

Uh Oh, My Tutor is Super Sexy!

prompt ♥!! *summer sex* (18+) x jock!yuuji x fem!tutor!reader

♥ **WARNINGS!!** ♥

...college au. manhandling/strength kink (can't have yuuji without a strength kink <\\3). pussy eating. f-fucking. slight dumbification & degradation, but also praise. mentioning of tummies and pudge. uh, misogyny? but... i try to make it sexy LMFAOOOO (just some comments yuuji makes ab how u dress)

Yuuji Itadori's natural enemy is *homework*.

There's nothing more that he hates in the world than complicated assignments, packets and online reading that take *hours* of his life to complete—*valuable* hours, might he add.

He despises it. Abhors it, even. (He learned that one from Kugisaki.)

And so, he leans into doing everything else *besides* his homework. Which, admittedly, is exactly how he got himself into this mess to begin with—but nevermind that, why does *he* have to complete this stupid summer course? All by himself, too. Alone and in *agony*, writhing away beneath the weight of cramped fingers and a sore back.

He should be at *practice*. He should be with Megumi and Kugisaki, getting smoothies and ice cream, having four-day-sleepovers until Megumi gets sick and kicks him out. He should be having *fun*. It's *summer*. He's officially on break, but instead of surfing with Toudo at the beach, or flirting with that cute cheerleader he's been talking up, he's spending his vacation cooped up in his dorm room with nothing but a six-hundred-page-text book.

"Itadori?"

Oh.

And you.

You're here, too.

Yuuji groans in frustration, only groaning *louder* when you start shaking your finger at him.

"We won't get anywhere if you don't *focus!*"

"I don't wanna do this," he answers honestly, eyes offensively bored. "Don't you have better things to do than waste time here with me?"

It's hot. The window's open, and the curtains are pushed back, and that helps. A cool breeze swings by every now and again. But it's still hot enough that Yuuji thinks he'd be a lot more

miserable if the weather didn't warrant your God-sent mini-skirts and tiny—what'd you call them?—*camisoles*. Yeah, that's it.

Every day this week, he's opened up his dorm door to find you in some variation of tiny clothing strapped *only* around the parts of you that matter. And *barely*, at that! (Well, not matter. But the—the *sensitive* parts of you.)

Yuuji can't even blame you—there's nothing to blame you *for*. It's *hot*; obviously you're going to dress appropriately for that, right? Right.

It's just... hard to focus on literary analysis free response answers when he's got a semi brewing in his pants, y'know?

You roll your eyes at him and turn your head back to his laptop. Yuuji's eyes take the opportunity—and every one before this—to roam down your legs, the supple smush of your thighs as they pool against the office chair his roommate loaned you for today's study session. (Yuuji watched you flirt it right from beneath the man's ass in amazement. You even managed to get the guy to go on a grocery run for the both of you. With *his* money.)

"Summer sessions are easier because they're *shorter*, dummy. Less work and lower expectations. Take advantage of that."

Yuuji pouts, determined to pack everything up and meet everyone else at the beach like they had originally planned this morning. "But isn't it harder *because* we have less time to do everything?"

"Mm, it doesn't matter *now*. This's due tomorrow."

"You're such a *teacher*." He frowns.

You quirk a brow, "Hello? That's exactly what a tutor is, Itadori."

Tiny clothing or not, Yuuji can't help but appreciate how seriously you take your job. You're always on time, and you only run-over when he asks it of you. You're kind, a lot nicer than his actual professor. It's easier to receive information when it comes from your mouth.

"*Yuuji*," he pouts, flicking his pencil back and forth between his fingers.

"Yeah?" You turn back to him, a confused tilt pulling your head to the side.

"Call me Yuuji," he clarifies. "Hearing you say my last name makes me feel *old*."

You give an understanding '*Ohhh*,' and then a quick little '*Okay!*' and perk up in your chair.

There's a slight curve in your back, Yuuji notices—from the way you're sitting. An *arch*.

How far can you mimic that on your tummy, he wonders.

And then mentally slaps himself.

Pervert.

He sighs, slumping over in his chair. The heat's getting to him.

