with it an utterly baffling new desire to get gangbanged.

For another day.

"I've always fantasized about passing out from using my quirk, and then a girl comes and has sex with me while I'm asleep."

It was definitely a hell of a confession for Rikido to make to Ochaco, but as ridiculous as it was, it wasn't too difficult to make happen. Rikido downed a ton of sugar, ran some laps, and then returned to his dorm room to crash, asleep in his clothes as his muscular body lay there like an immovable, slumbering mountain. That was when Ochaco came into play, tugging his clothes out of the way, not at all surprised by his incredibly thick cock as she began to indulge now in this.

"Are you asleep?" she asked, cheeks flush as she got into character a little sitting herself down onto his cock and starting to take him. Slow, careful motions moved with a thankful patience; Ochaco didn't need to move too quickly or do anything unreasonable as she took Rikido's cock, ready to embrace the pleasure and embrace a slow, careful push into more. She took her time here, patient and understanding as she settled her way down his shaft and took great care in letting the pleasure come as it did. He'd paid her to fuck him without him being awake to enjoy it; this was about fulfilling his fantasy, so she didn't need to rush through it.

"You look so peaceful when you're asleep, and here I am, defiling you." She smiled, leaning forward and giving in to the commotion a bit more, accepting pleasures growing hotter as she let this bizarre treatment rise. Each careful motion of her hips brought with it a hotter rush of excitement, challenging her to keep taking it slow as her body clenched up. There was a lot going on in this, a lot of tense excitement to lean into as Ochaco rocked faster along his lap, exploring deeper into this mess and finding that she liked the idea of riding a sleeping boy more and more as she took it. Wrong and weird as this was, his cock was big, and she was able to pursue it at her own pace, which could escalate into something grand.

Rikido may have been asleep and not felt a damn thing, but his cock was still being tended to with a push into utterly ecstatic pleasure, very suddenly pumping her of cum as the sleeping hero came anyway. Ochaco shrieked and bucked, thrown for a loop by the pleasure and allowing him to fill her as she came too, moaning hard, loud, wildly bucking about as she rode it all out. She had clear instructions on what to do afterward, rising off of his cock and leaving it sticky and hanging out as she left the room, ensuring that when he woke up he'd have been violated in his slumber and left in an indecent position, pre drooling from his glistening and used dick in the aftermath.

Tsuyu was a very simple girl. All she wanted was to eat Ochaco out so hard she'd forget her own name. It was almost a little bit embarrassing to Ochaco to think that she'd be getting paid here to let someone else pleasure her. It didn't feel right at all; she wanted to make Tsuyu feel good, but repeated insistences that all Tsuyu wanted to make her lose her mind to her pussy eating skills finally had Ochaco ready to accept that fine, yes, she would go along with it. But if need be, she wanted a chance to step in.

That proved wildly unnecessary as the pleasures began in senseless earnest. Tsuyu's hands grasped Ochaco's thighs, spreading them apart and burying her face into her ready pussy. Tsuyu didn't just eat her out; she devoured her very core with the intent of blowing Ochaco's mind beyond reason, and Ochaco was completely unprepared for just how merciless and wild that treatment was in practice. She shrieked in sudden, baffled panic, feeling the tongue work at her with completely unrepentant joy, shoving deep into her and challenging Ochaco to keep her head on straight as she began to fall deeper. "Tsuyu?" Ochaco gasped out, utterly baffled by what she felt. By the licks and the fever behind how Tsuyu worked her over. She wasn't able to get a word through beyond that expression of shock.

Tsuyu didn't just lick. Her long tongue buried itself Ochaco, pushing deeper into her and challenging her with what she could do. It was incredible, but Ochaco was eager to do more than just that, as she tightened up and prepared herself for a very sudden treat that Ochaco couldn't have possibly been ready for, tongue suddenly jolting into her and feeding inch after inch of the wriggling muscle into Ochaco. "Oh my god, what is that? Wait, no, don't do that--glacak!" Her eyes widened as she watched Tsuyu's tongue push out from her mouth, an abrupt shove of the tongue through her body outright, until the tongue was licking along her mouth and flailing outside of it, a proud show of absolute dominance over her body that had Ochaco losing her mind.

She came hard. How hard was a bit difficult to tell as the shock and the terror wore her own just as much; from cunnilingus to having a tongue run through her whole system, Ochaco was learning pleasures she'd never fathomed before, but what she knew was that her hips

were unable to stay still as she lost herself to truly grand expressions of madness. Pleasures Ochaco couldn't ever pull back from once they began, for better or worse. She understood it all now though, as Tsuyu licked her all the way through and pushed her to rapid orgasms again after that. A clumsy cluster bombing of pleasure that made sure Ochaco was left limp, cross-eyed, and speechless in her bed for the night, struggling to remember her own name come morning.

