

Aizawa's Honey Fueled Hedonism

Under the glow of the streetlights coming on as the last few rays of sunlight dissipated and the cornucopia of sounds emanating from people walking along the busy street, Aizawa bemoaned his duties as a hero. His tired eyes were partially covered by his messy black hair, matching well with the stubble lining his cheeks and chin. The signature scarf around his neck and black outfit made him easy to identify as the hero, Eraser Head. Despite the occasional gasp from civilians glancing at him with excitement in their eyes, he just wanted the night to be over so he could sleep in the comfort of his own home.

Fear had spread through the area as the reports of villain activity increased. Making matters worse, there had been numerous cases of heroes mysteriously disappearing without a trace. With most agencies already on the lookout for their missing members, the civilians constantly pleaded for someone to help, but few answered the call. For lack of manpower, UA had volunteered several of its teachers to help survey the area. This led to Aizawa begrudgingly accepting two people to tag along with him for back up.

“Looks like you’ve got fans everywhere, huh Eraser Head?” Present Mic announced, the voice hero coming up a little too close for Aizawa’s comfort as he combed back his spiky, blonde hair.

“Are you sure they aren’t just looking at me?” Midnight added, the scantily clad, R-rated hero blowing a kiss to a group of men nearby as they gawked at her revealing outfit.

“I wish you two would take this mission more seriously,” Aizawa grumbled, ignoring his own congregation of onlookers trying to get his attention.

“No need to be so grumpy about it,” Present Mic said, putting his arm around Aizawa’s shoulder. “It’s been a while since we last got a chance to be out in the field like this. Besides,

three pros should be able to take care of any villain that comes their way. We've got nothing to worry about."

"He's right," Midnight added, putting on a show for her onlookers as she brandished her whip. "You have to learn to ease up and enjoy things every once in a while. You have to give yourself a chance to relax, otherwise you'll become a huge ball of stress."

Breaking free from Present Mic's grasp, Aizawa pulled his goggles over his eyes. "I'll relax once this job is over and I'm back home in my own bed."

"Where are you going?" Present Mic asked.

"We'll cover more ground if we split up," Aizawa answered, a flimsy excuse to get himself away from the noisy congregation. "I'll contact you if I run into anything."

The sound of civilians and his own partners gradually faded off, becoming completely absent by the time he reached an unoccupied part of town. He realized he had made a rash decision, but the peace and quiet he got in exchange for momentarily losing his partners was more than worth it to him. His moments of restful silence came to an end as he heard something buzzing towards him down an alleyway.

Getting into a defensive stance, Aizawa turned to find a woman flying several feet off the ground. A white jacket was wrapped around her torso, with a sizable hole in the back to allow her translucent, insect-like wings to keep her in the air. A black skirt came down to the knees of her fuzzy yellow legs, leaving her black furred abdomen and imposing stinger unrestrained. Her two black antennae bounced along with her as she drew closer to Aizawa. Pushing aside a lock of golden blonde hair with her grey skinned hand, she licked her glimmering, honey coated lips as her amber eyes gleamed with malicious intent.

"Who are you?" Aizawa shouted out, ready to act at a moment's notice.

The bee woman let out a childish giggle. “You can call me Hachi. It’s what I usually allow my adoring followers to call me. You’re Eraser Head right? I’ve heard so much about you and your stressful life as a hero. I think you’re the perfect candidate for my special treatment.”

“What are you talking about?”

Hachi let out another laugh as she slowly drifted over to him. “It might just be easier to show you. Stay right there like a good boy and let me give you a taste of my quirk. It’ll make all your troubles go away.”

In a flash, the bee girl flew straight towards Aizawa. Lifting up the hem of her skirt, she turned to sink her impressive stinger into his leg. Easily dodging the attack, Aizawa activated his quirk to stop Hachi’s wings from buzzing. Slumping to the ground, Hachi looked around in confusion.

“Why are you being so mean?” she asked, taking on a pouty look as she stared up at him with puppy dog eyes. “I just want to show you my love and be loved in return. I’ve already done it to so many other heroes, but you...I see something extra special with you.”

“So you’re the one responsible for kidnapping heroes?”

“I wouldn’t call it kidnapping,” she replied, straightening out the wrinkles on her skirt as she stood up. “It’s more like they were coerced into living a much simpler, more enjoyable life in exchange for showing me unconditional love.”

Rather than risk Hachi getting away, Aizawa whipped around his scarf to restrain her. Wrapping her up tightly, he dragged her over to his feet. “You’re going to tell me where you took the other heroes, now.”

“Sure, I’ll even show you where they are. AFTER I get a turn with you of course.”

