U.A.'s BDSM Club

by purpleho

Summary

Somehow Izuku finds himself engaging in a peculiar after school activity.

Notes

this is basically going to be a kink dump, not exactly pwp but maybe close depending on your definition. comments and criticisms are always appreciated. like, pls tell me if my writing is shit. also i re-read this a couple of times but typos always happen so pls excuse those. anyway, enjoy~

chapter specific note: i'm pretty sure it's cannon that kaminari can't control how much electricity he discharges (i'm anime only) but for the sake of this fic he can control it. :)

U.A.'s BDSM Club

Rating: Mature
Archive Warning: Underage
Category: F/M, M/M
Fandom: 僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia
Relationship: Kaminari Denki/Kirishima Eijirou/Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku/Ashido Mina, Midoriya Izuku/Sero Hanta, Bakugou Katsuki/Midoriya Izuku, Bakugou Katsuki/Uraraka Ochako
Additional Tags: these are not romantic pairings, BDSM, Non-Sexual Intimacy, Erotic Electrostimulation, Dominatrix, Light Masochism, Light Bondage, Sensation Play, just some good old wholesome fun with the bakusquad, Omorashi, Piss Play, Urination, Feminization, Crossdressing, Wax Play
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It all starts with a collar.

Kaminari wears chokers often, gets yelled at by Iida constantly for “not following dress code”. He’s got this punk mixed with skater fashion sense and shops at alternative clothing stores with Jirou on the weekends. So it isn’t necessarily weird when he walks into class one day with a more expensive looking leather choker wrapped around his neck. It has a flat silver charm dangling off the front that jingles slightly when Kaminari moves.

Izuku stares at it longer than maybe he should.

He watches from the other side of the classroom, gaze slightly shifted away from Uraraka, who is chatting at him, and angled towards Kaminari as he messes around with Jirou and Yaoyorozu.

Izuku’s eyes follow the dangly silver charm and for a second he feels hypnotized. It looks nice on Kaminari, the black leather a stark contrast to the pale skin of his neck that it engulfs.

It almost looks like a dog collar and the implications of that make Izuku shiver. He wonders how he’d look in something like that.

“Isuku-kun?” comes Uraraka’s voice, snapping him out of his thoughts, “You okay?”

Izuku swallows and re-focuses on his two friends in front of him.

“What fine,” he says, a hopefully re-assuring smile plastered on his face. He turns his attention back to their conversation with thoughts of Kaminari’s choker fluttering around in the back of his consciousness.

He’s not fine.
Izuku stares at Kaminari almost all day. He doesn’t pay attention in class at all, his eyes constantly finding their way back to that thin piece of leather. He doesn’t quite know what’s so enthralling about it, what makes it any more special than the usual chokers Kaminari wears daily.

It’s just different.

Izuku doesn’t realize how obvious he’s being about his interest in the choker until he’s confronted

It’s after their usually physical hero training at the end of the school day. Everyone changes out of their sweaty training wear quickly because the faster they’re back in homeroom, the faster they’ll be dismissed for the day.

Izuku always finds himself as the last one in the locker room. He undresses slower than the others because he’s still slightly self conscious about baring all in front of everyone. By the time he changes his pants only two others are left in the room, not paying him any mind, so he feels more comfortable and changes fully into his normal uniform before gathering his things.

“Hey Midoryia,” a voice says from behind him.

He jumps a bit, recognizing Kirishima’s unnecessarily loud voice immediately.

He turns towards where it came from.

Kirishima and Kaminari are standing side by side a few feet behind him. They’re staring at him intently, devilish grins dancing on their lips. It makes Izuku’s stomach drop, seeing them looking at him in such a devious way. His mind is trying to grasp what’s happening but it isn’t clicking into place.

“Saw you staring at Kami’s collar, you into stuff like that too?”

Izuku stares at Kirishima blankly. The word *collar* bounces around in his head, echoes in his ears and his eyes automatically dart to Kaminari’s neck.
He’s confused to say the least.

“U-um, I don’t know what you mean? Into what?” Izuku says, hoping the sincerity of his confusion gets across.

He looks between the two and watches as their faces twist from those grins into their own sense of purposely muted confusion. Kirishima and Kaminari share a slightly worried look before turning their heads back towards Izuku.

“So, like, you’re not into bdsm?” Kirishima says like he’s trying to be careful with his words but what actually comes out is far from careful.

Izuku’s face heats up. He knows he’s that ugly shade of red he turns when he’s embarrassed and he doesn’t like that they can see it. They can see him.

“Bdsm?! Um, um,” He doesn’t know what to say and he looks everywhere in the room but at the two of him.

Bdsm was definitely not something he was into. He hardly even knew what it meant to be honest, besides the random spanking and bondage videos he had come across while surfing porn sites. He doesn’t get why they would think he was into it. His brain just isn’t putting together the pieces of the puzzle.

“God, Midoriya, we’re sorry, we just, uh, thought, since you were staring at my collar all day that you actually knew what it was. We didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable, shit. We can forget about this if you’d like,” Kaminari speaks up, wringing his hands together, looking at Izuku, nervously.

The choke-collar. That was it?

“W-wait, that’s a collar? That’s a bdsm thing? I don’t get it? Isn’t bdsm just about spanking and bondage and stuff?”

Izuku looks between the two of them. They looked like they were contemplating whether to discuss this with him. Biting their lips, looking all serious for no reason. He feels like he should be weirded out by this. Bdsm had always been something scary to him that he didn’t want to accidentally come
across but now his curiosity was getting the best of that fear.

“Midoriya, bdsm is a lot of things,” Kaminari says a small smile spreading across his lips. He’s looking at Izuku like he’s some sweet innocent child and Izuku isn’t sure how to feel about that. Izuku knows his cheeks are reddening.

There’s a moment of silence like none of them know what to say next

“Hey, we should probably get back, but, like, if you’re interested by the end of the day just hang around the classroom until everyone’s gone. We can talk,” Kirishima says sheepishly, rubbing the back of his head.

Izuku gives a single nod and watches as they leave the locker room together, walking so close their arms are touching.

When Aizawa finally dismisses end of the day homeroom, Izuku feels jittery. He isn’t sure how to nonchalantly avoid walking home with Iida and Uraraka and the nervous energy swirling around in his stomach threatens to give away any lies he concocts.

But maybe by the grace of the gods, it all works itself out for him on it’s on.

Uraraka is hanging out with Asui today and leaves quickly with only a wave at Izuku and Iida says he wants to talk to Aizawa about their last test so he follows the teacher out of the room as soon a class is dismissed.

Izuku sighs in relief and makes busy putting his books into his backpack while waiting for the few other stragglng students to leave the room.

He doesn’t notice at first that everyone is gone until Kirishima and Kaminari walk into his line of vision and sit on top of the desk in front of his.

He feels his stomach flip, a nervous excitement snug in his guts.
“So,” Kirishima says, breaking the silence after a good three minutes.

Izuku’s eyes dart between the two of them, leaning against each other and staring Izuku down with seriousness glazed over their gazes.

Izuku is used to the two of them being rowdy jokesters but the tone of this whole situation makes him rethink for a second just what he’s getting himself into.

He fidgets in his seat, just waiting.

“Midoriya, just tell us if you’re uncomfortable, yeah? We didn’t mean to spring this on you against your will. It was really a misunderstanding,” Kaminari rambles before Kirishima can even get anywhere.

Izuku lets out a shaky, nervous laugh.

“No, it’s fine. I’m just a bit nervous. You guys know me. I’m always nervous.”

They smile at him, and then share a glance with each other before nodding.

Kaminari takes off his collar, he unsnaps it quickly and then hold it out to Izuku.

Izuku stares for a long moment. The charm on the front catches a bit of the fading daylight that seeps into the classroom through the windows and all but sparkles.

Izuku is entranced.

He reaches out slowly, calloused fingers making contact with smooth leather, real leather.

Kaminari hands it over to him silently, watching him closely.
The collar is smooth and sturdy, and as Izuku turns it over in his hands he notices a small inscription on the back of the silver charm. “Sparky” is etched out in English in a simple cursive font.

Izuku feels his face heating up.

“S-sparky?”

Izuku’s eyes flitter between the two of them, between Kaminari’s blushing cheeks and averted gaze and Kirishima’s smirk.

“His pet name,” Kirishima says, answering the glaring unspoken question that was on the tip of Izuku’s tongue.

At the word pet Izuku thinks back to things he had read about sex slaves and sex pets and the like and things finally start beginning to click into place in his head.

Izuku knows a plethora of emotions are flashing across his face, most probably dwindling between fear and concern. But before he can say anything about anything, Kaminari snaps out of his shy and embarrassed stupor and speaks up.

“Before you get any weird ideas in that pretty little head of yours I just want to say that the biggest ideal of BDSM is to be safe, sane and consensual. I never do anything against my will and half the time it’s not even sexual between the two of us or anyone else in the club for that matter. Only sometimes.”

Izuku stares at Kaminari. He’s always been sure of himself and outspoken and Izuku can tell how serious this is to him and to Kirishima too. He has so many questions floating around in his head. He’d always thought BDSM was strictly a sex thing so his mind is stuck on the fact that it’s not. He also wants to ask about this supposed “club” that was loosely mentioned.

But the overload in his brain keeps him from saying anything intelligible. All he can muster out is a stupid, “This is BDSM?” while holding the collar up.

He knows he’s making so many assumptions about so many things when all he needs to do is ask.
But he can’t help imagining Kirishima ordering Kaminari around, treating him like a pet. Making him do tricks, making him crawl on all fours, petting his head and calling him a good boy.

A flood of newly unleashed emotions swarm Izuku’s mind clouding his thoughts with things he maybe shouldn’t be fantasizing about right here and now in front of two of his classmates who aren’t necessarily that close to him.

“Like I said earlier,” Kaminari says, snapping Izuku out of his thoughts, “bdsm is a LOT of things. The collar, the pet thing, that’s such a little portion of it all.”

Kaminari stands then, shuffling closer to Izuku. He reaches out over the desk, fingertips grazing Izuku’s cheek gently.

Izuku’s eyes widen. He’s never been this close to Kaminari before. They’d never had any close combat training so it’s new, the energy flowing off of the other seeping into Izuku’s bloodstream through the tiny contact Kaminari is making with his cheek.

There’s a moment of silence, they’re just staring at each other, Izuku lost in Kaminari’s gaze when he speaks.

“Hell, even this is bdsm,” he whispers before he lightly shocks Izuku.

It’s a slight pulse of pure electricity that flows out of Kaminari’s fingertips and across the skin of Izuku’s warm cheeks. It’s a distant shock that he barely feels but the tingle that spreads across his skin and seeps right through to the membrane makes his mouth tumble open in a silent gasp.

It felt good. Shocking, electrifying, good.

Kirishima and Kaminari are both staring at him with interest. And Kaminari’s fingertips are still gently pressed to his cheek. His brain is trying to formulate any type of coherent thought but all he can think is that he wants to feel that again.

“You...you like that?” Kaminari asks curiously, cautiously.
All Izuku can do is keep his drooping gaze on Kaminari and nod.

Kaminai’s hand slips down, nails scraping against the scape of Izukus’s pale, freckled skin, down his neck until landing on his upper bicep. Kaminari places his palm flat over Izuku’s muscle and then the fuzz of a much stronger electrical shock makes Izuku almost see white.

It’s sharp, explosive, the pure surprise of it is enough to get Izuku’s adrenaline pumping alone. Even through layers of his clothing, Izuku feels the spark as clear as day, like it was on bare skin. His bicep muscle burns like it’s sore after a work out, the aftershock of electrical currents leaving a tingle that’s skin deep in their wake.

Izuku has a delayed reaction and finds himself moaning and sputtering seconds after Kaminai has already retracted his hand and has moved back to gauge Izuku’s reaction.

“A-again,” Izuku mumbles without thinking. His cheeks flushed in hot arousal and he holds out his arm toward Kaminari.

He’s sexually aroused by this, a tightness in his pants beginning to swell beyond comfort. He can’t pinpoint what exactly it is that’s got him so worked up. That light aching pain, like when you rub a bruise or flex sore muscles, or maybe it’s just the situation itself. Kaminari is hot and Izuku feels so caught up in his touches, so entangled in his electric energy.

Izuku tries to speak again but it tumbles out of his mouth as an embarrassing whine and he shakes his arm towards Kaminari.

His eyes slip over to Kirishima for a split second, the other looking at him with this glossy gaze, a tiny bit of surprise painted across his face and mixed with tinted, rosy red blush.

“Hey, Midoriya, if we do something you don’t like, tell us okay. Let’s make a safeword. If you want us to stop immediately just say, um, say All Might, yeah?” Kaminari rambles, pulling Izuku’s attention away from how good Kirishima looks.

Izuku nods furiously and shakes his arm towards Kaminari again.

Kirishima stands then. He brushes past Kaminari and goes to stand behind Izuku. Izuku isn’t sure what he’s doing at first but then he feels rough arms wrap around his torso and his school blazer is
being unbuttoned and pulled off. Kirishima wastes no time unbuttoning Izuku’s white button-up too.

“K-Kirishima-ah,” Izuku mumbles. He almost wants to stop it, suddenly feeling self conscious and hyper aware of the fact that this might all be more than he bargained for but he lets it happen, a soft whine of embarrassed frustration gurgling in the back of his throat.

Suddenly he feels hot breath blowing in his ear and he’s very aware how close Kirishima’s face is to his. Kirishima’s hands slip into Izuku’s now open shirt and he drags his rock solid fingertips across Izuku’s chest.

“Holy-” Izuku starts, the scrape and light sting of his skin enough to make him convulse violently.

But he’s drowned in his own moans when Kirishima clamps down hard on his nipples with his hardened fingers.

Izuku throws his head back into Kirishima’s shoulder, and Kirishima continues to assault his nipples, rolling them in his fingertips gently and then clamping. It hurts just a bit, his nipples already immensely sensitive without this kind of treatment, but Izuku finds himself liking it. A lot.

His eyes find their way to Kaminari who has just been standing there for a minute. Kaminari is staring at him, his mouth is open and his tongue is hanging out and as Izuku’s gaze drops he sees that Kaminari is hard. If he could get any redder he know he’d look like a tomato. The fact that someone is getting turned on by him has his heart racing.

Izuku wants to beckon him over but before he can even mutter anything in between moans, Kaminari is already walking forward on his own.

He pushes the desk aside and then pushes Izuku’s knees open before dropping down to his own between Izuku’s legs. He runs his hands up Izuku’s clothed thighs and leaves a trail of hot sparks in his path.

Izuku fidgets and moans sporadically as Kirishima continues to pinch his nipples and some of the already bright red skin of his chest.

He’s shaking and he feels a very distinct wet patch forming in his underwear from the pure bliss of the two sensations engulfing his whole body in pleasurable flames.
Kaminari’s hands scale his thighs, running up and down, getting closer to his crotch each time and Izuku is all but jumping out of his chair each time he feels that electrical buzz scorch his skin.

He stares down at Kaminari, Kaminari stares at him, and then

“Hey, Midoriya? Can I kiss you?”

Izuku’s brain in a normal state would have probably said no, probably. He’d never even had his first kiss. But here in their classroom, orange glow of the setting sun illuminating them, covering them in a orange tint, with Kaminari and Kirishima all over him, Izuku throws all caution to the wind. He nodded before his brain could even catch up with his gut decision.

And without another second wasted Kaminari leans up kisses him.

It's almost funny how soft it is, in comparison to the whole thing. Gentle and smooth, Kaminari not even daring to try and go further than simple lip to lip, their mouths just slowly moving against each other.

Kirishima bites Izuku’s neck then, eliciting a gasp from Izuku that causes his forehead to knock against Kaminari’s lightly, breaking their lips apart.

Izuku vaguely wonders if it was a jealous reaction.