Lying on her back with Shoto's big cock pounding away at her and his hands on her breasts, Ochaco had initially thought this wasn't going to be too much. He was a firm and intense lover, sure; his thrusts and his big dick left Ochaco with plenty to enjoy. But what Shoto offered was an alternating back and forth of sensory thrills that had her completely losing herself, lying on the bed in confused delight as Shoto switched between the two sides of his quirk and what the two sides of his body could do to make her really feel him fully.

When he was cold, his cock filled her with a bracing sensation, chilling her in ways that made the sensitive lining of her warm pussy clench around his cock, drawing in in confusion. He groped her left breast with slow, steady squeezes, a strong and forceful kneading that had her shaking, nipple hardening under the cold embrace and struggling to deal with how much this was hitting her. She welcomed it though, tightening up even as she got chilly. "It's... Nngh, you're really..." Her breath was even visible, Ochaco being challenged by temperature play beyond sense, but not to the point of frostbite. Shoto made sure of that.

But then just as quickly, Shoto let his hot side turn on. Suddenly, her right breast was being grabbed and molested with intense vigor, his thrusts picking up as he heated her pussy up, cock suddenly warm and threatening to fill her with molten seed. he became more intense overall, letting wild, unbridled aggressions dictate the pace he took as he filled her. All silent, all focused, groaning and grunting and offering up no words as Ochaco flailed under this pressure, a joy and a heat wilder than she knew how to help. She kept going though, kept leaning into this and allowing herself to fall deeper in, warmed up to the breaking point, only for him to switch back to ice. To keep her playing around in hot and cold with no chance to focus or understand. She lacked clarity and focus, but that pleasure somehow all combined to blow her mind.

Then, at the very end, Shoto dialed both up. Hot and cold alike, his body radiating in extremes as he groped both her breasts, as his cock split down the middle with cold and heat at the same time to completely overwhelm her. She didn't have a way to deal with any of it, struggling through the confusion and the gasping, heaving ecstasy that took her. Confusion and pressure and twofold temperature play drove Ochaco crashing over the edge, into absolute madness. She came hard, howling out madly as the joy burned her up and cooled her down in equal measure, his cum just as baffling. One spurt cold, one spurt hot. All of it filling her womb and leaving her body with dizzy hells to sort out.

Another trip into the school bathrooms, this time with Yuga Aoyama standing in front of her, his cock lifted up out of the way of what he wanted her to deal with. His dick looked perfectly normal, but his huge, dangling balls were indecently demanding of attention. Attention that Ochaco was ready to give, even if the sight and contrast was absolutely too much to be sure how to handle. "I am ready to see you sparkle now," he said, finally having a

chance to buy a moment with her and happy to do so, smile brilliant and gleaming as he offered himself up.

Ochaco had a job to do, whether this was sane or not. Most of what she'd done the past few days already wasn't, after all. She pushed forward and began to lick along his swollen sac, grabbing his cock and holding it herself out of the way, leaving him to stand there and admire the cute brunette sucking his balls. She wasn't sure how to actually do any of this, but then, she'd also not been entirely sure by the name 'Aoyama' in her phone calendar who was even coming today; she kept forgetting who he was, and that was awkward enough for her to decide it'd be best to just roll with the confusing weirdness of expectation and try to roll with the moment. Sucking his balls would be something she'd just figure out.

Clumsy licks and kisses along his shaft seemed to be working well; she kept stroking his cock and focused on trying to get him to warm up, and he seemed appreciative of it. "I'm sure you've never seen a man's testes as brilliant as mine," he said, brushing his hair out of his face. "What a wonder, are they not? You are so privileged to be here, and to be paid for the honour of it too! What a grand moment for you, but I am happy to make your day so much better." Ochaco didn't respond to it, trying not to think about everything he said and trying not to worry about this all as she just focused on sucking on his balls, licking and adoring him with a focused push into all the pleasures she could muster.

Yuga was going to keep talking up a big game anyway. As she got to sucking on each of his swollen nuts, she just let him keep going on however he wanted, not minding at all. But there was just one problem; his huge balls were in every way a warning of what was to come. With a sudden groan and a roll of his hips, Yuga abruptly came all over her, and his cock hosed her down with a steady supply of thick jizz that she should have seen coming, left drenched in spunk from her hair down to her clothes, eyes wide and dismayed as another between-classes blowjob left her deeply embarrassed and a gooey wreck in the middle of the day, this time her face drenched so badly that her features were difficult to make out beneath it all.