Yuuji repeats himself, hoping it'll stick to that wrinkly brain of yours, "I *really* don't wanna do this right now. And it's useless to try when I'm so unfocused."

Despite the way you seem, you're not a complete nerd. You're wild when it counts! Even.. sorta *reckless*—and that's *rich* coming from someone like Itadori Yuuji.

But Yuuji's seen you before, at a few of his games. And at *all* of the after-parties, knocking back solo cups like you'd been getting paid to do it. He's even had to bring you home before, by request of Maki—who apparently *also* knows you well.

Which, coincidentally, is why you're here tutoring and co-working this summer class project with him, free of your usual tutoring charge. Lucky him, right?

You turn your head to him and lean forward to rest your arms over the computer table. And against your arms is your *chest*, bouncing and jiggling and *begging* for attention. Your tummy folds a little, too, and you just look so *soft*. All over. It's almost like you're taunting him, *antagonizing* him, purposefully. His eyes fly back to your face, quickly enough to avoid getting caught ogling.

"Well," you start, clicking your nails over the desk. It's then Yuuji notices your fingernails are pink, like his hair. "You can't go to the beach—that'd take too long. Let's just take a break?"

"Uh," he swallows, physically cringing at how cracked and dry his voice sounds. "Yeah. I need—I need a *break*."

"Do you need some water, too?" You look awfully amused, that cute little quirk in your brow comes out to play when you're trying to be mean, along with a playful glimmer in your eyes.

Yuuji's mouth dips into another frown. "You're so funny," he aims at you, tone rather flat. Then, the man stands from his chair to tower over you at full height, and pointedly side steps your chair. "Actually, I *will* get a water. A *cold* one. And I'm *not* bringing you back one, either."

"Wait!" You push back from the table to get in his way, spinning to catch his shirt. "Wait! Don't be stingy, Yuu, get me one!"

Except you very much get in his way. You're far too deep in his way. And send him crashing to the ground.

The legs of your chair are longer than you think they are, catching Yuuji's ankles and absolutely snatching them from beneath his frame—and taking his entire soul with them, too! Yuuji, as huge as he is, trips with an almost embarrassingly girlish squeal, and tumbles

to his knees with a harsh *slam!* onto the floor. With a horrifying *crack*, his chin slams onto the seat of your chair, somehow—by some stroke of dumb, *unimaginable* luck—settling his face between your knees.

All Yuuji can think, disdainfully, is that you're lucky he'd been far enough away, or he'd have taken *you* down with him.

Your legs jump apart as Yuuji's head comes banging onto the seat of your chair. Yuu thinks he can hear you panicking—or are you laughing? He can't tell. He feels your hands flock to cradle and gently pet at his face. Tweety birds skip around his vision as the world slowly begins to stop spinning.

"Yuuji," your voice calls to him. "*Yuuji*, Yuuji! Are you okay? Do you need an ice pack?"

Tweety bird. He blinks.

Yeah... She's staring right at him, actually. There's... a bunch of her. A grip of yellow cartoon birds fluttering across your navel. All of them are grinning at him and—oddly enough—making him feel right at home, smushed between your thighs.

Heaven, Yuuji thinks, *he's found it*.

He feels you shift impatiently and unclenches his fingers from the sides of your chair to pull back.

"You wear *tweety bird* panties?" Yuuji gripes from the floor. His eyes flicker up to bore into yours, an unimpressed gleam washing over his face—unimpressed besides the haunting, hot pangs of pure want shooting up his stomach. Is his mouth watering? "You dress like *this*, and the flavor of underwear is *tweety bird*?"

You go to kick him away, but Yuuji's reflexes are sharp. He catches your ankle firmly, but shuffles away in fear of his own safety; a soft, slightly vengeful sob—"*You've hurt me enough*."—cracking from his chest.

"Don't look up my skirt!" You seethe, all compassion for him flying out the window. You try to yank your foot back, but Yuuji won't let it go until he's out of kicking range. "And what does *that* mean? What the hell do you think I dress like?"

