

(Mess)Fortunate Events

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(Mess)Fortunate Events

by [FickyThings](#)

Summary

When Aizawa mandates that all of his students are to discover a new work-study for their final year at UA, Tokoyami decides that the Wild Wild Pussy Cats could bolster his understanding of wilderness rescue and heroics. Initially he was hopeful, but on his first day with the Wild Wild Pussy Cats, he quickly discovers that some secrets are best kept to the darkness, or at least hidden in their pants.

After all, what kind of heroes wear diapers?

Apparently wilderness rescue experts... and now Tokoyami.

This fic is a collection of smutty stories focused on Tokoyami and whoever else he can wrap into his padded fun. Feel free to leave requests if you're feeling bold; I'll consider writing them! Updates whenever I feel like it.

(Warning: this fic is filthy. The story is secondary to the smut, and the smut includes very kinky things that many people find displeasing. Please do not read this unless you want to or are curious. Remember to read the tags.)

Notes

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

A (Mess)Fortunate Event

When Aizawa spoke about the third year internship program, he had made certain that everyone understood one thing: everyone had to do something different. They couldn't choose who they did last year, nor the year before unless they spoke about it with Aizawa, and to Tokoyami - who had been interning underneath Hawks for the past two years - it meant one thing.

Tokoyami couldn't intern underneath Hawks.

He would have to find someone different to teach him heroics.

All of his plans for the year, all of Hawks' promises, and all of his lessons were tossed out of the window, leaving the avian man to wait until he graduated and flew alongside the former number two hero himself to learn what more he could beside his flock-mate. That left Tokoyami to consider his weaknesses once again from a different perspective and decide what he would have to work on until then. If Tokoyami were to be honest, he was looking forward to the change quite a lot.

Hawks was running out of things to teach him and Tokoyami had an expertise already. Now, he thought it would be best to eliminate his remaining weaknesses and pursue an avenue of heroics he had neglected a fair amount: wilderness rescue.

City combat was something Tokoyami was great at and he and DarkShadow made fantastic partners when rescuing people, however they weren't familiar with situations outside of cities. The last thing Tokoyami wanted was to fail someone beyond his field of expertise when they needed him most, so Tokoyami and DarkShadow scoured every envelope they had in their effort to identify someone capable of teaching them about the wilderness, rescue, and combat. He wouldn't let anyone down

It was a surprise when he noticed a soft red envelope peek out amongst the piles he had been sifting through whilst organizing the mass amount of invitations into 'considered' and 'denied' piles respectively. The cat paw sticker keeping it sealed even told him exactly who it was from: The Wild Wild Pussy Cats - the same heroes who he had learned under before during the training camp when they were first years.

With interest and curiosity prodding at him as well as DarkShadow, he opened the envelope to see what they were offering. What was inside was everything he wanted and somehow more. Lessons in survival, quirk training, rescue training, partaking in actual missions, wilderness and unorthodox combat training, overwatch and information gathering, lodgings, provided food and snacks, and his very own uniform all were offered. He was even allowed to help design it, so long as he accepted their offer.

Something more was that it wasn't just one week worth of training but two! He would miss some classes which were important, but this was the last opportunity he would have to intern with someone. He could either devote himself to the path of wilderness rescue and learn all

that he could, or he could focus on enhancing himself further and refining himself for another week with Aizawa's aid.

He kept the letter on his desk for days as he considered it. They weighed the pros and cons, going through them all again and again. Every other invitation he and his loyal companion sifted through became less and less interesting as the days went by.

Finally, as the deadline approached, he and DarkShadow drafted an email to them to inform them that he would accept their offer. The duo also attached an image of a costume sketch that he would like them to expand on with a preface that, though he likely wouldn't use it, he would enjoy seeing what they would come up with as the 'favored enemy of the felidae'. It wasn't even twenty minutes later when he heard word back from them, thanking him for accepting and welcoming him to the team while promising to create something fun for him to wear.

He slept with a smile on his face that night. Even DarkShadow was excited. They both knew this wouldn't become their primary career path, but they were both very pleased to be learning under a group of people who knew what they were doing.

It had been three days since Tokoyami had begun his internship with the Wild Wild Pussy Cats and he was, to put it mildly, very irritated and very very embarrassed about what he had ended up signing up for. While the Wild Wild PussyCats were an eccentric and fun bunch who did in fact plan to teach him a lot, they also had one peculiarity that he felt incredibly conflicted over.

Each and every one of the Wild Wild PussyCats members wore diapers.

It was a part of their standard uniform and something he could overlook, but because he had signed on to become a member for a short time, it had meant that it was a part of his standard uniform as well. On the very first day, moments after stepping into the private room he would be staying in, Ragdoll had handed him a pack of the heavy duty diapers and simply told him to get changed as if he wouldn't somehow question it.

Tokoyami was not one to remain silent in the face of such madness. Some things he could accept, but this? This hardly seemed logical. He had to mask his disgust and stared at the diapers in his mentors hand before looking up and asking her a simple age-old question to begin.

“Why?” He didn't understand it, and DarkShadow who hovered at his side didn't seem to understand it either.

Ragdoll played innocent. “Why what?”

Fumikage bit back a sigh. “*Why* are you holding those out as if diapers are a standard part of a uniform? I have encountered countless heroes and none before have ever mentioned the use of diapers in the field. Is this some sort of prank?”

DarkShadow wanted to know too and went to speak, only to be pet when it hovered forward.

“Nope!” The woman chirped with a smile. “It’s not a prank. It’s a standard part of the uniform! Diapers are actually much more common than you might think! It’s just that nobody really likes talking about it and it doesn’t make for a fun lesson in class.” She explained, a hand on her knee as she knelt down and her other hand holding the pack of five diapers for him to accept.

Tokoyami looked incredibly doubtful and folded his arms. “And are you wearing a diaper, sensei?” Surely they wouldn’t be wearing one if it was some prank...

Ragdoll stood up straight and laughed. “Of course I am! See?” And then she lifted her combat skirt to reveal a soft white fluffy diaper beneath that was fresh.

His brain stopped working for a moment. There were many things he could try to say, but nothing seemed to leave his mouth.

“What?!” DarkShadow couldn’t have said it any better.

“Yeah! For wilderness rescue experts, diapers are incredibly useful!” The woman went on happily, dropping the skirt back down. “There isn’t always a bathroom around and undressing around other people would be indecent, so we make do!”

Tokoyami hated how he could see the logic in that. He was appalled, but he was still certain that he didn’t need them. He even thought that Ragdoll and the others wouldn’t need them. It wasn’t hard to keep such issues to oneself until you found a bathroom. Just as he opened his mouth to speak further, Ragdoll ruffled his feathers and shoved the pack into his arms, bouncing to her feet.

“Go ahead and get dressed, Tsukuyomi! We’ll all be waiting!” She told him as she walked past, flashing a smile at him.

Tokoyami had never been so flabbergasted before. As he watched the woman walk off, he contemplated everything that was said before looking at the diapers and growling to himself. He couldn’t believe he would have to wear this... It would occur to him too late that he could have simply refused, but he thought instead that he could wear it and remove it later instead of taking any risks.

He entered the locker room and followed the instructions, grouching all the while. He unwrapped the surprisingly thin yet puffy package and had DarkShadow help him adjust it until the soft undergarments fit comfortably and snug around his waist. The young hero then changed into his costume and stepped out to pursue his mentors, irritated and armed with more questions to ask.

At the very least, Tokoyami appreciated how silent and unnoticeable the puffy things were. They didn't make a sound, impede on his movement, or chafe whatsoever and they were unfortunately quite comfortable.

Over the course of the day, Tokoyami wore it and asked each of the Pussycats questions. He asked them why they wore them, why he was expected to wear them, how nobody had ever found out, and a plethora of other questions while DarkShadow did the same. They questioned the normalcy of it all and Tokoyami remained steadfast in the belief that this was a one-off trait of this hero group that others wouldn't even dare to repeat.

To him, this didn't seem right, but he kept such an opinion to himself. He'd remove it later and everything would be fine.

...

Everything was not fine.

After a full day of training, studying, and spending time with the Pussycats, Tokoyami had managed to head to the showers when he realized that the diaper wouldn't come off. He had pried and pulled at it with ever increasing agitation - even trying to claw at it - to no avail. Despite all of his efforts, it wouldn't come off.

When he reluctantly asked the Pussycats why, they asked if he read the instructions, and when he looked back at them he realized what it meant when the package claimed it was 'heavy duty'. Apparently, every edge of the diaper had an adhesive that was activated by moisture, such as sweat, and the only way to remove it was to use a special spray to deactivate it.

Next he asked where the spray was and it was Mandalay who told him, saying that the spray was in the shared showers so they could all use it then to shower. Thinking he had an opportunity, he ventured to the shower room to look for it only to find that, though it was there, there was nowhere to take care of his business... Only public shower stalls, a changing stall, and a garbage can. While he could possibly utilize the spray to remove the diaper and then pee down the drains, there was a part of him that was uncomfortable with the idea as well since the showers were so open, so Tokoyami set the spray back on the shelf and returned to his room more confused and troubled than before.

Interning with the Pussycats, Tokoyami decided upon his return to his bedroom, was the worst decision of his life.

From that point on, for the sake of simplicity, Tokoyami simply decided that he would hold everything back for two weeks. Yes, he knew it would be nearly impossible. While he doubted his ability to actually resist his need to go to the bathroom for two entire weeks, he felt he had no other choice than to try.

The first day had been easy. The following days couldn't be much harder... right?

Apparently the universe found it funny that he even considered the possibility because he was proven wrong in the morning when several of the Pussycats were in the kitchens with notable bulges in their pajamas. Tokoyami avoided eye contact at all costs and stayed silent until he went to the showers.

With everyone changed that morning (including himself) he could pretend that things were normal. He tucked his unused diaper next to the others in the package they gave him and went about his day normally thereafter, but with a bit of difficulty when he had to sit still and hold it all back on a few occasions. Hero portions weren't small, and he needed the energy to make it through the training.

Over the next day, he found it even more difficult to focus on his lessons and was gripping the underside of his chair to cease the spilling of his bowels during his lessons while focusing on keeping himself moving during his lessons to deny his body the permission to even try anything. The others gave him some knowing looks and reassured him that it was normal, but Tokoyami refused to succumb no matter what. He was not going to break. His pride wouldn't let him relieve himself so barbarically. While DarkShadow was more lenient to the idea, Tokoyami insisted that he continue holding it in, even when he was forced to sit still more often than he liked.

He was embarrassed to recognize that more than a few dribbles made his diaper a tad warmer and a miniscule bit more yellow when he laid down to sleep on the third night. He didn't inform DarkShadow and simply opted to wear the same diaper the next day so there was no chance of anybody noticing a missing diaper by his costume. He couldn't feel anything anyway - the diaper was practically dry.

On the fourth day, it was becoming almost impossible to refuse nature's call. Tokoyami knew that the Wild Wild Pussycats were understanding of this plight and were being kind when they repeated themselves in their lessons, but they were doing nothing to make it easier for him. They offered advice regarding how to ignore any additional weight of the diaper and spoke about how it was practically unnoticeable, then they even offered buckles to help secure it if that was what he was nervous about. After that, they focused on lessons and made a point to mention their own diapers more as if taunting him. Instead of prodding, they let Tokoyami continue to struggle while showing them that it would be easy to use what they gave him and relax.

It was incredibly infuriating. What was even worse was that DarkShadow was slowly turning to their side, claiming that it made at least some sense and was now trying to coax Tokoyami into letting go. Still, Tokoyami refused to break even when he was forced to stay still for minutes at a time in his chair just holding it back, or when he was forced to keep moving so his body wouldn't think of any moment as a chance to release any pent up 'stress'.

The effort he had made was truly valiant and DarkShadow tried to help as best as it could by keeping Tokoyami moving, but by midnight, Tokoyami couldn't seem to take it anymore. He was pacing the halls while taking short steps, his legs pressed tightly together and the diaper rubbing against his sweatpants and crotch teasingly, reminding him of its presence and capability while he tried desperately to avoid using it.

He couldn't even sleep at this point because of how badly he had to go, so he was trying and failing to find any alternative option, even going so far as to try and enter the showers which were locked during the night while he conversed with his quirk that was urging him to reconsider this unhealthy course of action and let it out.

His short footfalls padded silently across the floor as he continued pacing up and down the hall eventually moving back to his room. His socked feet were sliding against the carpet while he clenched his fist tight. DarkShadow spoke quietly in the dim hallway lights beside him.

"Fumi..." the quirk had begun, slightly tentative. "You know these tummy aches aren't helping you focus... you can just, y'know, give in. They won't judge!" The quirk prodded its fingers together and watched their host move.

Tokoyami seemed appalled by the idea and scoffed. "They won't judge?" He questioned sarcastically. "Sure, the Pussycats won't, but what of our classmates? Imagine what word has spread of this uncouth practice! If they catch wind of this then we won't hear the end of their teasing! Our reputations shall be wrought to dust and we will be cast unto our nadir, unable to ascend from the dark perceptions of the masses!"

"But it's more common than you think!" DarkShadow then argued. "C'mon, you can rest tonight! Just please give it up?" The quirk pleaded with a whine.

Tokoyami knew this came from a place of concern, but he couldn't conceive giving into this ugly practice. Not only was this internship far more troublesome than it should have been originally, it was also aggravating to no end.

Tokoyami turned to face his quirk, the irritation visible on his face and his mouth already moving to argue with his lifelong companion about how this was not anywhere close to being normal, before suddenly the world tilted without warning and his footfalls stopped short of where they were meant to be. The corner of his foot collided with the floor and his leg gave out, bending from its stiff position and becoming unfortunately lax as he toppled forward into the carpeted ground only to burst.

A hissing sound gushed into the room as DarkShadow stared down in shock, uncertain of what to do, while Tokoyami grunted and quickly tried to push himself up to see what was wrong and remedy whatever it was as soon as it began, hastily scrambling up to his knees before freezing in place. It took him several seconds to recognize what was happening, looking left and right for its source, too panicked and confused for the moment to realize until he felt the warmth of his urine soak into the padded fabric he wore and force it to expand. It pressed his cock against his body and kept it comfortably warm while the diaper soaked up more and more urine. That's when it clicked.

Tokoyami Fumikage was wetting himself, and despite all of his efforts, he couldn't stop it.

It was a losing battle, but Tokoyami still braced himself against the wall and grunted, trying to keep it in, hands curling and body tensing up to no avail. His stomach gurgled in defiance. Even when he pressed his quaking legs together it didn't stop, and to make matters worse he could feel his asscheeks being spread apart.

Nothing could be done as it all came out in a flood, crinkling against his diaper as he gasped and fell forward onto his hands after losing his balance on the wall. The sweatpants stretched to accommodate the rapidly growing size of his diaper due to his weakness. He had completely failed to hold it back and now he was shitting himself, logs of refuse rushing from his body without any resistance.

He teared up, ashamed. He dug his hands into the carpet, grunting and still attempting to remain defiant, but the damage was done; his walls were broken so his body took its chance to hurriedly expel everything it could. How could he do this? How could he let this happen? He was fighting and fighting but his body wouldn't listen to him- it was only coaxing him to give in as feelings of relief and slight pleasure - comfort, even - swept through him, mocking him and teasing.

The hissing sound grew louder and his diaper expanded, becoming even puffier and turning yellow in the front beneath his black sweat pants and becoming brown as more and more of his release backed up against the diaper until there was nowhere left for it to go.

He could feel it getting tighter and squishing- expanding inside until gravity dragged it down against the back of his balls and underneath his cock to make more room, burying his shaft in its weight and molding it around the pissing member that found too much stimulation in its surroundings.

Against his will, Tokoyami humped against the ground and whimpered. This wasn't right; why was his body thinking that this was some toy to thrust into? The piss streamed around his cock and poured over it, submerging it in warmth that assured him this was right. Why else would something so terrible feel so good? So right?

He lifted his rear, trying to distance his sex from the stimulation but clicked his beak, biting his tongue to stifle a grunt of pleasure while mentally berating himself and dropping back down in defeat with a *shluk* sound that caused his body to shiver.

There was no choice other than lay there in shame and catch his breath as everything was pushed out of him, leaving him to try and consider his emotions that were being smothered and gagged by positive signals from his brain. The diaper expanded and expanded for seconds as the stream of piss ceased to stop.

This is wrong, Tokoyami thought to himself even while his weight shifted and his penis tensed and twitched, however the thought continued with a single word to herald it: the word 'but'... and as soon as he thought it, he knew that he had lost.

This was wrong, but nobody was getting hurt... and nobody was suffering... It was only him, a diaper, and a mad tantalizing pleasure gifted by a body being appeased in more ways than one.

Out and out it came, and following it were his inhibitions. He was one for the darkness and this was a secret he could keep. His sweatpants were stretching wide and a rotund shape took form as a large bulge now occupying his pants. Even when entirely soaked, however, Tokoyami couldn't stop, and somehow the prison around his waist continued to be filled.

The diaper began to stretch, its puffiness having been rendered moot but its purpose not once faltering. The loud hissing persisted as a lulling white noise and Fumikage's eyes fluttered shut. A soft slow exhale left his lungs as laid entirely limp and gave into his need. There was nothing he could lose now.

He moaned quietly and curled his hips forward with a near silent chirp, grinding his cock into the filth submerging his cock. He encouraged the stream to push harder then and he humped against the ground into own waste with a quiet moan. There was a delight to his shaft sinking deeper into that hot warmth that stuck to his shaft and rubbed against it perfectly.

He was so thankful everyone else was asleep. If they weren't, Tokoyami would have been properly afraid of being caught and his priorities would have been different. If that were the case, he would have never realized what he was missing.

How is this so... so... pleasurable? It feels good~... He humped forward again then put his knees beneath him to raise his ass, reaching back to pull down his sweatpants to look between his legs at what what was responsible for all of this pleasure: a completely full diaper stretching beyond its limits that was incredibly puffy and bright yellow in its front, thick dark brown in its back, and sagging with the weight of all of his excess that crinkled and stretched as his release went on and on, now no longer confined to the width of his sweatpants and swing between his spread legs.

Despite his uncertainties of this act's morality, he was possessed by the sensations and the spurring of his body to move. He couldn't fall further than this, and there was that confusing sense of enjoyment that came with this. *What a mad banquet of darkness~*

Tokoyami barely managed to slow his pissing and ceased his defecation to raise his ass higher so his diaper hung lower, and then thrust down, driving directly into the thick of his waste where everything had collected and pooled for those brief moments spent admiring what he initially feared.

It earned him a surge of pleasure that caused him to moan out loud. It squished and squelched around his cock, suctioning it magnificently as he pressed his cock deeper and deeper down with his single thrust.. He let a stream of his piss release and moaned while he sunk even deeper as the flood of warmth returned and the kissing suction was made stronger.

It was squishy, warm, pleasurable relief.

It was a reward for holding it in and a reward for letting it all spill out...

Tokoyami didn't try to control himself as he submitted himself entirely to the throes of sin, letting it all out as he humped down again, pissing and shitting into it and making it larger as he humped like a dog who had mounted a bitch in heat. He was intent on pouring everything into his brand new fuck toy, even his cum.

DarkShadow could only watch, mesmerized by how quickly its host had fallen to this dark indulgence. How filthy it was... how fun it seemed. The quirk wanted to join but was stuck, watching in awe.

The student kept going for the audience of one, humping and thrusting blindly like an animal and moaning under every breath. His eyes were half-lidded and voice escaping in short erotic whimpers as got closer and closer to the edge, spurring himself onward with needy whines and breathy words of “*Yeah~ Ah~ Yes~ Yes~! Mnh~!*”

Tokoyami knew it now - that this wasn't as bad as he had prior thought it to be. Maybe the Pussy Cats had been right to insist that he wear these wretched things- these shameful but useful diapers that could be worn whenever he wanted- these portable wearing cum dumpsters to release everything- these soft, warm, silky, sticky, diapers that he could pleasure himself with whenever he felt the urge, and he could reward himself time and time again whenever he sought to by submitting like an animal.

As his stream trickled to its end and nothing more escaped his bowels, the young man considered if this was what his mentors did. The Pussy Cats surely hadn't insisted that he try this only so might discover a disgusting means of revelry; it was because they wished to help, right? He couldn't consider it now, but he felt that they wouldn't do this - they never let them grow this large and he had so much to work with.

Having considered them, though, he brought his hand up and clamped his beak with a vice grip to silence himself as much as he could stand to. He didn't want them to hear his primal song of lust and depravity nor did he want them to see and bear witness to this shameful yet addicting and delightful ritual. He grunted and shut his eyes in pleasure as his hips continued to create the delightful *squelching* sound that encouraged his act, then opened them up and peered through partially shut eyes that were hard to keep open.

His gaze went down the hall, then behind him to check. He never ceased in his thrusts nor his breathy huffs of pleasure. There was nobody here... He could contemplate their intentions later, but right now he needed release. He thrust again then again, quickening his pace with the intent to indulge.

There was no denying it now, so Tokoyami didn't try. He was loving every single moment of this.. He was rapidly approaching his climax and he chased it down. The warmth was cooling and the smearing wet sloppy interior of his diaper was only becoming more pleasurable after every thrust. He was practically begging to cum now. The wet *squilch squish squilching* sound grew louder as he thrust more forcefully - more desperately.

Tokoyami dropped his body down on the carpet and buried his beak in the crook of his elbow pound further inside and the untapped warmth flooded over his cock again. He grunted and reached back, gripping the diaper and pulling it forward, pressing everything up to surround his throbbing dick and forced every ounce of piss he could get from it to drown him in warmth. His moaning became louder and louder after each thrust until, finally, his voice peaked at a muffled crescendo when he lifted his body one time and planted his ass down as roughly as he could to bury his member deep inside.

His vision went white. Control of his body was overridden by primordial instinct to breed, locking him in place and giving him the greatest reward of all. He had to clamp his beak closed once more, but it barely worked. “*Mngh~! Ha~ Hff~ Hff~ Ng~ !*” His birdsong escaped him.

Cum was spilling out of his cock like a gushing storm drain full of white gooey ecstasy, being released after a hurricane of bliss and putrid indulgence. It felt like it would never end. Every second felt like an hour as he felt every throb of his dick pump out thick rope after thick rope of seed into the cloth around his waist.

It made him tremble, body shaking as his cum pooled around his shaft and seeped back, flowing over his balls and filling up what little space of the diaper there was left with white gooey substance.

He could barely manage to breathe. It just wouldn't stop- how was it not stopping? His eyes were sent to the back of his head; Tokoyami was forced to gasp for air as more sounds left him too quickly to snatch and silence.

It was an eternity of indulgence, raw and filthy, but right.

He laid still for several minutes, shaking some as his body slowly relaxed and oozed out the remainder of its cum. He could barely even think after what he had just experienced.

He heaved a breath and shakily moved his arm out to lift himself up on weak limbs, but his body wasn't done. The shifting weight hugged and teased his cock when he moved, forcing him to thrust weakly forward by primal urging. He grunted as another small rush of cum spilled out of his tip and took slower breaths.

I can't believe I just did that . He thought as he stared down. He put a knee beneath him and swallowed before setting his sights on what was around. Now that his thoughts were no longer arrested by lust, he could think properly.

What he set his sights on first was the ground, the short hallway he was in, and then his eyes traveled to DarkShadow who hovered there, eyes full of interest and wonder with a playful wanting behind them that only Tokoyami could decipher.

His quirk was wearing a smug smile then brought Tokoyami fully back to reality. "I told you to give in~" The quirk crooned teasingly as it looked down on him.

Tokoyami glared at him on unsteady knees and began to slowly stand up with the support of the wall beside him, a retort sharp on his tongue before he thought better of it. DarkShadow, much to Tokoyami's chagrin, had a point...

He sighed and looked away to hide his expression and shameful conflicted eyes, clicking his beak in annoyance. "I... You did." He reluctantly agreed with some struggle, conceding with a slowly rising blush. "Perhaps you were right."

Refocusing his efforts, Tokoyami reached down and carefully began to pull up his sweatpants which got caught only three fourths of the way up his diaper which had yet to burst. By now it was stretching down to his knees, still yellow and brown. *How embarrassing.*

He grabbed it on both sides and tried to pull the diaper up some, feeling the weight of everything and feeling it saddle up and cushion against his body comfortably.

There was an effort made to bring it higher and then to get his sweatpants on properly, but the pants seemed insistent on not cooperating. He tried again before dropping his pants and tapping his foot against the floor in irritation. He couldn't believe he was about to ask this.

He turned to the still quirk with the cheshire grin and scoffed at how pleased and eager they looked. "Would you help me, DarkShadow..?"

The quirk nodded and quickly swept over, the grin turning into a smirk. DarkShadow grew in size so it would have enough strength and then moved down, grabbed the side of his sweatpants, then suddenly lifted them up around Fumikage's padded pleasure prison in a swift motion making it compact, rounder, and much tighter..

The quirk adjusted it some while Fumikage's breath was temporarily stolen then slapped him on his butt, causing the human to stagger forward and waddle slightly.

"There you go!" The quirk said happily, moving in front to tie the band around his pants.

Tokoyami shushed the quirk sharply. It only snickered in response. "What? Afraid they're gonna see how big of a baby you are? C'mon, it's normal!"

He cringed. "Save it, DarkShadow! You know just as well as I do that this is not normal."

The quirk snickered more and pressed a large claw against the front of the diaper, right where his crotch would be, and squeezed. "But you liked it~" it sang.

Tokoyami glared and grit his teeth. The pleasure was distracting and already arousing his shaft. "Just because I enjoyed it does not mean it should be made public. I'm..." He didn't know what to say. He tsked. "Let's just go to bed."

"Party pooper." The quirk giggled.

Tokoyami placed his hand over his beak and sighed then began carefully walking to his room. "If you shut up about it, I'll put on a diaper tomorrow with no complaints. Perhaps I'll even encourage you to... play with me." He said in the hopes that it would bribe the quirk into silence.

Immediately, his quirk brightened up and then shrunk in size to begin flying around him excitedly. "You'd better! You were having so much fun!"

"And if you're quiet until we return to our chambers, you shall partake in it. Now hush!"

"Got it!" DarkShadow straightened up quickly but wouldn't stop grinning about it all the way to their room.

When the door was shut, Tokoyami ventured straight to his bed and fell into it, dragging himself up and groaning as his shaft twitched from the unexpected pressure.

He only had to get a glimpse of DarkShadow's mischievous eyes as the quirk moved to lay on top of the bulge of his pants to know that he wouldn't be resting well tonight.

Revelry in the Dark

Chapter Summary

As a direct continuation to chapter one, Tokoyami and Dark Shadow continue to explore the possibilities of diapers and what they can do. This is primarily smut, so please don't expect any riveting story.

Includes: Tokoyami being a bottom to Dark Shadow, being fucked silly, a knot, slight cum inflation at the end, scat, watersports, and an unrealistically resilient diaper.

Chapter Notes

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

A firm squeeze to his buried cock evoked a squelching sound from inside of his pants as he laid in his comfortable bed. It was a sound muted by a puffy layer of padding stretched thin by the ludicrous excess packed tightly within it, and the pleasure of it being packed around his member made Tokoyami narrow his eyes while the entrapped muscle throbbed weakly in its teasing confinement.

It was now flaccid after everything that had transpired during his revelation, but Dark Shadow was intent on rousing it back to service in order to make it fulfill its purpose: to pump more and more of Tokoyami's milky white essence into his heavy messy diaper. It caused Tokoyami to moan and make sweet noises, while rewarding both of them with an amount of pleasure and glee that Tokoyami wasn't keen to confess to feeling.

It just needed some 'motivation' to work again, Dark Shadow surmised. Another squeeze from the quirk's growing claws caused the hero to groan under his breath and another squelch to accompany the teasing pleasure that grew. It was proof enough to the quirk that it was right... and Tokoyami supposed there were worse fates to fall victim to in the dark.

An hour hadn't even passed since he had vigorously humped and came into a filled diaper of all things, and somehow he wasn't even displeased by its weight that held him down. It was such an embarrassing method of self-pleasure. It had only been a few minutes, but somehow, despite everything, he was still eager and more of this depraved revelry.