In the dimly lit conditions of Fumikage's bedroom, Ochaco found herself down on her hands and knees, in no way surprised by the way that he wanted to double-team her with his shadow. It seemed pretty obvious, and the lights going out confirm it was he added on to the utter insanity of his treatment by letting his shadow take on a startlingly big firm, weighty and with a hefty cock ramming hard into her as he fucked her raw, sending Ochaco into a gasping wreck of confusion and panic, thrown by the throbbing rush of excitement she was nonetheless fully prepared to give in to. With the shadow's senseless thrusts from behind, Fumikage was almost too simple to believe.

Grasping his cock firmly, she sucked Fumikage down with a desperate, forward advance, a push into all the pleasures she was prepared to face. Eager motions back and forth showed off the needy depths she'd sink to given the chance, slurping and sucking along his shaft. It was a calmer blowjob than many of the ones she'd given; that much it all easier, as the reserved crow boy relaxed and leaned back to let her work him over. It was a mess of contrasts, with Fumikage relaxing and leaving Ochaco to do things at her own pace, while his shadow laid utter waste to her pussy from behind with ferocious thrusts trying very hard to push her limits and prove the merciless treatment he was capable of and ready for. No restraint, no care, just forward and messy slams. It was overbearing, intoxicating, a dizzy rush of pleasures getting

messier and more compromising by the second. And yet, Ochaco was happy to meet all of it with the utmost confidence and force.

A wet and messy blowjob seemed right; the shadow's merciless pace pushed Ochaco to suck cock harder, letting the guiding desperation drive her deeper into this commotion, into a panic from which she couldn't pull back, and the idea of ever letting this slow down felt impossible now. She craved more, giving in with senseless abandon to the desire and the ecstasy of slobbering all over his cock, lost to a pleasure and a grand surrender nothing could help. This was pleasure in its most wild form, in a sense to merciless and so potent that she couldn't help it all.

Fumikage was the only one who could cum in this, and as he pumped her mouth with cum, she felt overjoyed to take it all. With a hot whine and needy swallows, she drank down every drop she could, even though his sizable load filled her mouth up so much that some ran down her chin. She felt worn down, exhausted, so helpless and baffled now, but therein lay all the pleasure she needed, left hopelessly hooked and dreamily cooing as she looked up at Fumikage, watching him root through his wallet a moment and fish out a handful of bills.

"Turn around," he told her, and Ochaco was all too happy to find out what shadow dick tasted like

Tooru paid extra on top of extra to be able to molest Ochaco during lunch. Right in the cafeteria, with the invisible girl completely naked and therefore unseen while she felt her up and used her in front of everyone; it would seem like a ghost had done it. It would be good advertising outside of Class 1-A, Tooru explained in her attempt to help convince and entice. Ochaco was still unsure, but the money talked her into it eventually, and before she knew it, she was the center of attention from the whole school.

"What's happening?" Ochaco cried out, an over the top expression that wasn't fooling anybody was her uniform jacket was tugged open, blouse undone just as swiftly. An unseen hand tugged her skirt up and tore a hole through her panties, fingers spreading her labia apart for everyone to see as she writhed back in worry. "Oh no, don't look!" she whined, biting her lip and shutting her eyes tight, hoping nobody would pay any attention as the urgency picked up and an increasingly forward caress started up. Her bra was tugged down and invisible fingers dug into her breast, squishing and playing around with her softness. Everything Tooru did was up blatantly up front, granting everyone a view of her squishiness and of the indecent treatment she received.

So many were watching. Her class. Other classes. People she had never seen before. Ochaco burned up with wild embarrassment as they began to whisper amongst each other. A few 1-A students began to mutter and ask about how cute they thought she was, mentioning she was 'open for business' and continuing to help. Tooru had asked them to do that; this was a group effort now to add on even more notice to Ochaco, who wasn't even done with the initial wave of interest yet as now everyone watched her naked body get molested by clearly unseen forces. But everyone knew there was an invisible girl in 1-A; surely this was her work. Nobody complained. Nobody broke the illusion.

Somebody even yelled, "Does anybody have an exorcism quirk?" into the crowd.