Once far enough, Yuuji releases your foot and tilts his head up to gaze at you. He's shifted around to sit on his ass now, not quite ready to pull himself back up to his chair.

"You dress..." he starts, nervously rubbing at the back of his head. His gaze slowly shifts away from you, but you stomp a foot to startle his attention back up.

How should he answer this? Is there a way to answer without upsetting you? What if you storm off? What if you storm off and tell Maki? She and Kugisaki would... Gold eyes find their way pulled back to thick thighs, poorly hidden beneath that flimsy skirt you've got pulled up over your tummy.

They would *castrate* him.

"You dress like you're trying to get fucked." Yuuji admits, painfully blunt.

Your eyes bulge out of their sockets, jaw dropping to the floor at Yuuji's *audacity*.

"*What!*" The pitch of your voice elevates in—in *surprise*, surely *not* because you've been caught red-handed. "I do—I do *not*," you scoff, crossing your arms under your chest, across your midriff.

"C'mon!" Yuuji whines, shaking his arms at you to demonstrate. He scrubs a hand over his jaw, "You've even got the—got the tummy out and everything!" He gestures to your tank top, where it stops just above your belly button.

The tummy? *Your* tummy?

"So having my tummy out means I wanna get fucked?"

"You can't just show up at my house looking like this. It's—dangerous. For *my* well-being."

"I don't—I don't—," you sputter. Then, lowly, slow and careful, almost like you're scared of the answer—correction: you're *terrified*—you ask, looking everywhere but at Yuuji.

"...Do—do *you*?"

Yuuji licks his lips, allowing his eyes to roam over you thoroughly. "For *months* now."

You scowl, clearly missing the way his eyes darken. "Don't play with me."

"Would *never*," Yuuji promises, shaking his head. "I mean it. I *mean* it—you're so fucking cute. I try to be a gentleman. I do. But—but tweety bird? I wanna rip em off you, I'm sorry—,"

"*Yuuji*," you beckon him forward to scratch anxiously at his shoulders. He doesn't miss the way your thighs rub together. "Don't say things like that," you pout, but only seem to be pressing yourself closer. "We've gotta—the thingy. The—work. Your *project*."

"What about it?" He coos, more to your thighs than to you. His big, rough hands ghost up your legs, then your tummy to settle over your waist. He brushes his face along your skin, making his way up with deep, appreciative moans under long kisses that vibrate up your body.

You don't even answer, too busy shuddering. His kisses follow his hands, a line curving up your tummy to stop in the middle valley of your chest.

"Look at *these* girls," Yuuji moans, weighing your tits in each of his hands. He has half a mind to suck them. "Can't believe you've been teasin' me with these for *months*."

"I wasn't... *huff*... teasing you!" You whine, so sweetly, at that. And Yuuji's *hooked*. You're just too adorable when you're trying to fight him on things Yuuji already knows. So cute

when you clamp your thick, smushy thighs around his waist the best you can when he's kneeled in front of your chair like this.

You scratch his scalp and pout, "n you're not listening to me."

"*Mhm*," Yuuji hums; his brown eyes flicker up to your face, "Can I suck your tits?"

Yuuji's so... *vulgar*. He just says what he wants, when he wants. It's *humiliating*. Your cheeks burn at the suggestion; your entire body feels like it's burning from the inside.

"Do you... *want* to?" You can't help it. Even with his hickies painted up your legs, flinches of insecurity soften you. "Yuuji, if you're joking with me, I *swear* I'll tell Maki—,"

"No!" Yuuji's gold eyes shoot open. Blasphemy, he thinks. He couldn't—well, he wants to play with you, but not in the way *you're* thinking. "No, who—," he reach a hand up to cup your face, brushes his thumb over the corner of your mouth.

"I know it's soon," he admits, collecting one of your hands and pressing it to his mouth. "But I'm—I really am a trustworthy guy! And you're pretty. Out-of-my-league pretty. Didn't think you'd waste time on me,"

Yuuji's lips brush over your breasts from atop your camisole's neckline. It's easy enough to do, with how fucking *deep* it is. You couldn't have been serious, showing up to his dorm dressed like this. Either you've been hoping this would happen, or you're just fucking stupid—and Yuuji doesn't feel mean for saying it.