All it takes are two more twists of his nipples and one last harsh shock on his thigh and Izuku is cumming into his own pants like a middle school boy watching porn for the first time. He can barely catch his breath, trembling like crazy, and the other two slowly remove their hands from him after helping him through his untouched orgasm. Kirishima and Kaminari are breathing heavily too and Izuku can’t help but enjoy the sound of their panting.

They sit there for a while, Kirishima having unlatched from Izuku to sit on the desk behind and Kaminari just sitting in between his legs with his head rested on Izuku’s leg like a puppy. It’s a bit uncomfortable because he has drying cum plastering his underwear to his skin, but he kind of doesn’t want to tell Kaminari to move.
Izuku feels embarrassed and sticky and he isn’t sure what any of this means. He’d never done anything like this with anyone. Never explored his sexuality in such a way, so openly, so fluidly. And what they had done wasn’t even that sexual in nature. But even so, Izuku had creamed his pants like the virgin he was.

He has so many things he wants to say bubbling up in his throat but Kirishima is the first to break the ice.

“Well, fuck,” he says, standing and walking around Izuku, bending over to pick up Kaminari’s collar that had been dropped to the floor sometime in the midst of their activity.

“Denki, get up or you’ll fall asleep like that,” Kirishima says to Kaminari, who is still in Izuku’s lap.

Kaminari obliges and stands, backing up a bit.

Izuku wonders if they’re dating, or together to some effect. He’d never heard them call each other by their first names but it was obviously normal for them. This whole thing was normal for them and it made him wonder and blush like a little girl catching her parents kissing.

“Did you have fun, Midoriya?” Kaminari asks while he fixes his hair and lets Kirishima help him put his collar back on.

All Izuku can muster is a small, shy smile and a nod. Then the two boys grin at him, all wide and genuine and innocent, and he can’t help but grin back.
Izuku expects the next day of school to be awkward. Sure, things had been fine when he parted ways with Kaminari and Kirishima the evening before, but he was certain seeing them again would be weird. They’d shared such an intimate moment and now they were meant to go back to how things were before? Izuku couldn’t fathom it going well.

He’d spent the night searching the internet and hadn’t gotten much sleep, dark circles prominent in stark contrast against the pale skin of his face. He just knew he’d have to make up some bullshit excuse so that Uraraka and Iida wouldn’t worry about him.

Once he enters the classroom that morning, things are quite different from what he thought they would be.

The second he steps into the classroom Kirishima and Kaminari yell “Midoriya!” in unison before hopping out of their seats and jogging to meet him at the classroom door.

They’re in front of him in an instant, smiling at him all giddily.

He knows he’s blushing, he almost never has this type of intense attention him.

“Um, hi?” Izuku says shyly looking between the two.

“Hi!” they they in unison again.
They’re so damn excitable. Loud and hyper, but Izuku kind of likes it. They’re passionate about everything and it makes them almost endearing.

It doesn’t feel awkward, Izuku is naturally awkward, but the situation itself is the farthest from it and Izuku finds himself grinning right back at them.

“Give us your number,” Kaminari says, holding his phone out for Izuku to take after pulling it out from his pocket.

Izuku nods and types his number in quickly.

“Sweet,” Kaminari says, flashing one last grin at Izuku before they both turn away and walk back to their desks with a quick wave over their shoulders.

Izuku smiles to himself. As his eyes shift away from Kaminari and Kirishima he notices Bakugou looking at him from across the room. Straight up staring at him, but it’s not quite as mean as usual. Intense and filled with the usual fire that constantly burns bright behind Bakugou’s eyes, but Izuku can see more flamig curiosity than anything else. He isn’t sure what to make of that.

He breaks eye contact with Bakugo quickly, the pervious smile smeared across his face already having withered down to a meek upturning of the corners of his mouth, just in time for Uraraka to skip over to him.

She stares at him for a long second, eyes quite obviously searching his face for something, before she flashes her usual grin.

“When did you become so close with those two? Seems pretty sudden,”  She says, her head tilted to the side, staring straight into Izuku’s soul as girls do.

Izuku tries his best not to make eye contact and knows his neck is flushing red.

“Oh, well, you know, just like you girls us guys in this class need to stick together, you know? Ha ha.”
He curses himself for sounding so strained, like he’s clearly hiding something. And a quick glance up at Uraraka tells him she didn’t buy any of it. But like the amazing friend she is she drops it. Doesn’t pry, and Izuku is so thankful for that.

They fall into a mindless chatter for a few minutes before Izuku feels the all familiar itch in his skin that tells him someone is staring at him. He glances away from Uraraka for a split second only to see Ashido looking at him from her spot perched on a desk next to Jirou.

She winks at him before hopping to her feet and strolling up next to Uraraka. She wraps an arm around Uraraka’s neck and gives a few friendly pecks to Uraraka cheek that send them both into a fit of giggles.

“Mina!” Uraraka laughs out, playfully wiping at her cheek.

After their giggles fizzle down to the light sounds of them catching their breath, Ashido’s eyes are right back on on him.

“Midoriya,” she sing songs, looking him over, “I want to talk to you about something. Let’s eat lunch together today, yeah?”

She flashes her signature wide grin, and taps Uraraka’s butt before twirling away and heading back to Jirou and company.

Izuku is left with his cheeks a deep, hot red and Uraraka’s confused glare washing over him.

Lunch comes and Izuku jumps when the class is dismissed. He’s a little nervous because he has never talked to Ashido one on one before and she’s one of the most intimidating girls in their class, right after Yaoyorozu. She is overbearing in a way that Izuku wasn’t sure he could handle, different from Iida. She was open about any and everything, loud and proud, and Izuku wasn’t used to girls like that. Girls like Ashido and Asui, so overbearingly confident and sure of themselves, so straightforward, scared the shit out of Izuku.

The second Izuku stands from his seat, Ashido is next to him. Before Izuku even registers her presence she has a hold of his arm and is already pulling him away from his desk and towards the door.
All Izuku can do is give a backwards glance to Uraraka and Iida accompanied by a meek smile, before he’s all but dragged away.

Ashido smells like a field of lavender and Izuku feels a bit intoxicated as she steers him through the halls, humming a siren song in his ear. He wants to ask her what this is all about, but he finds his nerves choking him to silence. He waits for her to speak first.

They’re right in front of the cafeteria when she finally whispers in his ear.

“What do you want for lunch, babycakes? My treat.”

The hairs on the back of Izuku’s neck stand straight up. He feels a shiver travel up his spine and he knows she can feel him trembling by the light snicker she gives him. She pulls his arm closer and he feels the softness of her right breast pressing against him.

Babycakes. Something so simple, nothing more than a pet name that wasn’t overtly sexual or overtly anything really, had shaken Izuku up this much.

“Um, um, just a red bean bun is enough,” he replies shyly as they walk through the cafeteria doors.

Ashido hums in reply.

Izuku feels eyes on him immediately as they walk arm and arm to the lunch line. He knows how they must look to others, especially to people who don’t know them personally.

Ashido finally lets go of him, has to in order to carry her lunch tray, but Izuku still feels like she’s pulling him along. He’s caught in her gravitational pull.

“Let’s sit outside, there’s less people around to eavesdrop,” she says smiling at him.

Her gaze lingers for a bit and Izuku isn’t sure what exactly he’s seeing in her eyes. It’s almost predatory.
They end up sitting under a tree in the courtyard, a bit farther away from everyone else muddling around the in the grass and on the benches.

Izuku has only taken a bite of his bread when Ashido speaks again.

“Okay, I’ll get right to the point here,” she says, her cheeks stuffed with food.

She gulps down her mouthful before continuing.

“Kaminari and Kirishima told me about your little tryst in the classroom yesterday and I want to play with you too.”

Izuku almost chokes on his bread when his brain processes what she’s saying. He coughs and sputters and can’t find what exactly he wants to say.

Ashido pats his back lightly and laughs. She continues to rub up and down as Izuku composes himself and he almost wants to pretend to cough for a little longer so she doesn’t stop. It feels nice.

“I’ve been watching you for a while now, you know,” she says softly when he’s finally caught his breath.

Her fingertips continue to glide up his spine and all he can do is sit still and listen, a blush already crawling across every inch of his visible skin.

“I didn’t want to approach you about this before because you always seemed so obliviously innocent. As much as I like that, i’d feel shitty as hell if I tainted you.”

Ashido is staring at him, her eyes dragging up and down, and her gaze leaves a burn against every portion of his skin it flits across.

“But since you’ve already been tainted, I figured now was my chance!”
They’re silent for a few moments. Izuku just isn’t sure how he’s meant to respond to any of this. The fact that Kaminari and Kirishima had gone straight to Ashido after they’d done what they done, Izuku should feel some betrayal at that, maybe. But really it’s all just a bit confusing to him. He’d never realized he was any sort of desirable to anyone, especially not someone like Ashido. She could quite honestly get any boy in their class that wasn’t gay if she really wanted. But here she was sitting under a tree patting Izuku’s back. Izuku is flattered to say the least.

“So I know you’re new to this whole bdsm thing, but do you at least know what a dominant and a submissive are?”

Izuku nods in response. He doesn’t want his voice to crack, not in front of Ashido. He had done quite a bit of extensive research last night after everything with Kirishima and Kaminari. He knew the basics.

Ashido’s face brightens and the hand she still had on his back slips up to the nape of his neck and then up farther to his head. She’s petting his head.

“Good. I have a proposal for you, sweet sweet Midoriya. Feel free to decline. I don’t want to pressure you or anything.”

She pauses to gauge his reaction and all he does is stare at her, all glassy eyed. The hand she has gently petting his head has him completely under her control.

She smiles at him, clearly noticing the effect she’s having on him, so she doesn’t hesitate any longer.

“Even if only for one night, be my sub?”

Izuku nods vigorously without a second thought. These situations, the thing with Kirishima and Kaminari, and now this with Ashido, have him thinking far less than he ever would have before. Far less than he should be thinking. All he knows is that he likes this. He wants this. And he can be trusting when it comes to them. They won’t ever hurt him or do anything against his will.

“Awesome!” Ashido says louder than she should. She leans into him and hugs him. Tight and warm and sweet. She smells so sweet.
When she pulls back she keeps both of her hands planted on his shoulders. She stares him in his eyes, searching for any sign of discomfort. But Izuku isn’t uncomfortable. Maybe slightly embarrassed, but not uncomfortable.

“Are you okay with accessories? Like collars and leashes? Stuff like that?”

“Yeah! Yeah, that’s fine,” Izuku says quickly, trying not to show how excited he is at the mention of a collar.

But Ashido sees it all, and she grins at him before patting his cheeks and turning back to her lunch.

They continue lunch in silence, trying to finish eating before the bell sounds, but it’s a comfortable silence. Ashido is good company. She’s bubbly and even in silence she knows how to make him smile with her antics.

Izuku almost doesn’t want lunch to end.

When Izuku and Ashido enter the classroom after lunch period, everyone stops what they’re doing to stare at the two of them. Izuku sighs inwardly, not sure how he’ll be able to explain any of it when he’s bombarded with the questions he knows the others are going to ask.

Ashido is unphased by it all. Of course she is. She’s a girl who doesn’t necessarily crave attention, but she doesn’t mind it when it’s shot her way.

She turns to Izuku with this huge smile that has his heart damn near skipping a beat.

“Take me home tonight?”

She says it loud enough for everyone to hear. Izuku hears the gasps that travel through the room, he hears Kaminari, Kirishima, and Sero laughing their asses off.

“A-ashido-san!” Izuku says incredulously.
She’s just teasing, and he knows it’s harmless because like hell anyone in this class who knew Izuku well enough would think he’d really scored Ashido Mina. But still.

She giggles and twirls away, landing near Jirou and Asui who look at her like she’s insane. It almost makes him laugh out loud until he sees how his own friends are looking at him.

Izuku doesn’t realize how serious Ashido was earlier until she stands by his desk at the end of the day and waits for him to pack up.

Most of their classmates have already left so it’s not that awkward at least.

Uraraka walks up to them before heading out. Looks between the two of them and then quietly asks

“"You two would tell me if you were really dating, right?"

Ashido quickly pulls Uraraka into a one armed hug.

“Ochako, I’d never hide anything like that from you. We’re really not dating. Just discovered a common interest and wanted to hang out. You know better than anyone, girls and guys can just be friends!”

Ashido sways Uraraka back and forth, holding her close. It doesn’t take long before they both burst into a fit of giggles and Uraraka wiggles out of Ashido’s grasp.

“Okay, okay, I trust you!” she says giving them both a smile before running out of the classroom and leaving the two of them alone.

Ashido’s place is nice. She leads Izuku in and straight up to her bedroom.

“"My parents are away. We’ve got the place to ourselves,” she tells him as they make their way up the stairs.
When Izuku finally enters her room, a tight ball of nerves twists in his stomach. He feels like maybe they should have discussed this more. He’s suddenly aware that they hadn’t quite talked about how things would go, hadn’t talked about how far either of them were willing to go. He feels himself breaking into a cold sweat but he can’t make words come out.

“Midoriya, sit on the bed, let’s chat,” she says, twirling around in the center of her pink carpeted floor before falling back first onto her bed.

Izuku feels tears of relief well up in his eyes. Ashido knows what she’s doing and he can trust her.

He makes his way to her bed and sit on the edge, twisting his torso a bit so he can see her, still lying across her bed with her arms and legs sprawled out.

“So, I assume you’re not interested in having sex with me. Which is totally okay, but we should definitely discuss boundaries. Tell me what you’re okay with and what you’re not. I know you’re new to this so we can ease into it. It can be as simple or as intricate as you want it to be.”

Izuku looks away, bites his lip and nervously picks at his cuticle. He thinks for a long moment. Then with a deep breath he feels ready enough to reply.

“I think, I think I want you to order me around,” Izuku says.

Ashido sits up from her position on the bed and scooches over to him, resting a hand on hand on his back.

“Okay,” she says gently, “and?”

“And, and, call me names maybe? Like, mean names.”

Ashido looks at him, blinks a few times. Her stare makes his skin itch just a little. Self consciousness floods into the pit of his stomach.

“Wow, I expected you to be more into being babied or coddled, wasn’t exactly prepared for this. But it can work. Is hitting or punishment something you’d want?” She says, rubbing large circles on his
He shudders at the thought, whole body trembling, and Ashido laughs.

“I’ll take that as a yes then. Just hitting with my hand? Smack on the face? Smack on the ass?”

Izuku nods vigorously. He wants it all. All of it.

“C-can you call me pet?” Izuku asks, leaning back into Ashido’s touch.

She smiles fondly at him before whispering, “Only if you call me mommy.”

Izuku shudders again, feeling sensitive. He has so many erotic mental pictures swooping around in his mind and the excitement of it all has him unable to sit still.

“Come over here for a sec, Midoriya,” Ashido says, hopping to her feet.

He follows her to a dresser against the wall of her room and watches as she pulls open one of the draws. It looks empty at first glance but she pulls up the fake bottom and reveals an interesting collection.

There are about 6 collars laid out with matching leashes and a few other things Izuku doesn’t recognize.

Ashido picks up a deep red collar and holds it up to Izuku’s neck.

“I think this’ll look good on you. It used to be Kirishima’s but he doesn’t come around much ever since he and Kaminari found a situation together that works best for them.”

Izuku takes a second to process this information.
“W-wait you’ve done this with Kirishima?”

“Yep. I’ve done it with all of our club members,” she replies.

There was that mention of a club again. Izuku’s interest peaks.

“Who else is in the club besides you, Kaminari, and Kirishima?” he asks, taking the collar from her and running his hand over the leather.

“Oh, just Sero and Bakugou. And I guess you too now.”

Izuku’s widen.

“K-Kacchan?!” Izuku squeals, in a state of shock.

“Oh shit, I forgot you two had that whole love hate thing going on. You didn’t hear it from me but it does him good to get all that stress and anger out through other means than just yelling at you.”