Clear, dripping nectar fell to the floor in a puddle between her legs, as Ochaco leaned back against Tooru. "I do this to myself all the time," Tooru whispered into her ear. "And it's hot having nobody notice. But I can tell you're getting off on having people notice. It's hot, isn't it?" She didn't get an answer; instead, Ochaco was crashing headlong into searing ecstasy, into a messy bliss like nothing else. Her whole body twisted about as she succumbed to this, pleasure rushing through her and overwhelming her with absolute joy. She came in front of everyone, a treat for the eyes as she left a mess on the floor and her tugged-open, tugged-aside uniform clumsily hung over her shaky body. Tooru let go of her, and she fell back into a seat at the table behind her, breathless, ragged, noticing how many people looked ready to approach.

Ochaco's number was going out to a lot of people today.

Mashirao's cock was already plenty thick to be sucking on by itself, Ochaco happily pushing forward to take it down as she worked him over, moaning around his hefty shaft. A cock like this couldn't scare her too much with everything else she'd done, ready to lean into this and embrace what was now almost simple for her. Just controlled, focused cocksucking, letting herself deepen the pace she struck and learn each step of the way how good it felt to let herself give in. It was all so normal, so ready. Ochaco had been through a gauntlet, and now she had a plain blowjob task to fulfill, and she pursued it calmly.

But it wasn't that simple. Of course it wasn't. "I know we didn't talk about this, but..." Mashirao's cock began to slip under her skirt, Ochaco gasping as she felt the furry tip brush against her thigh, and before she could pull back from his cock and ask him if he was really doing what she thought she was, he pushed his tail into her pussy, beginning to fuck her with it as she knelt there in baffled shock. Every swell of sensation within Ochaco hit wicked and with great confusion, her body tightened up and a sense of utter panic washing over her. His tail was so much thicker than his cock, and as it pushed into her, she found herself struggling to control herself, moaning in wild heat and clumsy delight, hit by something much more reckless.

Her legs tightened around the tail, and Ochaco sucked deeper, throating Mashirao's cock as she accepted this for what it was, frustrated as all hell by the feeling of the appendage filling her, by the way it wriggled inside of her like a cock couldn't. It brought a strange, new dimension of pleasure, one that challenged Ochaco to keep giving in to these feelings, losing herself to the happy, throbbing bliss that pulsed through her. Taking him down deeper and letting herself fully give in to what she needed, Ochaco overcame her panic to give some sloppy head to a classmate while his tail brought her a ton of pleasure. It was one of those silly things the girls would always wonder about when it was just them around, perverting on the boys in class. But it was real, apparently, and with how nice his tail was, she couldn't have been happier.

His firm tail driving deeper into her brought Ochaco a rush of pleasure so sudden she came before he did. Gasping out and drawing out, Ochaco let out wild noises as Mashirao's cock twitched and erupted all over her, painting her face in a huge facial. One that by now she accepted as a foregone conclusion, letting him blast her with his spunk while her thighs clamped down tight around his tail in a hopeless bid to keep it buried inside of her.

The criss-crossing of tape on tape on tape kept Ochaco strung up and hogtied on Sero's bed, in absolutely no way ready for how restrictive this was. It was excessive, a mess of way more pressure and tightness than she expected, kept in such an uncomfortable position to add onto it all, leaving her stuck in place as he happily squatted over her, dragging her bindings off to the side and sinking his cock into her ass. "How's this position feel?" he asked, smile bright as he proceeded to slam deep and hard into her backside, Ochaco crying out as her round ass received the hard treatment, a slam into sudden, merciless pressure that she found herself in no way prepared to face, tension applied to her limbs to make the feeling of a cock ramming her backdoor all the more intense.

Ochaco couldn't actually respond, either. Hanta had rope running along her mouth to form a gag, and the taste of adhesive on her tongue was honestly the most infuriating part of this all, leaving her frustrated and thrashing as she struggled to speak, hating the taste that would not let up for a second. But that was really a minor issue, as his cock bore down on her ass with a speed and a vigor strong enough to wash all that away, pushing Ochaco to writhe hotter through so much pleasure and feverish commotion that she couldn't keep her thoughts straight. It was wrong and wild, and she was not really sold on bondage yet from this, but the pleasure was nonetheless utterly overbearing.

"Hope you're enjoying this, because I have more things to do to you!" he bragged. "Got to make more time for this, because I want to try out a lot more positions. We'll need more sessions!" It was repeat business, at least. Ochaco flailed and wriggled under the bondage and sodomy with at least a sense that he was enjoying having someone he could tie up, and as his cock continued to pound into her so harshly, she was at least coming around to it a bit more. It was difficult not to find things to enjoy in this mess, falling steadily deeper into a joyful rush of pleasures that just kept coming.