The college athlete sweet-talks his way into pulling your nipple in his mouth through your shirt—no bra. Fuck, you're not even wearing a *bra*?

"Not leavin' you alone after this," and that is a *guarantee*, slightly muffled by your breast filling his mouth. He gently nips, brings his teeth to tug at your nipple through the fabric of your shirt and you *freak*. This loud, unbelievably cute squeal unwillingly escapes you. Your body jumps closer to smush his face into your breasts.

Yuuji, the big sap, is *irrevocably* in love. A new surge of desperation to feel you cling to him in other ways, to hear you call his name like *that* again.

"*Yuuji*." He can tell you're trying to use your chastising, teacher voice. It's fucking *hot*. As a reward, he pulls your shirt up over your chest and presses your tits together to see if he can suck both of your nipples at the same time. He *can*. Your breasts are set free with a comical bong, tantalizingly bouncing before Yuuji gets his mouth on them.

You continue, trying to reclaim some semblance of authority.

"You, *ah—*," sharp canines pinch your nipples. Your fingers curl into the sleeve of his shirt over his shoulder, "better make it—*hiccup*—make it quick—*hhh*."

Yuuji pulls off your nipple with a wet *pop*. When he tugs your shirt back down over your chest, his sucking leaves the pink cotton of your shirt damp. Right where his mouth had been, attached to your spit-slicked nipples. They poke out through the material, too—Yuuji’s been saying hello to the both of them all week. And your *tummy*; the cutest bulge hidden beneath your skirt, but your rolls have been making his jaw tick since you sat down. He can bite them, right? Will they taste like cinnamon?

“Stop ogling me and get up!” A surprise attack! You crush the palms of your hands into Yuuji’s forehead and knock his head back.

“Ack!” Yuuji’s whole upper body jerks backward to escape you. “Are you *trying* to crush my eyeballs?”

He huffs in relief when you immediately retreat into your chair. Then, he pouts at you, slumped in fear of what you’ll do to him next. But just as quickly, he gets over it.

“You’re so impatient.” A grin tugs at his mouth. “*Unhinged*. I can’t look at you anymore?”

You yank his hair, *hard*. “No, I don’t want some stupid, jock-pervert looking at me!”

To your pleasant surprise, Yuuji gives in almost instantly. “*Alright*, alright! No need to get *mean*. I hear you.”

He throws your legs over his shoulders and lifts *up*. You hunch forward, gasping in fear and surprise as he manages to prop himself up on one knee, then both of his ankles. All while scooping you from the rolling chair to his study desk, and narrowly missing his laptop as he dumps you onto the table.

“You’re—*strong*,” you sigh admiringly. You’re not stupid. You know Yuuji’s a big guy, slender at the waist but his *arms*... They might be larger than your head. And *yes*, you know he’s an athlete. He trains by *lifting* things. But *still*—

Still, it shoots a thrill through you.

“Huh?” His fingers dig into the fat of your thighs and spread them apart. He pulls you the edge of the table until he can comfortably stick his head under your skirt, and reach your pussy while at it. He trails his mouth over your skin to bite at your thighs, mumbling something dark about wanting to get his mouth on these things *forever*.

“You like bein’ tossed around?” He asks, as if he doesn’t already know the answer. It comes a bit distracted, as Yuuji’s attention is already caught up in getting your cunt in his greedy mouth.

“Sorry,” he sighs, not a drop of remorse in his heart for poor Tweety Bird as he tears your underwear right down the middle. Yuuji releases the breath he’s been holding at the sight of your bare pussy. *What a view*. “I can get you more, okay? Don’t be mad at me.”

“You can’t just go around ripping girls’ panties off!” But your scolding falls on deaf ears. It’s not about you anymore, you fear, but the little junction of muscle between your hips.

“M’a pervert, remember,” he grins. His breath flutters over your pussy lips. “No, you’re right. I should’ve kept ‘em, instead. So *stupid*.”