Izuku nods in understanding but he still feels stupefied.

They stand there for a few moments as Ashido rearranges some things in her drawer and takes a few other things out and throws them on her bed.

She closes the drawer and looks at him.

“So are you just going to wear that, or would you be comfortable stripping down to your underwear?”

Izuku blanches at that, realizing he hadn’t really thought of attire.

“Um, underwear I think,” he says after a little thought. He decides this is his time to step out of his
comfort zone and enjoy this to the max.

“Okay, then be a good boy and go to my bathroom, strip, and put on that collar for me.”

Izuku nods so hard he’s sure he looks like a bobble head and does as he’s told.

Izuku looks at himself over in the bathroom mirror a few times. He’s not sure he likes how he looks. He’s got so many fading scars littering his otherwise decent body and it’s a bit of an eyesore to him. But his eyes quickly zoom in on the collar and most of his insecurities fly out the window.

The leather shines in the artificial light of the bathroom and it frames his neck perfectly, complementing the natural blush he already has smeared across his chest.

A few deep breaths later and Izuku is walking out of the bathroom and back into Ashido’s room.

The lighting in her room has changed slightly, he notices immediately. Somehow it’s dimer. It’s like he’s seeing all of the previous bright pinks in her room through a dirty lense. It heightens his excitement just a bit. The mood is set.

Then he sees Ashido sitting on her bed not wearing her school uniform anymore.

Izuku’s mouth goes dry.

She’s in this black, lacy lingerie, fabric pulled tight against her skin. A bra and matching panties, a matching garter belt. It quite literally takes Izuku’s breath away. Ashido is a pretty girl, exotic sure, but anyone could admit she was hot stuff. And she’s got Izuku trapped in her spell.

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“Cute underwear,“ Ashido says teasingly.

Izuku blushes. He wouldn’t have worn his favorite pair of All Might briefs if he had known he would end up coming home with Ashido Mina.
“Come here,” Ashido says next, her tone suddenly different, more commanding. It sends a sharp chill up Izuku’s spine and he obeys quickly. Toddling over to her.

“I always use the color system as my safe word. Just say green if everything’s fine, yellow if it’s becoming a bit uncomfortable and you want me to slow down, and red if you want me to stop immediately. Feel free to say yellow or red whenever, okay? You don’t need to wait for me to ask you. Your comfort comes first,” She explains watching him closely, “I know how sensitive you are.”

She whispers the last part and it chills Izuku to the very core. She reaches a hand out and grazes her fingernails across Izuku’s abs. She watches closely as he quivers and twitches away from her touch.

She scoffs at him, her face twisting into a scowl he’s never seen, and that’s when Izuku knows it’s begun. She’s getting into her role and Izuku’s stomach flips in anticipation.

“So weak,” She whispers, almost to herself, but it washes over Izuku, a sharp spike of arousal violently rumbling through him like an earthquake.

“On your knees, pet,” She commands, putting emphasis on the word pet, almost spitting it out like it’s distasteful. Like he’s distasteful.

Izuku follows her order quickly, falling to his knees on the shag carpeted floor. The material of her carpet tickles a bit.

Izuku watches her look him over. She has her legs crossed and her eyes squinted slightly, drags her eyes across every inch of him that she can see and Izuku has never quite felt this exposed. He feels completely at her mercy and it’s exhilarating. The anticipation buzzes in his ears.

Almost as if in slow motion, Ashido extends the leg she has crossed over the other out, her foot pointed directly towards Izuku’s face. Izuku stares, a bit confused, and then she says it.

“Be a good pet and lick this, you disgusting little pig,” she says

The command in her voice makes Izuku flinch, and he feels the blood rushing to his face, heating up his neck and torso too. God, everything is just so, just so intense and it’s everything Izuku had imagined down to a tee.
He must take too long to respond because he hears Ashido whisper, “Color?” gently.

“Green, green,” he replies quickly, fumbling over himself to lean forward, her foot suddenly a mere two inches from being flat across his face.

It’s only a second longer before he licks a tentative stripe from the heel of her foot up to the pad of her big toe.

“Wow, you’re actually good for something,” she says and Izuku only catches a quick glimpse of her wicked smile before she presses the bottom of her foot flat against his face.

Ashido smells good, she smells so good and even the bottom of her foot is smooth and soft besides a few stray callouses here and there. Izuku breathes in, rubbing his face against her stagnant foot before licking again.

“You dirty little thing, suck it like you mean it if you can do all that,” she taunts, voice harsher than before and it makes something deep and dark swirl up in Izuku’s stomach.

He spreads his knees a bit and lowers himself so that his crotch is touching the carpeted floor. The pressure on his crotch almost physically jolts him, but he settles down slowly so that Ashido won’t notice.

He does as she had ordered only a moment before and takes her big toe into his mouth giving it a hard suck. He swirls his tongue around the toe and even bobs his head a bit for show. He rocks his hips back and forth slowly, rubbing his crotch against the floor and it feels good, it feels so good.

He lets his eyes comeback into focus and when he meets Ashido’s eye, with her foot shoved as far in his mouth as it will fit, he instantly sees that she knows what he’s doing. He lets his hips, stutter to a stop and whines lowly around her foot.

“Did I tell you you could do that, pet?” She says venomously.

Izuku doesn’t have a chance to react before she rips her foot out of his mouth and leans forward, grabbing him by the chin in the next moment. Her short fingernails dig into the skin of his cheeks and she’s in his face, staring at him intensely.
There’s this long moment of silence and Izuku is shaking in her grasp. Shaking from fear and arousal and everything in between and his dick twitches in his underwear when Ashido tightens her grip on him.

“Bad pets get punished you know,” She says through gritted teeth, all but growling at him.

Her grip tightens even more, maybe enough to break skin and Izuku gasps.

“Ashi-Ashido - sa,” he starts but she releases his chin and slaps him on the cheek to silence him.

The smack stings, Izuku’s face ablaze with the after sting, but he moans and feels his hips jerk forward involuntarily.

“What do you call me?” She asks watching Izuku closely.

He’s silent for a second, just stares at her with watery eyes, ready for whatever she wants to do with him.

“M-mommy,” Izuku mumbles feeling the tears sting the corners of his eyes. He won’t let them fall yet.

“Good, now get on my lap.” she says.

Izuku’s brain is already hazy, his mouth hangs open and he stares at her bare thighs, eyes following the lace of her panties to her crotch. The black panties and dim lighting keep him from gauging how wet she may or may not be, but he can see the slight quiver in her thighs. He licks his lips.

“Get up, you slow piece of shit,” She says grabbing his leash and yanking him up off his knees.

He stumbles forward, standing the rest of the way on his own and taking a second to recoil from the sharp prick of Ashido’s words.
He lays across her lap as gracefully as possible and let’s her reposition him as she wants.

“You get 20 hits for being bad, pet, okay?” She say, more gentle than before.

“Okay, m-mommy,” he stutters out, anticipation clouding his brain.

There’s a pause and Izuku waits in burning, flesh eating anticipation for her to do anything.

“Color?” she asks.

Izuku feels the tears well up again because he’s an emotional little bitch and knowing that Ashido really does put his comfort as a priority touches him. He’d never knew there were people outside of his tiny friend group that cared for him in such a way. He wasn’t use to being cared for like this.

“Green,” He mumbles in response, letting out a sniffle that causes Ashido to gently pat the back of his head in comfort.

There’s another moment of complete silence before she carefully pulls the back of his underwear down to expose his ass.

He shivers at the sudden coldness and tries his best not to feel too embarrassed. He’s come too far to let his nerves eat him alive.

She rubs a hand gently over his ass before the contact is gone and replaced with a quick and sharp smack against his bare ass.

The pain explodes across his sensitive skin and a guttural moan from the depths of his throat tears through the room. The skin of his ass cheek feels ablaze. The after sting is so satisfying for some odd reason. Masochism? Maybe.

“One,” Ashido counts. And Izuku clenches up, readying himself for the next.

It’s a bit of a blur for Izuku after that first smack. The intensity of the sting amplifies with each hit.
His body jerks as a natural response, and his arousal only grows. Ashido soothes him between each slap, she rubs his ass, sometimes even letting a bit of her goop with a much diluted acidity squeeze out of her fingertips and cool his burning ass.

It’s silent apart from Ashido counting down each strike and Izuku finds himself lost in it. Lost in her control, lost in the sharp spikes of painful pleasure that dance across is skin, that spurt out and run over his raw ass.

It’ll be red for days probably, but Izuku knows he won’t mind the soreness. The sting of fading pain was almost more arousing than the original pain itself.

When she strikes him for the final time he’s a mess, a convulsing mess, his hips twitching wildly trying to find any pressure. Ashido’s legs are spread just wide enough so that Izuku’s crotch isn’t touching her but hanging in that empty space, and it’s torturous. He can’t stop whining and moaning even when all that’s left is Ashido’s gentle touch rubbing over his inflamed skin.

“You’ve been good, pet, I’ll give you a reward,” She says gently after giving him a few moments to calm down, though he’s still not calm at all.

“M-m-mommy, please, anything, anything,” he mumbles, barely audible.

“You can rub yourself on my leg to get off if you’d like,” she whispers, fingers still tracing circles on Izuku’s ass.

He moans at that. It’s too hot, everything is too hot and embarrassing, almost degrading. Almost. He shifts around until his crotch finds one of her thighs and before he can even think he’s lost in a blind stupor of gut wrenching need for release.

He’s jerks his hips into her soft thigh, slides back and forth, grinds down as hard as he can. He lets himself go completely, hips moving at such a fast pace it makes Ashido’s bed creak.

At some point he slips out of her lap and down her leg. His knees are planted on her floor again while he rubs himself off on her foot, resting his head against her knee. She strokes his hair as he does it, as he wiggles his hips until he’s coming hard. The sounds that come out of his mouth are almost animilistic and he think’s he might faint until Ashido’ pulls him up onto her bed and into a hug.
She whispers in his ear for what feels like hours, telling him how good he was, how perfect he is, how great he did. And it feels so good that Izuku finally lets those big fat tears of every emotion he had bottled up for the entire thing roll down his cheeks.

She holds him tight.

When he’s finally calmed down and semi-coherent again, she says, “Stay the night?”

Izuku just nods silently into Ashido’s shoulder.

Chapter End Notes

sero is next btw
Sero Hanta ; bondage and sadomasochism

Chapter Notes

there is spanking is this chapter too btw. also more love for rare pairs pls.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku wakes up engulfed in warmth. His head is resting on something firm yet soft and in the very back of his consciousness he knows very well what it is, but he lets himself dwindle between sleep and awake for a few minutes longer.

It’s a hand on the back of his head raking through his hair gently that completely awakes him. That gentle tug and scrape of fingernails dragging across his scalp.

He opens his eyes slowly and comes eye to eye with a scape of pinkish skin all but glowing in the natural light of the sun that’s peeking through blinds somewhere behind him.

“Ashido-san,” Izuku mumbles groggily, now fully aware that his head is resting on her breast.

She’s silent for a few moments, fingers continuing to comb through his hair gently. Izuku feels like he’ll fall right back asleep if she continues.

“Morning sunshine,” she whispers cheerily, “You can call me Mina by the way. I think we’re close enough for that now.”

She giggles and Izuku feels warmth and happiness rising in his stomach.

“Should probably get ready now. Might be better to arrive at school separately to avoid serious rumors,” Mina says shifting around a bit, probably looking at her phone.

Izuku nods into her chest but can’t help but comment, “Didn’t seem like you cared that much about rumors yesterday,” with a pout present on his face and in his voice.
Her laugh rings in his ears and Izuku can feel her shaking. He smiles to himself before rolling off of her and getting ready.

Mina ends up lending Izuku a male uniform that had been left behind by Kirishima. And although the pants sag a little low on Izuku’s hips, it’s better than wearing the exact same clothes from yesterday.

He leaves her place first and gets to school a bit earlier than usual because her house is closer to U.A. than his.

When he enters the classroom, several pairs of eyes snap to him immediately. But he ignores most of them in fear of giving anything away and makes his way straight towards Uraraka and Iida.

Uraraka turns her head away from Iida and smiles warmly at him.

“Have fun with Mina yesterday?” She asks innocently.

Izuku knows pink is already dusting his cheeks but he keeps his face natural and smiles shyly.

“Yes, I did.” He answers honestly, and with one last grin Uraraka turns back to Iida and they continue their conversation, allowing Izuku to jump in too.

Minutes pass in their normal morning chatter, and Izuku doesn’t even notice when Mina and Kaminari enter the classroom together, arm and arm. He doesn’t notice them creeping towards him like predators stalking prey. He doesn’t notice Kirishima hopping off of his previous spot perched on Bakugo’s desk and joining them.

Then in the blur of a moment, Mina is hopping on his back and Kirishima and Kaminari are on either side of him, gripping each of his arms.

“Yes?” Izuku sputters confusedly, seeing that same confusion sprinkled across Uraraka’s and Iida’s faces.
He’s being swayed back and forth by Kaminari and Kirishima’s natural hyperactiveness and Mina making him top heavy doesn’t help.

They’re giggling like a bunch of little girls and Izuku feels a spurt of warmth spill all over him.

“Eat lunch with us, Midoryia,” Kaminari says, smile wide and grip on Izuku’s arm gentle.

Uraraka and Iida stare on in a shocked silence before Uraraka’s face falls into a playful pout.

“You’re going to take him away from us again?” She asks, a tinge of jealousy peaking through her usual aloofness.

“Sorry, babes,” Mina chimes in, “You can’t keep this precious gem to yourselves any longer.”

She sticks her tongue out and then nuzzles her face into the back of Izuku’s head, hugging him tightly round the neck from her spot slightly elevated on his back.

Izuku knows he’s red. He always knows he’s red and he can’t help it. Being dotted on so unconditionally brings a raw emotion out of him that doesn’t just stop at the red splotches that continuously bloom across his skin. There are butterflies in his stomach and warmth in his heart. He feels happy.

“Sero wants in,” Kirishima says cryptically, but of course Izuku knows what he means.

“S-sero?” He mumbles dumbly, an even fresher blush rising up his neck.

“Yeah, he’s being all awkward and shit because you guys have never really talked so we figured it would be better if we were all there to ease any tension,” Kirishima explains, wiggling his eyebrows in a way that makes Izuku burst out into laughter.

“Ew,” Mina says, flicking Kirishima’s forehead playfully.

He sticks his tongue out at her in return.
“Never thought Sero would be interested in… with me…..,” Izuku mumbles shyly, trying to stay cryptic himself as he’s very aware that Iida and Uraraka are still right in front of him, listening to every word.

“What?” Kirishama says way louder than he needs to, “Dude, you’re super manly and fun, who wouldn’t be interested?”

Kirishima’s grip on Izuku’s arm slides down and he interlaces their fingers, lifting their interlocked hands up so that they’re in both of their lines of vision.

“We all think you’re great, you know. Don’t second guess yourself like that, okay?”

Izuku stares at him, feeling a little teary eyed for no reason in particular. He nods slightly, watching Kirishima’s smile bloom into a stunning grin. Kirishima is a gorgeous person and Izuku wants to tell him that, but refrains.

“God, Kiri, you’re going to make him fall in love with you,” Mina says, face still nestled in Izuku’s hair but her eyes trained on Kirishima.

They laugh and Kirishima blushes, letting his hand slip from Izuku’s.

“If it was that easy wouldn’t you all be in love with me?” He says, pouting.

“Maybe we are and just don’t know it,” Kaminari replies slyly, shooting one last smile at Izuku before slipping away and back towards his desk.

Kirishima, still yet to recover, just gives a sheepish grin and a wave before turning away.

“Lunch it is,” Mina says before placing a quick peck on Izuku’s head and hopping off his back.

She gives a twirl and then she’s at Jirou’s desk with the other girls.
When Izuku looks back at Iida and Uraraka, he wishes he could tell them everything right there and then, but he knows he’ll have to at least save it for a more private time.