When Hanta came, it was all to a wonderful end, to a brilliant rush of pleasure coming on strong and merciless. He came inside her ass, and the intense anal orgasm he drove her to felt like something she could at least grasp, body aflame with twisting, shivering delights as she let it all take her. Ochaco got what she needed out of it, and all that warm, messy cum in her ass brought her something she could savour as he drew back and left her to lie twitching there.

"I'll pay for another session just to watch you hang out like this," he said, dropping the money on the bed as Ochaco tried desperately to convey how much she wanted to get the taste of tape out of her mouth through muffled groans.

Ochaco's next appointment was still bondage, but thankfully less of it as Momo slapped on only a pair of handcuffs. There wasn't all that much mercy to be found in the treatment, though, as Momo brought on the nipple clamps, the egg vibrator, and the oversized strap-on she fucked Ochaco with. "A lot of these are bought, but I made the strap-on myself," she said, lying over Ochaco as the helpless brunette lay on her back, a ring gag in her mouth thankfully not producing any off tastes as steady thrusts pushed into her with focused and uncaring delight. "I'm glad you can handle it. I'm afraid to try it out much, but I thought since you've been getting around, you could take it."

Momo's thrusts were overbearing. She may not have had much chance to use it, but her pace with the strap-on had Ochaco melting, even as she struggled under the pressures hitting her. An egg vibe taped to her clit kept buzzing with maddening fervor, with a pace she was all too happy to let take her. The nipple clamps provided a firm, sharply-expressed burst of pain, something she hadn't known could be fed into pleasure until the toy mistress began to test her limits. It was a powerful and overbearing rush of everything she could have ever wanted, the pleasure driving her to keep losing ground as she received the thrusts, not able to speak through her gag at all, but her moans came through just fine.

"You're taking all of this well," Momo continued, working to thrust steadily into her, eagerly tending to pleasure and heat so focused and so strong that she couldn't handle it all. There was no restraint behind it. Just certainty. Just pure need. "I'm glad. I knew you would, and maybe we can arrange more of this. I have so many ideas for sex toys, so many things I haven't tested that I've bought, things I want to make..." She smiled brightly. Momo came from a rich family and she was ready to spend a lot of money to get closer to Ochaco, to have a friend she felt comfortable sharing these things with.

And if she could keep Ochaco this well pleased, she was happy to take it all. Crashing hard an orgasm that felt utterly unbelievable for having come from sex toys, Ochaco thrashed and writhed under mad pleasure, unraveling hard as the sensations hit her and she embraced the senseless thrill of being taken. Her whole body burned, surges of sensation and heat twisting through her as she let it all go. The ring gag couldn't contain all her moans. Nothing could. She let it all out proudly, hotly and with full certainty that she'd be making more time for Momo.

Eijiro wanting to get up to some macho posturing didn't surprise Ochaco at all, as he lifted her up and impaled her on his cock. What also didn't surprise Ochaco was that Eijiro's cock was huge, and that as he slammed into her she was set aflame with a more frantic expression of pleasure than she could bear. "Harder!" she screamed, legs dangling off the floor as he tugged her arms back, fucking her in a lifting prison guard position, impaled atop his cock and held aloft only by his dick and his grip on her wrists.

But it worked. Her whole body shook and swayed as Eijiro savaged her with his thrusts, challenging her to keep her head on through so much more raw sensation than she'd been prepared for. Every thrust was determined. Wicked. He knew how to push her buttons, and Ochaco soared through the ecstasy of getting filled, ruled by his cock and driven into a state of merciless desire so grand that she couldn't think clearly. "Knew you'd love this," he said. "A real man fucking you senseless with all his strength. I'm a stud, and you're going to get all of this every time I can get a while with you." He intended to make good on his promise, but maybe it was more of a threat given how hard he fucked and how shameless and forward he was. Everything Ochaco took was pure, merciless heat. Her pussy got battered by hard thrusts and a big dick, and she loved it.

"Show me how a real man fucks," she whined. Playing into his words and feeding his ego, Ochaco wanted to see how hard he'd fuck her if she kept up the pace and kept rolling with this mess. It all felt so sinful and wrong and decadent, like everything she needed rolled up into one, and she just had to let him go wild. Every treatment and hasty rush of pleasure kept urging her, and Ochaco's voice soared as she took him on. It was overbearing. Intoxicating.

Pushing her to drastic heights of bliss from which she wasn't sure she could hold back, giving up stronger and messier to everything that followed, not caring how wrong it was, not caring how wild the pleasures ran. She gave in to all of it, and she savoured it for all it was.