His body was still needy enough to want more of this twisted desire, and he couldn't exactly say no. It would disappoint his quirk who watched him plummet into an animalistic lust and it would betray what he had promised the beast to tide it over, and if Tokoyami was anything, it was a man of his word. That was what he told himself to salvage what little he could from the ocean of pleasure his pride had been drowned in.

While he hadn't told Dark Shadow when exactly it could partake in the debauchery, now was as good of a time as any, so he contemplated how could engage in this without seeming too

eager to.

At this very moment, he had a completely full diaper - which had surpassed every expectation of bursting with how far it had stretched - and he lacked anything to lose besides perhaps a few waterlogged scraps of pride that were being tugged deeper into the oceanic abyss of pleasure by Dark Shadow's groping claws.

He mulled over how to proceed.

The clawing grip of Dark Shadow came more forcefully this time - more commanding - with clear intent as his diaper protruded between the spaces in the quirks kneading claws. Dark Shadow whined "C'mon, Fumi... play with me!"

Tokoyami looked from the bulging and barely fitting sweatpants, then he looked at his bedroom door in order to ensure that it was locked. After seeing the dull gleam of his night light reflecting off of the circular handle and catching a glimpse of the vertically twisted lock at its front, he decided he was safe, so he slowly lifted his hips and reticently pressed himself up into the claw.

Dignifying this with words was impossible for him, so a silent acceptance would do.

It was a clear enough invitation for DarkShadow who grinned, becoming even larger as it scooped its other large hand beneath Tokoyami's rear to lift him up and squish the man together between its hands. Muffled crinkles filled the room when the diaper was forced to be compacted around Tokoyami's body, drawing out a hushed moan from the man who gazed down to observe the looming silhouette as it began kneading his diaper more eagerly - like how a cat would paw at a blanket - whilst gripping around him at random points to feel just how much of Fumikage's scat was trapped inside.

It was as if DarkShadow was treating what Tokoyami wore like a bag of playdough. Gooney filthy playdough that was massaging his shaft gently and parting his cheeks.

DarkShadow giggled. "You really can hold in a lot!" It praised with a playful smile. "Doesn't it feel good now that it's all out? Don't ya think?"

He felt it on his ass when the quirk pressed up against it, and he felt his cum slide around the head of his marinating cock which made his thighs shake and his pelvis push forward. Tokoyami could only accurately describe it as vile even as he attempted to draw away from it, curling up slightly and rolling to his side as if it could protect him from the ghastly pleasure. He held his breath as if it was to help, refusing to breathe while his quirk giggled more at his embarrassed silence.

For almost half a minute it played and groped around, drawing tiny little puffs of pleasure and nearly inaudible chirps from Tokoyami, who grimaced and writhed in pleasure despite attempting to avoid it. He was doing well until a claw slipped into the front of his sweat pants to pull them down until a single leg was loosely wrapped around his ankle. Now the diaper was fully exposed. The quirk licked its lips with a purple tongue then began sliding up and down the front of his diaper with a claw wrapped around the phallic protrusion it had finally tracked down. It sent tingles of pleasure through his member and made it throb.

“Nng..!” He growled. It did nothing to dissuade the beast on top of him. Instead the noise encouraged it, leading it to grip more tightly right around the head of his cock was.

Tokoyami sucked in a breath between his teeth and thrust into the claw, making a squelch and a crinkle sound. He didn't even have to undress for this pleasure - at least not fully, as all he wore now was a soft button-up and the offending stained padding around his waist. Is that why he was so hard? Or was it because he enjoyed how wrong it was?

Before he could consider it, a smug purr redirected his attention toward the being who was responsible. DarkShadow began working more to get Tokoyami to react, dragging its large claws down to shift the pleasure pocket his cock was in so that the doubts were replaced with a reminder of pleasure.

Its claws then grew large enough to wrap around the hopeful hero's waist entirely and both lifted him up, positioning its host to lay down on his chest while it squished and rubbed onto the cock with shadowy digits at the front and its large thumbs around his waist to keep him rooted in place. The firm circular motions pushed it all down and pulled the waste from his rear up to the front, spreading over his shaft again and again gently. He felt his member become lost in the urine and excess, swaying left and right, back and forth, completely submerged in warm and gooey sloshy *shit* .

Such a putrid massage of sin... “Mf~” He wasn't able to keep that in. He was growing too weak for it. He even found his hands positioned in front of him and gently squeezing his blankets every time something felt particularly enjoyable.

A claw from the quirk shifted and then tried to grip around the cock that it had buried deep inside his filth, hoping to easily find it once again. It was pawing at the shaft's location, pressing its fingers in one after the other and hoping to feel for anything to tell it where to grab. This time, its search came up fruitless, and the purr from before became an annoyed growl.

Without any warning, Dark Shadow forcefully pressed Tokoyami down against the claw beneath him, causing its host's back to pop and forcing Tokoyami's cock closer and closer until his mess was forcefully spread aside to his ass, leaving a dump truck behind a huffing near breathless Fumikage. His cock twitched against the golden front of the diaper as he moaned into his sheets, a trill of delight infecting it at its tail end.

He likes it when I'm rougher realized Dark Shadow.

With what was blocking the quirks efforts now forcefully pushed aside, DarkShadow dug its claws into the puffy and urine soaked front of the diaper and forced a grip around his cock before putting the dizzy hero's knees beneath himself to display a rear was lifted up with a brown diaper so full that it sagged down to his curling toes.

No time was wasted in moving the claw up and down at a slow but unstoppable pace, giving the material of the clothing no choice but to comply with its efforts to jack Fumikage off.

To DarkShadow, it was cute how Tokoyami whined. DarkShadow wanted to hear more... so it worked faster.

Fumikage's chin was on the bed; his ass was in the air; he was having his cock pumped like he was a toy even as the diaper crinkled. The weight of his diaper was swaying back and forth like an energetic rabbit as the bed creaked below him in time with the motions of the quirk's hand.

Up and down, he rocked for minutes as an orgasm began to build. The reward for Tokoyami was made prevalent again: inescapable pleasure.

Giving in again was the best choice he had ever made.

He began thrusting and let his eyes close as he reached for and then held onto his pillow, allowing his quirk to continue playing with him as his perception of the delightful pleasure prison was altered further.

Brain chemistry told him that this was the right thing to do and he knew that he liked this. If he lied to himself more, it'd just be made less pleasurable. If he could do this without shame, he'd dare to say that he could do this every night! And during the day if he was desperate, who would notice anything if it was all kept beneath his pants? So he began to welcome it.

Every crinkle encouraged him. Every wet messy sound and tug of the shit inside made him want to continue and stay like this. Perverted fantasies began to enter his thoughts while he huffed and rocked. He could keep wearing this and test its limits - he could see if it would burst. He could cum and cum, humping like this all night and see if Darkshadow would spoil him, coaxing him to drink and release it all as he was served and pampered like a doll that existed only to fill diapers and break. Such a sinful prize was to be his, so he accepted this fully. His embarrassment began to fade. Without a dam to stay the thoughts, he entertained himself with ideas.

Why would this indulgence have to stop with just him cumming? He was certain that there was a way for his quirk to do it after the teasing implications it made when he couldn't withstand temptation before. There was a way for his quirk to plug his asshole with a long shadowy shaft he thought, and there was a way to let him feel that rush again - that same rush as before of helplessly releasing it all- the rush of submitting and being flooded with warmth that told him *good job~* .

While DarkShadow stuffed him, he'd be able to stuff another diaper and have every one of the pleasures combined. Others could even take turns, he imagined, each of them lined up while his puffy rear was exposed. They would prod at it, trying to break through and cum inside, or they'd simply use him to relieve themselves, giving him this same warmth that made him shiver with glee. Tsukuyomi, god of the night and hero of Japan, could be a beautiful diaper slut that everybody would want.

Yes~ Yes, he could have that and-

“ *Hnah~ G... Ah~!* ” It was as if the gods of debauchery and sin themselves had chosen to reward him for the repugnant acts he swore himself to in that moment. He shut his eyes to savor the moment- to savor the milky cream of his cum that pumped out of him while he thrust up against a yellow fabric, surrounded on all sides by more warmth and more smelly brown play-dough that had slipped beyond his thighs. He bit down on nothing as his body

tensed and he continued to cum, more ropes of white pooling around and drowning his dick now that he had accepted these dark fantasies.

He forced himself to hump with a grunt into the slick around his cock and DarkShadow snickered at how needy Tokoyami had become, but Tokoyami ignored it. There was no shame now - just acceptance and need for more.

“D... DarkShadow~” He huffed, more moans escaping him as he chased his high. “Nng~ Ha~” He thrust forward against the diaper, coaxing the urine within to wet his cock further. He breathed in quickly then grunted out, eyes still shut in pleasure, “You... Wished to try something some time ago, isn’t that right? With your shadows..?” He panted out. A shorter spurt of cum made him click his beak and hum in delight, signifying the last of this orgasm. He swallowed down any saliva that threatened to spill from his beak and stopped himself to look at his quirk - or at least try to.

It was a terrific sight. Large arms were bowing down and pressed around his torso completely, both now still and resting as the quirk listened. A more deep voice spoke with an innocent curiosity and tilt of its head. “I did... Why?”

Tokoyami caught his breath for a moment longer before he smirked. He had denied the quirk at first, but now he had reevaluated what it meant to be one with the dark. Now, he knew what he needed - though others couldn’t ever know of this, it wouldn’t be too difficult to keep secret. “I desire to play that game you spoke of...”

The statement was allowed a moment of silence to linger. He had never considered this ‘game’ before, but now he was going all in. In response, DarkShadow’s eyes seemed to light up a smile spread over its features. There was excitement in its gaze but it had to be tempered.

“... but only if whatever you unleash shall find its way into this twisted device which tortures me so.” Tokoyami continued, eyes sharpening some and smirk becoming more inviting. *I’m the one in control* he thought to himself. “I don’t wish for there to be a mess outside of all that lies within this demented garment.” He then finished, and to emphasize, he pointed at the diaper he wore with a single finger.

DarkShadow’s gaze become focused - determined. The quirk would find a way, Tokoyami believed, but Tokoyami didn’t know how it would accomplish that. DarkShadow was a creative entity. One prone to emotion, but its powerful feelings usually only served to make it even more determined.

Nothing happened for several moments as the quirk considered what to do. Tokoyami was sure nothing was happening - that the quirk was only thinking - until he saw what was forming below his shadow.

It was impossible to miss how the shadows coiled and swelled below the quirks body, growing more purple and round and hanging, almost beginning to sway. It couldn’t be ignored even if Tokoyami wanted to try and avoid it, because he could see something large appearing - two somethings, each bound within an umbral sack, and growing in front of the hefty sack, forged out of smokey shadows, was a cock with a slight curve that was the size of

a ruler. Twelve. Solid. Inches. Maybe more... The lack of light made it hard to tell what was and wasn't Dark Shadow.

At the base, the shaft was a bit thinner but it became larger as it went out until the tip of it was formed. It wouldn't fit inside of Tokoyami easily - Tokoyami had never slipped anything other than small sex toys into himself, and that was larger than anything he even considered buying, but now, despite how intimidating it was, Tokoyami wasn't afraid. *I... I want that in me... Oh please... Fuck, am I salivating?*

Quickly, Fumikage sent his eyes to his sweatpants around his ankle and the protruding diaper then looked back up to try and consider how he could even make a thing happen. Thinking quickly, he attempted to try and twist himself around, but DarkShadow was just as eager to control him. It lifted him up to the shaft with ease, letting the erection slap and then travel along his beak until prodding into the squishy mound with the weighty tip of its length. Tokoyami's legs were left dangling in the air beneath him, with shit shifting down again, still elastic and holding it all together strongly to make a round and slightly sagging sack of excess with a large member prodding its lowest point.

There was one experimental hump as the quirk growled, trying to line itself up with the student's entrance. It pressed up and growled, gripping harder and sending Fumikage's already racing heart into a frenzy of nerve and excitement. Then, without any warning, it shoved Fumikage down and thrust up in a jerky motion. The force which the quirk employed was impressive, leaving Tokoyami to tense up in and yelp in surprise, only to then feel weak as the mound was spread apart, spreading his legs with the relocation of his waste.

The tip prodded his asshole. The head could be felt prodding against his ass, only protected by the mushy barrier that was left against him within the diaper and the seemingly indestructible diaper itself.

Undeterred, DarkShadow tried, and Tokoyami could feel it stretch further in. His cheeks were spread apart for the second time this night against his will, this time to invite a cock over twelve inches long. It didn't matter that DarkShadow couldn't break through the diaper because the quirk was about to use the diaper as a condom for everything it was about to flood him with.

The head pressed up and up, the crinkling growing louder and louder until it stilled... and then erupted like tinkling bells that heralded a rapture. Without restraint, the dicks end slipped inside and Tokoyami cried out in pleasure and pain as its girth forced him to spread his legs apart just so the head could enter.

It went in farther than just the head though. Instead of it being tactful and gentle, it was rough and made Tokoyami nearly scream. It had hurt; his asshole was certainly aching, but he felt so *full* and as the soaked up urine was wrung out like a rag and spilled into his velvet walls.

He was wet, and he was being forcefully filled with dribbles of his own urine. DarkShadow tried to press further, and then decided that more force was needed, so it pulled back and the urine was soaked up again, only to be expelled yet again as DarkShadow thrust up forcefully, getting just a little bit further.

Tokoyami prayed that the rooms were soundproofed as the quirk set about having its way with him, because he couldn't help but sing.

It pulled back then went in, receding and then plowing up to induce another splash of pleasure for Tokoyami. Every golden drop spilled out when squeezed into his tight velvet walls, repeating with every thrust as it went deeper. Again, again, again... the rhythm had the diaper tightening around his body every time the quirk dove in; the pouch of refuse Fumikage wore kept swinging up with the thrusts, causing the shit to slap beneath his balls and rub against his cock as Dark Shadow's sack slapped against its underside. The contents were forced to rub up against Tokoyami's cock and play with it every single time.

"Ahn~! Ha~ Mfa~ D-Dark Shadow~! More~!" Tokoyami choked every word out in his efforts to be quiet, but they cracked and became louder and louder until he was begging and panting as if he were in season for breeding.

He was desperate to take in air as the behemoth rammed its hulking cock into him repeatedly, treating him like a fuck toy to expel all of its cum. There was no hope of stopping the quirk now. Fumikage chose to embrace it all instead and beg like the needy slut he was becoming. Piss splashed inside of his asshole; cum made his cock pleasurable slimy; the shit was teasing him and warming him, gripping him and dragging down his cock and balls with its stickiness.

Inch after inch slipped up and he could feel his stomach bulging - he could see it, even! *DarkShadow... how could I have not allowed this before~?* He cried out again in pleasure. His excitement grew as something large that felt bulbous prodded, tested, and stretched his asshole with every thrust. From personal experience with his toys, Tokoyami knew it had to be a knot and it was pushing some of his waste back inside of him as well, much to his trembling delight.

It went on like this for several more seconds. The quirk grew more feral as it forced its host up and down like a fleshlight with the bulge in Tokoyami's stomach displaying his status as a monster's cock sleeve. It kept going and going until, with a pained whine from Tokoyami and a threatening crinkle of the diaper, there was a primal roar and the quirk forced everything inside of Tokoyami, including the newly fashioned knot that locked Tokoyami into place.

Tokoyami's eyes were sent back as he screamed in pleasure, crying out the name of his quirk far louder than was safe within these walls. He bucked forward and his hips spasmed, cock twitching and pumping more seed into the brown gooey mess that was to better slick his sensitive shaft. He couldn't take it! Oh, how he yearned to, though, and DarkShadow was going to make him take it.

Being slammed into the bed made Tokoyami dizzy; the squelch of his shit riding up and flattening his cumming cock against his stomach was blinding. He felt his insides shift while DarkShadow continued grinding inside of him, forcing him to continue orgasming even when he was dry. With no other option than to whimper and tremble in erotic bliss, Tokoyami let his vision fade in and out of blackness while a growling beast humped and humped until it finally came deep inside.

Those soft interior walls were invaded by a massive throbbing shaft of shadows with pulsing veins of darkness that surged with every rope of cum that seemed to flood inside without end. It gushed into the improvised condom and spilled down to the knot inside of his ass that forced it all to stay inside, leaving Fumikage to keen and squirm with what little energy he had to do so.

Fumikage's bulging stomach that was pressed with the outline of a dick became softer and more rounded as the diaper became tighter and tighter from how it was stretched thin, hugging his own shaft so tightly that he found himself cumming yet again. He was inflated, even, by cum that filled up his asshole with a diaper as a condom to keep his pleasures in.

Gush... gush... Tokoyami wasn't even fully present at this point, tongue lolling uselessly from his mouth as drool ran down his beak and onto his shirt, but DarkShadow stayed there, pumping everything out until it was satisfied and grinding inside to make sure every last drop of this climax was out and poured into the living cum receptacle known to the public as Tsukuyomi.

The last thing that Tokoyami heard was the satisfied purring of his quirk while his vision faded away to the sight of a pregnant lump in his stomach. Dark Shadow could deal with the clean up...

Chapter End Notes

I gave a chapter two a shot! I hope it was pleasant. Again, if you have any ideas, let me know or discuss them in the comments! I'd be glad to hear what you have to say.

Have a wonderful day!

Desperate Measures

Chapter Summary

Adjusting to the dorms proves more difficult than it should for Tokoyami. Now free of his puffy imprisonment, he believes he can resume his life as normal with only the occasional bout of filthy fun. The first night back reminds him that comfort isn't so easily rescinded which results in a new discovery.

Includes piss drinking, inflation, and Dark Shadow being a little shit.

(P.S: I didn't triple check this and its been a while since I wrote this so there may be some errors)

Chapter Notes

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

After everything with the Wild Wild Pussycats, Tokoyami was both tired and bothered yet oddly content and pleased. It was a puzzling combination of emotions to contend with. The lessons he had learned from them were undoubtedly valuable but the peculiar suffering which he had to endure sometimes made him question the integrity of their teaching methods. In his first year during the training camp they hadn't done this, so if it was important and normal why hadn't they enforced it upon the entire class? It led him to believe that it was, in fact, *not* normal especially considering the fact that they used them while off duty. Still, despite his immense discomfort, he had learned a lot.

By the time Darkshadow and Tokoyami had to review everything taught to them, both quirk and master had managed to pass their tests with flying colors thanks to Tokoyami's acceptance of the diaper as a displeasing and irritating 'alternative' to the bathroom. While under their tutelage for the final days, he had studied, partaken in rescues, and even combatted a villain all whilst wearing such a device; the Wild Wild Pussycats provided more tips as well for whenever the diaper was 'full' just in case he had used it - which he hadn't unless ultimately necessary. Each and every lesson had bettered him as a hero, and once he stopped worrying about the diapers as much he was able to engage with them more and learn. He got to know them personally too, though that didn't exactly stop him from feeling conflicted whenever one of them clearly needed a change.

Still, things were easier now that he had accepted that the Wild Wild Pussy Cats used diapers for 'work purposes'. He wasn't in any position to judge them after *that* particular night of his folly anyway, and he would concede that it wasn't bad to use it - just that it was... queer and

most strange. It didn't smell, make noise, present any obvious appearance beneath his clothes, or feel much like anything was there after all until he would submit to his body's want for release. He was even able to inform them that he could understand their use of such devices and that he supposed it would be good to have some in store for the future just in case. He never told them expressly what purpose they would serve, allowing them to assume he had given in, and they didn't seem to judge him.

Their response was kind. It almost felt as they had claimed it was: normal. The smile and relief on their faces upon recognizing his acceptance was enough for him to know that they trusted him, and he swore to not say a thing just to alleviate any possible worries. When they sent him home, it was with a fantastic grade, a glowing report card, a surplus of extra diapers, some washable diapers that seemed like boxers that required a thorough spin through a washer after being hand washed, a special bag for concealed disposal since they knew he didn't want others to know, and a pamphlet informing him of how he could dispose of them without getting caught that included information of how to make the spray that deactivated the sealant. It was generous and kind. Shame-inducing, of course, but kind and generous nevertheless.

After that, Tokoyami just had to figure out how to first hide and then, second, use the diapers for fun once he returned to the dorm. After the first step everything would be fine since he could take his time to determine how to dispose of them. Some minor plotting would be all that was necessary, and the flight permitted him time to do just that.

Upon his arrival to UA after his personal flight back, he had established a plan of action and executed it immediately. He touched down upon his balcony and slid open his door once it was unlocked so he could enter the dark haunting room he called his own. Without wasting any time, he entered it and set everything on his bed to begin unpacking, shoulders finally dropping as the comfort of being home vanquished his many anxieties. His clothes went into the dresser drawer and were hung upon hangers within his closet; his books were returned to his lavish shelf beside the skull with glowing violet eyes and electric candles we was allowed to keep; Darkshadow's chew toys were returned to its respective chest, and then lastly: the diapers were stowed away, slid far back beneath his bed into the darkness beyond the aforementioned toy chest. It was additionally hidden beyond his box of collected knick-knacks, books, and ornaments he cherished, and bedding stored beneath. It was even put behind his chest of private 'toys'. He would rather have someone find those than discover his profane duffel bag of dark undergarments.

With it safely harbored beneath his bed, Tokoyami ventured down to do something he had learned from Hawks and to distract himself from the events of his internship: to keep up appearances. That and he also did miss his wild and inane compatriots, so ensuring that nobody would suspect anything was amiss was an added bonus. He could also gather

information, just to see if diapers were in fact used and if somebody would share that knowledge. Just in case.

Yet, after a pleasant dinner with the rest of the class who took to speaking about their own experiences with their new mentors, nothing was revealed about diapers and their usage within heroics. He did learn about a new pressure point from Uraraka but that was all. Nothing occurred, so once all was said and done he retired to his dark room and brushed his teeth before he laid down upon his soft comfortable bed to sleep - this time, without a diaper.

His body was used to this. Sleeping immediately fear of needing a restroom was now rote considering he prior had no option but to use a diaper. It was why sleep had come easily. With the lights off and the sizable blankets of his nest securing him to such a comfortable position, sleep had come easily and demanded that he stay still for his slumber. The bed was much more comfortable and soft than the firmer mattress the Wild Wild Pussy Cats gave him.

It was an unpleasant experience to wake up in such a comfortable bed with a distinct urge to use the bathroom then. The bed was warm and sleep had been incredibly comfortable. Now his body wanted to pull him from it? Tokoyami thought not. He knew he had a comfortable diaper that he could release into, and he was about to permit it, welcoming the rush and need so that he could indulge it only for his eyes to shoot open as he realized that he wasn't wearing a diaper. He was only in a pair of starry pajamas and a loose shirt without any puffy security, and his foolishness has forced him to contend with a nigh unstoppable urge to piss.

This was a mistake.

He couldn't move. Suddenly he was wide awake, hands frantically reaching for and then gripping the edge of his bed, squeezing the sheets and mattress as he held on for dear life and trembled, cursing in his head. This was no way to acclimate to normalcy! He should just get up and go to the bathroom like a normal person, but... if he moved then he would *actually* wet himself. No diaper. No safety. Just his pajamas and a mattress that would soak up a yellow stain.

Tokoyami had to think fast, and as soon as Dark Shadow appeared to aid him with his worry, sensing its host's stress, an idea came to mind. It was a terrible idea. A disappointing one, but... He didn't have a choice. He felt as if he could lose control at any moment. In the darkness of the room, Tokoyami's hands and legs were quaking.

"Fumi?" The sleepy quirk asked with concern, appearing above him and gazing down upon

the trembling body of Tokoyami. The nightlight here was brighter, which allowed the beast more control over its form without the risk of succumbing to a primal want.

It was enough to convince Tokoyami that he could go through with his mad request. “D-Dark Shadow!” He began hoarsely through grit teeth. “You can form that faux muscle of darkness, yes? I... I request that you do so. You must! I...”

The quirks' eyes widened and it raised its hands. “Woah woah! That um... Fumi, right now? Why? You aren't that-”

“Dark Shadow, I assure you that I am not lustful!” Tokoyami interrupted. “It- just do it, please! I... You can... I know that you are capable of pleasuring yourself, but I must know: are you capable of... Of...” The words were difficult to actually speak. He curled in tighter on himself.

“Can I do *what* , Fumi? Are you okay?” Now the concern was back.

Tokoyami certainly just needed to get it out, so he swore quietly and forced it out. “Are you capable of urinating, DarkShadow?” He bit out.

“What? I... um... yes? Maybe? I'd have to try... why?” It seemed that the quirk was confused, but catching on. “Do you need to go potty?”

“No! I need to use the bathroom, not go ‘potty’! Ugh.” He spat. “It's just that, if I risk moving then I shall set in motion a horrific chain of events that cannot be contained so I need you to act on my behalf and... Please, do not laugh...” He prefaced before gripping harder. “Damnit, just... Go to the bathroom and relieve me of this burden. Please!”

Understanding dawned upon the quirk and its concern was slowly replaced by a mischievous smirk. “I um... don't think I can go *that* far.” It lied.

Tokoyami groaned in annoyance. “Yes you can, DarkShadow! It's literally right there!” He accused.

“But Fumi... it's sooo faaaar. C'mon we can do something else. I know we can!” The quirk then argued, tone light and friendly.

It was a playful and annoying voice. Tokoyami growled and clicked his beak to indicate his displeasure. He was slowly losing this battle and could feel a small bead of urine appear at the tip of his shaft. He felt like his eyes would water. He had held more in! Why was it so hard now? His legs trembled.

Begrudgingly and with great reluctance and annoyance, Tokoyami caved. There surely was only one thing that devilish quirk had in mind. “Then... Fine! Then shove your dick in my mouth and... and I shall swallow.” He gritted out and cursed under his breath “Gods I can’t take this..!” He couldn’t believe he just said that...

Neither apparently could Dark Shadow as the quirk remained frozen for several moments. A diaper could have been swiftly put on for their fun, but this? This was new!

“Dark Shadow!” Fumikage chastised. Patience worn thin. “Will you listen or not?!”

It was then snapped from its shocked state and then grinned down at Fumikage. This was such a better opportunity! “You want *me* to use your mouth as a potty?” The quirk asked teasingly, growing larger, the shadows coiling around its lower half.

“No! I... Don’t say it like that!” Tokoyami demanded.

“So you don’t want me to stick my dick in your mouth and piss in it?” The quirk asked coyly.

Tokoyami fought the urge to make a threat. He was helpless here. “No! I... F... Fine! Okay I do want that!” He was barely keeping himself together.

“Then say it!” The quirk chirped, the tip of its shaft having finished forming; this time the length was smaller than before due to its more controlled size, only stretching out to ten inches. Tokoyami still thought it absurd that this was what size the quirk thought was ‘safe’ or normal.

Tokoyami watched it get closer as its full length twitched and throbbed to life. He almost let himself wet the bed right then and there, but it prodded against his shut beak and Tokoyami scoffed. “Fine! I desire that you use my mouth as a... potty.” He begrudgingly spat.

Dark Shadow prodded more. “Whats the magic word~” It sang.

Tokoyami tsked. “Please.” He sarcastically said with an embarrassed roll of his eyes, looking away as if he had to make it obvious he didn’t want this.

“Good boy!” Before Tokoyami could even open his beak, the quirk reached down and pulled Tokoyami’s head back into place, pried open his mouth, and shoved its ten inch cock down into his throat without any warning.

It was incredibly fortunate that his mutation meant that he lagged a gag reflex, and that the quirk had chosen to work with him because when he was forced into place, he felt himself lose control and a small spurt of gold spurted against his underwear, except instead of it all rushing out of his dick to wet the bed, it suddenly began pouring against the back of his throat and made him gurgle before it began pouring directly down his throat and filling up his mouth.

The taste was bitter and unpleasant, like vitamin seltzer water, but Tokoyami forced himself to gulp down the piss that was rapidly filling up his beak. Dark Shadow moaned as they both shared in the pleasure of his relief and thrust forward, holding Tokoyami’s head in place while the bird’s throat hissed and his belly was filled up and up.

