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### Home
by MahoganyEclipse

**Summary**

Home is where the heart is.

Here is another angsty tale with some fluffy, sweet goodness to top it all off.

**Notes**

So I was in a very, super angsty mood and I wrote this. It's always been cathartic for me to write stuff out.

I marked the rating as Explicit even though the sex scene is very short but I suppose its better to play it safe.

See the end of the work for more notes.

The moon was a sliver of red in the starry curtain above the trees, casting a bloody tint over the leaves and earth. It's a calm night, not much to do on a weekday evening with work in the morning. I arrive, facing the stone tombstone and simple inscription.

*Warrior, Brother and Friend.*

It should also say 'cut down in the prime of his life'. Being Heroes is a serious business, a risky
business. A deadly business.

The feel of the cool stone beneath my fingertips is the closest I'll get to ever touching him again, tracing the letters of his name that's scrawled in large, flowy letters.

*Kirishima Eijirou.*

It's been a year now, today. The fresh, colorful bouquets on top of and near the grave mean that most, if not all, of my former classmates have already paid their respects. I didn't want to run into any of them here. No, this was a quiet, personal visit for me, something I needed to do alone.

“God, I miss you.”

Tears prick at my eyes, threatening to run down my face but inhaling deeply and then exhaling, the sharp stab of lonely sorrow passes.

I know he'd be mad at me if he was here to see what I've become. God, it's been a whole year and I'm only just starting to reacquire a sense of normalcy. It's the nights that are the worst though.

Kiri had always been there to chase away my darkest fears, fight off the demons with his sunshine smiles and bright eyes.

But not any more. Never again will I see that beautiful smile, hear his voice when he tells me he loves me.

Never again. I can *never* see him again and it's slowly killing me with the worst kind of torture.

Since the day I got the news that turned my life upside down and inside out, I haven't had much motivation, let alone desire, to do much of anything because nothing I do will make it stop hurting. Nothing can fill that empty void, that clawing, screaming darkness that continually drags me into it's depths with the passing of each day.

Something shifts in the shadows behind me, a light scuffing of shoe on grass.

“Nice night for a walk.” I say, pushing down how annoyed I am at being disturbed.

I quickly wipe my eyes with a flick of my palm, already suspecting the identity of the person in the shadows of the trees.

“You weren't at the memorial tonight.” His voice is neutral though there'll always be that underlying boisterous tone. It just wouldn't be Bakugou without it. He was, of course, referring to the little get together our class was doing in his memory.
“I wasn't in the mood.”

Bakugou pauses when he's standing next to me, wearing a simple, dark pull over to ward off the chilly night air.

“Let's get a drink.” He says.

“No thanks.”

“Come on. It's just one drink. Besides, I'm buying.”

A weak smile tugs at the corners of my mouth. Smiling is such an effort anymore. It pisses me off when someone tries to make me smile, as if getting me to smile will make the pain and suffering go away.

It's annoying.

Bakugou is the only one who doesn't put on airs for me. He doesn't try forcing me to do something so fake, so pointless as fucking smiling. He's the only one who 'gets' it.

“Nah.”

“Kaminari--”

“I just wanna be left alone, alright? Especially today.”

Bakugou would normally snap back, tell me to fuck off or something like that. But he doesn't.

“I think... we should talk.” He finally says.

I would be lying if I said I wasn't surprised.

“I'm not going to any therapists.”

I've had Mina on my case about it enough already. Fuck, I already have to work with her all day. Funny, that; considering that she didn't want to partner up in the first place.

Kiri has been one of the few who appreciated me for being me. He found me useful in a fight, like Todoroki and Bakugou and... fuck. God, I miss him so much!

I can't stop the tears when they come. Like a runaway train hurtling down the tracks and I can't get off until it's damned good and ready to stop.

This is exactly why I wanted to be alone, especially today of all days! Still, even a year later, the pain is unimaginable.

But I try to keep it together, and managing for the most part.

Bakugou... hands me some tissue. I take it without argument even though I already have some in my coat pockets.
“Why're you even here, anyway?”

“Because I don't think you should be alone.”

A fresh wave of tears course down my cheeks, eyes stinging in the cold, night air.

“I'm fine.”

“Are you?”

“I will be. I just... need some more time.”

“I think it's time for us to talk.”