“I told you, that’s not-“

Aizawa found himself blinded as Hachi shot a sticky substance from her mouth into his goggles to blind him. The momentary lapse of his quirk was the moment she needed to sink the tip of her stinger into his lower leg. He released his grip on his scarf in order to jump away before the stinger could plunge further into his body. Tossing aside his goggles, he kept one eye on the bee girl to keep her immobilized as he glanced down at his leg. Inspecting the spot where he had been pierced, he noticed a trail of gooey, yellow substance dripping from the wound.

“Awwww I’m sorry. Did that hurt?” Hachi asked, looking like a child toying with a doll. “If you want, I can give you a kiss to make it feel better.”

“What did you do to me?”

Hachi smirked. “I’m not telling. It’s more fun that way.”

“Stop playing around and tell me what you BWOOOOORRP!”

Aizawa stopped dead in his tracks as he felt something drip down his chin. Bringing his hand to his face, he swiped his fingers around his lips. Holding up his finger, he examined the droplets of a sticky, golden substance. “What is this?”

“Honey of course,” Hachi said. “Right now, your entire body is filling with it.”

Wiping off more drops of honey leaking from his mouth, Aizawa stared at Hachi and activated his quirk. While her wings stopped buzzing, he still felt something gurgling inside of his body. Putting his hand against his queasy stomach, he felt a sizable lump bloating out of his mid-section. Pressing down on the unsightly bulge sent a gas bubble rolling through his intestines to come out as a squeaky fart that fluttered the end of his scarf.

“Why isn’t it UUURRP stopping?” Aizawa asked, clutching his still swelling stomach.

“Once my venom is injected, the effects won’t stop until you’ve fully transformed into my ideal servant in both body and mind,” Hachi explained, using his momentary distraction to fly down the alley. “I wonder what you’ll look like once you reach your-“

Hachi barely dodged Aizawa’s scarf flying at her. Aizawa cursed at himself as the shot went wide, knowing it should have been an easy target for him. Reeling back his scarf to take another shot, he stumbled as his belly lurched forward. Struggling to regain his footing, he let out another burp that sent droplets of honey spewing from his mouth.

“You’re coming along quite nicely,” Hachi commented. “Let’s have some fun.”

With blatant disregard for her safety, Hachi flew straight towards Aizawa. His attempts to ensnare her again fell flat, bringing endless joy to the bee woman as she buzzed around him. As he continued to swing about, he could feel the honey filling his belly jostling around. Left with a sizable potbelly peeking beneath his shirt, he tried one last time to wrap up the elusive bee girl only for his scarf to get stuck on the honey clinging to his chin.

Aizawa’s pointless struggling became slower as his belly continued to swell and his gas continued to sputter out from both ends. His growing gut brought along with it a sense of fullness that conveyed a strange lethargy that spread though his body. He had to stop as he was stricken with a sudden lightheadedness. It felt as if the honey was pushing out his thoughts with each gallon pumped inside of him. Shaking his head back and forth to try and recover left him open for Hachi to come charging at him and pin him to the ground.

Leaning down, Hachi rubbed her face against his distended gut. “Mmmm, feels so nice.” Keeping Aizawa still, her hands massaged over his body, pressing against his chest and giving his butt a squeeze. Taking a finger, she pushed down on his gut force a fart out of his swelling rear. “Hehehe, someone’s a little gassy.”

“Release me BWOOOOORRRP now,” Aizawa belched.

“Does it matter? Your fate has already been sealed” Hachi said, reaching down and pulling up his shirt to reveal his bloated stomach. Tracing her finger through the coarse, black hair around his belly button, she let out a satisfied exhale. “I know it seems a little weird at first, but in time you’ll come to understand. Well, you’ll at least stop caring about your old self and entrust your future to me.”

With a grunt and a fart, Aizawa flipped himself over to throw Hachi off. “I’m stopping this now!” he shouted, twirling about his scarf.

“Awww, but we’re not even half way there,” Hachi pouted.

“I don’t care. I’m taking you in, you’re going to tell me how to stop this, and I’ll BWOOORRRPPP.”

Stumbling about in his own burp cloud, Aizawa felt a sense of wooziness overtake his mind. Momentarily ignoring the way his belly further lifted up his shirt, he clutched his head in an attempt to focus. His thoughts were plagued with the same light headedness, seemingly beckoning him to stop worrying and relax. The errant thoughts were dismissed as he heard a loud tearing noise come from his lower body.