It throbs, your little cunt, from all this attention lathered onto it. You’re about to whimper for Yuuji to *do something*, to *stop staring*—because it’s exciting you *miserably*—but then he’s moving on his own accord, leaning in to smother his face in your juices.

Yuuji eats pussy the way he plays ball.

Like he’s *hungry*.

He rarely comes up for air, fitting his mouth over your cunt and sucking hard on your clit until your legs are trembling over his shoulders. His hands are rough, digging and pinching into your skin wherever they travel—your knees, your calves, your tummy. Yuuji jerks your whole body forward, splitting your walls open on his warm, wet tongue. Your pussy drools *back*, too, slathering his mouth in slick and sweat.

“*Fuuuck*,” Yuuji moans around the taste of you. Your scent robs his brain of any cells left inside of it. He’s pushing his face closer, desperately flicking his tongue over your lips to lap up everything your pussy so graciously gives him. “Everytime—*slurrrrrp*—you come over here, this’s all I wanna do.”

Your fingers surf through his hair, anxiously pulling at the pink strands. Yuuji feels you pulling him closer and trying to escape him all at once. You’re *overwhelmed*, desperately grinding against his face and trying to clamp your thighs around his head at the same time. Maybe gettin’ eaten is too much for your princess cunt, he thinks. But *that* makes Yuuji want to fuck you on his tongue even more.

He changes his pace. Instead of sucking and smacking like a man starved, he slowly builds up a rhythm. His fingers pull up to dig circles into your clit, rolls it ‘round and ‘round under his fingertips, and your pussy *thanks him* for it. It’s all messy, your cunt gushing slick all down Yuuji’s chin, but your orgasm comes even *messier*.

Your body tenses beneath his hands and your hips grind *hard* over his face. The feel of your cunt, already soft and gooey and hot, cumming right into Yuuji’s mouth—exactly the way he’s been pining after for *weeks*—makes his cock ache. He’s so stupidly hard, it fucking hurts. Yuuji drags the heel of his palm up the bulge in his jeans. The friction is good, so good. Dangerously good. He has to yank his hand away and pinch it back under your thigh before he *humiliates* himself.

A tight, hot pressure pulls in your gut, so vast and *mean*. His tongue bullies your cum into his mouth, even as the sharp throbbing at the tip of his cock almost tricks him into feeling like he’s cumming, too.

“Yuu,” you gasp, but he can’t hear well from between your thighs like this. “Please, *please*, *hhh*. I’m—*sniffle*—Yuuji,”

The last bits of your pride are set ablaze. A loud sob escapes your chest as you cum, hard and messy, and just for Yuuji. It leaves you breathless and shaking; your body trembles in Yuuji’s hands even after he frees your clit from his teeth.

You blink down at him, your eyelashes wet and clumped while your hand absentmindedly rubs over the back of his neck. He kneels between your legs still, chest panting and mouth open. If he had a tail, it’d be *wagging*.

“You okay?” You ask, still taking big breaths. “Oh, you have—*here*.” Your thumb comes down to wipe at the corner of his mouth. When he gets to his feet, both of your hands reach to cup his face, trying to clean his mouth without smearing your slick all over his face. “I don’t have a napkin,” you mumble, looking almost dejected that you can’t clean him up properly.

“Shut up,” Yuuji groans. His head falls back, eyes pinching shut in what you think is annoyance. “Why do you have to be so fucking—*c’mere*.”

He pulls you off the table, despite your surprised cry, and flips you around to bend you *over* it.

“Wait!” You crane your head to look back over your shoulder as Yuuji stands behind you, crowding you into the table. Already, your knees knock together, too numb to keep you upright. The clings of his belt unbuckling rattle in your ears. It’s effortless, but the unspoken promise of what’s to come makes you shiver.

“I’ll *fall*, my legs aren’t—,” your mouth dips. “Yuu, m’gonna *fall*.”

Yuuji flips your skirt up over your ass.

“No, you won’t.” That’s why he’s bending you over the table, genius—for a tutor, you sure are a little dumb. And even if you did somehow manage to slip, Yuuji would catch you.

“And if you do,” he adds nonchalantly, “then we can just fuck on the floor.”