“About?” I swear to god, if Mina got him to jump on the therapist bandwagon--

“Kirishima.”

Talk about Kirishima?

“What's there to talk about? What's happened has happened, what's done is done. No amount of talking is going to bring Kirishima back to me.”

“Come on.” Bakugou says, placing a hand on my shoulder and steering me around, away from the red bathed tombstone and the others like it.

Grit scrapes the bottom of our shoes, grinding at the sidewalk we follow. A brisk breeze cuts through the trees, causing me to burrow deeper into the folds of my coat. I would have brought a thicker coat, had I known about the thunderhead building in the east. It was pushing in a cold front right off the ocean and even from here, I can feel the build up of static electricity in the air.

“Where are we going?”

“To a bar.” Bakugou answers.

“No one else is going to be there, right? I can't... I can't handle everyone right now.”

“No, it's just me and you.”

Conveniently, a bar had built near the graveyard near the same time the Memorial Stone of the Fallen was erected.

The Memorial Bar was a pretty nice place, dark wood counters and floor boards contrasting nicely with the creamy walls and the massive depiction of the Memorial Stone of the Fallen covering most of the ceiling, complete with names that were added every year on Memorial Day. Kiri’s name was up there, resting in honor and memory with the others.

Bakugou sits on the bar stool, I follow suit and chew a thumb nail in the hopes that it would distract me from outright crying again.
Without a word, the barkeeper sets out two shot glasses and fills them up. He's been doing this job for a long time, he knows what his customers need with just a look.

Smooth jazz plays through the overhead speakers, the atmosphere is melancholy but oddly soothing.

The alcohol burns, landing on my empty belly like a ton of bricks.

“Kami…” Bakugou begins, immediately drawing my attention. He never calls me by my nickname, not even when I insisted.

“You know, if there's something that comes up, something you don't quite understand, you can always come talk to me.”

I can safely say that I have little to no idea what he's talking about. Maybe this is his way of saying his door is always open to me or something?

“Okay?”

Had he already been drinking when he found me at the cemetery? That would be my best guess.

“I mean it. I've got your back.”

“Thanks, I guess?”

“Good.”

Bakugou gestures for the bartender to refill our glasses, chasing mine down with a lemon wedge from the large bowl of the bright, yellow fruit nearby.

The alcohol hits me like a truck; I haven't eaten anything all day and not much the day before either.

“Kiri was a good guy.” Bakugou says. “Everything he did, he had a really good reason for doing. Just remember that. Okay?”

“Okay? Um, I'm not really sure what you're trying to say but I appreciate you, bro. I mean it. You're a good friend, always could trust you, ya know.”

I whacked him on the back for good measure, to which Bakugou stiffens in discomfort. He never was one for affection but Kiri's death had taken quite the toll on him as well.

“I should probably leave.” He says, sliding off the bar stool and taking out his wallet, dropping a few bills on the counter. “Remember what I said. Everything he did was for a good reason.”

“Sure.” I chalk it up to his already having hit the bottle and watch appreciatively as the bartender refills my shot glass a third time.
By the time I make it out the door I'm fairly tipsy, nearly walking into the door jamb when I'd held the door open for a couple of ladies.

I came here with my car, or rather, it's parked over by the cemetery. I should probably eat something. Maybe I should just call a taxi... but I need my car to get to work in the morning. I can't really drive until this shit wears off so where's the nearest food place?

Phone in hand, I pause under one of the bar's parking lot street lights and check for nearby restaurants.

There's a figure approaching, when they stop just outside the glow of the street lamp it seems odd to me so I look up.

The first thing I notice is red hair, longish but slick straight and looking very much like Kiri's used to when he didn't style it. And the man before me looks very much like Kiri.

My heart skips a beat, staring hard because surely my eyes are tricking me and it's just some other redhead who looks a lot like Kiri.

“Hello, Denki.” He says softly, hands tucked into his coat pockets.

It's even Kiri's voice. What is going on? How is... how is this possible? He looks so much like him! It's unfair, it's so goddamn unfair. And he knows my name too.

“You...” I begin but my voice refuses to work, my throat constricting almost immediately.

I shake my head, unable to tear my gaze away from him for fear that he'll vanish like the apparition I know he is.

“I didn't even drink that much, how can I be seeing...”

“It's me, Denki. I'm... really here.”

White noise fills my head, threatening to suffocate me. This can't possibly be happening.