Keeping one eye trained on Hachi, he glanced over his shoulder. A small tear had formed in the seat of his pants, showing of his butt crack peeking out from his underwear. An unsettling gas bubble forced its way out of the ballooning rear with a small squeak. Reaching to clench his nose, the smell that drifted into his nostrils was akin to sticking his face into a jar of honey.

“Ooooh, smells as great as it looks,” Hachi commented as she buzzed near his rear to properly appreciate the aroma.

Aizawa swayed about his body in an attempt to attack, but that only served to further delight his tormentor and rip apart his underwear. His swelling gut drooped further down as he continued to grow, pushing aside his legs and making it harder to move. With his belly reaching a size comparable to a woman pregnant with triplets, he hunched over to catch his breath.

“Awwww, are you getting tired?”

“Shut BWOOOOOORRP up,” Aizawa shouted, spattering the front of his shirt with more honey.

Knowing he was fighting a losing battle, Aizawa dug his fingers into his pocket to pull out his phone. Holding it up in an attempt to call for help, he was met with a lock screen. His finger stopped an inch away from the screen as he struggled to recall what the code was. Too busy straining his brain to try and remember, he failed to notice how little of his outfit was left.

A fart blasting out of his widening rear shook his body with enough energy to both rip apart the rest of his pants and knock his phone out of his grasp. Reaching down to try and pick up his phone was made all the more difficult with his belly blocking his view of everything below his waist. He had to stop as his torso came bursting out his shirt, revealing the taut flesh orb underneath. Left standing in the alleyway with only a few shreds of cloth clinging to his body, his last hopes of defense disappeared as Hachi effortlessly pulled away his scarf.

“Give that UUURRP back!” Aizawa called out, overextending his pudgy arm and forcing out a reverberating fart.

“Didn’t anyone teach you how to share?” Hachi asked, rubbing her face along the honey soaked fabric. “Besides, it’s not like you need it. Your chest hair seems to be doing a fine job of soaking up your sweet nectar.”

Scrunching up his neck, Aizawa watched as the droplets of honey from his mouth slowly dragged through his bushels of chest hair. As the sticky trail reached the hair around his stomach, he watched as two other honey trails joined it as it reached his belly button. Looking to the sides, he noticed his pecs had started to sag down as they took on his swelling weight. From the tips of his nipples droplets of honey gradually trickled their way downward.

“Wait, how is this possible? Men aren’t supposed to...um...”

“Poor boy, so full of honey even his brain is being pushed out,” Hachi commented, running her fingers through his hair. “The word you’re looking for is lactate. It’s one of the more enjoyable side effects of my venom. Makes it all the more fun for both of us.”

Hachi reached out and grabbed one of Aizawa’s man boobs. She found simple joy in the way it bounced in the palm of her hand. Squeezing her fingers around his nipple, she produced a spout of the sticky substance that shot out to pool at his feet. Opening up her mouth, she wrapped her lips around the leaking man teat to sample the flavor. The feeling brought a strange sense of ease to Aizawa, conveying a twinge of pleasure unlike any he had experienced before.

“Get BWOOOOORRP off bee person,” Aizawa said, pathetically batting her away with his pudgy fingers.

“Fine, I’ll leave those to fully ripen. Guess I’ll just occupy myself with something else in the meantime.”

Buzzing behind Aizawa, Hachi approached his derriere with open palms. Gliding her hand along the bare butt, she was delighted by the way her fingers sunk into the doughy flesh. Pulling back her hand, she smirked as she gave the meaty rear a slap. The impact blew a gust of honey-scent gas into her face and sent a strange shiver of euphoria up Aizawa’s spine.

“N-no touch butt,” Aizawa muttered, biting his lip to muffle a moan.

“Oh, did I find something sensitive?” Hachi asked. “Here I thought it would be your cute little tummy considering how big it’s getting.”

Swiveling his head back, Aizawa was horrified to see his gut distend further out into a rounded sphere of flesh and honey. The sticky substance leaking from his mouth and moobs coated the hairs on his stomach as it travelled down his body. More than a few drops sunk their way into his deepening belly button. Every slight jostle of his body sent more of the sticky substance cascading down his form to coat him in the golden syrup.

As Aizawa reached out to try and wipe off the honey, Hachi buzzed over to grope his stomach. His attempt to shoe her away again was interrupted by a moan escaping his mouth as her fingers circled his belly button. The motion of her hands and his growing body left him shivering as his mind was bombarded with a variety of powerful sensations. Everything that used to be Aizawa gradually leaked out. His memories, his knowledge, his very being were pushed to the side to make way for a mind that could only focus on one thing: pleasure.

“M-mmmmoouuuUURRPrreee,” Aizawa belched, honey flying out of his mouth to scatter across the ground.