Tokoyami couldn’t breathe and swallow at the same time, but he desperately tried to drink, ignoring the taste so there was a chance that it wouldn’t spill from his beak. He wondered if he’d even be able to with how far down his throat Dark Shadow was. The quirk was smug about this, watching Tokoyami squirm until it humped forward, jamming itself further down. Tokoyami swallowed the cock, and with the action nearly came the last of the piss reservoir that had stored itself in his large maw. DarkShadow moaned happily as Tokoyami’s throat tightened and rubbed against his cock, so it pulled back just so Tokoyami’s mouth could fill up again and thrust back inside as Tokoyami swallowed.

He gurgled. He felt like he would choke. The stream of piss was suddenly halted and Dark Shadow pulled back, allowing Tokoyami to take in a deep breath before pissing into his mouth again, filling it with a controlled spurt of urine, then diving back in as Tokoyami panicked and swallowed.

In, and it stopped, hilding itself in Tokoyami’s beak, then it came out and Tokoyami breathed, tasting the piss that lingered on his tongue then feeling another hot stream pour into his

mouth until it completely drowned his tongue and threatened to leak from the sides of his mouth. Then? DarkShadow went in again when Tokoyami swallowed and humped forward as if he could somehow get any further, drew back, and repeated the process again.

With no other option than to be wide awake and take it, Tokoyami watched with wide eyes and a quickly filling stomach as the quirk went to town with heavy powerful thrusts into his mouth. He felt its balls slap against the base of his throat and felt his stomach grow more and more full. Something told him that this wasn't a normal amount of piss he was guzzling, or that somehow, his own bladder was excessively large. There was no choice anymore, unless he wanted Dark Shadow to vanish but Tokoyami oddly didn't want this to stop.

No, Tokoyami wanted this to continue, and he found it exhilarating to feel such a flood pour down his throat. He had to desperately swallow, but he found it easier to and his cock grew hard as the thrusting kept on. Its bitter flavor was even welcome now - each taste made his cock harden and left him moaning from the rush that signaled pleasure making it seem better than it probably was.

Despite his humiliating position, Tokoyami wanted to stay like this, and Dark Shadow had no problem with letting him. The quirk thrust in again and came out, but it didn't piss again. It dove back in instead and started thrusting properly, throat fucking the bird headed man.

When Tokoyami thought that bitter taste would vanish, it exploded over his tongue as DarkShadow let it out again while the dick drove itself back in, thrusting and releasing urine at the same time. Tokoyami moaned his praises and the quirk went faster. It couldn't go much harder than this, but Tokoyami was okay with that. Tokoyami was about to receive a belly full of cum and didn't have to wet himself. This was erotic and... needed.

It was sensational enough for his quirk that he even picked up on the delight and pleasure and felt little bits of it himself. It was a siren's lure, and Tokoyami submerged himself in these atrocious golden waters and gulped every time.

Eagerly, his tongue began dancing around the shaft and he swallowed the golden droplets down without hesitation, moaning and seemingly begging for more when Dark Shadow thrust in. Its balls plapped against his chest and swung, knocking against him as the musky scent of his own sweat filled the air.

DarkShadow then pulled away, shoved Tokoyami back onto the bed, turned, and came lower, shoving the dick back into Tokoyami's maw. The man tried to raise his hands to brace himself. It was a feeble effort, as Dark Shadow's thrust drove his head back into the mattress and blinding him as the dark sack slapped over his eyes and dragged up, plopping back down and making Tokoyami breathe in the drops of urine that ran down the shadows long and pulsing shaft, as well as the musk of its arousal.

His hands were up holding his own body while Dark Shadow treated him like a rag doll. Another spurt of piss, another deep thrust that knocked his head into the mattress, and then the reward of being ultimately used by his quirk. This was the best quirk ever... He longed to taste its purple cum.

Such a fantastic treat had to be coming soon. His stomach was almost full - there was no chance that he could take too much more. Luckily, Dark Shadow seemed like it was going to break. The dark purple veins throbbed against his tight bulging throat; the head of it flared up and dripped precum into the urine that filled his throat; the thrusts were more animalistic and then Dark Shadow practically buried Tokoyami into the mattress with a final powerful thrust that made his bed creak.

Then came a gooey flood and throbbing that made Dark Shadow as firm as stone. It was a gush of cum that filled up his belly until it was full - just one spurt, and Tokoyami's eyes shut as he came with the quirk, his shorts soaking up the ropes of cum that came out of himself.

Obviously, the one spurt wasn't enough for the quirk. Another one followed, quickly filling up his throat and making his stomach expand slightly. The feeling dazed Tokoyami who was blinded by the tightening and compressing ball sack over his eyes that relaxed and clenched again and again.

The next spurt came and Tokoyami's stomach formed what seemed like a gut of nothing but cum. His nose was another avenue for it to escape and it spilled out, running down his beak which also began to fill up. Mindlessly and obediently, Tokoyami swallowed and glucked it down as best as he could. The throbbing cock pulsed and another slower spurt came.

Cum rose slowly up to the tip of his beak, topping it off, then another incredibly slow throb made it tip over the edge and had dribbles of gooey sticky cum spill down his beak and over his feathers, getting over his face and chin, his neck and his sheets.

The quirk drove deeper and Tokoyami's body tensed before urging himself to let go. He forced his hands and legs to turn limp and moaned as the cock slipped deeper down. He swallowed... and then Dark Shadow pulled up slowly and slipped out, cock almost perfectly clean while Tokoyami laid there and swallowed with an inflated stomach full of cum the size of a melon.

He breathed in deeply and groaned loudly as he opened his eyes. Dark Shadow even seemed out of breath and then looked at the recovering Tokoyami with a satisfied smirk.

Tokoyami looked up at it and huffed, then slowly laid on his side and slipped off his pajamas, wiping the mess away before tossing the pajamas into a corner of the room.. "Tuck me in..?" He asked breathily, "It's the least you can do." He told the quirk.

The quirk gathered its thoughts then nodded and pulled the blankets up. After Tokoyami was snug, the quirk went under the blankets and laid beside him with a bright smile. "Can we do that again?"

Tokoyami chuffed. "If it doesn't make me sick... maybe." He decided for them. "For now I wish to sleep."

Dark Shadow nodded and curled up where it laid. "Okay Fumi. No diaper tonight?" The quirk questioned with a curious shine in its eyes. It began to shrink in size.

"No diaper tonight." Tokoyami agreed. "If I must go... I shall summon you. For now, I will rest." He told the quirk. He scratched it on its head then laid his head down, letting his hand drift down to rest on his bulging stomach. He didn't have any regrets.

Chapter End Notes

Got Toko ideas or art you want shared? Let me know and I'll do what I can to post it and write about it!

Have a delightful day/night~

Personal Pleasure

Chapter Summary

Fumikage has come to enjoy his diapers more and more over the past several weeks. With an upcoming break, he plans to see how much pleasure he can derive from an uninterrupted week of revelry within his filth. Dark Shadow is more than happy to participate.

Chapter Notes

This will be one of the few chapters to be separated into parts that are uploaded at different times. While a timeline isn't necessary, I think it helps to have some sort of structure to a story that the readers can depend on for context rather than dumping AU after AU on them. I don't know when I'll add this chapter's part two, but you can expect a different chapter in the future at some point about a different scene.

I hope you enjoy~

Fumikage loved his diapers. He loved how soft they were and how they hugged his ass to give it a gentle lift. He loved how they felt like the softest pajamas that anyone could ever wear, and they brushed over his skin in all of the right places. He loved that these diapers were thin enough to not be seen beneath clothing. He especially loved that he could get away with wearing them around the dorms before he turned in for bed, because doing so meant that he wouldn't have to worry about getting ready for bed since he was already prepared.

After over a month of enjoying their puffiness and gentle hug, as well as all of their uses and learning how to best clean himself up without any worry, it wasn't an uncommon occurrence for Tokoyami to pad himself up in a comfortable puffy diaper at the end of a long day. In fact, it was becoming less common for him *not* to treat himself.

Several weeks ago, he would have found the very idea of dressing up in a diaper abhorrent, but now after experimentation and diverse indulgences, he had found his curious practice to be queer albeit rewarding and importantly: fun. He wouldn't admit it to just anyone though, no. He knew this was likely frowned upon and he understood that it wasn't normal in the slightest. After all, what sort of hero would parade around whilst wearing a diaper? What sort

of person? Certainly not a popular one, that was for certain, so he made sure it was kept as a dirty little secret between him and Dark Shadow.

The quirk didn't think it too odd since, to it, it was just another means of having fun. It was like how people would treat themselves to a lot of sweets or how they might dress up in leather and utilize tools and toys of sorts for pleasure - it was just a harmless way for someone to enjoy their free time, and they were clean by the end of it too so the quirk fully encouraged it. It usually meant that it could relieve itself too in its own special way.

Others might not see it that way though. They'd detest it, shame and judge him, then move on, so Tokoyami and Dark Shadow kept their acts to themselves and planned things out themselves so that nobody would ever know. That planning included determining how to spend their evenings, weekends, and recently it included plotting what to do over their week-long break.

This time, they wanted to make it particularly special for both of them. It took some investigation and some simple questions before they were certain, but once they had confirmed everything that would be happening, they had begun preparations immediately.

Their bags had been neatly packed days ahead of time; their suitcase was at their side; their home would be completely devoid of people, and that would leave him to enjoy his house alone for an entire week - bar any possible interruptions from classmates who'd invite him out - without the worry of being caught, giving him the perfect chance to see just how puffy his diapers could become.

All that was left was to head home, lock his doors, and make sure he had everything necessary to clean up before spending time with his classmates for just a while longer, dressing himself up nice and comfortably once he was alone, and having as much fun as possible... so that was exactly what the bird-headed student did.

The first two days were spent in preparation and the company of friends, chatting and playing games, having fun, and hanging out enough to not be pestered at all once he was home. The third day was then spent securing the diaper and struggling to keep in everything he'd been holding for the past week and a half, and then finally once the sun set and DarkShadow had guzzled yet more water down, Tokoyami had prodded and pried at his secured diaper to test it and then smirked down at the instrument of his pleasure.

His festival of filth was ready to begin. Whenever he next wanted to go? He would do it without any fear.

For the next few hours, he ate his favorite snacks and played video games with DarkShadow; he strummed his guitar and watched anime from the couch or his bed whilst multitasking on personal projects or working out to expel his energy; he nibbled on an apple and browsed his phone, and then it finally came when he was reading a new manga on his phone whilst sitting at his desk: the threatening leaking feeling that made his legs anxiously bounce while he squirmed in his seat.

He had to go to the bathroom.

His diaper literally could not be removed, so even if he had any sudden doubts, he would be forced to release it *all* and revel in the consequences.

DarkShadow was prompted to emerge from his swaying and bouncing, curious and then immediately knowing what was to occur. It watched with a grin and positioned itself on the desk to watch, head propped up on a palm as if it were a curious cat. Tokoyami was a little embarrassed, but the feeling was much weaker than it had initially been when he first did this willingly.

Now he was giving up his freedom to make it more enjoyable. The idea of what was about to happen was exciting and he could feel something tug at the interior of his diaper already: his twitching cock that eagerly brushed against the white interior, awaiting the tending of the rest of his body.

For the entirety of its awakening, Fumikage sat upright on the chair, tense and struggling to not set the phone he held down on the desk in front of him- struggling to hold it in a little longer... longer... and then he could feel the first dribble of urine finally drip out despite his hardest efforts. He closed his eyes to slowly exhale while he held himself as tense as he could but then his control slipped and a short hiss was heard splashing into the diaper. Then another. Then he gave up and moaned as he gave into his deployable need.

The first lump of fecal matter slipped out of him and against the chair he sat on like a gushing can of whipped cream, confined to the diaper he wore and forced to spread out rapidly to try and stretch his asscheeks apart so it could fill the rest of the diaper. It struggled trying to push more, urging itself to be free of his insides while his piss spilled from his impossibly hard cock like a busted fire hydrant.

Chirps flitted from his mouth as he pushed his hips up into his geyser of golden warmth. DarkShadow understood it for the unfiltered praise it was and trilled encouragingly while leaning closer to the edge and growing in size to watch.

“It’s so warm~” Tokoyami had nearly moaned and then the brown waste finally pushed itself further and it squished, spreading out rapidly as it gave way and quickly filled in the small space between his smooth hairless rear, his outer and inner thighs, and the soft rapidly staining diaper which DarkShadow was gazing on with rapt interest. The hero hopeful tilted himself back and spread his legs, eyes fluttering as his fingers twitched. Creeping sensations of a crawling spreading sticky warmth encroached beneath his hard cock and its balls, nudging it like a gentle hand to go up as the front of the diaper was being invaded by his waste.

There was something otherworldly about this experience - about helplessly expelling all of his shit and piss in a flood of brainwashing warmth that would make him break. A breaker in his mind had flipped, shutting down all critical thought and forcing him into a simpler pleasure-driven state of being. He didn’t need control. Not like this. He pushed more out with a quiet grunt that turned into a soft moan while more shot out of his body. He was panting like a dog at this point. His tongue was almost past his lips, just against the edge as his breathing puffed out.

More and more shit was quickly being pumped into the diaper, spreading it tighter and tighter until any amount of empty space between the skin and diaper was filled up and forced to begin expanding while loudly crinkling - to begin stretching and riding up to entrench his balls, then consume them and his still pissing cock. Moans escaped him as it teased his head and as piss spilled over his own shaft. Tokoyami looked down. Not for the first time, he admired his full diaper with an open mouth and awed smile. He lowered a hand and ground himself into it as more urine was soaked into the cloth, hissing into the forming pool in the hollowing space above the tip of his shaft that couldn’t yet be absorbed.

Seconds passed, and then more, and with each one it got closer and closer, lump after lump squishing and being packed until the tip of his now hardening member was kissed by a brown dough and then absorbed. That was when the diaper started to stretch more and the bird man was slightly elevated from his seat and then pushed higher. He watched while his tongue began to lol, hanging from his mouth. He was drooling with pleasure and was forced to wipe the bit of saliva from the sides of his beak away. DarkShadow was preoccupied with fantasies and rubbing at its cock which it formed while its host was distracted.

What felt like minutes passed without it stopping, growing more and more beyond what was humanly possible until the urine trickle went into little spurts and the diaper was packed, leaving him sitting on a squishy pillow that was pressed out, stretched just shy of his knees as he sat five inches off of his seat, legs spread with a stupid smile on his face.

He had done it, and it had been rewarding beyond comprehension. He hadn't even begun fucking it yet, which was almost reason enough to start sliding his cock into the smearing and infectious lake of excrement and liquid pleasure. In fact, Tokoyami decided that it *was* reason enough, so he abandoned his phone, putting it on his desk with a toss that warned DarkShadow of what was about to happen, then he grabbed the arms of his chair then lifted himself up, feeling the enchanting pull of the diaper sag toward the pull of the earth, then positioned himself upright and *squelch!* plopped himself down with a pleased chirp before wiggling down and humping into the diaper that sucked him further down.

He pushed and molded the diapered contents around his cock desperately like a man would scramble to secure a castle of collapsing sand, moaning quietly as he humped forward and twitched, giving tiny humps into the diaper from the spurs of pleasure that drove forward his hips. "Mmf~ *More~*" He whined into the air and continued.

Back and forth, back and forth. He humped and closed his eyes, shutting himself off from everything in the world to savor each and every moment of this. There was only a primal need now, and he would satiate it without regard to anything around him.

He grunted and then leaned forward, bracing himself on his desk and rising to his feet, the rotund shape of his diaper sagging slightly until he lifted from below and put it in front of his cock and on the edge of his desk before thrusting deep into the diaper with a louder moan. "*Mmyyes~!*" He was lost to it. Utterly and totally lost. He needed more. He would get more.

He humped and humped, lowering his body until his elbows were squishing into the brown cloth, crinkling it and trapping his cock on either side. Effectively, his full diaper was a messy flashlight - one made of shit and lubed with his urine, letting him savor every drop.

He was quickly becoming an animal. He was humping quickly, thrusting into it with abandon as he huffed and puffed, grunting as his eyes rolled back. His balls rubbed against the waste that was slipping back; they were dipped into the golden piss that was squished out and now resting in a puddle below him where fecal matter and profane liquid rested

He bore the intent to treat this diaper like a device for breeding; he would pour every ounce of cum he had into it and then continue doing it until he was dry! He went deeper, deeper- he was so close to his climax!

Such a high demanded to be captured. Tokoyami was like a hunting dog, in and out in and out- this would qualify as stamina training, and it went on for several minutes. DarkShadow was rubbing and attempting to please itself as it watched Tokoyami get closer and closer to a breaking point. It even whined and asked to play too, but Tokoyami was too distracted to notice and he stepped forward to shove his member to the diaper's stuffed edge then came with an erotic moan.

The voice of ultimate truly unholy rapture tore from his throat while he pounded into the brown dough he wore. His swelling balls tensed suddenly and without warning as he provided the batter for the mixture. Murky pearly white... it poured into the diaper in ropes, spurting out and making him inch closer into the diaper - deeper into it with a blatant primal need for more that he would get. Quick eager humps made him chirp and moan louder and louder until he was left whining and moaning as the high faded, leaving him with a diaper large enough to rest in front of him on the desk and a well-pleasured filthy cock deep inside the brine.

He smiled down at it as he caught his breath then shivered as he stepped back, the diaper sagging then swinging back down below him. He waddled back several steps and popped into the chair with a satisfying *skllch!* he moaned again as a reaction, pausing to hump mindlessly for several moments with his hands feeling and squishing the diaper that lulled him back toward his pleasure haze until he was disturbed by Dark Shadows voice.

“Fumi? C’mon, don’t I get a turn..?”

Fumikage paused himself after a moment and chortled at his own need, bringing his hands to rest atop the mound covering up his crotch. How could he refuse his quirk? He caught his breath and loosely squished his diaper with one hand while the other beckoned the quirk over with a finger. His festival had only just begun.

“Of course, DarkShadow. It wouldn’t be *our* weekend if only I had fun.”

The smile of the shadow was wide, nearly cheshire, but Tokoyami felt no fear or concern as it hurried over, growing larger and quickly looming over him. It haphazardly smacked his beak

with its cock and Tokoyami licked his lips before opening his mouth. It had barely been open when the quirk thrust in, making him choke as his body jumped.

Still, he wasn't surprised when his quirk had rammed its shadowy cock down his throat with the eagerness of a rutting buck mounting a fertile doe. Breathing was a new issue, but the sudden and quick pace provided him little gasps of air to suck in, so he leaned back in his chair and got comfortable while his own shaft twitched from where it was entrapped as an indication of its willingness to continue.

The cum he had poured out was seeping around the shaft, sending small shivers down his spine and entire body with every oozing drip. It caressed his balls and made everything much more slick. All of this was while DarkShadow was holding the back of his chair and bucking into his beak, sliding its cock down his throat, and moaning as it finally received the relief it desperately needed.

There were no sudden hoses of piss rocketing into his mouth like a pressurized stream despite how much Tokoyami began wishing for it. There were only thrusts and heavy plaps of a ballsack against his chest as the shadowy figure went faster and faster, harder- hard enough to make Tokoyami dizzy while his dick throbbed and his chair's back was tilted in a way that it would be pulled into the pounding dick of his quirk as it thrust forward. His cock oozed more cum into the diaper and DarkShadow's oozed in kind, lubricating his throat while it pounded away for minutes.

Tokoyami moaned for his quirk without shame. This was his place in the world... his darkness to bask within. His revelry and purpose... for a time. He knew there were things beyond the scope of this evening; it didn't mean he couldn't commit to the present.

The quirk continued pleasing him while it pleased itself. He cracked open his eyes to look up and view the vigorous shadow then watched with blurry vision as it hammered inside and then grew with a pulse of darkness, stretching his maw open further and making his throat bulge out. “*Glck~!*” his eyes rolled back while they fluttered shut. A throb was felt deep inside, then another while the tip of the shadow's penis flared. It was getting close. He couldn't wait.

He held tightly to the arm of his chair with his left hand and pushed his head forward to more quickly feel the girth and length travel down his throat, audible approval drowned out by another smack of the growing shadowy ball sack hitting his chest. Tokoyami's free hand

reached forward to massage it - to caress it and he squeezed while he throbbed. He wanted attention now, but that would wait. He wanted cum first. He wanted to drink; he wanted to feel his stomach be filled; he needed his quirk to cum!

Fevered licks of his tongue toyed with the base of the quirks cock, his warm mouth sending the quirk into a frenzy as it grew even larger and began growling like an animal. *So close~ So close~ Mmf please~! Plea-!* A sudden massive throb... a pressure forced itself deep into then down his throat as Dark Shadow buried themselves into Fumikage's maw and roared, suddenly flooding his stomach - not even his throat - with warm gooey purple seed.

His jaw hurt and his eyes watered, but a sense of completion washed over him while he sat upright, black-painted fingertips digging into his chair's arms before he forced his hand to press against the front of the diaper and desperately feel in the pudgy stuffed confines for a needy cock. He couldn't grab it through everything that covered it. It throbbed as what felt like a gallon of cum was pumped directly into his stomach.

Another hand went down. Tokoyami abandoned the ballsack he had caressed and was now fervently grasping for a cock submerged in excrement, piss, and cum, and then as another gallon was pumped inside of him, he managed to barely grasp it and bucked up, euphoria rewarding him as his balls tensed and poured more cum inside his diaper. He felt faint.

DarkShadow didn't. Darkshadow kept fucking, pulling its master's head further down on its shaft and growling as its cock kept throbbing. Again. Again. Again. Its host was barely responsive, but it knew the reasoning and knew that he was safe, so it focused on draining everything. It wanted Fumi to fill the diaper again somehow.

Still... the quirk wanted Fumi to be safe, so it began pulling out slowly, cum lathered inches of dick slipping out seemingly without end until nothing but the head of its cock was inside, keeping his beak propped open with a flaring tip that was spurting small amounts of cum into a quickly filling beak.

Tokoyami, the slut he was, swallowed. Tokoyami *moaned* when he swallowed. DarkShadow could almost picture there being hearts in his crimson-colored eyes and smirked, lowering its other hand to pet him.

Gulp... gulp... DarkShadow was the master now as the bird mindlessly swallowed. It chuckled and let Tokoyami keep drinking, and when the young man slowed, he shoved his cock back inside and started thrusting again at a much calmer pace, purring as cum spilled

out of Tokoyami's beak like dripping honey. It was up to a master to keep its pet fed. Darkshadow knew how he could keep him filled...

There was a long night ahead for both of them.

An Introduction to Depravity

Chapter Summary

Midoriya doesn't know if what he's uncovered is true or not so he seeks out Tokoyami for answers. The Wild Wild Pussy Cats couldn't wear diapers right? It was just a weird comment online, but research leads him to question its validity.

After Tokoyami is approached by an answer-seeking Midoriya, Tokoyami finds out a way to answer his question while ensuring his silence on the matter and possibly making a special friend of him.

Includes: 69 But Diapers? Scat, Watersports, Face fucking, a slightly fucked silly Midoriya, and a Tokoyami who is very glad that Midoriya is willing to do anything to be a hero.

Chapter Notes

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

It was something absurd that came to Midoriya whilst he scoured the threads of a Wild Wild Pussycat discussion board during the late hours of one a.m. 'It' being a single fan discussing how one of the Wild Wild Pussycats' uniforms seemed... odd in a photo a fan had captured whilst hiking.

Being wilderness rescue experts meant that people could rarely take pictures of the feline-themed hero team, and what pictures they did have online were usually staged for marketing or branding, or came from advertisements and the occasional surprise event they participated in. It was why Midoriya had been incredibly happy to see a new photo for him to investigate and why he had dug so deep into these threads in the first place for its origin, hoping for context. The villain in the fight wasn't visible but three of the members from the team could be seen front and center, charging into the fray!

Seeking answers, he scrolled down the page into the comments and read every one of them. Maybe it would mention the villain they were facing or when the fight took place! So he filtered through the comments. Some were helpful with one mentioning that the fight took place a few months ago when Midoriya and his classmates were interning with their new mentors. Another provided the details, revealing that the villain was called Dark Harvest - someone who could awaken plants and give them sentience which was so *awesome* ! Then there were the typical comments that praised the heroes or commented on how amazing they

looked - with some people drawing more attention to some aspects of their costumes than others - but there was a single comment that stood out.

‘Is Mandalay wearing a diaper or something? That should totally be a panty shot!’

He had dismissed it as a crass fan being upset about a clearly well-intentioned choice of clothing worn. After all, heroes don’t wear diapers and it was probably just a pair of white boxers or something!

That didn’t stop him from looking at her position to confirm it though. It had been a split-second decision; his eyes flitted over and scanned her skirt to check for any inconsistencies and then they were moving on to the comments in an instant before he processed what he had seen.

Mandalay’s undergarments were... rounded. There was little more than a sliver to observe but it was obviously not hugging her body like normal clothes did. Now he had to confirm that the random commenter was wrong because that was... strange, so for his peace of mind he opened up the photo and zoomed in and stared thoughtfully at the image in front of him. This was... very very strange.

He pulled up another tab.

There was research to be done.

— — — — — Some Time Later — — — — —

A gentle knocking came from Tokoyami’s door.

Wearily, the tired avian mutant turned his head to the analog clock that sat beside his bed and set his bleary gaze upon the door. It was... two AM. Who in their right mind would disturb anyone at this dark hour?

The knocking came again, still quiet, but more insistent with a soft calling of “Tokoyami..?” From none other than Midoriya. It was just his luck that something noteworthy enough had happened that Midoriya thought it necessary to wake him from his sleep.

He sat upright and pushed away the covers, folding them so he could easily pull them back over himself when this ordeal was over. After checking to see if he was in appropriate dress for company - which he was, seeing as he had taken to only deliberately using diapers when he planned to - he rose to his feet, silently made it to the door, and opened it right as the knocking began again.

There in front of him stood the 5’11 greenett who had grown considerably over the years. Gone was his baby fat, instead replaced by sharper more angular features and any space where there was skin there seemed to be muscle and scars in some capacity. The hands which held a laptop and notebook at his side were the most scarred. Tokoyami looked up, staring into his green eyes with a challenging look that made the taller man wither slightly.

“This had best be for a good reason, Midoriya.” Tokoyami told him, a growl at the back of his throat.

Midoriya had the decency to look sheepish and then did something strange. He looked left and right as if to check that nobody was watching. “It um... sorta is. Can I come in?”

Tokoyami sighed and stepped aside, gesturing to his bed and gruffly stating “Be my guest.”

The other scurried inside and took a seat on the bed while Tokoyami shut the door quietly. He could see Midoriya setting something up, opening his laptop and typing a dizzyingly long password before hitting enter and then flipping open his notebook all as Tokoyami sat on his dark throne, illuminated by the black lights that shone from his decorative skulls and electric candles all around the room. He hadn’t been permitted actual candles disappointingly, but they served him well enough.

Midoriya began nibbling on the end of his mechanical pencil. Tokoyami steepled his hands. He cleared his throat impatiently. Despite being dressed in starry pajamas, he was rather intimidating in the dark.

“Well?” He prompted with a sleepy gravelly voice.

Midoriya sat there for a few moments longer, eyes flitting to the notebook and computer while he no doubt considered his words. Eventually, he decided on saying “I need to ask you something.”

Tokoyami only lifted his chin and narrowed his eyes.

“And it’s kind of personal! Probably! But... I um...I was doing some research about the Wild Wild Pussycats and I need to know... Do they wear diapers?” The last part of that sentence was blurted out at an almost incomprehensible speed.

Tokoyami was glad he had his feathers to conceal his sudden anxiety about the question posed. *He knows? How does he know?* He thought to himself. He purposefully kept his face expressionless and let Midoriya stew in his anxiety. Hawks had taught him many tricks to speak with people while concealing true emotions - it was about how to present a mask, and Tokoyami didn’t want to risk the man across from him finding anything out.

‘Unless...’ A traitorous thought whispered conspiratorially, though it left Tokoyami to fill in the blank. Midoriya was an intelligent being. Sooner or later he would find out if he really wanted to, and Tokoyami could be caught in an embarrassing lie. Not having to hide anything at all would be the much safer option, and if Midoriya stumbled upon the diapers beneath his bed then there would be no worry about the consequences if the greenett backed him.