I can't deal with this. I can't...

I turn on my heel and walk away, hands jammed deep into my coat pockets and heading in the direction of my car.

I don't remember the walk across the street, across the grassy expanse and through the grove of trees.

I open the door of my car and just stand there.

I have to go back. This can't actually be happening... can it? No. There's no way.

I slam the door, turn, and pause after only a few short steps.
But if it is, if it's really **him**...

Marching back towards my car, I seize the handle and open it again, hesitating.

What the fuck is going on?! I have to talk to him! No... no, I don't want any answers, I don't think I'll like them.

Finally in the car, I slam the door and search for my keys, hands so numb and useless that I can barely get the keys into the ignition.

I may have been tipsy before but seeing him standing near the road, the glare of my headlights glancing off him, I'm stone cold sober.

I slam the gas pedal furiously, peeling rubber to put as much distance between him and me.

I can't believe it. I can't believe it. I can't believe it. I can't fucking **believe** it!

I grab my phone, calling Mina.

“**Mmph... hello? Kami? What is it? Are you okay?**”

I can hardly speak, my breaths coming in short bursts. My chest burns, a dizzy feeling washes over me and I'm forced to pull off to the side of the road, earning the angry blaring of a horn in the process.

“H-he... he's here! Mina...”

“**Okay calm down, Kami! Slow, deep breaths, got it? Slow, deep breaths!**”

Oddly enough, her coaching works and I calm down enough to get an intelligible sentence out.

Mina is silent, no doubt reeling in as much shock as I was.

“**Kami, how much have you had to drink? What kind of pills did they give you?**”

“Mina! I-I'm not on drugs a-and I only had three shots! I'm telling you the truth! He even said my name, even said it was **him**!”

“**Where are you?**”

“I-I dunno, I just got in my car and drove. I couldn't stay there, I had to get out of there.”

I didn't recognize the stretch of the highway I was on nor were there any road signs, the car that had honked at me was the only other one I've seen so far.

I open the door, the brisk, night air barely noticeable as I start walking. I had to keep moving, I have to keep going **somewhere**. I can't just **sit** here.

“**Kami! Get back in your car, I'm coming to get you, okay? I'm sure theres a perfectly reasonable**
Was it possible that the barkeeper had slipped something into my drink? Would Bakugou do something like that?!

“He lied to me, Mina! He’s alive! He’s been alive this whole fucking…”

A car pulls up behind mine, idling for a moment.

“Kami, are you there? You didn't faint on me again, did you?!”

The driver steps out, hesitantly stands beside his car before closing the door and approaches.

A sharp pain shoots through my chest again and I can't catch my breath. Sparks and pops of electricity start shooting off my hands and arms.

“Mina! He's here! I can't... breath...!”

“Kami! Calm down! Remember your breathing exercises! Breath in deep, 1-2-3-4-5! Are you with me? Come on, one more time!”

Wheezing, fighting just to draw one little breath that's hardly worth the effort, I double over against a tree for support.

“Denki? Denki!” Says the familiar voice that's filled with concern. Hands are on me and I shove them away, stumbling back and nearly falling when his hand shoots out, grabbing me by the coat and pulling me forward.

We're face to face now, close enough for me to know that its no illusion, no trick; its really him. Its Kirishima Eijirou.


I'm pretty sure Kiri could see my fist coming a mile off but he didn't move, didn't flinch as I plant my knuckles squarely against his hard jaw.

I push him back, skin tingling with rage. Lightning licks the horizon in a dazzling display of webbed veins, brightening the horizon.

“Denki, I need to explain.”

“No! Fuck you, Kirishima! I don't want to listen to anything you have to say!” I hiss, meaning every word of it.

Is this what Bakugou meant? Did he know this was going to happen??

“Den--”

“Don't call me that!” I say, stabbing a finger at him. “I've come to terms with your death, you were
killed in the line of duty! As far as I'm concerned, you're still buried under that tombstone!"

“I love you, Denki.”

He says this so softly that I barely hear him.

My vision is white, I'm amazed that I even made it back to my car.

I can see Kiri’s figure, barely illuminated at the edge of my head lights. I stare hard and he stares back, looking beyond the headlights and through my windshield.

He looks... no, I don't care what he looks like.

I shift into drive and calmly merge back onto the highway, heading back home.