At lunch, Izuku follows Mina, Kirishima, and Kaminari to their normal lunch table after buying his own lunch.

Sero and Bakugo are already sitting there at the six seater table in the very corner of the lunchroom, slightly blocked off by some plants.

Izuku stops short when Bakugo’s eyes flick towards him. Bakugo hadn’t been bothering him for the past few days, and it’s weird. It’s weird to suddenly be friendly with his friends, like he’s encroaching on property that isn’t his. It’s weird how dramatically things had changed in the blink of an eye.

Bakugo just frowns at him and looks away and Izuku can tell he’s trying to mask something from showing on his face. But before he can ponder much more, Mina is pushing his into the seat next to Sero who’s across the table from where Bakugo is sitting. Mina slides into the seat next to him and Kirishima and Kaminari file in next to Bakugo.

They just eat for a while, Mina and Kaminari falling into their usual shenanigans while Bakugo and Kirishima talk, though Kirishima does all of the talking.

But all too soon Izuku feels Sero’s eyes on him. Izuku wonders if he’ll make the first move but after a few more minutes of his blatant staring, he doesn’t.

So Izuku decides to take the initiative.

He turns his head completely so that he can see Sero. A wave of nerves washes over him for a split second because Sero isn’t the same as Mina, or Kaminari, or Kirishima. He isn’t loud and out there, not goofy nor overbearing. He’s a muted version of the rest of his friends and it’s scary for Izuku to be the one who has to push things forward this time. But he’s at a point with this whole “club” thing where he’s certain of what he wants and isn’t afraid to get it. To reach out and grab it.
Sero blushes when they make eye contact. Actually blushes and shifts his eyes to the side and flashes a quirky grin, teeth all but twinkling in their giant glory.

Izuku just stares at him in awe. He’s way better looking up close and Izuku’s heart all but skips a beat.

“So…,” Sero starts just a tinge awkwardly, “bondage?”

Izuku blinks a few times, subconscious just barely registering that the whole table just went silent at Sero’s words.

There’s a beat silence, a flash of heat sliding over Izuku’s face, and then laughter mostly coming from Kaminai and Mina filling his ears.

“What a great ice breaker, Sero,” Mina laughs out sarcastically.

Sero sighs to himself and all Izuku can do is give a small, shy smile of understanding that seems to soothe the other to some effect.

“Bondage, huh? I should have guessed,” Izuku says, half serious, half joking, once the others go back to their previous state of not paying much mind to Izuku and Sero.

“Ha, yeah,” Sero says, charming smile returning to his face full force.

“So, like, with your tape? Or…” Izuku asks, trying to keep the conversation going. He’s lowered his voice just a bit, though he doesn’t have to worry about outsiders hearing much because Mina and Kaminari are all but screaming at each other and their table is far enough away from any others.

“Yeah, yeah. With my tape. I’ve heard it feels better than plain old rope,” He says. His eyes shift towards Bakugo for only an instant before his shoots Izuku a sly smirk.

Izuku feels his mouth go just a little dry. Imagining someone like Bakugo in such a compromising position, it’s an image he knows will keep him up at night.
Izuku must be letting his inner thoughts display on his face because Sero reaches out and runs a hand down Izuku’s cheek gently, calloused fingertips wiping away whatever dumb expression was previously splayed across his face.

“Cute,” Sero coos, seemingly caught up in the moment.

Izuku’s face heats up and Sero removes his touch quickly, almost as if he had been burned.

A few moments pass in silence before Sero continues.

“I’m into paddles and stuff. Is that okay with you? We don’t have to go that deep if you don’t want, but from what the others told me you have a pain thing? I’m all for that so whatever you’re down for, I’m down for.” Sero rambles, eyes shifted away from Izuku.

Izuku feels that all too familiar giddy anticipation begin to naw at him. With every encounter he experiences more and he’s enjoying this roller coaster ride of sensation, feeling, and sexuality. He’s discovering a lot about himself and people he had always been interested to getting to know better all this time. It’s far too enjoyable.

“I’m okay with all of it, Sero. All of it,” he says simply, smiling.

He can almost physically see Sero soften as his gaze flits over Izuku’s face.

“Cool. Cool,” Sero stutters a bit, cheeks suddenly tinted rosy red, “let’s meet up this weekend, can text you the details. Kaminari gave me your number.”

Izuku nods. Sero nods. And a few seconds of innocent grinning later they’re returning to their lunch and enjoying the rest of the short break period before hero training with the sound of Mina and Kaminari’s hollering as their background music.
Izuku gets the text at night, thirty minutes before he plans to go to bed. It’s simple and to the point, far different than how Sero had been in person.

Meet me at the above address at 3pm on Saturday. Wear whatever you’re comfortable in under your clothes. Let’s have some fun, yeah? :)

Izuku types a quick response out and heads off to sleep in a haze of excitement.

The weekend comes, and without too much hassle, Izuku finds himself standing outside of Sero’s place on a sunny Saturday afternoon, dawned in another pair of novelty All Might briefs because they were he only clean pair he had.

Sero’s place is small and cozy, tucked away on the corner of a not so busy street in a clean neighborhood.

Izuku feels slightly anxious, being in a part of town he’d never been to before to meet someone he wasn’t that close to. But he knows Sero, knows the “club”, well enough to only expect the best. He knows none of them would put him in danger.

After a tentative knock on Sero’s front door, within seconds the other is there with a huge grin plastered on his face.

“Hey, hey, come on in,” Sero says holding his door open to let Izuku in.

Izuku nods, offering a shy smile in return as he enters the doorway.

There’s an awkward silence threatening to wrap around them but Sero quickly gestures for Izuku to follow him farther into the house. It keeps things moving. It keeps them from milling around and getting awkward.
Sero’s room is at the very end of the hall and without even a second of hesitation he let’s Izuku in and closes and locks the door behind them.

Sero’s room is so normal. Not much personalization, not eccentric like Mina’s. Just plain.

It takes Izuku a second to notice the things laid out on his perfectly made bed. Lined up next to each other are two different sized wooden paddles and tail flogger. Izuku’s mouth goes dry at the sight. It’s the normalization of it all maybe that makes him feel a tingle of adrenaline. He isn’t weird for liking this stuff, this situation isn’t weird. He and Sero are just going to have some platonic fun. He feels all of that just from seeing the “tool” laid out on Sero’s normal bed in Sero’s normal room.

“Midoryia,” Sero say slightly and Izuku realizes he’s been spacing out. He turns his head to face the other.

“Do you have a preferred safeword? Might be easier for you to keep it at the front of our mind if it’s something you make up. Just in case.”

“All might,” Izuku says back abruptly, a blush tinting his cheeks.

Sero nods and for the first time Izuku realizes how much taller Sero is. He’s towering over Izuku, looking down at him and Izuku feels small. He likes this and the bubbling emotions in the pit of his stomach tell him just that.

“Can I….help you undress?”

Izuku nods shyly, taking one step closer and peaking up at Sero through his eyelashes.

Sero reaches out slowly. His hands are massive and when they make contact with Izuku’s chest Izuku finds it difficult to suppress the whimper gurgling in the back of his throat.

Sero’s hands slid down the scape of Izuku’s chest and abs, fingertips gliding over white fabric until they reach the hem of Izuku’s shirt.
He pulls the shirt up and over Izuku’s head quickly.

There’s a pause and it takes Izuku a second to realize that Sero is gaping at him. His eyes are intently fixed on Izuku’s abs.

“God, your body,” Sero moans out in a hushed whisper.

Heat rises and Izuku watches compliantly through lidded eyes as Sero fumbles with his belt, his eyes still trained on Izuku’s toned abdominal muscles.

Within seconds Izuku’s pants have been pulled down and he steps out of them. Sero is staring again, this time at Izuku’s All Might briefs. Sero smiles.

“You’re so cute, oh my god .”

Izuku suddenly feels shy at that. He’d never really thought of himself as a particularly attractive person but Sero is giving him a major confidence boost with just a few words.

“Keeping these on?” Sero asks thoughtfully, letting his fingers run along the waistband of Izuku’s briefs.

Izuku nods. He isn’t quite ready to be completely nude in front of anyone, insecurities still gnawing at him in the places where it hurt most.

Sero gives a tiny nod of understanding and takes one step back.

He looks Izuku over, eyes seeing everything, every inch of Izuku’s scarred, paleish, freckled skin. He licks his lips and then begins to circle Izuku.

Izuku stands still, not certain how to react. This is far more predatory than Mina had been. Less harsh and overbearingly dominant, but more animalistic. More soft and raw. Sero wasn’t putting on an act, wasn’t getting into character. This was him.
After a full circle around Sero stops behind Izuku. There’s a moment of complete silence that makes the hairs on the back of Izuku’s neck stand straight up and then Sero’s arms are encircling his waist.

Izuku startles a bit at the sudden contact, long arms wrapping around him, flat, calloused palms dragging across his waist. But the warmth, Sero’s warmth, it’s comforting.

Izuku hears a strange clicking sound and it takes him a second to realize Sero has begun releasing tape and is gently wrapping it around Izuku’s abdomen.

“This isn’t too tight is it?” Sero whispers in Izuku’s ear after he has wrapped a single strand around Izuku’s abdomen three times.

Izuku checks his breathing, feels how far his stomach can stretch without being constricted.

“It’s perfect,” he replies.

He feels restrained but not completely disabled and that’s what he wants.

Sero lets his hands drop and moves back. The slight tug on Izuku’s waist tells him that the tape is still connected to Sero’s elbow. He’s a little confused but the uncertainty of what exactly Sro intends to do has him feeling exhilarated. Of course he has images of different bondage knots and positions floating around in his head, but he realizes tape is different than rope.

Izuku hears a weird clicking sound and a quick glance to the side tells him that Sero is dispensing extra tape, making the single strand that’s wrapped snug around Izuku have a long tail at the end.

Then there’s a rip and Izuku is jostled forward just a bit as Sero throws the end of the tape that is now disconnected from him upwards. It sticks to his ceiling and the angle and sudden tautness of the tape strip makes it hard for Izuku to stand completely straight. He hunches over forward, the lower half of his body slightly being pulled up backwards.

“Lean forward all the way, as far as you can. Flat back. Make sure you’re comfortable.”

Izuku obeys the order quickly. The tape around his lower torso supports his waist well, he doesn’t
have to completely support himself using his legs, so he leans forward with ease, letting his arms drape down.

Sero kneels next to him and gently touches his waist. Just that fleeting touch sends Izuku into a fit of chills. With his other hand, Sero repositions Izuku a bit, bending his knees slightly for him, making him lean forward farther, so that his fingertips are touching the ground.

And then, Sero tapes Izuku’s wrists to his ankles

“Oh, oh fuck,” Izuku goans out

He hadn’t expected this. Hadn’t thought he would be just about dangling from Sero’s ceiling and forced into a bent over position, ass up and on perfect display. Now he feels completely at Sero’s mercy, and he’s quite sure he doesn’t mind it one bit.

“This is okay, right? You’re not straining or anything?” Sero asks when he’s finished with the mock ankle and wrist cuffs and has twisted the tape connecting all four of Izuku’s limbs together well enough.

“It’s- It’s good. It’s really good,” Izuku says breathlessly, letting himself sway a bit against the tug of the tape around his abdomen.

“I didn’t want to go to crazy since it’s your first time, but I usually like to elevate people off the ground a bit. Maybe next time,” Sero says off handedly, eyeing his handy work closely and making sure everything is good.

Izuku finds himself whimpering at that thought, the thought of actually hanging from Sero’s ceiling all tied up and completely under Sero’s control.

Sero laughs.

“Excited are we?”

He stands and makes his way over to his bed. Within a few moments he’s holding up both wooden
paddles and the tail flogger in both hands.

“Which one do you want me to use?” Sero asks.

Izuku lifts his head just enough to see Sero coming closer and holding the three tools out towards his face.

He looks them over and decides on the biggest wooden paddle, it just looks like it’ll hurt like hell, will leave him sore and ravaged in a way Mina’s hand couldn’t quite reach. And Izuku really really wants that.

Sero is behind him soon and Izuku shivers in anticipation. It’s the moment right before the first smack that gives him a huge adrenaline rush. He has no idea what to expect, his body isn’t prepared for what’s to come and he’s almost shaking in excited arousal.

Izuku waits.

But nothing comes.

“S-sero…” Izuku mumbles in confusion, letting himself sway backwards.

“Hm?” Sero hums quietly.

Izuku can tell he’s not that close to him.

There’s another beat of deafening silence, it makes Izuku’s skin crawl, and he feels his legs shaking.

“Please, please, oh god, pleaaaase,” Izuku groans out.

It clicks to him that this is a part of Sero’s thing, but he almost can’t take this kind of deprivation. He needs it, now, and the wait is tortuous.
“Well, since you asked so nicely.”

Izuku’s brain doesn’t register the sound of the paddle swishing through air until it’s already hitting him.

The suddenness and severity of the smack, leaving a harsh crack in its wake, has Izuku yelping.

The immense sting that washes over him a second later is intense. It really hurts. Really hurts. Hurts.

Izuku’s brain is stuck on that. He replays the word “Ow” in his mind over and over again and it takes him a second to realize he’s saying it out loud too.

Tears prick his eyes and he feels drool dripping down his chin but he can’t do anything to wipe either of them away.

“Is this okay?” Sero whispers in Izuku’s ear.

It chills him, those soft words being blown into his ear in a cold breath. The fact that he can’t see what Sero is doing makes everything so heightened.

“P-p-perfect,” Izuku sniffs out, his teeth chattering.

Then there’s that stillness again. Izuku can’t predict what Sero is going to do, or when he’s going to do it, and it keeps Izuku on edge.

Before Izuku’s brain can catch up, the crack and intense sting are back full force, but this time slightly lower on the back of his thighs.

His mouth tumbles open in a silent yell, but the only sound he can muster is a tiny “Owy”.

He’s actually crying now, not sobbing, but tears are streaming down his face uncontrollably and his
chest is shaking as he heaves in heavy breaths.

The next hit would have made his knees buckle if he wasn’t being supported by the tape. It’s so intense, Sero is hitting him harder than he had thought, but it still feels so sickeningly good. It feels good.

Izuku can’t really tell if he’s hard or not. His lower body feels numb. Likely as a natural reaction to the pain, but even without that indicator of pleasure he finds himself moaning in the back of his throat.

Izuku loses the concept of time somewhere in the 10th smack, so he almost doesn’t realize Sero hasn’t hit him in five minute and has just been standing there watching him shake and break down.

But before Izuku can even form any coherent thoughts about that, Sero is pinching the raw skin on the back of his thighs. He’s pinching hard, digging his fingernails into Izuku’s ravaged skin, and god does it hurt.

There’s another harsh pinch on his ass cheek before Sero walks around until he’s in front of Izuku.

“Look at you, all ruined. Love seeing you like this.”

Izuku feels like he’s hearing the words from underwater. Everything slightly muffled and slow and he can’t even really lift his head up much farther than to stare straight ahead at Sero’s clothed stomach.

Sero kneels down a second later. The look in his eyes when he’s finally face to face with Izuku makes Izuku feel so completely and utterly overpowered. He can’t do anything but drool and shake and Sero just fucking stares at him. Just fucking smirks and stares.

Izuku doesn’t notice Sero has his hands on Izuku’s chest until he feels a harsh scratch from his collarbones all the way down to his upper abdomen.

“S-sero,” He whines pathetically, and the other’s fingertips travel back up and scrape across his nipples painfully, “You sadistic f-fuck.”
Sero laughs at that, really laughs and his smile brightens.

“Sorry I didn’t explicitly tell you before, from what Mina and Kaminari told me, you’re pretty masochistic so I figured it would be fine if I wasn’t too intense. Wanted to surprise you. And look at you, came just from that,” Sero says, eyes sliding down towards Izuku’s crotch area.