So Tokoyami devised a small plan. Hawks’ training shouldn’t be used for such... needless matters but if Hawks didn’t want Tokoyami using this training whenever he wanted then the man shouldn’t have taught him in the first place.

Instead of answering his question, he responded with one of his own in a flat disbelieving voice that begged the question ‘Where the hell is this coming from’. His gaze narrowed further as if he were preparing to upbraid him. “ *Why* would the Wild Wild Pussycats wear diapers?”

Midoriya looked like he was about to start sweating. “I know that's a really weird question but I swear I have reasons for asking! Earlier I was researching the Wild Wild Pussycats because I found a really cool picture of their fight with Dark Harvest who I didn't know was Dark Harvest at the time so I was investigating it! So I did a lot of digging, thinking ‘Hey, if I find the source of the photo then I'll find the context and can know what happened!’ So I wound up going through old archives and message boards and found out that it was a fight that happened while you were interning with them! Which led me to...”

Tokoyami listened to him. He listened to him for quite a while actually, not interrupting him because Midoriya's rambling was a great way to learn how to approach this delicate situation as well as to learn about his previous mentors. It took a minute and a half until Midoriya finished what he was saying with “... because it's not just those photos either! And they sponsor a few companies that correlate to the possibility, so since you interned with them and would know them more personally I had to ask you! I know it's late but I'll also make up for it! Maybe I can get you a coffee or something, or uh, how about a-”

“Midoriya.” Tokoyami interrupted curtly before Midoriya was sent on another tangential spiral.

Midoriya stopped everything and sheepishly scratched the back of his neck. “... I uh... Sorry, ha...”

Tokoyami mhm'd knowingly. “How about a favor?”

“Oh, I can do that.” The other replied, but before they could add anything else, Tokoyami cut them off.

“Good. Now, that didn't answer my question.” He told him bluntly. “*Why* would the Wild Wild Pussycats use diapers? For what reason?” He repeated it, prompting Midoriya to pause.

The gears began turning in his head - Tokoyami could see it in the way his emerald eyes seemingly sharpened, gaze becoming narrow while every possibility was considered. Still, there was apprehension. Uncertainty.

“Well...” Midoriya carefully began “For... emergencies?” He wasn’t confident in the answer at all. He hurried to continue. “If there isn’t a bathroom and you really need to go, I guess it makes some sense. Still, there are bathrooms everywhere! So that shouldn’t be an issue unless there’s a really big disaster that requires all of your attention. Bathroom breaks take up valuable time after all, ha, so you’d probably want to be very mindful of it. Of course, there’s the rashes probably and the discomfort, but that’s worth it if there are lives at stake..?” When Tokoyami only nodded to encourage him, Midoriya continued.

“I guess they also let you save time on undressing too? Heroes shower most of the time after shifts..?” Midoriya was evidently beginning to reach for possibilities. “And advertising? That’s a possibility too! For sponsor deals and whatnot, but you’d need to be very brave for that! But I can’t really think of anything else... Just for emergencies or when there isn’t a bathroom available.” He conceded.

Now that the other had exhausted most avenues of thought, Tokoyami nodded some. The conclusions reached let the shorter man know what he could work with and it let him know that Midoriya could be... persuaded into giving them a chance. The greenett was always willing to try new things. “So you believe diapers could be useful then?”

Midoriya nodded. “They could be! Just unnecessary in most circumstances.”

“So your answer is yes.” Tokoyami translated. He watched Midoriya think briefly before he nodded. Tokoyami almost felt relieved. “I see...” He then cryptically finished as he stood, turning to the mini fridge beside his desk and kneeling to retrieve a water bottle.

He uncapped it and pulled out another in offering to his guest and lifted it, shaking it with a few twists of his wrist to draw the other’s attention to it. “Would you care for one? I suspect we’ll be here for some time to discuss this further, because you no doubt seek answers - answers I may give, but only if you swear to me your secrecy of the matter.”

Midoriya’s green eyes sparked as they always seemed to when proffered knowledge. He sat straighter and reached for his notebook while nodding. “Certainly! I swear, Tokoyami! Tell me everything!”

Tokoyami hmphed and rose to his full height with the bottles in hand, tossing one to Midoriya’s side. It landed with a bounce but Midoriya didn’t budge, instead looking between

Tokoyami and his notebook while his knee eagerly bounced up and down on the floor.

“To answer your initial question, Midoriya...” Tokoyami carefully began “The Wild Wild Pussycats, fantastic they may be, do not possess the proper facilities within their stretch of the wilderness to relieve themselves through conventional means. Thus, Midoriya... they do in fact wear the profane off white garment.”

Tokoyami could swear he heard the telltale scratch of a checkmark benign scratched down before a flurry of writing followed it. He waited for a moment. “And yes, you may ask questions. You no doubt possess some curiosities, such as those I had when I was first made aware of their peculiar... necessity and the unique nature of its design.”

His guest paused to look up. “Unique nature? Like what?”

Prompted, Tokoyami sat down in his chair once more and crossed a leg. “Their design is one meant to be concealed and fit for combat. Notably, they are almost armored, seeing as it is made up of padding and a very resistant material even Dark Shadow and I could not rupture.”

“*Murmer murmur* ... Resistant material... armor purposes... *Murmur* ... That you couldn't rupture?” He piped, quizzical and analytical tone not once erring.

“Yes.” The wording had been deliberate. If he was to have Midoriya support him - perhaps even understand him - then he would need to come forward with his experiences. Luckily he would not be wrong to blame his mentors. “During my stay, it was mandated by the team for me to wear one of their ‘support items’, if you will.”

All of this was spurred by a lack of plumbing that, to Tokoyami, was a blatant lie considering they had running showers. They knew damn well what they had been doing. They had chosen to force him into one.

“Does it classify as a support item?” Midoriya questioned him. There was no judgment in his tone; Tokoyami counted it as a win.

“It does, I believe. Considering their job’s circumstance and their justifications, it was actually quite reasonable for them to use such things. Initially, I had found it abhorrent even but... well, I must confess that they do have their place within the heroics industry, and likely few others.” He added. “The conclusions you reached so easily had been denounced by my eyes as excuses and fallacies constructed by a depraved group who wished to indoctrinate me into some strange fetish club. It took me an entire week until I was forced to admit their values.”

As expected, Midoriya’s face was dusted a gentle pink and he paused in his writing, slowing to a stop to process Tokoyami’s bold choice of words. “Do you mean to say that you used them too?” He shyly asked.

Tokoyami found it hard to nod but sheepishly managed it with a small sigh. He couldn’t waver. Not if he wanted to convince Midoriya of its normalcy. “Indeed. As I had stated before it had been mandated and deemed necessary due to our environment. There was no choice but to use them.” He stressed. “Consider it exposure training.”

Another few things were written down. “Exposure training... How much did it help? Did you have to fight while wearing one? Did it feel awkward? How much did it inhibit you? Would you say it proved more beneficial to wear one than not to?”

In response to the rapid fire questions, Tokoyami prattled off his answers. “It helped a fair amount. I did have to fight, yes, and it was incredibly peculiar at first but I swiftly grew accustomed to its admittedly comfortable embrace. Its special design as a support item inhibited me in no way whatsoever, and seeing as I used them throughout the week with no ill effect - not even rashes - it was very beneficial. I’d dare to say it would even help you with your zealous and heroic nature. It was as if nothing was there.”

“So there weren’t any cons?” Midoriya asked.

Tokoyami chuffed with quiet laughter. He wanted to seem more confident than he truly was. “Other than being terrified of someone discovering I wore them and the mental strain that came with justifying their use? None. Tis nothing but a boon.” He boldly answered him. He let Midoriya write for a few more moments before suggesting “In fact, I do have a few with me. Perhaps I can lend you one this night, and I can show you their, shall we say, ‘uses’. A

quick lesson could sate your curiosities, and I... would quite like to commune with someone about this dark secret of mine.”

The jet-black hero was careful to analyze Midoriya’s reaction, looking straight into his eyes and reading his body language with stiffened some upon being offered something so niche yet... tempting. Knowledge - no matter how blasphemous it was - always served to ensnare Midoriya like a boa constrictor and this knowledge would hopefully consume Midoriya like one to leave him entrapped. Predictably and as hoped, the young hero’s curiosity could be gleaned through the intense consideration the other was giving his offer.

The flustered greenet had sat still for an entire minute, no doubt panicking and trying to convince himself of something beyond Tokoyami’s understanding. It was when he started lowering the book in his hands that he knew he had won. He grinned. Midoriya was cute, even. He’d persuade him to enjoy these wretched indulgences. Midoriya agreed that he owed Tokoyami a favor anyway - not that the avian had to cash it in now.

“O-Okay. Um... yeah. S-Sure, Tokoyami! How did you get them though? Do you use them often? Have you used them in training?” Midoriya rambled while putting his hands behind himself to lean back.

With Midoriya having submitted to the idea, Tokoyami could act with more honest confidence. Now that Midoriya was properly enticed and having submitted to the idea, he felt something swelling up in his chest. Excitement. He was about to play a game with his classmate and secure himself a delightful ally. If things went well, perhaps even a friend who he and DarkShadow could play with in the future. “Why yes, actually. The quartet of felines gifted me such devices upon my departure and sent me a care package a few days ago for me to use. They even bestowed them a unique design.” *A design of my own request, actually.*

“R-Really?” The greenett must have been unbalanced if he was stuttering this much.

Tokoyami stood and moved to his bed, right beside where Midorya sat, and pulled out his linen tote, his ‘toy’ box that was locked, and then reached back and slid out a brown cardboard box with its top folded closed.

With a pop it opened, revealing a selection of puffy white diapers vertically packed inside and some supplies such as powder, the release spray, and then five darker diapers with

designs indiscernible due to how they were positioned.

“Yes. Would you like to wear one? They were specially designed for comfort.” He hummed. “It would be quite the enjoyable first time for you if you wore it.” He nonchalantly mentioned, reaching in.

Out came two larger diapers that quietly rustled against the others when slipped free. One was black, featuring Disney-esque purple swirls on, a white-colored forest of dead trees all around it, and a full white moon on the very front. The other was perfectly white and plain, quite bland in comparison but puffy and cliché.

Midoriya looked between the two, unsure. This was really happening to him. “J-J-Just white?” He attempted to answer. “Is this... These are support items?” He asked though it was mainly to try and convince himself that they were. They didn’t look like proper support items at all so Tokoyami understood his confusion.

“They can be. For the Wild Wild Pussycats and many others, they are.” Tokoyami told him, taking Midoriya’s arm and then trailing his arm delicately down over the scars to his now daintily held hand. He placed the white diaper in his palm. “Put it on.” He instructed. “And fear not. I shall join you within the dark practice. This is strange but... I have a feeling you’ll like it. These can be used for more than simply relieving oneself.”

Midoriya, too stunned to speak, nodded and gulped. He moved the device to both hands and began to feel its exterior. It was surprisingly firm and incredibly tightly woven! Almost like it was made of the material Mt. Lady wore for her costume! Yet its interior was thin and silent, compressed and made with fabric so soft that he could confuse it for a cloud when he experimentally ran his fingers over it.

He looked up and quickly found himself blushing again as he saw Tokoyami undressing right in front of him. The button-up sleeping shirt was undone, hanging loosely on his shoulders yet not pulled off entirely his body was so lithe and his stance was almost flirtatious with how it was innocently angled at him. When the shirt fell it was slow enough to almost be considered deliberate and it dragged past his round rear that Midoriya just now noticed the shape of.

Why was he thinking of this now of all times?!

He turned back to his diaper and his face was practically on fire again. He was... he was about to wear this! And Tokoyami was undressing entirely! He looked back up quickly and sure enough he saw bare skin and a bubbly ass not turned directly toward him but seemingly presented in a way as Tokoyami pushed his pants down in a way that made something in Midoriya's pants throb. This was the worst time to be feeling aroused.

Sure he had considered which of his classmates was hot and attractive but it was only in a complimentary manner when Kaminari had dragged him into a game of Fuck Marry Kill that he hadn't wanted to play! So what if he said he'd fuck Tokoyami and marry Uraraka while choosing to kill Mineta? And why was it biting him in the ass now?!

"I-I'll change in the bathroom!" he blurted out before quickly standing up and activating one for all to vanish in a flash of green lightning.

The door to Tokoyami's bathroom shut with a thud, leaving the now smirking avian in silence. Midoriya, he realized now, was gullible. Seducible. He was going to have fun with him tonight. There was no doubt about it.

By the time Midoriya stepped out of the bathroom in a deceptively comfortable white diaper that was puffed around him slightly and only hidden by his shorts, Tokoyami had put on his diaper and dressed himself in a loose band shirt and cloak while sitting on his throne, waiting patiently while browsing his phone.

He was a pampered prince - or god more like - who glanced up to see Midoriya who was dressed in his plain t-shirt, gray shorts, and sporting an impressive bulge at the front of his pants that Tokoyami had to stare at for a moment before recognizing it for what it was: arousal. Beneath the puffy diaper, Midoriya was hard. He didn't hide his amused predatory smirk.

"Well?" He began. "Are you ready to begin your training, hero?"

Seduction had never been so enjoyable. One second the nervous classmate of his was standing there, trying to appear casual and relaxed, then the next he looked like he was a first

year again who had panicked when a passing girl had accidentally brushed her chest against his arm.

“Come here,” Tokoyami instructed instead of letting him respond. “You don’t need to ‘relieve’ yourself this night, and I know it shan’t prove easy... so how about we relieve another evident need of yours instead?” He nodded his head to the obvious bulge and saw the recognition flash in Midoriya’s eyes. “To introduce you to the sensation of your diaper’s embrace.” He explained invitingly, spreading his legs and gesturing to the space between for him to sit as if he weren’t wearing a diaper. As if what he had just said didn’t imply something so naughty.

Something in Midoriya’s chest no doubt leapt at the sight. Tokoyami watched as he hesitated but obeyed and Tokoyami sat up and leaned back, letting Midoriya sit down. He was stiff, so Tokoyami gently wrapped his arms around his chest and pulled him back against his chest.

Tokoyami leaned to the side and hummed approvingly while hungrily eying his body. “Now... Do you consent to this?” He huskily asked into his ear, hands slowly descending Midoriya’s diaper.

“Y... Yes..?” Midoriya’s answer came with uncertainty.

To Tokoyami that wouldn’t do. He rested a hand atop the bulge and stopped another hand just shy of lifting his shirt. “I won’t do anything until you sound like you want it, Midoriya.” He told him. “We can simply default to a different lesson that isn’t so depraved.”

“N-No! I do want this! Sort of. I just... I-In a diaper?” He squeaked.

Tokoyami huskily chuckled, voice infused with a soft growl, and rolled his hips against Midoriya’s back while pressing him closer and gripping the phallic shape. “Yes in a diaper, Midoriya. Because this way you get to feel all of it.” He purred. His fingers ghosted across his chest, slipping up his shirt as his other hand worked to massage the bulge. “Because this way you get to feel every ounce of pleasure~” He whispered. “Every sticky sinful drop of your seed... spilling- pooling- drowning your shaft with no concern for how or where. The only concern, Izuku, is pleasure~ at *any* cost.”

The cock throbbed in his grip. Tokoyami squeezed his nipple and nuzzled his neck. “Diapers let you relax.” He breathed out. “Diapers release you of all your worries... they let you shut down... they let you not just save people with more ease, they let you have fun~” He crooned. “Your first lesson will be to accept that. Then we can truly begin, Izuku. Won’t you let go for me, hero?”

A shiver ran through Midoriya’s body. “I-It’s kind of, um... h-hard.” He stammered with a fiery blush.

“Like you are right now?” Fumikage teased. He began pulling up his shirt. When there was no response from the flustered man he chuckled tenderly. “Why don’t we take this to the bed, Izuku?” He asked softly, though he didn’t wait for a response.

He moved his hands to Midoriya’s rear and stood easily after ensuring he had a good grip. He gracefully carried the man over and sat on the end of the bed, Midoriya on his lap. He rolled his hips upward a few times while he slowly laid back, thrusting and grinding gently against the diapered ass of his current interest.

Soft ‘hmps’ and ‘ah’s were coaxed from the aroused and confused man who lay atop him. He smirked and kept it going, snaking his hands back around his body to drift and travel wherever he pleased. “You’re very handsome, Izuku~” he appraised with a hum. “And you make such delightful noises... You must really like having a diaper thrust against your ass.”

“Hn~ I-I... Th-Thankyou?” Izuku responded, voice slightly higher in pitch and unsteady thanks to the pleasure and situation he was in.

“You’re welcome,” Fumikage responded as he applied more force, wrapping his legs around him to hump more firmly and squeezed his partner's cock harder.

Izuku pressed his head past Tokoyami’s shoulder and into the mattress to hide his face and blush. “Ah~ Mnn... A-Ah~”

To Fumikage it was sweet. Slowly, he rolled over. He pulled Midoriya with him and put the man beneath him then began to press his weight into him against the mattress while he thrust.

“Mhm... You truly enjoy this, don't you? My weight and the soft embrace of the diaper... how it hugs you... caresses you like a toy... It's meant to be filled.” He informed him with quiet mirth. “Try it~ A splash of warmth... the allure of your own excess... Please?” He coaxed while grinding more firmly down.

Muffled groans were sung into the mattress. Midoriya lifted his head to breathe more easily and moaned softly. “Okay...” And with that, there was a soft grunt and then his eyes fluttered. Tokoyami could barely make out a hiss and reveled in the drawn-out moan he heard.

He thrust against him, making the bed bounce. “Keep going~ Push everything out, big boy~”

He watched the rear of Midoriya's diaper like a hawk with eager eyes. There was another soft grunt and then came a moan as Midoriya's body relaxed and out came a new squishy object to thrust against.

Fumikage leaned down and caressed the side of Midoriya face. Izuku was panting with effort and groaned, emptying himself as much as he could. Tokoyami knew that sensation. Midoriya wanted to push everything out now that he had the chance and he was reveling in the opportunity, no doubt feeling the warm urine spilling against his solid cock and the shit inside spilling out to reward him with an ancient relief that couldn't be matched by almost anything else.

Tokoyami made sure to thrust against his rear as Izuku pushed out his logs of brown refuse into his staining diaper, plapping himself slowly against Midoriya and cooing his praises. “So perfect~ So naughty~ Can't you feel it, Izuku~? Do you understand it now~? *Revel~ Release~*” He huskily commanded.

Midoriya obeyed and began to shyly thrust.

Tokoyami huffed quietly and watched as everything came out. It was no impressive or grand amount but that was to be expected from someone who hadn't been holding it in. It slowed to a stop but Tokoyami could see it still. The way his shit pressed against the diaper. The way a beautiful gold crested around the front edge of it. He could feel it too with how his rear was smushed against his own hard throbbing and dripping cock.

He pulled his hand back then turned Midoriya around onto his back without warning and grinned down at him. “Such a good boy~” He praised before rising onto his knees and squeezing Izuku’s soaked cock through the front of his diaper.

There was a grunt and moan again as his eyes closed. A thrust. An unintentional one.

Tokoyami then stood and swung his legs around, sitting and planting his diaper down just above his head so the new diaper fan would feel it press against his forehead. “Don’t worry, Izuku~ I’ll pleasure you.” He promised.

It was then that Tokoyami moved over him, sliding his diaper against Izuku’s freckled face and lowering it until he sat down. Midoriya gasped then moaned as Fumikage rubbed himself against his face.

The avian-headed man gripped Midoriya’s wet diaper with both fists and began kneading it like a cat would before leaning down and burying his beak against it, breathing in deeply as if he could smell it. This close, he only caught a hint but it made him moan quietly and press his ass more firmly against Midoriya’s face.

“Hmf~ Hm~!” Midoriya reached up and grabbed Tokoyami’s hips, pulling him closer.

Tokoyami wiggled his ass and hummed as he pulled back. “What? Do you want more, Izuku? Do you want to share in my devilish delight that could shame the beasts of Sodom? You want to feel me squish against you with a full package of sinful pleasures and treat you as my toilet seat?”

“Hmf~!” It wasn’t a word, but Tokoyami didn’t need it. There was some intention in his tone that wanted it. Probably.

Tokoyami grinned and sat up straighter, putting more weight onto his bottom. “Mm... If you say so, Izuku~” He closed his eyes and clicked his beak, shimmying his ass down then felt his stomach gurgle...

Izuku felt something soft prod his face and heard a soft hiss sing from Fumikage's diaper. His eyes were closed leaving him only to feel and mumble as he was sat on, something squishing against his face and making him moan for some strange reason. He didn't know why this was so exciting but he knew it felt good. Nice and exhilarating. It was intimate and freeing. Special. He tried to open his eyes and he could see it.

Tokoyami's diaper was being stuffed with his personal waste. He was shitting himself and he was making it look and feel sexy, stealing the breath from Midoriya. It started slow but it wasn't stopping; the white fabric that depicted dead trees slowly turned brown at their bases then expanded in a lump before it squished outward when Tokoyami forced himself on Midoriya's face, pushing the other's nose into the center with a quiet *sqwch* sound and pressing Midoriya's head firmly against the bed.

Midoriya shamefully moaned. Tokoyami wiggled for him and sat on his face.

It was repeated as Tokoyami lifted himself and out came another slowly growing lump that was planted on the hero's nose and buried against it with another *squlch*. It should have smelled bad, but the only smell that Midoriya could register was a slightly intoxicating odor that had him reaching for and squeezing the sides of the diaper while keeping Tokoyami in place.

"Mmg... More then, hm? Okay~" Tokoyami purred. He bounced on his face slightly and closed his eyes then pushed with all of his might. With startling speed, the diaper was being filled up more and more and started creaking as it grew larger and larger. A rising brown and yellow began to paint the picture on his filling and growing diaper, going higher and then outward until it dwarfed Midoriya's head and left the diapered man's moans muffled and drowned out by the loud hissing of Tokoyami's piss.

Now the golden moon was framed by filthy brown branches that grew bigger and bigger while the moon turned from a crescent to half-full and was nearing full. The entire weight was suffocating Midoriya who could only breathe the scent in like a man starved for oxygen. It was an aphrodisiac to the lustful man.

Tokoyami wiggled his ass and leaned down while continuing to fill his diaper with a moan and realigned himself, lifting his rear as he stopped pissing and shitting. He looked between

his legs to the blushing lustful-eyed classmate he'd trapped beneath him and smirked.

“Breathe deep~” He warned before he swung his package back and planted his moon directly on Midoriya's mouth, lifted his ass, then began to thrust down in his diaper to coax his shit to follow as he began filling it with everything that was left in him. Hungrily, he buried his beak against Midoriya's golden crotch and moaned in bliss when Midoriya thrust up against the side of his beak. He opened his maw wide and licked the diaper, hoping to taste him - wanting desperately to enjoy his flavor even though the quality of the diaper made it impossible.

But that was fine. Tokoyami nuzzled further down while repeatedly dragging his hands around the side to scrape filth up to Midoriya's twitching cock until he'd fashioned a mound of excrement around it that had the man squirming and moaning louder into his filthy more slowly filling gag.

Midoriya was squeezing Fumikage's diaper like a lifeline, kneading and clutching while his hips bucked upward more and more frequently as if he were a rabbit. He started humping up into Tokoyami's face with fervor and then he cried out loudly when Tokoyami opened his beak, put the mound in his mouth, then bit down into the soft squishy protrusion to tightly grip his shaft on every side. Tokoyami humped more wildly; Midoriya cried out again when Tokoyami started dragging his teeth up like he could suck him off, pulling every bit of shit to the head of Midoriya's penis before letting go so it'd plop and drip down or be thrust straight into when the greedy rabbit thrust up. It was turning into a fleshlight of filth as Tokoyami pulled more shit from around his ass to the front, then he did it again and again and again.

Midoriya was left whimpering and keening, whining and begging and murmuring Tokoyami's name like it was a prayer. Then as Tokoyami closed his mouth firmly around Midoriya's shaft the weak sounds turned to louder cries of want and pleasure that couldn't be deciphered from where Izuku was trapped. The massive diaper Tokoyami wore served as adequate soundproofing to ensure nobody investigated Midoriya's muffled cries of Tokoyami's name.

Tokoyami worked faster and faster, his salivating maw and teeth working tirelessly to provide more friction and stimulation to Midoriya's already overstimulated cock. Tokoyami wanted to make him break- needed to make Midoriya break and cum while he started bouncing his hips. He finally stopped releasing his waste, having pumped everything out, and now the diaper was drooping just past Midoriya's ears, his face completely hidden. It let him fuck his diaper with bouncing thrusts while he shoved more and more of the brown fabric into his maw until it was nearly bulging from the sides of his beak.

They were stuck together like this for minutes, growing more desperate and becoming louder and louder, both of them unable to help themselves as they conducted their sweet twisted symphony. Everything was secondary to their needs; it was all secondary to cumming; it was secondary to submitting to the allure of depravity and giving in.

Then, after such divine moments, Midoriya made the sweetest of sounds and he scrambled with his hands, feeling around desperately and scratching to get a firm grip and pull Tokoyami forcefully down, his quirk in use, and then he came with a high-pitched keening and a thrust, all while shoving Tokoyami's diaper down yet further to bury his face into the golden piss moon and until even the sides of his face were concealed by the brown contents of the decorative diaper.

His own cock twitched and he rapidly began thrusting like a man possessed to chase the high with a growl, biting down more firmly and feeling how the shit squelched around the entrapped cock that he felt in him. His diaper was held still but Tokoyami wasn't. Tokoyami got to use Midoriya's face as a breeding bench.

He fucked into Izuku's face without regard for the other, his own moan coming out in a low guttural and delighted tone while his breathing became faster, faster, and then he threw his head back, releasing the diaper, and he put all of his weight against Midoriya's face with more messy squishing sounds as he came into the used diaper, moaning breathlessly until he found his voice again and sang "*Mmha~ yes~!*" He lifted his hips and smushed down again, watching Midoriya's erect cock below him tense and lift the diaper. He let the drool shamelessly drip from his beak while his eyes fluttered.

Nothing was better than this moment.

Midoriya would agree. Midoriya hadn't tried to move him off once, no doubt relishing in the pressure of a throbbing and cumming cock hardening against his face while it spurted milky pump after pump of semen into the pillow he was being smothered with.

The euphoric sensation lingered and Fumikage slowly rocked himself forward some more to eke out the last of his cum then released a relieved sigh and wiped his beak with a forearm before he stood up on shaky legs

Below him was a panting and dazed Midoriya with his eyes rolled back and a dumb smile on his face. He was out of it, clearly lost and having been fucked to such a point by Tokoyami and a diaper. It made him smile more. To see such a talented hero and student brought to such a position... he reveled in it. He wanted to enjoy it even more.

Fumikage turned himself around and took a step back, then he gently laid himself atop Midoriya's chest and placed their diapers atop one another. His own was far larger, dwarfing the other. It looked like the man was about to begin thrusting again.

"Muh~ T-Tokoyami..? You still..?" Midoriya was shushed as Tokoyami placed soft a finger to his lips.

"No, Izuku. I don't want for anything more. Now you rest." he told him quietly as he breathed through his mouth, still fighting for air. "And please... refer to me as Fumikage when we are in such a position. Let it be special." He ordered softly as he rocked back and forth in his ocean of waste to squeeze out a little more pleasure.

Midoriya groaned quietly and nodded weakly. "Okay... Good... Goodnight Fumikage."

Tokoyami nuzzled the top of his head and began to stroke his hand through the curls. "Goodnight, Izuku. Sleep well~ You have nothing to worry about like this. I promise." He delicately crooned, and trusting Midoriya closed his eyes with a smile and fell to sleep while Dark Shadow quietly turned off the lights.

"Do you think he'll let me join next time?" The quirk asked as it tucked the two in.

Tokoyami responded in a hushed almost smug voice while petting his new partner. "I'm certain he will, Dark Shadow. I have no doubts about it."

Chapter End Notes

As requested, I've delivered! This is 15 pages long and I'm just as surprised as you probably are. Even I'm asking why I wrote this.