Mina, bless her heart, is still on the phone. She listens, waiting while I break down to near hysterics as a pair of headlights in my rear view mirror glow in the distance.

-----------------------------------------------------

I grab the collar of the kid as he runs by, obviously he didn't think I'd be hiding behind the rusty dumpster.

“Gotcha!”

“Augh! Leggo, motherfucker!”

I give him a stinging zap of electricity just to show him that I mean business and it seems to do the trick, at least for now.

“Goddammit, Mineta! You're as big a pain in the ass as you're older brother!”

“Fuck you guys! I'm a gangsta, don't want none of that Hero horseshit around me!”

“Come on!” I growl impatiently, pulling the kid along with me down the street.

“Help! I'm bein' kidnapped!” Mineta Keita shouts at a walking suit, too busy on the phone to pay the 9 year old much heed.

“Knock it off or I'll call the cops. I'm sure you wouldn't mind being stuck into the back of a cop car with handcuffs? All your gangsta friends would see, how embarrassing!”

“I ain’t afraid of you or the cops!” Mineta shouts but his struggles become significantly less.

We meld into the crowds, receiving 'hi' and 'good day to you, Chargebolt!' as we approach my agency that's a few more blocks down.

The building is red brick with white trim around the windows and doors, dark panes of glass reflect the outside on either side of the blue door.
“There you are, you little shit!” Mineta Minoru says the moment we step through the door.

“Fuck you!” Mineta's younger brother grumbles back.

“Keita, it's like you want to flunk school!”

“Fuck school! Gangstas don't need no school!”

“And that's why they're all dumber than a bucket of rocks.” I say, pushing him forward into the headlocking grip of his older brother.

“Thanks, man! Oh, you have a visitor.” Mineta thumbs over his shoulder.

“What? Right now? But it's my lunchtime!”

“They been waitin' a while.” Mineta shrugs helplessly and drags his cussing and squirming younger brother away.

Ever since their parents had split up and were in the middle of a nasty divorce, Keita has been a little hellion and just about all Minoru can handle.

I slide my sunglasses up my forehead, dusty and tired from chasing that brat through alleyways, vaulting fences and ducking doorways.

I step into my office and stop short upon seeing that my visitor was none other than Kirishima.

A cold weight settles in my stomach, a fury stirs under my skin and I glare.

“Denki, please don't leave. I... we need to talk.”

I've half a mind to turn right around and walk out, if it hadn't been for something that Mina had said.

“It's okay to hear what he has to say for himself!” Mina says, the pair of us halfway through a bottle of Jack Daniels. “And after that, you have my permission to kill his ass!”

It's been nearly two weeks and this is the first I've seen him since that night. He's been calling and texting every day, multiple times though I never answered them, not one.

I close the door, walk around my desk and sit down, the look of relief on Kiri's face is, I'm sure, to be short lived.

He stands before my desk, hands kept in his jacket pockets.

He's got a new scar along his jaw bone, it still looks kinda recent. His hair is long enough that he's got it pulled back into a cute little ponytail. His left eyebrow has been double pierced, kind and sad
I refuse to be swayed by anything he has to say. He can look as sad and picked on all he wants but I'm not budging.

“I was ordered to do it.”

I blink at him and it takes me just a couple of seconds to process but when I do, I decide that it still changes nothing.

“I was ordered to go under cover in America. I can't... I can't tell you what I was doing there.”

“No. Of course you can't. Is that all? This is my lunch break, after all.”

Kiri looks wistful, looking away from me to glance around my office.

“I just... I didn't want to do it. You have to believe me when I say that I really, really wanted to tell you. But I wasn't allowed to.”

“Uh huh. Well then.” I say, standing up and pushing my chair back. “Are we done here?”

“Just... I, um, need to get my things out of the apartment.”

Wait, does this mean... is he leaving? He's leaving me again?

“You still have your key, don't you?” I manage to speak though my voice sounds like its a million miles away.

“Well yeah but, I just didnt want to show up unannounced and, well, you clearly don't want me around anymore so, it's best if I move my stuff out.”

“You idiot!” I hiss and Kiri looks taken aback, eyes snapping back to mine. “You fucking asshole! Is that what you think?! Do you have any goddamn idea what that did to me? Is still doing to me?! I spent a year trying to find a way to live without you, a year! And then you show up out of the blue with some asinine story about being ordered to fake your death?”