“*What!*” You start to twist around, but Yuuji isn’t having it. He places a hand on the edge of the table nearest to the wall and hunches over your bent body. The other wraps around the base of his cock. He hisses at the feel of finally touching it, after denying himself for so long.

“F-fuck,” he stutters. “Baby, here it comes.”

You think Yuuji might go easy on you. The way he fiddles the head against your opening almost makes you giggle, fools you into think he’ll give you his dick inch by inch. You already have a quip on the edge of your tongue, ready to dig in—something like *Can’t get it in?* or *Is that it?* But when your mouth opens, all that comes out of it is a *gasp*.

Yuuji slams his hips forward. In one, sharp thrust, your cunt's split open and quivering on a *whole* cock.

"*Shit.*" "*Fffuck!*"

Both of you claw at each other, your nails scratching at his abdomen and his fingers digging into your hip. Yuuji's hips meet yours with unforgiving haste. *Pat-pat-pat*—it fills your ears, bounces around the room, even, as you dig your hand a little harder into his abdomen.

"*W-wait,*" you squeal, leaning up on your tippy toes.

Yuuji reaches over your head and grips the edge of the table. He uses it to follow you forward, fucking his hips after your pussy, and bottoming out inside your hot, clenching cunt the way he's been dreaming to for *weeks*.

"*Shit,*" he repeats, throaty and low, and you're sure he's out of it.

It feels *heavy*. Hot and hard and like it's taking up too much space inside of you. You're dropping all over him—you know he can feel it. Hot juices pouring down to his balls, just to return to your skin when his sac slaps against the backs of your thighs, occasionally getting a good one in on your cunt—and *that* sends you squealing.

Yuuji moans into the air above your neck. A firm grip on the table helps him fuck you the way you deserve, so deep you feel it in your stomach. Your insides feel hotter than before, silkier and deeper and Yuuji hopes you'll forgive him for being a little mean about this.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

"*So good,*" his voice sounds clipped, tight and hard. It makes your pussy flutter. "Could—could *live* here, wanna be in this pussy forever. Can I? You'll let me, right?"

"Yuuji," you sob, nails scratching helplessly against the desk, "*m'cumming, m'cumming!*" Your body burns *hot*—it's rushing so quick, but you can't help how sensitive your little pussy is. Yuuji's cock rubs every inch of your walls, helps itself to your cervix, gently knocking into it on every thrust in and pulls back harshly against the suction of your cunt every pull out. Your hips push out to fuck him back, to suck him in as deeply as you can. Your cum gushes against his pelvis and coats his cock—and Yuuji fucks you through it mercilessly.

Harsh, deep thrusts plunge his fat cock in and out of your pussy, even as your cunt spasms and drips down the inside of your thighs. Yuuji holds onto the table and uses it as leverage to drag his hips forward. Your legs are knocked apart, your little skirt flipped up over your ass, he's as deep as he can get—but *more*. More, more, more—Yuuji's reverted back to the primal ages, fucking you hard enough to make your whole body jiggle.

"*Yeah?*" His fat cock is throbbing, hard and fast and—*fuck*, he's gonna cream your cunt if he doesn't pull out. "Me too, I think."

“In—inside,” you gasp, trying your best to articulate with your cheek smushed into the smooth wood of the desk. Your toes curl at the prospect of being used and filled with Yuuji’s cum. “Yuuji, s’safe—inside me...!”

A sharp hiss tumbles from his mouth from how hard your muscles clamp down over his dick. It feels like you’re swallowing him, like you want to keep him inside of you and never let him go. Yuuji’s eyes roll up into his skull. The veins in his arms become more prominent as he clenches the table harder.

He only pulls out when he’s sure you’ve finished cumming. A vulgar, wet *popping* sound follows his cock, before his hands slide from your hips to your grip thighs. He lifts you just a little. You squeak in surprise as he bunches your thighs together and yanks your hips up. The transition is seamless: from fucking your pussy to dragging his cock along the outer part of it, to fucking it between the top of your inner thighs.