Either way, I hope you enjoy it! Let me know if you have any more ideas. I'm not the best at writing other characters but I'm learning. I don't mind solo acts either, or shorter snippets. Even non-sexual ones are acceptable.

Messy Dreams (Short)

Chapter Summary

A tame short smut tale that's pure smut and not full of background information or story. This is just an excuse to write a short scene without a bunch of superfluous wording. It may be lacking something, but I can't write four pages for every story.

(This hasn't been proof read).

Chapter Notes

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

Fumikage lay there asleep in his bed with a stuffed diaper around his waist. Its bulging and squishy shape served as a pillow for his hips and thighs, elevating it slightly as he lay peacefully beneath his warm heavy blankets.

Within the confines of the absolutely full diaper, refuse and urine stayed still and unmoving, its purpose already served to alleviate any worries the bird held about rising from his bed. The garment was very necessary for him now. Its sheer volume of containment was impressive. The hard cock within it twitched and his hips inched forward, beckoned by the lustful lure surrounding. The most delicate of chirps left the slumbering Tokoyami.

He hugged his stuffed animal tighter and closed his eyes in his sleep then his hips pressed forward again. Fabrics rustled against each other - blanket and sheet rubbed against yellow and brown stained hyper-absorbent cloth. Inside, perfectly smooth skin and sensitive tip were tantalized by shit and piss licked and sucked at it as if it were candy, sticking to his shaft and balls that had nowhere else to be but within the pleasure prison he wore.

Fumikage laid still for a moment longer. His peaceful expression hardened for a moment as another chirp left him, then he peeped and his legs locked in place when a particular throb of his needy cock nudged him over the edge of control.

Sleepy soft coos were let out under delicate tiny and soft breaths as the trapped muscle throbbed and spasmed, veins bulging and white pouring free. Each second, cum shot into his personal pillow's padding. He chirped again and drowsily humped in tandem with his

birdsong. His eyelids fluttered sweetly, consciousness returning just enough to be forcibly shut down again by his orgasm.

Gush... gush... the diaper hugged him like a lover would embrace their partner as he climaxed inside of it. It lifted his rear and kept the snug warmth around his pelvis and cumming shaft.

His diaper was as enticing and as warm as a fresh hamper of dried laundry, except this was soiled. Messy and so much comfier. Inescapable.

He squeezed his stuffed animal against his chest one last time then his body relaxed and his legs stopped compressing around the diaper. The puffiness spread them back open wide. He stopped pumping his seed and smiled softly, beak open a tad. A drop of drool dripped onto the bed.

Slowly, the trapped cock became flaccid. It settled and was buried firmly by quietly collapsing filth and oozing semen that was pushed against his slippery cock. Then, what little space remained from his erections tunneling, it filled up. Dribble... dribble... *spurt* .

The tunnel was hot again. “*Mnnmf~ So gou’...*” He sleepily mumbled. More drool stained the pillow his head was upon.

His piss stained the pillow he wore around his waist. Its little wrinkled edges filled out and crinkled softly, gently as if it were the sound of delicate snowfall, or a soft patter of rain. It grew bigger by a trickle.

Hiss... it then grew even bigger thanks to a stream of his warm pee. It splashed and spun in its trapped current and served like a hose. His diaper was the puffy hot absorbent water balloon, begging to burst but incapable.

"*Mmu~*" His hips wiggled and adjusted. His miniature firehose kept pouring it out as his eyes rolled back whilst shut.

Tokoyami's stomach tensed a little and then a pressure split apart his wide round cheeks. Something tested his muddy cheeks before spilling out in logs. His asshole clenched... his body tensed a little longer as he fed his diaper more and more.

Crinkle~

His thighs were spread wider. The blanket rose slightly, then more as the intimate contents of the diaper submitted and compacted then stretched to cradle and hug his skin tighter. Fumikage groaned softly as it continued to get bigger and bigger.

He needed his diapers. They stretched and hugged him in a hypnotic way. It left him vulnerable and happy. It made him soft and he loved it immensely. He drooled a little more, stupidly content and beyond happy, slowly drifting back off into a lackadaisical sleep.

He lost hold of his stuffed animal entirely.

The stream tapered off in a tinkle. The rest of his release pushed out in an easy stream until it was naturally clenched off without his force. It was natural and effortless.

Chirp~ He settled in his bed with a subtle shimmy. He sunk deeper into it and his diaper with a very quiet and sticky shlucking sound then let the new warmth and squishiness lull him deeper into his enchanted slumber.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed the smaller chapter size. I know that the ludicrous amount of text precluding the smut can be dissuading. This and other shorter ideas will hopefully remedy that! And now that the setting has some background, it'll be even easier to simply write smut for smut's sake.

I don't have any uploading schedule in mind, but if you leave Toko-centric ideas then I'll consider writing them at some point in the future. Short ones are more likely to be written as well, so even if it's just one scene I'm interested in what ideas you have.

Take care!

Potty Mouth

Chapter Summary

Dark Shadow want's Tokoyami to try something new yet remains secretive about what all it wants. Still, Tokoyami can't break his word and Dark Shadow is given free reign over their nightly activity as a reward for good behavior - just as Tokoyami had promised. No matter how prepared he thinks he is, the bird man really isn't. That won't stop him from enjoying it however, no matter how filthy it really is.

Includes: Questionable Quirk anatomy, scat & scat eating, piss and piss drinking, knots, and inflation, mostly in that order. Also slight choking?

Chapter Notes

I know this may not be to the tastes of some people so please make sure you read the chapter summary! I really challenged myself with this one and that meant trying out new kinks and exploring unfamiliar kink territory. Like, Dark Shadow & Tokoyami kissing? More likely than you think, apparently.

I have other chapter ideas in the works and now that finals are wrapping up I might get to them too. One of those chapters includes Tokoyami wrapping another person up in his little web of pampered pleasure. I just can't decide who else would be interested in diapers like Tokoyami is so feel free to let me know what you think.

As always, leave ideas and suggestions in the comments below! This is strictly about Tokoyami & Dark Shadow, but I can include some other perspectives or even try to make something non-smutty! The more detail, the more likely I am to write it.

Merry Early Christmas!

Fumikage knew well that diapers weren't something to show off to people and that they weren't to be shown off like a new trinket or toy. To utilize them was a sign of shame if it were unnecessary, or some indication that one required aid with particular facets of their being they lacked control over.

Using them was fun though, and it was becoming so easy to enjoy them now that he had the ritual of their usage down pat. From putting them on to cleaning up after his indulgence, it

was all easy, swift, and it seemed as if the worst part about diapers was choosing to not wear them at all. Their hugging padding comfort around his hips supported his groin as if it were a reassurance that things would always turn out fine; at the end of the day, so long as he chose it, he didn't have to care about anything at all. He could turn off his mind and simply play with himself and the games he possessed while DarkShadow tended to things of minimal importance in his stead.

A part of Fumikage feared that he was developing an addiction to the padding he wore around his loins. It was why Fumikage was still reticent at times to indulge, but with a small amount of nudging from Dark Shadow he could conclude when to give in and when not to.

Usually, giving in was determined by how the quirk had behaved itself that day. If it hadn't done well, Dark Shadow wouldn't be rewarded with seeing its host's diaper 'poomf' out and crinkle for them to toy and play with. If Dark Shadow was obedient and good, however, Tokoyami permitted the quirk to take control of the situation and either withdraw their stash of toys to play with, or to feel and touch the diaper he wore while he filled it up with a breathy sigh of delight.

If Dark Shadow was naughty... that was when Tokoyami filled his diaper with more mischievous intent. Instead of getting to play, Tokoyami would either flippantly use the diaper without a show - which he also wound up enjoying - or taunt his shadow passively by turning on the lights and playing with himself alone, making a point to rub it in Dark Shadow's face how pleasant the act was - how the quirk had missed out as a result of their disregard for their lessons.

The arrangement they had was odd, but more importantly than its queerness, it worked. That was why Tokoyami wasn't inclined to stop it any time soon. The pleasure was just a bonus... or so he liked to tell himself.

Accepting that he enjoyed it and actively wanted it outside of Dark Shadow's relevance was difficult, especially as he thought of it more frequently and easily without his quirk suggesting anything at all. Since it was becoming easier for him to make a mess, he had been trying to limit it more - to make it something more special than a mere way to unwind after a hard day of work. Dark Shadow of course wasn't exactly happy, but it made moments like today much more special for the quirk because today was Saturday: reward day. It was the day when Dark Shadow would get to choose what they would do for much of the day and then what they would do together for the last three hours before bed as a reward for its good behavior.

For the past few weeks, Tokoyami had been only wearing diapers on Fridays. It had sort of been a looming threat for the quirk since it meant that Tokoyami could choose any time to relieve himself after school or to deny Dark Shadow a special choice in the next evenings' activities. The day had been so terribly normal, but for Dark Shadow it was like a test. The quirk knew *exactly* what it wanted to do, had been planning it, and had even quietly asked Fumikage to not go to the bathroom all day, and then when they got into their dorm after studying with their friends downstairs, the quirk watched as its host removed the clean diaper and smiled to Dark Shadow before patting his head.

“You’ve done very well, Dark Shadow.” Had proudly told him. “Maintain this behavior, and you’ll be permitted a glorious reward come the dawn.”

All night, DarkShadow hadn’t even made a peep, opting instead to refine its ideas, consider the options, and plot for every possibility until suddenly it was dawn. With obvious excitement that had its umbral body rippling in the air, Dark Shadow zipped to the bathroom at the first sight of sunlight cresting beyond the exterior balcony. Dark Shadow was going to execute *the plan* .

Fumikage lay in bed, blissfully unaware of what his quirk had planned for him. He was comfortably tucked beneath his midnight black covers and vaguely illuminated by the lazy hues of sunlight that pierced the curtains of his sliding glass door. Every trinket he had collected and placed meticulously along the walls and shelves of his abode glittered as the light shone within the dark room, lending itself to his peaceful disturbance from slumber.

He yawned while he stretched his shoulders. He next tilted his neck left until he heard a crack, did the same for the right, then finally opened his eyes to spot Dark Shadow at the side of his bed with a tall glass of water that contained a straw and a friendly smile.

“Good morning, Fumi!” The quirk energetically greeted

Fumikage stirred from his bed and slowly sat himself up, reaching out to accept the drink with a tired hum. “Good morning, Dark Shadow.” he pleasantly replied. “Are you excited for the day of your reward?”

Dark Shadow bounced up and down. “You bet I am! We’re gonna do so much! And I’m gonna boss you around for once!” The quirk cheerily threatened.

Its host chortled quietly. “Oh really now?”

The quirk eagerly nodded as Tokoyami slowly drank. “Mhm! Starting with no going to the bathroom aaaaaall day. Got it?”

There was a quiet beat as Fumikage observed the water he was currently drinking then he hummed and finished. "I suppose I do, yes. Just what exactly is your intent?"

"You'll have to wait and see!" Answered Dark Shadow. "But I'm sure you're gonna love it! Promise!"

Fumikage took another sip of water. "If you say so. Shall I don a diaper as well?"

Dark Shadow squinted and pursed its lips in thought. "Mmmmmmmmmmm... Nope! If you want any relief, you gotta tell me." Decided the quirk.

A suspicious look was given to the quirk by Tokoyami who set the water aside, only to be stopped by a shadowy hand. "Nu uh uh! You gotta drink it all!"

Slowly, Fumikage pulled the glass back and hummed to convey his light confusion while he relented and began sipping the rest of it. He set the glass down once it was empty. "Happy?" He asked.

"Yup! Now c'mon! I think Bakugou's cooking breakfast today! We're gonna get extra!"

Tokoyami rose from his bed with a fond smile on his face. He had a feeling he knew what Dark Shadow was trying to do. "Okay. Let's be off then..."

...

They'd been gorging themselves at Dark Shadow's insistence for most of the day. Heroes certainly needed a lot of food, but today Dark Shadow ate a portion whenever Tokoyami did, insisting on having snacks and food as well despite the at first adoring looks and then confused almost concerned looks it garnered from their classmates. When Tokoyami ate, Dark Shadow ate, and when Tokoyami drank so did Dark Shadow. Oddly enough, Tokoyami wasn't feeling full. As he observed Dark Shadow's growing size throughout the day, he had a suspicion as to why that was the case.

Dark Shadow, he theorized, had somehow learned how to expand upon its abilities to produce functioning genitalia to harbor the energy and food as well... and process it. Whenever Tokoyami wanted to go to the bathroom, the quirk just told him to hold it too, and now after

having consumed a concerning amount of food and drink in one day, the host felt somewhat anxious as he stepped through his bedroom door with tiny steps and locked it behind him in the evening hours when nearly every soul in the building was headed slumber.

With some exciting pushing from Dark Shadow, Tokoyami was laid down on the bed, back flat against the soft covers and legs raised as the quirk undressed him then and there as if he couldn't do it himself. He still took off his shirt to speed up the process because he really had to go after how much he drank today, so the sooner they began the sooner he could stop holding it in. Dark Shadow had only waited to see Tokoyami finish getting undressed before it was pulling out one of the puffy diapers from their stash - the white ones with the paw pattern all around its edge. Already, he saw a shaft forming beneath Dark Shadow's large body, and he felt a rising sense of anxiety and excitement tingle through him. His own arousal became visible when his shaft twitched.

Every second that passed was another second where this urge to relieve himself grew stronger and stronger at an incredible rate. Where once he just 'had' to use the bathroom, he was now absolutely *needing* to use the bathroom... Or that diaper. He quite wanted to, actually, eager for habitual warmth and pleasure it'd provide him, especially since this was the night where he'd truly let himself enjoy it most. He squirmed impatiently as he resisted the urge to release himself then and there for fear of making a real mess, then lifted his legs and rear slightly so the quirk might take the hint and put the diaper on him. His stomach gurgled. He complained quietly. "DarkShadow... Come on...!"

It tutted at him from the edge of the bed then reached down and pulled out a large knotted dildo from the toy box it had swiftly withdrawn from under the bed as well as a bottle of lube to pair with it. He watched the quirk as it lathered it up quickly with an almost copious amount of his supply then grunted and winced in pain when the phallic object slid into him without any warning, starting as a narrow point before he rapidly felt his cheeks spread apart with a toy cock that sought to plug him until his walls were air tight. He gasped while his nerves caught up to the action and started squirming as he lay there. "Mmng~ Mnf~ ha~ ha~ Dark Shadow? Y-You..." ' *What for the love of all that is unholy are you plotting, Dark Shadow?* ' He agitatedly thought.

"C'moon Fumi! Don't you wanna mess yourself?" Dark Shadow crooned impishly, electing to ignore his surprise and discomfort in favor of slowly rocking the object into him. Fumikage already felt full and the dildo stuffed his excrement back, plowing it further up and compacting it. He was stuffed, as it were. He felt his walls contract around the cock and moaned as his feces pressed against the dick inside of him as if trying to use its build-up as a trampoline to push back with.

Fumikage didn't feel like he was in any position to negotiate here. "Y-Yes~" He answered breathlessly instead. He was already impatient before but this was almost annoying him now.

“And you want it really bad don’t you?” Asked the quirk next, already knowing the answer.

He narrowed his eyes and snipped back with a bite in his tone. “Gods damn it, of course I do!”

The quirk grinned and then Tokoyami felt something shift as the quirk’s shaft grew bigger right before his eyes. The toy was shoved up until it came to a knot that was shoved past his ring and hilted deep inside, causing the bird to groan and writhe only for the hands of the quirk to pin him down in place now that the toy was thoroughly stuck. “You can do it for both of us then~”

The avian pried open his eyes to squint up at the imposing shadow just in time to see it move up, size growing thanks to the concoction of emotion and the low light levels of their bedroom. He took in a deep breath of air through his open maw to ready himself for whatever was next.

“Open wide~” Sang Dark Shadow. Tokoyami didn’t have a chance to react or think.

What was next came to him in the shape of a meaty weight. Fumikage felt a large half erect cock flop into his awaiting beak and onto his tongue. He stared up at the grinning shadow and then down to its ‘groin’ where he saw the faux muscles of the quirk strain themselves and throb, tensing and flaring out to fill the sides of his cheeks which he eagerly hollowed, desperate to get it over with and excited despite trying to reel himself in and insist that this treatment didn’t arouse him...

The dick in his half-open beak throbbed and grew a tad larger in shape, bulging at the base, and a strange sound seemed to slick and pop as the bulge grew more tremendous, traveling along and out to the edge of the cock... and then he felt something unexpected push itself out of Dark Shadows cock and into his awaiting beak which he’d yet to close around the tip of the member. It tasted bitter and gross at first; he couldn’t place what it was until he felt something that was distinctly *not* liquid land on his tongue and start scraping, sliding against it toward the back of his mouth.

If he were someone else he was sure he would have instinctually gagged despite how tasteless it was, but since he was of avian descent he lacked a gag reflex so he was able to

experience this while in complete control of his bodily responses - except for the intense throbbing of his dick as it clicked into place what exactly was happening.

The wyrd biology of his quirk let it manifest whatever it wanted to serve its purpose and Dark Shadow was eager to display its newfound talents with its fuck-buddy and host. It rocked its hips forward and back while Tokoyami's heart rapidly began to hammer in his chest.

What was on his tongue was shit. A log of brown gooey playdough was being pushed into his beak and slowly filling it up resulting in Tokoyami moaning to voice his surprise and arousal in one encouraging sound. His brain raced to give reason to the situation but came up short, save for the answer: 'pleasure', which repeated in his mind again and again. This was far too appealing and far too enjoyable to be normal. It *should* have tasted terrible but instead, it made Tokoyami want more, so he moved himself forward and felt the amassing substance *spread* .

It pushed up and traveled along his tongue and in the sides of his hollow mouth; it crept then fell between his teeth and gums and laid atop his tongue as if he had stuffed a large slice of chocolate cake into his maw.

It wasn't confined to a diaper. No, it was filling up his awaiting mouth and doing so quickly now, filling the back of his throat and then coiling, filling the space between beak and teeth with lump after lump, plopping onto his tongue and filling up the rest of him until Dark Shadow slowly kept on shitting and pulled away with a grin, leaving Tokoyami with an open beak filled with rolled up and stuffed logs of shit confined to his golden beak.

The quirk reached forward and wrapped a firm claw around his slightly ajar mouth then deliberately closed it while staring directly into Tokoyami's wide eyes. Tokoyami's tongue was pressed down and then engulfed in the waste as he experimentally licked everywhere he could and moaned to savor the moment, believing this would be his only indulgence. He breathed in and... then suddenly couldn't breathe, forcing himself to cough, then swallow because Dark Shadow had covered his nose and held his mouth shut. It wasn't easy; it was a lump that he was forcing down but Dark Shadow was insistent and grinning since it was fully away that Tokoyami didn't have a gag reflex. That meant he had to force it down one way or another.

The wet shlick he heard and the *glck*~ of his throat was heavenly as he finally completed his first audible gulp, followed by another hasty and moaning *glck* that got enough down to

breathe through his mouth just a bit, but he still felt his beak was laden with the weight of his refuse. Its refuse? Their shared refuse? Tokoyami didn't know the logistics. He was too focused on catching his breath and reveling in this opportunity that had seemingly hypnotized him into enjoying it. The smell was becoming evident but instead of disgusting him, it made Fumikage's gut swirl and his stomach churn with a heat and a greater need to satisfy this whorish part of himself.

He opened his filthy shit-coated beak open as soon as DarkShadow let go and started panting for air, his cock flaring and twitching while beading with cum. He licked the inside of his mouth and huffed. DarkShadow pet him and smiled down at him, dick throbbing and being lifted back up. "Good boy~ Want more?"

Against all logic and reason, Tokoyami huffed a stinking breath and nodded eagerly. He opened his beak wide and felt the dark cock rest on his tongue then tilted his head back and watched DarkShadow as a dark log began to slowly pump out of the shaft and into the back of his throat. This time it didn't clench; it was all one piece and it coiled and curled as if it were an ice cream dispenser and Fumikage's beak was the cone. DarkShadow even pulled back slowly again, grunting quietly from the effort.

Tokoyami moaned as more and more space was taken up in his maw and freed from his bowels. He hollowed his already stuffed cheeks as much as he could and took controlled breaths through his nose as DarkShadow's cock pulled away entirely. Its phallic weight left him but the weight in his open maw increased as the log- no, *rope* finally broke off, and between his vision, he could see it: the color brown topping the yellow end of his beak. He tried to close his beak this time and licked at it like he had a mouth full of whipped cream. He salivated like a wild animal and moaned as he closed his eyes and lay flat, not fighting it and instead relishing in the disgusting act.

Fumikage experienced an understanding as he lay there and rolled his eyes back. DarkShadow hadn't let Tokoyami use the toilet all day because he *was* the toilet.

He tried to chew like a good disposal unit and moaned as the filth sunk around his teeth and turned less firm from his saliva, concocting a melting brown hot chocolate until he could drink it and gulp it down.

"Mnnnm~" He swallowed again just like he was meant to, eyes closed firmly shut as he savored it with a moan. He didn't think he could swallow all of this, but that didn't matter

right now. He drank and ate it all until there was enough space for him to open his mouth safely again which took minutes, all under the lustful and smug gaze of his quirk and present master that was rubbing its cock with brown smeared on its tip and over its claws.

When he opened his eyes he opened his still filthy mouth and leaned toward the cock above him. He was possessed by lust; he wasn't thinking straight at all but Fumikage was still present enough to recognize everything that was happening. His filthy lips went over the shadowy length to suckle on it like a putrid lollipop.

DarkShadow smiled and let the greedy bird close its beak around it before it rewarded him with a golden hot trickle of piss that Tokoyami needily suckled out of him with a moan but refused to swallow. He ran it through his mouth like mouthwash and swallowed, then went further and mentally begged DarkShadow to give him more. It made it easier to swallow the remaining filth that he'd likely spend hours working at with his tongue otherwise.

He'd never been much of a fan of sticky foods because they clung to his mouth and left it sticky and hard to speak, but this brown sticky substance was a newfangled treat. After such a long week, he could take a little more of his dessert, couldn't he?

DarkShadow thought so because the trickle soon became a steady stream and the quirk began thrusting into his shitty mouth in a slow rhythm as Tokoyami swallowed it as quickly as he could. Now there came the threat of not swallowing fast enough and staining his bed, so he was a bit more motivated even if he was quickly becoming full.

He swallowed down mouthful after mouthful, It felt to have lasted for hours as he lapped away at his quirks shaft while letting his cock twitch freely against his lower stomach and spread his cum. Once he would have tried to berate himself for enjoying something as simple as having an accident, but this? He had been trained by now- *conditioned* by himself and the reward center of his brain to say that any means of release was good for him, even now if it was into himself.

He was an ouroboros of sin, the yin and yang of putrid lust, and he knew it. He was a slut for his diapers, but now new ideas peppered his mind as he considered just how many other ways there were to relieve himself- how many things he could enjoy if he wasn't fearful of the shame or taste of his body.

How many diapers had he filled and fucked, never realizing that he could have also had

DarkShadow filling him at the same time? How many moments had he thought he needed a diaper, unaware that DarkShadow could easily help him if he stepped aside and let them both experience the fundamental relief that came with vacating their bowels?

He was moaning as he drank and was pushing himself up, taking the cock deeper and chugging like he'd run a marathon while he bobbed his head. He wanted more; he *needed* more and he wanted to taste it - taste his quirk.

'Please~ Deign to me our unholyest delight, Dark Shadow~ Let me revel within our darkness~' He mentally pleaded while wrapping a hand around the shaft. Dark Shadow listened and the stream of its hot ichor ceased, leaving Tokoyami to breathe and use his hands to push himself up and take the length of muscle deeper into his maw and down his throat. He moaned as he felt it throb and deposit a new weight - a new treat and new reward - onto his tongue.

He didn't wait to start trying to lick and taste it. He hummed and sighed while the quirk pumped the log out of itself into him and then held it still so he'd feel the shit build up then squish and shift in his closed mouth. He felt plop and pile up, invading him, and then felt it trying to pry his mouth open when it finally had nowhere else to back up to. That's when he finally pulled himself back to see Dark Shadow's surprised but gleeful expression, no doubt elated at how much Tokoyami was willing to do.

Dark Shadow really liked this game. It knew this was a good idea! Tokoyami swallowed what he had to with a struggle and was breathing heavily through his nose while gazing lustfully up at the quirk. His golden beak was slightly ajar, stuffed with brown filling. It gave Dark Shadow an idea too, so as Tokoyami enjoyed his pumped full, wet, and absolutely defiled mouth, DarkShadow would more cleverly and quickly accomplish the rest of what it wanted to.

The large figure drifted down to Fumikage's ass while drifting a hand over Fumikage's full stomach. It tapped a finger against it as it slid down, glancing to the side at what was available to it. That diaper would be filled one way or another, it thought excitedly. It didn't mean that it had to be filled first though!

With its mind made up, DarkShadow reached lower and withdrew the knot slowly, letting it stretch Fumikage while its hands pushed a groaning Fumikage to slowly lay on his back. Their mental connection clued it in on his curiosity, so it smiled while pulling the toy out. "I

wanna see you burst!” It excitedly chirped, and Tokoyami’s eyes briefly widened in panic before he was crying out through a mouthful of excrement as the smeared rod of his quirk rammed itself up into his ass without any clue or warning.

Each breath came very quickly now and Tokoyami gulped down filth into his full stomach to try and get to a point where he could instead gulp down air. *‘Fuck~ Fuck~!’* He was nearly choking. He *was* choking until he got down another lump, yet even then he could only swallow again and breathe through his nose. His body rocked as Dark Shadow humped him and pulled him down while spreading his legs wide, and he released another muffed cry as Dark Shadow started fucking him in earnest with its thick member and short thrusts.

Despite being dazed, he still held a grasp on the situation and himself. He was fully aware of what he wanted when reached for his hand to start playing with himself, quickly jerking himself off to chase the high he already felt so he could feel the completion and rewarding fullness it brought. He shut his eyes and licked inside his beak, tasting his new favorite flavors within. He bucked up for merely moments with this pleasure until he swallowed and felt the satisfying ‘glk’ of another mouthful sliding down his throat and filling his belly. *Oh* it was enough to send him over the edge.

Cum rained from his shaft and shot into the open air like a fountain before the warm slimy substance landed on his hands and lathered his cock with every hurried pump of his non-stopping hands. “*Nng~! Nm~!*” He panted and bucked up, ass clenching and squeezing Dark Shadow’s still moving member, and he kept moaning.

Dark Shadow was getting faster now too, fucking through the tightness and letting Fumikage’s tight walls pull it deeper before pulling back out to slap back inside and get faster... faster... faster! Fumikage’s voice reached new heights as the final thrust announced the forthcoming deluge of his quirk’s faux seed, and he cried his quirk’s name as it pumped him full.

The two of them were panting animals fucking against a backdrop of darkness, sharing every part of themselves with each other and cherishing it - even the unsavory commonly-thought disgusting parts of each other. Dark Shadow and Tokoyami were close, but this brought them closer. It felt special - beyond special. This was something they could share with nobody else.

The quirk bucked, groaned, then pulled back just enough to form a knot on its cock then reared all the way back until its tip threatened to leave, piss dribbling onto the bed from the

underside of the shadow's brown pleasure-pipe before it was slammed inside of Fumikage's walls with enough force to push everything inside including the large knot. Fumikage nearly screamed his approval.

That scream was instead cut short when Dark Shadow leaned down and met Fumikage's beak with a forceful kiss, head tilted to slip beyond the peculiar mouth, maw open to take a french kiss with its host. The pounding of Fumikage's heart nearly stopped as the man felt the quirks tongue meet his own. He felt it licking alongside his beak and exploring the desecrated insides. Tokoyami chose to meet the tongue and taste it as they kissed, eyes closed while he wrapped his body around the shadow.

They were two separate beings, yet made whole together, and when Tokoyami thought it could get no better as the climax finally slowed, he felt the throbbing cock inside of him twitch... and then came the flood of everything else that they had yet to release.

What the student had swallowed was a fraction of everything, and DarkShadow was now letting Tokoyami experience the mind numbing release of all of it, pouring it into his awaiting body like it was a mere vessel for its own release. He stopped fighting and let Dark Shadow have reign over his beak, letting it lick over every tooth, nook, and cranny while it heated up his walls and let his stomach inflate with everything they could have released into his safe diaper.