“But I was--”

“I'm not finished yet!” I snap, index finger stabbing skywards. “Do you have any idea how hard it is having you suddenly back from the dead? I lost you, Eijirou! I can't... I can't go through that again!”

I'm waiting, waiting to hear him say something, anything that I can use, just something he can give me to allow myself to forgive him a little bit. But there are no promises, just a resigned gaze before Kiri looks away, nodding his head as he rubs his jaw before clearing his throat, backing towards the door.
And I watch him go, not saying a word because I'm frozen to the spot.

The icy grip squeezing my heart is spreading throughout my body, sapping away any warmth my prior anger had awakened.

He really is going to leave me again, isn't he? Maybe this is what he wants. Maybe... this is for the best.

My office door opens but it's not from Kiri's doing. Instead, Mineta pokes his head through.

“Hey, Kami, boss man wants to see ya, says it's urgent.”

I nod, still unable to get my throat to work, my tongue to move.

My limbs are wooden from my new reality, coming around the desk and passing Kiri, Mineta still blocking the doorway.

In the blink of an eye, Mineta whips his arm from around the door, banging it open against the wall and shoves a purple ball into my left palm, his other hand latching onto Kiri's right wrist at the same time and sticking it to the ball's surface.

“Gotcha! Now, you two gotta figure this shit out and get back to jumping each other's bones, got it? Oh, and the boss man doesn't really wanna see ya.” He adds with a wicked little grin before slamming the door in our faces.

I'm staring at the dark purple ball stuck to my palm, Kiri's fingers touching mine.

For the love of god, Mineta...

A strange sound comes from Kiri, it's so deep that it takes me a second to recognize that he's laughing.

“Well, looks like we're stuck together.” I say and Kiri snorts appreciatively, smiling.

“Still with the bad puns, huh?”

“Well until this shit wears off, you're going to have to put up with my bad puns.”

“I've always loved your bad puns. In fact, it's one of the things I missed a lot while in--”

“Stop.” I say, the maybe tiny happy mood gone now, replaced with a foul one. “I don't want to hear about America. You can't tell me your secrets, remember?”

Kiri stays quiet but I don't miss the pained look that darts across his face before he turns away.

And a sense of guilt needles it's way into my heart. Maybe... maybe that was a bit unfair.

“I mean... it's okay.” I say, I can at least appreciate the difficult situation he must've been in. I'm
expected to follow my own orders to the letter, though I rarely do and actually get away with a lot of shit. But I get the job done and in the end, everybody's happy. Except me. And except Kiri.

“It's... okay but not okay.”

Kiri's looking at me but I can't quite find the will to meet his eyes.

My stomach suddenly yowls loudly, demanding to be fed.

Kiri smiles, if a bit ruefully. “I'm feeling like hamburgers, how about you?”

“Sure.” I answer.

We receive several strange looks as we walk down the hall, clearly one of Mineta's balls between us and would place us, I'm sure, at the butt of many jokes. Especially Mineta's jokes. He's probably in his office right now making a list.

I should thank him but I won't because I don't need to.

Funny how he was my wing man when I made my first move on Kiri too.

“Theres that beautiful smile.” Kiri says, openly fond gaze coloring my cheeks while the receptionists pass knowing grins to one another.

The heat racing up my neck from the unexpected compliment has me ducking quickly out the door, tugging Kiri along.

The chill, autumn air is pretty cold even though it's mid-afternoon, glad I hadn't taken my coat off after coming back from patrol, since getting it back on would have been impossible.

We take Kiri's truck, the charcoal grey Nissan had been sitting in the garage for a year since I wasn't prepared to pack any of Kiri's things out.

Kiri nearly got the leg of his pants stuck to the ball so we wrap one of his jackets around it to keep from accidentally sticking any more body parts.

After a quick stop at a drive through, it would be much too awkward to go into any restaurant like this, we head home.

Home is a two bedroom, two bathroom apartment found on the fourth floor of Cityside Rental's C Block. The second bedroom was usually just reserved for storage and a guestroom for the occasional too-drunk-to-get-home drinking buddies so its in a constant state of disarray.

I cross the threshold and am tugged to a stop, glancing over my shoulder to see what was going on. Kiri is rooted to the spot, tears threatening to run down his cheeks.
“Kiri?”