“So fucking *soft*,” he groans, hashed out through clenched teeth and between deep strokes to your thighs. His head falls back, then tilts down to watch the thickness of his cock vanish and reappear. He hears you answer him with a flurry of babbles, short strings of his name punctuated by every harsh thrust and slap his hips meet your ass with.

“Ohh *fuck!*” He drags you back, hunches over you and sounds like he’s in pain with the flames of his orgasm licking at his balls. “I gotta cum, princess. I gotta cum. Gonna take it for me? Huh?”

“Uh huh,” you reach a hand back for one of his forearms, to squeeze it gently. “Can I have—have it? Please—oh, *oh—*,”

“*Christ.*” The tension in his stomach snaps. Yuuji’s cum bursts from the slit at the top of his dick, and he floods the inner part of your thigh with it while thanking every god he knows for this sticky, sweaty weather.

“Good girl,” he shudders as your body trembles beneath him, moaning when your pussy cums *again* with the thick, rough fingers on your clit rubbing so relentlessly.

It just couldn’t be a good summer without your mini-skirts and tank tops.

As the spend drips down your skin, Yuuji can tell you’re disappointed. Your pretty face scrunches up into a pout, but he elects to ignore it while dumping his load between your thighs. He hunches over your body, desperately humping your pussy lips and spurting out his long strings of cum until his balls are empty. Until the drags of his hips begin to burn with over sensitivity.

“Took it like a fucking champ,” he pants proudly, gently placing your feet back to the ground. He backs up off if you a bit, but only to admire your ass in all its glory—glistening with a flecks of misplaced cum.

“I told you to cum *insiiide*,” you twist around to give Yuuji’s broad chest a quick tap with your little fist after he’s pulled off of you.

"Hey, *easy*," Yuuji shushes you with a soft slap to the side of your thigh, then slings an arm around your waist to placate you. You're squirming too much, and he needs to wipe up the cum splattered across the inner part of your thighs. He swipes a few baby wipes up your puffy, bruised skin, all plucked from the container at the corner of his work desk.

His eyebrows dip in concentration before he's muttering, "Don't be a brat. Say thank you."

You curl your hand around to catch his arm, giving it a soft squeeze. His cock flaps between his thighs as he moves, and even as it softens, it still feels *thick* on you.

He doesn't expect you to indulge him, which is why you think he groans so loud when you do say, "*Thank you, Yuuji.*"

Yuuji plants a quick kiss on the back of your thigh, then another over the curve of your ass, and another at the curve of your spine. It tickles.

He smiles, wide and goofy and the glisten of his fangs catch your eye. "Atta girl!"

You frown, eyebrows dipping. "But—,"

"Next time, angel." Yuuji assures you, leaning back down to pat you dry with a Kleenex. "Promise you'll get all'a it."

Next time.

"Oh," you blink, stupidly nodding along—not even questioning it. "*Okay.* Next time." And even though you can't see him, Yuuji absentmindedly nods with you.

Really, he's silently wondering if the two of you have enough time to nap and finish the project later—or if he should wrap his homework up now, so the two of you can nap in peace. He flips your skirt back down, eases you up from the table, and spins you around to admire his handy work. A freshly fucked out *you*, shining with sweat and smelling like a mixture of Yuuji's cologne and your perfume. He *likes* this look.

"Pull your pants up," you poke his chest from over his shirt. "We have work to do."

Yuuji frowns, content with gazing at you for a while more. "M'gonna put some shorts on. S'too hot for jeans."

"So *hurry up*. Your roommate might come back."

"I'm going!" He shakes his fist at you. "You can't be mean to me when I just made you cum, y'know! *Twice*. Isn't that against the rules?"

Your response is swift, "You'll never get to do it again."

"Sorry," he laughs humorlessly, apologetically. "Sorry, I take it back. I didn't mean that. Be as mean as you want. Honestly, it's kinda hot—,"

“Itadori?” A voice coming from the opposite end of the door startles the both of you. Yuuji jumps fifty feet off the ground, his little cock flopping *with* him.

“Itadori!” A series of knocks rattle in the air, “Can you unlock the door? I left my key!”

You’ve never seen a man fumble into a pair of shorts so quickly in your life.