Hachi hovered up to Aizawa’s face. “What was that?”

“Me want BWOOOOOOORRRP more from bee person,” he answered, capping off with a loud BRRAAAAAAAPPPP from his rear.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get plenty of my love and attention,” she said, wiping droplets of honey from the sides of his lips. “However, you’re not quite ready yet. You still have some growing to do.”

“But I want it noooooooooowwww,” Aizawa whined, flapping his arms against his love handles and coaxing out a few honey-scented squeaks from his rear.

“Now, now, no need for that,” Hachi said, pushing aside loose strands of hair from his face. “I’ll help you through it, but on the condition that you will call me by my name and listen to my every command. Do you understand?”

Aizawa nodded his head.

“Then let me say it slow. My name is Hachi. Ha. Chi. Repeat it.”

“Hachi,” he said.

“Again.”

“Hachi.”

“Once more.”

“HaUUUURRPchi!”

“Very good,” Hachi said, rubbing his two chins. “Let’s get to work shall we?”

Buzzing behind Aizawa’s bountiful back, she landed close to his rear. Hugging what she could of his globular butt cheeks, she let herself sink between his crevasse-like ass crack. Her fingers traced the swelling rear, feeling for the right place to strike. Finding just what she was looking for, she gave him a hearty slap.

The impact acted like a trigger to force a whirlwind of gas out of his anus. Covered in the sweet smelling fart, Hachi wasted little time giving the same treatment to his other butt cheek. The second blast brought with it another handful of ass fat as Aizawa continued to swell up. Enamored by the smell and his progress, Hachi’s hands worked double time to grope and slap his swelling backside. By the time she had gotten her fill, his ass resembled a pair of reddened apples the size of bean bag chairs. However, it still wasn’t enough for her.

Walking around to the Aizawa’s front, she peeked underneath his swelling stomach. Underneath the shadow of his growing form and hanging above a pool of honey was a clear sign

that the dumbed down hero was enjoying his treatment. Sharing his same level of eagerness to continue, Hachi jumped face first into his gut.

Pressing her form into his belly helped to push several burps up his throat. Her hands traced over the sticky hairs lining his tummy to revel in the feeling of its growth. Getting down on her knees, she opened up her mouth and let her tongue trace across the droplets of honey that hung from his underbelly. She didn't care about the way her outfit was drenched in his honey, nor the way her fingers occasionally intertwined with his sticky hair. The moans that emanated from Aizawa were more than enough to get her to venture higher.

Dragging her tongue along his rounded belly, she attempted to lick clean every last drop of honey. The act helped to let her sample his sweet flavor, alongside giving her a firsthand experience of feeling his stomach reach the size of a small car. Done giving the rest of his gut attention, she let her tongue dive into the well of honey that had seeped into his belly button. Coming back up to lick lingering drops from her lips, she turned her attention to further up his body.

Climbing atop his belly, she sat down to take in the sight of his drooping pecs. Each man boob would have put even the most buxom woman to shame, each large enough for Hachi to fit inside. A glimmer of hunger crossed her mind as she watched the sweet nectar drip from his nipples, cementing where to give him attention next.

Latching onto Aizawa's right moob like a newborn babe, her fingers pressed and kneaded his pec to release more honey into her mouth. Between his moans growing in frequency and volume, she heard what little control he had left of his gas fall to pieces. The slightest nudge of her knee against his belly was enough to send out a torrent of gas from both ends to bathe the

area in his sweet scent. Moving over to the other nipple, she could feel his body shivering at her touch as his arousal grew alongside his size.

With a loud pop she removed her mouth from his nipple. Wiping her mouth clean, she sank her fingers into his man tits to reach his upper torso. Taking a moment to rest and run her fingers along his chin, she looked down to survey her work. The once famous Eraser Head had been reduced to little more than a gigantic, fleshy sphere of honey and gas. His legs had become pinned beneath his belly, leaving his only form of movement to be the weak flapping of his pudgy arms against his sides. She had trouble deciding if either the leaking globes hanging from his chest or his constantly reverberating butt cheeks were larger. However, the part she found herself most enamored with was the glazed over look in his eyes that ensured he was completely under her control.

Wrapping her arms round his thick neck, Hachi locked her lips with Aizawa. Letting her tongue intertwine with his, she sampled his sweet saliva. As her fingers grazed his back fat and brushed through his hair, she could tell through his body's constant shaking that he was reaching his breaking point. A belch rolling up Aizawa's mouth and entering her mouth was the thing that finally got her to release.

“Heheheh, that tickled,” she said, rubbing her fingers against her mouth.