DarkShadow couldn't wear diapers like Tokoyami; it couldn't experience the thrill of letting its walls break down and flood its loins with the warmth of its release while the mind rewarded it for submission to such broken base instinct, but it could wear Tokoyami and stuff its cock deep inside of him as it broke for both of them.

For half a minute that stream hissed and flooded deep inside him, stretching his insides and only staying firmly in because of the thick knot that plugged him. It had Fumikage moaning and whining, wriggling and kissing back with a drooling maw while his cock throbbed and threatened to cum again from being pumped full of both seed and piss.

Tokoyami pulled away from their kiss and opened his mouth as he acclimated to the sensations awarded by his new position, intending to speak. Dark Shadow would have to be good more often, he decided. regardless of the clean-up efforts and how he would feel come the morning. He knew he'd fare just fine with the aid of his quirk and companion.

"Dark Shadow..?" He breathlessly asked, the stream of urine still trickling deep inside of his walls.

The quirk looked down at its host, shining yellow eyes creased in what was an obvious expression of happiness and boundless energy. “Yeah?”

Tokoyami’s joy matched Dark Shadow’s own. He leaned up slightly to take one glance down to his bulging stomach then let his head fall back without regard for the effect it’d have on his feathers. “This was a magnificent idea...” he sighed. He licked his lips before he continued wistfully “And I wish to indulge in this fetid performance more frequently. Perhaps to a lesser extent, but once more all the same.”

“Oh we will!” It promised as its smile grew then turned to a smirk after reading into Fumikage’s satisfied expression. “But you know we aren’t done yet, right?”

Tokoyami tilted his head much like a bird would, the angle only slight enough that his quirk’s searching gaze could pick up on it until understanding set in and Tokoyami’s tired eagerness returned. He wiggled his rear, uncertain if the trickle had stopped by this point but awaiting more. “Then proceed, Dark Shadow. Give me all of you.”

It was permission enough for the quirk to smirk and adjust its position, lifting Fumikage’s hips before pulling him down an extra inch. The slosh of his body’s contents was felt. His cock twitched to attention.

Slowly, oh so heavenly slowly, Dark Shadow’s length bulged, the tip flared, and from the large hole in its member was pushed out all of their filth. Brown hot excrement best confined to diapers and toilets was being pushed home into his rear and shoving its way through the golden tides to fill him up with more than his urine.

Every inch it took felt like a thick large cock slowly slipping beyond what any normal person could reach and the malleable nature of it guaranteed that no spot was missed as it pushed and rubbed forward and further, never wavering in its straight line. Seconds passed as Tokoyami stuck his tongue from his mouth to pant while his eyes blew wide, letting it loll and hang as he arched his back.

It rubbed against parts of his body that he didn’t know could feel pleasure, grazing against nooks and crannies that craved stimulation; with every new log, those parts were brushed over, pressed, and toyed with while it traveled until it met an end and was forced to turn. He moaned as this unstoppable length took inch after inch of valuable space. He slowly played with his cock. He couldn’t help himself. Feeling so full felt fundamentally right; it scratched an itch in his brain that he’d been unable to satiate with absurdly sized sex toys or even Dark Shadow’s impressive cock.

It got to the point where it was so great that he felt another corner was met, and then he could only register a growing sense of fullness until his bulging stomach grew even larger. Where once it was concealable with a baggy hoodie, it was slowly growing to be conspicuous and eye-catching. His stomach growled; it gurgled before something slowing its spread seemed to break and all of a sudden he was moaning and pumping his hand up and down his cock like a jackhammer in response to the new landslide that was growing in his stomach.

Dark Shadow thrust up just a little. It groaned and humped to get what little remained and Tokoyami thrust up into his hands before he came again just as the last of it was deposited inside to his and the quirk's shared mixture of relief and pleasure.

His second climax may have been shorter than the first but it was just as unforgettable. Tokoyami's hand fell limp onto the bed with a small bounce. He lay still from the breathtaking experience and DarkShadow finally reached for the diaper with a far reaching talon.

Wordlessly, Tokoyami raised his shaky legs and the diaper was placed beneath him and wrapped around his small waist since he would be in desperate need of it, but instead of pulling out to let it quickly fill, the quirk pulled it and stretched the heavy duty device until their bodies were firmly against each other, letting it knot the filthy student and lay upon his chest like a lazing lion with no fear for the night.

Its deep rumbling purr oozed with pride. It could lull anyone to sleep this way, but Tokoyami chose instead to pet it with the hand that wasn't wet by his seed and close his eyes to just enjoy the moment. Just for this, maybe Dark Shadow would get to be in charge again tomorrow too. Either way, Tokoyami would end up happy.

Wet Work Part I: Build Up

Chapter Summary

When working with Hawks on a quick infiltration mission, Tokoyami's accidentally winds in an exclusive underground BDSM club. With so much to try and so much to do, it's inevitable that he gets distracted...

Includes: Plot??? I guess??? (Just skip toward the end), face fucking, piss drinking, cum drinking, all in that order. Mostly.

There's a part two to this with a smut focus since it would be way too long otherwise and I know we're all here for smut. Please forgive any errors! I'm not proof reading this.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long, everyone! I've been sitting on this one for literal months and actually had a lot of it written shortly after the idea was recommended. I'm just going to publish it as is though, because I've got to move on. You have no clue how much shit I scrapped.

I've spent way too long trying to make this perfect and we all know when happens when you refuse to let anything out, so here's 20 pages of build up with some smut at the end. This will be a recurring location though, so feel free to use it for idea recommendations!

Chapter two should be out shortly, with a strict focus on the smut. It really just gets right into it. I just need to proof read it, then it'll be out! The longest part will be editing it to fit in Ao3's formatting since the pasting from google docs isn't 100% perfect.

“Alright, Tsukuyomi.” Hawks’ first words immediately had Tokoyami’s attention. From the rooftop of a towering skyscraper overlooking the daylight bustling streets of Japan, both he and Hawks sat perched at the edge. “You remember the briefing?”

“I do.” Tokoyami resolutely replied. His eyes were sharp, analyzing not the passersby on the streets but, instead, on the windows of a particular building several blocks away. It was an unassuming highrise office building but the mission he and Hawks had was clear. As soon as their mark entered the elevator to end their day, they began moving.

It was a simple, clean plan: Infiltrate the building using their quirk-aided disguises thanks to the Nest's diverse amount of assets, sneak to the technology-checkpoint, and obtain the evidence necessary to incriminate a certain higher-up politician for their affiliation with an quirk-elitist hate group that had been making ripples in the criminal underground. Hawks was meant to play recon and distraction, using his ever-effective spy skills; Tokoyami on the other hand was going to use the window Hawks made to plug in a flash-drive that would let the agency control the laptop remotely and investigate his laptop whenever needed.

In and out. It was a simple hour long mission at most.

Tokoyami chirped a signal to Hawks and the man's attentive eyes followed Tokoyami's gaze to the window. A well-dressed unassuming man stepped beyond an elevator door. Hawks began to pitch forward in a lazy tilt to fall off of the building. "Then let's fly."

Dark Shadow emerged beneath his cloak and wrapped Tokoyami up, then together they flew toward the entry point.

As a duo, they'd come a long way with both of their talents and training each other. They were entirely silent as they darted across the blue sky and into the shadowed alleyway beside Hawks. There was a fleeting glimpse of red for attentive eyes followed by a shadow that couldn't be tracked, and for all outside watchers they were gone in an instant.

The three of them only had a short window to get prepared before slipping inside. They met their contact and Hawks only exchanged a smile with the casually clad woman who took his forearm and pressed her thumbs into his wrist, sending a glimmer of silver across his skin. It enwrapped his body quickly and then suddenly in Hawks' place was a brown haired man with crowish wings, tattoos, and blue eyes. She and Hawks exchanged a professional nod while Tokoyami swapped his cloak for a hoodie.

Hawks swapped his clothes next, taking more time and care while Tokoyami checked over his equipment. He was there to merge with the shadows and complete a job unseen, not to attract eyes like Hawks was doing. *'What is this place anyway?'* he questioned himself.

Dark Shadow took a look at the clothes Hawks was wearing and squinted. *'No clue... but Hawks looks like he's about to go pimping.'*

Tokoyami looked at Hawks. He looked like he was about to go *clubbing*, *not* pimping, but Tokoyami wouldn't argue with his quirk. He just hummed, unconcerned, and observed Hawks for a moment before tilting his head to the stairwell as an unspoken request for permission from his mentor. He received a small smirk and a nod.

Hawks had faith in him. It warmed Tokoyami's heart. He and Dark Shadow wouldn't let their mentor down.

Dark Shadow vanished into his body and Tokoyami approached the back door of the building, leaving Hawks to descend the stairs while their assistant packed up the backpack with their hero equipment and lit a cigarette before walking off.

Once Tokoyami reached for the door he grabbed the handle, and from his baggy sleeves emerged a thin wiry claw to jimmy the door open with a tiny 'tck'.

He cracked the door open and entered the sterile environment of a corporate workspace. Thin walls on either side of him with glass doors were disregarded as he made his way to the stairwell of the building. '*It should lead us down.*' Tokoyami thought to himself as he stalked the edges of the halls, following the predestined route he'd memorized until... he was met with a doorway leading into another office space. He narrowed his eyes and quietly cursed.

This wasn't the floorplan they had studied.

He felt for the communication device in his feathers and swiftly turned it on. "This is Tsukuyomi. The briefings info was lacking; the stairwell meant for my entrance is not here. Is Hawks available?"

"Negative, Tsukuyomi. He's gone dark. Whatever is down there seems to be capable of blocking our communications."

That implied something of great value was down there. It only bolstered his resolve to see this through. They had just started. He refused to turn back while Hawks was down there.

"I'll continue my search." He said quietly.

'Maybe try the elevator?' Dark Shadow mentally proposed.

It was as good of an idea as they'd get. "We'll be following the target via the elevator shaft." He decided.

"Copy that. Be careful. There should be an access panel in the roof for you to climb through. I recommend trying that first."

"Copy." Tokoyami curtly responded. He looked at his surroundings. *'We have no choice but to brave the darkness. We'd best hope the elevator is empty'*. He thought.

He walked around the corner with attentive eyes, taking swift and confident steps as the cameras were hopefully down like promised. The busy space was unnervingly quiet but it did mean he'd be warned if someone were near his location.

Fortunately, that never happened. He and his quirk were unheard and unspoiled. There wasn't a soul occupying the hall as they spotted the unassuming elevator of this work place.

Dark Shadow went ahead and pressed the button while Tokoyami took a stance around the corner, leaning against the wall as if he belonged, then slipped inside of it once the doors opened to reveal its empty interior.

Tokoyami set his sights up to search for the access panel in the ceiling while Dark Shadow looked at the many buttons to press.

Only one floor looked unique. B1.

Dark Shadow stared at it while the doors shut and tried to resist the temptation. ... it was a button. It also lit up when pressed, and the quirk was delighted to figure that out after losing the metal battle against pressing the button.

It quickly realized its mistake. “Fumi? There's a floor B? Maybe we should check it?” The quirk tried to salvage.

“Nay. Let us not-” the elevator lurched and then began to descend slowly. “... you pressed it already.”

“... maybe.” The quirk put its shadowy hands behind its back.

Tokoyami gave him a dry look then looked up. “Help me find the access panel.” He instructed.

beep

They were going down a singular floor.

Dark Shadow knew it may have messed up. It started frantically hitting buttons at random hoping it'd stall the elevator. “I don't think we have enough time for that, Fumi.”

This could be going much better, Tokoyami thought to himself as he tensed beyond the door and turned to face it. The elevator would stop any second now. “Then... wait with me. Let us meld with the encroaching dark.”

Blending in was probably the best bet there was here. At worst they'd be escorted out. At best? He could put those lessons on social deception to excellent use and get in, complete his mission, and get out.

Not only was this whole ordeal now much more stressful, it meant he had no escape if he got caught. He tapped his fingers against his thigh and tapped his foot, yet another small trait he'd picked up from Hawks, and watched the floor number on the digital display above the door.

B1 appeared.

Then they went... lower? Fumikage looked at the bunch of buttons that were illuminated quizzically. Perhaps that had something to do with it?

“Dark Shadow... your foolish actions may have bequeathed us a boon.” He quietly noted. They descended further for several more seconds without an interruption, and a sense of dread began to consume Tokoyami. It was nothing he was unfamiliar with.

He would take this situation as it came. Whatever was beyond that door, he was prepared for it.

Before the man could bolster his confidence further, he was stopped by a telltale beep from the elevator. He looked at the floor number on display when he heard the noise.

The display read in pink light: B2.

The elevator stopped.

The door slowly slid aside right in front of him. He had expected sterile white halls, glass windows and maybe a lobby to an underground research facility... Instead, he was left stunned by something he was *not* ready for: the acidic green gaze of a burly man dressed in leather straps who was staring at him with as much confusion as Tokoyami felt.

Fumikage refocused and took in what was in front of him. Dark walls lined with glowing rainbow trim and littered with risqué posters of men and women in little to no clothing, velvet cushioned benches, and a black tile floor leading to a L-Shaped desk occupied by the

confused hunk of a man with dark hair and glowing blue fins on his neck. The sound of the bass dance music was noted last.

For the sake of his sanity, Tokoyami hoped the man was wearing pants behind that counter.

Dark Shadow was the one to break the awkward stand-off. “Sooooo uh... where do we put our techy stuff?” The quirk called down the short hallway.

It was a safe bet, considering they were looking for that place anyway. This was the route their mark probably took anyway! He still couldn't help but feel like he'd die from embarrassment.

This was a *club*. A secret exclusive looking club!

The man quickly got over his shock and politely set his phone down. “Just approach the counter, sir. This your uh... first time here?”

Yes. I'd rather not be here at all, however. He thought. Instead, Tokoyami approached the counter and did his best to look comfortable.

“Indeed.” He coolly replied. He read the sign suspended above the desk, illuminated in pink and teal: Nocturnal VIP Entrance.

“But don't tell anyone.” Dark Shadow added conspiratorially, popping up by the counter with a playful smile.

“We keep everything private here, sirs. Sir?” The man opened up his laptop and looked at Tokoyami for details.

“Just one sir. My compatriot prefers it and it's pronouns.” He settled into the conversation easily.

“Thanks. Now... since it's your first time, let's get you set up. Profile name?”

Tokoyami gave the first name that came to mind. “Noctis Avis.”

“And do you have the funds to open up the VIP account?”

He... likely did not. “Can we not keep this to the dark, where it belongs, sir? I'd rather not leave any trace of my presence. You know how such affiliations can influence the public eye.”

“There's nothing to worry about, sir. We take an incredible amount of precautions to ensure guest privacy. Exclusive hidden entrances like the one you came through is only the tip of our security iceberg.”

“What about cameras?” Tokoyami asked.

“We don't have any. Everything here is managed internally and with private quirk specialists.”

Impressive and good, Tokoyami supposed. Not that he'd be benefiting from it since he wouldn't really be here long. “What about phones? I know many would like to sneak them inside.”

The man reached into the desk and pulled out a sealed metal box with a slot for a card. “Every client is required to leave all of their technology in one of these here and sign an NDA.” He withdrew a card from a space behind the desk and slipped it into the small slot. A small green light glowed and the several clasps unlatched and opened up.

‘Dark Shadow? Get us one of those, if you can.’ He instructed.

'Aye aye, Fumi! Just gimme a window.'

Tokoyami stepped closer to the counter and reached for the box to inspect it. As expected, the man's eyes followed his hands for a moment and Dark Shadow slipped back into its host.

The crate interior was a soft foam too. Tokoyami mulled over its security. A key would be enough... "and... how much is the membership?" He forced himself to ask.

"fifty thousand yen per month." The man answered.

Tokoyami could almost feel his wallet's fear. "What does it grant me?"

Dark Shadow took this opportunity to slink around the desk, stretch over, and snatch a keycard from the still open cabinet then zipped back quickly.

It placed the keycard in Tokoyami's boot then quickly popped up with an explosive amount of eagerness. "And how much for a lifetime membership?" it pressed.

"Nine hundred thousand yen for a life-time membership." The man replied, to Tokoyami's surprise and dread.

He could already feel Dark Shadows' interest and his heart nearly plummeted. That was more than all of their savings from Hawks' payments.

'Dark Shadow, we're not-'

"And what's *that* get us? It's special, isn't it?" The quirk barreled on.

“Access to Nocturnal, private rooms, and most expenses are free until you reach your nightly limit. You also have access to a personalized room that we can rearrange and alter for you, as well as a profile in our database so we can better accommodate you for any of your interests.”

'Dark Shadow-'

“Any of our interests?”

“That's correct.”

He felt Dark Shadow's hand dive into his pockets. *'Dark Sha-!'*

“You've sold us. We're gonna have fun!” The quirk pulled out their credit card from the wallet and Tokoyami was forced to watch as it was swiped. He was absolutely helpless due to the necessity of remaining cool despite all of this.

The worst part was that his card wasn't declined because it was the one he had all of Hawks' allowance on. He'd been saving up for so long... Now he had to start paying that off. *Fuck . Me.* He thought with intense irritation. There was no way he'd be trying to get a refund because of the attention it'd bring.

The payment went through and Tokoyami pulled out his phone. He put it in the box and patted his pockets to continue pretending, all as the man reached under the desk and laid out a personal tablet and thick looking LED bracelet.

Silently, he accepted the small personal tablet and LED bracelet that the man retrieved from beneath the desk and stared at his reflection on the dark screen. There was no post-nut-clarity for this one. Just shame, embarrassment, and anxiety swirling inside of him as the quirk screamed excitedly through their mental link.

That had better have been worth it, Dark Shadow. Tokoyami sternly told it.

'Don't worry! We're gonna make it worth it!' The quirk assured while Tokoyami took his card back and put it into his wallet. He put that in the box too.

“You two must have some big plans if you're going all out for this.” The man said.

Tokoyami was thankful that his feathers hid his irritation. “This place is uttered in rumors as a den of legend...” He lied “You made a convincing pitch and I would much rather spend the money now rather than spend *more* later, especially if such a fact is true.”

“Trust me then. This is probably the best purchase of your life, sir.” Said the man. “Is that all?”

“I believe so.” Answered Tokoyami. He was eager for this to be over.

'We have the key?' He queried his quirk.

'Mhm. Honestly, this place's security sucks, especially for being a VIP entrance. Not even cameras!'

'It makes it easier for us.' Fumikage watched the man rise from his chair and took note of the shorts the man wore. He was thankful for that, but they weren't exactly hiding much. His package was... impressive, Tokoyami would say, to put it politely.

In truth it sparked a dangerous charge of interest in him.

“Sign this.” A tablet was presented to sign. It was signed impetuously with a mess of a signature then the pad was placed aside whence it came. “Right this way to the private lockers, please.” The man said, taking the metal box with him. Tokoyami didn't speak, pretending to remain aloof while moving to step behind the counter with the man and follow him.

They walked through the doorway and into a similarly black room lit up by neon colors. The many door on the left and right had glowing locks of green and red; the podiums, islands, and mannequins spread through the open space had corners of soft black light, and the wall furthest back was lined with all manner of BDSM equipment and bondage gear for the taking. Every item here was high quality latex, making up full skin-tight suits, gags, cuffs, garters, belts, and everything an entrepreneur of the darkness' revelry could recognize. It was all proudly on display, perfectly clean.

His eyes lingered on the intricate designs of the full-body suits and the variety of gags at his disposal; he nearly stumbled as his foot clipped the floor from his new inattentiveness. His feathers rose in a blush.

Tokoyami could feel Dark Shadows excitement mounting as they both looked at everything on display. He could feel his own excitement pressing against the front of his pants, pulsing to life with eager throbs while countless thoughts of what they could do with this equipment raced through his head against his will. It was dumbfounding. All of this was available for their use...

"If you step through the left door in that little hallway, you'll enter the club through the more discreet entrance. If you go through the right you'll be in the private lounge and can access your private room from there. The other doors are both changing and locker rooms, and if their handles are red then it usually means they're taken, so find one with a green light." The man explained easily. "Is there anything else I can help you with?"

Tokoyami tore his eyes away from the equipment and looked at him without the professional lens he had been attempting to view this entire interaction through. It had been cracked by what he saw in front of him, and now he understood how people could so easily fall prey to their lust.

He was no body builder, but the man was muscular and lean, with a sharp jaw and patient eyes; he must have been a foot taller than Tokoyami and the shorts he was wearing were tight, lifting up the bulge in his pants. He drank in the sight before stopping himself then looked up.

No matter what they paid for, intentionally or not, Tokoyami was respectful and controlled. They had a mission to complete... and Dark Shadow didn't seem eager to leave. That was reason enough to linger and stay behind, right? "You specifically?" He politely started. "I

don't believe I'd be allowed, and I'd rather explore this den of depravity myself. Thank you for your guidance however."

"You're welcome." said the man as he handed over the sealed box to Tokoyami. "Put this in your locker and return it to me when you want to leave. Have a good time." The man gave him a polite smile then turned to walk away.

'He must be confused about my presence here.' Thought Tokoyami. He looked at the doors then approached one that was available and quietly stepped inside. The room was more than just a locker. It even had a private shower in the back and waterproof storage, towels, and cabinets.

DarkShadow slipped up through the waist of his pants and handed Tokoyami the key. Even though they were focused on the task at hand, Tokoyami could feel a mental tension through their connection. Dark Shadow was excitedly thinking about something and he had a feeling he knew what it was.

Tokoyami shut the door behind him then immediately tested the key card. He opened his box and checked the contents before shutting it and putting it in one of the cabinets. As he shut it, he looked to the hovering and slightly vibrating shape of Dark Shadow to his side.

"... we're not staying any longer than we need to, Dark Shadow." He told it drily.

Immediately the quirk loudly groaned. "But this is literally the perfect chance to have some *real* fun! With other people!"

Tokoyami turned around and folded his arms. "Are you saying that you're not enough?"

"No. I'm saying that *you* don't know how to have fun." Accused the quirk.

Tokoyami hummed skeptically. "Dark Shadow, you and I are on a mission. Now is no time to be considering these salacious activities." *No matter how appealing they may be.* He thought

to himself.

“But you want to!” Whined Dark Shadow.

Tokoyami thought about the music and what could be outside of those doors. He knew his quirk was right to some degree, but this was a *club*. A sex club. He doubted he'd be interested in anyone here! Or so he told himself. If the front desk worker was any indication of how the clientele looked... he pushed that away. “We can... come back later if we really want to.”

“We'll have to sneak out!”

“It's open during the day.” Tokoyami countered.

“Well I don't wanna wait! I wanna play!”

“And we can. *Later*.” He insisted.

Dark Shadow scrunched up its face and pouted. “Hmph... Fine. But we do need to let Hawks know when it's done, sooo... how about we look around when we go to find him?”

It was a good point. They didn't have communicators and, after a quick test, he knew that his own was jammed. He could relent to that reasoning and because it satiated both of their curiosities. “I shall concede to that.”

Dark Shadows excitement returned in an instant. “Yes!” the quirk started bobbing up and down happily.

With a slight smile, Tokoyami removed his utility belt, hoodie, and all other suspicious accessories including his com device and left the room in just his jeans, tank top, boots, and had the bracelet on his wrist and the tablet in hand. “Let us finish this job swiftly now. Which room hosts our target..?”

Dark Shadow shrugged and approached one of the doors, shrinking down and moving to the floor. "I can take a peek."

"Do so." He instructed.

Over the next ten minutes, the quirk diligently searched each locker room while taking care to remain hidden and hide any traces of their presence. The cracks beneath the door were small but not small enough to prevent a shadow from slipping through.

While he waited, Tokoyami waited and admired the equipment all around him to keep himself occupied. It was distracting, and that was enough to want to investigate it, so he meandered and did his best to control his thoughts. Unfortunately, being in a room of sexual equipment one would only find in wet dreams and dubious mangas made it hard to control that and made him hard too.

There couldn't be everything, though, he thought.

He looked at the tablet in his hand.

Right?

He thought about it then lifted the tablet up, powering it on. A sign-in screen was displayed, asking for his username. He put what he gave to the desk-worker. If he really was to be a 'customer', he did have to act like it... This was for his cover, Tokoyami decided.

It asked him to input a password next, which he did, and then he was free to begin searching through the app. The safe-codes for the club were the first things he saw and he had to check a box to confirm he saw them. He could see scheduled events, bar drinks to purchase for delivery in the club, room customization options, and the special controls for his bracelet after that.

Apparently its color would denote your kinks and interests... He wasn't *that* interested, but he needed to showcase something, so he scrolled through the options and there were a lot. Far more than he expected.

Force, multiple partners, top, bottom, submissive, dominant... It was detailed. He only checked off the box for BDSM (black) and, with a moment of hesitation, force (purple). His bracelet lit up and he watched the colors spin around slowly like a beacon showcasing his desire. Suddenly this palace felt much more real.

Whatever. There was a mission. Find Hawks, get out, and that was it. He was just trying to blend in, so he scrolled a bit lower, then up, and entertained himself with the screen until he slowed down to read a certain length of text.

It was a list of kinks labeled under the 'exotic' category.

He clicked it suspiciously and then suddenly, all of his reasoning to justify leaving and never coming back was toppled. Right there was a list of very special kinks.

Particularly? Watersports. They had to get on and out. That was it. The bracelet could be turned off...

With rosy cheeks, he checked the box for watersports before Dark Shadow came out.

Maybe they could find a little bit of time to explore after they let Hawks leave. They knew how to lie convincingly to cover their tracks and...

"Done!" The quirk chirped at his side, quickly resting its head the bird man's shoulder to peer at the screen. "Whatcha doooing?"

"... filling out the information necessary for our mission." Answered Fumikage.

The quirk snickered. “Keep telling yourself that, Fumi. Are we going in soon?”

“Once we drop off what we cannot take, yes.” He chose to ignore Dark Shadows' words. He'd just search slowly. For the mission. Then maybe look around once Hawks was gone. That seems like a fair compromise. “Continue filling this out, would you?”

As Tokoyami stood, he anxiously handed Dark Shadow tablet. The quirk had no shame. Tokoyami trusted the quirk to fill it all out more accurately than him. He felt nervous and embarrassed about how many options there were. There were even VIP exclusive kink rooms some nights... this erection was getting annoying.

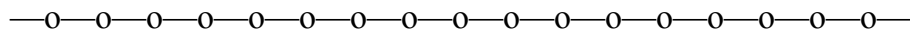
“Yup!” The quirk popped the P at the end and started humming while filling it all out, doubling back over the boxes Tokoyami scrolled past.

“I'm trusting you with that.” Tokoyami reminded the quirk.

“I know~” said quirk acknowledged.

Tokoyami put on the bracelet but didn't power it on. He didn't want it to light up with the colors of his interests yet. If it shone yellow to indicate his piss interest, or worse: brown if Dark Shadow found something more within the exotic kink list... he wouldn't be able to live with himself.

Was it bad to hope that Dark Shadow *had* found the list..? The idea of it made his stiff cock press a little harder against his underwear. He didn't know the answer. *'It doesn't matter though. We have to find Hawks and get him to leave, then leave ourselves.'* That was all he could do. It wasn't like they could do more than linger for a little bit.



What greeted his nose when he first stepped through the doors into the Noctis club was the mixing scent of perfumes and colognes from various scantily dressed bodies around him. Everywhere his eyes turned he saw strobing lights and moving bodies wearing latex, black, chains, and leather. Their arms were decorated in assorted colors of glow sticks denoting their kinks. Some were black, others purple. Some had white and silver or red. It was a sea of bodies - male bodies - that Tokoyami could hear huffing and quietly moaning over the sound of base-filled club music.

From the looks of this expansive underground club, there was a lot to 'appreciate'.

A massive circular bar at the center was the hot-spot for everyone. Everywhere else seemed cordoned off into dark hallways and rooms illuminated and trimmed with only one neon color scheme denoting its kink, and the place seemingly stretched on forever like a maze. It was impressive. It was disorienting and Tokoyami's eyes kept getting led astray to pass over different sorts of appealing bodies when his gaze followed the moving lights.