“I-I did?” Izuku asks, eyes widening.

He was too lost to really feel much of what was below his waist during the whole thing.

He lets his head fall and can clearly see the rather large stain seeping through the front of his underwear. He feels his face heating up.

“Are you numb?” Sero asks, genuine concern laced in between his words.

Izuku lifts his head back up just enough to nod shyly. His brain still feels a little mushy and he feels like he’s talking with cotton shoved into his mouth.

“Let me get you down from there and get some ice. Would you be okay with me bathing you too?”

Izuku nods slowly, feeling his mind drift in and out of really being aware of his surroundings. That nod is all it takes for Sero to untape him as gracefully as Izuku’s limp body will allow. And Izuku drops into Sero’s awaiting arms.

“I’ll take care of you,” Sero whispers to him as Izuku feels the other standing.

Izuku just rests his head against Sero’s chest and allows himself to be taken care of.
you know who's next :)

Two weeks pass and Izuku finds himself tightly knotted into Bakugo’s friend group like it had been that way all along.

They add him to their group chat and he eats lunch with them sometimes and weirdly enough he fits right in.

Their conversations are of such a wide spectrum and Izuku had never talked about so many things, explicit and not, in such detail before. It’s like a new world has opened and he’s been left to his own devices to explore it.

Iida and Uraraka don’t pry for details and Izuku decides he’ll save his explanation of things for a far later date when he’s able to exactly formulate what it is he wants to reveal about himself to his closest friends. He also doesn’t particularly want to blab about the “club” to non-prospective members without the consent of the others.

So for now it is what it is.

They plan things long term, talk about what they want to try and who they want to try it with, in their group chat in the middle of the night.

Izu feels like he’s in some sort of secret society as he stares at the messages shooting across his phone screen in the dark from under his covers.

He initially doesn’t think much of it, but somewhere in the depths of his consciousness he registers
that Bakugo hardly ever says anything in the group chat. The others don’t say much about him either and Izuku wonders vaguely if it’s because of him. If their history has thrown certain things off balance.

He bites his lower lip and types out a quick message.

He hesitates for a moment, wondering if he’ll just end up aggravating the situation more, but he can’t help sending the message and looking away in embarrassment.

*Kacchan, is this okay?*

He realizes he’s being slightly cryptic, wonders if he’ll be asked to clarify what he means. But when he glances back at the chat he sees a single message sent after his

*Just shut up, will you? So fucking irksome, I swear.*

Two things about this message ding bells in Izuku’s brain. Firstly, the message was sent so quickly that it means Izuku must have flustered Bakugo in some way. Though whether he truly riled up Bakugo’s anger or simply embarrassed him remains unknown. But the other thing Izuku realizes is that Bakugo had been reading the chat silently all this time.

His stretch of inactivity could have meant he was ignoring it all together, but he in fact wasn’t. He was reading everything all along, seeing everything Izuku had said, and just remained quiet.

Izuku feels his face flush. He had said quite a few things and it was just dawning on him that Bakugo was there the whole time.

Izuku sighs heavily, swallowing the lump in his throat, and decides to see if he can coax anything real out of Bakugo, no matter how difficult it may be to do so.

*Kacchan, you know it’s better to talk things out*

A minute passes and then the reply pops up.
Even after everything, you still think we can talk it out? Don’t make me laugh, fuckface.

Izuku feels a pang in his chest. Bakugo always seemed to be in attack mode when it came to him. And no matter how bold or confident Izuku had become, it still stung. It hurt.

Izuku does his best to keep his mood from slipping through the cracks of his floor, but he can already feel his face sliding into a prominent, sad frown.

Stop being such a douche bag, Katsuki. Please? You said you weren’t going to do this. You said it was fine.

Izuku’s eyes are slightly bleary as he reads Kirishima’s message twice over, processing the new information that has been presented so neatly.

Bakugo had actually said it was fine. The meanness was just at semi-face value right now. Izuku tries to comfort himself with that thought. Tries.

No reply comes for five minutes and the “silence” is broken by a sighing emoji from Kaminari and a second later an eye roll emoji from Mina

Instead of letting himself stay worked up, Izuku throws his phone to the side and goes to sleep.

Another week passes and things continue simply. Izuku doesn’t have another “session” with any of the others planned until the end of the month. His anticipation peaks when Sero shows him a picture of the bondage position they’re going to be doing, and he can’t get the image out of his head.

It keeps him occupied enough.

And then, one day, after staring at Izuku all week, Bakugo grows a pair of balls and says something.
“I’m sorry for being such a dick in he group chat the other day,” He mumbles angrily under his breath as Izuku’s leaving the classroom on a Friday afternoon.

Izuku whips his head around to the other side of the hallway and sees Bakugo standing with his gaze downcast, hands shoved deep into his pants pockets. A smiling Kirishima is standing slightly behind him.

As much as Izuku appreciates the sentiment he only wishes it wasn’t so obvious that the apology was forced.

Izuku shoots a half assed smile in return and mumbles out a quick “It’s fine” as cheerily as he can muster, and heads off in the opposite direction.

“Happy now, shitty hair?” He hears Bakugo growling from somewhere behind him.

“Dude, shut up, don’t act like you didn’t re-write what you were going to say twenty times.”

There’s a crackle and the smell of smoke, a shout and a yelp, and Izuku can’t help the grin that spreads across his face.

It’s Saturday afternoon when Izuku receives the text that changes things. Really changes things.

*Come to my place tomorrow.*

Izuku re-reads the text over and over again. It’s not from the group chat but from Bakugo personally. It’s so simple, so not loud or angry or explosive that Izuku almost wonders if Bakugo’s phone was stolen, if it’s some kind of joke.

But Izuku had seen it only the day before. Bakugo’s defensive mask was cracking and for once, he was letting it fall off completely. He was letting Izuku in and that was monumental.
Izuku couldn’t help but wishfully wonder if there were any other implications laced in that simple request. If Bakugo was expecting something from him of a more intimate, explicit manner. He couldn’t help but wonder. From what he had gathered Bakugo wasn’t always the dominant once in these “activities”. Maybe a switch?

But Izuku quickly lets those thoughts leave him. He doesn’t want to make assumptions based on minimal information. He wants Bakugo to come out with it and trust him with that information on his own.

Izuku makes his way to Bakugo’s home next day. He hadn’t been there in years but he somehow remembers the way like he had only been there days ago. It’s a bit nostalgic, walking past all the places they had played when they were young. Seeing the park and the video game store that were conveniently halfway between their homes, where they had spent so much time.

Izuku wonders if Bakugo ever for even a second regrets how things unfolded between them. Sure he was prideful in the worst possible way, but Izuku knew he was more. He was a ball of emotions that Izuku could hardly fathom. Izuku knew a lot about being emotionally unstable, but somehow Bakugo was on a different level. Somehow.

He freezes up right before he rings Bakugo’s doorbell. He isn’t sure what to expect, whether they’ll really talk, whether things will be tense and uncomfortable, and he almost contemplates turning around and heading back home.

But the door opens for him right then.

Bakugo stares at him for a second. It’s a passive stare, his expression is almost blank, though the corners of his mouth are turned down slightly.

“Are you just going to stand there looking dumb or what?”

The usual bite behind Bakugo’s words is muted and Izuku feels a smile tugging at his lips. Maybe
things are really getting better between them. Maybe Bakugo will really try.

Izuku glances around the living room as he sits on the couch. Bakugo is in the kitchen getting them something to drink and Izuku can’t help fidgeting with nervousness.

It feels unreal to be back in the place where so many of his childhood memories had unfolded. To be welcomed back into a place that had been off limits to him for a decade.

Bakugo comes back with two tall glasses of water and sets them on coasters on the coffee table in front of Izuku.

Izuku watches him closely.

Bakugo doesn’t say anything and his face is blank and Izuku thinks he must be doing this on purpose. Maybe he’s trying hard to keep himself calm and collected or maybe he just doesn’t want Izuku to catch wind of whatever his real intentions are. But whatever the reason, it doesn’t help Izuku’s nerves in the slightest. His stomach is twisted in knots and he can’t keep himself from nervously fiddling with his fingers. The atmosphere is too hard to read.

Bakugo turns on the tv and grabs his cup of water, taking a long gulp from it.

Izuku watches him. Watches his adam’s apple bob as he swallows, watches the way a tiny stream escapes the corner of Bakugo’s mouth and drips down his chin, watches the way he wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

Bakugo’s presence is strong, he doesn’t even have to do anything to have such a strong hold on Izuku. He doesn’t have to do anything.

They settle into a stiff silence and Izuku somehow scrapes his attention off of Bakugo and places it onto the game show playing on the television.

20 minutes pass like that. In silence and uncomfortable closeness, Izuku has been nervously sipping from his own drink periodically and he finds it’s empty the next time he picks it up.
Almost as if he had been watching Izuku from the corner of his eye the whole time, Bakugo silently grabs Izuku’s empty glass from his hands and returns to the kitchen to fill it.

To say Izuku is confused is an understatement. After years of dealing with the other, he was almost certain he knew as much as he possibly could about Bakugo’s mindset and the way he acted. But how he was acting now, right now, under the guise of a “friendly” meeting, was so unpredictable.

Bakugo returns and hands the glass back to Izuku without looking at him.

There’s another beat of silence and then Izuku musters up some sort of courage.

“K-Kacchan,” He says, eyes darting over to the other again. But he’s cut off.

“I’m trying,” Bakugo says through gritted teeth.

Izuku stares at the other as he begins to grind his teeth and takes yet another gulp from his cup.

“This is the only thing I could- It’s the only thing I can do,” Bakugo continues, sounding so strained, like he’s in physical pain, and it stirs something in Izuku.

There are two feelings bouncing around in the pit of Izuku’s stomach, swirling and mixing and becoming a single entity. Pity and arousal.

Izuku feels pity for Bakugo. As much as he would love to hate the other for everything he had done, really he just feels bad. Bakugo’s personality, his mindset, all of that had manifested because of an environment that allowed them to breed in the poor kid.

And Izuku also feels the light buzz and warmth of on coming arousal at that. It’s a little sick maybe, but seeing Bakugo, seeing his vulnerability, it brings out something in Izuku. Something.

More time passes, and Izuku has completely emptied 4 glasses of water.
It takes him about 5 minutes after that last sip to realize his bladder is completely and utterly full.

At first it’s that slight soreness tucked in his lower abdomen that makes him shift just a bit in his seat. But then it’s the sting and the beginning of a leakage that he can feel rushing through him. He knows he has to go. He has to go now.

“Kacchan, I have to use the bath-,” he starts frantically, beginning to stand.

But before he’s even fully on his feet, Bakugo grabs onto his arm and pulls him back down.

Izuku feels the slosh of liquid in him and he quickly squeezes his thighs together. Heat splashes across his face in spurts of angry splotches of embarrassment. And confusion washes over him in waves as Bakugo’s grip on his arm only tightens.

“What-” Izuku starts, but for the millionth time he’s cut off. He doesn’t have the heart to be annoyed though. His brain can only focus on stopping him from pissing himself.

“I know this is probably a lot of information and I hate that I did it like this but I- I’m- I just, I just couldn’t think of any other way to do this without becoming irrationally angry with you and ruining everything. I-”

Bakugo is speaking a mile a minute. He’s talking so fast in a low growl and Izuku listens as closely as he can because Bakugo is actually talking to him and no matter how desperately he needs to piss, he can’t miss a second of this. He needs to engrain this moment into his memory forever.

“I want you to piss on me.”

For a split second, Izuku wonders if this is a dream, or if he heard wrong. He looks at Bakugo. Really looks at him and he sees something he’s never quite seen before.
Bakugo is hunched forward, jaw clenched so hard it’s shaking slightly and his face is such a dark red that Izuku would actually be worried about his health in any other situation.

“I, I want you to degrade me, I want to be degraded. But will it even be enough to make up for everything? Will anything ever be enough?” Bakugo continues to grit out.

His whole body is shaking and it takes Izuku a moment to realize he’s holding it in too. He has to go to.

“Kaccha- Baku- Katsu-,” Izuku stutters out, the full force of what’s just been unloaded on him hitting him in the gut straight on.

There’s a second of stretched out, noisy silence and Izuku becomes aware that the heat coursing through his veins, that the feeling rising in his chest, it’s full blown lust. Izuku realizes he’s deeper than he ever thought. He realizes there’s so much left, so many aspects of himself and his sexuality left to explore.

Bakugo’s confession has thrown a wrench in his heart and he’s overflowing, figuratively and literally, with so many emotions. He’s over stimulated beyond belief and he can’t regain a proper train of thought.

“Y-you can say no if you want. D-don’t want to pressure you. I shouldn’t have sprung it on you so suddenly. D-don’t let me bully you into anything ever again,” Bakugo pants out loudly, like he’s fighting himself.

He’s curled farther into himself than he was moments before and Izuku watches closely as he squeezes his eyes closed and fucking whimpers.

The look that splays across his face is one of absolute shame and Izuku, Izuku likes it.

He’s into this.

“I’ll do it K-Kacchan, if this is what you want. If you really want this,” Izuku says.
He feels his thighs quivering uncontrollably and crosses his legs, squeezing as tight as he possibly can. The sting of his bladder, god the sting, it makes him shiver.

Bakugo’s eyes shoot open and he turns his head to look at Izuku. There’s something in his eyes, something so raw and honest and Izuku has never seen that in Bakugo before. Bakugo has never been honest and vulnerable. He’s never shown Izuku everything. Not like this.

Bakugo’s face twitches into a half cringe half scowl and then he’s slipping to his knees on the hardwood floored space between the coffee table and the couch.

Izuku is confused. The entire urgency and desperation of the situation has him frazzled and scatter brained in a way not even Sero had coaxed him into.

Bakugo shifts around so that he’s facing Izuku’s direction. He places a hand on the coffee table to keep himself somewhat upright and sits back on his calves spreading his knees. He’s still shaking, like it’s taking every ounce of his strength to hold it in.

Izuku’s eye take it all in. The look on Bakugo’s face, the way it’s twisted into an expression of pure embarrassment, skin a bloody red from his forehead all the way down his neck. It almost makes Izuku breathless.

He’s about to move closer when he notices unshed tars forming in Bakugo’s eyes.

“Kacchan-,” Izuku starts, but then he see the tears streaming.

And then he looks down and sees Bakugo Katsuki literally pissing his pants.

The piss soaks right through his jeans, leaving a slowly widening dark stain in it’s wake. And Izuku has to grab himself through his pants, has to squeeze his own dick hard with a tight grip to keep himself from going down the same path.

Bakugo has this angry cry face screwed tight into his feature. Izuku had seen it before, that expression. After the first time he beat Bakugo in hero course training at U.A.
It takes Izuku a second to admit he’s turned on by.

Bakugo whimpers and snifflies and keeps his gaze cast down as he continues to empty his bladder out all over himself. He bites his lip hard to keep from full out bawling and Izuku can tell by the twitch in his jaw just how hard it is on him.

“Pathetic,” Izuku whispers out mindlessly.

Bakugo’s eyes snap to him in that instant. The anger buried behind layers of shame spikes in his gaze, like fuel being added to a flame.

But Bakugo Katsuki doesn’t shout or scream. He doesn’t fall back into his previous mold.

“Y-you think I don’t fucking know that?”

His voice comes out all gravely and fucked and Izuku feels his stomach flip. Feels himself giving into his bodily desires.

Bakugo is still a shaking, sniveling mess by the time he’s done. By the time his pants are soaked through and he’s sitting in a puddle of his own urine. It smells, god does it smell, but Izuku can’t find himself able to feel true disgust.

“Get on with it, then,” Bakugo says in an angry whisper letting his head fall, his face completely obscured by his hair.