“Denki, I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry. I can only imagine what you went through. It was the hardest thing I've ever done. I wanted so badly to tell you, let you know that it was alright. I'm so sorry that you... that I abandoned you. It was so unfair to you, you didn't deserve that.” His voice is seconds away from breaking and my guilt from before is back with all it's painful reminders.

“Kiri...” I step close, touching his face, his jaw trembling as he leans into my palm and eyes closing as tears finally running down his cheeks.

“Kiri, I'm so sorry I was so mad at you. It wasn't easy for you either.”

The pain in my heart lessens considerably to be replaced with an incredible warm feeling that flows out.

We had both been so very wretched and we had both very nearly lost something so valuable, so precious to us both.

I may have had every right to be so furious but it was incredibly selfish of me to not have taken his feelings into consideration as well, the position that he must've been in.

What would I have done, if it had been me instead?

“I love you.” I say as I rest my forehead against his, appreciating the closeness.

“I promise that I'll never leave you again. I love you so much, Denki. Please believe me.”

“Of course I believe you. Oh god, I love you so much, Kiri. Don't ever die on me again.”

Lips meet in a tender, gentle kiss, so soft I almost wonder if I was kissing the air. The kiss deepens, becoming hungry, something fierce. Kiri's touch sets me on fire, something I thought I had lost forever. I relish him, his warm, fresh scent, the touch of his lips as they make their way down my jaw and neck.

“Mmm.” I moan as Kiri's teeth and tongue find that sweet spot on my neck. He hasn't forgotten anything and I want to explore him with thoroughness, reacquaint myself with the sculpted body beneath my fingers and *this goddamn ball is in the way!* 

We're on the couch because we didn't make it to the bed, still fully clothed except for myself since I'd gotten rid of my pants and was stretching myself open while straddling him.

I trace the bulge in his pants with a single fingertip, earning a light moan from the man before I unzip his pants and free his cock.

I sink onto him, enjoying very much the sounds he makes when I roll and sway my hips.
“Ah! You make me feel so good, Ei!”

His eyes burning with desire, I remind myself again that Kiri has always had such expressive eyes, the most wonderful eyes in the world.

“God, I love you!” He groans during another sweet and slow grind, lightly stroking my cock in time with my own movements.

I lean over, kissing him lovingly.

“I love you more.” I grin as my one, free hand tangles in his silky red locks, loosening the ponytail.

Kiri thrusts his hips hard, myself yelping in surprise and pleasure when he sits up. Wrapping his arm around my waist and holding me tightly to him, he swallows my moans and shouts with passionate kisses as he continues to thrust vigorously.

“Oh god! I love you, Ei! I love you so much!”

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Two hours later we're eating cold hamburgers, soggy fries and watery cola while on the sofa. The ball sticking us together had finally fallen off about 30 minutes ago and now the both of us, freshly showered, clothed and the couch recently spot scrubbed, just wanted to bask in each other's company.

“We forgot to lock the door again.” Kiri remarks, causing me to glance towards said door and shrug.

“So?”

He looks at me strangely before smiling to himself.

“What?” He's hiding something, that smiles always means he's hiding something.

“I guess you didn't notice when Bakugou and Todoroki opened the door.”

I stare, trying to figure out if he's joking or not.

“They did.” He says, correctly interpreting my expression.

“So, they saw us.”

“And went right back out.”

Thats the second time those two have walked in on us doing the dirty, though to be fair they did neglect to knock.

“So, how long did Bakugou know about you, ya know, not being dead?”

Kiri hesitates for a few seconds before answering.
“About a week.”

“Mm. Was there... anyone else?”

“No. Like I said, it was all fairly hush hush.”

I sensed that he didn't want to talk about it so I didn't pursue the topic further, at least not for now.

“Did you like America?”

“Oh yeah. I wouldn't mind going back there, you'll be with me this time though.” He adds with a chuckle. “I think you'd like it.”

“Oh I know I would. Still though, there's no place like home.”

“Agreed.” Kiri says with a kiss on top of my head. “But for me, home is anywhere you are.”

End Notes

The person that ordered Kiri on this mission is supposed to be this callused bastard aka corrupt politician.

Our intrepid heroes are being dragged into the maelstrom of political bullshit.

Comments and feedback are welcome! :) or if you liked it, pls give a kudos!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!