Her orgasm came first, pussy suddenly clamping down around Eijiro's cock and begging it for cum. Eijiro wasn't about to turn her down, and with hard grunts, buried himself balls deep into her, filling her up with shot after shot of messy spunk that had her singing out in bliss, craving the pleasure and not knowing how to control her frantic rush downward. She took it like a pro, twisting and moaning in sweet, slumped surrender before going limp in his grasp, still impaled on his dick and loving every shaky second of how she weighed nothing at all to him. She wasn't used to feeling so heavy but still being weightless.

"Only one way I like to fuck a cute girl," Denki said, hands on Ochaco's hips, tugging her round ass up toward him as he slammed into it. "Especially when she's got an ass as fat as this." Ever the charmer, Denki pushed on with merciless speed to Ochaco with senseless, shameless motions back and forth, driving into her ass while she lay face-down in his bed, moaning and clutching at the sheets with a senseless, primal need to let go. The face-down ass-up pace he sought was one that Ochaco was happy to oblige, a chance for something fairly normal again. His cock fit nicely up her backdoor, too; he gave her everything she needed, and all she needed to do was roll with it, shivering through the joy of letting sensation take hold, a pleasure mad and hungry, driven utterly by a need to let go. To give in.

She moaned hard, and the muffling factor of the bed as she committed to burying herself down into it was making this all the more exciting still. She was unstoppable here, giving up to the pleasure and not caring about anything in her way. She knew what she needed, and she savoured every chance to get it, shoving her ass back against Denki's lap while she owned up to this ecstasy. "Your ass needed this. I've always thought it did, and I'm glad you're finally letting me show you." His compliments weren't exactly coming from a bright and bold place of love, but Ochaco nonetheless savoured the praise he showed her plump backside.

Especially when paired with his confident and wild thrusts, pleasures that pushed her firmer into a limitless rush of intoxicating glee, happily rocking back and forth with a feverish need to sink in deeper, proving herself and allowing madness to shine through. She was lost to something brilliant here, giving in lower and deeper, unafraid of letting herself succumb. Denki knew what her ass needed, and Ochaco was happy to take it and find out for a fact, He kept her giving in, kept her losing herself as the wild need surged over her, and she could not be restrained. This was unbelievable and she was hopelessly hooked now in the thrill of letting go, of being ruled by pleasure and embracing what felt too grand to believe.

Denki made no effort to slow down the pace he took or to hide the intentions behind it. Instead, he just came deep into Ochaco's soft, fuckable ass, filling her up and sending her crashing into senseless ecstasy, making her heave and whine with a completely hopeless rush of pleasure beyond reason. Anal orgasms were fast becoming a joy she was getting hooked on, and she hoped only that Denki would keep delivering on it.

"If you want to act like a whore then I'm going to fucking treat you like one!" was Bakugou's oh so lovely way of warning her before he rammed into her pussy. He had a hand in her hair as he bent her over the desk in an empty classroom, having torn open her tights and rammed

his dick right into her. He wasn't gentle with what he did, throwing himself harshly into this. "I bought five fucking rounds with you and I'm going to treat your slutty body like it deserves. You're embarrassing for ever thinking of doing something like this, and let me show you how!" He was shameless, growling and harsh as he struck a merciless pace, fixated suddenly on overwhelming Ochaco and ruining her.

"Katsuki!" she shrieked, feeling him tug back against her hair as he pounded into her, an open palm crashing across her ass, and even through her clothes it was overbearing. She was stuck here, feeling the merciless rush of sensations that came from his truly merciless way of going. He knew how to fuck her raw, and he didn't hesitate to show that off with harsher, harsher motions back and forth by the second. His over-aggressive desire to hatefuck her into oblivion for reasons she didn't feel totally clear on came with a senseless, pulsating rush of feelings she didn't know where to begin dealing with.

He was unstoppable. "Don't you dare say my name again with the mouth I'm about to fuck!" Another smack across her ass. There was no sense to this, but his brutality turned around into wild pleasure as he kept driving her into a state beyond reason. Ochaco felt hopelessly baffled as he used her like this, wondering how to pace and control her downward descent, and there didn't feel like any sensible way to express anything but pure pleasure as, regardless of how relentless and overbearing he was, he got the job done. Bakugou fucked her into a state where Ochaco was oddly happy to get treated like this. Disrespectful and brutal as it was, it appealed to a flicker of need and wickedness inside of her, one of many lessons she kept learning about how good it felt to go completely off the rails and let her sexual whims take her by storm.