He’s completely deflated, every bit of ego that was pumped into him since the day his quirk manifested has dribbled out. And what’s left kind of does give Izuku just a bit of the sick satisfaction Bakugo was trying to gift him with this whole thing.

Izuku stands slowly, the slosh in his bladder making him groan. It’s almost unbearable. It is unbearable.
He shuffles forward slightly, towering over Bakugo’s hunched and crumpled figure.

It feels good. Although he definitely would enjoy being on the other end, being in the dominate spot, looking down on Bakugo, it felt so good.

Izuku is almost shy to pull out his dick, but it’s a stupid thing really. He’s been close to naked in front of 4 other people up to this point and Bakugo isn’t even looking at him right now. So Izuku lets the last of his insecurities melt away, if only for this one moment in time.

“I’m - I’m going to do it, Kacchan,” Izuku says as warning once he has his dick in hand and aimed precisely at the top of Bakugo’s head.

He gets a grunt in response and then

He’s pissing.

He can’t help but moan out in relief as everything he had been holding in for far too long splashes out in a continuous stream. It’s almost like a twisted metaphor for all the emotional baggage and pent up frustrations he had towards Bakugo finally spilling out.

The pee soaks Bakugo’s hair and dribbles down the sides of his face and Izuku almost wants to see his expression in this moment.

This is degradation, humiliation, and everything in between all wrapped up in such a simple act. And when Izuku sees the way Bakugo’s chest is heaving, hears his heavy sighs desperately masked as out of breath pants, he knows Bakugo is getting off to this. Physically.

For Izuku it’s more than that. He feels this on the emotional level of getting a kick out of doing something to Bakugo, having something over Bakugo, if only for this one moment. He’s the one that has the other cornered with his back against a wall for once.

As Izuku’s thoughts continue to drift suddenly Bakugo shifts his head upward until Izuku is pissing on his face.
Izuku strangles out a yelp but he’s too entranced by Bakugo’s expression to really think about how weird this should be. How gross it should be.

Well, it is gross, but that’s the point.

Bakugo’s face as he lets the last spurts of Izuku’s stream roll down his chin, it’s next to godly.

The way his skin is painted red in awkward patches, the way his eyebrows are knitted together so tightly. His jaw is tight and strained, and it looks like he’s clenching it hard enough to break his teeth. His hair is a wet mess, disproportionately drenched strands plastered against his forehead.

Izuku likes this Bakugo.

When he’s done, Izuku finds himself semi-hard and completely and utterly embarrassed. He’d lost himself somewhere in there and it’s suddenly more awkward now than it had been in the beginning.

He quickly tucks himself back into his pants while Bakugo continues to silently sit in the mess they’d both made.

There’s a beat of that same noisy silence from before, with the long forgotten tv playing in the background and Bakugo’s ragged breathing suddenly louder than ever.

“Help me clean this shit up,” Bakugo says, voice cracking.

He sounds so pitiful and it sends a jolt up Izuku’s spine.

“Hey, Kacchan? I- I know this is awkward and all but was all of that really just the, you know, bdsm thing? Or was that deeper? We can still talk.”

Bakugo stands, not looking at Izuku.
“Look, that was hard for me. And yeah, some of it was deeper, but the piss thing? That’s really, I really- yeah,” Bakugo mumbles.

Izuku doesn’t want to push him too hard so soon so he just gives a nod in response, understanding that there were levels to Bakugo that he had never quite seen before.

They stare at each other for a long second. Izuku can’t help but be hopeful for where they’ll go from here as he sees Bokugos face resting so neutrally.

“Welcome to the club, fucking nerd,” Bakugo grumbles finally, a tinge of pink still glazing his cheeks.

And Izuku laughs.

Chapter End Notes

just want to say that i really appreciate all the comments and i’m thankful people enjoyed this fic. i don't reply to everyone because i feel a little awkward interacting with people but i just want everyone to know that i read every comment and it made me happy~
so i totally lied when i said the last chapter was the last chapter. i'm just a mess and i kept making up scenarios in my head for this story because i recently caught up on the mha manga and SPOILER: dorms, so i wrote this on a whim. sorry if it doesn't flow right or if it's a little weird because i was literally making it up as i went along. this chapt actually has fluffy interactions, a little kink, AND a little plot, so buckle up.

hope it's enjoyable, comments are always appreciated, and i'm not making any promises but there may or may not be at least one chapter left in me for this shit. idk.

“It’s still so weird, seeing everyone in the morning like this,” Uraraka says with a giddy smile.

It’s only been a week since the mandatory move-in to U.A’s dorms, and Izuku had to agree that it would take a lot of getting used to.

Izuku is sitting at one of the dining tables across from Uraraka. Iida is to her left and Todoroki is to her right. They’re all still in their pajamas, enjoying morning tea prepared by Todoroki and chatting mindlessly.

“Yes, it is, but at least it’s a good bonding opportunity. It’s only been a week and I already feel as though I know you all so much better,” Iida says, lifting his mug and taking a gracious sip with a smile on his lips.

Izuku smiles back and nods.

“What the hell? How are you guys up so early on a Sunday?” comes a groggy voice from behind Izuku.

He turns his head to see Mina shuffling across the common room in her slippers and matching fuzzy, pink robe.
She stops short with a yawn, rubs her eyes a bit, and then notices Izuku.

“Izuuuu,” she coos, a grin cracking across the last remnants of sleep etched in her expression.

In a few skips she’s next to their table and quickly slides into the seat beside him. She peppers a few pecks on his cheek, leaving a dusty trail of blush in her wake.

Mina and Kaminari are exceptionally touchy, it was something they were more cautious about at school, but the dorms provided an environment that wasn’t quite school and it made them too comfortable in a way Izuku wasn’t sure their classmates were ready for.

“M-Mina,” Izuku starts, very aware of the three sets of eyes silently staring from across the table.

But Mina ignores his gentle pleading.

She moves back slightly and grazes her fingertips across the area where her lips were only seconds before.

“How are you so soft,” she half whispers in awe, “even with all those bulging muscles you’re still so soft.”

Izuku sputters a bit, eyes darting around, not sure how to respond as Mina’s fingers play with a few loose strands of his hair and then continue to dance across his warm, freckled skin.

“Aw, these pajamas are so cute,” she says after a few more moments, slightly turning Izuku by his shoulders to get a good look at the loose shirt hanging off of his frame.

It’s just one of his many matching All Might sets, a baby blue shirt with a dark blue, contrasting screen print of an All Might cartoon. The shorts nothing more than a repeating pattern of “AM” in different fonts in a matching color scheme. But maybe it’s the way the set is loose and faded from too many times through the wash that makes them “cute” to Mina.

“Wear them next time,” she continues, like there aren’t three people watching this whole exchange with hawk eyes.
Izuku feels like the skin on his face might actually melt off if his temperature rises any more. Because he knows exactly what she means by “next time”.

But now isn’t the time to get caught up in thoughts of this promised “next time”, so he uses one of his many defense mechanisms and changes the subject.

“Y-Your nails look nice, Mina,” He stutters out.

And he isn’t lying. They’re sparkly and fun. He hasn’t seen her wear any polish other than black, despite her more eccentric style.

She perks up at that, snapped out of her trance in an instant. She splays her palm across the table and shifts her hand back and forth a bit, letting her nails catch the light.

“You really like them? Kiri did it,” she says fondly.

Izuku’s eyes widen.

“Kirishima did that? Really?”

He stares at the shimmer and tries imaging Kirishima with his hair tied up painting Mina’s nails a sparkly purple. Heat prickles in his gut at the thought.

“Yeah, he’s been so into it ever since I got Bakugo to let me paint his nails black a few days ago.”

“Kacchan let you do that?” Izuku asks incredulously, voice raising in pitch to accentuate is utter shock

“He took it off right after, but it looked so fucking good. I could do yours too if you’d like,” Mina rambles on, grabbing Izuku’s hand and inspecting his short, bitten nails, “a dark green maybe? Kaminari wants yellow.”
Izuku isn’t quite sure what about the whole scenario is so enticing to him but he nods before he can worry himself out of it.

“I think- I think I’d like that,” He mumbles.

“Cool!” Mina chirps.

Then she raises her head to look Izuku in the eye.

“I actually have something else I wanted to see if you’d be interested in, but we can talk later,” she says.

She’s giving him that look and he knows it’s something they need to talk about in a private setting. So he nods in understanding.

“Welp, I better make my breakfast before it gets too crowded down here,” Mina says hopping up. She gives Izuku a wink before skipping around the table and engulfing Uraraka in a back hug.

“Don’t forget we’re going shopping with the girls today, be ready by one,” Mina says, placing a few exaggerated smooches on the crown of Uraraka’s head.

“Oh yeah!” Uraraka replies, face brightening up, “thanks for the reminder, girl.”

“No problemo, babes!” Mina says as her last goodbye, before skipping away into the kitchen.

There’s a stretch of semi-awkward silence as Uraraka takes out her phone and begins seemingly typing a shopping list and Iida and Todoroki continue to look at Izuku.

“I never realized you two were that close,” Todoroki finally says, tilting his head to the side.

Izuku lets out an awkward laugh.
“You know Mina, It’s hard not to get close with her after you’ve talked to her once,” Izuku continues carefully.

Todoroki hums thoughtfully.

“Must be nice being so extroverted,” he replies wistfully.

Izuku wants to offer some encouragement or reassurance to Todoroki, but he’s interrupted

“Izu!” someone calls out from behind him, and it’s unmistakably Kaminari.

Izuku doesn’t get much of a chance to even look over before Kaminai is plopping down into the seat next to him where Mina had been only moments before.

“Izu? I thought that was only Mina’s thing,” Izuku says shyly, blush returning full force as Kaminari unabashedly rests his head on Izuku’s shoulder and wraps his arms around Izuku’s arm.

“Kami has no sense of boundaries, Midoriya. He even calls Bakugo that Kacchan nickname too,” comes another voice.

It’s Sero and he walks over with his arms crossed. He’s giving Kaminari a feigned disapproving look, and he’s ignored in return.

“I don’t get how Kirishima does it. This kid is so freaking bratty when it comes to me,” Sero huffs out, dropping his arms in a deflated gesture.

Kaminari sticks out his tongue at Sero playfully. Sero sticks up his middle finger in return just as playfully.

Izuku doesn’t miss the scandalized look the crosses Iida’s face at the vulgarity, but he surprisingly doesn’t say anything.

Kaminari continues to nuzzle his face against Izuku’s shoulder.
“Wait, holy shit,” Sero says suddenly.

Izuku looks at him and the look on Sero’s face says a lot, but not enough. His nostrils are flared and his eyebrows are furrowed, but Izuku can’t tell what he’s looking at, although his eyes do seem to be on Izuku’s torso.

“What?” Izuku asks, confused and shifting under the heavy gaze.

“Those pajamas are freaking cute.”

Izuku’s face blooms with heat yet again.

Kaminari pulls back and looks Izuku over for himself, a squeal leaving his lips.

“Dude, oh my god? You look so soft? How are your thighs so squishy with that much muscle packed in there,” Kaminari blathers on, poking and prodding the exposed skin of Izuku’s thighs with his fingertips.

“K-Kaminari,” Izuku whines, squirming under each touch.

Sero pulls out his phone and says, “I need a pic of this.”

Kaminari perks up at the mention of pictures and shuffles closer to Izuku, back pressing into Izuku’s chest and head against Izuku’s cheek.

“Just with Midoriya, Kami,” Sero says playing around with the zoom.

Kaminari pouts, an animalistic whine rumbling in the back of his throat. He kicks his feet out a bit too, accenting his resolve to take part in the picture.

Sero just looks at Kaminari for a second but then he sighs out a “fine” that sends Kaminari back into
his high spirits.

“Smile,” Sero says.

And they do, and Sero takes the picture.

“Cuties,” he groans out fondly when he’s done, looking the picture over.

“Who’s a cutie?” Mina asks, coming out of the kitchen with a plate of slightly burnt toast drenched in honey in one hand and a mug of coffee in the other hand.

“These two,” Sero replies, showing her his phone.

“Oh my gooosh, send me that. These precious babies,” she coos.

Kaminari basks in the praises, sneaking a few grins at Izuku, who can’t muster much but a wobbly, meak smile in return. He still isn’t used to having so much attention on him at once, even after everything. But he can’t say he doesn’t like it. A lot.

“What the fuck is all the comotion down here about,” a booming voice says, entering the fray.

Of course it’s Bakugo.

Izuku turns his head again and strains his neck to see Kirishima right behind Bakugo, looking at everyone who’s gathered curiously.

“Look at this cute shit,” Mina says and Sero turns his phone towards Bakugo as him and Kirishima come close enough to see the image in all its glory.

“Aw, these sweethearts. Send this to me,” Kirishima says.
“What? They always look fucking cute. Stop acting like this is new information,” Bakugo grumbles, pushing passed them and stomping his way into the kitchen.

They fall into a stunned silence before Kirishima blurts out, “I knew he had soft spot for you two.”

And they all giggle except for Iida, Uraraka, and Todoroki, who remain stunned for a more extended period of time, complete and utter confusion apparent in their faces. In that moment, Izuku realizes just how hard it is to juggle two entire friends groups. This must be weird for them, he hates that he’s made it weird for them.

But before he can say anything, Kaminari is grabbing at his hand.

“Let’s make pancakes,” he says loudly, looking at Izuku with a sparkle in his eye and a smile that shoots an arrow right through Izuku’s heart.

“O-okay.”

And that’s all it takes for Kaminari to drag Izuku up and away, following behind Kirishima and Sero, Mina in stride beside them.

He doesn’t think to glance back or wave in that moment, but he makes a mental note to set aside more time for the friends he leaves sitting at the at the table.

“I guess we don’t know Midoriya as much as we thought,” Iida says off-handedly, staring at the empty mug Izuku left behind.

Uraraka sighs out in reply, “Maybe we’re too selfish.” She sets her phone down on the table and continues, “We sort of just assumed we were the closest to him, but maybe that was never true.”

“What was even so cute about those pajamas anyway,” Todoroki mumbles to himself.

They drop the topic at that.
“Would you maybe be into crossdressing?”

Mina says it so nonchalantly that it almost catches Izuku off guard. But he realizes quickly he should have guessed it would be something like this, after the nail polish thing.

The nail date had been a success. Mina painted Kaminari’s nails a yellow that rivaled his hair and Izuku’s the darkest green in her collection. Izuku kind of really liked how his nails looked, properly filed, cuticles pushed back, with a glossy color neatly painted over them. It made him realize how much society’s forced notion of gender “norms” kept him from exploring a world of things.

Kaminari had long since retreated to his own room, leaving Mina and Izuku lounging across Mina’s bed talking.

“Crossdressing?” Izuku mumbles in reply, signifying that he’s thinking, mulling the idea of it over in his head.

Izuku couldn’t exactly imagine himself looking all that great stuffed into a feminine outfit. He was bulky, slender in some places, but bulging in others. But then again, there were muscular women too. He’d seen plenty of muscular female heros that were to die for. And he’d been told plenty that his face betrayed his body. Maybe he wouldn’t look too bad, maybe-

“Izu, stop overthinking it. It’s cool if you don’t think you’ll be into it. But if you are, I actually bought you some things,” Mina says, rolling off of her bed and sifting through one of the drawers in her wardrobe.

Izuku watches and sits up, scooching towards the end of the bed to get a better look. A knot of anxious excitement ties itself in his stomach because he isn’t sure what to expect.

The lacy fabric catches his eye first. It’s baby blue and tiny and Izuku knows exactly what it is when Mina pulls out a matching, yet differently shaped piece.

It’s a lingerie set, a bralette with matching panties.
Mina spreads them out on her sheets next to Izuku and then turns to her drawer again, this time pulling out a pink, pleated skirt.

“I didn’t know your measurements or anything so these might be a little small, but they made me think of you and I couldn’t resist,” Mina says, laying the skirt out with the other items.

