Forbidden Fruit Tastes The Sweetest

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11129103.

Rating: Explicit
Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply
Category: F/M
Fandom: 僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia
Relationship: Todoroki Shouto/Reader
Character: Todoroki Shouto, Bakugou Katsuki
Additional Tags: Villain/ Hero, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Smut
Stats: Published: 2017-06-08 Updated: 2019-12-27 Chapters: 3/4 Words: 3560

Forbidden Fruit Tastes The Sweetest

by Bunnymama

Summary

AU! where Todoroki is in denial about wanting to fuck a certain villain he's up against.
A loud crash resonated in the empty part of the city. Residents were forced to evacuate the area, as the battle between a certain villain and one of the top heroes got out of control. The buildings got harshly destroyed, one by one crumbling in pieces. It was an uneasy sight to look at.

Walking through the ruins you just created, you looked down on a wrecked up figure lying on the floor. The person was breathing heavily, and as they looked up, a thin stream of blood made its way out of their nose. You brought yourself on one knee to close the distance, yet made sure to still be above their eye-level. Wiping away the crimson liquid softly, almost affectionately, earned you a yank.

The worldwide famous Todoroki Shouta was glaring at you from below. You couldn’t help but chuckle. What a pretty face you bruised, but it couldn’t be helped.

“I’m not done yet.”

“You pretty much are,” musing, you stood up, “Too tired to use your quirks and not as skilled in combat. It’s a game over for you.”

The two of you both knew what you just said was true. Todoroki struggled to stand up too, still silent as ever. It irritated you a little, because sometimes, after done fighting, you wanted to do some small talk. Yes indeed, this wasn’t the first time the pretty boy lost to you.

“That’s 3 wins and 0 losses for me,” you raised your hand with three digits up and once again chuckled. “Though I feel like you went easy on me again. You just can’t bring yourself to beat up hotties, am I right?”

Todoroki’s eyes narrow at you dangerously, and rather than being scared, it makes you shiver with excitement. He is super pissed, because one – yet again you mocked him as Todoroki wasn’t the kind of a person to hold back if necessary, and two – yet again you teased him.

There was an incredible sexual tension ever since your first encounter, yet you seemed to be the only one to accept it. Todoroki was in denial, but that you could work with if you pushed all the right buttons. It made things interesting at least.

“You’re obnoxious.”

“That’s what you say,” your mouth stretches into a sly smirk before you continue, “But don’t think that I didn’t notice you checking me out. Even now as I’m speaking it probably takes you a lot not to stare at my ass.”

And again, Todoroki seemed to be loss for words.

Yes, you were gorgeous, anyone with eyes could figure as much. The skin-tight suit complimented your lean figure very well, not to mention your perky ass that stood out as much as your mesmerizing face. Face that seemed surprisingly soft from time to time. You weren’t insanely pretty, but that charisma of yours-

“You know those fantasies could easily become reality,” your eyebrows raised all the way to your hairline, and Todoroki’s roaming eyes left your body in instant. “Now now, don’t look like you were just caught doing something naughty.”
“You are delusional to think that I’d want someone like you. *Fuck you!***

He managed another attempt to fight you, but it was a piece of cake for you to dodge all of his pathetic attacks, moreover in the current weak state of his. Granted to get rid of all the resistance that was left, you sent him flying to the wall across the damaged room.

“Not just yet,” you clicked your tongue and walked over to the boy in front of you the same, “And don’t bullshit me, you are the one who eye-fucks me every time we meet.”

He **hated** you. He hated how you were always so laid back, how you knew your strongest points and never hesitated to use them. He hated how strong and witty you were and how you managed to beat him every single time. But most of all, he hated himself for finding all these traits of yours so fucking attractive.

Todoroki seemed more tired than usual, but more than anything else – conflicted. His eyes were absent, clearly fighting his own battle inside, and you wondered if you had finally broken him.

There was only one way to know.

It was a pleasant surprise when Todoroki didn’t smack your hand away after you brought it up and gently caressed the skin of his cheek. He was calmer than you initially thought he would be, but you could say his whole body was tense. Maybe you could try and push this a little further. One tiny step at a time.

“You want me just as much as I want you,” you glared at him the same way a predator does at their victim, and Todoroki’s world spun.

If running was an option, he’d be already out, faster than a cheetah running for its dear life. But the wall behind him wouldn’t budge, he was trapped. Todoroki knew he should do something, push you away, threaten you – any reaction was better than none at all. So why couldn’t he suddenly move an inch when he felt your fingers slowly creeping up his nape? His mind was a complete and utter mess. Was it because of your intoxicating perfume, or because you’ve never been this close? Was the situation too intimate or was he being irrational?