It pushed her to an orgasm so satisfying and so mad that she felt like she couldn't handle it all. Molten ecstasy ruled Ochaco now, whether she was proud of this or not, she came her brains out under this ferocious treatment, moaning and thrashing in the classroom as she whined, "Please cum in me, Katsuki!" It earned her another slap, another tug at her hair, as he filled her and treated her like dirt. As he made sure she felt low and elated, burning in the shameless, rocky thrill of getting used.

"Smart mouth on you. Let's see if it's still smart after I fuck it. Start cleaning your cunt off of me." He dragged her off the desk, shoved her to her knees, rammed his way down her throat, and Ochaco could not have been happier.

"Your tits are almost as perfect as Momo's!" Mineta gasped, as he thrust into them from above, his hips wildly in motion as he took charge and let himself go. Getting a titfuck from Ochaco was already great, everything the wicked boner goblin could have wanted, but as he parked his ass down upon her face, he managed to get a two for one deal, fucking her chest with his startlingly big cock while she licked his ass, and after repeated visits with Mina, Ochaco was a pro, ready to give Mineta world class service in the show of fever and heat that pushed her on. It was a mark of pride for her that she was ready now handling a position like this, and ready to satisfy Mineta so thoroughly.

There was no restraint or sense behind it. She licked in longing strokes while holding her breasts together, letting him thrust away with a careless pace and a greedy push into pleasure that felt too good to be true. He was steady, merciless, pushing with an enduring greed to use

her harder. There didn't feel like sense behind this, but that was what made it so satisfying, what drove Ochaco to keep pushing. She let him use her, servicing him in this most shameful of ways. After having sex with almost every last one of her classmates, Ochaco knew that it wasn't only Mineta who was into some kind of perverse little something. Everyone had their thing, and it made it far easier to handle him wanting a titfuck and a rimjob at once.

Especially as she kept pushing on against it, as she satisfied him with a firm, forward work ethic, a need to keep him steadily satisfied that kept her hard at work. She was firm, wanting only to bring him pleasure. He rode her face with such greedy delight, rubbing on tight while her tongue pushed deeper into him, and it was absolute joy to give into, a pleasure rising harder by the second. There was so much to enjoy here, so many feelings that just had to be embraced, and they came on hotter as she let them seize control of her. The only thing she took any issue with at all was the way he commented that her breasts were almost as perfect as Momo's, but even that, she tried to take as a compliment.

Hastening desires kept urging on a rush of something truly grand, a merciless mess of feelings driving her to give in, to lose herself to something pure, brilliant. Mineta came hard, gasping and hollering as he blew his load all over her chest. It was all so perfect and messy, his load leaving a complete wreck all over her chest as she sank into the joy, moaning and twisting through these dizzy feelings. He left her a wreck, standing up and simply tucking his oversized cock away, leaving her to lie there a cummy mess while he headed off with a smirk. "Good luck cleaning that off," he warned as his parting words.

"Wait you just want to... Suck on my breasts?" Ochaco looked at Kyoka with utter befuddlement. "That's it? Not tie me up, not make me walk naked in public?"

Kyoka blushed and wriggled on her bed, legs crossed tight as she sat across from Ochaco, who was topless now aside from her bra. "I want to play with them." In truth, Kyoka was full of confused breast envy, a dizzy need to see how good it could feel to let loose and play with a chest so much bigger than her own, barely-existent breasts. Shifting forward, she began to help Ochaco out of her bra. "The only ones they have in my size make me feel like a child. Your bra is nice." She unclasped it and eased off of her, so calm and so firm that it made the way Kyoka proceeded to dive in and bury her face into Ochaco's chest all the more sudden.

Flinging herself forward, Kyoka outright toppled Ochaco over as she latched one of her lips around a nipple and began to suck. Her fingers dug into the soft skin, playing around with the plush softness of a chest that she just couldn't deny now as everything she needed. The pleasure was overbearing, so senseless and so clumsy that she couldn't deal with all of it. There didn't feel like a shred of sense to save her now; Kyoka had a specific need and a desire to see through, sucking hard and losing herself to a pleasure too senseless and too wild to be able to deal with. She just pushed on with need, full of cravings and hungers that didn't need to make sense. She knew what she wanted, and that was more than enough to carry her now.

After everything she'd been through, she was used to even breathers coming with a pretty selfish intention. But there Kyoka was, focused on sucking her breasts and taking sweet, steady care in adoring her chest, satisfying a craving inside of her that felt oddly ready. Warming. She didn't need to get carried away by any of this. It may not have been very slow

or very relaxed, but that was all on Kyoka's part as the usually fairly low-key girl flung herself into wild breast worship. All Ochaco had to do was enjoy the nipple play and squirm her way to orgasm, it seemed.