Izuku stares. Eyes tracing over the pastel fabric, focusing in, then vision blurring out. The heat rises in his stomach first, gives him butterflies, makes him giddy. Then he feels it wash over his entire body like a fever.

Izuku was never one to pay much attention to his own fashion, but loved stuff like this on girls. Delicate, soft. To think he could feel that way about himself, look at himself in the mirror and feel that. It was getting to him in a way he hadn’t expected it to.

“Hey, Izu,” comes Mina’s voice, a soft whisper in the loud rush of thoughts swimming in Izuku’s mind, “It’s okay if you don’t want to. Sorry if me buying this seems like I’m trying to guilt trip you into shit but, like, I at least wanted to give you a chance to try it out alone even if you don’t want to do it with me.”

Her tone is laced with worry that Izuku had never quite seen in Mina under these circumstances. His reaction must be confusing. His throat has gone dry and he’s rendered speechless, caught up in his own fantasies, and she must not see that he wants this. Very badly.

“Mina, no,” Izuku finally brings himself to croak out, “I want to do it, I want you to see me with it on, I want- I want,” his words catch in his throat.

He’s feeling extremely submissive and Mina doesn’t even have to do much to get him all tongue tied and under her control. He’d do anything she asked of him. Anything to please her.

Pleasant surprise flashes across her face as her eyes drag over him, taking in every microexpression and fidget. Then a different look slides up and locks her features into place.

“Izu,” she sing songs, tone suddenly sultry, voice even softer, “Want me to help you put them on, baby?”
Baby.

Baby.

It’s not pet, but it sends chills up and down his spine nonetheless.

“Just- Just not the panties, I’m still, I’m -”

“Shy?” Mina finishes for him, a look of endearment on her face.

Izuku nods and Mina comes closer. She stares at him for a second, then traces her fingertips over his jaw, raising his head up slightly in the process.

“Stand for me,” she murmurs gently, but sternly, “gonna make you all pretty.”

Izuku lets out a breathless sigh, the whole thing already getting worked up beyond belief.

He nuzzles his cheek against the warmth of her palm before standing as per her orders.

They’re close. Faces only inches apart, Mina’s breast only centimeters away from touching his torso. She smiles at him, gentle, beautiful, and his breathlessness returns.

“Let’s get you out of these,” she finally continues, hooking her thumbs in his shorts and pulling them down.

They pool around his ankles and he kicks them of mindlessly.

He’s learned not to think when it comes to these things. To just let his body have what it so
desperately wants, to let his brain concede to the submissive haze that has been clouding his judgment since that very first time.

It’s easy to just let his physical reactions speak for themselves.

Mina grabs the skirt off the bed and holds it open by his feet for him to step into.

When she finally has it pulled up and zipped for him, his loose t-shirt tucked into it neatly, he looks down at it.

The fabric hangs loose, falling neatly over his muscled thighs and stopping a few inches above his knees. It’s soft and it’s cute and Izuku thinks he likes it a lot even if his unshaven legs stand out like a sore thumb against the light fabric.

“Pretty,” comes Mina’s voice, bringing his attention back to her, “my pretty little baby girl.”

Izuku whimpers at that, feeling his knees buckle slightly.

Mina’s hand comes up and her fingers run through his hair, nails scratching his scalp lightly.

Izuku leans into her for support because his legs are shaking too much for him to stand properly straight. Her other arm is around him instantly, holding him up right, firmly pressing him into her. Izuku’s chin rests on her shoulder and he whines in the back of his throat as her petting continues and she places a few wet kisses on his ear.

“Want to try on the bra, baby?” She whispers in his ear, chilling him to the core.

Izuku nods against her shoulder.

They stand tangled in their half hug for moments longer before Mina walks him back and guides him to sit on the bed.

Izuku doesn’t know what to do with his legs. Even though he’s just wearing a skirt and he’s just with
Mina, it feels awkward to sit with his legs wide open like he normally would, so he opts for letting his knees lean into each other.

“Arms up,” Mina commands, her voice still not the most assertive he’s ever heard, but just enough. It’s just enough to get him exactly where she wants him, 100% compliant and ready to obey.

Izuku obliges quickly and his shirt is off at a similar speed.

Mina slips the bralette on him with ease. There’s no fancy clasps on it, Mina just pulls it over his head and then it’s on.

His nipples feel extremely sensitive, rubbing against such a textured fabric. And he can’t help but let out a tiny gasp when Mina’s fingers brush over the hard nubs while she fiddles with the elastic of the bra that’s tight around his ribs.

“Fuck,” Mina says breathlessly, stepping back a bit to look Izuku over.

He looks up at her and leans back slightly, attempting to jut his chest out just a bit, to make his pecs look more prominent than they are. He bats his eyelashes and gives her a shy smile.

He doesn’t have any idea what he looks like, but he feels, he feels good. It’s different, a different side of himself, but it feels good.

He’d never thought much about gender, about what it really meant to him. But maybe not thinking much about it was the real sign. He’d never cared much about masculinity in any other context than the fact that he needed his body to be stronger and more muscular.

So this more forced feminization of himself, it doesn’t feel much different at all.

Izuku isn’t sure what exactly he wants out of this, or what Mina does either for that matter. But one thing is as clear as day, thumping around in the back of his mind as he fiddles with the hem of the skirt and tries harder to look the picture of “feminine” he has in his head. He wants her to say that one thing again, he wants to make her say it without having to beg. He wants -
“Oh, baby girl,” Mina groans out.

There’s a buzzing in Izuku’s ears, like a certain plug has been pulled and turned a certain screen to static.

He’d do anything to make her say it again. To make her pet him and comb his hair, dress him up, baby him like her little princess. They’ll have to talk. There’s so much more he wants to do.

She leans forward and places her hands on his thighs, fingertips gliding under the hem of the skirt only for a moment before her palms slide back down.

“Maybe we could shave your legs sometime? I mean, I love a hairy girl, but if you’d like stuff like that, so would I,” Mina says softly, voice not much louder than a whisper.

Izuku presses his lips tightly together to stop the groan that so desperately wants to escape from slipping out. Mina’s hands are warm and soft and the idea of her shaving his legs, it’s so unsexy that it’s sexy, in the backwards way Izuku’s mind works when he’s with her or Sero. The two people that are so seamlessly dominant that they can send him into a frenzy with only a look.

“I could give you a bath, get you all squeaky clean with one of those scented body washes, shave your legs, dress you, paint your toenails,” Mina continues, words coming out faster and faster as she notes Izuku’s reaction to every last thing.

She wants to coddle him. To bathe him and dress him up and make him her little girl and Izuku’s stomach tenses in nervous excitement at the thought. Being that intimate with Mina for such an extended period of time, letting her have her way with him, letting her turn him into anything she wants. The idea of it is enthralling. He always enjoys giving her control, even without this new attribute added to their play.

Mina falls to her knees and continues to drag her hands down Izuku’s legs in the process, rubbing up and down the back of his calves. She kisses at his knee caps and scrapes her fingernails around to his shins.

Izuku can’t hold back the groan this time. It’s the gentle touches that always get him the most, and he throws his head back with a sharp intake of breath as she starts to massage his leg muscles with more pressure.
“I could-,” Mina is about to continue but her words are cut off by a sudden sound.

It happens so quickly that neither of them can process it in time to react.

There’s a click at the door, a *whoosh* as it’s being swung open, and then a far too loud in the previously quiet space “Mina can I borrow-”

The voice cuts off in an instant and Izuku’s head snaps down, eyes seeing Uraraka standing there with her mouth agape.

Mina stands quickly, grabbing Izuku’s discarded shirt from the floor and placing it against his chest for him to hold in place.

“What the hell?” Uraraka says, looking between them.

Her face is confusion that’s quickly morphing into hurt as her eyes dart back and forth more rapidly.

Izuku can’t even imagine what this looks like. Mina had been on her knees in front of him, even though what was actually happening was fairly innocent.

“Ochako-” Mina starts, facing her slowly, but she’s cut off by a single, sharp and croaky word.

“*Liars* .”

That hurts more than anything else could, Izuku thinks as the door slams.

“Fucking hell,” Mina says, picking up Izuku’s pants and handing those to him too.

“How was the door not locked?” Izuku asks, suddenly frantic. He shuffles around and quickly takes off the bra and skirt slipping back into his own clothing.
“Momo gave all the girls copies of each other’s room keys. I guess that was fucking stupid in hindsight,” Mina sighs.

“We have to find her and explain. We have to tell her. I don’t want her to think- I can’t-”

“Izuku, calm down. Breathe. You’ll only make her think you’re lying if you let yourself get all worked up like that.”

Izuku takes a few deep breaths and tries his hardest not to let the anxiety hit him again.

“I’m sorry about this. It’s my fault for springing this on you in the middle of the goddamn day. We should have talked more. Planned more,” Mina continues, heading towards her door.

Izuku follows and gives Mina the most comforting shoulder squeeze he can muster.

“It was just a series of unlucky events. You can’t blame yourself.”

Mina attempts to smile, but they both know what comes next will be hard. Staying positive is already half of the difficulty.

By the time they enter the hallway they see the floor counter at the top of the elevator going down so they come to the conclusion the Uraraka isn’t in her room and head for the stairs.

It shouldn’t feel like such a walk of shame, but it does. Their entire relationship and sexual standing and everything, it would all have to be explained to someone who might not get it, who might not accept it, all in favor of saving two amazing friendships.

Izuku just hopes it comes out right. Just hopes they don’t ruin it any further.
“Okay, what did you two do?”

Izuku’s head snaps up as they enter the common room. Bakugo, Kaminari, Sero, Todoroki, Tsuyu, and Jirou are all sitting around on the couches and floor watching some tv show.

Of course Bakugo has to bring attention to them.

“Fuck off, just tell us where she went,” Mina says defensively, avoiding the concerned and curious gazes of the 3 people in the room who don’t have the same insight on a specific possibility of what probably went down that Kaminari, Sero and Bakugo have.

“Looked like she was going to the kitchen. Should we be worried or?” Jirou replies eyes taking them in, trying to connect pieces and understand the situation.

Izuku just hopes neither of them look too disheveled. More misunderstandings would be hell at this point.

“No, nothing to worry about, we just need to talk. Just talk,” Mina assures before walking passed the common room and down the dining hall towards the kitchen, Izuku following closely behind.

“Ochako,” Mina says as they enter the kitchen.

Uraraka is already busying herself pulling out pots and pans, pretending she’s searching for something, but they all know it’s an act.

“I wouldn’t have been mad if you guys had just, like, told me the truth, you know,” Uraraka grits out, not turning to face them.

“Ochako, it really wasn’t what it looked like. Really,” Mina says, tone pleading.

Uraraka turns on her heels, finally looking at them. Her face is all red and splotchy. Anger, embarrassment, just plain old upset, it’s all smeared across her cheeks in shades from blood to
She stares them down, far more serious than Izuku had seen from her in a while, and it was a bit scary, knowing how much this all hurt her.

“Look, I get that it might have been a little uncomfortable to share your relationship because of whatever that- that kinky stuff you were doing was, but I thought we were all close enough to share at least the bare minimum with each other. I thought we were close. And the fact that you lied to my face back then. I can’t believe you two.”

Izuku wants to say something but Mina replies faster.

“Ochako, everything between me and Izuku is platonic. I swear on my life we aren’t dating. I, fuck, I even do the same “kinky” shit with Kaminari and Sero and- and, it’s just, we’re- we’re weirdos for lack of a better fucking word. We like doing stuff like that, we like being all intimate with each other on that level as just friends. And it’s not exactly something the whole fucking world needs to know about so we keep it under wraps. But you’re too important to me. I don’t want to loose your trust over this shit.”

Mina is breathing heavily when she’s done. She looks defeated, head down cast so she can’t see Uraraka’s reaction.

But Izuku sees it. Sees Uraraka’s eyebrows furrow, then her eyes widen like something has finally clicked, then her gaze flickers behind them and her eyes widen more.

“Mina how could you throw us under the bus like that!” Kaminari wails dramatically.

Izuku and Mina all but jump out of their skin, both turning to see Kaminari and Sero standing in the kitchen doorway.

Kaminari is making a show of grabbing at his heart and looking distraught, but it’s clearly at least half in jest.

“I just knew this was where this whole thing was going the second I saw you two in the common room,” Sero sighs out, “at least talk to us next time you want to spill to someone who isn’t interested in being a part of all this next time, yeah?”
“Sorry, guys,” Mina murmurs, head down again, “it just came out.”

“Nah, It’s fine,” Kaminari reassures with a laugh striding over to give Mina a quick squeeze of comfort.

Sero comes over to Izuku and gives him a similar treatment.

“U-um?”

It’s Uraraka, clearly still trying to process everything that has just been unloaded on her, and Izuku looks at her just in time to catch the sheer shame that washes over her face at having it all wrong and causing a commotion.

“Guys, I’m sorry, I didn’t realize—”

“No don’t apologize! It’s fine, we’re all fine,” Izuku finally pipes up, “mistakes were made on all sides, but let’s just move on now that it’s all out.”

Uraraka looks at him for a moment before smiling and nodding and Izuku lets out a breath he hadn’t known he was holding.

He hears Mina give her own relieved sigh and he glances at her to see her already shooting a grin his way. He smiles back.

They’re all fine.

And then Uraraka says it.

“So, um, do you guys mind explaining this whole “platonic intimacy” thing to me a bit more? I’m-
might be interested. Maybe.”

Izuku thinks he might just faint.

Chapter End Notes

once again, comments and criticisms are always appreciated^^
The room is dim.

The little bit of daylight that’s able to seep through the blinds casts a gray tint over everything. There’s just barely enough brightness to make out the two figures on the bed, kneeling side by side, so close their arms are touching slightly.

They’re blindfolded, and the contact of their skin against skin and knees to the bed is their only solace in their surroundings.

The sight gives Ochako a chill.

Seeing them like this is something she never could have imagined weeks ago. Of course, It would be a lie to say she’d never had thoughts, never let the two of them slip into her mind while she let her fingers run between her thighs in the middle of the night. But this, this was something she could barely fathom even as it was happening before her very eyes.

Bakugo Katsuki and Midoriya Izuku. Stripped down to their underwear and compliantly putting themselves on full display for her.

Their abs are a dream really, sculpted beyond perfection, like a god had carved out each dip and ridge with a very precise sculpting tool.

It almost makes her a bit self conscious about her own pudge and tummy, but Mina had sworn it was cute. Had sworn they all loved all shapes and sizes.
But Mina is no better.

Her thighs are thick and femininely muscular, wrapped tight in a garter and black stockings. Ochako’s eyes keep darting there to where they are, crossed at Mina’s spot sitting on the edge of the bed. It’s almost a sensory overload. Too much to look at. Too much left unseen, still shrouded in the awkward shadows being cast across the room.

“What do you see?” Mina suddenly says, loud voice cutting through layers of silence.

Ochako sees Izuku startle a bit, knocking his shoulder into Bakugo’s, who nudges him back harder than necessary, but keeps their shoulders pressed together anyway.

“Yeah,” she all but squeaks in reply, voice not coming out as sure and stable as she wants it to.

There’s suddenly a vague humming noise in her ear and she looks to her left to see Sero leaning against a dresser, looking on at the same scene with a hungry type of interest. He looks like he’d pounce if he was given the chance and when he catches Ochako’s gaze he winks at her.

She looks forward again quickly, feeling embarrassed suddenly.

This had all been put together for her sake really. She didn’t know much of anything. She needed a proper “initiation” into this mock club of theirs. Needed it all to be presented to her on a silver platter so she could decide how to label herself. Decide what she wanted to do, how she wanted to do it, and with who.

It was all so much. So much terminology, so many “rules”. But she was willing to learn. She was willing to unlock a part of herself that she knew was there waiting to be let out.

“Ochako, dear, come a little closer so you can see,” Mina coos, more gentle this time.

