

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

Poll Winner

Themes: Threesome, Rough Sex, Fucked Silly

Summary: Part 2 of [Strip Club Investigation](#). Apparently the group Mina, Momo, and Ochako were investigating has more than one club, and those clubs also have heroines trying to infiltrate them. After helping the girls at one club, the ones at another contact him to do the same with them. On one hand, going to several strip clubs to get banned for railing their dancers sounds insane, on the other hand, he's being invited to have sex with multiple gorgeous women on multiple occasions. Despite his misgivings, he decides to start by helping Nejire and Camie in the club closest to his apartment.

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“Hey there handsome, why don’t you let us take care of you?”

Suffice to say, Izuku really hadn’t expected to find himself in yet another Strip Club being escorted into a private room by yet another pair of undercover heroines. But when Momo herself had contacted him and asked him to further help them out with their operation, how could he say no?

Of course, Izuku really hadn’t realized just how widespread this whole investigation of theirs truly was. It was sort of mind boggling to him, but it wasn’t his place to question the feasibility of a bunch of Pro Heroes going undercover in a bunch of strip clubs. It was up to them to avoid getting caught, he figured. And if he could help them sell their covers... so be it.

And so here he was, in a bit of a disguise, his hair color changed to red and even wearing colored contacts and different clothes. Even though this strip club was owned by the same people as the last one, he hadn’t been recognized in the slightest since he was going by a completely different identity.

Meanwhile, he'd been picked up almost immediately by the two women he was supposed to be meeting with. Nejire Hado and Camie Utsuhimi. Unlike the last three, Izuku honestly didn't know Nejire or Camie that well. They were acquaintances at best, but really it was more like he knew *of* them rather than actually knowing them.

He wasn't sure if that made it better or worse, having them rub against him while dragging him into the back of the club. As they push him into a seat, both are looking at him with warm smiles though.

"Thanks for doing this for us."

"Yeah, it means a lot having you help us."

That makes him swell with pride. He nods wordlessly, accepting their gratitude with as much composure as he can. Of course, then they both begin to move... giving him a private dual strip dance right then and there that causes other parts of him to swell.

Nejire and Camie... they're both unbelievably hot, of course. Just like Momo, Mina, and Ochaco were to be fair. Female Pro Heroes are almost all in amazing shape, the beauty of their femininity combined with the fitness of their athleticism to make them some of the most gorgeous women in all of Japan. In that regard, Nejire and Camie were no different.

What set them apart, really... was the routine. They don't just strip down for his viewing pleasure, standing next to one another but also apart. Rather, they also come together as they lose their clothing, rubbing their bodies against each other and even kissing as they embrace and then pull away and then embrace again.

Izuku watches with a dry mouth, his tongue tracing out to wet his lips as they really go at it. He can hardly believe how provocative and sexy they are... then again, that's kind of the point isn't it?

Finally, both of them completely naked, they saunter over to him hand in hand and drop to their knees in front of him. Izuku's cock is pulled out a moment later, revealed in the private room's artificial lighting for Nejire and Camie both to coo over. Then, they promptly wrap their tits around his dick, giving him a dual boobjob right then and there as they lean in close and begin kissing again.

Izuku groans, grabbing the arms of the chair for dear life and tilting his head back as Camie and Nejire both slide their breasts up and down his length all while making out heatedly with one another. Do they have some sort of lesbian relationship outside of all of this? Or is it all just to add to his pleasure?

Izuku doesn't know one way or another... nor is it his place to know. In the end, it doesn't matter... not as much as making sure their covers are unassailable matters. In that regard, Izuku leans forward and places a hand atop each of their heads, getting a bit more into it... a bit more proactive.

He pushes their lip locked mouths down towards his cock as it pushes out of the top of their combined cleavage and Nejire and Camie respond by adding his dick tip to their kissing, making it a threeway lip lock with his cockhead. They let out cute, muffled moans, even as Izuku groans in satisfaction, shuddering all the while.

Until finally, he can hold back no longer.

"Fuck... here it comes!"

With a louder groan than before, he tips over the edge and starts to cum. Despite his warning, he doesn't think Camie or Nejire are ready for the sheer amount of seed he's letting off. The volume of his load definitely catches the two beautiful women off guard and they wind up hosed down by his cum, their faces and tits covered in the stuff.

By the time he's done cumming, his balls emptied momentarily, they're both blinking and wiping the seed from their eyes, looking a little baffled by how big his load was. Of course, then they look down... and see that he's still rock hard.

