temperance is a virtue (that izuku midoriya is struggling to teach)

by WattStalf

Summary

Some temperance might be good for you, Kacchan.

Notes

i have no idea what the fuck this is sorry

See the end of the work for more notes

He wants it.

He doesn't know why he always wants it, doesn't know what the hell is wrong with him that he does in the first place, but he wants it. Katsuki wants it so bad that he doesn't know how to express it, but, then again, he's never been particularly good at expressing his desires in the first place, particularly not where Izuku is concerned.

It's probably a good thing that Izuku can read him so well, and that he's persistent, and isn't deterred by Katsuki's half-assed protesting and attempts at denial. They've made a lot of progress they
wouldn't have otherwise, if Izuku actually bothered listening to him, or taking what he says at face value. He knows what Katsuki wants, and he knows how to bypass all the bullshit, which usually makes things easier on both of them.

But right now, Izuku is choosing not to give in to what Katsuki wants, and choosing to leave him hanging. Even if he were to admit he wanted it, Katsuki's not sure that Izuku would cave so easily, and he doesn't know what to think about that. He doesn't even know why he wants it so much, but it's not exactly new to either of them anymore. They've done this, so many times now that it's becoming a somewhat regular part of their lives, but today, Izuku is holding out on him, and he knows that he is, and Katsuki doesn't know how he's going to get it.

Just resist, he tells himself, because he knows that he's being pathetic. He shouldn't be so damn needy, particularly not for something as low and disgusting as this. But he can't help himself; he knows, he can tell, that Izuku has to piss right now, and yet he's making no move to do anything about that.

Normally, he doesn’t just happen to have to piss while they’re together, when they’re about to fuck. He knows Katsuki’s preferences, and he does this on purpose, and, though it can go in several different directions, all of them end with Izuku pissing for him in some way, and tonight, Katsuki knows exactly what he wants out of it, and Izuku isn’t giving it to him. The signs aren’t even that obvious, but Katsuki knows to look for them, and can tell that Izuku is kind of tense and a little fidgety, and that’s all he needs to know.

He doesn’t know what the hell is so wrong with him, that he always craves this so badly, but he’s never been able to shake it. Izuku was so understanding of all of his strange kinks and needs at the beginning, but somewhere along the line, he turned into a cruel tease, perhaps convinced that that was something Katsuki liked as well. But it definitely, definitely wasn’t.

Not even a little bit.

“Is something bothering you, Kacchan?” he asks, his voice too damn sweet for how cruel he’s being right now. “You look like there’s something on your mind.”

“You already know, Deku,” he hisses, not wanting to waste time playing these games.

“I really don’t.” He even manages to perfectly feign confusion, but Katsuki isn’t that stupid. “You look agitated, are you okay?”

“I could ask you the same question, you know.”

“You could? Why?”

“Damn it, Deku, stop trying to play dumb with me!” he roars, and Izuku takes a step back, grinning slightly.

“Now, now, Katsuki, you don’t need to act like that,” he scolds. “You’re not very good at showing restraint, are you?”

“Just what do you mean by that?”

Now, his smile grows. “Maybe I do have an idea what you want, but I’m not going to give it to you. You’re always so eager for it that it’s almost greedy, so I think you probably need to learn to restrain yourself a little more.”

“Bullshit, Deku! I’ve never been eager, so just shut the hell up!” he protests, hating how much he
knows he must be blushing right now. “I don’t even want it, I just thought...I mean, it must be driving you crazy! How long are you even going to last like that?”

“You’ve never pushed me to my limit before,” Izuku replies so casually that it’s infuriating. “I’ve got plenty of control, so you’ve got nothing to worry about.”

Katsuki bites the inside of his lip as he pictures Izuku pushed to his limit, squirming and desperate and broken, until he can’t hold back anymore, and he pictures himself right there at his feet, ready to catch it in anyway possible. God, he really has gotten greedy, and he hates that Izuku has a point. He hates just how badly he needs the other man to piss on him, or in his mouth, or anything, just as long as he gets it.

He wants it.

It hurts, how badly he wants it, and he doesn’t know why he does, but he does. Izuku is holding out on him, and it isn’t fair, and who cares if he doesn’t show enough restraint? Who cares if he can’t resist, and who cares if he might be a little needy at times? He’s getting to the point that he doesn’t care, that he’s tempted to beg, and only thing stopping him right now is the knowledge that it might not work, and that it might make things worse.

He can’t stand the idea of Izuku making fun of him for it, but he’s getting so impatient. And he’s giving that infuriating grin, and Katsuki is kneeled in front of him, just waiting. Just waiting for Izuku to change his mind, but he isn’t going to, is he?

Finally, he can’t take it anymore, and he mumbles, “Please, Deku…”

“Please?”

“What else do you want me to say, damn it!”

“That’s a good start,” Izuku replies. “I’m just surprised to hear you asking so nicely. Maybe you haven’t shown a lot of restraint, but you’re asking nicely, so that’s a good start.”

“Sh...shut up…”

“Well, that wasn’t very nice, but I guess I can’t expect too much progress.” Why does he tease so much? Why is he so goddamn infuriating? “Something is still better than nothing, but next time, you’re going to have to try a little harder. Some temperance might be good for you, Kacchan.”

Katsuki doesn’t protest, doesn’t snap at him anymore, because Izuku is taking his own cock in hand, and he knows what that means for him. He inches closer, craning his neck, parting his lips, and he doesn’t even care how pathetic he looks anymore, because he’s finally getting what he wants. Izuku presses his cock against Katsuki’s lips, and relaxes with an adorable- not that Katsuki thinks it is or anything- sigh of relief.

Izuku must have been bullshitting when he said that he could hold it for a while, judging by how much there is, and it’s a struggle to even swallow it all. Plenty is lost in the process, making a mess of him, but Katsuki doesn’t give a shit, about that or anything else right now.

When it’s all over and done with, he’s even more turned on than before, so painfully hard now that he can’t take it, and the more Izuku teases him, the worse it’s going to get. He’s just about reached the end of his patience, so perhaps it might be best not to give Izuku anymore opportunity to tease him.
End Notes

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