It’s a distant shout of a familiar voice that drags him back to reality.

“Todoroki! Where the fuck are you, you half-and-half bastard?!”

**Bakugo?** The two of you say in unison. Todoroki was now even more confused, seeing you recognize his former classmate and colleague. He didn’t miss the glint of entertainment crossing your eyes, either. Could you possibly know Bakugo?

“Sorry, staying here would make things awkward. But tell him I said hi,” you joked and leaned in impossibly close.

The last thing he remembers before blacking out is your lips whispering against the shell of his ear.

“Until next time, **pretty boy.**”
At last, I came back from the dead.

Hello everyone.

Came back after 150 years. I am really sorry that I didn't update for so long. Do not fear though, I will be posting another chapter soon. Very soon.

I am already halfway through with the writing. Are you excited just like I am? I hope so.

You can comment below about what you think will happen between Todoroki and the villain so that I can have a good read too. Ha. Or any questions for me or the characters are okay too.

(Also, how could you guys be okay with an entire article missing in the fucking headline? Already corrected :D)

Okay then, see you soon peeps.
I know I promised this almost a year ago. I am so so sorry, I hope this does some good to those who waited for so long :(

(it's 5 in the morning, might edit later for some grammar/syntax errors or if I feel like a certain part is stupid... English can be hard :/ )

It’s been a few weeks since the last time you brought Todoroki to shame. His hectic life carried on, yet the thought of you seemed to stick with him like a gum that wouldn’t come off his shoe sole. To him, it was a hell of an annoying gum.

“Until next time, pretty boy.”

Those last words of yours kept him awake quite some nights, wondering where you were and what the fuck were you thinking. You probably toyed with every hero you defeated. He wasn’t the first nor the last. It made perfect sense, yet somehow it irked him to no end. Since then, Todoroki has been enjoying cold showers frequently.

Todoroki found himself countlessly spacing out, not only in the office but on the field also. It earned him a number of scolds and sometimes almost an ugly injury. People in the department seemed to notice that there was something weird going on, but Todoroki always brushed them off with a lame excuse. So much for being a terrible liar. No wonder you could read him so easily.

As if the situation wasn’t already troublesome enough, there was another thought that kept Todoroki awake at night. How the hell did you know Bakugo Katsuki? The number of theories was infinite, anything was possible after all. There was, though, one that was the most probable and coincidentally the most outraging one.

You probably tried to seduce that freak Bakugo just like you tried to seduce him. Hell, you might’ve even fucked him. It wasn’t his business at all, he figured as much yet he couldn’t let it go. The poor boy didn’t know what to do. He just had to know. But how? Ask you about it? Hah, you’d probably laugh right in his face. Ask Bakugo? The two worked for the same agency after all, with Bakugo coincidentally standing in his field of vision in the very moment. What a timing.

Bakugo, who was brewing himself a cup of coffee, seemed to notice the other hero as well. “Why the fuck are you staring at me, bastard?!?”

Todoroki, however, remained unfazed by his colleague’s confrontation and lack of manner. There was only one thing he cared about at the moment. The problem was, he didn’t know how to bring you up without being suspicious.

“There’s something I want to talk to you about, Bakugo.” He started off carefully. “I am on a complicated case and-“

Before he could finish and maybe finally get some closure, their boss butted in. “Todoroki, there
Todoroki was standing in a large abandoned building. A lot of tables were scattered around, some of them with a sewing machine on top. An old textile factory most likely. His boss told him to investigate the place as people kept hearing suspicious sounds. Those could mean some shady activity of villains going on.

Whenever sent to the field, the possibility of you being there stirred something deep inside him. If it wasn’t you in question, Todoroki wouldn’t hesitate to call it excitement. And this time was no different. He wanted to finally catch you and let you face justice. Get rid of you and never have to think about you again. At least that’s what he kept telling himself.

The air was cold and dusty. Lights off, the electricity long gone, only a few rays of sunlight seeping through the broken windows keeping the building from being completely dark. Settled dust was useful during an investigation though. Todoroki could see uneven layers on the floor as well as on some of the objects. Someone was definitely here.

“**My my,**” a too familiar voice cooed, “it’s been a while, pretty boy.”