He chose to try focusing on the comfortable dependable darkness instead of the sea of swaying lights.

Surely Hawks would be stowed away in a dark corner, looking for the mark to pull them in. They had his interests on file - Hawks should have found them easily. Fumikage just needed to find at *least* one of them, so he dipped between people and went further and further.

More than a few hands and limbs brushed across his body and some even tried to feel at it. A passing man cooed at him and Tokoyami had to respectfully decline before slinking between a few more bodies in search of Hawks.

Unfortunately, there was one issue with his plan. This place... it circled. It always seemed to lead to the main lobby and bar, so he bumped into people of all sorts dressed in every kind of gear he could think of, and even none at all.

The air smelled as if it was infused with nectar, and the longer he stayed here, the more susceptible he felt to his desires.

It may have been doing certain things to him.

It was taking more and more effort to avoid certain sights as he kept searching. The closer he looked, the more he saw than before. His first lap was devoid of what he saw now. Many people were laying each other out on tables and in public set pieces to relish one-another, the moans seemed louder and more inviting, and his pre-cum was starting to wet him.

He could almost feel his own body growing hotter with anticipation and desire for something as well. He didn't want to focus on it, but it was persistent and nagging him constantly.

By the time he waded through another quarter of the room he had slowed down considerably, but it seemed to work in his favor. After minutes spent walking in a spiral, he finally found what he thought to be the back where Hawks would lurk. He took a stance at a nearby table, bordering a hidden alcove illuminated by golden light where the scent of perfume was stronger, and considered his next move.

The tent in his pants would be embarrassing for any other to see. Though they were baggy cargo jeans, it wasn't exactly the best at hiding *his* cargo. The bright yellow lights to his side were also a distracting force. He was watching it more than he was looking for Hawks.

He had to relent that he couldn't do his job as well as he'd thought.

'Dark Shadow? Seek him out, if you would.'

'On it!' The quirk appeared and slithered low to the ground in search of Hawks.

Tokoyami's focus went back to those golden lights in front of him. He stood there, waiting. Watching. Debating. It was a losing battle too. He knew exactly which kink was beyond that door, and it sounded busy. It was encouraging him to go inside and see what this place had for him. He really really wanted to see it but Tokoyami had to wait for the go ahead from his quirk and... *'Target spotted'* Dark Shadow interrupted his train of thought.

Today was a very lucky day indeed... *'Inform him discreetly.'* He responded.

'I'm great at discretion. Don't worry!' He heard through their mental link.

Tokoyami hoped that was so. He looked down at the table and his bracelet then to the golden entryway. He longed to at least spy on what was happening for a moment. Maybe while Dark Shadow was dealing with Hawks he could peek..? It was a... worthy compromise.

He felt for his connection and knew his quirk was preoccupied. He'd take this chance.

Paying careful attention to the people around him, he waited until he thought nobody was looking then discreetly stepped toward the wall.

It was well hidden, no doubt for clientele comfort if they disliked the idea of this kink. Out of sight meant out of mind after all; you had to be searching for it if you wanted to participate, which is what he had done.

He turned the corner into the room then the next and immediately his nose smelled the intoxicating mixture of perfume and golden rapids inside. It was sweaty and tinged with cum and his heartbeat fluttered. The scent which permeated the air had his throat feeling a little bit dry.

Several curious pairs of eyes landed on him while many many more eyes ignored his entrance in favor of continuing their own business as they plowed into each other and filled the room with gasps and moans that had Tokoyami wanting to stay.

Fumikage inhaled the sweet bitter mixture of smells and stepped in further. Dark Shadow would come back, take a peek, and then they'd leave, he thought. *It's just to see if I'm interested.* He didn't believe that at this point though. He was already interested as it was. Now he was in unfamiliar territory and the people had already seen him; several were watching as if debating on how to approach him. He tugged on his choker and tried to look more confident and uninterested. To look less embarrassed at the situation he'd stepped into.

Turning back *was* an option still. The people here looked almost like they expected that. Tokoyami expected that! He'd seen it; he got his glimpse! But... he couldn't move his damn feet.

Maybe if he was a little bit stronger he would have been able to. Instead he stood there, hiding his paralysis and analyzing everything while feeling his cock throb at the delectable sight of so many potentially eager men to drink from.

He could hear one of them pissing onto another person and his eyes found it immediately. He watched a man, at least six feet tall, piss directly onto another man's cock as they kissed, hands exploring each others wet bodies as if they were trying to map each other out for a cartography test. *Both* of them were streaming gold that splashed onto their shining skin while others watched with perverse interest.

Tokoyami's cheeks burned and his dick throbbed with want. He couldn't tear his eyes away. Only one thought seemed present in his mind as he watched with unmistakable interest: *That could be me...* and fuck did he wish he wasn't on a mission.

He... had to-

A gentle hand was placed on his shoulder and he jumped, nearly readying his fists, then turned to see a smirking figure beside him that was smiling kindly. "You lost, black bird?" The man asked.

The man was young with short orange hair and green eyes. He didn't know how or why - maybe it was the scent that was in the air - but he knew he could get lost in those eyes. He was dressed in leather belts around his body and Tokoyami felt suddenly naked even though he was the most dressed person here.

"A-Ah, no. I'm..." He tried to find the correct words to say. His mouth felt dry suddenly. Dark Shadow was busy. He could save himself. "Simply debating what to do next. This fetid den of debauchery is... interesting." He didn't mean to sound so uncertain and embarrassed with himself.

“Really now? That's a unique statement” The stranger peered down at his wrist, reached down, and pulled it up so the both of them could see it. “Your bracelet is off.”

“So it is...” Tokoyami felt a lump in his throat.

“How about you turn it on for me?” asked- no, *instructed* the man.

How could Tokoyami refuse those directions? He considered saying no. It'd be very easy to outright refuse and focus on his mission, but Hawks had already been found and maybe this could be... quick?

Yes. It could be quick. Less than thirty minutes, he was sure, so, against his better judgment, he obeyed with a slightly trembling hand. He held the power button until it turned on and the bright golden and purple lights shone proudly on his wrist.

His heart was about to beat out of his chest. The man smirked and took his wrists with a grin. “Do you know the safe word?”

“Y... yes.” Tokoyami choked.

“What is it?”

“Boysenberry.”

“Good boy.” Suddenly the man yanked Tokoyami forward and Tokoyami stumbled to catch up. His heart began to race while his dick prodded the front of his pants with its throbs.

Dark Shadow returned in a zip and Tokoyami could hear the other consciousness' laughter. *'It hasn't even been three minutes and you're already in here? C'mon Fumi, I thought we*

were meant to be quick!' The quirk smugly teased.

'And you were the one that wanted this. I've just considered your desires. We're only... sampling this location's services. Nothing more.' He snippily retorted through their link.

Obviously, Dark Shadow didn't believe him. *'We'll see~'*

Fumikage followed the man to a dark corner away from most other eyes and his quirk appeared on his shoulder. Tokoyami spoke before his quirk could. "I'll only permit something quick. Just a sample will do. No more than thirty minutes."

"That's just a sample?" The man laughed quietly in disbelief. *Is that more than people expect?* Tokoyami questioned. When Tokoyami looked down, he saw the man was almost hard. "I can give you a sample, birdy." He promised.

Dark Shadow purred while the host blushed at the way his words were interpreted. "Nothing that would cause a mess." Tokoyami amended quickly.

"That can happen too. Now on your knees." Commanded the man.

Tokoyami was hesitant to obey this order, but the gentle push down on his shoulder was enough to have him blushing and sinking down. Luckily his pants didn't soak up any stray liquid, meaning the floor was clean. Unluckily, his beak was at the perfect height for the man's crotch when he knelt down, and that hardening cock was twitching in front of him.

He looked up at the awaiting face of the man and finally managed to swallow that lump in his throat, then very carefully opened up his mouth and put the tip of the rousing cock into his mouth and began to suckle on its end.

"There we go... good birdy." He heard from above. Tokoyami chose not to make eye contact and instead kept sucking gently, then pushed his head a bit further down to take half of his shaft.

The length and girth was far smaller than anything Dark Shadow would normally conjure, so Tokoyami may as well have been sucking on a lollipop. The lingering taste of sex washed over his tongue, and the musky scent of the man's aroma filled his nostrils. In the environment of the club, it made him feel warm and motivated him.

The more he tasted and played with his... treat, he would call it, the more confident his actions became. It was deceptively casual yet it had his heart rapidly beating against his chest.

His tongue washed around the shaft with practiced ease, licking beneath the tip of his cock and swirling around its base, resulting in an appreciative moan from the man. "Would you like that sample now?"

Tokoyami nodded and pulled back until he had his tongue curled underneath the cock like a soft pillow for it. He closed his eyes and lowered his hands to his waist to undo his belt. The warm salty flavor of another man's piss dribbled onto his tongue, and the expectant bird couldn't help but hum in delight. He tasted... good... not as good as Dark Shadow, but this bitterness was one he could savor.

He swallowed and ran his tongue over the spilling tip, washing it in the fluid and feeling the dribble grow to a more pressurized stream. Finally, he opened his eyes to look up at the man who was staring down at him with lustful intrigue. *Does he really think this is all I can take..?*

The thought arose swiftly, and Tokoyami felt the urge to prove the man wrong. He could take far more than this. He unzipped his pants next and pushed them down along with his underwear, moving so the offending clothes were past his knees, and let his own cock bob freely in the air like a fishing pole. He then leaned further and took more of the green-eyed man's length, sucking from the straw and rubbing at his own dick with one hand while the other braced him against the man's thigh.

To others it looked like a simple blowjob, but for Tokoyami's sample it was a very unique occasion.

Dark Shadow rose to the man's side and said in an all too confident tone that drew a few eyes over to them. "You know he can handle way more, right?"

Tokoyami picked up his gentle pace and stopped swallowing the flow of piss that spilled into his mouth. He let it fill up and kept looking at the man, then pushed himself all the way down to depththroat him with ease that left the man in awe. Then Tokoyami swallowed it.

The piss that built up was swallowed with a single gulp and the man bucked his hips into Tokoyami's mouth without the ability to restrain himself and Tokoyami couldn't help but smirk.

"That's more like it!" Dark Shadow encouraged.

He was waiting for more... he liked drinking it. It was such a natural experience. He swallowed the small mouthfuls and hummed to agree with his quirk.

'Remove my pants, Dark Shadow?' Tokoyami politely requested the quirk.

'Sure thing, Fumi!' Said quirk eagerly complied, swooshing beside him and jostling the clothes away as Tokoyami lifted his knees to help get them off.

That just left him in a bothersome top, but that'd be removed once he'd had his fill of the man above him.

He could feel the stream dwindling already. It was displeasing some, but he couldn't expect everyone to be like his quirk. This was honestly a small amount for the avian. He could take so much more...

But at least this sample wouldn't take long. He could always come back later when he had more time. He continued moving his head up and down and licking along the length of his tasty lollipop while swallowing what was given to him.

After a moment of consideration, he raised both hands to the man's ass and pushed the man forward in a silent request: *thrust* .

He looked him in the eye to give the man permission as well. Where there was hesitation there was now none. The man only gave a testing thrust to be certain Tokoyami was being honest and then when Tokoyami didn't even gag the man lowered both hands to his feathers and lowered his stance before beginning to thoroughly face-fuck him.

The pace was rapid and needy, but it let Tokoyami lean back and relax as his skin prickled with the feeling of his rough hands. He vaguely sensed DarkShadow slipping off to somewhere but ignored it so he could focus on his own cock and pleasure.

He put both hands on his shaft and started to pump up and down in time with the man's powerful thrusts. *Pump, pump, pump*- it kept going too.

He let his eyes scan his environment and almost slowed down when he saw just how many people were watching their little show. He saw so many other volunteers who seemed to watch them with rapt interest.

He wanted to back down. Those feelings of shame and embarrassment were rising up again, but then the man above him started to moan and Tokoyami was reminded of just where he was.

This was a place of debauchery and lust - a place where he couldn't be outed, and a place where he could indulge. There were plenty of people to choose from. The carnal part of his mind wanted them all.

They all wanted him too, it seemed. One of them was stroking their cock to the sight of this and Tokoyami kept stroking his own. He was the center of their attention and undoubtedly they liked what they saw.

'*Hey Fumi! Guess what?*' Dark Shadow interrupted his thoughts and Tokoyami moaned for the man to continue.

'What is it, Dark Shadow?'

'They've got showe-' Suddenly Tokoyami's sight was stripped of him as the man slammed into his maw and hilted his cock deep inside of his throat.

He felt the throbbing pulse of the member rocketing out cum into his mouth and the way it oozed down his throat as he saw black since his eyes were forced to close.

It was salty gooey goodness that he could somewhat taste. He swallowed then moaned suddenly and pumped his hands faster. He felt the white cream building up in the back of his throat and swallowed again.

The words Dark Shadow had been saying returned to him again. *'Isn't that great?!'*

Tokoyami licked the dick until it was clean as it oozed cum and raised a hand to hold the man in place while still vigorously pumping his own.

'Mng... isn't what great, Dark Shadow?' He asked.

'The showers, duh! We don't have to stay clean!'

That revelation sent a tingle through him and the image of the other men washing each other with their streams came to mind.

Suddenly he pictured himself pressed between several bodies, all of them dousing him in their warmth and humping, groping at his body. His cock throbbed and he grunted before he felt the first rope of cum shoot from the red head of his penis and between the man's legs onto the floor in front of him.

Dark Shadow felt it too and Tokoyami knew that he didn't have to say anything to the quirk. It already knew Tokoyami was choosing to stay.

Fumikage pulled off of the man's cock and gasped for breath while moaning and vigorously pumping his shaft more and more as his sperm flowed out of him to splatter on the dark floor.

In pursuit of a greater high he looked at the member in front of him that belonged to the spent man. It was coated in saliva and had been thoroughly cleaned but his tongue, but it still smelled faintly of piss and seed. He leaned into it and rubbed his cheek against it while letting go to ride out his orgasm and moan quietly to himself.

He breathed in deep and felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise. Licking his lips, he looked up at the man who stood still. "How long was that?" he asked as his member continued oozing the last of his cum.

"Hah..?" Tokoyami felt a spark of pride at the man's confusion and any anxieties he had melted away. "I said I had thirty minutes and you thoroughly seem spent. I want to know how long my *sample* lasted."

Now it was his partner's turn to blush. He checked his bracelet. "Th... three minutes."

Tokoyami leaned back and removed his top then tossed it to his quirk who caught it and set it with his clothes.

He deliberated over what to say next, but the hungry gazes he had on him had decided what he was to do next. "Then I have time for other samples, and I don't think I can settle for *only* a taste." He looked toward the figure who had been pleasuring himself to his display.

Tokoyami beckoned them closer with two fingers and an inviting smirk. "I can please you more if you're still wanting." He offered his first partner as the other man eagerly approached. "I'm in no shortage of time."

Wet Work Part II: Climax

Chapter Summary

Tokoyami has succumbed to his desires, and now he's caught within the throes of the BDSM clubs golden corner. He isn't even hesitating to enjoy himself! It's the best opportunity he's had yet to revel within the dark.

Includes: piss drinking, cum drinking, excessive amounts of both cum and piss, and size difference near the end. It's all watersports this time around; we'll get messy later~

Enjoy the leap into smut! Let me know what you think, too! I'm always looking for ideas.

Chapter Notes

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

He'd been reluctant at first. He hadn't wanted to get into this position. What he'd wanted was to find Hawks; what he'd wanted was to complete the mission... But what he wanted had changed. It had taken some convincing, but soon enough Tokoyami had released his inhibitions, and that special drink he'd been enjoying for the past seven minutes was what had him tipped over. Dark Shadow had only been helping him ever since.

He opened his mouth and his loyal quirk shoved another person against his open beak with a plap as the cock smacked against it. He leaned back to take their cock eagerly into his mouth without any hesitation and started bobbing back and forth and giving the man puppy dog eyes. "Mmng~ Please~?" He moaned around the cock needily.

It was a shame that he hadn't heard of this place sooner. He was eager to make up for lost time. He'd quickly amassed a group of eager participants who were excited to see a bottom not just enjoy someone's piss but relish it. One measly sample had turned into a full course meal of every length he could find and everybody that could take him.

He slapped his ass down onto the cock of the man lying on the floor beneath him and took the whole length inside of his sopping wet walls, urine spilling out of his rear like a faucet as the man released inside of him. The urine was hot, flooding far inside of him, and his slaps were wet and loud, demanding that the self-pleasuring crowd observe.

Fumikage had never done something so messy before. It'd all been confined to those cherished filthy diapers, but here he could feel it running down his legs and balls like a trickling fountain for his pleasure.

His beak was suddenly emptied as the man pulled his cock out of his mouth so Tokoyami took the chance to breathe again before placing his hands below himself and going faster. Fumikage didn't care about what the man looked like - he only cared about how full he could be made, and so he bounced and bounced with wet slaps then felt a hand forcefully take his beak and guide his head back upward to look at that same eager customer from seconds before.

All he saw was a flash of brown eyes before hot piss started to wash over his feathers and down his chest. He closed his eyes out of instinct and turned his body to let it run all over him. "Umf~ Ah~" He opened his mouth wide and let his tongue out while carefully opening his eyes to a half-lidded state to stare up at his new partner. His new drinking faucet.

Droplets were running down his beak and the stench of piss invaded his nostrils. He licked his lips, giving the man the most seductive pleading look he could muster. His mouth was quickly filled up with the providing stream of ichor that sent shivers through him as it splashed over his face and out of his mouth.

Smack~ Smack~! Smack~ He rode eagerly and swallowed endlessly, moaning for the deluge to continue. He wanted more of them all; he didn't care who. He looked around with a lustful stare and reached toward the nearest man who was pleasuring themselves and took their cock into his grip and started pumping quickly. Oh, he was so close to breaking now.

One more orgasm~ One more, one more~! He begged as his hands pumped and then he felt it all coalesce when the man beneath him took him by the hips and slammed him down until he was balls deep inside of Tokoyami's gold-spilling ass. Load after load of cum was pumped into his walls and Tokoyami's eyes rolled back as white-hot pleasure stripped him of his sight.

The hero student was utterly blissed out. He forgot to swallow and basked in the rising waters that ascended his beak until it spilled out of him and washed his body in a golden shower. Yellow spilled down his pale skin and he had to swallow just to remember how to breathe as

his own cock twitched and white ropes shot out of it and onto the flooded and still flooding floor.

A splatter of white shot onto his face and it spilled down his hands when the man he was feverishly pumping the cock of came onto his feathers and hands but he didn't stop. He diligently gulped his personal pitcher down and moaned aloud with a keen tone and a chirp.

The gooey white substance slipped between his fingers and the men around gasped and eagerly pumped their own dicks. Each one was a treat waiting for Tokoyami or a brush for them to clean their cocks with which another man made use of, taking his feathers roughly before dragging his head to dry off his sack.

Fumikage nuzzled the man using his body and turned to another person once he was done.

Although the stream of piss had receded to a disappointing trickle, Tokoyami wasn't done with his provider yet. The man below him was filling him with his seed, so why not the man in front of him? He beckoned the finished man to his mouth with a glistening white hand and the man eagerly obliged as Tokoyami tilted his head, grabbed his hips, and pulled him in so far that his throat bulged and kept going. He had a long cock that Fumikage shoved down his velvet throat without issue.

Feeling that man desperately buck and twitch as Tokoyami pulled him deeper and moaned just for him and his cock was the highest Tokoyami had ever felt. It wasn't even ten seconds until the man's cock flared in his throat and spilled his sperm directly into Fumikage's stomach.

All Tokoyami knew was that his dick was still oozing and the man below him was mewling from pleasure. Tokoyami had been in similar conditions some nights when Dark Shadow had his way with him. This was different. It made him feel powerful. *No wonder Dark Shadow enjoys this~*

Finally relenting, he pulled off of the man's cock and went to his knees, letting his legs dip into the yellow pool that had amassed beneath his little ritual sight and pulled his head back from the man he'd just drank literally *everything* from to pant and catch his breath. He

reached outward with both hands in invitation and two heavy cocks were readily slotted into his grasp.

Fumikage started working his hands and, without delay, tilted his head back to invite them to pour him another pitcher from their straws. Pour they both did. The two men beside him with their careless aim released their bladders and let it spill along his face and body until it arced into his maw, as did the men around him take to washing him in the least clean way possible.

Some even stepped closer and planted their dicks on his feathers, rubbing and gripping his head with fists while humping against him. Tokoyami leaned into it all and fought to keep himself angled toward the incoming streams despite their rough usage of him.

It wasn't a struggle to drink it all. He was a pleasurable urinal with an ass and body dripping of piss and cum. Some of their streams were disappointingly short though, and he was aching for more. He swallowed what was left and tilted his body to let the rest spill on him.

He found one of the man's hands and looked up to him, panting. "Is that really all you have~? My quirk fills me better than all of you!" He fell to his elbows with a little splash, crawling over the man who was beneath him to get into a new position and raised his ass with a wiggle, laying his chest on the floor and crossing his arms while spreading his legs with some effort and standing them straight up in a seductive bend. "Prove to me you're truly worthy of the darkness you covet~" He commanded each of them while the last streams tapered off.

Whether stunned or drained to the point of exhaustion, no one seemed to approach for several moments. At least that was how it seemed until someone grabbed Fumikage's ass from behind and suddenly Tokoyami was seeing stars from how strong their forced entrance was. Two large hands reached under him and lifted him then, hoisting him up and stretching his ass wide to skewer the small man on the long exotically cock as he was held close to his new breeder's chest. It was thin at the tip but quickly expanded in girth and grew longer and longer - it couldn't belong to any non-mutant, that was for certain.

He trilled excitedly as he realized this, eyes going back while a rush of delight coursed through his body. His taunting had worked and he welcomed what was about to happen to him.

The big girthy cock in his sopping wet walls squelshed and filled him up more and more without care for his comfort until he was nice and full with a bulge in his lower stomach that pulsed as the man's cock throbbed inside. He moaned and a blush dusted his cheeks, but that embarrassment was washed away as more golden liquid rapidly began filling him with a hypnotic hiss.

Fumikage's feet twitched; his toes curled as he squirmed, twisting his body and puffing air from his mouth with needy squeaks. "Oh, more~ There~ Exactly like that~ Ha~ This is what I mean~!" He confidently goaded them all. He rolled his hips and grunted while watching his stomach serve as a condom for the man's piss. It was getting larger and larger with every second.

He was growing lightheaded.

Have I bitten off too much? He deliriously questioned.

The man withdrew part of his pissing cock and any emptiness he felt was filled up by the liquid gold that had his body trembling in anticipation. Then, with a deep grunt, the man drove his cock inside of Tokoyami like a stake driver, and Fumikage's treasonous doubts were driven out of his head as he shouted in delight. "*Oh fuck yes~!*"

He had certainly bitten off too much, but he couldn't bring himself to care. Lightheaded or not, he was living for this moment - fulfilling his purpose in this dark shunned corner of a club he'd certainly be returning to.

Plap! Plap! Plap! Two large hands gripped his hips like handlebars and the man started thrusting up into him like a wild animal in rut. Tokoyami's legs dangled limply; his head tilted back and his body rocked while tremors wracked him from the force. Even though the man was large enough to be directly above him and look him in the eyes, he couldn't make out anything distinct other than colors of black and white - his vision was too blurry with tears in his eyes and his focus was solely on the cock invading his walls.

Then, without any fanfare, another man stepped in front of him and planted his hands on the urinal's asscheeks and Fumikage felt the prodding of another cock that had his eyes widening as he realized what they were trying to do. The man inside of him wasn't stopping though. He

was being tugged between them and threatened by another cock that he desperately needed no matter how sore it made him in the morning.

” *Oh yes~ That's it~ Use me, you beasts~* ” His chest was heaving. He looked into the eyes of the distracted man ahead and panted, unable to manage a smirk even though he badly wanted to. They were fighting over him.

It was Dark Shadow who took the lead to manifest and grip the man's cock then shove it in place and forcibly stretch Tokoyami's ass with the other man's dick. Now with them both inside Tokoyami was seeing stars.

His vision was darkening slightly and the lights of the club dimmed while they took turns thrusting up inside him at different paces. His body didn't have a reprieve. He was nothing more than a living fleshlight now - a cum receptacle for everyone in the club to use as they saw fit.

He'd amassed quite the crowd too, and they were all trying to join in but the two hulking figures had claimed him all to themselves. If this was how they fucked in public, he'd need their names and numbers to do this again. They were *very* good partners and he wanted to know just how much they could ravage him if gravity wasn't working against them.

Not that gravity mattered this time. The force of their deep impacts was only enhanced by gravity dragging him down every time they rammed upward, and every single time they managed to ram into his prostate and leave him nearly screaming. “*Mmfk~! Ah~!! Yes~!! Yes~!!*”

It felt like they'd never stop. One minute after the next they were both continuing without displaying even an ounce of exhaustion. He felt a warm sticky substance splatter over his face and opened his mouth out of habit. The taste of cum was his reward as they kept going.

It took him several seconds to realize it was his own cum as his balls tightened yet again to bathe him in white. His ass clenched around the two invading dicks which sought to pump him full of seed and piss. He still heard a grunt as they both began breathing harder.

“ Ah~! Hah~! D... don't you want to breed me? C- anf~! Come on~! ” He wanted to feel them both burst. Even though he couldn't move his legs, he could feel every inch of them both.

His strength was returning and he started grinding his hips down and lifted his arms to hold onto the broad shoulders of whoever was in front of him and panted. “ *I can't wait to be laden with your seed~ you're both so good~* ”

Minutes and minutes passed. He rolled and tried to use his strength to make them thrust harder, to get them to cum faster, but whoever these two were they were both experienced and knew how to withhold themselves until the man in front of him suddenly pulled out and grunted loudly before an absolute deluge of cum practically erupted from his cock and absolutely slathered Tokoyami's body in white.

Tokoyami couldn't swallow all of that even if he was depthroating the man, and his beak was being filled even as it all glazed his feathers and skin like he was some type of pastry.

Tokoyami basked in the scent and bucked his hips again, cumming but only cumming dry, and it was then that the other man slammed him down deeper than before and started filling him to the point where he felt like he'd burst.

Being doused in cum from the front and filled up with it from the back, he couldn't even moan as his mind short-circuited from the pleasure. Dark Shadow hadn't even managed this yet.

He was being broken in like some sort of toy. Tokoyami didn't mind one bit, even as his gaping ass released the waterfall of cum that the man behind him was pumping into him like a white flood. It audibly splashed on the floor seconds after the throbbing pumps while the other man's incredible amounts of pearly cream finally began tapering off into more realistic spurts of seed.

Fumikage bucked mindlessly into the air and slowly regained his vision. He moaned softly as he turned to look back at who had done this to him. He knew he couldn't handle any more than this.

“Times up... ha~...” He said breathily. He could barely make out their face, but there was some part of him that recognized it. The features weren't human. No, they were mutant and... distinct... then it clicked. *Gang Orca..?*

A fiery blush ignited beneath his soaked feathers, luckily hidden by the wetness and white of his feathers. He looked down at the ground his feet couldn't touch and Dark Shadow appeared.

“You heard him. Time's up!” Dark Shadow crowishly said while placing its hands below him. Tokoyami was slowly pulled off of the orca's still throbbing member and felt a sudden coldness as everything inside of him began pouring out.

I'm doing this again... but... after considering how I feel about this. He decided. He giggled to himself almost drunkenly and barely managed to stay on his trembling feet after his quirk set him down. He was *soaked* in fluids and only a small amount of them were his own.

Dutifully, Dark Shadow went off and retrieved his clothes then began guiding him toward a section of the wall that was a hidden door. Apparently, the quirks snooping had led to the discovery of these, and after stumbling along they both made it to the showers and the bird-headed man scrubbed himself down on weak legs with the support of his quirk.

The copious amounts of scented soap were certainly necessary for how filthy he'd become.

.°+~~~~~~+°.

Hawks heard Tokoyami coming before he was even seen. It had certainly been a long enough wait! The kid had taken his sweet time for this mission and they were over their time. Dark Shadow informed him things were done but Tokoyami hadn't extracted himself quickly which was a problem.

