

There was an Attempt

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There was an Attempt

by [EllySketchit](#)

Summary

(to spy on his teachers)...

It did not go well.

"Oh, *baby*," Hizashi sighed dreamily. He was sitting beside his girlfriend on their couch, her hands twined in his long, blond hair as they kissed. "This new music is hella sexy. Mnnn... makes you taste even more delicious."

"Zashi, you dork," she purred fondly. "Shut up and kiss me again."

He did that, and for awhile things got so steamy that he had to break away when his glasses got fogged up. "Hey," he whispered under his breath as he waved a hand at the lenses to clear them, "ya hear that, princess?"

"Oh, crap. Is it *him* again?" Elly sighed, speaking quietly so as not to alarm the suspect.

"I betcha. Bastard's gotten complacent since we didn't discipline him the last time." Hizashi yawned and stretched an arm around her shoulders. "He keeps tryin', no matter what."

"Let's give him something then." A wicked smile turned the corners of her lips. "Play cute, Zashi. And I mean, go way, *way* overboard with it."

His eyes lit up immediately, his mustache twitching as he turned to face her. "You mean it? Great idea!"

"Yep. Here, let me stroke your hair."

He flipped over onto his knees and crawled onto her lap. "Zashi wants *kisses*," he cooed in such a saccharine tone it nearly rotted the teeth out of *her* head.

Elly ran her hands along the back of his head and neck, purring softly. "Aww, cute," she told him. "Does him deserve kisses?"

He wriggled about, grasping her hand to cuddle on his cheek. "Zashi was a good boy *all day*," he insisted, his lower lip thrust out adorably.

"Oh?" She ran her fingers along his belly. "Don't pout, sweetie. That's naughty."

"No tickles!" His cry must have hurt their target's ears more than Elly, who had thoughtfully slipped a small pair of ear plugs in before they started. They heard a thump as if someone jumped in pain and hit their head.

Hizashi's laughter turned a shade evil for a moment, and then she wriggled her fingers, scrunching his red shirt up a little, and he flopped about, wheezing. "No fair! Don't..! Not my tummy! Noooooo!"

In a moment of sheer brilliance, she yanked up his shirt and bent swiftly, mouthing a noisy, wet-sounding raspberry on his stomach.

Hizashi *squealed*.

Elly winced. Even she had caught too much of that. Hizashi nodded and gave her a thumbs up as he heard the rapid pelt of footsteps leading away from outside.

She popped out the plugs, faced the back of the couch and pressed a hand to her mouth in an effort to stifle her laughter. Hizashi's face was bright red from his enforced fit of giggles, but he still managed to laugh along with her.

Back at the student dorm, the other teens were looking around, frowning.

"Where is that fruit salad bastard? It's his turn to clean the hall."

"If he's trying to get out of his duties..."

"Wait, look!"

Mineta came wobbling around the corner, his hand pressed tightly to his mouth. He appeared to be trying not to retch.

"Where the hell were you this late?!" Bakugo grabbed the front of his shirt and snarled in his face.

Midoriya's eyes grew rounder. "Ohhh nooo... you weren't spying on Ms. Ches and Mic again, were you?!"

Mina rushed out from apparently nowhere, her eyes blazing. *"What did we work on about personal boundaries?!"*

"It was - it w - wuh - was..." He was shaking in Bakugo's grip, frothing slightly from the mouth with his eyes scarily blank.

"Ew, you disgusting creep." He dropped him and Mina came stomping up, fists clenched.

"It was horrible!"

"Serves you right," Iida pointed out. "Why, you're lucky Mr. Yamada didn't get you suspended last time!"

"Or Cheshire," Midoriya muttered.

"Guys, ew, I swear I won't do it again."

Mina pursed her lips as they shoved cleaning implements at him and left. "I wonder what they were doing that grossed *Mineta* out."

"It's better we not think about it."

"No kidding."

The teachers got a few speculative looks the next day, but it appeared to have worked. No one wanted to risk seeing what they were up to anymore after hours.

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