Todoroki’s head turned after the source in a lightning speed. He could immediately feel the adrenaline coursing through his veins, making him sweaty and shaky. His heart beat so fast he could practically feel it beat against his ribcage.

“You!” The hero hissed in a defensive manner. He was able to only make out the outline of your body in the dimness but knew damn too well where your position was.

“I see that you’re very excited to see me, too.” Your lips curled into a sly smirk as you stepped into the light, not bothering to conceal the hunger in your eyes.

You are the fucking worst, Todoroki thought. Breathing fast and shallow, hands visibly shaking and knees threatening to give out - he felt lightheaded as ever. You seemed to be very pleased to see him struggle like that. With that, an inner knot inside his belly twisted in a concerning way.

Todoroki realized he spaced out yet again when he suddenly felt the cold floor hitting his back, and when he choked on the smell of your perfume. The sharp pain followed. You pinned both of his wrists down to the ground and straddled his thighs to make him unable to escape. You knew Todoroki would protest – and he did by activating both of his quirks.

“**Now this is what I call a foreplay,**” you snickered, “**my new suit has been adjusted to withstand both frost and fire. I wore this just for you.**” At this point, you knew that now you were pushing too much but you couldn’t help yourself. Him lying under you, in that position, his crotch area close enough for you to easily touch. You’ve been holding out for such a long time already and you could feel yourself getting aroused more and more with each minute. But this still had to be consensual, so you took a deep breath and leaned down to whisper in his ear. **“You are free to tear it off me anytime and fuck me bent over one of those tables.”**

Roles got reversed, and now you were the one who spaced out while imagining all the dirty things you’d let this boy do to you. And that turned out to be a huge mistake. Todoroki, with a swift motion, released his wrists from your grip and wasted no time to counterattack. Feeling his clenched fist around a handful of your locks, you were bracing for a serious beating, eyes closed. He caught you unprepared and you were going to pay for it.
He harshly pulled you into an eager kiss instead, your eyes widening and nose almost breaking from the impact. His quirks deactivated, but every action of his was unbelievably rough – the way he pulled your hair; the way his other hand gripped your hip; the way he kept biting at your lips, almost making you bleed. It was a sloppy mess, and as much as you two were kissing, you were also fighting. For the upper hand, for dominance.

Todoroki was overwhelmed. Just moments ago he was disgusted by you, then as if with a flick of a switch, he was all over you. Until that moment, the tension between you two was manageable. Hardly, but manageable. With you straddling him, and him seeing you from that angle, he could no longer deny that he was insanely attracted to you. He was very much conscious of the growing tightness of his pants. But that was fine, sort of. He was never the one to give in to his primal needs and was excellent at keeping his emotions in check.

What really triggered him was how you confessed to fantasizing about him. Intentionally or not, it didn’t matter. *Fuck me bent over one of those tables.* That was the last straw, last push that made it impossible for him to control his lust any longer. That was exactly what you wanted – and at the moment, that was exactly what he wanted too. So here he was, like a wild animal off the chain, ravishing your mouth and body.

Todoroki pushed you off him with a harsh shove, making you fall on your butt and elbows. Both of you then rose up to your feet, never once breaking the eye contact. Your lips were sensitive and swollen from the harsh treatment and your body hurt where the hero gripped you too hard. Todoroki seemed ready to kill, his eyes narrowed at you and chest rising heavily. His face screamed *angry,* but you knew better just by the glance at the bulge in his pants.

“I can help you with t-“

“Be quiet.” The hero said sternly in a warning voice, effectively cutting you off. And to your surprise, you obeyed. You suddenly abandoned your former plan to dominate the shit out of him.

He then walked up to you from behind and with little effort tore the upper part of your suit in two. It ripped at the zipper. Todoroki wasted no time, immediately attacking your neck and nape with passionate kisses, nipping at the sensitive skin and forming ugly bruises. He felt the need to mark you even if he knew, deep down, that you were not his. His hands travelled from your collarbones south to knead your breasts and mainly to pinch the hardened nipples.

You knew it was just a matter of time until he cracked under the pressure, but never did you expect him to go this berserk. This dominant side of Todoroki was a treat, since you could sense that if the circumstances were different, he would be more gentle about the whole thing. Only you could drive him to this extreme, and with that thought a little bud of pride swelled in your being.

He then let go of you fairly quickly, and you whined at the loss of warmth. Just as you were about to turn around to utter a witty remark on his expense, he pushed you to the nearest table and forcefully bent you over. Thanks to your fast reflexes, your forearms hit the hard flat surface instead of your face. So you tried again. “Hey, be careful! I know that you’re dying to fu-“

“I said, be quiet.”