Exchanging a glance, Camie and Nejire seem to come to a mutual decision and rise to their feet in unison. When they turn away from him, Izuku momentarily wonders if he's done something wrong and they're ending this whole thing early.

But no, instead they walk over to the nearest table and proceed to bend over it together, both spreading their legs wide and lifting up their asses to expose glistening wet pussies. Looking back over their shoulders with cum-covered faces, they offer Izuku messy smiles as they also offer their cunts up for the mounting.

"Give is more, big guy~"

"Don't hold back now~"

And then, to really add on to the temptation, they turn to one another and engage in yet another lip lock. This time though, they're as focused on licking and sucking the cum off of each other's faces as they are on kissing.

The sight of them making out and cleaning each other up with their mouths and tongues while bending over and presenting themselves for the taking... yeah, it's not exactly difficult for Izuku to rise from his chair and make his way over. Rock hard cock bobbing along, the only difficulty he encounters... is deciding which to fuck first.

But hesitation is not the name of the game right now. The name of the game is to fuck them both silly and get his new identity banned from this club while securing their covers as proper whores.

With that in mind, Izuku just steps up and grabs Camie by the hips, not bothering with further indecision. He's going to fuck them both anyways, after all. And so he slams into the blonde from behind, causing her to let out a muffled squeal into Nejire's mouth as her pussy immediately clamps down on his cock and rhythmically squeezes his dick.

Even as she orgasms upon penetration, Izuku just grunts and grips down more firmly on her hips, fucking in and out of her hard and fast without hesitation. Her

body is to die for, the perfect blend of curves and muscle in his opinion, and he certainly has no problem pounding her for all he's worth.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

The sound of flesh slapping against flesh fills the room and Camie's pussy grips and squeezes Izuku's cock as she shudders her way through orgasm after orgasm. All the while, her and Nejire are still kissing, though the more he fucks Camie, the more Nejire has to take over the lion's share of the work as Camie's eyes start to roll back in her head from the pleasure.

Eventually, Izuku reaches the point of no return again. His balls churn, his cock pulses, and with a groan, he finishes inside of Camie, pumping a hot thick load right up into the undercover heroine. He fills the blonde to the brim and then some as she shakes and shudders beneath him.

Finally, her lips fall away from Nejire and she's left gasping and panting, fully face down on the table, barely able to keep from sliding off of it as she lays there shuddering.

Pulling out of her cunt, Izuku just steps over to the other woman in the room and grabs Nejire's hips next. The blue-haired heroine is still staring at her partner's fucked silly expression when he drives home into her from behind, making her moan sound surprised even though she should have known it was coming.

Reaching out, Izuku grabs hold of Nejire's voluminous blue locks with one hand and around to grope one of her tits with his other. Then, he starts to really fuck her as deep as he can, plowing into her just as hard and fast as he did Camie.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

"Ooooooh~"

Unlike Camie, Nejire doesn't have a pair of lips to muffle her moans, however. She gets loud and she gets loud fast as Izuku takes her to pound town, her body trembling and quivering and shuddering in ecstasy. He tries not to get too caught

up in how good it feels or how good he's making her feel, truth be told. This was supposed to be a mission after all, a job. It's not meant to be about their pleasure.

And yet, there's something undeniably amazing about fucking the slightly older woman bent over the table in this private room in the back of a strip club. There's something incredible about dominating her with every last inch of his sizable member, plowing her deep and hard and fast without giving her a moment of respite.

It's all part of the act, Izuku tells himself. It's all part of the persona. He's not really like this. He's not really this sort of man... or maybe he is. But would that be such a bad thing? Surely not since both Camie and Nejire seem to be enjoying it just as much as the other three did.

Nejire cums for him countless times, until finally Izuku can hold back no longer. With a heartfelt groan, he cums deep inside of her, just as he did with Camie, filling her to the brim and then some.

And just in time too, because no sooner as Izuku tipped over the edge then the same thing that happened at the last strip club happens. The door opens and the club's security comes in to escort him from the premises. Izuku has been banned from yet another strip club, though this time it's a different identity.

He's not sure how many times going to one of these strip clubs in a disguise will work before they finally realize it's all the same guy. But according to Momo, there's quite a lot of other heroines who need his 'help' at a lot of other strip clubs. So Izuku supposes he'll just have to see how long he lasts... because as things stand, he won't give up.

He'll go... Plus Ultra.