Kyoka did the hard work. She pushed in firmer and needier on through the pleasure, keeping Ochaco melting under the ecstasy and the treatment that kept her losing ground. Ochaco gave in to it, and in some ways, an orgasm entirely from having her breasts played with and sucked on surprised her more than the anal climaxes she'd found, crashing into a truly senseless form of joy, crying out and flailing about as she let the pleasure rise. Kyoka shoved a kiss against her lips, grabbing her breasts and groping firmly with both hands, and Ochaco just knew there was a round two offer coming.

She just didn't expect it to be, "Can you do the same with me and tell me that small breasts are just as good?" Ochaco felt a bit bad about taking the money in that case, but to help a friend's confidence, she did it.

"Just lie back," Ochaco cooed. She wasn't surprised Deku was nervous about buying a prostitute. It was kind of cute, she figured, as she wrapped her tongue around his cock and began to lick her way down, eyes half-lidded and dusky as she pushed her way onward. She was in full control, confident and ready to prove what she was able to do. He came last in the initial schedule not on purpose, but as a beautiful coincidence she felt happy about, bringing all that confidence now into how she worked at his pleasure. It was her turn now to take charge, focusing with all she now knew on worshiping his cock.

He hadn't asked for cock worship. Just a blowjob. Antsy and uncertain, he said it without thinking for sure. But Ochaco knew that she wasn't just going to suck him off, letting her tongue caress along his cock with more reverence than that. He deserved to have his cock worshiped, pampering him a bit as she looked up with bright eyes at Deku. His nervousness and uncertainty about what to say was adorable, finally muttering, "You're doing great," as she kept going. She smiled bright, thanking him before sucking his cock deep into her mouth and starting to give herself up to the deeper lusts of the moment. There felt like no sense of calm or care to hold her back, a pleasure forward and greedy. She let herself give in utterly, and the pleasures were rapidly becoming far too much to deal with.

Each hasty groan he let out was more enticing than the last. Ochaco kept tending to his cock, taking him deeper. Her throat handled him easily. Not because he wasn't well endowed--he very much was--but because she was experienced with big dicks now and ready to lose herself to pure pleasure. Each motion of her head pushed on further and hungrier for something truly merciless, the chaotic need getting to her as she kept sucking, kept serving. She was devoted and ready, caring only about letting herself go and finding herself utterly without sense.

"Ah, Ochaco! Ochaco, this feels great" His hips struggled not to buck forward. "I love this. I'm so glad I finally got some time with you, this is worth waiting for." He wasn't able to help himself, the words coming, stumbling out with confidence it was hard not to feel with a cute girl sucking his dick. She was firm and forward, getting him worked up and losing himself finally. He came, filling her mouth with cum, but she drew sharply back, making sure he blew most of his load onto her face. She'd gone from being worried about those to way too

into letting him make a mess of her, the dripping spunk all over her features a mark of pride as his big load left her shaky, tense, smile widening.

"That was amazing. You came so much! I'm glad we had a nice time, too."

"I'd love to spend more time with you, like this," he said.

"I would too!" Clapping her hands together, Ochaco was elated. "You enjoyed it that much?"

"I did."

"Great, then I would be happy to spend the whole night!" Her eyes gleamed with hopeful joy. "If you have the money for it."

In only a short few days, Ochaco was wiring her family more money than she felt she could have ever made. Her body was in hot demand, and somehow the shame of what she was doing melted quickly away once she really got into it. Nineteen satisfied clients all either going for extra time with her or promising to call her back again--with many doing both--had given her a bump of confidence and an oddly satisfied sense that whoring herself out wasn't all that bad after all. Ochaco found herself surprisingly capable and proud, ready to embrace now her weird new role.

Sex was fun. Having sex for money was a blast. She was happy to do it, and growing happier by the second, each successive treatment getting her more into it until it stopped being work. And now, thanks to word of mouth and to Tooru's drastic intentions, demand was picking up harder, extending outside of Class 1-A, booking her with so many sessions and clients that she didn't have a lot of free time, but the more gratifying and exciting the sex became, the more she didn't mind being an overbooked, oversexed slut.

Especially when she called her parents to tell them. When she heard the relief and the gratefulness in their voices at news of this first deposit. She sat it was from hero work she'd signed on for at school. An internship giving her a paid position. They didn't need to know the truth, they just needed to be happy. To have their home rebuilt and live comfortably again. And if heroism didn't make her as much as whoring herself out did, then she'd stick with it to make sure they were forever taken care of.

Just like her new, raging lusts.

End Notes

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