With another yank, Todoroki ripped what remained of your suit. You couldn’t help but turn your head around to take a look. Eyelids hooded, stare fixed at your naked body, Todoroki quickly pulled down his pants and boxers. And at last, you could finally see his cock in its full glory, hard and thick.

You desperately tried to squeeze your thighs together in an attempt to relieve some of the tension
between your legs. His calloused palm rubbed the skin of your back softly as he teased you with the 
tip, sliding along your already dripping slit and mixing pre-cum with your juices. Todoroki’s voice 
came out so quiet yet threatening it made you shudder.

“I am so fucking angry at you.”

Without another warning, he thrusted into you. You let out a loud moan, completely taken aback 
by how amazing it felt, and arched your back so low that you practically lied on the table top. 
When a steady rhythm was established, the grip on your hips kept getting tighter with each slam 
and the neediness with it.

“You take my cock so well,” he complimented you, but you barely registered it with how you tried 
so hard to keep your legs from breaking down.

Usually, dirty talk was an activity that you enjoy. This time though, you haven’t uttered a single 
word and you had no brain capacity to do so in the nearest future. The bliss has overtaken you. It 
has been only a few minutes at most, yet you couldn’t take the pleasure anymore and desperately 
longed for release.

You’ve been wanting this for so long that it didn’t take much for you to start feeling the familiar 
tingling in your lower belly. It was regrettable. You wanted to savour this heated moment a little 
longer. Savour Todoroki’s touch even more. But it couldn’t be helped.

“I’m so close…” You managed to huff out. “H-ah…Do it harder!”

And Todoroki complied. You felt a warm body press onto your back, quiet pants and sighs 
suddenly audible to your ears. His thrusts were so sharp and deep that each pound earned him a 
moan, mixing with the sound of meat slapping against meat. The erotic sounds drove him insane, 
and like a junkie he’d do anything to get his daily dose. You never moaned out his name though, 
much to his regret.

Todoroki’s hand joined in and moved south to your apex, pressing down, while his index and 
middle fingers stimulated your clitoris in circular motion. Your orgasm approached faster than 
ever. He was skilled and it showed. Turning your head around, you made sure that he’d see you 
reach your ecstatic high.

“I can’t… Ahh!”

Todoroki watched you orgasm hard with hungry eyes, taking in all the details. You, who teased 
and toyed with him, was now a shuddering mess screaming under him. Thighs shaking 
uncontrollably, eyes watery and begging. Your pussy clenched around his cock so delightfully, it 
made it difficult for him to last any longer.

“Fuck-“

Todoroki’s cock twitched as he came with a grunt, squeezing your inner thigh and hip so hard it 
hurt. His brows frowned in concentration and eyes shut, you couldn’t help but think he was 
gorgeous.

He rocked a few more thrusts to ride out his own orgasm before becoming limp and pulling out. He 
barely managed to pull up his pants before collapsing on the dirty ground and leaning into a pillar 
for support.

“Congratulations on not being a villain-virgin anymore.” You came back to your old self rather 
quickly; you were spent as well, but a little less than he was. It was easier for you to snap out of it.
Todoroki, on the other hand, was experiencing a cocktail of emotions. A part of him felt incredibly guilty for what he just did. You were still there, kneeling right in front of him, body bruised and naked. It was a reminder to him that what happened just a moment ago was indeed real. On the contrary, looking at your face didn’t bring out any negative emotions anymore. Either that or he was too tired to feel.

The other part of him felt as if a heavy weight was just lifted off of his shoulders. The tension that built up inside him over the past weeks was finally released and he could relax again. He was satisfied and with heavy eyelids just wished to fall asleep.

*Todoroki sure looks cute*, you thought to yourself while watching him struggle to fight the exhaustion. Petting the top of his head, you leaned in said your goodbyes to the half-asleep hero.

“I had a good time, pretty boy.”

And with a ringing giggle you were gone.

Chapter End Notes

Writing the after sex plot was so hard lolol since I have no experience with "one night stands"... so if you don’t like it... same.

I was thinking either last chapter for this series or a Bakugo/reader one shot in relation to this. Or both? Idk? You can DM me about it hehe. Maybe some ideas too, any ideas honestly, not just for this series.

(for those who still have some ray of hope left, just a reminder: either work might be finished from 1 month to 10 years from now, thank you :D)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!