He'd make sure to talk to him about what went wrong later. Now they had to write their reports about what happened - or at least Hawks would after taking him out for some rewarding chicken for the efforts they'd both undergone. He adjusted his jacket and put on

his smile, waiting for the kid to round the corner.

“Tsukuyomi! Glad to see you’re finally here. Took you long eno..” His intern looked *fucked* . Literally. His feathers ruffled and looked like they’d been hastily righted and preened; his body smelled strongly of soap and cologne, and he was hiding a limp when he stepped around the corner of the alleyway. *Are his clothes freshly washed too? There’s a laundromat in that place?*

Hawks didn’t know where to even begin with his intern, but he certainly had his explanation for why the kid took so long. Tokoyami looked at him and then seemed to realize the connection Hawks made. He was set with a stern look. “Not. A. *Word* . Hawks.”

He grinned, raised his hands in surrender, and laughed. “Of course, of course! I’ll just read aaall about what happened in the report.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the little joke at the end there. I've been sitting on this for ages and now its finally edited and published; I just had to write a way to close it up. As always, feel free to leave requests, ideas, or to pose hypotheticals about anything. They inspire me and that means more content.

I also review every comment, so if you don't want me to publicize your comment, just say so and I'll keep it hidden.

I hope you enjoyed it!

Keeping Things Quiet

Chapter Summary

Long train rides can be boring without anything to occupy yourself with. Luckily, Dark Shadow has an idea.

Includes: Public masturbation, cumming into diapers, and Dark Shadow being a little shit.

This chapter is shorter, but I hope you enjoy it. There's a bit of careless set-up at the end for future things that can be ignored too, if that's not your thing :3

Chapter Notes

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

The wheels of the train silently came to a halt in front of Tokoyami. He had a long ride ahead of him today to get to the other prefectures where he'd be meeting up with the Wild Wild Pussy Cats to go over his notes regarding his costume and what he could further learn from them. It may have been a bit overkill to have Hawks, Aizawa, and the whole group of the Pussy Cats teaching him but he wouldn't turn down the lessons - or the extra diapers they offered him since they didn't know if he'd been getting any. He didn't need many, according to himself. He would never tell them or anyone about how frequently he used them, and extra padding was always welcome.

He was wearing some padding right now , actually . It was below his black cargo jeans and meant for discretion today, but that was because it was comfy. He'd powdered himself, dressed himself , and gotten himself ready today so that he wouldn't have to wait to enjoy himself once he got back home after this long *long* train ride.

Tokoyami politely waited for the passengers of the train to step out before boarding it and searching for an open seat. If he could find one, this would be much more bearable - nobody liked to stand for hours at a time. He was lucky too - there was a seat in the middle of the car against a window that had yet to be taken, so he stepped forward and took it, planting his padded rear down onto the seat and sweeping his bag onto his front. He placed it between his legs and withdrew his laptop. He had three hours to occupy himself...

The game wouldn't play itself. He opened it up and powered it on, then turned up the brightness to see the screen better and sat back. He may as well get comfortable...He pulled out his water bottle, took a sip, then set it beside himself and booted up one of his many reaction-based games. There was a lot to enjoy with these games. Tokoyami had truly learned to appreciate them after he started training with Hawks; the man was all about speed and quick reactions, and this was a way to have fun while training them.

Time melted away while he sat there. Dark Shadow perched on his shoulder to watch the screen and cheered for him as he played, cawing little encouragements and daring him to do better or to crank up the difficulty. It'd gone on like this for a while too!

He was having fun. So much fun that he even forgot to unpack his charger and plug it into the train's passenger outlet. The minutes ticked by one by one, then ten by ten, then...

Suddenly the screen went black. The power light on the monitor to the laptop flickered weakly... and then... *'Bluetooth disconnected'*. The artificial voice broke through his headphones.

He and Dark Shadow stared at the dead computer and both of their expressions soured. "Of course..." he harumphed. He closed the device and looked at his phone. During their fun, not even 40 minutes had passed.

"I told you we shoulda charged it more." Dark Shadow whined.

"And I told you we could bring the charger. Which we did." he pointed out while reaching into his bag. He withdrew the cable and plugged it in, then put it into the computer. "See? Now we need only to... wait." He sighed, looking out the window past the few passengers crammed onto it.

Dark Shadow rose above Tokoyami's head and looked down with a pout. "What are we gonna do now, then? I don't wanna do *nothing*." It told him.

"Nor do I. Perhaps we can get some music. Did you pack our headphones?" Tokoyami asked. He could have sworn there was a sweat drop on the quirk. Suddenly, Dark Shadow looked a

little nervous... “Dark Shadow...” He began. “Did you forget them?”

“...” The quirk tapped its claws together and shrunk. “Maybe..?”

Tokoyami reached into his bag again and rifled through it. They had all of their usuals... but not their headphones, which they needed because earbuds wouldn't work with their feathers. He sighed. “Then I suppose we'll be waiting unless you can think of something else we can do to pass the time.” He said, leaning against the back of the seat. His feathers brushed over the glass.

Silence enveloped the two, and the duo listened to the whooshing of the train as it traveled on the tracks further out. He tapped his finger on the seat. *Tap... tap...*

“Actually...” Dark Shadow slowly began, growing from meek to confident in several seconds. “I know *one* thing we can do!” It cheerily announced.

The man looked to see if anyone was disturbed by the quirks announcement. One woman sent a look their way and he quietly shushed the quirk. “Well go on then. What has sprung to mind, Dark Shadow?”

The quirk looked around and grinned a mischievous grin. “Trust me!”

“Trust you?” He skeptically replied

“Yeah! Trust me!” And then the quirk slipped away and back into his host.

The bird shook his head. “What a peculiar beast of darkness...”

And then he felt something prod against his crotch. His eyes widened and he looked down in a panic as a small bulge slithered through his pants and beneath his diaper. He watched it

slither under his computer and he lifted it. “Dark Shadow? Dark Shadow!” He whispered quickly.

‘Trust me~’ Was the teasing response he received, and Tokoyami then felt a shadowy tendril wrap around his flaccid member and start squeezing it. He blushed heavily and quickly pressed the laptop down to cover the bulge in his jeans.

Tokoyami looked around again, sending his eyes to the woman and everyone else. Nobody, it seemed, was looking their way. “*Nuh ...*” His beak clicked shut as Dark Shadow squeezed again. He felt his member growing in the confines of his diaper. Its tip brushed against the padding and Dark Shadow maneuvered it up to lay flat against his stomach, then began to move its claw up and down.

Fumikage sucked in a breath between his teeth and righted his sitting position. *‘Dark Shadow!’* He pulled the laptop closer. A tongue ran over his balls and he gulped. He was pretty sure his quirk was laughing through their link. The hand continued moving up and down while Tokoyami sat as still as he could.

He kept looking out for someone to notice them and mercifully came up short every time. If he just kept his cool and didn’t react, this couldn’t go wrong! But what about his diaper?!

‘Just use it, dummy.’ The quirk cut him off. *‘This is what they’re for! Don’t you wanna make cummies~?’* Tokoyami cringed when he heard that. That was *beyond* embarrassing.

“If you ever call it that again, I *will* sleep with the lights on!” He threatened in a whisper. He almost moaned when the quirk took his dick into its mouth and started licking. *‘Foul snake!’* He barely covered his mouth in time to silence it. He barely withstood the urge to thrust into it.

He could feel the quirks tongue circling his shaft and licking at it. A deep pleased rumble from the quirk made his legs shake and another sound nearly escaped him. It was like a vibrator for his dick and he forcibly relaxed. “*A-Ah~*” He breathed out and pushed the warm bottom of the computer down against his lap.

The stimulation was something he craved despite it being so public. His heart was starting to thump against his chest. What if they were caught? The idea sent a shiver down his spine, and Dark Shadow sucked firmly and started shifting. The fabric rustled and his cock leaked a bead of precum. It was quickly lapped up and spread across his cock while his quirk giggled.

'If someone sees you then you'll pretend you're fine! It's pretty easy, isn't it?'

'No, it is not!' He argued back. He was expectedly ignored and instead beset by another spike of pleasure as the quirk kept working. It was hard to cum like this, but if he did and he got it over with, maybe his quirk would stop. Plus with so many eyes... *'I'm getting you back for this dark- ah- sh-shadow~'* He warned.

His warning was noted and dismissed with the same amount of zeal an underpaid employee would have whilst going on break, as Dark Shadow chose to start going faster. Fumikage could feel the quirk's excitement building and he felt his own climax rising up as well. He turned his head down and began to huff, puffing anxiously while trying to hide his face from anyone who would look over. He hoped he just looked annoyed or something. He held more tightly to his beak; the computer's plastic flexed slightly from his white-knuckled grip as he refused to make a noise.

It felt as if it continued for hours. Every second was passing by slowly and was full of tension and irritating pleasure. His fingers tensed while his cock throbbed in his shadow's throat. A quiet peep left him. It was all becoming too much, building and building and-

"Ng~!" He grunted and his feathers nearly exploded in pink from his blush. Dark Shadow had pulled off of his cock and was pumping away at it with a claw, as reckless as could be so it rubbed wildly against the soft padded interior of his diaper until his body locked itself in place and, without warning, he was filling it with warm white cum.

Fumikage's breathing hitched; he pressed the laptop down and instinctively rolled his hips upwards without thinking then quickly righted himself and stared out at the crows as he creamed himself. Strings of his seed emptied into his diaper and made it slippery and wet, only making the tantalizing slick more pleasurable with each shot that wet him.

His heart was hammering hard against his ribs as he looked for anybody who would see him, and the pleasure- *oh* it wasn't stopping. Dark Shadow was still frantically pumping away and

continuing to while the host stiffly sat in the seat with a now wet diaper full of cum.

He was ashamed to admit he was taking pride in nobody seeming to notice despite how obvious it seemed. He pressed down the computer more to get that hot warmth of its fans on his member. He dripped and oozed cum more and more until finally, it was slowing to a stop.

The horrible quirk he had wasn't done yet though. With its slippery hand, it slipped around his covered hips and wiped its hand clean on his ass before vanishing into him and appearing in front of him just in front of the laptop.

Fumikage had to catch his breath. His quirk kept up its streak of not caring.

“Sooooo?” The little devil prodded with a grin. “How was it?”

His legs were shaking slightly. He was acutely aware of every sound happening around him... and nobody seemed to be looking at him. He gulped. “... You're a *menace* .” He cursed.

“I did good though! Wanna see if we can do it again when you're all set?” Dark Shadow asked.

Tokoyami took a second to turn on the computer and check its battery. He wasn't answering that question easily. In fact, he didn't want to answer it at all! But he did feel relaxed and oddly good... The avian man stared at his reflection in the dark screen of his laptop as it powered back on. *Have I never really used these for public outings before?* He asked himself.

He didn't look haggard or like a mess. He looked... very normal , all things considered . “... when the computer next dies, then I'll let you.” He decided.

The quirk preened at that. “Yes! More fun!”

Tokoyami eased back into his seat, feeling his cock rub against the cummy insides of his diaper. “Yes.” he reluctantly agreed while he pretended to not see Dark Shadow withdraw the charger from the back of the computer. “More fun.”

—o—o—o—o—o—o—o—o—

More fun, as it turned out, happened frequently throughout the next two hours. At first Dark Shadow had been patient, but then after their second bit of experimentation the quirk was insatiable and Tokoyami was more and more willing to relent each time. The computer game wasn't as enjoyable as filling his diaper with his cum.

He liked how it slid against his cock, and how good Dark Shadows' mouth felt. He liked feeling the slippery edges of his diaper and enjoyed how it poofed out ever so slightly past his third orgasm. He loved how every time he shifted his thighs, he could feel his member throbbing for attention, and that Dark Shadow was eager to tend to it. Fumikage had even convinced Dark Shadow to be less intense, so by the time their train was nearing its stop, Tokoyami was leaning back with his eyes closed and cum oozing from the tip of his penis while Dark Shadow played.

It did have to stop though... He had to do important things, so he packed his belongings and stood from his seat to disembark. Nobody paid any attention to him while he slipped out of the doors and onto the streets of the forested prefecture. It was a nature preserve town, and there was a cafe he was to meet at .

The Wild Wild Pussy cats would be there. If they noticed anything up with his outfit, he hoped they wouldn't comment on it... They weren't in any position to judge anyway. He brushed his feathers back and got to walking. The slight squishiness of his padding was still just as pleasant as it was on the train.

Fumikage made sure to savor the feeling all the way to the Cat Cafe. It was themed after the pussycats, it seemed, and unsurprisingly full of cats. He warily stepped around them as he made his way inside and searched for the booth that the hero group occupied. They all were easy to spot in the back corner.

“Tsukuyomi!” Pixie Bob joyously called. “You made it! Come take a seat. We ordered you a coffee that should be here any moment now.” She greeted him with a smile.

Unable to refuse, he made his way over and took a seat beside the casually dressed heroes. All of them were in civilian wear. If he was less polite, he'd look down for any signs of padding. "Is this meeting expected to take that long?" He questioned.

"Only if you want to talk more, but I understand if you're busy." Reasoned Rag Doll.

"We have to give you your costume though!" Interrupted Pixie Bob "And go over the details of your next training week. You did amazing once you got over those pesky anxieties of yours, and I think it'd be great to have you on board again!"

They weren't just 'pesky' anxieties. He thought bitterly. While I now may enjoy these things, I was forced into it by my quirk and it is not for the purposes you intended. Tokoyami chose not to say that out loud. He just made a non-committal hum. *But sure.* "I'm honored. Your classes, despite their... peculiarities have proven useful. However, a classmate was able to piece certain things together and it was *very* uncomfortable to explain such things to him. So I'd do well with direction on how to conceal such support gear better - you know as well as I that not all civilians take kindly to those who depend on such tools." He punctually informed them, letting his eyes meet each and every one of their gazes.

"You hide yours too. How are we meant to do that?" Dark Shadow added. Tokoyami was glad that the quirk finally decided to be helpful. It was a good question.

Mandalay looked as collected as ever, but the rest of the group seemed a bit uncertain of how to respond. Tokoyami decided to press the point. "You taught me about disposal and other such necessities, but not concealment amid action."

Mandalay held her cup and sat up a little more. "And we're sorry for that. We'll make sure to cover it next time you visit us. I'm sure I can teach you a lot of tricks." She promised. Her hands tapped on the side of her cup. He noted it as a small sign of anxiousness. "It's useful for more than rapid response times."

Tokoyami nodded in agreement. Mandalay was right. "Please do." He crossed his arms. "I benefited a lot from your lessons... I would like to visit once more if you'll have me." *And*

seeing as I shan't be troubled by your methods of release , I can properly focus now. He thought. His wet fabric was evidence enough now that nobody paid that much attention.

“That’s the plan,” Tiger said gruffly, trying to sound encouraging. “And if you’ll let us... Sosaki?” Prompted Tiger.

Mandalay set a manilla folder on the table containing several papers inside. She slid it to Tokoyami who curiously brought it forward and opened it up. The pages were stapled together and full of words. “What’s this?” he asked as he examined it.

“A contract. To sponsor you, and another to invite you to the team as a member once you graduate.” She spoke plainly. He noted the glimmer of hope within his eyes. She wanted him to accept this for some reason.

Dark Shadow's head tilted. “But you’re all cats! Doesn’t us being a part of things go against your branding?” It asked. The quirk then pointed at Tokoyami and made little potions. “Bird guy here. Your natural prey?”

Tokoyami swatted the quirk’s hand away. “It does.” Rag Doll admitted. “But..! It’s also hard to find talent like you, and you don’t *have* to do things with us twenty-four-seven. We’d just like to back you up. It’d include things like helping you get support gear and giving you access to our resources. You’d just be on call as a hero and we’ll iron out how you’d fit in later. You could be like our tweety bird!” That was an outdated reference. Tokoyami only knew it because of his classmates' relentless jokes.

Naturally, Tokoyami fixed her with the most unimpressed expression he could from behind the folder. “...*mhm.*”

“Like she said, we can iron it out later,” Tiger said placatingly. “For now just think about it. We want to see you improve. If you want it, we’d be glad to have you on our team.”

Tokoyami examined the folder further, skimming over the words and looking for anything important. ‘ *They must really want us on their team... but for what reason ?* ’

'We're involved with Hawks.' Dark Shadow reasoned. *'They know we're gonna be great heroes! Plus it's not like other agencies haven't sent us emails'.*

Tokoyami hummed with a nod, then reached for his bag and put the folder inside. "I'll think about it." He decided. "What about the costume?"

"It's in a briefcase below the table and all yours. Even with the concealing elements." Pixie Bob told him with a smile.

He looked under the table out of the corner of his vision and sent his quirk to pull it over to them. "And it's combat ready ..?" He prodded.

"Mhm."

I hope it's not too embarrassing... I've never been one for frilly outfits. He'd since forgotten the design ideas he'd submitted and did give them a lot of creative freedom. He hoped he wouldn't come to regret that. "I may utilize it during training then. We'll see." Tokoyami told them. "For now, perhaps you can enlighten me to what I have missed whilst away from that great forest of yours."

Thus began the group's pleasant discussion about the past several weeks and the many fights they had each had with villains of varying calibers. Fumikage sipped his coffee and enjoyed a muffin while he finally relaxed. He ordered a second cup as they all prattled on for over an hour, and he shared stories of his own experiences under Hawks' tutelage. He omitted the embarrassing details, of course, but by the time it was over he felt as if he could properly enjoy their company. He had no grounds to judge them anyway after all that he'd done.

When he made it to the dorms, he'd be opening that briefcase to see what was inside. And if he left that cafe with more than just cum in his diaper once they'd finished and said their goodbyes? That was nobody's business but his own. The wetness made it all the better when his computer 'just so happened' to die again on the ride to UA.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed this shorter chapter! I'm busy with things right now, but all the feedback has motivated me to write a little bit more. I'll be writing more later - your ideas are amazing so keep them coming.

I hope you all are okay with only one orgasm and the lack of overt watersports by the way. I would have written multiple climaxes, but this chapter would have taken longer to get out and it's just the same stuff! Maybe next time I'll have them get caught? I like to keep things interesting rather than repetitive.

Does anyone have some Wild Wild Pussycat outfit ideas for Tokoyami to wear too? I keep getting distracted by him having a puffy maid outfit so it's hard to think, but if it's good enough for him to wear in public, I think he'd be more than happy to use what the Pussy Cats taught him in the streets~ Body suits work too! Or even just give me excuses for smut; I can always use them.

11. Oops!

Chapter Summary

He just wanted some apple slices, but certain other matters can really steal your attention. It wasn't intentional this time, he swears!

Includes: Scat, diaper fucking, and public spaces.

Here's a really short one! Only four pages this time, but its nothing but smut. I was looking through the comments and someone mentioned a stretching diaper being really big. I thought I'd do something with that. Hope you enjoy! :3

Chapter Notes

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

The diaper under his only pair of basketball shorts wouldn't. Stop. Growing. It was an accident! He had thrown them on quickly to hide his pleasure pampers from any watchful eyes and now he was at risk of drawing a crowd because he couldn't keep it in. One moment he had felt fine enough to head downstairs for some apple slices, the next he was clenching his cheeks together and fighting a losing battle to keep everything inside.

Now his diaper was crinkling and being filled up like a snack cake off of a faulty production line. Like a little treat was being pumped full of more and more goo, Fumikage's diaper was being filled with more and more of his waste. It wasn't going to stop any time soon, either. Not with how it was coming out.

He felt it stretch beneath his bottom, the insisting pressure of his rectum forcing more and more out between his quivering cheeks. Seconds dragged by as he clenched the knife in his grasp and held onto the countertop for dear life, his apple slices now long since forgotten in favor of trying and failing to withhold himself. It all wanted out of him and wouldn't be told no, and despite trying as hard as he could he just *couldn't* win.

The avian student grit his teeth and closed his eyes as the soft fabric of his shorts slipped up the growing lump in the rear of his diaper. This wasn't okay. He let go of the knife and tried to pull his hoodie down. What if someone walked down the stairs right now and saw him? What if someone was watching right now? His member twitched and he suppressed his annoyance. Now was the worst time to get erect at the idea. He had wanted to save this indulgence for later but now he was having a *legitimate* accident.

The feathers on his face puffed up in a blush. *What if I actually need these wretched things?* He worried as he hunched over. His stomach growled. If he actually did need these things, what would he do? Would he have to wear diapers all the time? Would it stop being a choice? Would he wet himself and have to walk around in it? What if it was like this instead? What if it was *public* ?

He shivered and his body forced another passing of his waste much to his twisted delight. It slipped out of him and stretched his asshole wider, coaxing him to chirp near silently in pleasure. Losing focus on holding it in felt *good* .

Fumikage's grip became white-knuckled right after he realized what he'd thought. *No! That's disgusting! If anyone were to find out then my reputation would be ruined!* Pissing himself was one thing, but to soil himself so publicly and openly? To enjoy it? Fumikage could almost picture it - he could see himself in public wearing only his cloak, a dark shirt, and a black diaper that was *demanding* to be filled.

It was an idea only a maniac would have, and the idea that he would be utterly helpless again - just like the first time he used these terribly delightful things - was uncomfortably enticing.

He came back to reality a moment later as he felt a new weight deposit itself in his shorts and plop against his scrotum, warm and gooey yet firm, waiting to be squished. His face was fiery hot as his blush grew stronger. He needed to leave this kitchen this instant - if he didn't, he didn't know who would walk in on this.

His cock twitched and its tip beaded with a dollop of precum. It dribbled down and he managed to regain just enough strength to twist around and put his rear against the counter. *Skluk!* The sound was quiet but he heard it and the tip of his penis flared while the movement smeared the pre over it. He hadn't accounted for his new bulge; it had just reminded him of it with the reward of thought-stopping pleasure right as he found purchase on the countertop again. "*Nnh~*" He shut his eyes and trembled.

It took too much effort for him to open them again and see the dining room. He was lucky nobody was down here, but there were so many windows. His heart stopped. He almost regained control over his faculties but then his weakness returned. What was he doing?! He had to leave!

It was a mercy that nobody was down here to see him in such a deplorable mess of a state or to see the diaper now beginning to stretch the bottom of his grey shorts. Fumikage tried to control his breathing, breathing in and out through his mouth, then set his eyes on the stairs. If he could get to his room he'd be able to let go.

He didn't *just* have to release his bowels. His bladder was screaming too. He gulped. A bead of sweat dripped down his forehead. Maybe if he made a mad dash toward his room, nobody would notice how round his shorts were getting?

Fumikage weighed his options for as long as he could stand still, but every second let his diaper get heavier.. And heavier... oh he was screwed. The weight was pulling down on his waist and cock and his dick was beginning to dribble with urine, desperate to release its own wet goodness that would make his other release so much more messy and pleasurable. What wasn't absorbed by the padding trickled down his twitching cock and balls. *So much fuckable padding... being wasted...* his traitorous mind whispered.

His stomach gurgled again and then another hold was broken, almost leaving him to fall to his knees. He lost his balance and in his momentary weakness, so much more of everything forced its way out of him and into the empty space of his diaper.

That warm wetness had him breathless, and the relief of his release had him trembling and craving more. He wanted to hump it or to squirm in it all. Why *not* do it here?

There were so many reasons to ignore that idea but as his diaper grew fuller and fuller, his mind seemed to get emptier and emptier. *Why not? If anyone were to see me, it's too late to conceal this debauchery.* With a shaking hand he pulled his baggy hoodie down further over the front of his diaper. He also pushed himself forward a bit, clicking his beak in thought. It really was too late, wasn't it?

He scanned the silent common room one more time and listened for any noises as he breathed more heavily in his focus. The silence around him made up his mind and he let go of the countertop and stumbled forward on trembling legs, now cast away from his only hope to hold it in, and everything came out.

The gushing yellow warmth of a golden bath rapidly filled the cloth around his loins and spilled down into his mushy brown cake like a busted hose. It was everything he'd wanted and *more* because he was releasing everything else too, and quickly. The diaper was filling faster than he could think, like a clogged pipe now unblocked, doing nothing but filling up whatever was nearest. The lumpy wet golden and brown diaper stretched down against the push of it until it reached the middle seam of his shorts. It pushed and pushed as Fumikage fought against buckling legs to stay upright. He was gasping, panting like a dog starved for air as the pleasure blinded nearly every sense he had.

It took him a moment to spread his legs apart and curl over some, wrists drawn to his chest and hands weakly curled as he stared at the ceiling, cooing softly. He stayed standing as more left his fuck hole and pissing member. It poured out until the middle seam of his shorts was stretched taut and then it spread out and kept sagging down, somehow not yet full, and began to peek out from beneath the legs of his shorts.

Fumikage kept panting. He couldn't help himself. Everything that left his ass was like having a long cock perpetually pulled out of him. His shit his every g spot tantalized him by changing sizes and widths and then filling his diaper- his wearable toilet- his pleasure prison, while rewarding him all the while for relieving himself like natural instinct wanted. He was a slave to it, and his cock twitched and throbbed, quickly aching to cum.

He lowered a hand to the much smaller bulge at the front of his basketball shorts and began to vigorously rub, pushing his hips against his hand and moaning softly. He was almost tempted to reach *in* just to jack himself off faster, but he didn't - not because he didn't want to but because he was already right at the edge, and with a grunt and a push, he hunched over and forced out even more of his playdough while his penis squirted white gooey cum into the diaper.

His asshole clenching with every spurt of cum interrupted the flow but he kept pushing as he came. “*Nmhg~ Hnga~!*” He was emptying every piece of himself into this diaper. His shit, his piss, his cum - he would give it everything and it gave him immeasurable pleasure in return.

It didn't matter how long it really lasted. Time had seemingly stilled as he came. All he knew was that his balls were warm and wet, his cock was slick with cum and urine, his loins were full of the world's most tempting unholy padding and that he was pleased.

When he finally did stop cumming though, he was finally able to see himself and what he'd done. He looked down at the floor while gulping down air and slowly stood. He looked first at his shaky hands with a dumb smile spread across his face, then he looked past it. He saw past his hoodie and saw the round bulge in the front of his shorts and saw beyond it just enough to see the diaper sagging past the legs of his pants, unable to fit in the already stretchy confines of his shorts. Something like triumph and pride settled in his chest. *I can't believe I did that...* he thought.

The evidence was right there though. He turned to look at his large ass and nearly laughed in disbelief. He had been so foolish to not do this in the first place... but the fight felt better, and he couldn't wait to sit down on his throne in his room.

Turning around, he looked at the apple slices he had attempted to cut and glanced around the common room to check if he was safe. The windows didn't see below the counter and the stairwells were empty. He still didn't want to take any bigger risks than he had, so he grabbed a full apple and left his already cut slices on the cutting board before stealthily hurrying to his room.

Every step jostled the contents of his favorite clothing just right. Letting him bask in the afterglow of his climax. There was so much cum and so much of everything else.

When he got to his room, Fumikage opened his bedroom door and set his eyes on his throne that was bathed in the purple light of his crystal ball and several candles. His already spent cock twitched again. The extra cushion in the back promised more of its wicked indulgences... He couldn't resist.

The door shut behind him with a click, then he made his way to his throne, raised his ass high, and fell into it with an unrestrained moan as everything rode up his thighs and subsumed his cock in its putrid blessing. He set the apple beside his phone and put the device on silent before lowering his hands to the large mound at the front of his pants. He admired it with a subtle smirk and half-lidded eyes. “*Revelry in the dark...*” he murmured lecherously.

He squeezed firmly and tilted his head back in a moan as his fingers sunk into the colored fabric.

The message that showed up on his phone minutes later asking about his abandoned apple slices went completely ignored.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this unexpected chapter~ It was a delight to write and I hope its even more of a delight for all of you despite its length!

This one was inspired by your comments and made me get up off my ass to add something more. Thanks for that you filthy gremlins ;3

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! I'm not certain if I'll post a chapter two or not. If you'd like to suggest anything, share any art, make a request, or leave any donations then just message me! I'd be happy to consider them or to publish the art in my fics. I really really enjoy Tokoyami things.

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