“P-please bee lady me want UUUURRP sex. “

Hachi shook her head. “Now what did we discuss beforehand?”

Aizawa gave her a blank stare, a lone drop of honey laced drool running out the side of his mouth.

“If you want to be serviced you have to address me properly.”

Struggling through his simplified mind, he turned his face red in an attempt to come up with the answer. After several seconds of frustrated grunting and accidental puffs of gas, his eyes went wide. “Hachi! Bee girl is Hachi!”

“Good boy,” Hachi said, kissing him on the cheek. “As a reward, I’ll help you get rid of your pent up stress.”

Taking flight, Hachi grabbed hold of Aizawa’s shoulder. Gently pushing him backwards, she lowered him to the ground. “Just sit back, relax, and let Hachi take care of you,” she said, leaving him lying on his back, she crawled across his body.

Hachi lingered for a moment at the center of his gut. Spreading herself along the honey drenched sphere, she ran her fingers through his sticky hair. The feeling of taut flesh beneath her body and the irresistible aroma Aizawa emitted with each prod made her mind go wild with the possibilities of what to do with him. Her thoughts of where she could fit him in her warehouse of hypnotized, honey-filled lovers were interrupted by a pleading half-moan half-belch from Aizawa.

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” she said, giving a gentle pat to his belly button. “I’ll take care of you right away.”

Sliding her way down his stomach, she lifted up his underbelly and spotted her prize. Surveying the erect object, she wasn’t sure if she could handle him. Licking her lips in anticipation, she opened her mouth to help ease his arousal.

“ERASER HEAD!”

Hachi paused as the unmistakable voice of Present Mic echoed through the area. “Isn’t that a shame?” she asked, pulling away from Aizawa’s undercarriage. “Sorry, but we’ll have to

finish another time.” Flying up to his face, she gave him a quick peck to the cheek before flying off into the night.

“Don’t BWOOOOOOOORRRRP go!” Aizawa pleaded, pointlessly reaching for Hachi as his bloated form left him completely incapable of moving on his own.

The sound of two people running down the alleyway temporarily made Aizawa look away from his master. Turning his head towards the sound, he saw a man and a woman in funny clothes approaching him. While he couldn’t remember who or what they were, some part of him recognized them as his friends.

“Friend help,” he said, reaching towards a confused Present Mic and Midnight. “Me want BWOORRP sex.”

“Eraser Head is that you?” Midnight asked, staying a safe distance from him and the pool of honey surrounding him.

“UUURRP who?” he replied, mindlessly scratching the sticky hair on his chest.

“That’s you,” Present Mic answered, his usually happy face absent upon looking at the state of his long-time friend.

“Oh,” he replied, letting a fart spew from his rear, “who you?”

“We’re heroes like you,” Present Mic added, covering his nose.

Aizawa put a hand to his honey soaked lips. “He...ro? What that?”

“What happened to you?” Midnight asked, walking around his corpulent form. Daring to reach out towards him, she gave a gentle push to his gut with her finger.

“Mmmmmmmmm,” he said, wriggling his limbs as a loud PHHHRRRRRTT echoed from his rear. “Me...want...feel...good. Bee girl...no...Ha...chi mean and leave.”

“Hachi who is-“

“BWOOOOOOOOOORRRP me need good feel!” he whined, letting out a prolonged fart as he bounced his gut back and forth.

“What in the world are you...” Present Mic trailed off as he peeked underneath Aizawa’s stomach. “Is that honey dripping out of your-“

Aizawa silenced him with a thunderous fart as he wriggled his body about. “No question, only good feel. Me want UUUUURRRP sex! Me want sex! Me want...”

A sweet scent intermingling with his honey aroma wafted into Aizawa’s nose. All of his strength began to dissipate as his eyes slowly drifted close. “H-hachi help feeeeel goooooood,” he said as he drifted off into a peaceful slumber.

“That should keep him sedated for a while at least,” Midnight said, pulling back her arm sleeve.

“What do we do with him?” Present Mic said, sidestepping the puddle of honey. “Call an ambulance?”

“I don’t think he’d want to be seen like this,” Midnight answered, glancing across his still leaking man tits. “It would ruin his career. Maybe we should give recovery girl a call.”

“She can take care of a lot, but I don’t know if her quirk will work on something so...strange.”

Left without an answer, the two heroes continued to discuss possible options with the background noise of Aizawa’s snoring and the occasional gassy outburst. From atop a nearby rooftop, Hachi waited and bided her time. When the right moment came, she would have the perfect opportunity to add two more loyal servants to her harem of honey fueled hedonism.