She beckons Ochako over with the wave of a hand and a sweet smile dancing on her lips and it makes heat pool in Ochako’s gut.

Ochako takes a few steps closer, eyes immediately drawn to Izuku’s freckled torso. She momentarily
wonders if it’s really okay for her to stare like this.

But it’s not time to wonder. It’s time for action and exploration and Ochako lets herself take a deep breath before refocusing on the whole scene.

“How do you want them?” comes Mina’s voice again, even softer than before.

It’s whispered out like it’s only meant for Ochako’s ears.

She sputters a bit, at a loss for words. Unsure of how she’s meant to respond, or what she would respond even if she knew the exact connotation of the simple question.

Mina watches her fondly for a moment before continuing, “Restrained? On their hands and knees? Tied together? On their backs? Anything you want. We can do anything you want.”

Ochako’s mouth goes dry and her eyes flit over to the half nude boys again. She wishes she could see their faces better, read what they’re thinking. Though the pink blooming on Izuku’s chest and the way his mouth hangs agape as he lets out tiny, almost inaudible, pants may or may not say more than enough.

But Bakugo is far harder to gauge. His lips are pressed into a thin line and his body is rigid. Ochako feels an urge to unravel him. Open him up.

“Fucking hurry,” Bakugo mumbles under his breath, fidgeting a bit.

There’s a beat of silence and Ochako watches as Mina’s demeanor completely changes.

“Katsuki, who told you to speak?” she asks, an edge of danger in her tone.

Bakugo stiffens visibly and the sight stirs something dark and murky in the pit of Ochako’s stomach. Seeing Bakugo like that, all docile and obedient, it’s intriguing in more ways than one. Ochako feels heat washing over her as a hot, feverish blush.
“Do it again and you’ll be punished,” Mina finishes off sternly, before sliding off the bed and striding up to Ochako.

She looks at Ochako expectantly for a moment and Ochako sputters out her reply to the earlier question.

“H-Hands tied behind their backs maybe?”

A smile spreads across Mina’s face and she nods knowingly before blindly gesturing towards Sero who is still on the outskirts of the room.

Mina turns on her heels and in a single skip is right back in front of the bed.

“Hands behind your backs,” She says softly with a sharp sternness.

Sero slides into the frame of the scene rather inconspicuously, crossing in front of Ochako to get to the far side of the bed before crawling in behind the two blindfolded boys already there.

Mina gestures for Ochako to come even closer, and with a slight tug of her arm, Mina has her positioned at the perfect angle to see Sero dispensing tape from one of his elbows and wrapping it around Bakugo’s wrists.

She watches the tape closely as Sero winds it tightly around Bakugo’s wrists.

“This okay?” Sero asks lightly, tugging at one of Bakugo’s arms gently, making sure he’s truly restrained.

Bakugo nods and Sero rips off the end of the tape from the long strand dangling from his arm and then moves on to Izuku.

“This is bondage you know. Could it be one of your things? Retraining others?” Mina asks in a fluttering whisper.
Ochako thinks maybe it is her thing, having this kind of control. There’s a power dynamic reversal here that has her all hot and bothered because she’d never ventured far enough out of her vanilla ways to imagine it. Her fantasies always consisted of herself being the one pinned down and incapacitated. But it didn’t have to be that way. Her eyes are fully open to that fact now.

She nods slowly in response to Mina, though she can’t take her eyes off of the taped up wrists of the boys before her.

“I think they’re good to go,” Sero says, slipping off the bed and retreating back to his corner of the room, a playful smirk still plastered on his lips.

The room falls silent for a moment. Completely quiet except for some rustling on the bed from Bakugo and Izuku’s fidgeting.

Ochako hadn’t even registered the towels placed under them until this exact moment. Mina had said something about a “demonstration” but it just occurred to her that she still had no idea what was actually going to happen.

She’s about to ask when Mina speaks again.

“Could you get the candles ready, Kirishma?”

She turns her head to the side of the room opposite to where Sero is and sees Kirishima and Kaminari sitting on the ground huddled together with a few large red candles on the floor near them.

“Yes ma’am,” Kirishima replies quickly.

Ochako sees Kirishima fumble around a bit and within seconds he has two candles lit.

“U-um?” Ochako says, confusion washing over her because she honestly isn’t sure what’s happening.

“I guess this is kind of going to be your introduction to a bit of simple sadomasochism? We wanted to do something simple and visual. And these two are whores for any type of pain so it should be
fun,” Mina finally explains, voice almost too cheery for the situation.

The words float around in Ochako’s head, barely registering until the phrase “whores for pain” finally catches. Her eyes snap back to the boys on the bed. They’re wriggling against each other as inconspicuously as possible, Mina’s words and the situation itself clearly having an effect on them. Ochako doesn’t miss it this time, the little bulges nudging against their underwear. She stares, can’t pull her eyes away.

“Hungry?” Mina asks playfully, a soft whisper in her Ochako’s ear.

Ochako snaps out of her daze feeling a blush come on again.

“Are the candles ready? Not too hot?” Mina asks Kirishma over her shoulder.

He gives a quick nod and brings the two lit candles to her. They’re thick candles, the type where the melted wax pools in the indented center at the top. Ochacko stares at the glistening puddle of red melted wax, entranced by the reflection of the tiny flame dancing, and then it all kind of just clicks.

Mina runs the tip of both of her index fingers over the surface of the wax puddles, testing the temperature. She seems satisfied.

“Who should we save for you, Ochako?”

Ochako looks at the boys again. The embarrassment has all but washed off of her, pooling around her feet like the puddle of wax atop the candle. No one else is embarrassed so why should she be? For an instant she remembers the sports festival from earlier that year. Remembers Bakugo being forced to beat the shit out of her because she wouldn’t stay down, remembers him kicking and screaming when they had to muzzle him and tie him down at the medal ceremony. Her insides flare, something fiery licking at the pit of her stomach. She wants to see him like that again, a frazzled mess that she had undone with her own two hands.

“Bakugo,” she says back, staring right at his half covered face.

She sees him quickly bite his bottom lip, like he’s trying to keep something in. Maybe a snide remark, maybe something else. But it’s exhilarating to think she’ll have a chance to get it out of him, whatever it is.
“Aw, he probably won’t be as fun as Izuku, but suit yourself,” Mina says.

Bakugo stiffens visibly and when Ochako looks at Mina, Mina just winks. It’s like she’s making a game out of riling him up.

Mina takes one of the candles from Kirishima’s hand and grabs Ochako’s wrist with her other hand, pulling her a little closer to the front of the bed.

Sero walks across the scene again, this time to move Bakugo away from Izuku only slightly, just so their bodies aren’t touching any longer. Izuku whines at the loss of contact, upper body thrashing side to side a bit. But he has no sense of direction or concept of his surroundings with the blindfold on so it’s all in vain.

Izuku’s whimpering continues until Sero reaches out a hand and wraps it gently around Izuku’s neck. He gives a tiny squeeze and makes a “shhh” sound and that shuts up Izuku quickly enough.

That display of control sends chills up and down Ochako’s whole body. It’s hot. This is hot.

Ochako watches closely as Mina approaches from the side. Sero has already moved away and Ochako’s full attention is on Izuku’s torso.

“You’re a good boy aren’t you? Show mommy and Ochako how good you are pet. Show us,” Mina whispers soothingly.

It sounds like it’s only meant for Izuku to hear but of course they all hear it in the silence of this small room.

Ochako’s thighs quiver slightly and she sees Izuku shaking a bit, maybe in anticipation, maybe in fear, she’s not quite sure.

Then there’s silence. And then

Ochako registers the sudden drip of red running down the front Izuku’s torso first. It’s a surreal moment really because she had been so focused she hadn’t even seen Mina move.
Then it’s the sounds.

Izuku’s moans are whiney and loud, desperate. They rip out of the back of his throat and it almost sounds like he wants to scream before he catches himself and calms it down to loud pants.

But before he can even catch his breath Mina has poured more, and he’s on the edge of screaming again.

His head falls back and he’s gasping like crazy. Ochako almost can’t bear to watch, but her eyes are glued to the wax dripping and hardening slowly. She can’t look away. Izuku shakes and whines, high pitched and hurt, but she can’t look away.

Her eyes slide down and she can see a defined bulge poking through his underwear. Mina’s earlier words, “whores for pain”, replay in her mind over and over again because now she really gets it. He’s into this. It may be hurting him but he likes it more than not.

“Color?” Mina asks lowly.

“G-green,” Izuku replies quickly, sniffing a bit.

And then in the next moment, Mina is pouring the wax over his crotch.

He’s crying now. Sobbing softly, whining and wailing a bunch of incoherent things about “mommy, it hurts”. And Ochako’s heart begins to wrench.

Izuku may be the strongest person Ochako has ever met. He can be an emotional wreck sometimes, but to see him so broken down and out of his mind, it’s surreal in the simplest of terms.

Mina pours a bit down his back and it looks like it takes every bit of his strength not to pull away, not to fall on his side a roll away from the assault.

And maybe that’s the “being good” Mina had asked for. For him to sit there and take it, especially
since he wasn’t fully restrained.

Izuku’s quiet sobs fade to tiny sniffles once Mina stops pouring the wax and lets him sit there with the cooling red goop caked all over him.

Sero crawls across the back of the bed form beside Bakugo and wraps Izuku in a backward embrace, rocking him back and forth gently.

“You were such a good little pet, Izu. So good for us. You did so good for us,” Mina coos softly, her voice coming out all warm and drenched in true fondness.

Izuku’s breathing slowly returns to normal, and Sero’s physical comfort continues on as Izuku’s head lulls back against his shoulder. Sero starts to undo the tape from around Izuku’s wrist which visibly unwinds the tension in every last muscle in Izuku’s body.

“That’s our baby, he needs lots of cuddling and love after a scene. It can be intense sometimes, for the submissive. Sometimes they get it in their head that it’s all real and we really hate them but just a little loving and reassuring gets them back down. It’s important to know that, no matter which way you decide to go in the end,” Mina rambles on in a long exposition as she beckons Kirishima over and trades candles with him.

Ochako feels a fondness spark in her own heart at the site of Izuku being hugged so tightly by Sero. It wraps everything up so nicely really, ending such an intense thing on a soft note, and she appreciates that. She appreciates that it’s not just hurting and leaving the hurt hurt. It’s about love and care too.

That resonates with her.

“Was that enough to make you comfortable with trying it yourself? Bakugo doesn’t come undone all pretty like that, but maybe you’ll like his messiness more. He’s way slutier than our baby Izu,” Mina whispers quickly and loudly in Ochako’s ear.

Ochako doesn’t miss the way Bakugo jerks from his spot on the edge of the bed, removed from the warmth of Sero and Izuku that is only just less than a foot away.

“Does he really like that? Being teased so viciously?” Ochako asks in a real whisper, only meant for Mina.
Mina glances at Bakugo with a bit of tenderness in her gaze and gives a nod.

It’s clear Mina has seen a side of him that Ochako hadn’t. Witnessing people at their weakest definitely allowed for you to get to know them truly.

“I think - I think I can do it. Just tell me if I do anything wrong. I have to ask him if he’s okay, right? Ask the color thing?”

Mina nods and moves aside slightly, gesturing for Ochako to get closer to the other side of the bed where Bakugo is waiting.

Mina trails behind Ochako as she scooches closer to the bed and then Mina hands her the other candle, tiny flame still lit and fluttering slightly.

She takes a few deep breaths to keep herself from physically bouncing in anticipation. Let’s her eyes take in Bakugo’s form one last time. He’d look almost peaceful like that, without his usual scowl screwed tight in his features, if it wasn’t for how rigid the rest of his body was. He was still being guarded. Trying his best to stay locked away from Ochako’s prying eyes. But of course holding tension in his bulky shoulders wasn’t enough to keep Ochako from seeing him.

She only means to pour a bit really. Just to gauge his initial reaction of shock and whatever else. But she fumbles a bit as she leans over the bed and ends up splashing a larger amount than planned right in the middle of Bakugo’s chest.

He intakes a sharp breath and his whole body thrashes, torso twisting to the side but then snapping back like he realizes he can’t show he’s been phased.

Ochako watches his chest heave shakily and quickly stutters out, “C-color?”

For a moment she thinks Bakugo will be defiant and won’t say anything but he mumbles out, “green” under his breath and gets his breathing back to normal.

Ochako glances at Mina who gives her a reassuring nod in return.
She’s still for a beat as she fixes her gaze back on Bakugo. His jaw is tight, and he’s holding his body in a rigid stance again, locked in an awkward tension that can’t be comfortable with the way his arms are behind his back.

Ochako flicks her wrist suddenly, almost as if reflexively, and leaves a splash of red wax splattered across Bakugo’s abs this time.

The reaction is instant. A whimper, an actual whimper, slips from the back of Bakugos throat, so low and deep that it could have been missed, but the room is too quiet to have anything drowned out.

Bakugo seems to be fighting to stay put, Ochako can tell he wants to move. But she finds herself getting a kick out of it, out of Bakugo squirming around. She can visibly see the effect it’s having on him and she likes that.

Her next move is to drizzle the wax over his thighs.

And that’s what sets him off.

His whole body convulses, like a shock of electricity has traveled up his spine and shaken him to his very core. He sputters and a sharp squeak comes out of his mouth like an uncontrollable hiccup. Ochako watches as his thighs continue to shake long after the wax has cooled.

Ochako feels her stomach fluttering. Because Bakugo’s guard is crumbling faster than the speed of light and she knows she won’t have to do much more before the flood gates are completely open.

She waits for a long moment and watches Bakugo try to slow his breathing again, but he’s almost too worked up now to keep himself calm. It’s like he’s losing a battle against himself.

She watches his wriggle a bit, waiting for her next move, trying to anticipate and ready himself for it.

Ochako feels a smile tugging up the corners of her mouth. Bakugo is cute like this, she thinks.

She flicks her wrist again, letting the last glob of wax splatter across his lower abdomen.
Bakugo nearly jumps out of his skin

He gasps and jerks his head back, finally succumbing to the high pitched moans that he had been suppressing the entire time. Finally lets his body shiver and shake in the way he’s been straining so hard against.

“Bakugo,” Ochako finds herself mumbling out softly, almost subconsciously mimicking the tone Mina uses with Izuku.

Bakugo continues to shake violently and when Ochako sees the single tear that slips past his blindfold she sets the candle down on the floor. She immediately pulls him into a tight embrace, dragging him closer to the edge of the bed so she can hold him from her position standing. His head rests against her chest.

He continues tremble in her arms, though the noises gurgling out of his throat have been stifled down to actual hiccups now.

“Bakugo, you did so good. You’re good,” She whispers softly, petting the back of his head lightly.

Bakugo sniffls a bit and nuzzles his head against her.

“You know you’re good, right? And that I like you a lot?” she continues softly.

She feels him nod into her and she presses him closer.

Ochako suddenly feels the bed shifting and she sees Mina laying across Izuku’s lap. Izuku has his blindfold off now and he’s staring up at Ochako with a dazed grin. His head is still leaning against Sero.

Kaminari and Kirishima end up draped across the bed behind them some moments later. Splayed out and aloof in a way that seems jarringly unlike everything that had happened only moments before.

“Welcome to the club, Ochako,” Mina sing songs in her usually cheery tone.
Her smile is drowsy but not even a smidge dimmer than it’s usually brightness. And she reaches out with one hand and starts to undo the tape around Bakugo’s wrists.

“Is it always like this,” Ochako asks looking around at everyone on the bed, “all cozy?”

“Yeah, it is,” Izuku answers a genuine happiness seeping out of his tone. Ochako smiles at him and he smiles back.

Once Mina has Bakugo’s wrists untied he lifts his head and pulls the blindfold off. He stares at Ochako for a second, his face still bordering on unreadable.

“Welcome,” he says in an grunt, and then lets his face drop back into Ochako’s chest.

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